
Subject: Re: Regaining Momentum

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 00:33:08 GMT

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The Cliff House, Sunday, October 7th, Mid-morning....

"There, perfect." Luke surveyed the room and smiled. This place is finally starting to look and feel like home, he thought to himself. "Thanks again for your help, Scott. I knew if I tried to move that thing alone, I'd have dinged it and really made myself mad."

Scott shook his head. "No problem." He ran his hand over the smooth wood of the shelving unit he and Luke had just carried in. "If I hadn't seen you do it, I'd never believe that you actually made this yourself." Rommel sniffed around the edges of the shelf, then apparently approving, lay down in front of it.

Luke blushed and ran a hand through his hair. "Thanks. I usually don't do stuff this big; I'd rather carve. Smaller pieces are easier to do. At least for me anyway."

"Got any of those small pieces? I'd love to see them."

"Sure." Luke began rummaging through a box. "Here, I made this right before I left Colorado." He placed a small object in Scott's hand.

Scott whistled. "Wow, this is so cool! Look at the detail! It looks just like him!" He examined the tiny dog statue. "My brothers did a few modifications to some of my furniture a few months ago. I made them replace it, but I'm thinking I could use some shelves too. Would you be able to build a couple for me?"

Luke raised an eyebrow. "Modifications?"

Scott shook his head. "You don't want to know."

Luke smiled. "Sure. Next time you head over to the mainland, we'll pick up some wood and stain."

"Might be easier to just have it shipped."

"No thanks." Luke shook his head. "I'd rather pick it out myself. The lumber yard guys tend to give the leftovers and junk wood to people who order without looking at it."

Scott grinned. "And I thought Virgil was the perfectionist." The both chuckled. Scott looked around the room. "Well, now that the paint's dry and you have all your furniture, I guess all that's left to do is unpack."

Luke groaned. "I know..."

"You know, I'll bet if you bribed Elise with something chocolate, she'd come up and give you a hand," Scott told him.

"That's a good idea." Luke straightened out the shelf, moving it a little more to the right. "How long have you two known each other?"

"Quite a while. She served with me in the Air Force, then went to work for my Dad as a company pilot a few years later." Scott went on to tell Luke about the plane crash in New Hampshire and how Elise had found out the family was International Rescue.

Luke nodded sagely. "I spent a couple winters in New England. Not a fun place to be when the snow starts flying. Up there in the White Mountains, the weather can change in a heartbeat. Your father and Elise are lucky to be alive."

"Yeah, they are." Scott stared out the glass doors, lost in memory for a moment, then shook his head. "What did you do in New England?"

Luke reached down into another box and started unpacking books, placing them on his new shelf. "I went to college over in upper New York State. A bunch of us decided to head over to Mt. Washington one weekend to do some winter hiking and ski Tuckerman's Ravine. What a rush!"

Scott's eyes lit up. "You skied Tuck?"

"Well, I tumbled down it anyway. It's rougher than it looks. Do you ski?" Luke asked.

"Yes, not as often as I like to, but I try to get to the mainland a few times a year. We'll have to go sometime."

"Sounds like a plan." Luke looked down at his many boxes and sighed. "I am so not in the mood to do this."

"Then don't! Tell you what, why don't you come look at my stuff, then I'll take you to the hanger and give you an up close tour of Thunderbird One."

"Sure. I've gotten a few simulator lessons for Thunderbird Two, but after the initial tour, haven't seen much of the other vehicles."

"We want everyone to learn to fly at least Two." At Luke's startled glance, Scott held up his hand. "Not that we expect you to ever fly her, but better to be safe than sorry."

Luke nodded. "Good point." He snapped his fingers and Rommel trotted to his side. "Well then, let's get going. Maybe by the time I get back, this stuff will have magically unpacked itself."

Scott chuckled as he led the way out the door. "Yeah right, let me know how that works for you."

Posted by lillehafrue on October 19, 2007
