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Subject: Re: New Beginnings

Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Mon, 30 Jul 2012 01:49:25 GMT

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Wednesday, January 2nd, 8 pm Tracy Island (Tuesday, January 1st, 9 pm , offshore of Oahu, HI)

Vince broke the surface right behind Aaron and not far from their anchored boat. Aside from the breeze that was blowing, they had gotten lucky with the weather. It had been perfect for a night dive. Above them, the moon shone its light down on the waters of the Pacific ocean.

The former Navy SEAL took the regulator out of his mouth before starting to swim toward the boat. Aaron was already climbing the ladder when his father reached the side of their vessel. As he waited for his son to finish getting on board, Vince removed the fins from his feet, slipping them onto his arm. Once Aaron was on board, Vince climbed the ladder himself.

"That was so cool, Dad!" Aaron exclaimed as his father climbed on board the boat. Though he had dived the Corsair plane wreck before, he had never done so at night. This dive was the last one they would be taking together before the move, and Aaron had been able to choose.

"Glad you enjoyed yourself," Vince said, climbing onboard. "Why don't you go below and change into dry clothes while I start stowing gear?"

With a quick consent, Aaron headed belowdeck. Vince started taking care of their diving gear, get it stored on the boat for the ride in. When Aaron had changed into regular clothes and was back on deck, Vince headed below.

I should probably tell him before we start heading back in, Vince thought as he pulled a polo shirt on over his head. Hanging the wet dive suit on a hook next to Aaron's, he headed back above deck.

"I'll go pull anchor," Aaron said, as he saw his dad.

"Hold off on that, son. There's something we need to discuss before we head back in," Vince told him. He gestured toward the bench seats along the starboard side of the vessel.

Aaron sat down, wondering what was going on. What's so important that he needs to discuss it now, in the middle of the ocean? he asked himself, while waiting for his father to begin.

"When you attended the summer seminar at the Air Force Academy did they talk to you about classified information and how important it is not to discuss those things with those who don't have the right clearance?" Vince asked, trying to impress upon his son the how important it was to keep what he was about to tell him quiet.

Aaron nodded, still not at all sure what his father was getting at.

"Well, what I'm about to tell you should be considered classified information. Beyond your mother and eventually your sister, no one else in the family is to know about what I'm about to tell you."

"You've got my word, Dad. Not a word to anyone," Aaron said, feeling a bit nervous. Part of him wasn't sure he wanted to know. Another part was honored that whatever it was, his father trusted him enough to tell him.

Vince took a deep breath and let it out slowly. "Well, for starters, we're not exactly moving to Christchurch, New Zealand."

"But you and Mom spent the weekend..."

Aaron let his words trail off as he noticed his father shaking his head.

"We flew to Christchurch and one of the Tracys picked us up. I didn't want your grandparents questioning anything. They're supposed to think we're moving to Christchurch, just like you've told your friends."

"Then where did you and Mom go?"

"To the private island the Tracys live on. It's about a half hour away from the mainland by plane. We're going to be moving there ourselves."

Aaron got quickly to his feet. "You're dragging me away from my friends to live in the middle of nowhere!" He had come to terms having to leave his friends and family here in Hawaii and starting over. It wasn't the first time he had done so. He had left friends and his other grandparents behind when they had moved to Oahu, just like all the other times his father's naval career had taken them somewhere. He had figured he'd keep in touch with his old friends and make some new ones in Christchurch. Living on a private island is going to make it hard to make new friends.

"It's not the middle of nowhere," Vince told him, remaining calm. "There are people living there other than the Tracys."

"But I bet none of them are my age."

"No, they aren't," Vince conceded. "That doesn't mean you can't get involved with something on the mainland to meet new people. We plan on enrolling Lea into an art class. I'm sure you can find something you'd have fun doing."

"Except I won't be able to join a swim team," Aaron commented, realizing that making the trip to the mainland every day would be impractical. Maybe it's not too late to stay here with Grandma and Grandpa.

"There's a pool on the island that you can use to train," Vince told him.

"Dad, you know I can't realistically train on my own and still be competitive at the trials in March."

"Which is why your mother and I have arranged for a private coach."

"A private coach?" Aaron asked skeptically, before Vince could say anything else. "What's he going to do, fly out to the island every day?"

"Well, no. Your coach sort of already lives there," Vince told him. "Gordon Tracy has agreed to be your coach."

Aaron silently sat back down on the seat, trying to decide if he had heard his father right. Never in his wildest dreams had he thought his idol would be his coach. It was too good to be true.

"For now, I don't want you telling anyone," Vince continued. "It's bound to get out come the time of the trials but until then, it's best if we avoid the media circus it's bound to create. We'll figure out how to deal with those issues come March."

"Okay," Aaron said, trying to hide his disappointment. It would have been fun seeing the faces of his friends when they found out he was going to be coached by an Olympic gold medalist. The teenager paused for a moment. As great as this news was, he had a feeling it wasn't why his father had made the comment about the information being classified. There has to be something more; why would Mr. Tracy want Dad on the island if he's supposed to be working for Tracy Industries. Somehow I doubt there's a branch of the company there. That would kind of defeat the purpose of the family living on a private island. "Why are we going to be living with them instead of on the mainland, though? I thought you were hired for the marine research and development team?"

"I was, sort of. The position is just a cover. I'll be working with the facility in Christchurch to keep the cover, but Mr. Tracy really hired me for another position. It's very important that this information does not get out, for our safety and the safety of others." He paused, letting that point sink in. As he went to continue, he realized that telling Aaron seemed easier than when he had tried to break the news to Lana. "The Tracys run International Rescue," Vince told him. Ignoring his son's open-mouthed gape, he continued. "Those involved with the organization live on the island."

There was a moment of silence where the only thing that could be heard was the sound of the waves hitting the side of the boat. It wasn't long before that silence was broken.

"You're going to work for International Rescue!" Aaron exclaimed, getting over his initial shock. "That is so cool!"

"Cool or not, it's also a huge responsibility, just like knowing who is behind the organization is a huge responsibility."

"You have my word, Dad. Not a word to anyone," he replied seriously, though the smile was still on his face.

"Good. Then what do you say we head on in? Your mother is going to be looking for us shortly," Vince said, patting his son on the shoulder as he stood up.

"Yes, sir," Aaron replied. Maybe this move won't be so bad, the teenager thought as he got to his feet.

While Vince headed for the driver's seat, Aaron went to pull the anchor.

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