
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 19:12:42 GMT
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From: lillehafrue Sent: 4/9/2007 7:12 PM

Bozeman, Montana, Thursday, August 23rd, 7:30 AM (Wednesday, August 24th, 1:30 AM, Tracy Island)

Luke pushed his breakfast around his plate and sighed. He glanced out the window, not really seeing anything. After a few minutes, he got up and stretched, then turned to his parents. "I'm going to drown some worms. I'll see you both later. Rom, c'mon." He flashed them a brief smile, then left the room. A moment later, they heard the door slam and the jeep start up, soon fading in the distance.

Melisa turned to her husband. "Your son is moping."

Richard looked up over his newspaper. "My son? Why is he only my son when he's in a mood?" he griped good-naturedly.

Melisa smiled. "Because you're where he gets it from."

Richard frowned at her but smiled. He folded his paper and got up, putting his coffee mug in the sink. He placed a kiss on his wife's lips. "I have to get to the store. When Luke comes back, I'll talk to him."

"I know you will." She smiled back. "I'll be there soon."

xxxx

Luke drove down the dusty dirt road in silence, not even bothering to put on the radio. Rommel had his head out the window, grinning into the wind. Finally, Luke pulled off, and with a whistle to his dog, grabbed his fishing pole and headed down the path.

Fifteen minutes later, he was sitting by a good sized brook, his line in the water. Rommel was sniffing around the edge of the water, but knowing better than to dive in. He finally settled himself at Luke's side and dozed off.

Luke rested his hand on Rommel's back, idly rubbing his thick fur. "Well, Rom, it's just you and me. Let me tell you that interview was a doozy. International Rescue! The chance of a lifetime." He stared out at the water. "But do I really want to stay in rescue work?" He tensed a moment as his fish-line tightened, then went slack again. He reeled it in, and cast out in a different spot, letting the lure float on the current.

"Rommel, what do you think I should do?" The dog looked up at his name and his tail thumped. Luke grinned and ruffled his fur. "I know what you'd do, you'd eat!" Rommel merely rolled over onto his back so Luke could rub his belly. Luke sighed again and complied, his thoughts still in turmoil. I'm in a rut. Not happy with anything at the moment. The Tracy Industries job took a turn I

certainly wasn't expecting! But is it what I want to do? He was interrupted but a sharp tug on his line. Luke quickly jumped to his feet and grabbed his pole. He reeled in as fast as he could, the pole bending nearly double. After a few minutes of fighting, he landed a good sized rainbow trout. He deftly cleaned the fish and put it in his creel, then set his line again.

"OK, Rom, let's think about this." Once again, the dog looked up at him, ears cocked. "Am I avoiding this job because it's rescue work? Or is it something else?" Luke sat down again. "I love my job; it's Derek that makes me nuts. And, am I wavering on the International Rescue thing because I don't want to deal with the potential of the same situation?" He sighed. Or is Mom right? Was I hoping this job in Los Angeles would bring Barry and I back together again? He reeled his line in and paced along the shoreline, Rommel trotting next to him.

He paused to stare out over the water. "I miss him, Rom," he said, his voice thick. Rommel sensed his master's discomfort and nudged his nose into Luke's hand. "I love him, and I miss him."

Luke crouched down and put his head in his hands, finally allowing his feelings to come free. Rommel whined and tried to lick Luke's face, offering comfort the only way he knew how. Luke pulled his dog close, burying his face in Rom's thick fur.

"Face it, Morel, you and Barry are over." Saying the words out loud sounded so final. He swallowed the lump in his throat and looked up at the sun reflecting on the water. "Time to move on with my life. Or try to anyway." He got to his feet and took a deep breath. "They say God makes things happen for a reason. Maybe International Rescue is where I was meant to be all along." Rommel gave a happy bark; glad to see whatever had been bothering his master was gone. Luke grinned down at him. "So, mutt, think you'll like living on a tropical island?"
