
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Sat, 28 Jul 2012 02:04:52 GMT
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From: ArtisticRainey Sent: 6/12/2007 1:25 PM

Sunday, September 2, 2068. 11am. Kansas. (Monday, September 3, 2068. 4am. Tracy Island.)

Tom Hawkins thanked his mother gratefully as he accepted hot coffee in an expensive, exclusively designed cup. Waif-like Elizabeth Hawkins graciously set the designer tray down on the glass and chrome coffee table, and slipped onto her modern interpretation of a chaise lounge. She glanced briefly at her manicure, before clasping her hands on her lap and smiling serenely at her youngest son.

"Oh, Thomas," she said. "I'm so proud of you. Another big article published!"

Tom sipped at his coffee and grinned.

"Yep. I'm really on my way now. And I'm getting a pretty big following on the anti-International Rescue front. I'm thinking of setting up my own website about it."

"That's a good idea. I admire the people who do the work, but surely if they shared some of their technology, more people would be saved."

"Exactly."

"Not exactly."

Tom and Elizabeth turned to see Matt Hawkins striding in from the hallway.

"Their technology is being used for good because that's their choice. Someone could equally choose to use it for crime."

"I was thinking more that they could share their technology with governments. That way, only government-sanctioned projects could benefit."

"And you seriously think governments aren't corrupt?"

"So, now you're saying I'm stupid as well, are you?" Tom said hotly.

"Don't speak that way to your father!" Elizabeth snapped.
Matt shook his head and rolled his eyes.

"No, that's not what I'm saying, and it's most likely not what your brother was saying either."

Elizabeth pulled a face as if someone had put a bad smell under her nose, and Tom scowled and looked down at the mention of Dominic.

"What I'm saying is that you need to look at the bigger picture. International Rescue is a philanthropic organisation. In all their years of operation have they ever done anything that didn't benefit the majority? No. They work for good. Not everyone can be as strong and as benevolent as that. Me, I don't think I could do it. I've always admitted that I've made some bad choices based on my own personal gain, rather than what's right." And not just in business... "I'm not going to say I'm not proud of your achievements, Tom. All I'm saying is that I don't necessarily agree with what you're writing. I think you need to learn to distinguish between criticism and a difference of opinion. And once you do that, you need to call your brother and apologise."

Matt exited the room swiftly, and Tom scowled harder.

"Don't worry son," Elizabeth said. "Mommy is always here to support you. And you don't need to apologise to that Irish waste of space either. What's he ever achieved? No, my son is far above that..."

Despite being twenty and usually backing off from his mother's advances, this time Tom let her come over and start coddling him. She's right. Dad's just like Dominic. They don't understand me and what I believe...
