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Subject: Re: New Beginnings

Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Mon, 30 Jul 2012 22:08:05 GMT

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Friday, January 18th, 7:00 PM, Bozeman, Montana (3:00 PM the following day, Tracy Island)...

Luke leaned on the porch railing, watching Rommel run in the yard. His thoughts however, weren't on the falling snow, but thousands of miles away. I can't get Dom out of my head! What is going on down there? He sighed and whistled to Rom. The dog hurried over and both went inside.

"Luke?" his mother called from the kitchen. "Everything all right?"

He rolled his eyes. "I'm fine, Mom." He tried to keep the annoyance out of his voice.

Rommel shook himself and trotted towards the kitchen. "Rom, get back here! Rommel!" Luke swore under his breath as the dog ignored him. He hung his coat and marched up to his room, slamming the door behind him. He paced across the room, too restless to sit. If anyone would know what's going on with Dom, the rest of the team would. He booted up his computer and checked his email, disappointed to not find the one he was hoping for. Sighing, continued walking around the room, gritting his teeth as he heard his dog barking happily downstairs. I should go bring him up here, but don't feel like dealing with the family right now. He spied his phone on the bureau and got an idea. If no one is writing, I'll give them a call. Elise must have talked to Dom or at least knows what's going on. I hate this, being so far out of the loop. He did some quick mental addition to figure out the time difference, then dialed her number.

"Hello, sorry I'm not here. Leave a message and I'll call you back. Bye!"

"Strike one." Luke muttered to himself and tried Cassie.

"Moshi, moshi. You know the drill. Sayonara!"

"Today just isn't my day!" He sat down on the edge of his bed and took a deep breath. "One more try, then I give up."

"Hello?"

Luke sighed in relief. "Hey, it's me, Luke. Is this Virgil?"

"Yes, it is. Long time no hear! How are you?"

"Pretty good. Cold, but good. We're in the middle of a cold snap. It's below zero here."

Virgil chuckled. "Guess I shouldn't mention that how beautiful it is by the pool then, should I?"

"Not at all! Anything new and exciting going on down there?"

"Not since our big underwater adventure a couple of days ago," Virgil replied.

"That's kind of what I'm calling about. Is your father or mother around? I'd like to talk to them about something."

"I'm sorry, Luke. They took off for the States for a long overdue vacation."

"Damn."

Virgil caught the frustrated tone in Luke's voice. "Is everything all right? Something I can help you with?"

"No, not really. I wanted to talk to them about me coming back sooner than planned. But I guess I'll try them when they get back." He sighed despondently.

"I will. Sorry I can't help you. But I'll pass along the message."

"Thanks, Virgil. Say hi to everyone for me."

"I will, Luke. Take care of yourself."

"I will," he snorted. "Not much else I can do at this point," he added ruefully. "Talk to you later." He hung up and lay back on the bed, his thoughts troubled.

Back on Tracy Island, Virgil frowned at the phone, then dialed his father's private number. "Hi, Dad. Hope the trip's going OK so far. Give me a buzz when you get in. It's not an emergency, but there's something I need to talk to you about."