
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 20:13:54 GMT
[View Forum Message](#) <> [Reply to Message](#)

From: lillehafrue Sent: 5/19/2007 6:01 PM

August 24th, 10:30 AM, Boulder, Colorado, (4:30 AM August 25th, Tracy Island)

Luke looked around the apartment and sighed. Barry had taken all of his belongings which included most of the art work, leaving the place rather barren looking. Luke had most of the furniture and his books, but the majority of his things had been packed. He marked the box in front of him and stood up, stretching. Rommel looked up from his place on the couch and gave a short 'woof'.

"Hello to you, too." Luke grinned at his dog. "So, mutt, what should we do today? Go for a hike, do some fishing, how about..." The ring of his cell phone interrupted him. "Hold that thought." Luke fished the phone out of his pocket. "Hello?"

"More!!"

"Hey, Irwin! What's up?" Luke shoved Rommel over and sat down on the couch.

"Just what kind of hornet's nest have you stirred up?"

Luke laughed. "I'm guessing Derek got my resignation letter."

"Yeah, you could say that. He went ballistic. He's actually going to have to work now." There was a pause. "So, you're really leaving us?"

"Yeah, I am. I'm all packed up here. Hoping to get on the road within the next couple of days." Which reminds me, I should call Mr. Tracy, Luke thought to himself.

Irwin let out a breath in a huff. "Well then, we need to make this a proper good-bye. How about we all meet at Bucky's around eight tomorrow?"

Luke rolled his eyes. "Irv, you know I hate--"

"Too bad, buddy boy, you're not skipping town without me buying you a Coors," Irwin replied.

"Fine, only make it a Guinness or I don't go. See you then." Luke hung up and turned to Rommel. "I suppose I'd better make that call to Tracy Island." He glanced up at the clock and tried to figure out the time difference. "Yeah right," he muttered and grabbed his laptop. A few moments later he had the page up and shook his head. "Four in the morning...tomorrow?? I'll never get used to that." He paused as the news flashed across the screen.

"International Rescue mops up fire in OZ."

"What the..." Luke pulled up the story.

"Earlier today, International Rescue offered its assistance to an out of control cane fire, outside of Bundaberg, Queensland. They volunteered when a rescue helicopter went down while trying to stem the fire's movements. They also aided in preventing the fire from spreading to a local rum distillery, saving countless lives.

"In addition, local authorities are investigating the substance International Rescue used to douse the flames. There is some concern of its impact on the eco-system."

Luke shut the computer in disgust. "As if they'd use something harmful; give me a break." He pulled a business card out of his wallet and stared at it a few moments before dialing the number. It rang a few times before connecting to voice mail. Luke took a deep breath. "Mr. Tracy, it's Luke Morel. I'd like to talk to you about accepting your offer."
