
Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:01:16 GMT

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Monday, November 5th, just after 8 a.m., TI . . .

Checking to make sure she had everything, Cassie picked up the containers and the two bags and headed for the patio doors. She balanced everything in one hand long enough to unlock and open the door. Outside the sun was shining and a gentle breeze blew across the patio. It didn't take her long to walk the short distance to Brandon's apartment.

"Come on in," Brandon told her upon sliding the door to his apartment open.

"As promised, one omelet breakfast," she commented, stepping inside. Even though she had helped with the packing the night before, the bare apartment seemed strange.

The two of them made their way over to the table. Along with the omelets, Cassie had brought orange juice and blueberry muffins as well as the dishes and utensils they needed.

The meal was a quiet one. Brandon wasn't much in the mood for idle conversation and Cassie wasn't sure what to say. Most of the things that came to mind seemed inadequate given the situation.

"This is really good," Brandon commented, after swallowing his first bit of the blueberry muffin.
"Did you make these yourself?"

"Yes and I'm glad you like them because I brought some for you to take with you," she replied, indicating the second bag she had brought with her. "There's something else in there for you too."

Curious, Brandon pulled the bag closer to him. He looked inside and saw an object wrapped in tissue paper. Pulling it out he unwrapped it.

"Though you might like something to remember us all by," Cassie said softly. She had printed out a five by seven of the photo of the recruits at the party. As she hadn't had time to get a new frame, she had taken one of her pictures out of its frame and put this one in.

"Thank-you. You didn't have to go to the trouble though."

"It wasn't any trouble. Besides, it's the least I could do after the scuba lessons you gave me."

"I was just doing my job."

"You did more than that. You made it fun and your enthusiasm for it was contagious. I know I'm definitely not going to forget my first dive."

"I wish I could be here to finish your training. I guess Gordon will take over now."

Cassie nodded. She had figured the same thing though nothing official had been said yet.

"It won't be the same though," she told him.

"Make sure you write and tell me how it goes."

"I will."

Cassie glanced toward the clock. It was ten after nine. Brandon followed her gaze.

"Callie should be here soon. She's going to help me take things down to the airstrip."

"Then I should probably start cleaning this stuff up."

"I'll help."

"Nonsense. The only thing you need to worry about is finding a place for those muffins and the picture. I'll clean up."

"Yes, ma'am," Brandon said lightly, holding his arms out for a hug. Cassie took the few steps necessary to give him one. "Thanks for everything. I wish we would have had more time to get to know each other."

"Me too," Cassie replied, as she pulled away.

As Cassie started gathering her things to take home with her, Brandon headed toward his belongings piled near the door.
