
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Mon, 30 Jul 2012 00:40:31 GMT
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From: Tikatu Sent: 10/14/2006 10:09 PM

Scott closed his eyes when his Virgil's voice sounded in his ear. "Maverick from Van Gogh. Come in, Maverick."

He pulled the earpiece from his ear, and took off his visor. Reaching forward, he switched the communication over to Thunderbird One's console. "Thunderbird One here, go ahead, Thunderbird Two."

Virgil's eyebrows went up when Scott's weary face appeared in his viewscreen. "You look like hell," he observed.

"I feel like hell," Scott snapped. "The only news I have on Doc is that she's in surgery. Tynan and Angel have whiplash, various bruises and cuts, and Angel has a sprained ankle. They've both been admitted overnight for observation." He began to fasten his restraints. "The security people here have cleared a parking lot for me. I'm going to move One there."

"F-A-B," Virgil said mildly. "I guess you don't need us in L.A.?"

The fight went out of Scott and his shoulders slumped. "Of course I need you here. I need someone here I can lean on for a change. But you're better off heading back to base. The Boss should be on his way out by now and I have no idea who he's left behind. And I'm not leaving until either he arrives or I have word on Doc... or both. You have Seven?"

"Yeah, we have Seven safely stowed in the pod." Virgil's voice dropped. "We also have vid of the farmhouse."

Scott sat up straight at this and his eyes widened. "Is it... is it bad?"

Virgil nodded. "It's bad. In fact, it's gone."

"Damn." Scott closed his eyes and grimaced, then shook his head. "I guess our luck ran out on this one, didn't it?"

"You could say that," Virgil replied. "I'm changing heading now and will get back to base. Let us know the minute you have any news, and don't forget Quasar. He's doing double duty right now and is under a lot of pressure. In fact, I want to talk to you about possibly having Three stop and pick him up."

"F-A-B. I'll think about that, and I promise to be on the horn to everyone as soon as I know anything." Scott gave his brother a tight smile. "Don't forget to eat. Those MREs aren't the best, but I bet you and the crew haven't had anything since breakfast. And since Doc isn't here..."

"F-A-B, Maverick. Message received." Virgil's voice softened. "You take care of yourself, too,

Mav."

"I will. Thunderbird One, out."

Virgil sighed and shook his head. He glanced up to see Elise standing beside him, an MRE in her hand.

"You need to eat," Elise said firmly. "Let me take her. You take this and head back to the crew's quarters. I suppose you'll scarf it down to get back here ASAP, but the change of scene will do you good."

Virgil smiled. "I just got orders of the same sort from the field commander," he said as he rose from the pilot's seat.

"Well, then. Listen to Scott for a change." Elise handed him the MRE, and slid into his place. "Sometimes he even knows what he's talking about."

"I'll tell him you said that," Virgil teased.

"He won't believe you," Elise huffed.

Virgil allowed himself a small chuckle, then sighed again and headed back to the crews' quarters. Scott was right; he did need to eat, and Elise's idea of a change of scene was good, too. A sudden thought struck him, and he stopped at the door to the back portion of the command level.

"Everyone?"

Those in the cockpit looked back at him expectantly, except Elise, who was focused on flying Two.

"The field commander isn't here, so this falls to me." He glanced at the chronometer on Two's control panel. "Stand down from rescue, 20 hundred hours, local time. Log it, please, Elise."

"F-A-B," she said softly.