
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Mon, 30 Jul 2012 00:01:57 GMT
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From: AmandaTracyandFred Sent: 10/6/2006 9:13 PM

Unaware of what was happening to International Rescue at the moment, Heather saw Elizabeth pat a silver curl in her hair and approach her as she looked at the racks of nightgowns, teddies, and peek-a-boo two pieces. Heather found something that said medium. It was red, loose-fitting, and that's all she cared about.

"Hi, my name is Elizabeth. Everyone calls me 'Lizzie'. May I help you, dear?"

Heather liked the apple red cheeks and the graying hair. "Uhh... yes. I need one day outfit, I need some kind of nightwear, underthings and I just can't hardly stand up. I need like one of those ladies travel kits?"

"The one from France?" Elizabeth asked as she stepped behind the glass counter.

"That's the one!"

As Heather recited tiredly, Elizabeth kept a keen ear towards her and began selecting just what Heather needed, while Jackie watched a stack of clothes grow. Taking a chance, Elizabeth added a pair of satin bedroom slippers and a nice bathrobe by her cash register. To the stack, Heather added a white turtleneck shirt, a pair of slimming khaki slacks, and trouser socks for daywear.

When Heather slowed down, Elizabeth began to ring everything up. "Also, I can add as a gift, a very nice makeup kit as well. It has everything you need in it. You use warm colors?"

"Yes, I do. Thank you very much," Heather said gratefully.

Once everything was rung up, and Heather paid with a charge card, she gathered everything up and headed right out the door. Jackie sneaked over to Elizabeth's counter to see the total sale, and her mouth dropped open.

"She just needed a little help," remarked Elizabeth. "She looked so tired."

With her arms full of boutique bags, Heather made her way back to the spacious gold lobby to find the elevators. As she neared the elevators, she saw the lobby TV set on the meteorology channel she used to set her HDTV on. Live cameras displayed the devastation between Wichita and El Dorado. With an unstable dark gray atmosphere as the weather forecaster's backdrop, Heather became fixated on the ribbon of up-to-the-minute news that crossed the bottom of the screen:

"This just in! While rescuing disabled children from a local school, a tornado dropped down catching Thunderbird 7 in its destructive vacuum. More to follow as this information is updated! Stay tuned!"

Flopping into the nearest chair, she crossed herself, feeling an insane desire to run out and help. But someone must already be there, she thought logically, and I'm in no shape to offer any help.

By the time I figured out their location, and gotten there, it would be too late. Thunderbird 7? I think that's Dr. Tracy's vehicle, and no doubt, she was flying, too. I hope she's going to be all right.

Afraid to sit any longer, Heather got up, making her way to the elevators. As she stepped into the sparkling glass booth framed by reflective chrome, and felt it push her up to her floor, the broadcast reminded Heather of Jeff Tracy's offer. Sun, surf, and sand, and all I have to do is risk my life every now and then, she mused.

As she slid past the fifth floor, she thought about how losing her home might actually have been a blessing in disguise. Maybe this God's way of telling me where I'm supposed to go next. Of course, this is one heck of a way to tell me! It could have been worse. I could have been home when it happened. Then I wouldn't be here--there's my floor!

As she gathered her stuff together and climbed out onto her floor, Heather concentrated on simply finding her suite. Her key card read 15B which put the suite to the back of the floor. Just figures, she thought as she slipped the card in and pushed the door in. They would stick me in at the back end of the corridor. Of course, I could have asked for help, but did I think of that? Oh no, not me!

Grabbing all her bags and her peevishness, she walked into the sumptuous suite. As soon as the door closed, locking itself automatically, Heather leaned back and let out a gasp of relief she'd been holding in all day. "All I want to do is just--hide!" she groaned.

Leaving her bags by the door, she didn't bother to shower, but shed everything she wore, dropping it all on the floor. Forsaking the nightgown she'd just bought, she crawled in between the cool sheets of her bed, pulled the covers over her body and cried hot tears.