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Subject: Re: Regaining Momentum

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 00:08:31 GMT

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Thursday September 20th, 2068, 08.00, en route to Tracy Island.

"I do love to visit Tracy Island."

"Yus, milady."

Lady Penelope sat back in the comfortable passenger chair in her private jet, her finger perfectly manicured finger pressed on the intercom that connected her to Parker in the cockpit.

"What time will we be arriving?" She asked him.

"Alf an hour, milady."

"Ah, good. I do wish to see everyone again. A trip to Bongo-Bongo never feels proper without a trip to see my good friends."

Penelope had been checking up on her sheep ranch in Australia -- and things were going wonderfully, thank you very much -- and as had become her custom, she was now heading to Tracy Island to spend a few days there before travelling back to England.

"It was dear Kyrano's birthday last Monday. I was sorry to miss it. However, I do hope he will like the gift that I have for him. I was going to purchase some cufflinks from dear François' new accessories for men collection, but I didn't feel that they were just the right gift. I think the handmade batik wall hangings are more appropriate. They're terribly delicate and very beautiful.

"Yus, milady. H'I am sure 'e will like 'em."

"I think I shall have a quick nap before we arrive."

"Quite right, milady. H'I will wake you in good time for landing."

"Good show, Parker."

Lady Penelope lifted her finger from the intercom button, and used a nearby remote control to lower her seat into a more suitable incline for sleeping. She picked up a pink, silk eye mask, from a pocket in the side of the seat, slipped it on, and was soon asleep.

xxxx

Jeff watched from the balcony as Lady Penelope's jet made its final pass at the island, before descending in an arc towards the runway. Gordon, who had offered to meet her, was sitting nearby the landing strip to ferry their guests and their luggage up to the monorail, and then on to the round house. I'd like to have been meeting her myself, but I was in conference when Parker requested landing clearance. I'm glad it wrapped up sooner than I expected. I'll have Kyrano

prepare some tea and meet her then. And I hope Gordon didn't bring a rubber chicken with him, or worse: a fake mouse. In the back of his mind, however, Jeff was chuckling at the thought of what his son could, but thankfully wouldn't, do to their guest. He smiled all the way down to the kitchen.

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"Hey there, Penny, Parker!" Gordon said with a wide grin. "Welcome back."

He had just finished up some routine maintenance on Thunderbird Four with Brandon, and had decided to greet their guests in the interim between that and his meeting with Brains to discuss potential upgrades to the craft's navigational system at eleven a.m.

"Good morning, Gordon," Lady Penelope said as she gracefully exited her plane. "Lovely to see you. Is your father still in conference?"

"No, he's just told me to tell you he's finished now. He's sorry he couldn't make it down."

"Oh, it's of no real consequence. I shall have ample time to see him. How is everyone?"

"Well," Gordon said with a chuckle as he moved to help Parker load the baggage onto the little cart he had driven down in, "there is a lot of 'everyone' these days! Mom and Dad and Grandma are fine, and as far as I'm aware, so are all my numerous siblings. Thankfully we haven't lost any more recruits since Kat and Heather -- there's been a little turbulence for a few of them, but mostly it's been training, rescues, and training. Kyrano had his sixty-fifth birthday on Monday. He got some cool stuff; I'm sure he'll tell you himself."

"Well, I look forward to catching up with everyone."

Lady Penelope seated herself in the cart as Parker and Gordon finished loading her many bags, and smiled demurely as Gordon got into the driver's seat, and began to ferry her to her suite.

Posted by ArtisticRainey on September 2, 2007

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