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Subject: Re: Winds of Change  
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 20:21:45 GMT  
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From: Tikatu Sent: 5/20/2007 7:52 PM

Saturday, August 25, 2068, 1:30 p.m. Tracy Island

The cargo plane eased to a stop, its engines still whining loudly as it pulled as close to the cliff as it safely dared. The noise ceased, and the little golf cart with its anti-gravity trailer edged down the switchback trail toward the tarmac. The hangar door opened in the cliff, disgorging Scott, Gordon, and Alan, the latter pulling a hover float.

The cockpit doors opened, and Juan jumped down from the pilot's seat, while Gary emerged from the co-pilot's side. The ramp at the back of the plane lowered, as all the parties concerned converged on the spot. Jeff and Virgil climbed out of the cart, while Dianne remained behind, sitting in the passenger seat.

"You've got quite the load today, Mr. Tracy," Juan said. "Medical equipment, drywall, a safe..."

Scott glanced over at Jeff. "A safe?"

"It goes to the Round House. So does the drywall," Jeff told him. "We'll bring it up ourselves."

Gary approached the golf cart with a data pad. "How are you doing, Dr. Tracy?"

Dianne gave him a wan smile. "I'm getting there, Gary." She glanced at the pad as he handed it to her. "Do you need my signature here?"

"Yes, ma'am," Gary said. "Your signature and thumbprint for the medical equipment. We've also got some of the drugs you ordered; they're under a thumbprint lock."

"I'll take care of it, Gary. Just need to look over the manifest and the crates; make sure we have everything we need."

She turned in her seat, sliding her legs out of the cart. Jeff saw this and called, "Dianne!"

"I'm not going anywhere, Jeff," she called back. "It's just easier to see the crates this way."

Jeff gave her a calculating look, then nodded. "We'll bring the float by."

"Dad." Alan came up to his father, shucking his leather-like Penelon work gloves. "We'll need the forklift. Brains has got some sheet metal here."

"Okay, Alan. Get the lift, and give Brains a call. It looks like we'll need him down here, too."

As Alan went back into the hangar, and Gary joined the other Tracy sons in loading up the float, Jeff took Juan aside. "Did you get my request about bringing Mrs. Hanson out with the mail on

Tuesdays?"

"Yes, I did," Juan replied, frowning. "I don't mind bringing her, but it's not going to be a comfortable ride."

Jeff huffed a laugh, and smiled wryly. "I don't think that will matter to her as much as saving time and energy do. She's a very practical woman."

"All right," Juan said, finally nodding, "if that's what you want. How will she get back?"

"Don't worry; we'll see to that," Jeff told him. "Thanks for being flexible." He clapped the pilot on the shoulder, and glanced up at the unloading crew. Brains had joined the group, and was guiding Alan, who was driving the forklift. "Let's get the rest of this unloaded so you can be on your way." Juan nodded, and the two men rejoined the work crew.

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