

---

Subject: Re: Learning The Ropes

Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 21:39:09 GMT

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

---

The car arrived promptly at 7:30 and Lena was ready. She had rushed to call her children and grandchildren and get packed, and she felt that she'd forgotten several things she'd need. As the driver put her bags in the trunk, she mentally went over her list, but couldn't think of anything. The driver opened the door and she got in. Moments later, they were off to the airport, a mere twenty minute drive away.

Scott waited in the VIP terminal, looking at his watch. His father's decision to send him in a corporate jet to pick up Lena Matumbo had caught him off-guard, and he was not happy about being a passenger and not the pilot. He could hardly wait until they got to LA, where they would refuel and where Scott would take over as pilot for the rest of the journey.

The car pulled up to the terminal, and Lena waited for the driver to get her bags, then followed him inside. She looked around and spotted a young man, who was walking toward her.

"Mrs. Matumbo?"

"Yes, I'm Lena Matumbo. And you are . . ."

"Scott Tracy," he replied, putting his hand out. She took it, and then he said, "We'll be ready to leave in just a few minutes. It will be a long trip."

"A long trip to where?"

"The South Pacific," he replied as he picked up her bags and walked toward the door to the tarmac."

"The S . . Are you telling me dat we're going dere in dat little plane out dere?"

Scott smiled. "Yes, ma'am, we are. We'll refuel in Los Angeles and have a stretch, then I'll take over as pilot." He guided her over to the gangway and offered his hand to help her inside. "This is the way our family gets around, Mrs. Matumbo. It's quite routine for us."

She took his hand and climbed up inside. She slowly made her way into the body of the plane, looking around. "Dis is what you call routine. It's impressive."

"Thank you," he replied as he stowed her bags away. "Take a seat anywhere. I'm going up to the cockpit to sit in the co-pilot's seat."

"Now wait a minute, young man. When was de last time you slept? I know about de rescue in de Nort Sea."

"Mrs. Matumbo," Scott said very softly. "I am aware of your knowledge of our 'family business' as it were, however, our pilot is from Tracy Industries and doesn't have that knowledge. For the record, I wasn't involved in that operation; I was needed in New York." He smiled. "But I'll admit

it's been a long day for me."

"You don't have to worry. I can see dat de door to de cockpit is closed and he can't hear me. But if you've had a long day, you should rest. I don't want to crash in de Pacific because de pilot fell asleep at de controls. And I don't tink you'd get any sleep dere. Do you?"

Scott chuckled. "You're probably right, Mrs. Matumbo. I'll get some rest back here. Would you like anything to eat or drink before I try to catch a few winks?"

Lena started to shake her head, then felt a quiet rumble in the area of her stomach. "Oh my goodness!" she exclaimed. "I was so rushed, calling my babies and my grandbabies dat I forgot to eat!" She smiled. "Yes, I would like someting. Whatever you have. Tank you."

Scott went back to the generous galley and came back with a thick roast beef sandwich and a soft drink, with pretzels on the side. Lena noticed that he brought out the same for himself. "I was in a rush myself this evening, Mrs. Matumbo," he said as he sat across the aisle from her in the comfortable captain's style chair.

"Dis is perfect," she said, as they tapped their drink glasses. "I knew I'd forgotten someting, but couldn't remember what it was." She chuckled. "I never tought I'd see de day when I'd forget to eat!"

She and Scott both laughed, then settled down to eat in a companionable silence.

When they had finished eating, Scott removed Lena's tray but left the glass in case she was still thirsty. He looked at his watch. "I guess I can catch a nap for an hour or maybe two at the most. Our ETA at LAX will be around seven p.m. Pacific time." He got a blanket from a bin above his head. "Do you need anything else, Mrs. Matumbo?"

She reached into the large bag she'd carried on board with her and drew out some crocheting. "No, tank you, young man. I have my needlework to relax me and a full stomach. What more could I want? You get some sleep. I can sleep when I know you have rested."

Scott smiled at her and settled back in his seat. He moved the seat into a reclining position and covered himself with the blanket. Moments later, he was sleeping soundly.

Lena looked at him, resisting the impulse to go over and stroke the hair from his forehead, as she had done to her son and grandsons hundreds of times. She smiled to herself and concentrated on her crocheting.

It seemed just a few moments before the pilot was signaling their approach to LAX. Scott woke with a start, shook his head, rubbed his eyes and stretched. He looked over at his fellow passenger. "How has the flight been, Mrs. Matumbo?"

"Very smooth, and very quick," she replied, putting her needlework away. "You have a fast jet. How do you feel?"

"Much more rested, thank you," Scott replied. "I'm not used to being a passenger, though, so I'm

glad I slept through the majority of the flight. Kept me from getting antsy."

"Good," she said, smiling. "Den I feel better, too. How long will we be here in LA? I need to call my son. He was very upset to know dat I didn't know where I was going. I won't tell him our final destination, but I want to reassure him dat I'm not being abducted."

Scott chuckled. "With refueling and flight checks, we should be here for an hour at least, perhaps a little longer. Feel free to move around, climb out, and make that phone call."

The pilot announced that they were about to land and they fastened their seatbelts and waited. Soon they were on the ground, taxiing toward the terminal.

"Oh, heavens! Where is my mind?" Lena exclaimed. "Wit all dis rushing about I forgot to ask about your fadder. How is he?"

"He's much better, thank you. He'll be out of the hospital and coming home soon," Scott replied.

"Dat's good. No place like home to heal."

"Very true, ma'am, very true."

The jet came to a stop outside the Tracy Industries hangar. "We have a small waiting room inside the hangar where you can stretch and make your call while I see to the jet, Mrs. Matumbo," Scott explained as he helped her out of the plane. "It won't be too long before we're on our way again."

"Tank you. I won't be long." She headed inside and went to the first available phone and placed the call. A few minutes later, Scott walked in to see how she was doing, and heard her talking to her son.

"Don't you sass me, young man. You may be a grandfadder, but I'm still your motter and you show some respect. I'll be home when I get home and dat's all dere is to dat. You call your sister and tell her what I told you. Your children have more sense. Dey tink it's terrific dat I'm having an adventure, as your son put it. If I can get in touch wit you from where I'm going, I will. But until den, stop worrying. I'm fine."

Scott smiled. She reminded him of his own grandmother. Actually, both of his grandmothers, natural and 'step'. I'd catch it hot from Grandma P. if she ever caught me thinking of her as a 'stepgrandmother'. As far as she's concerned, there's no distinction. He called to Lena. "We're just about ready, Mrs. Matumbo."

Lena turned and nodded at him to show she'd heard. "Now, I have to go." She then said something Scott didn't understand, and hung up. She walked over to him. "You'd tink I was old and feeble, de way he was carrying on. Well, let's go. I've got a computer glitch to fix."

"You? Old and feeble? Not from what I've seen," Scott said with a grin as he handed her back up into the plane. "This time, why don't we both sit in the cockpit? You can elbow me if I start dozing off... just like my own grandmothers would do." He winked at her and preceded her into the control cabin.

She laughed, and then asked, "Would it be permissible if I brought my bag with me? If I have my crocheting wit me, I won't be asking you a lot of silly questions."

"Not at all. Feel free to do so," he replied. She retrieved her bag and sat down, placing it out of the way at her side. She looked up at him, a twinkle in her eye.

"I'm ready to go," she said.

"Then let's go." Scott asked for permission to take off, received permission (once the jet came to the front of the small line of private jets waiting for a clear runway) and within a few moments, they were once again airborne.

Post by Hobbeth and Tikatu on 24/08/2004

---