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Subject: Re: Regaining Momentum

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 00:19:45 GMT

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Sunday, September 23rd, just before 11 pm locally ( Monday, September 24th, just before 3 pm on Tracy Island)

"I'd still like to know where my helmet got to," Cassie said as she sat on one of the beds and blow dried her hair. The whole squad had come back from their last call, a fire at a factory, covered in soot. Cassie and Jackie had already showered and dressed in jeans and T-shirts and the guys were now taking their turns in the shower. There was still ten minutes left to their shift and they were all hoping the next call would wait for the next shift to take over, a few of whom had already made an appearance.

"Didn't Frank tell you not to worry about?" Jackie asked as she put gel into her short hair and spiked it, using the mirror on the inside of her locker. "Not to mention you won't need it after today."

"Yeah, but it still bugs me," she replied, turning off the blow dryer. She tucked it away in her bag, which held the rest of the contents of her locker already. "I've never lost equipment before. Not exactly the note I wanted to leave on," she told her friend, as she deftly braided her hair.

"I wouldn't worry too much about it," Jackie said, taking a final look in the mirror. Satisfied, she closed the door and locked her locker. "I think when we think of you we're going to be thinking of a very white Frank, not a missing helmet," she told her friend with a grin.

Cassie chuckled. Neal had insisted that she helped him with one final prank. Their target had been none other than their chief. The two of them had rigged a bucket filled with flour above his office door. When he came out to join them for dinner, the trap was tripped and Frank had been covered in flour. The look on her boss's face had been worth having to clean up the flour. She was going to miss Frank and his easy-going nature. She wasn't sure how her new employer would feel about those kinds of antics, but Frank had always taken them in good-humor, having also played a few pranks of his own in retaliation.

"I'm going to miss you guys," Cassie said, her voice wavering.

"Now don't go crying," Jackie told her.

"Yeah, especially not when the party is about to begin," L.J. said, coming into the room, his hair still wet from his shower but now in street clothes.

"What are you guys talking about?" Cassie asked, looking from Jackie to L.J.

"Hope you didn't have plans tonight, girl, because we've made plans of our own," Jackie told her, smiling. "And don't worry about needing to call your brother, we already informed him we were taking you out tonight."

"Out? Where?" Cassie asked, feeling a little uneasy. She had worked with these guys long

enough to know that things could get out of hand when everyone got together, especially outside of work.

"It's a surprise," Jackie told her.

"I don't like surprises, especially when you guys are all involved in it together."

"Relax. We're going to have fun, I promise." Jackie said, coming toward Cassie. She leaned over and whispered, "Besides, if you don't come willingly the guys will just drag you to our destination."

"Fine," she said, giving in.

\*\*\*a few hours later \*\*\*

"Whatever you do, don't tell my wife I know how to slow dance," Neal told Cassie as they swayed to a slow song in the middle of the dance floor at The Wild West Saloon.

The Wild West Saloon was a popular bar about four blocks from the fire station and a popular hangout for the members of the 66th precinct station. This was where her co-workers had dragged her to after their shift. When they had come in, they had escorted Cassie to the private room to the one side of the place that was rented out for parties. The members of the shift who had been off that day had decorated the room and gotten things ready. Cassie had walked in to find a huge banner hanging across the room saying - 'We'll Miss You, Cassie'. On the table, along with the presents, other foods and drinks was a cake with blue trim and red roses. It read - 'Good Luck, Cassie'.

By this time, the cake was gone as was a lot of the food. It was now one-thirty and everyone was still enjoying themselves, some more drunk than others. Cassie had finally managed to drag Neal out on the dance floor.

"If she doesn't know you can dance, what did you do at your wedding?" Cassie asked.

"Our first dance lasted about ten seconds. She walked away after I stepped on her feet three times. Hasn't asked me to dance since."

Cassie laughed. "I promise, your secret is safe with me."

They finished the dance and then made their way through the crowd to the room their group was occupying tonight.

"Ah, there's the guest of honor," Frank said from the doorway as he spotted Cassie and Neal. "Anyone seen, Carter?"

"I found him," Lexis commented, coming from the direction of the bar. Both she and Carter had drinks in their hands.

"Then I think it's time for presents," Frank said. "Everyone else is inside."

Moments later the entire evening shift was seated around the table. The music from the main area could still be heard, as Cassie opened the gifts from her co-workers. Some of the gifts were serious, like Jackie's present of four different cake molds, while others were on the silly side. Lexis gave her a T-shirt which read 'Always a New Yorker at Heart'. Neal had gone out and bought her a slingshot and a squirt gun. "Wouldn't want you to forget about all the fun we've had," he had told her when she opened them. L.J. had bought her a Risk game. Frank had bought her a journal to write in.

"And now for one last gift," Frank said, reaching under the table. He brought out an odd shape packaged. "This is from all of us," he told Cassie, as he handed it across the table to her.

Wondering what it was, Cassie took it from him. Ripping the paper off, she saw it was her missing helmet. Her co-workers had all signed pieces of tape which were now stuck to the helmet. She started to read the messages they had written her when the words began to blur. Reaching up, she wiped the tears from her eyes.

"That's so you don't forget any of us," Frank told her.

"You guys are the greatest," Cassie told them, looking around the table at everyone. "I'm going to miss you all."

Farewell Party Part Two by starrynebula on September 12, 2007

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