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Subject: Re: Celebrations and Challenges  
Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 01:19:07 GMT  
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Saturday, April 21, 2068, 2 p.m., Tracy Island.

"Ready to go, Brandon?" Jeff asked as he climbed into the cockpit of JT-1.

"Yes, sir!" Brandon replied with a grin. "I've been looking forward to this all month!"

Jeff grinned back. He was flying out to Los Angeles, heading for his conversation with his wife's uncle, Andrew Carmichael, about becoming an agent for International Rescue. Brandon, whose birthday they had celebrated at lunch, was headed home for a week's break with his family. Since they were both going to the west coast of the US, it was decided that they would fly together, essentially killing two birds with one stone. The plan was for Jeff to fly to LAX, and for Brandon to catch a quick commercial flight to San Diego from there.

"We'll be arriving around ten p.m. Pacific time," Jeff said as he checked out the controls of his jet. "I think the last flight to San Diego leaves at eleven, so you should have plenty of time."

"Sounds good to me, Mr. Tracy," Brandon said as he fastened his safety straps. "I can hardly wait to get home!"

"I'm sorry you have to take a commercial flight to Christchurch on the way back, Brandon. But we don't have anyone scheduled to fly back from the States at that point."

"It's okay, Mr. Tracy. I can't expect to be ferried around like this all the time."

Jeff smiled, and took his plane out of the hangar. "JT-1 to Control. Requesting clearance for take off."

"Clearance granted, JT-1. Have a good flight," Scott's voice rang out over the radio.

"Roger that," Jeff replied. And with that he taxied down the runway and took his blue jet up into equally blue sky of the April afternoon.

From Tikatu, July 22, 2005