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Subject: Re: Winds of Change  
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Sat, 28 Jul 2012 04:07:53 GMT  
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From: Hobbeth Sent: 7/9/2007 9:39 PM

September 11, 5:30 PM, aboard the world cruise ship Ocean Voyager, out of Brisbane, two time zones east of the IDL (3:30 the next day on Tracy Island)

"Bridge"

"Captain Rogers, this is Ensign Beck in the radio room. We've just gotten a call on the M.E.F. about a jet in trouble. One of its engines exploded, putting holes in the wing. They are losing fuel fast, and will be going down in the ocean. They have changed course, to get closer to the shipping lanes. International Rescue is helping, but has put out a call for assistance from any ships in the area."

"Did they give the approximate coordinates of where the jet would hit the water?"

"Yes, sir. I'm downloading them to the navigation computer on the bridge now."

"Hang on." The captain turned as the navigator on duty headed to him, with a piece of paper on which he had written the coordinates. "Ensign, did they say how soon the plane would crash?"

"Less than an hour, sir. International Rescue said they would advise of any changes in coordinates or time period."

"Advise them that we are heading to the current coordinates and monitor the M.E.F. for any updates. Keep me posted."

"Aye aye, Captain."

Captain Rogers hung up the phone and turned to the bridge crew. "There's a jet going down, and since International Rescue is assisting, there will be survivors, probably a large number of them. Lieutenant, advise our doctor that we may be receiving injured. Helm, change course, seven degrees to port." He picked up the phone again, dialed two digits and after a moment, said, "Engine room. We've received a rescue call. All ahead, full."

He received confirmation, disconnected, then picked up the phone again and dialed into the ship wide intercom. "Attention all passengers and crew. This is the captain. We have received a distress call that a jet is going down into the ocean and are changing course to assist. This will cause a delay in arriving in Santiago, which will mean your stay there will necessarily be shortened. Also, we will be taking on survivors, and could receive more than we have empty cabins for. If anyone can handle more people in their cabin, please let your purser know, so we can make the appropriate arrangements. Thank you for your cooperation."

XXXX

"Oh, dose poor people, Samuel. We must share our cabin wit dem. Don't you agree?"

"Of course, Delilah. Let's find de purser."

Samuel and Delilah Kitayi - Lena's parents - were aboard, on another leg of their world cruise. They were on deck reading, when the announcement came. Sam gave his book to his wife, who put it and hers in her bag. He helped her up and they headed inside.

They hadn't gone far, when they saw their purser, Joseph, being accosted by a tall blonde woman, expensively dressed. She was in a temper, and was lashing out verbally at him.

"This is unacceptable! How can the captain just arbitrarily make a decision like that?"

"It's maritime law, miss. Any ships in the vicinity of another transport in distress are legally bound to render any assistance. This will mean only a day or so delay in our arriving in Santiago. You won't be required to pay extra."

"Hmph! I'd better not. And don't expect me to take in any of your so-called survivors. I won't have it!"

"Shame on you, miss! How would you like it if you were one of de passengers on de jet, and couldn't get saved because someone was too selfish to assist you?"

The purser and the woman turned and the woman looked down her nose at Delilah. "And just who are you to say such a thing to me?"

"This is Delilah Kitayi and her husband, Samuel, Miss Hightower. They have been on this cruise from the beginning. Mr. and Mrs. Kitayi, this is Desdemona Hightower, who joined us in Brisbane."

"Well, Mrs. Kitayi, I suggest you not butt in on a private conversation. This is between myself and the purser."

"Den I suggest, Miss Hightower, dat you not have such a loud conversation in a public area." Delilah turned to the purser. "My husband and I were coming to find you and let you know dat we are willing to share our cabin wit any of de survivors."

"Thank you, Mrs. Kitayi. If it becomes necessary to have you share, I'll see to it that cots are placed in your cabin." He touched the rim of his cap to them as they turned to head back to the deck.

Dez huffed and started to walk away. "Just don't bring any of those cots anywhere near my cabin, or there'll be hell to pay!"

As her husband held the door to the deck open for her to go through, Delilah said to him in Swahili, "What a bitch!"

He choked as he followed her back to their deck chairs.

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