
Subject: Re: New Beginnings

Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Tue, 31 Jul 2012 03:14:49 GMT

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Wednesday, January 23, 6:15 p.m., Thunderbird Five

Alan sat in Five's small lounge, his feet on the table, the remains of his dinner pushed aside, and a pouch of lemonade at his elbow. It was the first time he'd had all day to relax, and he was using it to catch up on his email. One window was open with his list of mail, and another was open to his favorite sports network. There wasn't much of interest to him there; the racing season hadn't yet started in the States, and though the Paris-to-Dakar race was nearing completion, he hadn't been able to muster much enthusiasm for it. No one he knew was participating.

He opened the first of his emails and scanned it. "Hm... Kenny Malone wants to know when my next race will be. Gotta talk to Dad about that." He gave a sharp bark of laughter as he read about Kenny's latest girlfriend. "If she thinks she's going to get her claws into him, she has another think coming. Kenny's the perpetual bachelor."

Scanning down the rest of his list, he sighed. "Let's see: a bunch of forwards from Gords...I hate to see what weird stuff he's found this time. What's this? A note from John?" Opening, he scanned down. "Ah, yeah, John. I've been doing maintenance on the scope. No, I'm not having a good time up here; it's boring beyond belief this month. Only bright spot has been that rescue in the Mediterranean. Wonder if Dom's okay. He sounded kinda shaky." Glancing down, he smiled. "Ah, an email from Dad and Mom. With pictures of their vacation. That chalet looks nice; I'll have to see if I can get out there sometime before the snow melts." He shook his head slightly. "They look so happy. It's great seeing Dad smile like that."

A chime sounded, announcing the arrival of another email. The address made him take his feet from the table, and sit up straight. "Hot damn! Nikki!"

"Hullo there, Alan.

"I'd have rung you up, but my landlocked mobile doesn't work where I am now, and the satellite phone needs a good recharge and wouldn't you know it? I forgot the charger. I'll get it from the island as soon as I can.

"How are you? Nothing caught on fire up there yet? Did Gordon leave you any presents? I keep getting these strange emails from him. Where does he find those things?

"Have you heard anything about Luke? How are the children? Has Cherie finished that big project? How is the rest of the family? Thanks for forwarding those pictures from Kyrano and Lisa's honeymoon. It looked as if they enjoyed themselves. Elise has been in touch; it seems she and Virgil are an... ahem... item. Cassie sent me an email the other day, and told me about the Crenshaws. Lea sounds like a doll.

"I heard there was a rescue in the Mediterranean. Is everyone all right? I tried phoning Dom, but he wasn't at home. It feels very odd not to know all the details.

"I'm finally in Auckland. The flight from Heathrow was long; guess I'm spoiled from flying direct. Half my bags were lost for a day... you'd think that in this day and age they could keep bags and passenger together! But now it's all here, and I'm getting settled in my own little flat. Tomorrow I'm going to find out what I need to do so that I can work as a nurse here. Most of the information I've had is spot-on, but some of it conflicts, so I want a definite checklist of what to do. I'll be in classes, but I don't want to depend on your parents for everything, nor do I want to dip into my savings any more than I must.

"I might advertise for a flatmate; I'm not used to living by myself. I mean, on the island I had my own flat, yes, but there were always people around that I knew. Elise often popped by, and so did Dom and Josh. God, I miss them. I miss the infirmary, and working with Dianne. I miss swimming in the pool, and playing basketball.

"And, oh, yeah. I miss you, too. I miss you most of all.

"I'll give you my new mobile number as soon as I have it. My email remains the same. You'll have to reply to get my flat's address. I expect you to come out and visit once you're back home. As much as I like email, and phone, it's better to see you in 3-D, if you understand me.

"Waiting impatiently to hear from you.

"Love,
Nikki"

Alan smiled and chuckled. "So, she's getting settled in. And classes don't start for a few weeks yet." He pulled up the calendar. "I'll have to make the trip early in the month; don't want to miss Gord's birthday." Choosing a date, he shot off a quick email to his father, asking for that weekend off to see Nikki. Then he settled back in his chair and put his feet up on the table. "Computer, new email." Thinking a moment, he nodded, and began. "Hey, Nikki! I was terribly bored, and ready to throw myself out the airlock when I got your email. You saved my sanity!" He paused, moistening his lips. "Now, which of your questions should I answer first?..."
