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Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:01:36 GMT

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Brandon brought the last box over to the door, then took one look around his apartment, checking for anything he might have forgotten. He felt miserable, wanting to stay, yet knowing he had to leave. I've been here less than a year, yet it's felt more like my home than any place I've lived in, except when I was a kid.

He punched the button for the elevator, and the doors immediately opened. Callie was there with a cart on which to load his things. She smiled and said, "We might as well do it more easily, and not waste time. Not that we want to get rid of you or anything."

He smiled wanly at her, and they got his things loaded quickly, then headed down to the ground level. Then they headed off to the air strip, where the jet waited to take him not back to my old life, not exactly. When they got there, he was surprised to see how many people were waiting to say goodbye to him. The ladies were first, hugging him and whispering things to him like, "Don't forget us.", "We'll never forget you.", "I'll miss the SCUBA lessons.", and, from Callie, "Keep in touch. We're only an email, IM, or a phone call away."

The male recruits interspersed themselves with the Tracy brothers and shook his hand and/or gave him clouts on the shoulder, along with more words of encouragement. Even Kyrano was there, giving Brandon messages from Lisa and Emily, who were "otherwise occupied and regretted being unable to tell you themselves."

Then Jeff and Dianne said goodbye, the doctor giving him a hug. Jeff shook his hand and said, "You have a week to get settled, then you can return to work. I'm sure you haven't forgotten where it is, have you?" He grinned.

"No sir. And thank you again."

"If you need longer, let them know -- in advance," Jeff continued.

"And I know the doctors at that hospital are good ones, but if you want a second, or even a third opinion..." Dianne added with a twinkle in her eye.

"I'll know who to call. And I will. I'll keep in touch, I promise," Brandon said earnestly.

"C'mon, Brandon. Everything's loaded up, and we'd better be going."

"Okay, Gordon." Brandon turned and headed over to the plane. He climbed in and stopped at the entrance. He turned, looked back at everyone one last time, then waved and disappeared inside.

A few minutes later the jet was airborne, and International Rescue was minus a second aquanaut.

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