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Subject: Re: Regaining Momentum

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 00:06:51 GMT

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Dominic was silent for the journey back to Tracy Island. Elise had, naturally, asked how things had gone. She had, however, received no more than a grunt as a response. Her normally chipper team mate kept his eyes forward at all times. Elise didn't know whether to feel offended or not, because Dom was being incredibly rude, but she didn't know what had went on. She snuck a sidelong glance at him from time to time, noting the very pale pallor of his skin -- which was saying something, as the Irishman was naturally pure white. He looked exhausted. I'm not surprised at that, Elise thought, considering the stress of the day combined with the changing time-zones. Under normal circumstances she would have called him on his behaviour, but at that point, he looked as if he could snap, and he was her co-pilot.

By the time she requested permission to land on Tracy Island at exactly half-past five in the evening, the stony silence had gotten too much for her. As soon as she could she was out of the cockpit and starting into her post-flight checks. Dominic walked off without so much as a goodbye or a thank you. She shook her head as she watched him leave. Either there was something incredibly grumpy in the water in Kansas, or the hearing did not go well. For Dominic's sake, I hope it was the water. She left the matter to simmer in her mind, turning her attention to her checks, and what would hopefully come soon after: bed.

Posted by ArtisticRaineY on August 31, 2007

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