

Wednesday, March 14, 2068, 10:30 a.m., Tracy Villa

Tin-Tin loaded up her luggage into the cargo hold of Ladybird. Her father was on hand to help her.

"How long must you be gone, my daughter?" he asked solemnly.

"Hopefully just a couple of days," Tin-Tin said with a sigh. "It all depends on what the situation is when I get there."

"I wish you were not going alone, Tin-Tin," Kyrano told her.

"Father, there is no one else who can be spared. All of the new recruits need to get into their training and since it's the Tracy boys who are teaching them... well, you get the picture. Dianne is busy taking care of Mr. Tracy. And though I know you'd love to go, you've been out of touch in New York for a while. You can't be spared either."

"But I can!" said a cheery voice. Both Kyrano and Tin-Tin looked up to see Emily coming along, a small suitcase in her hand.

"Mrs. Tracy?" Father and daughter asked in unison.

"Yes, of course it's me! You don't think I'm going to let my unofficial granddaughter go off on her own, do you?" She handed her suitcase to Kyrano, who automatically put it in the hold. "Lisa is here to help with meals and other housework. And something tells me, Tin-Tin, that you are going to need someone there to look after you."

"But, Mrs. Tracy...." Tin-Tin tried to protest.

"Don't you 'But, Mrs. Tracy' me, young lady. I am coming along, and that's final! I've already cleared it with Jeff."

"Well, if Mr. Tracy says it's okay...." Daughter looked at father and they both shrugged.

"He does. Now, help me up into this jet of yours. My knees aren't as young as they used to be, you know."

Kyrano handed Emily up into the plane and Tin-Tin helped her to strap in. "We'll call when we get there, Father," Tin-Tin said as she fired up the Ladybird's engines.

"Please do, my daughter. Fair winds and safety to you both."

Tin-Tin taxied her jet out to the air strip. "Ladybird requesting permission to depart."

Alan's voice came over the airwaves. "Permission granted. Have a safe trip."

"Thank you." Tin-Tin said nothing more, just pushed forward the throttle, letting the little jet gain speed until it sailed out over the Pacific, winging its way to Afghanistan.

Post by Tikatu on 07/10/2004
