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Subject: Re: Regaining Momentum

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 00:28:51 GMT

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11:30:00 p.m. Tuesday October 2, 2068 in Wichita, Kansas (5:30:00 p.m. Wednesday October 3, 2068 on Tracy Island)

Lisa sighed as she headed for her locker. She loved her job, she really did, but some days it got to be too much. Five call outs, the last one an auto accident with two children dead. The mother didn't believe in forcing her kids to stay in the booster seats with their seatbelts on, that was 'too confining'. A 35 mph crash had thrown both kids through the front windshield. Mom wasn't even bruised. "Unfortunately, like the poor, fools will always be with us. I just wish they were the ones to pay the price of their stupidity instead of their children," she muttered to herself. She had the next two days off and planned on relaxing, starting with a long bath.

Dave Kandagaye cornered her on her way out. He'd been keeping an eye on her for the past month. Her work was, as always, excellent; she was considered one of the best paramedics in the state. Not even the very messy divorce she'd gone through last year had made her lose her professionalism. But for the past two months or so, she seemed distracted, as if something were weighing on her mind. He knew about her child custody troubles and wanted to give her some time to come to terms with it. But she wasn't doing any better. He decided it was time to find out if he could help, even if all he could do was listen.

"Lisa? Can I talk to you for a minute?"

"Sure. What's up?"

"Why don't we talk in my office?" Dave opened the door to what he called his favorite broom closet. Lisa raised her eyebrows, but followed him in. He closed the door behind him and sat on the edge of his desk.

"Lisa, for the past month or so, you've seemed distracted. You haven't been joining in with the normal banter around here. Is there anything I can do to help? Is something wrong with the girls? A new custody fight, maybe?"

"Not exactly." Lisa stared at the wall behind him. The divorce had been bitter, but she had done what she had thought best for the kids. She had visitation rights one weekend a month and for three weeks in the summer. But she had not thought to demand the children stay near her and her ex had moved to New York. By the time she saw the kids next, they would have forgotten her. It still hurt, but she couldn't afford a long custody fight. "It might affect them but that's not the main problem." She looked at him and seemed to come to a decision. "Dave, can I tell you something? I don't know what to do and I need to talk to someone about this." At Dave's nod, she began her story. "It was about a week after the tornadoes..."

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"Ms Simmons?" The two men stepped out from beside the fire station entrance. Both wore dark suits, and had been invisible even with the brightly lighted doorway and path.

"Yes, what do you want?" Lisa already had her car keys out along with the pepper spray. This was a safe area but it never hurt to be prepared.

"It's ok; we just want to talk to you for a minute."

"If you're a reporter wanting to interview me about International Rescue, I have no comment. I've already said all I have to say. They were very worried about her. That's it."

One of the men stepped forward, his hands open and in front of him. "No, we're not reporters. I'm Agent Clark from the World Government. This is my partner, Agent Jenkins." The second man nodded and smiled. "We'd like to talk to you for a couple minutes. How about we go across the street and we'll buy you dinner?" He gestured toward a restaurant frequented by the fire and rescue personnel.

"Let's see some ID first." After checking the IDs of both men, she nodded. "Ok, gentlemen. But I'm very tired and this better be good."

A few minutes later, with a steak in front of her, she turned to the two men. "Ok, what does the World Government want with me? I've already answered questions about International Rescue; I don't know anything more."

"We're not interested in what you know about International Rescue. We're interested in what they might know about you." Lisa kept her expression neutral as she cut up her steak. Clark went on. "IR has added several new people this past year. We've identified at least four new people since February, including two new nurses helping out the new doctor. We don't know how they are choosing people but you fit the profile of someone they might want."

Lisa looked surprised at this. "I'm not anything special."

"Define 'special'. The first reason we think they might be interested is that you are well regarded in your field. Both the emergency room doctors and nurses you work with speak well of your ability to assess a patient quickly and recommend the proper procedure. Your fellow rescue workers talk about your ability to keep a clear head, no matter what. You were also well thought of as an operating room nurse while you were in the military. In short, you would make a great field surgery nurse."

"Number two, you're young. You're thirty-one. Most of the people we have descriptions of seem to be in their mid-twenties to mid-thirties. Three, you currently have no dependents." Lisa winced at that.

Agent Clark continued. "Finally, both 'Van Gogh' and 'Tynan' seemed to like you. Several other of the rescue personnel thought so, at least. We don't know if they will be looking for any new nurses, but if they are, we think they might talk to you."

"And you want me to spy on them for you." Lisa pushed the empty plate away. "Now why would I want to do that?"

Agent Jenkins spoke for the first time. "We don't exactly want you to spy. Just, if they do come calling, let us know who contacted you and how. If you get interviewed, just tell us by who and where it took place. You don't have to take the job, if you don't want. Just tell us what you can. As for why should you want to do this, well, sometimes custody judges can be influenced by public service on the part of one of the parents."

Lisa froze for a minute then asked, "How would I get in touch with you if they do contact me?"

"Write to this address." Agent Clark pushed a small card over to her. She glanced at it and then put it in her pocket. "Use regular mail. Just say you've been contacted and what you did. We'll send someone to talk to you when we're sure you're not being watched. That will be the end of it, and you can do whatever you want after that." Lisa nodded and both men stood up. "Thank you, Ms. Simmons. Don't get up. We'll handle the check as we leave. Order some dessert if you want. Good evening." Both men went to the front of the restaurant as Lisa sat there staring at the table. When the waiter asked her if she wanted anything else, she shook herself and ordered chocolate cake and coffee. She sat there a long time, eating the cake and staring straight ahead at nothing. [/color]

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"I went home but I haven't been able to get the whole thing out of my mind," Lisa said, finishing her story. "Could they help me get the girls back? Or at least see them more often? Would I be betraying International Rescue if I told the World Government anything?" She sighed. "I'm almost glad no one ever contacted me, so I didn't have to make that choice. I'd do a lot to get my girls back, but I keep thinking, 'For what would it profit a man if he gains the whole world and loses his soul'."

"You think God would be mad at you for passing on information about IR?" Dave looked at her in surprise.

"No. I think I'd be mad at me if I felt I betrayed them. And I can't see it any other way, no matter how much I tell myself it wouldn't hurt anyone." She gave a half smile. "Anyway, it's a moot point. No one ever contacted me. I just haven't been able to get it out of my mind. I'm still not sure how I feel about the whole thing. I'm angry at those two men for putting me in this position. But I'm afraid if I contact International Rescue and tell them about this, I might find it even harder to see my kids. And after the games my ex played this past summer, I don't want to risk it."

Dave regarded her, thoughtfully. Her ex had kept changing the dates of the visits on her, after she'd paid for the airline tickets and arranged for vacation time. She'd finally arranged new visiting dates but, at the last minute, supposedly one of the girls had gotten sick, so the whole visit was canceled. She wouldn't be able to bring them out here until next summer. "Well, I probably would have felt both angry and afraid at the same time. And knowing me, I would have punched both of their lights out. Now that you've gotten it off your chest, do you feel better?"

She laughed. "Yes, I do. Thanks for listening."

"You're welcome. That's why they pay me the big bucks." He stood up from the desk. "Go home, get some sleep. Take the next two days off." He grinned at her; he knew the next two days were

her normal off days.

She smiled back. "Such wild extravagance on your part, Dave." She went out the door looking better than she had in the last five weeks.

Dave went and sat at his desk, trying to figure out what to say in a letter to a man he'd never actually met, only seen from a distance a few times.

Posted by SusanMartha on October 9, 2007

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