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Subject: Re: Winds of Change  
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 18:31:51 GMT  
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From: ArtisticRainey Sent: 3/25/2007 6:25 PM

Saturday August 15th, 8.30pm, Tracy Island

Dominic leant against the doorframe and watched as Joshua slept. The child's breathing was deep and quiet. He kicked and stirred a little, before settling down again and turning so Dominic could see his face. He was a little cherub with his round cheeks, blond downy hair and serene expression. It made a nice change from him being a little terror. Dom watched for some time before he leaned the door over and walked into his own bedroom.

His sheets hadn't been changed for a while, and he hadn't made the bed that morning. A half-full laundry basket sat in one corner, and some of the books on one of his shelves had finally fallen over, leaving a spill of pages and ink just inside the door. Dom sighed and stepped over them, and sat on the edge of the bed. His eyes landed on one particularly large and thick book. It wasn't a text, but a photograph album. His mind ordered him not to pick it up, but his hands disobeyed, and it was suddenly lying open on his lap.

The first picture was of himself only hours after birth, his mother cradling him in her arms. A tall, hawk-nosed man with jet black hair and a fine complexion had his arm around her shoulders, but his smile was clearly half-hearted. It was one of the only photographs of his mother and father left intact. There had been quite a few to begin with, but whenever Dominic began to ask why he didn't have a daddy like the rest of the boys in school, Roisin told him the truth, and the rest of the photographs had their eyes scratched out. Dom turned the page with a set face, and watched as time passed before his eyes.

He grew taller; his mother grew greyer. Sometime just before his sixteenth birthday the photographs had stopped. His mother had sold their only camera and drank the proceeds, and even between working two jobs, Dominic couldn't afford to buy a new one. His mother stopped going to work. The next photo wasn't until his graduation at twenty-one, where Roisin looked older than his grandmother. It was followed by a few pages of assorted photographs from family functions that had been donated by his grandfather, but then they stopped again, and there were no more in the album. Roisin had died.

Dominic closed over the book with a sigh, and rested his elbows on its cover. She would have been fifty-five that day. Dominic rubbed his eyes, stood and set the album on the newly-empty shelf, before reaching into his chest of drawers for an old half-burnt candle and a matchbox. The candle was set inside a plastic tube, with a decorative gold-coloured top, and a picture of some saint or other on it. He wasn't religious generally, but he thought it couldn't hurt to pretend on his mother's birthday. He struck a match and lit the candle. He pressed a few fingers to his lips. She would have been fifty-five.

The tiny flame flickered briefly before settling down. Dom sighed. His mind started to wander, and he slid one hand up to cover his face. He had nearly died. It was only beginning to hit him. He had been worrying about Dianne and Nikki, recovering from his own injuries. And then there was

Joshua, who was a distraction from the moment Dom stepped back on the island. Then there was the party. But now...this particular day seemed to bring it all home. He closed his eyes briefly. He had nearly died.

Get out of this mood, Kelly, he thought. It does you no good. Usually all he had to do was call up Tom, and his wisecracking brother would lift his spirits right back up. But now he wasn't so sure he wanted to. I don't understand where Tom comes off with all of this anti-IR stuff, he thought. We talked about it before and he was in total support of us. Maybe Nikki's right. Maybe he did just make it up. After a few more minutes, Dom stepped forward and blew out the candle, before going to his satellite phone and dialling Tom's number.

It rang for quite a while before he got an answer, but Dominic knew one would come. It was two-forty-five am in Kansas, but Tom didn't keep regular hours.

"Dak! Wassssssssssaaaaaap!"

Dom smiled.

"Hey Tom. Just thought I'd give you a buzz. It's been a while."

"Yeah, man! How are you? How's Josh? Still a terror? Bet he is. You look pretty tired. What's up? Anything wrong?"

"Ack, just general lethargy," Dom lied, "nothing in particular."

"That sucks."

"Josh is grand. Gettin' bigger by the day."

"I'm sure he is! I'm sure he is! I still miss having the little guy around. How's the job going?"

"It's cool. It's challenging, and I've met a lot of great people."

"Anyone in particular?" Tom asked, wiggling his eyebrows.

"No, nothing like that," Dom said with a chuckle.

"That also sucks. But I'm glad things are good with you. Things are GREAT here. You will never guess what's happened to me, so I'll just spit it out. I landed myself an article in 'Newsweek'!"

Dom's lightened heart sank like a stone.

"Oh, great!" He said, trying to sound convincing. "What, uh, what was it on?"

"They were doing this special on International Rescue, you know, because of that big crash?"

You don't know how well I know...

"Well, I got myself right in there with a bit on how greedy they are with their technology, and how they're 'philanthropic' and yet won't share it to save more lives."

Dom pretended to consider his brother's point's validity, and tapped his chin.

"I don't think they're greedy," he said. "I mean, what if the technology got into the wrong hands?" He found himself thinking of the Hood and his yellow glowing eyes.

"Lots of countries have gotten the tech for nuclear weapons," Tom said, "and yet none have been used in attack since 1945. That was one hundred and twenty three years ago, Dak. In this case, the tech would be actively used to save lives. Think about it."

"I don't really think it's fair to compare International Rescue's technology to nuclear weapons, Tom," Dominic said, feeling the hairs rise on the back of his neck. "It's not really the same thing."

"How is it not? Just because there would be a potential for harm doesn't mean there will be definite harm."

"I just... I just can't agree, Tom. I can't see your point."

Tom was silent for a moment.

"You can't see my point? So what, you're saying I can't express myself properly?"

"No! That's not what I meant at all!"

"Yeah right. You know what? You're just jealous because I'm getting ahead in my career. Unlike you, who can never be anything but a plain old nurse!"

The screen abruptly flashed up the call ended screen, and Dominic sat dumbfounded for a moment.

"What the hell was that?!"

He growled and put his hands on his hips, shaking his head.

"What on earth is wrong with that child?"

Tom usually had a strong tendency to overreact but never that quickly. I guess he's just really touchy about his article, Dom thought. I shouldn't have bothered calling. What a bloody waste. He sat back in his chair for a moment, before going to check on Joshua one last time and heading to bed himself, feeling much the same as before.

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