
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 20:34:47 GMT
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From: Tikatu Sent: 8/26/2006 5:03 PM

Sunday, July 29, 2068, 10:45 a.m., Tracy Island

Kat was puzzled. She had tried to contact John through his communicator to remind him about the books she had left in his suite. She was anxious to read them, but she wasn't able to get through to him. "I think perhaps I'll visit him at the villa, see if we could spend a little more time together today. I can retrieve the books in any case." With that decision made, she hopped on the monorail and headed for the Tracy villa.

The first person she met was Scott, who was coming out of the weight room, sweaty, with a towel draped around his neck. "Hullo, Scott," she said cheerfully, catching up to him. "I'm looking for John. Have you seen him?"

"Good morning, Kat." Scott stopped long enough for Kat to fall in step with him, and smiled at her. "Last I knew, he was going to play some pinball with Tyler. You might find him in the game room."

"That's this room around the next corner?" she asked as they turned the corner and passed the infirmary. She colored a little. "I've not been there often."

"Yes, that's it," Scott said, nodding. "If he's not there, just ask. Someone's bound to know where he is."

"I will," Kat said as she stopped at the door. "Thank you, Scott. Have a nice day!"

"You're welcome, and the same to you," Scott replied. He gave her a little wave as he headed for the stairs to the upper floor and his suite.

Kat walked into the games room. It was pretty empty; Tyler was standing at one of the pinball machines, racking up points, while Gordon and Cherie were off at the air hockey table playing an intense game. The younger boy glanced up briefly when she walked in, and returned to his game, but the others didn't even notice her, so intent were they on playing.

Tyler was playing with John anyway, and should know where he went, she thought. She smiled, and approached the boy, standing at his side until he acknowledged her. When Tyler continued playing as if she weren't there, she cleared her throat, then said, "Tyler?"

The boy looked at her as if annoyed and asked brusquely, "What do you want?"

Kat was taken aback by this abrupt tone. I wonder what has him so touchy. Still, she smiled again, and said, "Tyler, I'm looking for John. Do you know where he is?"

The boy didn't look at her this time when he answered curtly, "No."

Her smile faded, and she frowned slightly. This is vexing. I tend to get along with most every child I encounter, she mused. Am I doing something wrong here? Perhaps I should try to befriend him... She looked at the pinball game itself, watching as Tyler expertly used the flippers to speed the ball over the board, up to the upper levels, into a hole where it sat for a few moments, knocking down targets and setting off lights all the while. The score continued to climb, and despite her current slight pique, she was impressed. He's very good.

"My, you certainly are a good player," she said in an admiring tone. "I must admit I've not played pinball very much, though I am familiar with the game. Could I have a go? Perhaps you could teach me how to play better."

Tyler didn't look at her. He kept his eyes on the board, as if he hadn't even heard her, though the barely verbal, "Hmph!" he uttered showed her that he was indeed listening.

Now Kat was sure there was something wrong, and that it wasn't with her. "What have I said?" she asked tartly. "You're being very rude, you know. Perhaps I should tell your parents about your behavior."

His hands stilled, and after a moment, the ball drained. He looked at her, his expression carefully neutral, and said, "Here. You can play now. I'm done." And with that, he pushed past her and stalked out of the room.

She watched him leave, incredulous at his behavior. Then she turned to Cherie and Gordon, who were, it seemed, oblivious to Tyler and the little scene. She walked briskly over to them.

"Gordon," she said without preface, "could you tell me where John is?"

Gordon glanced up at her briefly. "Uh... oh hi, Kat. John? No, I'm afraid I don't know. Maybe Ty does; they were playing pinball just a little while ago."

"I asked Tyler," Kat said, glancing back at the closed door. "He either couldn't or wouldn't tell me, and he was rude about it in the bargain. Then he walked out."

Both Gordon and Cherie looked toward the pinball machine, which was still flashing, waiting for the player to continue. "Hm," Gordon said. "He left in the middle of a game, too. What did you say to him?"

Kat's eyes grew wide. "Me? I merely asked him where John was, then complimented him on his game. I even asked him to teach me! But he got very stroppy, and rude. Finally he walked out."

The two Tracys exchanged glances, and Cherie gave a little shrug. "I'm sorry he was rude, Kat," Gordon said. "He's a kid, and kids get this way sometimes."

"Maybe he didn't get enough sleep last night," Cherie offered. "That always makes him go off at the drop of a hat."

Kat considered their words, then nodded. "Perhaps you're right. In any case, I will go and see if John is in his quarters. He lent me some books, and I forgot to take them with me after our

Spanish lesson last night."

"I'll have a word with Tyler later," Gordon said. "Let him know that his behavior wasn't appreciated."

"Thank you, Gordon," Kat replied, smiling slightly. "I'd best be off. Have a nice day."

The Tracys returned the wishes, and Kat left. Cherie regarded her brother with a keen eye. "Why do I have a feeling there's more to this than just Ty being Ty?"

"Because I think there is," Gordon said. "But don't you worry about it. I'll take care of it. What you have to worry about is... this!"

The puck shot across the table with near-blinding speed, but Cherie moved her hand, and sent it sailing back toward Gordon. "Ha!" she said as they resumed their interrupted game.

Out in the corridor, Kat turned toward the stairs, and had only taken a few steps when a voice from behind her called, "Kat!"

She turned around, and smiled to see John come up, a basket of laundry in his hands. "What are you doing here?" he asked.

"I came to pick up those books I wanted to borrow," she said as she fell into step with him. "I tried to call you, but was unable to reach you."

"Uh, yeah," John said, smiling a bit sheepishly. "I usually leave my wrist comm in my room when I do laundry. It's fallen into the washer before more than once."

Kat laughed. "You seem to have quite a bit of wash to do," she commented, as they stepped into the lift between floors.

John gave her a wry smile. "Have to catch up before I leave for Five. I like to have clean clothes to come home to."

They continued on to his suite, and Kat wondered, Do I tell him how Tyler acted toward me? No, it would be better off if I don't, especially after the incident with Callie. Besides, I don't want to ruin any time I have with him before he leaves with conflicts of any kind. Gordon said he would speak to Tyler, and I shall leave the matter with him.