
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 14:05:49 GMT
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From: Tikatu Sent: 7/25/2006 3:19 PM

Monday, July 23, 2068, 11:30 a.m., Tracy Island

Dianne was taking a nap. The boys were in the games room, probably whipping their older brothers at pinball. Lisa and Kyrano were in the kitchen with Emily, preparing lunch, and Cherie had headed off down the beach.

Most likely having an adolescent pity-party, Jeff observed sourly. Just like Alan used to.

He was at his desk, looking over the resumés and applications he'd received from Human Resources for the "family pilot" position -- otherwise known as "Christopher's replacement". All the ones that had been sent on were stellar, but most of them -- like the first batch -- were mavericks, people dissatisfied with what they were doing and hoping for what might promise to be a more exciting career move.

The helijet crash didn't help, Jeff grouched. Now they all think they can be heroes. They think I've fired my personal pilot... whoever I choose will get quite a shock to know that Elise is still on board, and can fly both One and Two.

Scott sat on the sofa, helping his father by sorting through the pile of data pads. He knew that, though his father's decision would be made independent of his own conclusions, his point of view would be considered with due weight. Right now, the list of pilots that he deemed unworthy was growing, and the pile of actual possible candidates was small. Very small.

He picked up another one, and began to peruse it. Hmm. Former Navy pilot -- can't hold that against her -- Blue Angels? That's impressive. He read a little farther, then glanced up at Jeff. "Uh, Dad? Have you seen this one yet?"

"Which one?"

Scott got up and handed the data pad to his father. "Take a look under experience."

Being thorough, Jeff read down through the application, making small thinking noises as he did. Finally, he looked up at Scott. "You think she's a possible?"

"With that organ donor business, yeah. I do."

"And she's female, which is something Dianne requested."

"Mom requested a woman?" Scott's eyebrows went up in amusement.

"Yes. A result of that sandstorm rescue," Jeff said wryly. He turned to his computer. "All right. I'll notify Human Resources, and email this woman to set up an interview. Hopefully, she's right for

the job." He adjusted his reading glasses. "Heather Kennedy... now why does that sound familiar?"

"The historic politicians?" Scott asked.

Jeff shook his head. "No, something more recent..." He shrugged. "Well, whatever it is, we'll find out if the lady responds to the invitation." He looked up at Scott. "Make sure we have a second and third choice, though."

"Right," Scott said, going back to the couch and taking up the next data pad.