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Subject: Re: Regaining Momentum

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 00:18:45 GMT

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Sunday, Sept 23; Tracy Island; 4:30 PM

Will went to his room to rest and think, but he found himself unable to do either. So he headed to the ocean, to consider all that had been revealed to him. From the moment he got outside, he had an internal running dialogue going. If anyone had been with him, they would have easily been able to read the emotions showing on his face.

Workin' for International Rescue. That's somethin' I didn't bargain for. Even if I never got within ten feet of any of the Thunderbird vehicles, I'd be takin' on a tremendous responsibility, more than I ever have, or even thought of. The possibility of lives lost if I don't to my job right - I can't even imagine it. Am I up to this? Can I do this?

C'mon, Abbott. You've worked on an aircraft carrier, and on the jets that have landed - or crashed - on them. A helluva lot of people were counting on you and your teams to do a great job then. What's so different?

There're a lot of differences. The necessity for an organization like International Rescue makes it different. It's not just the people usin' the equipment who need it to be in perfect workin' order, the people they're rescuin' would be dependin' on it, too. And for another thing, it'll be mostly me. The technology is - wow! I'd have a lot to learn. And I'd have to learn it fast. You'd never know when any of those vehicles or devices would be needed, and workin' right. I wouldn't want to let these people down.

Well, you are a fast learner, or so you've been saying all these years. And you did manage to get not one, but two degrees while at Annapolis, plus participate in the Trident Scholar program. That's packin' a lot into those four years.

Yeah, but that was over a decade ago. Can I do somethin' like that again?

You won't know until you try.

Will walked slowly along the water's edge during his mental dialogue, his hands in his jeans pockets. Sometimes he shook his head; once or twice he stopped for a few seconds, then moved on. Finally he stopped, turned, and gazed out over the water. A look of decision was in his eyes.

I'll give them my answer tomorrow. I could do that today, after dinner, but... He looked at his watch. Whoa! I'd better head back, or I might not even get dinner. Although with Lady Penelope here, they might be eating "fashionably late". Good thing I brought slacks along.

Will headed back to the Villa, his long-legged stride eating up the distance, and halving the time it had taken to get to his "decision point".

Posted by hobbeth on September 10, 2007

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