
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 23:49:46 GMT
[View Forum Message](#) <> [Reply to Message](#)

From: AmandaTracyandFred Sent: 10/4/2006 8:18 PM

(Saturday, August 4, 2068 Wichita, KS 5:30 p.m./ Saturday, August 5, 2068, Tracy Island 10:30 a.m.)

The sky overhead still seemed streaky and boiling. Her long auburn hair was pulled to the side from the winds that had yet to let up. She growled as she fought to keep the car on road due to the fierceness of the winds that seemed to come straight down the road she was on. Rather than think about the aches and pains that were traveling up and down her body, she concentrated on simply getting to the Regis Hotel. What was normally a twenty minute drive, turned into forty minutes as she had to avoid paramedics rushing to their danger scenes, police racing about answering calls, and temporary backups due to the weather. As she crept along, she heard what sounded like small rocks hitting the roof of the car and bouncing off the windshield. "Just hold together, baby. Just stay in one piece. I just need to get to the hotel and we're home free!" she told herself as she drove.

Soon the hailstorm abated, and she was able to increase her speed until she reached Wichita and the neon lights of the Regis Hotel beckoned her like a lighthouse in the dark. She drove up into the circular drive, and got out throwing the keys to the valet. "Thank you!" she called out as she walked into the hotel and into the elegant lobby.

Everything in the Regis lobby glittered with gold. The floor was a plushy gold and white. The lamps on all the tables were gold. Even the lobby's check-in desk was layered in a gold paneling. Walking up to it, Heather set her credit card down and said, "I need a suite for a week and I don't care where it's at."

The name tag on the man's lapel read Chase. He studied the scruffy-looking woman with hair all askew and replied understandingly. "You look like you need a long rest. I have the perfect suite. It's up on the fifteenth floor."

"I'll take it," she sighed. "Is the salon open?"

"Oh, yes, Ma'am," he said. "Not busy right now either. Did you have any luggage to have taken up?"

Heather sighed at the question. "Unfortunately, no."

Following the surprised desk clerk's finger, Heather walked down the hallway of gold lit by big glass globes towards the salon, beginning to relax as she went. Soon, she found herself in stepping into a large, posh, women's boutique filled with everything from smart slacks and silk designer shirts, bras and panties, and nightwear. "Perfect!" Heather thought. "I just don't have the strength to endure major shopping. I just want to get it and go!"

Two female clerks eyed her from the crystal clear counter full of expensive toiletries. The shorter

of the two with platinum blonde hair and tiny, pert nose whispered to her partner, "No way am I taking that lady. Lizzy, you take her!"

Elizabeth, a fifteen year veteran clerk, stared down at the petite younger woman, whispered back. "Why don't you want to help her?"

Jackie took in the black flight jacket tugged over a mannish khaki uniform shirt with the Tracy Industries logo: and the name Heather stitched underneath it. The shirt was tucked into a pair of dark brown slacks and finished off with a pair of boots.

"She's not exactly Rosie the Riveter, but she's darn close! Those women always give me a hard time! Would you do it, Lizzie?"

With a satisfied smile, Elizabeth agreed, thinking as she looked at Heather's tired, weary eyes, "Jackie, you just passed up the commission of a lifetime and you're going to hate me."