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Subject: Re: Winds of Change  
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 20:17:39 GMT  
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From: lillehafrue Sent: 5/19/2007 9:51 PM

Saturday August 25th, 10:30 AM, Tracy Island (3:30 PM August 24th in San Diego; 4:30 PM in Boulder, Colorado)

Jeff sat at his desk, finishing up the final reports from the fire. We really could have used the full team on this one. I wonder if I should step up my search for a firefighter, one would have come in handy; that thing with Alan was too close. And thinking of the team, I haven't heard from Brandon or Kat since they left.

He pulled up a file on his computer and glanced at the clock. Too late to call England, but not California. He quickly dialed a number and waited for an answer.

"Hello?"

"Hello, I'm looking for Brandon McCain."

"I'm sorry, but he's gone skydiving. This is his sister, Shannon. Can I take a message?"

Skydiving? What about his parents? Jeff thought to himself. "Yes, please. This is Jeff Tracy; I was calling to see how your parents are doing."

"Oh! Well, they're doing better, but we have a long road ahead of us. Thanks for asking, Mr. Tracy."

"And Brandon? How is he?" Jeff continued.

"He's fine; I'm sorry you missed him."

"Has he mentioned when he might be returning to work?" Jeff asked.

Shannon paused. "No, he hasn't. I don't think he's even thought about it, to tell you the truth."

"Hmmm...." Jeff frowned in thought. "Well, could you please leave him a message that I called and ask him to call me back as soon as he gets in?"

"I'll do that."

"Thank-you, Shannon. I hope things work out with your parents."

"Thanks, Mr. Tracy, I'm sure they will. Good-bye."

Shannon cut the connection and Jeff sat back in his chair. So, Brandon hasn't said anything about coming back. I hope that doesn't mean he won't be returning. He moved onto his next message.

"Mr. Tracy, it's Luke Morel. I'd like to talk to you about accepting your offer."

Jeff sighed before picking up the phone again. "I hope this is good news. We could use some for a change." The phone rang a few times before someone answered.

"Hello?"

"Luke? This is Jeff Tracy."

"Hello, sir. You got my message."

"Yes I did," Jeff replied. "Have you reached a decision?"

"I'd like to take the job."

Jeff breathed a sigh of relief. "I'm glad to hear it; you'll be a welcome asset to our organization. How long do you think it will take you to wrap up things there?"

"I'm just about ready now. I gave my resignation this morning, effective immediately. No use me being where I'm not wanted."

Luke's voice held an edge of anger to it, but he went on. "What about Rommel, sir? He is coming with me?"

"Of course." Jeff thought for a moment. "You can't put him on a commercial flight with all the quarantine regulations. We'll send a jet to pick you both up. Bring what you feel is essential; we can handle the rest."

Luke paused. "I do have a slight problem. My hunting rifles. I can't leave them with my folks; they'd wonder why I wasn't keeping them in L.A. Will it be a problem if I bring them? They have trigger locks and I won't be bringing any ammo."

"That won't be an issue. We have a weapons locker you can use or keep them in your own rooms, whichever you prefer," Jeff told him.

"Great, thanks."

"I'll be in touch as soon as I figure out when and who is coming to get you."

"I'll be waiting. Thank-you again, Mr. Tracy."

"You're welcome. And Luke?" Jeff smiled. "Welcome to the team."