
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 20:18:21 GMT
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From: MagicMaster8 Sent: 5/20/2007 7:32 PM

Friday, August 24th, 1:30 p.m. San Diego Municipal Airport

Brandon arrived at the airport, eager to get airborne. I wonder if I'll see any of my friends, he thought. He needn't have worried.

"Yo, McCain, where ya been?" "Hey, Big Mac; it's been a while." "Hey, Brandon, how's it hangin'?"

He looked at the person who made the last remark and answered, with a twinkle in his eye, "Same as always."

"Tell me about it." The banter continued for a few more minutes, then Brandon headed to the door that led to the airfield.

As he stood waiting for his turn, Brandon looked around, thinking about the last time he and Aaron had jumped together.

Man, he came so close to buying it. If I hadn't been with him, he would have wound up just a memory. His musings were interrupted by the door opening followed by the sound of voices.

"Man, that jump was fantastic!"

"Chris, you are a show-off, you know that?"

"What can I say, man?" he replied with a grin.

"How about you, Bradshaw? How'd you enjoy the jump?" At the mention of that name, Brandon turned to look at the group of men, spotting his friend among them.

"I really enjoyed the jump," Aaron replied. "The winds were perfect. Brandon would have loved it! I wonder how he is; I haven't heard from him in a while.

Brandon smiled and said loudly, "Why don't you just ask me, Aaron?"

His friend looked in the direction of the voice and his eyes widened in surprise. "BIG MAC!" Aaron shouted, going to Brandon and giving him bear hug and a high five. "How ya been? I haven't heard from you in a while; I thought you were in Hawaii working for Tracy Industries. What brings you back here?"

"Glad to see you, too," he said, returning the gesture. As they continued talking, Brandon got his friend up to speed as to what had been happening since he'd left San Diego, being careful with what he said.

After he had finished talking, Aaron replied, "Hey, I'm sorry to hear about your parents. If there's

anything I can do, let me know."

Brandon smiled at his friend's offer. "Thanks, but everything's under control. If I need any more help, I'll be sure to call you."

Waiting for the plane to make altitude, the two men continued talking, having to speak loudly to be heard above the sound of the plane's engine.

"Hey, I bet I beat you to the ground! Aaron said, teasing his friend.

"In your dreams!" Brandon said, rising to the challenge.

"Let's make it interesting. Last person down buys the beer."

"You're on! Be prepared to pay!"

As the two men exited the plane, they separated quickly. Brandon watched for a moment as his friend did a couple of flips before continuing his free fall. Rather than following Aaron, he did a few stunts of his own, reveling in the wind on his face. From his radio he heard Aaron calling to him.

"Hey Big Mac, you better get a move on or you ain't gonna beat me to the ground!"

"I've got time!" Brandon shouted back. He streamlined his body, quickly closing the distance between him and his friend. But it was too little, too late as he saw Aaron's chute open. As he reached for the ripcord of his parachute, he thought, Well, looks like I'm buyin'.

Later, the two men sat at the bar, enjoying their drinks and reliving the day.

So what if I had to buy the beer; it was worth it. Brandon smiled, thinking of the time he had spent with his friend. [/color]
