

---

Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:05:22 GMT

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

---

Wednesday, November 7th, mid-morning...

Gordon whistled as he walked down the hallway towards his father's office. The door was open so he strolled in. "Morning, Dad. Morning, Mom."

Dianne looked up from her newspaper and smiled. "Hello, Gordon."

"What's up, son?" Jeff asked, glancing up from his computer.

Gordon sat down on the couch. "Nothing much. I gave Four a look over this morning. There are a few new upgrades Brains has been working on and I'd like to take her out later, maybe this afternoon for a quick dive."

"I remember Brains telling me about that," Jeff nodded thoughtfully. "Good plan. And I'll want a full written report when you're done."

"FAB," Gordon saluted smartly.

"Of course, wanting to play in your sub has nothing to do with it," Dianne drawled.

Gordon grinned. "Of course not!" He paused a moment. "Dad? I need to ask you a favor."

His son sounded so serious that Jeff looked up. "What is it, Gordon?"

"Well, I got an email last night. Some of my former WASP crew are all on leave from their various projects. They're meeting in Honolulu for an impromptu reunion. They'd like me to come. I know it's short notice, so I'll understand if I can't go."

Jeff frowned. "First Luke, then Cassie, now you. What is this, a mass exodus?" Gordon merely shrugged. "When is this happening?"

"This weekend. I thought maybe I could take Luke as far as Hawaii then he could catch a flight to Montana from there. We're all meeting up on Saturday and I'd be home Monday."

Dianne watched her husband as he thought. Finally Jeff nodded. "I don't see a problem."

Gordon jumped to his feet. "Great! Thanks, Dad!"

Jeff pointed to his son. "Just stay out of trouble, do you hear me?" he said sternly.

"Me? Get into trouble?" He batted his eyes innocently. "Gotta go and email the guys back, then get to Four. Thanks again!" With a jaunty wave, Gordon dashed from the room.

Dianne waited until he was gone before turning to her husband. "I'll bet you a dollar that boy gets

into some sort of mischief."

Jeff shook his head and turned back to his work. "No bet. You'd win too easily."

---