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Subject: Re: Regaining Momentum

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 00:27:58 GMT

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Tuesday October 2nd, 2068, 11pm, New York City. (Morning on October 3rd, Tracy Island.)

Tom Hawkins sat at the small desk near his hotel room's window, staring at his laptop in the dark. From the corner of his eye he could see the bright windows of the other high-rise buildings along the busy New York City street. He had a word processing program open, but the document was blank. Twenty-one: the number of days since International Rescue's last appearance. There was only so much rehashing and reiterating that he could do. I need fresh dirt, and fast. But...what?

The blond had traveled up to New York two weeks before for a conference on the ethics of International Rescue and their work. As the world's latest rising anti-IR star, Tom had been on the guest list, and ended up speaking to all present about the immorality of the whole institution of secrecy and selfishness. He had been a hit. He had enjoyed the trip so much he had stayed on in New York to write articles for several magazines interested in the aftermath of the conference. Now the media attention had dropped to near zero, and he had nothing to write about to bring it back up again. I've been keeping tabs on all possible disaster situations, but nothing. What I need is a juicy story. What I need is for International Rescue to make a critical error -- or maybe even just not turn up. Then I could get another angle: 'IR Only Rescues Certain Citizens'. Yeah. That'd be great...

He continued to ponder late into the night, coming up with only empty rhetoric and old news.

Posted by ArtisticRainey on October 7, 2007

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