
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Mon, 30 Jul 2012 00:49:50 GMT
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From: Tikatu Sent: 10/15/2006 9:38 PM

Saturday, August 4, 7:00 p.m., local time, Los Angeles (Sunday, August 5, 2 p.m., Tracy Island)

Scott was in the secure floor's waiting room again. He'd been there for a while now. Both Dom and Nikki were asleep, and the nurses were keeping him better apprised of Dianne's progress. He kept flipping the channels on the television, and shook his head when nearly all he could find were special bulletins about Thunderbird Seven and the situation in Los Angeles. Even the soccer game he had settled down to watch had a news crawl across it, giving the details of the day over and over again.

Too bad that what happened to us seems to have totally overshadowed the rest of the destruction out there in Kansas. And I wish to God we could suppress that footage of Seven! I wonder if Dad has seen it yet. Maybe he could get the agents on the case... though it's probably too late for that by now.

He sipped the coffee he'd gotten from the little kitchenette. The nurses had brewed a fresh pot, just for him. It's better than what Mt. Sinai used to have.

His thoughts began to turn back to the last time he waited in a hospital for news. Wasn't half as complicated as this is. How are we going to handle people coming to see Mom? I wish my brain was working on all cylinders, but I am whipped.

His communicator beeped in his ear. "Maverick from Van Gogh, come in, Maverick."

Virgil! He stood and began to pace as a tiny icon of Virgil popped up on his visor. "Maverick here. Go ahead, Van Gogh."

"Just wanted to give you a heads up. We're back at base, safe and sound. I've been put in charge for the moment. The crew is eating, and we'll debrief as much as possible once that's done."

Virgil remembered how surprised he'd been to find his younger siblings, Lisa and Kryano already waiting in the aircraft hangar, as he backed Thunderbird Two into its spot. And how equally shocked he was to find his father closing up his attaché case, ready to leave.

"I'm handing the desk over to you, Virgil. Your brother, Scott, has seen fit to disobey my direct orders and I'll be dealing with him later. But right now, I'm on my way to Los Angeles to be with Dianne. I know I can count on you to keep things running smoothly."

"Yes, sir," Virgil had said, feeling a bit dizzy at the abrupt departure. "Is... Is there anything I need to know? When is the Thunderbird Three crew due back?"

"Last update I had," Jeff had said, stopping at the top of the steps to the study, "they were roughly an hour from the geosynchronous orbital layer. Once they clear that, they'll let go of the satellite,

reignite the thruster, and send it on its way. I'm sure that you, John, and Alan can handle it." He gave Virgil a small smile. "We'll be staying with Drew and Maggie. Contact numbers are on the desk." A brusque nod, a hurried, "I'll see you soon," and Jeff Tracy had left. Kyrano asked for departure clearance less than fifteen minutes later.

"So, that's what's happening on this end," Virgil said as he gave Scott an abbreviated version of the events. "You can expect the Boss and company to land in Los Angeles at roughly 2300 hours your time."

"Thanks for the heads up, Van Gogh," Scott said gratefully. "Wish I had some news on this end. Tynan and Angel are both asleep, but Doc isn't out of surgery yet. The longer it takes, the less I like it."

"I agree," Virgil replied. He paused, then said, "You remember that I mentioned talking to you about Quasar?"

"Yeah, I do. You said something about having Three pick him up?"

"Yes. We could either automate Five or ask Einstein or Ursa to stay for just a couple of days. You know he's going to want to see Doc. He could use the respite, too, after today."

"It's okay with me," Scott said. "Just don't ask Ursa, okay? I think she's not ready yet, and besides, she has leave coming to her soon."

"F-A-B. I'll bring it up with Einstein, then. Like I said, it'd only be for a few days."

Scott sighed, and his voice lowered. "Have you talked to GM about the house?"

"No, not yet. Let her get Tynan's kid down for the night and some food into her. Maybe even a good night's sleep. She'll face it better then."

"We'll have to make arrangements about that, too." Scott shook his head. "There's so much to do and the Boss? The Boss isn't thinking right now."

"I know." Virgil sighed as well. "I'd better get some food, and bring Quasar and Indy up to speed. Call as soon as you have news on Doc. And take care of yourself, too."

"F-A-B," Scott replied. "Maverick, out."

With that, Scott turned from the door and pulled up his visor, rubbing his tired eyes. Back on the island, Virgil glanced up to see Emily come in with a tray for him. "Kat has Joshua right now," she said as he came to her to take the tray. "I want to know if you saw the farmhouse."

Virgil put the tray on his father's desk, then sighed. "Well, Grandma, it's like this..."