
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Mon, 30 Jul 2012 00:44:30 GMT
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From: Tikatu Sent: 10/15/2006 11:08 AM

Setting Thunderbird One down in the secure area, Scott gathered up his visor and cap and was prepared to head back into the hospital when his father's voice sounded out over the comm panel.

"Maverick from Base. Come in, Maverick."

Sighing, Scott toggled the switch. "Thunderbird One here. Go ahead, Base."

Jeff's face showed up on the comm screen. He looked tired, but had a determined set to his jaw that set warning bells off in Scott's head. He's about to get stubborn. Well, sir, I can be just as stubborn!

"What is your ETA to base, Thunderbird One?"

"I have no ETA to report, base."

Jeff's eyes narrowed. "I am waiting for your return to base so I can leave for Los Angeles, Maverick."

This took Scott aback. "May I ask why... sir?"

"Because I have been ordered by our Los Angeles agent that I should not fly out myself, and should bring the... troops with me. This would leave only GM here by herself, with Tynan's child. I will not leave her here by herself, nor will I leave the desk unmanned. Therefore, I order you to return to base immediately."

Scott thought about this for a moment, then straightened. "I understand your reasons, sir, and I sympathize with them. However, someone should be here at all times for security purposes, and for... for Doc when she wakes up. My assessment of the situation tells me that you wouldn't be here in time for that event, even if I was at base this very moment." He took a deep breath. "Therefore, I must respectfully tell you that I am staying here."

Jeff's eyes widened as Scott continued. "Thunderbird Two is on its way back to base at this moment. It would be far better to have more than just one person available to GM, especially considering that we have currently have a team in space." His voice softened. "A half hour isn't going to make a lot of difference at this point, Boss. Besides, you can snag another pilot for the trip. Someone's got to take Tynan and Angel back tomorrow anyway."

There was silence between them for a moment, then Jeff's brows knit in a scowl. "Regardless of Thunderbird Two's status, I want you commanding in my absence. As you have said, we still have a team out in space, and you are best fitted to deal with that. Again, I order you to return to base immediately."

Scott shook his head. "No, sir. You know I'm right, but you're not thinking logically right now. So I respectfully tell you to take your order and shove it."

There was a sound in the background, like someone scolding, and Jeff turned his head away briefly. Scott tried hard to hide a smile; his grandmother was weighing in on the subject, and it sounded like she was on his side.

Jeff turned back to look at Scott. He drew in a deep breath, and let it out noisily through his nose. "Very well, Thunderbird One. You may stay until my arrival. But we will discuss this insubordination at a later date."

"F-A-B, sir." Scott said sharply, resisting the urge to salute.

"Base, out."

Scott blew out a relieved breath. He shook his head as he put his visor back on, double checking that his earpiece was in properly, then ran his hand through his hair before donning the cap again. He put on the camera fogger, and set the security measures, climbing out of the cockpit. Glancing toward the hospital's emergency entrance, he saw Carol Ferris waiting for him.

"I have a meal waiting for you inside," she said as he fell into step with her. "But you should know that Gerry Montoya has a press conference scheduled a few moments from now."

"Damn," he muttered. He looked at his companion. "Any way I can listen in?"

"Of course," she said. "The networks are carrying it live."

"Wait up a moment." He stopped in his tracks, and tapped his ear piece. "Thunderbird Five from Maverick."

A little icon of John showed in Scott's heads up visor. "Thunderbird Five here, go ahead."

"There's to be a press conference in a few moments, given by Mercy General's public relations people. Can you notify base, and record it from where you are?"

"Yes, I can."

Scott could hear John's unspoken question. "I'd notify base myself, but at the moment, I'm being insubordinate."

The eyebrows on the icon went up. "I see. In that case, I'll comply. But I'll want an explanation later. Thunderbird Five, out."

Scott tapped the earpiece again, and gave Carol a tight smile. "Let's go," was all he said.