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Subject: Re: Winds of Change  
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 21:10:41 GMT  
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From: lillehafrue Sent: 5/27/2007 12:24 PM

Monday Aug 27th, Denver, Colorado, 6:30 pm, (Tuesday Aug 28th, 12:30 pm, Tracy Island)

Luke stared out the window in the private lounge at Denver International Airport, watching the planes landing and taking off. Beside him, wearing a red "SAR Dog on Duty" vest, Rommel sat, seeming to watch too.

Most of his things had been boxed up and shipped, but his clothes, equipment, some music, a few books and Rommel's things, were all piled in bags and boxes next to him. "Well, Rom old boy, are you ready for this?" Luke asked, absently rubbing the dog's head. Rom gave a "whuff" in reply and nosed his master for another pat. Luke chuckled and obliged, then his attention was caught as a sleek looking jet cruised up in front of him. A few minutes later, two figures emerged from the jet and waved up at the window. Luke recognized Virgil and Elise.

Virgil walked into the room, smiling. "Hey, Luke! Is this Rommel?" he asked.

Luke nodded. "Go ahead and pat him."

Virgil held out a hand and the dog sniffed it then gave him a lick. Elise did the same and Rommel whined in pleasure as she scratched his ears. Luke rolled his eyes. "He's such a pussy cat."

"Yeah, he's a killer, this one," Virgil chuckled.

"I think he's beautiful," Elise said, still rubbing the dog's head.

"He's something all right." Luke smiled fondly at his dog.

Virgil looked around the room, spying the bags. "Are these your things?"

"Most of it. I had the bigger stuff shipped; this is the stuff I'll need until it all gets there." They gathered everything up, and with the three of them managed to get it all to the plane in two trips.

Virgil hefted the last bag, giving a grunt at its weight. "What do you have in this thing? Rocks?"

"Close, sticks."

Sticks?" Elise asked in confusion.

Luke grinned sheepishly. "Yeah, I carve; it's a hobby of mine. I wasn't sure what kind of wood you had at the island, and wanted to bring some in case I couldn't find anything to work with."

"Carving? Sounds interesting. I paint; we'll have to compare artwork sometime," Virgil told him as he closed the door to the cargo compartment. They climbed aboard the plane, Elise immediately

heading to the cockpit and sitting down at the controls. Virgil glanced at Rommel. "Will he be all right?"

Luke nodded. "He should be fine. We've flown in a lot of aircraft." He looked around at the plush interior of the jet. "Nothing this classy though," he added with a grin. Virgil laughed and Luke went on, "I figure he can get out and stretch his legs when we refuel."

Virgil shook his head. "No refueling with this baby. We'll be landing on the island in a little over six hours."

"Six hours?" Luke sounded doubtful.

Virgil nodded. "Mach-1.5 will get us there that fast."

"Wow." Then a shrewd look came into Luke's eyes. "And how long with Mach-2?"

"My brother, Scott-the Speed Demon, is going to love having you around." Virgil laughed as he settled himself into the pilot's seat. Luke sat down and buckled himself in; making sure Rommel was secure in the seat next to him. "Hey, Luke?" Luke looked up to see Virgil with a devilish grin on his face. "Want to find out?"

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