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Subject: Re: Growing as a Team

Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 03:46:42 GMT

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Ilya stopped in at a shop on the way to his hotel room. As a thank you for his services, International Rescue had paid for a room in the best hotel in Ust'-Uls. He had a phone call to make to the man with whom he was supposed interview. The agent who was still in Ust'-Uls, the dark haired woman, said she would vouch for where he was all day long in hopes that the interview could be rescheduled.

He looked around the shop, and made a few selections. A pad of good drawing paper, pencils in both hard and soft leads, and a soft blue eraser. He took his purchases to the clerk, who, as she rang them up and made change for him, chattered on and on about the excitement of the day. Had he seen the Thunderbirds? Weren't they wonderful? They had saved a whole busload of children!

Ilya nodded and said the proper things, then left the shop with his purchases. He went to a public phone and called the office of his interviewer. International Rescue had already been there: his appointment was cheerfully rescheduled for the next morning. He groaned inwardly when he realized that he'd probably be interviewed more for his experience with IR than for his experience at the job he coveted.

Once in his hotel room, he noticed that a clean set of clothes waited for him "with thanks for your help, International Rescue". He looked at himself in the mirror, realizing for the first time exactly how dirty he really was. A hot shower relaxed him as well as cleansed him, and once he was clean and dry and clad in clean boxers and t-shirt, he sat on the bed, thinking over the day's events. Then he took out the pad and the pencils and began to sketch.

He smiled softly as the vision in his mind's eye took shape on the paper before him. It took time to get it just right, but when he was through, he smiled wider, and satisfied, signed both his own initials and the only name he knew his subject by... Kay.

Post by [Tikatu](#) on 05/11/2004

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