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Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is  
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 20:52:54 GMT  
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From: Tikatu Sent: 8/27/2006 4:32 PM  
Sunday, July 29, 2068, 7:30 p.m., Tracy Island

"Hey, Ty!" Gordon hurried out of the dining room after his youngest brother. "Wait up!"

Tyler stopped in the hallway and turned, a puzzled look on his face. Gordon caught up to the boy and put an arm around him. "You and I need to have a little chat, my man," he said, steering Tyler into the games room and through it into the home theater. Neutral territory.

He maneuvered Tyler onto one of the couches on the periphery of the room, and parked himself next to the boy. "Now," he began, putting on his best "confidante" voice and attitude, "I understand that you and Miss Williamson had a bit of a conflict today."

"Miss Williamson?" Tyler asked, wrinkling up his nose.

Gordon rolled his eyes. "Kat."

The change of expression from puzzled to sullen was dramatic. "Oh. Her," Tyler groused.

"Yes, her," Gordon echoed. "I want to hear from you what exactly happened."

Tyler was startled; he hadn't expected being able to tell his side of the story. He thought for a moment, then began. "Well, I was playing pinball and getting the highest score ever when I saw her come in. She came up to me and asked me if I knew where John was. I told her 'no', 'cause I didn't know. Then she said something about what a good player I was and could she have a turn and maybe I could teach her. I didn't say anything to that, so she told me I was being rude and she would tell my parents about it. So I stopped playing and told her she could have a turn, and I left." He shrugged. "End of story."

"Hmm." Gordon regarded the boy with a thoughtful gaze. "I don't think that's the whole story, but then, I didn't get the whole story from Kat either, it seems." He sighed. "I want your honest injun, cross-my-heart-and-hope-to-die opinion here, Spud. Were you being rude?"

The boy looked down and away, anywhere but into his brother's warm brown eyes. Finally he muttered, "Yeah. I guess so."

"Can you tell me why you were rude?"

Tyler muttered something too low for Gordon to catch. "Excuse me, but I don't think I caught that," Gordon said, a slight warning tone in his voice.

"I said, I don't like her!"

"Ah, I see." There was another long moment when man regarded boy before Gordon asked, "Why

don't you like her?"

"Cause she's getting all kissy-face with John," Tyler said angrily. "She's been making all goo-goo eyes at him ever since she got here, and now, when he's going back to Thunderbird Five in just a couple of days, he'd rather spend time with her than with me or anyone else in the family!"

Gordon smothered a smile. He was amused to see that he wasn't the only one who had noticed Kat's obvious and growing attention to John. Things might be farther along there if he didn't have to go up to Thunderbird Five, he realized. I don't know if that's a good thing or not. He glanced at Tyler and sighed. Still, I can't let Ty continue the way he's begun. Gotta nip this in the bud.

"Listen, Ty," Gordon began. "You're going to have to learn to put up with this. John and Scott and Virgil and Alan and I are all grown-ups. There are going to be people, particularly girls, who will come into our lives and become part of our lives. And, as a result, we're going to spend less time with you, and more time with them. It doesn't mean we're going to love you any less. I mean, how did you feel when my dad started seeing your mom? I don't remember you being too terribly upset when that happened."

"That was different," Tyler said sullenly. "Mom still had time for me, even more time than she did when we were living in Greenville and she had to work. Plus, Dad started making friends with me, too. I didn't lose her. I got him."

Gordon nodded. He had to admit that his father and his stepmother made an all-out effort to win the hearts of all the children, not just the little ones, during their courtship and engagement and even beyond. They had tried hard to keep their interaction as the focus of a family, and not just as a couple. And, if Tyler's reaction was any indication, they'd done a good job of it, too.

He sighed. "You're right. It was different with Dad and Mom, wasn't it? But what happened with them isn't going to happen with us big brothers. We'll spend more time with the girls so we can get to know them. And that means less time for you... and even for each other." He put a commiserating arm around the boy. "It doesn't seem fair, I know, but it's what happens in life."

"I don't like it."

Gordon shrugged. "You don't have to like it. It just is, and you have to put up with it." He drew back a bit and caught Tyler's eye with his own. "But what you can't do is go around being rude to people."

"Even if I don't like them?"

"Especially if you don't like them," Gordon said firmly. "Though I don't know what's not to like about Kat, other than her making goo-goo eyes at John." He put the pinky and thumb of each hand together, making a circle, then lifted them to encircle his eyes, with the other three fingers running along the sides of his head. He made his eyes as wide as he could, and Tyler huffed out a chuckle at his antics. "I mean it, Ty; what else don't you like about her? Or is her making goo-goo eyes the only thing?"

Tyler's face sobered, and he thought for quite a while. Gordon was beginning to believe that he

wasn't going to have an answer, when the boy suddenly said, "She only tried to make friends with me because of John, not because of me myself."

"Hmm." Gordon nodded. "I can see where you wouldn't like that. But have any of the other new recruits tried to make friends with you for just you?"

"Oh, yeah!" Tyler said. "Remember when you and me and Alex went fishing with Mr. Brandon?"

Gordon rolled his eyes. "How could I forget? We all got sick."

"Yeah, but we went fishing, and Mr. Brandon treated me okay." Tyler was warming to his subject. "And Mr. Dom brought me a book when I was sick, and Miss Elise and I got grounded at the same time and threw stuff in the ocean together, and Miss Callie went swimming with me and Alex, and Miss Nikki was great when I was sick, and Mr. Christopher let us pet Durian... that was before Kyrano got him..."

"Whoa!" Gordon put up both hands. "Slow down!" When Tyler complied, Gordon shook his head in amazement. "I never knew all this."

Tyler shrugged one shoulder. "You don't see everything." He made a face. "Miss Kat just makes goo-goo eyes at John and plays with Joshua. She pretty much ignores me. She even tried once to get John to go stargazing with her, when he had just gotten home from Thunderbird Five. You know he always plays pinball with me then." His voice lowered. "It was like I wasn't even there."

Gordon sighed, and ran a hand through his hair. "Ty... it doesn't matter if she ignores you or how she treats you. You still can't go around being rude to her. I'm not saying you have to like her, but you do have to be polite." He eyed his brother, catching the boy's gaze again. "By all rights, Kat should have gone to Mom and Dad, and then you'd be getting more than just a talking to. But I said I'd handle it. Now," he reached out and held his brother's chin, "will you promise me that you'll at least be polite? Please?"

Tyler still looked mutinous, but finally he nodded. "All right. I'll try to be polite... as long as I don't have to like her."

"Promise?" Gordon knew his little brother; a promise was far more binding than anything else.

It took a few moments, but Tyler nodded again. "Promise."

"Okay." Gordon looked around the room. "You want to watch a movie or something?"

"Can I pick it?" Tyler asked, raising an eyebrow speculatively.

I may hate myself for this... "Sure. You pick it."

"All right! Can we make popcorn?"

Gordon nodded, and the two began to put together their impromptu movie night.

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