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Subject: Re: Winds of Change  
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 21:28:07 GMT  
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From: lillehafrue Sent: 5/27/2007 8:17 PM

Tuesday August 28th, 2:45 PM, Tracy Island (Monday August 27, 7:45 PM, San Diego)

Jeff frowned at the paperwork in front of him. We'll have to go up to Five a few days early to install the new equipment. Callie shouldn't mind and it'll be good to see John. He glanced up at the clock. Virgil should be back in a few hours with Luke and Rommel. Where to put them...He pulled up a screen on the computer. There, top floor next to Brandon would work. We'll see what he thinks when he gets here. Speaking of Brandon, he hasn't called back yet.

As if the thought has summoned it, the phone rang. Glancing at the ID, Jeff took a deep breath and answered. "Hello, Jeff Tracy."

"Hello, Mr. Tracy? This is Brandon."

Jeff leaned back in his chair. "Brandon, I was hoping I'd hear from you. How are things with your parents?"

"As well as can be expected at this point, sir. They're in a convalescent home and my sister and I are in the process of refurbishing the house for when they're released."

"I see." Jeff nodded thoughtfully. "And your reason for not calling me back two days ago? After you had returned from skydiving I believe it was?"

Brandon flushed and looked away. "I'm sorry, sir. I know I should have called but it slipped my mind."

"Brandon, you've been gone over three weeks, and we haven't heard a word from you. An update would have been appreciated. And then I call you and discover you had gone skydiving?" Jeff questioned, a touch of anger in his voice.

"I needed the break, Mr. Tracy."

"That's understandable, but my point is the lack of contact. You never even bothered to return my call. Am I to assume you don't intend to return?"

Brandon's head snapped up. "No, sir! I mean..." He sighed. "I'm not sure what's going to happen at this point. We have the house repairs almost completed, but need to wait until my folks get home to see. I have no idea what kind of care they'll need or if Mom is going to be able to handle Dad by herself."

"Then I should have been told this. We had an...incident...that we could have used your help with," Jeff said sternly.

Brandon nodded. "I saw on TV." He sighed again. "You're right; I should have been in touch. It won't happen again."

"See that it doesn't. I'll expect a bi-weekly report from you from now on." Jeff paused. "I'm not trying to be a hard-case, Brandon, but you must understand my position."

"I do, sir."

Jeff smiled. "Very good. I'm glad to hear things are looking better for your parents."

"Thank-you."

"I'll talk to you soon, Brandon."

"Good-bye, Mr. Tracy." Brandon's image disappeared from the screen.

Jeff got up and walked out to the balcony, looking out over the sea. I'm starting to wonder if bringing in more people was the right idea. Things have certainly gone downhill fast in the past month. He sighed. I wonder how Dianne's session with Anna is going. Then an idea struck and he brightened. I've got just the thing; I'll set up dinner for two in our suite tonight. Some wine, candle, the hot tub...A little alone time is just the thing we both need.

His spirits considerably lightened, Jeff turned back to his desk, determined to get his work done so he could get back to his wife.

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