

---

Subject: Re: Learning The Ropes

Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 00:48:27 GMT

[View Forum Message](#) <> [Reply to Message](#)

---

Saturday March 10th, Mt. Sinai Hospital New York.

Jeff Tracy thought this day would never arrive. His doctors had finally signed the release papers and he was going home! These past few days had tested Jeff's patience like no other. His sons and his precious wife had been out on a rescue; a rescue that neither he or Scott was in charge of nor Jeff had plagued TB5 constantly for updates on his family, the rescue, and anything else he could think of. He was sure that, at one point, John refused to talk to him anymore because Callie had been answering the comm-link every time he'd called. The doctors had actually become concerned with his heart rate and warned him that if it continued to rise the way it had been doing, it would delay his release. Scott had managed to calm his father somewhat and both were extremely relieved when Virgil had called to let them know that all was well and the rescue had been a success.

Alan had brought Dianne back to New York in TB1 that afternoon, landing at the airport. Scott was, of course, waiting anxiously for their arrival. He claimed he had been worried about Dianne, and Dad was a bag of nerves, but Alan knew better. He knew his big brother was checking to see if his silver baby was still in one piece, and had rolled his eyes when he thought Scott hadn't been looking. Now it was Saturday, and Jeff's room was once again buzzing with activity.

"Mom, can I push the wheelchair? Can I, please, can I?" Tyler was beside himself, bouncing up and down with excitement. His mother inhaled deeply and turning to her offspring replied,

"No, Tyler! For the tenth time, no! The orderly will push your father; its hospital policy."

Seeing the dejected look on her young son's face softened her a little. "Maybe when we reach the island, okay?" She smiled down at him and he gave her a small smile back.

"Okay, I guess I can wait."

"That's my boy!" Jeff interjected from across the room. Jeff then added "Tyler, why don't you come and sit with me for a few minutes?"

Tyler's face brightened immediately. "Can I, Mom? Will I hurt Dad?" Dianne relented and gave her youngest permission

"Just for a few minutes Tyler. Your father's still recovering, so try not to fidget too much please?" Dianne glanced at her husband who winked back and smiled knowingly.

Grandma and Cherie were packing Jeff's belongings and were almost done, when Cherie gasped.

"What's wrong, dear?" asked Grandma, suddenly worried that a catastrophe was about to strike.

"Cherie... answer Grandma!" prompted Dianne. Her daughter said nothing, but ran out of the room.

"What on earth...?" asked Dianne as Cherie rushed past her.

"I think I might know," offered Alex.

"Well, speak child! What's wrong with your sister?" Grandma practically demanded.

Alex just smiled. "You'll see!" he said gleefully as he enjoyed the puzzled looks he received. Cherie, in the meantime, had managed to raid the gift shop, nearly depleting the balloon supply, and had raced outside to find Bernie.

"Hey! Slow down there, young lady!"

"I'm sorry, Bernie! I totally forgot about bringing the balloons to Gordon! Alex told me you'd both be out here. Is Gordon in the car?" she asked worriedly.

"Yes I am!" came the reply as the redhead stepped out and hugged his sister. "Now, we need to get going if these balloons are gonna work!" Gordon grinned.

Cherie gave him a mock angry look and waved her finger at him "I'm not going to get myself in trouble for aiding and abetting Gordon Tracy! I'll deny everything!"

"Yeah! Right!" answered Gordon, obviously not in the least bit threatened by her.

Cherie laughed as she helped secure a rather large amount of colorful balloons all over the inside of the limo, and some on the outside too. Once they were sure the limo looked absolutely hideous, Gordon got back in.

"Aren't you going to go upstairs and come down with Dad?" Cherie asked curiously.

"Nah, I'll wait here. Too much commotion going on up there already!"

He tried to sound nonchalant about it, but he didn't want to face Dianne again so soon. Not after last night. He looked out the window as he thought back over the events of the last 24 hours or so.

He and Chris had flown Tracy One into New York airport. Gordon had agreed to go to corporate to keep Scott from telling Dianne about his back injury. Scott had been livid when he found out.

Now Chris knew too. He'd been concerned on the flight over and noticed how uncomfortable Gordon had been. Gordon ended up telling him everything, and as Chris was okay with what he'd been told, Gordon never gave a second thought to Chris telling anyone. How wrong he'd been! He'd taken Chris along at Virgil's urging and the two had actually had a great flight.

"If you think this aircraft is awesome, wait until you see the penthouse!" Gordon had told him. Chris was more than impressed with the penthouse.

"You Tracys sure don't leave anything to chance, do you?" Chris had joked as he took in the lavish surroundings. Gordon had laughed.

They reached the penthouse just before Scott and Dianne had returned from the hospital, and were sitting comfortably having a drink when the other two walked in.

"Hey Bro!" Gordon acknowledged his elder by raising his glass to him. "Hey Mom!" Dianne laughed

"Hello, Gordon, hello, Chris! How was your trip?"

"Great! Perfect flying weather. Long flight though," replied Chris. "Which reminds me, how's your back, Gordon?"

Scott, who had been pouring himself a drink, stopped and turned, looking straight at Gordon, momentarily stunned. He had no idea Chris even knew! Dianne had also stopped what she'd been doing and Gordon found himself on the wrong end of her stare.

"What's wrong with your back, Gordon?" she asked.

"Nothing, just a twinge. I'm fine." Gordon spoke awkwardly.

Chris hadn't picked up that anything was wrong so continued to tell Dianne.

"He thinks that he injured it on that rig rescue, when TB4 launched off that platform into the North Sea." He turned to look at Gordon who now had his eyes closed as if praying to be spared from the wrath of evil.

"GORDON! Is this true?" demanded Dianne.

"It's no big deal; it just twinged when we hit the water!"

"NO BIG DEAL? The last time you injured your back you almost didn't walk again! What the hell do you mean, NO BIG DEAL?"

Chris wasn't sure what had just happened, but he knew it wasn't good. He turned to offer Gordon his apology.

"Sorry, mate, I had no idea."

"Not your fault, it's mine."

"Damn right it's your fault!" yelled Scott.

Chris stood and excused himself for the night as this was obviously a family problem and it seemed to be getting worse. Scott was about to continue berating his brother when Dianne stopped him.

"Scott, I need to talk to Gordon...alone please. I can handle this."

"Okay, Mom, but don't let him side talk you into believing he's okay," Scott replied.

"I won't, don't worry. I know EXACTLY how to handle your brother!"

What followed was the biggest bawling out Gordon had ever received. His father knew how to yell and put the fear of God into you, but when Dianne let loose, Gordon suddenly wished he worked anywhere but International Rescue. He hadn't heard her yell this much since she found out his family were International Rescue. He tried to be apologetic...it didn't work. It seemed to only get him into more trouble. When she finally lowered her voice, she ordered him to the bedroom where he could lay flat and she could examine him. After that, she'd prescribed meds for him and soundly promised she would check up on him, every hour if need be while he was in NY.

Gordon sighed as he came back to the present. Yes, he was definitely safer sitting in the car for now.

Back upstairs, Alex had become quiet after receiving the "You have a lot of explaining to do!" look from his mother and his grandmother. Tyler was enjoying his few minutes on Jeff's lap. He figured it was the next best thing to pushing his Dad. They were all ready and almost out the door when one of Jeff's surgeons approached them.

"Going home at last!" He smiled as he stopped beside Dianne.

"Yes, he is!" she replied.

"Mr. Tracy, you've made a promising recovery. Don't jeopardize it by doing anything silly now; we don't want you back here just yet!"

"Oh, I can assure you, Doctor, I don't plan on returning for quite some time."

All lightheartedness aside, the doctor continued telling Jeff what his expectations were, also remembering to include Dianne. Jeff was not completely healed yet, and would need further evaluations, but the doctor felt comfortable leaving Jeff's care with Dianne.

"So, like I said, don't hesitate to call me at any time, night or day. Good luck to you."

He shook Jeff's then Dianne's hands as they both thanked him. "Well, husband? Are you ready to go home?"

Jeff squeezed her hand lovingly. "More than you'll ever know, dear heart, more than you'll ever know."

The entourage made their way out of the hospital. Dianne held Jeff's hand as the orderly pushed him. They hadn't even made it through the doors when Cherie's voice pierced the air.

"TA-DA!" She stepped aside to reveal Bernie, the limo, and hundreds of balloons!

Dianne looked at her daughter, who merely grinned and laughed, "You gotta go home in style, Dad!" Jeff laughed and shook his head.

"Do you know how much I love you?" he asked Cherie.

"Yep! This much!" she answered, throwing her arms around him.

Bernie stepped forward to start to assist the family when loud voices and hurried footfalls distracted everyone. Several reporters came running from the left side of the hospital entrance.

"Mr. Tracy! Mr. Tracy!"

"How are you feeling?"

"What is your prognosis?"

"Any word on what caused your chopper to crash?"

"Were you on secret business for a company takeover?"

"Where's your pilot, what happened to her?"

The barrage of questions kept coming, along with the continuous clicking of annoying cameras that were being shoved into their faces, momentarily stunning Jeff and Dianne. Bernie was the first to respond and sternly told the group of pestering reporters that Mr. Tracy had no comments, and asked if the family could please be left alone. The reporters naturally ignored him and continued firing their questions until Gordon emerged and helped to usher everyone as quickly as possible into the limousine.

"I'm sorry darling. I didn't even think they would show up here like this," Dianne apologized.

"Don't worry, it's not your fault. They're still looking for that story I won't give them," Jeff replied, tenderly kissing his wife's hair as she snuggled next to him.

The children settled themselves and Grandma huffed at the rudeness of the reporters. "Sorry Dad, Dianne, I didn't even see them coming or I would've stopped them." Gordon apologized.

"Thanks, son, but it's not your fault either. However, I do suspect that part of this balloon décor is your fault!" Jeff tried to sound serious but couldn't. His fourth son merely grinned and innocently replied,

"Moi? Dad! I'm insulted!"

Everyone laughed as the limo pulled away from the curb and made its way to the penthouse. They still had to pick up Kyrano and the last of their belongings before heading to the airport to meet Scott and Chris.

Dianne snuggled with her husband, gazing at his handsome features. He returned the gaze lovingly. "Let's get you home, Mr. Tracy!" she said softly as his lips met hers.

"Aw c'mon guys, can't you wait til you get home!"

"Gordon Tracy!"

"Sorry Grandma!" Gordon smirked, causing Alex, Tyler and Cherie to dissolve into a fit of giggles.

Post by FrankieCTB2 on 16/09/2004

---