

---

Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:00:29 GMT

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

---

Sunday, November 4, 2068, 7:45 p.m., Tracy Island.

The noise at the dinner table subsided when Jeff tapped his glass with a spoon. All of the recruits were there, necessitating a second table, where the children and the elder folk sat.

He stood. "Thank you all for coming and having dinner with us this evening. I know it's not our usual big spread, but it was short notice, and Kyrano did a stellar job in preparing enough food for us all."

There was a murmuring of assent from those around the table, and several raised their glasses to salute Kyrano.

"We're gathered together for a sad occasion. Tonight, we say goodbye to one of our own. Brandon is leaving our crew tomorrow morning and returning home. For good."

Now the some of the murmurs were confused and concerned, and Tyler asked outright, "Why? Why are you going home?"

Brandon coughed a little, clearing his throat. "I... I got a call from my sister today. My mom -- she's had both a heart attack and a stroke." There were sounds of surprise and consternation from family members around the table. He continued. "She's in the hospital, but it's going to take a long while for her to recover from this. My sister -- she's been pulling the freight, but this is beyond her. I need to be home to help out. I want to be home to help. So, I'm leaving tomorrow morning, bright and early. I'm going back to San Diego, and my old job."

He glanced around the room. "You've all been great to me, teaching me, working with me -- a man couldn't find a better family, or a better organization to serve. But my own family needs me more now. Sure, I could be out there saving the world, but what is that if I can't save my own folks?" He turned his gaze to Jeff. "Thanks, Mr. Tracy, for giving me this chance. It meant so much to me."

He turned to Scott. "Scott? Thanks, man, for teaching me how to fly. I never would have done it if not for you pounding it into my head."

His eyes focused on Gordon next. "Gords, you rock! That little sub of yours -- I am so jealous of you, because Four is yours. I borrowed her for a while, but her heart belongs to you. I'm only sad that I didn't get to see the hydrofoil built, but I understand that, sometimes, priorities change. Just like they're changing with me now."

"Callie, you've been a great friend. You all have been. No one could find better friends than I found here." Smiling, with a touch of sadness in the smile, he looked around the rest of the room. "I consider it an honor to have known you and served with you all."

Gordon rose to his feet, and raised his glass. "To Brandon, a better hand at scuttling a Cunard

and cutting out a P and O, never shipped a hand spike."

There were groans around the table, and Alan even went so far as to throw a balled up linen napkin at his brother. Gordon grinned, then sobered. "Seriously now, to Brandon. A good friend, a fine sailor, a better submariner, and a man who embodies the spirit of International Rescue."

Glasses were raised around the room. "Hear, Hear!"

---