
Subject: Re: Learning The Ropes

Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 20:22:38 GMT

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Monday, March 5th, Mt. Sinai Hospital, NY 11:00 a.m.

Scott Tracy was not in a good mood. All the way from the penthouse, he had been replaying over and over the conversation he'd had earlier with Virgil. Conversation, hell! he thought to himself. Part of him understood why Virgil made the decisions he'd made, but the other part knew HE should be out there as Field Commander, not Alan! The conversation had turned into a full-scale argument, one that he had lost. Damn! Now I have to explain this to Dad.

He made his way through the never-ending hospital corridors to his father's room. He peered through the window before entering and saw his three younger siblings, all sitting on Jeff's bed, all talking at once, and Grandma smiling, seated in a nearby chair. Jeff was smiling, too, and taking all the commotion in stride. Scott actually allowed himself a smile and pushed open the door.

"Well, is this a private party, or can anyone be invited?"

"Oh, Scott! That is such a lame line!" Cherie replied as she hopped off the bed and came around to give her big brother a hug.

"Well, I was beginning to wonder where you'd gotten to," Emily said as she too gave her eldest grandson a warm welcome. Scott looked over at his father as he hugged his grandmother.

Jeff's eyes smiled as he simply said, "Son."

"Hey, Dad, how you holding up with these monkeys jumping all over you?" The two remaining 'monkeys' giggled and also hopped off the bed.

"They keep me busy, that's for sure!" laughed Jeff. One look into his son's eyes told Jeff that Scott had something on his mind and needed to talk to him.

"Mother, why don't you take these poor hungry children and find them some lunch?"

Emily took the hint immediately and ushered her charges out of the room. "Bye Dad! See ya later!" the chorus echoed as they departed.

"Now, son, spit it out. What is it?" Jeff wasted no time getting to the point. He was still be weak in body, but his mind was very much tuned in to everything around him.

Scott took a deep breath. "Dad, the boys are out on a rescue. John got a call from the World Navy..."

Scott proceeded to give all the details to his father, including the fact that Dianne had been picked up and was also on the rescue. It became very apparent to Jeff that Scott was not happy about Virgil's decisions.

"...And I can't believe he told me 'NO'! He's never once told me 'NO' where a rescue was concerned!" Scott was now pacing back and forth across the room. Jeff watched. "I told him Alan should stay here, and I should be out there with Mobile Control... but no, HE had to have things HIS way..."

Scott's voice was becoming louder and Jeff finally had to interrupt. "SCOTT! Son, I know you're upset, but Virgil made the call. He's in command back at base, and from what I can see, he did what he had to, and you know he was right. Alan will do fine, and so will the others." He smiled sympathetically at Scott, and softly added, "Dianne was right, too, son. I need someone here I can depend on...I need YOU."

Scott looked defeated. "I know you do, Dad, but I just hate not being there." Scott resigned himself to the fact that he had no choice, no matter how much he complained, and finally sat down in a chair.

Jeff sighed, and moved uncomfortably to a better position. Scott realized his father was still in a lot of pain. "You need me to get anything, Dad?"

"No, thank you, son." Jeff winced as he settled back down onto the pillow. "I know I'm healing if I can feel the pain. I'd just rather be feeling it back at the island, is all."

"Do you know when they'll be letting you come home?"

"No, not yet. Though if your mother has anything to do with it, it'll be sooner rather than later!" That remark actually made Scott chuckle. "So, how are the new recruits settling in? I want all the details Scott... everything." Scott sat back and filled his father in on the entire goings on back home. After hearing all about the recruits, Jeff became silent and withdrawn.

Scott started to worry. "Dad? What is it?"

Hearing about the new pilots and medics suddenly triggered a memory of his pilot, Elise. He couldn't remember if he'd asked about her, or if anyone had told him if she'd survived the accident. He was certain Dianne would have said something, yet he couldn't remember.

"Scott, what happened to Elise? My pilot? I don't remember...no one said..."

"Dad, calm down, it's okay. Elise survived; she had a few broken bones, but she got out of the crash in better shape than you! So don't worry." The relief on his father's face was very visible, and Scott took this opportunity to bring up the subject of Elise joining IR. "Dad?"

"Yes, Scott?"

"We thought it best to bring Elise out to the island while she recovered. Ned Cook had got to her while she was here, and we were all concerned about other reporters sticking their noses in. Mom suggested it, and well, we went along with it."

Jeff sensed something more was coming and prompted Scott. "Go on, son."

"The thing is, since she's been back at base, Virgil is worried she's become a security risk. She's already seen TB3 launch and is aware that we're IR. Dad, Elise thinks she's going home in a couple of weeks, and if the likes of Ned Cook get wind of where she's been, they'll never leave her alone."

"Scott, it can't be helped that Elise has seen and heard more than we would like her to, but I trust her to keep silent."

Scott fidgeted slightly. "Well, sir, I was hoping you would consider taking her on board with IR as a pilot. She's a damned good one, and we sure could use another one. As it is, Virgil's had to go out on this rescue and leave Brains at your desk."

Jeff smiled at the vision he had of Brains seated at his desk. "You really think highly of her, don't you, Scott?"

"Yes, sir, I trained her. I've seen what she's capable of, and frankly, I know she'll accept."

Once she calms down enough to stop shouting at me, he thought. Elise may be a great pilot, but Scott had never forgotten the fiery temper she could bring forth at a moment's notice!

Jeff remained silent, looking at his eldest thoughtfully. He absolutely trusted his son's judgment and normally wouldn't question it, but this time he wasn't sure. He didn't know Elise well enough to just take her in and let her fly IR aircraft.

"Scott, I don't...."

Scott cut him off before he was finished. "Dad, I know, but she's already back at base, knows who we are, and we need another pilot. You've said it yourself many times that we needed at least two more. Well, we have C.J., so why not Elise?"

Jeff conceded. "All right, when I get back home, you and I will talk to her, and I will offer her the position. But Scott, she has to be 100 percent sure, or we're going to have a difficult situation on our hands."

"Yes, sir, I understand."

"Now, get me John on the comm-link. I want to know how this rescue is going and where my wife is!" Scott smiled and called his brother.

Post by FrankieCTB2 on 10/08/2004
