
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Sat, 28 Jul 2012 01:35:37 GMT
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From: lillehafrue Sent: 6/8/2007 2:50 PM

Tracy Island Saturday September 1, 4:15 AM

Luke yawned and stretched his arms over his head. He was getting used to the time difference, but still had bouts when he was awake at odd hours. He glanced over at Rommel, who was snoring next to him on the couch. His dog was finally adjusting to the heat, which caused a huge weight to lift from Luke's mind. He had been toying with sending Rom back to his parents and the thought had filled him with dread. Thankfully, Rom was feeling better, and even chewed a pair of Luke's old hiking boots this morning. Luke was so happy to see his dog acting normal again, that he didn't bother to scold him.

He looked over at the clock, seeing it was still an hour or so before dawn. He grabbed his laptop, figuring he'd check his email before trying to snag a couple of hours more sleep. The first few were from friends back in Boulder, wondering how he was doing. Another from his parents and even one from his nephew. He smiled and made a mental note to answer them later.

Nothing from Barry though, Luke thought with a sigh. I figured I'd at least get a hello. He's moved on; I guess I should too. A small beep signaling an incoming message made him grin as he saw who it was from.

More! Hey, are you dead? I haven't heard from you in a while and when I tried the phone, it's been disconnected. What's up with that? Have you been placed in Witness Protection and can't talk to me anymore, or maybe you've been kidnapped by a grizzly.

Things are pretty hectic here. The divorce was final a few weeks ago. Alex dropped off the rest of my stuff from our apartment so I don't even have to go back there. Which is good because I don't think I could handle it.

I'm looking for a new job. I feel like I need a change. Need out of this city. I've applied to a few places and used you as a personal reference. Listed your email as the best form of contact. Just thought I'd give you the heads up in case anyone contacts you. Hope you don't mind.

Hope things are OK with you. Drop me a line so I know you're still alive.

Cassie

Luke smiled. He had met Cassie Kishi-Marks while volunteering during a massive fire in California three years ago. The two had struck up a fast friendship and had stayed in touch ever since. Deciding to answer her email before going back to bed, he pulled up a fresh screen and began.

Cassie,

Yeah, I'm still alive. Sorry about not being around; lots of stuff happening here. To start with, Barry

and I split up a few weeks ago. It was amicable, we're still friends but...hell, Cass, I miss him.

Luke shook his head, trying to sort his thoughts.

But enough about that. I, too, quit my job. Yes, I can sense your shock from here. Things with SAR and Derek just hit the breaking point for me. I took a position with a private firm doing environmental consulting for them. It'll be a nice change of pace. I'm stationed out of L.A., but not around much since the job keeps me on the road. So, if I don't answer emails right away, that's the reason why. Got rid of the cell phone, too, since half the places I go don't have service. If you really need to talk to me, get in touch with my parents; they'll know how to reach me.

And no worries with the reference thing. I'll be sure to tell them all about you...

Got to run, lots to do. Keep your chin up, girl. Talk to you soon.

Luke

He hit "send" and then closed his computer down. Getting up, he glanced out the window where the sky was just beginning to lighten in the distance. "Rom, you staying here or what?" The dog looked up and rolled off the couch, landing with a thud. Luke laughed. "C'mon, mutt. Let's grab some sleep. We both have work to do later today." Going into the bedroom, Luke flopped onto the bed, Rommel clambering up next to him. After much pushing and shoving, the two of them finally settled down, with Rom's head across Luke's legs. "I so need a bigger bed," Luke muttered to himself as he drifted off to sleep.
