

---

Subject: Re: Regaining Momentum

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 00:28:38 GMT

[View Forum Message](#) <> [Reply to Message](#)

---

Wednesday, October 3, 2068, 1:50 p.m., Tracy Island

Cassie looked out the window as the monorail made its way up to the Villa. Though it was almost two o'clock in the afternoon, it didn't seem that way to her. I can't believe I slept until eleven this morning, she thought. Makes me feel like I missed half of the day.

The monorail came to a stop and Cassie got out. She made her way upstairs to Mr. Tracy's study. Reaching it, she knocked on the door. Hearing Mr. Tracy's call to, "Come in", she walked into the room. "Good Afternoon, Mr. Tracy."

"Good afternoon, Cassie," Jeff replied, standing. With a smile, he motioned to the round table before him. There was a neat stack of data pads, and a small stack of papers beside it. "Have a seat."

Cassie sat down, feeling slightly nervous. She remembered feeling this way when she started as a paramedic. Must be new job jitters, she mused. "So, I guess this is where I start signing my life away," she quipped, trying to make herself feel at ease if nothing else.

Jeff chuckled. "To some extent, yes," he said. "Let's start with the easy stuff first. This is a contract to cover your duties with Tracy Industries. Please make sure all the information on it is correct. We don't want to deposit your money into someone else's account."

He handed over one of the data pads, and a stylus. "An electronic signature is fine."

Cassie read over the document. Not seeing anything amiss, she signed it and handed it back to him.

"Thank you." Jeff put it aside, and picked up another pad. "This is a non-disclosure form regarding your work with International Rescue. Though we are a secret organization, we do have penalties for willfully disclosing our secrets." He shifted in his seat, a bit uncomfortable. "We've never had to use them, and I hope to God we never do." With that ominous remark, he handed over the second data pad.

Cassie took it from him, feeling a little more uneasy at her new employer's latest remark. She read the document carefully. He's serious about protecting International Rescue and those involved in it, she thought as she read through the possible penalties. Though seeing as his wife and sons are all involved, I guess it's to be expected.

As she didn't see anything unreasonable in the document she signed it too and handed the data pad back to him.

Jeff laid it on top of the first she'd signed. "All right. Thank you." Picking up a third pad, he handed it to her. "That's a sort of 'rental agreement'. It concerns the Cliff House apartment you're living in. It gives a list of the furnishings, what we expect as far as treating your neighbors right, what you

can and can't do as far as alterations are concerned, all that sort of thing."

He shrugged. "I didn't think it was necessary, seeing that no one can leave with any furnishings, but my legal team thought it was wise to put some of these things in writing."

Cassie smiled at his comment. "I'm sure it's no worse than the rental agreements I've signed for the landlords in New York," she told him.

She quickly read over the rental agreement. As she expected, it was very similar to those she had previously signed. Having signed it, she passed it back to him. "My last landlord would have probably considered you crazy for not being more thorough. His rental agreements are probably about twice as long."

He chuckled again. "That's New York for you. It's the reason I have my own place there when I have to see to company business." He picked up the last data pad, but didn't hand it over. "I'd like to go over some of the skills you have so we can figure out what things we still need to teach you, and what you could use refresher or advanced training in. I remember that you don't have a pilot's license, so learning to fly will be one of your first classes. Can you use a parachute?"

"I've done it before, but could definitely use a refresher course. After helping out in California with the wildfires, I got interested in learning more about how they work and how to fight them. I decided to spend some vacation time the following year going through one of their schools out there so I got some training as a smoke jumper. I never used it after the class though."

"All right. Then refresher on that. How about fire arms? Have you ever used a gun? If so, what kind? Handgun or rifle?"

"Handgun only. My brother taught me how to shoot the Creighton he uses for work."

"A Creighton, huh? Our London agent, Lady Penelope, will be pleased; her family started Creighton Firearms Manufacturing." He tapped a spot on the data pad. "I'll let Gordon test you and decide what level of training or refresher you'll need, and start your rifle training." He read the list again. "How's your swimming? Can you scuba?"

"Well you can tell her that the NYPD is very happy with the gun," Cassie replied. "As for scuba, I don't know anything about it. I'm a good swimmer when it comes to pools or calm waters. Never really swam much in the ocean."

"Ah, good. More work for Gordon, though Brandon will likely be training you to scuba." Jeff tapped a few more spots. "Now, do you know how to rock climb?"

They went through a long list of skills, with Jeff making notes of Cassie's responses throughout. Finally, he sat back a little. "All right. The answers you've given will be worked into a training schedule for your first few weeks here. The schedule should be in your IR email box by tomorrow evening. In the meantime," he picked up a piece of paper, "here's a checklist of some things you'll have to schedule for odd moments. You'll need to see my wife for a physical and implantation of a locator chip, see Tin-Tin so she can take measurements for your uniforms and specialized gear such as heat suits. You'll need to see Brains to have a visor made. Virgil will show you how to use

it." He paused and glanced at her. "Each of our operatives has a code name; do you have an idea what you'd like to be called on the field?"

Cassie thought about it for a moment. She had never really had a nickname before as she didn't count her father calling her baby all the time as a nickname. "I think I'd like to use Jade," she finally said, not sure where the name came from but once it was in her head she knew she liked it.

Jeff smiled. "That sounds appropriate. I'll add it to the file."

He handed over the checklist. "You'll find your IR identification here, too. You can use it to access the IR server. The first time you access it, you'll be given instructions on how to use it. We have some quirks built into the system to keep it separate from the Tracy Industries servers." Picking up another piece of paper, he added it to the small pile. "Here are the specifics for your Tracy Industries account. We'll have a picture taken, and a badge made, so that when you do go out on your 'job', you'll be official."

Suddenly, he sighed, and looked sober. "And last, but not least, here is a form for you to fill out dictating your final wishes, and your personal Will." He shook his head. "Another thing we've never had to use, and I hope to God we never have to."

Cassie took the form from him. It wasn't the first time she had seen the form. Though it wasn't a requirement, she had been strongly encouraged to fill out advance directives and a Living will when she had joined FDNY. She had taken the advice, knowing how dangerous the job could be because of her father being with them. Still, the thought of filling it out in front of someone else made her feel strange.

"Could I take this with me, fill it out, and turn it in tomorrow?" she asked, wanting to fill the forms out in the privacy of her apartment later that night.

"Oh!" Jeff looked startled. "Of course! I'm sorry I didn't tell you that. Just let me know when you're ready to turn it in; it'll have to be witnessed, and I can arrange for someone to be here then to do that."

Cassie nodded. "Anything else?" she asked, wanting to make sure he was done before asking him her question about getting someplace to pick up some things.

"Do you have any questions?"

"About business stuff, no not right now," Cassie told him. "However, I was wondering if it would be possible to go somewhere to do some shopping. When I left my husband I didn't much worry about fighting over possessions and let him keep most things. Luckily, the apartment had furnishings to begin with or it would be very empty. I just have a few things that are being shipped."

"Of course." Jeff thought a moment. "My daughter takes an art class in Christchurch on Thursday evenings. You can make arrangements to go with whoever is flying her there, and shop while she's in her class. In fact, I can ask whoever is taking her to leave here a little early so you have plenty of time. Would that do?"

"That'll work fine. Thank-you," Cassie told him.

"All right then. If you have no more questions, we're done here for the moment." He rose, and offered his hand. "If you do have any questions, don't hesitate to ask me, my wife, or one of my adult sons. You're welcome to continue eating with the family until you feel you're finally settled, and take the rest of today and tomorrow to get acclimated. Jet lag can be a bear; I have reason to know!" He paused, and added, smiling widely, "Welcome to the team, Cassie."

"Thank-you, sir," Cassie said, shaking his hand. She was feeling both excited and nervous at the prospect of what the next few weeks would hold for her.

--the little details by on October 9, 2007

---