

Saturday March 3rd 1:30 pm

"Asterix!" Christopher knelt down to look around the base of the potted plant, "Come on, mate!" He sighed and looked around. Where could he be? he thought.

Callie and Brandon searched through the corridor of the first floor, both hoping to find Christopher. "'He's got to be here somewhere. We've got to find him," Callie said. "If we don't start settling things soon, I'm going to miss my space flight."

Christopher stood up and looked around, Asterix had never gone missing like this before, and now he was getting very worried. He started looking again. His mind was so focused on finding Asterix he failed to realize he walked fast--fast enough to bump into Callie.

"Ow," she said, holding her arm.

"Sorry," Christopher said, rather absent-mindedly. "Have you seen Asterix about?"

Callie shook her head. "Sorry, Chris, I haven't seen him."

"He's still a bit nervous about his new surroundings." He looked at them. "I'm worried about him."

"Why don't you try my apartment?" Brandon replied, just loud enough for Christopher to hear.

"Sorry, Brandon?" Christopher smiled. "No, I've checked in there, and he sharpened his claws by the looks of it." He paused. "Look," he said exasperatedly, "do you want something? Because I have a nervous cat wandering about and I'm worried about him."

"Yes," said Callie sternly. "I know you're worried about Asterix, but we have another pressing concern...the attitude between you and Brandon here."

"It's not me who has the attitude." Christopher looked at Brandon. "I'm not the one being supremely arrogant!"

Brandon's face flushed an angry red as he lunged toward Christopher. "First the cat and then you!"

Callie quickly stepped between the two men before any harm could befall Christopher.

"Stop it, both of you! What's going to happen when there are lives to save and you two act like a pair of immature babies?"

"I shall be my usual professional self on the job." Christopher looked at Brandon warily, then turned to Callie.

"Can you do that when you and Brandon have to work together?" she asked. "Because believe me, you WILL have to work together eventually. Your flying skills and his skills on the water working together can mean the difference between life and death. But it won't look good for anyone if you two keep fighting, and I'm sure Mr. Tracy wouldn't be happy about this."

"Yes, I can do it when we have to work together. Off duty though, all bets are off," Brandon growled.

Callie thought carefully. "Wait, I have an idea. How about you two do something neither of you know about? Something like tennis?"

"Never played that before." Christopher chewed his bottom lip. "Although I did go out with a ball girl from Wimbledon for a while."

"Tennis? Man, Callie, can't you think of something else? I mean, the game's so boring," complained Brandon.

"Come on, Brandon," Christopher chuckle. "Afraid to pull on a pair of tight shorts and leap about with a tennis racquet?"

"Brandon, have you ever played tennis, or have you watched it on TV?" Callie asked.

This isn't going to be easy. But, if I don't do it, Christopher will never leave me alone. "No I'm not afraid. You just decide when and I'll be there." Answering Callie, he replied, "I watched it on television a little bit between the power boat races."

"Why not try a three-set match? Even if you lose, it's good exercise to relieve stress," Callie suggested.

"Excellent!" Christopher rubbed his hands. "When shall this game be played?"

"How about right now? Asterix is somewhere in the area. After all, this is an island," Callie responded eagerly.

"Okay." Christopher smiled. "Might take my mind off things. See you in half an hour?"

John's voice was heard on the intercom system. "Will Callie Spencer please report to the lounge area? Thunderbird 3 launches in 20 minutes."

"Oh dear," Christopher said. "Looks like it'll have to wait."

"Callie, is there any way you can postpone the flight for, say an hour?" Brandon asked, a note of desperation in his voice.

"No, Brandon. As an astronaut myself, I know how much trouble a delay can cause. If John says 20 minutes, then 20 minutes it is."

Christopher smiled to himself as he went back to searching for his errant feline companion.

Callie pressed a button on the intercom. "John, I'll be done packing in 10."

"Okay, Callie, but this sofa won't wait," John replied.

"Can you two at least try to play while I'm gone? At least one match? I'm sure that one of the Tracys knows how to play tennis. Ask around. Please?" Callie asked.

"I promise Callie," Brandon told her. At least I'll try to play.

"Good. Now I've got to run," Callie said, suiting action to words and mentally cursing at herself for having to break up their fighting, and at them for having such rotten attitudes toward each other.

Post by MagicMaster8, TheWrongTrousers and TracyFan4Ever on 27/07/2004

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