
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 21:55:32 GMT
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From: AmandaTracyandFred Sent: 9/10/2006 6:42 PM

(Thursday 9:38 p.m. El Dorado, KS / Friday 2:38 p.m. Tracy Island)

Thursday night, Heather picked up her wine glass and walked out onto her front porch. The night sky displayed itself like a ebony silk sheet in the sky, full of tiny stars and and a handful of meteors. Heather drew in a breath at the beauty, wishing there was someone to share it with. The evening was much like the night when Heather had arrived home from been in the South Pacific. The air had been thick and muggy as it was tonight. As she got out that early 1:30 a.m., the cab driver opened the trunk and pulled out her luggage. "Would you like me to carry these in for you?" he asked, grabbing his leather hat as they stood in her driveway.

"No, thank you. I can manage," she answered as she maneuvered her purse, started to look for her wallet.

"Oh, don't worry about the tip. The young man took care of that, too. Thank you muchly!" Tipping his hat, he crawled back into his car and drove back onto the road again.

Her feet ached, her stomach growled, and she was tired, but she couldn't help looking into the night sky, marveling at the heavenly expanse. "I have to admit, it's a beautiful night. I'm grateful I've got tomorrow off so I can readjust from being on the other side of the International Dateline!" she had said to herself as she grabbed her luggage and pushed the gate open.

Closing it, she'd made her way up the sidewalk to her ranch-styled home. Too tired to sleep right away, Heather started up a glass of iced tea in the Brew Master and then kicked off her shoes. "Oh ow! Oh pain!" Heather winced. "You could have dressed for comfort, but no-o-o-o-o-o. You had to dress sharp for Mr. Tracy, knowing this would be the last he'd see of you until you give him word. Boy, my feet hurt! I still say it would have been kind to at least warn me to bring clothes for winter in the tropics!"

Walking barefoot in thick cushy carpet into her bedroom, she pulled everything off and slipped into a soft robe. "What will I do?" She laughed as she went to the kitchen for her glass of fresh green tea. "I won't be able to walk around nude there, that's for sure. Not like I can here!"

She looked around her high tech home with its TV constantly on the meteorology channel. Walking over, she reached over on the electronic console and fired up the television. A cold front was moving over the Rockies, while heat continually flowed from the Gulf.

A flag popped up on the HDTV, signalling that she had online mail that had come in. Several of them had little cameras next to them indicating that they were video mail. The first one was from her friend, Andrea Gainor. Andrea was a willowy, blue-eyed, blonde weather forecaster and Heather's complete opposite. Where Heather wanted to fly amongst the clouds, Andrea wanted her feet firmly on terra firma. It was Andrea who constantly encouraged Heather to get out and mingle.

"Heather! It's been ages since I've seen you! Did you fly off to Jamaica or something? Look, my boyfriend, Mark, has this friend who's in the Air Force and wants to you! You'd be a perfect match!"

"No, we aren't! He's Air Force and I'm Navy. Totally incompatible! Everybody knows that," Heather laughed to herself.

"Give me a call! This week! Don't sit on your duff out in the wheat fields, counting the number of hailstones in an square inch!" Andrea's beautiful face vanished off the screen.

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Heather yawned. "But I will call. N-n-next!"

The next video call was James Kennedy. He looked sternly in the camera, but there was a twinkle in his eyes as he spoke. "Heather, I'm waiting for your call. I darn well better be the next call you make when the sun rises or sometime thereafter!"

"Yes, Father," she sighed with a grin.

"And by the way, I wanted warn you--" Jim whispered, looking around. "Your mother found out about Tracy's sons. She pitched a fit, threatening to throw you into a convent!"

Heather let out a snort, commenting, "I sure couldn't walk around nude there either!" She managed to get to bed not long after that. Three days later, Heather stared up at the sky, debating on whether or not to join International Rescue.