
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Thu, 26 Jul 2012 00:33:32 GMT
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From: Tikatue Sent: 3/15/2007 7:18 PM

Thursday, August 16th 2068, Tracy Island 10:30 p.m.

Grabbing her journal, pen and a cup of coffee, Elise settled down on her bed to write. She'd tried to keep up with the daily writing, but that had quickly developed into a weekly writing and now it was an I'll get to it when I can type of writing.

Gulping down a mouthful of coffee and setting the mug aside, she sighed deeply. Where to start? Today has had it's fair share of interesting moments, but last night...maybe I'll start there.

She laid down the journal and cast her thoughts back to events of the night before. She'd had her doubts about the party and her dress and the feelings of being out of place, but despite her misgivings, she'd enjoyed herself immensely. She smiled as she remembered Gordon and Alan and their antics with the camera. She picked up the journal again and started writing...

When these Tracys go all out, they go "All out"! The whole evening was wonderful. I ate entirely too much, but it was soooo good!

I was impressed with the way all the girls looked in red, and I think we seriously shocked the men! Who, I might add, weren't looking too shabby themselves! Definitely a great party.

It's at times like these you can really get to know a person, seeing who they are when they let themselves have fun. It felt good to be able to just "hang out" with the others -- the team, I mean. It's like our whole working/living relationship went to another level. Of course, the Tracy's themselves have always been courteous and welcoming; but last night felt different. There was no IR; it was just a close family celebrating a birthday with all those they care about with them.

I guess that's why when Jeff toasted Virgil and told him how proud he was of him, I felt so envious of Virgil. Maybe it was selfishness on my part, but for one moment, I wanted what Virgil had. I wanted my dad to be there telling me how proud he was of me.

I missed out on that. I always have, yet throughout my adult life I've managed to push it away. I saw birthdays as just watching time pass by. Sure, I went out with friends for a few drinks. We were usually on layovers! Pilots tend to stick together, so we enjoyed the downtime when we could. But last night, it hit home hard. Family. I lost mine, and Virgil seems to have more than an abundance!

Okay, enough pity party. I just felt a little left out, that's all. But hey, you live the life you're dealt. Maybe one day it'll change.

As soon as she'd written the last words, her mind pictured the dance with Virgil towards the end of the party. It had felt good to be in his arms, but then when the time for saying goodnight had come, something had changed. She looked down into her palm, seeing in her mind's eye Virgil

gently kissing there, closing her fingers and whispering, "Something to dream on." She remembered gazing into his deep brown eyes and feeling like she could stand there forever. Later, she'd put those feelings down to too much drink, on her part and his, but now, thinking it all over again, she knew her relationship with Virgil had just changed. Starting to write once more, she put ...

Oh no, what have I done? I came here, correction, I was coerced here to fly planes and be part of the most elite rescue team in the world! This isn't supposed to happen!

Why now? Why him? Don't get me wrong; he's gorgeous, and has been a great friend that I can trust. God knows he's been there when I have had it rough some days...

Oh God! Maybe I just haven't seen what's been standing right in front of me!

She put down the journal and pen and sat back against the pillows. "What am I supposed to do now?" she asked to the air.

It was some time later that she went back to add her thoughts on the conversation she'd had with Anna earlier that day...

She called it 'grounding'; not sure exactly what that all entails, but if she thinks she can help me with my PTSD I'm willing to give it a try. Although now, I think I may need 'grounding' in more ways than one.

She snuggled down to sleep and just before she closed her eyes, her fingers curled over her palm where Virgil's kiss lay.

--Elise journals the party, by FrankieCTB2[/color]
