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Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is  
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 21:04:16 GMT  
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From: AmandaTracyandFred Sent: 8/28/2006 9:43 PM

Monday July 30, 2012 9:00 a.m. Tracy Island/ Sunday 5 p.m.Wichita, KS

The clock on the nightstand read 8 a.m. on Tracy Island. Heather stood in her traveling clothes with bags already packed and ready to go. She carried her bags out to the patio where the golf cart sat waiting to take her and Gordon to the plane. Putting her bags in the back, she looked around. Dressed in his favorite jacket, Jeff came down to take Heather back to the the jet with Gordon.

I wish Tin-Tin could go with us. Saying goodbye to her was more difficult than I expected, Heather thought.

"Ready to go home, Heather?" Jeff asked.

Heather chuckled. "No, I'm not."

"Have you seen Gordon?"

"No, I haven't."

From the deck, they heard a call. "I'm comin'! Wait for me!"

Jeff groaned. "Heather, I really appreciate you sharing the transport duties."

"Oh, you're welcome, Mr. Tracy. It will be a pleasure to fly your personal aircraft. I hear you have the best." The two studied each other for the few moments as Gordon hurried down the patio stairway, still tucking his shirt in.

"Did you forget something?" reminded Jeff.

Gordon froze for a moment before realizing he was missing his overnight bag. Turning around, Gordon was about to run back up the stairs when Tin-Tin appeared with his bag. "You almost forgot this, Gordon," Tin-Tin said.

Jeff sighed heavily as they watched Gordon accept his bag, and come rushing down the stairway. "Well, let's get this show on the road!" the redhead announced excitedly.

Hearing Heather's laughter, Jeff turned toward her to say, "Just wait till you have kids!"

After the short drive to the landing strip, Gordon got out to bring down the hatch to the jet. Jeff grabbed her luggage and Gordon's overnight bag.

He was surprised when, instead of a handshake, she saluted him. "Heather, I'm not in the service

anymore."

"Aren't you, sir?" she said with a fond smile.

"You're not in uniform, either," he teased.

"You'll take care of that, I'm sure," she teased back.

"Perhaps I will, Heather. Take care, and have a safe trip home. And be careful. Don't take chances. The weather in the plains has been growing rougher lately."

"Yes, it has, and I will, Mr. Tracy. Thank you for letting me come."

"You'd better get going. I'll talk with you soon," Jeff said. "You might want to talk it up with Gordon. It helps him pay more attention to what he's doing."

"One conversationalist coming up. Bye."

With that, Heather hurried up the stairway and she pulled the hatchway closed.

Scott accepted Gordon's clearance call in the command chair in the lounge. "All set to go, Gordon?"

"With a good looking lady by my side, of course, I'm all set to go... Ouch!"

"Someday you're going to learn. You have clearance, Gordon. Have a safe journey and Heather?"

"Yes, Scott?" Heather radioed back.

"Have mercy on the guy, okay?"

"No promises, but I'll see what I can do."

Heather sat in the co-pilot's seat next to Gordon. She felt the pressure push her back in her seat as the jet picked up speed and headed down the tarmac. With practiced ease, Gordon pulled the jet into the air.

"That was very smooth, Gordon," Heather said with admiration.

"Thank you! Comes with the last name," said Gordon slipping on a pair of sunglasses. "If you're a Tracy, you learn to fly. So how did you like staying on the island?"

"I confess my room was lovely. Especially the bed and all that sea air!"

"How did you like seeing Thunderbird 1? I mean it isn't as classy as Thunderbird 4, of course."

"TB1 looks fast just standing in the gantry."

"How about the pilot?" he teased. This gal is gonna be a whole lot of fun if she pilots for us.

"The pilot'?" she said confused. "You mean Scott?"

"Yeah! There isn't a girl that hasn't gone gaga for the guy," Gordon exaggerated.

Heather blinked a few times, thinking how best to answer. "You're not jealous of him, are you?"

"No, I'm not. But he's so serious sometimes that I like to bug him now and then."

"He's nice," Heather said neutrally. "I saw most everyone during meals."

Gordon admitted, "I'm sorry I didn't spend as much time with you."

"Well, we've got a whole flight to talk," she said with a grin. "And I'm a captive audience... Ow!"

After they reached Los Angeles and took time out to refuel and eat, Heather took over flying to give Gordon a break.

"Gordon, I do have a question. There aren't any sea snakes around the island, are there? Tin-Tin had me diving with her and she offered to find some 'water mambas'. I've studied snakes for a long time and--" She had to stop her narration to allow Gordon to catch his breath from exploding with laughter. "If you get bit by one of those--" Heather began.

"Ha ha ha! It's a joke, Heather."

"Oh. What did you do this weekend?"

"Made a bunch of snacks to watch a movie with my little brother, Tyler."

"Sounds like fun," Heather said. "I miss my little brother. He's disabled. He's twenty years old but acts like he's eight. You should have seen the commotion he caused at Mother's. Donny called me up on the vidphone and saw me getting out my revolver to shoot a rattler. Wow!"

Gordon burst out laughing. "What happened?"

Heather checked their heading before answering. "You'd have thought we were at war again. Donny yelled at Mother that I was going to shoot a rattler, Mother called her sister, my Aunt Jenny, and I have no idea what happened after that."

By the time they landed at the testing grounds near midnight, Heather was tired, and glad that Gordon had been her co-pilot. It made the decision whether to accept Jeff Tracy's offer just a little easier. As she and Gordon made their way off the plane, they were met by another young woman and a man with thick glasses.

"Heather, do you have a way home?" Gordon asked in a voice that lacked his earlier silliness.

"Well, I do have my car here--"

"No way," she heard him insist. "I'm calling you a cab, I'm paying for it and you are not going to argue with me. While we're all waiting, I can introduce you to two more of Dad's employees: Brains and Nikki."

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