
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 22:06:37 GMT
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From: Tawnyangel22 Sent: 9/11/2006 1:53 AM

Tracy Island -- 3rd August -- early morning.

Gordon arrived at the gym to see Alan running on the treadmill and very red in the face. He chuckled. "Hey, little brother. Looks like you're a little out of shape."

Alan reduced the speed. "You'd be breathing hard too if you'd been running for nearly forty-five minutes," he replied between gasps.

"Hah!" his brother exclaimed. "I don't suppose it has anything to do with all that apple pie you were stuffing at dinner last night."

Alan slowly increased the speed on the treadmill again. "I eat a healthy diet, even on Thunderbird Five, although the flash frozen meals aren't quite the same as the ones here."

"Well, you certainly seemed to make up for it last night," Gordon chuckled.

"I enjoy Grandma's cooking," his brother replied.

"Yeah, right," Gordon said, still laughing. He picked up some weights and began doing some bicep curls, all the time watching his brother.

Soon Alan slowed the treadmill down, walking on it for a few minutes to cool down. When it stopped, he got off, and walked across to the rowing apparatus. Sitting on it, he bent his knees as he grasped the bar. Pulling it back, he straightened his legs and continued in a smooth rowing motion. Suddenly he had an idea, stopped rowing, then called across to Gordon.

"How about a little bet?"

The auburn haired young man eyed his brother suspiciously. "What exactly do you have in mind?"

"Oh, just a few trials, to see which of us is the fittest," Alan answered. "Are you up for it?"

"Yes, of course I am," his brother replied.

Alan smiled. "Okay, we'll start with who can do the most sit ups in two minutes, and then who can do the most press ups in two minutes."

"No, not press ups; how about bicep curls at an agreed weight?" Gordon replied.

"Okay," his brother replied. "What if we finish with a run along the beach? See who wins."

His brother nodded in agreement. "Sounds okay to me. If you like we could get some of the new

recruits to cheer us on. I'm sure you'd like to show off in front of Nikki." And he gave him a sideways look.

But Alan shook his head, "No. No onlookers. Let's do this early one morning."

Gordon grinned at him. "Okay, you're on. But I really think that we should have someone to judge these tests. I suggest Virgil and Scott."

Alan glanced at him. "Okay. I'll ask them, but I want Virgil to judge me."

"Why don't you want Scott?"

"He's too strict."

Gordon chuckled. "I don't think that Virgil will be easy to fool. Anyway, how much are we wagering?"

"Ten dollars?"

"Only ten?" Gordon said.

"Could make it twenty if you like."

"Twenty-five and it's a deal."

They both shook hands, and then continued with their workout.