

---

Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:02:12 GMT

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

---

Monday, November 25, 2 p.m., Tracy Island

Jenny looked all around her as she rode up the steep switchback trail at Alan's side. She was surprised to be picked up at the airport by a private jet, and even more surprised to find that her final interview would be with Jeff Tracy, the former astronaut. There was a knot in her stomach, and it seemed to pull tighter as they got closer to the top of the cliff. Finally, they reached the end of the switchback, and she risked a glance back down the way they'd come. The height to which they'd climbed made her happy she was securely belted in.

"And here we are!" Alan's cheery voice announced. "Looks like Dad and Grandma are waiting to meet you. I'll just pull up to the steps and you can get out."

He did just that, and Jenny tried to exit the little cart gracefully, smoothing her blue skirt as she did so. Mr. Tracy stepped down to greet her, offering her a firm handshake.

"Thank you for coming, Miss Finch. I'm Jeff Tracy, and this is my mother, Emily."

"Hello, Mr Tracy, it's a pleasure to meet you." Jenny grasped his hand warmly, inwardly hoping that she looked her best. She turned to Emily Tracy with a bright smile, hoping to dispel her sense of unreality. Meeting the Tracys had been the last thing she expected and her stomach fluttered nervously.

"Welcome to Tracy Island, my dear." Emily was her most cordial self. "Please, come inside. The heat is very intense today, and we have some refreshments in the lounge." With that she turned and led the way to the curving staircase that went from the patio surrounding the very inviting-looking pool to a cool, airy lounge.

Jenny silently let out a breath and followed gratefully, beginning to take note of her surroundings. It was certainly very impressive. She desperately hoped her chef skills were good enough for them. Evidently the job was fairly important. She took a deep breath to steady herself and tried to concentrate on remembering all she knew about making a good impression.

"Please sit down." Mr. Tracy indicated a seat. His mother sat to his right, and an Asian man came up quietly, carrying a tray of lemonade and iced tea. He put it down on the table, served each person their choice of drink, then took up a seat at Mr. Tracy's left.

"Miss Finch, this is Kyrano, our majo domo. He and my mother are both integral to the kitchen here, and that's why they're both here as part of the interview."

"Welcome, Miss Finch." Kyrano gave a small bow. "Thank you for coming." He glanced at Jeff. "Shall we proceed?"

Mr. Tracy took a swallow of his lemonade, and smiled at Jenny. "So, Miss Finch, I see you've been working for the Australian government, as an aid worker. What made you leave that

position?"

"I took the job in order to help the victims of the tsunami this year. I left because I spent more time negotiating with government officials and making empty promises to those I was trying to help, and that frustrated me. I'm no diplomat, sir. I'm afraid I got rather impatient at times with the delays."

"Hm." Jeff looked at the data pad he had before him. "I see that your education has been in cooking. I'm puzzled as to why you would take on an aid position when your skills and - I assume - talents, lie so clearly in other directions?"

"I wanted to try something different, and to help people." Jenny took a deep breath, something she felt she'd be doing all day. "I saw there was a need for aid workers and went for a job. And I got one." She swallowed, wondering what he thought of her answer, but she quickly turned her attention back and concentrated on what Mr Tracy was saying.

"Is that why you've held so many positions over the past two years?" he asked. "I see you worked three years as a cook for a children's home, then a year with the Red Cross, six months as a hotel supervisor, five months for Australian Missing Persons, and less than a year with this last position." He paused, looking at her frankly. "I can see by your choice of employers that you want to help people, but you don't seem to have much loyalty to those organizations that employ you, or to those you volunteer for, either." He sat back. "How do I know that, should you be offered this position, you won't decide six months down the road that it's not for you?"

"Because I intend to settle down. Now I just want a job where I can use my skills and bring satisfaction to others." She hoped she sounded convincing, and tried to look calm and confident as she looked steadily at her interviewer.

Grandma frowned. She had seen Jenny's resume, and she thought Jenny seemed flighty, ready to run off in search of the next great thing. Settling down seems out of character for this girl, but stranger things have happened. Jeff, too, looked less than convinced, but Kyrano spoke up.

"Perhaps it is time to show Miss Finch our facilities."

"Do you think so?" Jeff asked, sounding uncertain.

"Yes. I do."

"Well, then. Miss Finch, Kyrano and my mother will show you our kitchen and dining room facilities." And put you to the test as well.

"If you would please follow me?" Kyrano rose, and Emily stood as well. Together, they led Jenny from the room, leaving a bemused Jeff behind.

Jenny felt her answer had not impressed anyone, and it was with a sinking feeling that she followed Kyrano and Mrs. Tracy to the kitchen.

Kyrano led the way through the dining room, hoping to impress on this young woman both the

scope of their work and the standards she would be held to. Then he led her, with Emily following, into the kitchen proper.

"As you can see, Miss Finch, we have all the most up-to-date appliances. Everything here is to make cooking for the Tracy family as pleasant and easy for us as possible. However, there is a standard we must maintain." He went to the cryofridge and pulled out a bowl of eggs. "Let us start with something simple. Please, make us an omelet."

Jenny silently let out the breath she had been unconsciously holding, and stepped forward, feeling confident. Omelets were easy, and she swiftly reviewed all her skills as she reached for the eggs, a growing sense of relief filled her. She may not have been great during the questioning, but she had a feeling that she would do well in this test.

The interview by scuppy3 and Tikatu

---