
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 21:39:43 GMT
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From: Tikatu Sent: 9/6/2006 1:37 PM

Wednesday, August 1, 2068, 12:30 p.m., Thunderbird Five

"Thunderbird Five from Thunderbird Three, requesting permission to dock."

Alan grinned. "Permission granted, Thunderbird Three. And may I say that you are sight for sore eyes?"

"You may say it." Callie's voice came back, sounding amused. The vid portion switched on, and there she was, looking back at him.

"You're a sight for sore eyes," Alan shot right back.

He waited, staring at the clock until he felt the familiar "thump" that told him - even more surely than the feminine-voiced announcement - that, "Docking is complete. Docking bay is sealed."

"Boo yah!" he cried, punching the air. "Nicely done, Ursa."

"Aw, shucks," Callie said. "Nothing to it. It's easier than parallel parking."

"There are a lot of things easier than parallel parking," John chimed in. "Gravity and atmosphere controls on. You'd better get the float, Indy. We've got a lot of freight this time."

"F-A-B," Alan said. "I'll be out to meet you two in just a minute."

He put his hands-free communicator in his ear, and headed over to the ladder near the lift connecting the station's two inhabitable levels. Climbing down the first few rungs, he dropped to the floor once clear of the hatchway, and went off to the storage area to pull out the antigravity float. He knew that he, Callie and John would be here for a few hours yet; putting things away, refilling the water tanks and removing the trash and used water for recycling/filtering down on the island. He had a couple of items for John to watch out for rescue-wise, and truthfully, he just wanted to sit down and jaw with his brother for a bit.

He waited at the airlocks between the docking bay and the access arm, giving the space scanner's controls a quick once over while he was there. All the scanner's lights were green across the board. He looked up when he heard the hiss of the airlock to his left. The door slid open, and John stepped out, followed by Callie, who was carrying a small cooler.

"Hey!" Alan cried, coming forward to embrace his brother and thump him on the back. "It's good to see you!" He glanced over at Callie. "And you, too, Callie." He stepped over to her and gave her a light hug.

"Good to see you, too, Alan," John said with a grin. "Before we get started, have you had lunch

yet?"

"No, I haven't," Alan admitted. "I was hoping we could eat it together and talk before getting down to the nitty gritty of station transfer."

"Well, then," Callie said, hefting the cooler. "Let's eat."

Over the meal, which they ate in the station's more spacious lounge as opposed to its tiny galley, John and Callie brought Alan up-to-date on some of the goings on down on Tracy Island.

"Did Nikki get back safely?" Alan asked.

Callie nodded. "She and Brains got home early yesterday morning. We met up in the workout room and she said she had a good time. Her mother organized a surprise party for her."

"Sounds good," Alan replied. His voice got softer and he asked, "How are you holding up, Callie?"

Callie gave him a small smile. "I'm... okay, I guess. Looking forward to going home and resting up there." She turned to John. "Thanks again for swapping with me, John. I'm sorry that I put you through so much grief over the argument with Kat."

Sighing, she added, "With what happened in the jungle, I'm especially glad to have the extra month to... to get myself together before coming back up here."

"You're welcome, Callie," John replied, nodding and smiling softly. "I hope the time away helps."

"Well, guys," Alan said, standing up. "This has been fun, but we've got work to do, and I for one am looking forward to one of Kyrano's dinners."

John and Callie both chuckled, and with that, the three astronauts got up to start the transfer of cargo, preparing for the eventual transfer of personnel.