
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Mon, 30 Jul 2012 00:21:47 GMT
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From: Tikatu Sent: 10/10/2006 9:00 PM

Sat, Aug 4, 4:30 PM local time, L.A.(6:30 PM, Kansas; Sun, Aug 5, 11:30 AM Tracy Island)

Jeff picked up the phone and dialed a number that he hadn't had to use yet. It was the direct line to Drew Carmichael's cell phone -- the one that had been provided to him by International Rescue.

In Los Angeles, Drew was preparing for the arrival of Thunderbird One. He had a good idea just who the critical patient was; after all, it was the reason he'd been told the secret of the Tracy family and been recruited as an agent. He stopped in his tracks though when his cell phone vibrated in a peculiar rhythm that he'd been instructed would mean just one thing: a call from International Rescue's commander.

He ducked into the hospital's chapel, quiet and clearly deserted at that time of day, and answered the call, plugging an earpiece into the phone for more privacy.

"It's me. I know why you're calling. They're about to set down on the helijet pad. When will you be arriving?"

Jeff sighed, a heavy sigh made out of both relief and deep sorrow. "As soon as Maverick gets back to base, I'll be on my way."

"All right. Two caveats, as from a physician to a patient."

Jeff frowned, then nodded. "Go ahead."

"One, do not do the flying yourself. Grab whoever is available and let them fly you out."

"That'll have to be K; everyone else is out on rescues."

Drew's eyebrows climbed. "Everyone?"

Jeff nodded. "We got another call for a rescue in space. Every able-bodied operative is either in Kansas, in orbit, or setting down on your helijet pad."

"He'll have to do then. Caveat two: bring... bring his partner, and the kids."

"The kids?" Jeff sounded incredulous. "They don't need to see..."

"Wrong. They do need to see. They lost their father, they almost lost you, and now their mother? They're going to need a helluva lot of reassurance that she isn't going to die on them, and the only way they'll get that is to be here."

Jeff thought this over for a moment, then nodded. "All right."

"Good man. By the way, you're staying with us."

"Drew, we can't..."

Drew's mouth set in a firm line. "You can and you will. No arguments now."

"What about security?"

The doctor ran a hand through his hair. "I'm open to any suggestions. I have your reasons for shipping her here to me covered, but beyond that... we'll have to wing it. The secure floor is being prepared though. Now, I've got to go. I'll see you when you get here. Have K's lady give my partner the heads up."

"I will," Jeff replied. He smiled a little, a wan and weary smile. "Thanks."

"Don't thank me yet," Drew warned him. "The hardest part is yet to come. Gotta go. See you soon."

With that he terminated the call, and folded up his phone. He looked at the altar, its honey colored wood lit golden by diffuse, indirect lighting, and stopped to breathe a quick prayer before heading out to deal with his newest -- and most newsworthy -- patient: his own niece.