
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Sat, 28 Jul 2012 01:36:19 GMT
[View Forum Message](#) <> [Reply to Message](#)

From: lynnbrody Sent: 6/8/2007 4:47 PM

Saturday, September 1, 2068, 11 a.m. Tracy Island (Friday, August 31, 2068 , 7 p.m. locally)

Cassie sat at the computer in the fire station. Not far away, the other members of the squad were playing a game of Risk. The shift had been slow. They hadn't had a call come in since they had relieved second shift. Cassie had decided to take advantage of the downtime and look to see if there had been any new job postings listed in the last few days. She had found a few but only one that interested her.

"Why didn't you join in on the game?" Chief Calloway asked, coming out of his office.

"Come on Chief, you know that game always ends up in an argument. Figured I'd just avoid it altogether."

"Point taken. What are you up to? Still job hunting?"

Cassie had told her boss she was looking for a new job when she began the search. She had been with the 66th precinct since she joined FDNY as a paramedic and had gotten close to a lot of those who had been here for a while, Frank Calloway among them. She didn't want her departure to be sudden, so she had let her co-workers know she was thinking about leaving and the reason behind that. Though none of them were happy about her leaving, all of them had been supportive. Frank had made it known to her several times that if there was anything he could do to change her mind to let him know and he'd do everything in his power to get it for her. She kept telling him that it was nothing about the job or the people that had her dissatisfied. This was something that she felt she had to do to reclaim her life for her own.

"Right now, I'm working on another application to send in."

"You have an interview upstate on what, Wednesday?"

"Yeah, Neal switched days off with me. That isn't a problem is it?"

"No, I don't care. I told you before if you needed time off for interviews I'd do what I could to give them to you," Frank told her. "What's this position?"

"It's a position with Tracy Industries."

"What would a company like Tracy Industries want with a firefighter?"

"Not sure myself," Cassie told him, as she turned back to the computer to finish filling out the application. "That's part of the reason I'm applying. I'm curious to see exactly what it is."

Frank laughed. Cassie always had been adventurous. She'd give anything a try once and had a

tendency to take dares from the other firefighters just so she could prove she could do something they said she couldn't.

"The one drawback is it seems like the position might be located in Wichita as that's where the application is to be sent," Cassie said, attaching her resume to the application file and saving it to her disk. "Not sure I want to relocate from one city to another."

"Well, if Jeff Tracy wants a recommendation give him my number. I'll tell him he's crazy if he doesn't hire you," Frank told her as she sent the application to the email address given in the ad.

"I'll keep that in mind," Cassie told him. She smiled at the thought of Frank telling the head of Tracy Industries that he was crazy.

"Hey! No fair! You two are ganging up on me!" Neal called out.

"We are not," Lawrence Jefferson, or LJ as they all called him, said defensively. Frank and Cassie glanced in his direction to see a huge grin on LJ's face. "Not our fault that you just happen to have the countries Jackie and I want."

Before the situation could get any further out of hand, the alarm sounded. All the firefighters listened to see if it was for them or the paramedics.

"Ladder 124 respond to an apartment fire 84 East 72nd," the dispatcher said. The firefighters jumped into action, leaving the game where it was. It looked as if downtime was over.

Cassie was the third to hit the truck bay and she hurried over to where her equipment hung. She quickly put the pants and boots on, grabbed the jacket and the helmet and headed for the ladder truck. Climbing behind the wheel, she turned the key. Chief Calloway climbed in beside her, looking back to make sure everyone was in.

"We're good to go," he told Cassie.

Sirens blaring, Cassie eased the truck out of the bay and onto the busy New York streets. [/color]
