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Subject: Re: Winds of Change  
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 18:30:45 GMT  
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From: lillehafrue Sent: 3/25/2007 6:14 PM

Tracy Island, Saturday, August 18th, 4:00 PM

The plane touched down lightly on the runway. Alan guided it deftly and soon they came to a stop. He turned and grinned. "Well, here we are, home sweet home!"

Callie yawned and stretched her arms over her head. "It's about time!"

Luke nodded. "I agree." He stood up, wincing at the kinks in his back.

Alan opened the door and Callie and Elise quickly stepped outside. Luke followed, blinking in the bright sunlight. The first thing that hit him was the heat and humidity. "Wow, big difference from Colorado."

Alan laughed. "I would think so." He looked up. "And here's Dad. Luke Morel, Jeff Tracy."

Luke held out his hand, "Pleased to meet you, Mr. Tracy."

Jeff took it, smiling. "Welcome to Tracy Island, Mr. Morel." They shook hands, and Jeff turned to Callie, grinning. "Welcome back, Callie." He gestured to the cart where Kyrano waited. "Let's get your luggage and go up to the house. Then we can get Mr. Morel settled."

"I can take Callie's bags up to the Cliff House for her," Elise offered.

"You sure?" Callie asked.

"Yeah. I'm sure Dianne wants to see you, and hauling this stuff up there is counter productive."

Alan helped load Callie's luggage onto an antigravity float, then Luke's bags onto the cart for the trip up to the house.

"Please, sir, call me Luke." Luke looked around. "Wow, this place is beautiful." He loosened his collar, "Bit warmer than what I'm used to at the moment though."

Jeff chuckled. "And we're in winter now. It gets a lot warmer in the summer."

Luke raised an eyebrow. "Warmer?" He shook his head. "Give me snow any day." He was about to say something else when a huge yawn interrupted him. "I'm sorry. I'm still on Colorado time. In fact, I don't even know what time it is!"

"It's around 4 in the afternoon... Saturday," Jeff replied with a smile. "And I understand fully how the time zone changes wreak havoc on your system."

"That's for sure." Luke stifled another yawn.

"Would you like me to show you where you're staying, or would you like to conduct your interview now?" Jeff asked.

"Now would be fine," Luke replied

"All right. Get business out of the way first," Jeff said. He glanced up to the top of the steps, where two people were waiting. "Luke, I'd like you to meet my second oldest son, Virgil, and my wife, Dianne."

"Dianne!" Callie cried. She ran quickly up the steps. "You're looking so good! You're even walking!"

Dianne chuckled as she embraced Callie. "You're looking pretty good yourself, much more relaxed. Come on, tell me all about your vacation."

"Dianne, Virgil, this is Luke Morel," Jeff said, corralling his wife before she could hobble off.

"Nice to meet you, Mr. Morel," she said, offering her hand.

Luke took her hand and shook it gently, his eyes taking in her posture and the cane next to her. "Mr. Morel is my father; I'm Luke."

Dianne chuckled. "Welcome to Tracy Island, Luke."

"Thank-you."

Virgil stepped forward. "Hey there, how was the flight?"

"Long," Luke replied wryly. "But not as uncomfortable as I had thought it was going to be."

"We'll talk to you later, Jeff." Dianne turned to Callie. "Come, let's get you unpacked. I want to hear everything." They wandered off into the house via the door to the dining room. The men jogged down the steps to the pool area, then back up the curved flight to the balcony. Kyrano stayed behind, and took Luke's things to the Round House.

Jeff led Luke inside the villa and into a large office. Luke looked with interest at the portraits lining the walls. Jeff sat down behind his desk and gestured for Luke to sit down. Virgil took a seat next off to the side.

Jeff opened up a folder, and scanned it, then leaned back in his chair. "First, I want to say that I don't usually interview people from my home; however, your application intrigued me because your name was mentioned by a high-level employee of mine: Mrs. Lena Matumbo." At Luke's puzzled look, he added, "You recently rescued her from a downed plane in the Rockies. She spoke very highly of your skill and the way you related to the passengers on the plane."

Luke shook his head. "I'm sorry; I saw a lot of people that day."

"Ah, yes. Of course," Jeff replied, nodding. "The fact is that she remembered you, and when your application came through, I was interested." He tapped a stylus on his desk. "Tell me, Luke, why are you applying for this job?"

Luke paused for a moment, collecting his thoughts. "I wanted a change, sir. I've been with the Forest Service for over ten years now. I took a few courses in college on environmental studies. When I saw the job in the paper, I thought I would look into it and see. I did some research on your company, Mr. Tracy. You always take the time to assess your surroundings before you build anything. There were even a few instances where you scrapped your plans because of something your surveyors had found. I'd like to work for a company that thinks like that."

Virgil shifted his position a little and asked, "Does this mean you're dissatisfied with rescue work? Looking for better hours? Less danger?"

"No." Luke turned to Virgil. "Mostly I want to get away from the politics." He faced Jeff again. "I'm good at my job, sir, very good. I was offered a desk job, but turned it down. Unfortunately, the person who got the position and I didn't often see eye to eye."

"Did you feel that the conflict hindered your work?" Jeff asked, his tone one of polite inquiry.

"Truthfully? Yes." Luke sighed. "There are times in rescue work where the dead are just as important as the living. Take that plane crash you mentioned. There was this girl, college student. She and her boyfriend were on their way back to school. He was killed instantly. She wanted to stay with him, apparently he was afraid of the dark. I told her I would stay with him until the forensic team came. It calmed her down and allowed us to get her treatment. I kept my promise and stayed until they got there. The rescue was under control, I wasn't needed at the time. Derek, my boss, didn't like that. I tend to overstep authority on occasion."

"Hmm." Jeff looked thoughtful. He glanced at the application again. "I see you've had training with rescue dogs. Do you have one?"

Luke laughed. "More like he has me, but yes, Rommel is a three year old German Shepherd. Only, don't mention the fact that he's a dog around him. He thinks he's human."

The Tracys both laughed, and when the laughter had died down, Jeff asked, "What would you do with him? Would you perhaps volunteer your services if there were an emergency of some kind?"

Luke nodded. "I would. I'm only a few courses shy of a full paramedic certification. But this job entails a lot of traveling; it would be hard to join a group not knowing when I would have to leave. Rescues don't exactly wait until the opportune moment."

"True," Jeff admitted.

The Tracys continued to ask Luke questions, surprisingly focused on his rescue experience, then out of the blue, Virgil asked, "How do you feel about learning to fly?" At Luke's surprised expression, he added, "It's not required for the position, but you may find it helpful, especially to some of the more remote places we're considering."

"I never thought about it really. I mean, I'm usually on the jumping out of them end as opposed to piloting." He grew thoughtful a moment. "I guess it wouldn't be a problem. Might be kind of fun, actually." He shifted in his chair. "Can I ask you something, sir?" Jeff nodded. "Why all the questions about my rescue experience? I mean, that's not really going to be an issue in this position, will it?"

Jeff smiled a little. "No, Luke, it's not going to be an issue. Understanding how you look at your old job gives me insight into how you may regard your work with us... should we offer you the position." He took in a deep breath, and glanced toward Virgil. "Do you have any more questions for Luke here, son?"

Virgil shook his head. "None that I can think of."

"Good. Do you have any other questions of us, Luke?"

"No, sir, none that I can think of right now." He stifled a yawn. "I'm sorry, jet lag is getting to me."

"Not to mention the whole dateline thing," Virgil added.

Luke groaned. "That's right, I forgot about that. It's Saturday here."

"That it is." Virgil got up. "Come on, I'll show you to the guest rooms."

"Dinner's at seven," Jeff said, rising to shake hands with Luke again. "We'll send someone to get you then. You should have an hour or so to rest."

"Thanks." Luke followed Virgil out the door, and only half listened as the Tracy son pointed things out on the way to the guest rooms. Luke's mind was foggy with fatigue and he wanted nothing more than to crash on a bed for a while. Finally they reached the room.

Virgil opened the door and stepped aside so Luke could enter. "I had someone bring up your bag; if there's anything you need, please feel free to ask. I'll be back to take you to dinner in a bit."

Luke entered the room and looked around. It was well decorated, a large bed near the windows, with a couch and desk at the other end of the room. He wandered into the bathroom and took a quick shower before throwing himself down on the bed. He lay there with his hands under his head, thinking back to the interview.

I don't think it went too badly. All the rescue questions confused me though. I thought this was for an environmental specialist? Who cares if I have a rescue background? Unless they somehow talked to Derek and he badmouthed me. They could be wondering about those insubordination marks. Luke sighed and shut his eyes. Well, what happens, happens. For now, I'll just enjoy my brief stay in paradise. Within moments, he was fast asleep.

Luke's Interview, written by Tikatue and Lillehafrue

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