
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Sat, 28 Jul 2012 02:54:11 GMT
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From: lynnbrody Sent: 6/17/2007 5:56 PM

September 7th, 2068, 4:45 am Tracy Island (Thursday Sept. 6 th, 2068 12:45 locally)

Mark was sitting on the couch watching the afternoon news when Cassie walked into the apartment.

"So, you made it back," Mark commented, looking in her direction. "How was your trip?"

"Not bad. The bed and breakfast in Thornville where I stayed last night was lovely. The food was fantastic. By the way, thanks for letting me use your car," she told him as she walked over to the couch and handed his car key to him. As he took it, she noticed the brace on his right wrist. "What happened?"

"It's nothing. Just a bad sprain," Mark told her with a shrug. "I don't recommend trying to grab a metal baseball bat that someone is swinging, with your bare hand, though."

"Oh, that was smart!"

"Now you sound like Mercy. She kept telling me what an idiot I was all the way over to the emergency room. She's my partner; you would think she'd be on my side. No, instead she chews me out about not handling the situation right. I've got the Captain to do that! What was I going to do? Let the guy keep hitting his wife with the bat even though we were right there?"

"You're lucky that's only a sprain," Cassie told him, shaking her head. Mark had a tendency to react to a situation without really thinking things through. It had landed him in the emergency room quite a few times, but he had saved a lot of lives through his actions, too. His tendency to react first and think later paired, with Mercy's level head, was what made the two a good pair.

"Okay, enough about me. How did the interviews go?"

"Well, they loved me up in Thornville. They wanted me to take the job right there and then. It's a nice town. A lot of open area. Helping them start a fire company would be a new challenge, though, and the town needs a fire company closer. The closest one right now is a half hour away. I asked for time to consider the offer and they gave me a week. I'm supposed to call next Thursday with an answer."

"What about the interview this morning with Tracy Industries? Did you finally figure out what they wanted with a firefighter?" Mark asked her. He had been curious ever since she had told him about the position.

"The position is an instructor position. Evidently, other countries don't have as strict fire and safety protocol requirements as the United States does. Tracy Industries wants someone that would be able to help establish and promote those protocols in these countries. Teach the workers over in

the other countries exactly what to do in the case of a fire. They said the position would entail a lot of traveling. That in itself would be fun. I'd get to see other parts of the world."

Mark nodded. Cassie always had wanted to travel but, other than going with their mother to Japan, hadn't had the opportunity. She and Alex had spent their honeymoon in the Poconos and Cassie had enjoyed it. Alex had always said that he'd take her other places but business had always seemed to get in the way.

"The pay would be more than what I'm making now," Cassie told him as she sat down on the couch next to him and kicked off her shoes. She hated dress shoes but they were a necessity for interviews.

"That's not hard, considering what this city pays. When will you hear back?"

"They said they'd call back in a couple of days and let me know if they want me to come back for a follow-up," Cassie said as the phone in the kitchen rang. She looked at her brother, not wanting to get up. With a smile, Mark stood up to check the caller ID. "The benefits are decent and it might actually get Dad off my back, too. He keeps wanting me to get off the streets. To take a desk job or instructor position here in the city."

"Speaking of Dad, it's either him or Mom. Want me to answer it?" Mark asked, indicating the phone. He knew they were calling for Cassie. Neither of his parents had said so much as a hello to him since he had told them he was gay six years ago. His brothers weren't much better, but at least they'd call on Christmas and his birthday, though the calls were always short.

"You might as well," Cassie said with a sigh, as she stood up. "They'll only keep trying."

"Hello," Mark said, picking up the phone.

"Is Cassie there?" his father asked.

"Hold on," Mark said, holding the phone out to his sister. "Like I said, for you," he told her, not caring if his father overheard the comment. Mark took a few steps and leaned against the counter, listening to his sister's side of the conversation.

Cassie took the phone from him. She was bracing herself for another lecture about how she needed to stop being a firefighter. That it was too dangerous.

"Cass, just wanted to tell you that Philip and Lisa's baby was just born! A healthy baby boy! Jason weighs 7 lbs, 2 ounces and is 20 inches long. Your mother and I are going to drive up to Hartford to see him."

"That's wonderful news," she said, hoping that she sounded more upbeat than she was feeling. She was happy for Philip and Lisa; she really was. However, hearing about a newly born baby had suddenly made her start missing Nathan. "Tell Mom to get pictures of him for me. Do you have a number for Lisa at the hospital? I'll call her later and give her and Philip my congratulations."

Her father gave her the hospital number and, after saying a few more words, the two ended the call. Cassie hung up the phone and turned to her brother.

"You're an uncle again. Philip and Lisa just had the baby," she told him, swallowing the lump in her throat.

"Guess I'll send them some money like I did for the other two rascals," Mark replied. He noticed the sad look that had come into Cassie's eyes. "You okay?"

Cassie nodded. "Just missing Nathan again," she managed to get out.

Mark went to her and wrapped her in a hug.

"Why?" Cassie said as she started to cry. "Why did I have to lose him?"

"There's no reason to some things, Cass. They just are," Mark told her softly, holding her tightly as she cried for the son she had recently lost.
