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Subject: Re: Winds of Change  
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 18:27:34 GMT  
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From: TracyFan4Ever Sent: 3/24/2007 1:36 PM

\*\*\*Friday, August 17th, 2068; Memphis International Airport; 9:55 a.m. (2:55 a.m. Saturday, August 18 on Tracy Island)\*\*\*

Callie was about to board the commercial flight taking her to Los Angeles International after laying over for about 30 minutes. Her flight from Dothan Regional to Memphis was about as smooth as it could possibly be.

The plane took off about 15 minutes later, and she was on her way to meet with whoever would be picking her up.

Sitting in the window seat, she enjoyed looking out over the open land from a high altitude.

However, the passenger next to her in the aisle seat was slightly unnerved. She was breathing heavily and looking around nervously.

Callie looked at the passenger. "Excuse me, Miss. Are you okay?"

The brown-eyed, brown-haired passenger looked at her with anxious eyes. "I'm trying to be. It's only the third time I've ever flown in my life, and just the second by myself."

"Oh, where are you going?"

"I'm going to Los Angeles to meet up with a couple of friends. I'm going to a comic book convention there. First time for me going to the West Coast."

Callie looked at the passenger calmly. "Hey, just think about the fun time you'll have at this convention. That should take your mind off being on the plane."

"Maybe you're right. I'm probably worrying over nothing. I'm Deanna."

"Nice to meet you, Deanna. I'm Callie." She put out her hand, and the two women shook hands. "I'm having a layover in L.A., on my way back to Honolulu."

"Now that's a challenge for me. I don't know if I could handle flying over the vast Pacific."

Callie smiled. "Believe me, I understand. When I first had to fly places, I was just as nervous. Nowadays I'm fine."

Just then, an announcement came over the intercom. "Ladies and gentlemen, this is your pilot speaking. We're at our cruising altitude of 35,000 feet, and the weather looks clear all the way to LAX. In fact, these winds should get us there about 20 minutes early."

Deanna said, "That'll be great. My friends may not have to wait that long for me."

After talking for another 20 minutes, Deanna decided to take a nap while Callie looked outside the window again.

\*\*\*\*\*20 miles east of LAX, 11:25 a.m. PDT (6:25 a.m. the next morning on Tracy Island)\*\*\*\*\*

Awakening after a good nap, Deanna looked outside the window. "We're close to the airport, and I'm looking forward to seeing my friends."

"I can tell you're excited about this trip," said Callie, noticing Deanna smiling.

Suddenly, the plane shot upward, causing Deanna's stomach to retch badly. "Oh, man...my stomach..."

Callie quickly gave her the air sickness bag. "Here, use this."

Deanna had lost some of the food and water she had eaten during the flight. Her complexion becoming pale, she asked, "What's...going on?"

The pilot spoke again. "I apologize for the sudden raise in altitude, folks. We ran into some clear air turbulence. This is a common occurrence. We'll just have to come in a little faster in our landing."

"It's common?" Deanna asked in disgust. "How about for someone who isn't used to flying all the time?"

Callie patted her shoulder. "Take it easy, Deanna. Everything's going to be fine."

Deanna lost her food three more times before the plane finally came in for a landing.

After getting off the plane, Callie accompanied her to her waiting friends. "She's suffering a bad case of air sickness. Make sure she doesn't eat anything heavy for about 24 hours."

Deanna looked at her fellow passenger. "Thank you for helping me keep calm. If you weren't there, I probably would've gone crazy."

"I'm glad I could help. Just remember, no heavy foods or drinks until you get better."

After the three friends left, Callie went to the baggage claim to pick up her luggage. After doing so, she started walking to the private air terminal, where she would wait for one of the Tracys to pick her up and head back to the island.

Meanwhile, Luke was sitting in the private air terminal, watching the planes take off. He had called Barry and explained the situation, then his parents, asking if Rommel could stay a few more days. Now, he was waiting for the plane that would be taking him to meet Jeff Tracy. Despite having asked, no one would enlighten him to where exactly, that was.

He heard the door open and turned to find a blonde haired, green-eyed woman, her arms full of bags, looking at him in surprise. "Hi there!" she said.

Luke smiled. "Hi. I'm Luke Morel."

"Callie Spencer." She put the bags down and shook his hand. "Are you lost?"

Luke shook his head. "No, I have an interview with Jeff Tracy, of Tracy Industries. I was told to come here and someone would be flying me out to talk to him."

Callie's eyes opened wide in surprise, but she recovered quickly. "That's terrific. What position are you applying for?"

"Environmental specialist. I guess the company is looking for someone to scout out areas for potential building sites. They want a liaison between the company and the towns involved. Also I'd be checking the environmental impact on the surrounding region."

Callie nodded thoughtfully. "I see." Then she smiled. "Well, Luke. I hope you get the job!" And I mean that. What a hunk!

"Me too." They both turned as the door opened again.

"Hey, Callie! How was the visit?"

"Great, Alan! I did some shopping while I was home," she grinned sheepishly at the young man who walked in the room.

"Yeah, I can see that," Alan replied. Then he turned his attention to Luke. "Hey there, you must be Luke Morel. Dad said I'd be bringing you back. I'm Alan Tracy."

They shook hands. "Pleased to meet you." Luke glanced at the two of them. "Can either of you tell me where we're headed?"

Alan grinned. "You'll see soon enough. Is that your bag?"

The smile faded from Luke's face and he folded his arms across his chest. "I'm not going anywhere until someone tells me where I'm going."

Alan didn't waver. "Please, there's nothing to worry about. We live on a private island in the South Pacific. Helps to keep the press away. I promise you, we're got no hidden agendas up our sleeves." Well, not many anyway, Alan thought to himself. "If it makes you feel any better, you can call your family at each refueling stop. Let them know where you are."

Luke stood still for a moment, then nodded. "That will be fine." He picked up his bag. "After you."

Alan winked at Callie and together they picked up Callie's luggage. Alan then led them both outside to the plane. Callie quickly climbed aboard, and after a wary glance around, Luke followed. He'd never been in private jet before and stopped to stare. The seats were large and

comfortable looking, with quite a bit of space between them. At least I won't be twisted like a contortionist for however long this flight lasts. There was a small refrigerator on one wall, and another door that lead to what Luke guessed was a bathroom. The door leading to the cockpit was opened and the copilot waved a greeting.

"Hey there! I'm Elise and I'll be your co-pilot today." Her grin was contagious and Luke found himself smiling despite his nerves.

"Hi, Luke Morel." He held out his hand and Elise shook it.

"Welcome aboard, Luke. Callie, how was your trip?"

Callie smiled as she buckled herself in. "Great! I'll fill you both in as soon as we get to the island."

"Can't wait to hear it," Elise said.

Alan had entered the plane and seated himself in the pilot's seat. "Everyone all set?"

Luke quickly sat down and stowed his bag under the seat. He fastened his seat belt and nodded to Alan.

"Off we go then." Alan started the plane and within a few minutes they were airborne.

Luke watched the coastline disappear and the blue waters of the Pacific sparkled in the late afternoon sun. Why all the subterfuge just for a job interview? He sighed to himself as Alan, Callie and Elise started talking and laughing. He pulled a book out of his bag, and settling himself more comfortably in the seat, prepared himself for a long flight.

\*\*\*Luke and Callie meet in L.A. on the way to Tracy Island, by TracyFan4Ever and Lillehafrue\*\*\*

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