

Tracy Island

Brandon sat on a rock looking out at the ocean, sketch pad in hand. Occasionally he would look down at what he was drawing, changing minor details until he was satisfied with the results.

I'll never match Virgil in the art department, he thought to himself as he gathered up his materials, but I think I do pretty good.

He'd gone back to the Cliff House and was heading to his apartment when Virgil called out to him.

"Hey, Brandon, where've you been? I've looked everywhere for you."

"Sorry, Virgil. I needed some alone time so I went down to the beach." He shifted his sketchpad to his other hand. "So, what do you need?"

"I need to talk to you about the cross-training. I know your specialty is Thunderbird Four but Dad and I feel that everyone should know how to operate one of the other ships in case something incapacitated the pilot."

Brandon nodded in agreement. Christopher's departure had left a gap in the team that needed to be filled. "I'm ready whenever you are," Brandon said enthusiastically.

"Good, I'll let you know when and what the training schedule is."

They arrived at the apartment and were about to part company when Virgil noticed the sketch pad in his friend's hand. "I didn't know you were an artist," he remarked.

Brandon blushed with embarrassment. "I dabble in drawing a little. I'm not even real good at it."

"Come on, friend, I bet it's good. Mind if I take a look at your work?"

Brandon shook his head and handed the sketch pad to the younger man.

Virgil looked at the sketches and was surprised at the detail that was apparent. "What do you mean they aren't very good? Brandon, they're great. I couldn't have done a better job myself." He looked at the ocean picture, noting the ripples in the water.

"Thanks. That means a lot to me," Brandon said, his face not quite so red.

"I'm not kidding around with you. The talent's there." Virgil thought a moment. "How about I give you some pointers to help you improve?"

"That would be great," Brandon replied, "Just let me go put this up."

As the aquanaut went inside, Virgil smiled, knowing he had found a friend with artistic talent.

Post by Magicmaster8 Sent: 8/30/2005

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