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Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:10:00 GMT

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Thursday, November 8, 1:45 p.m., Tracy Island

"Let me read this again, and see if it sounds right," Jeff said, adjusting his reading glasses.

"Sure, Dad." Gordon was fidgeting a bit; he was supposed to be down in the vehicle repair bay, helping Brains and Will with Seven's cab. It had been difficult at first; his memories of the old cabin were still lingering. But it was therapeutic in a way now. He knew he was building something that would make sure that what happened before wouldn't happen again, and that made him feel good.

"Wanted: Marine specialist. Experience in piloting and navigating above-sea and/or sub-aqua craft, especially hydrofoils, required. Diving master and diving instructor certification a must. Prefer military training and experience, but will consider civilian training as well." Jeff read through it quickly, tweaking a word or two as he did.

Gordon shook his head. "I dunno, Dad. It still sounds so... like us, if you know what I mean. After that business with the EMT letter that Dom got, you know that the World Gov is looking for us. This would be a huge red flag, in my opinion."

"So, what do you think we should do? Do you have any other ideas?" Jeff sounded frustrated.

Gordon came behind the desk and nudged his father. "Let me at it." Jeff rose, shaking his head, while Gordon cracked his knuckles and sat up straight.

Ten minutes later, Gordon called to his father, who had been standing by the windows, looking out over the pool. "I think I have it."

Jeff strode over, while Gordon read his version aloud. "Wanted: Experienced helmsman for marine product testing. Multi-year experience needed in piloting hydrofoils and other marine craft. Current SCUBA dive instructor certification required; dive master certification a plus. Must be fluent in English, and willing to relocate." He glanced up at his father, who had joined him at the computer. "How does that sound?"

Jeff reached out. "Let's reword this last bit a little: 'English fluency necessary; ability to speak other languages a plus. Flexibility and willingness to relocate a must.'" He glanced at Gordon. "I'll agree it sounds less... military, and the business about the 'product testing' may put off any suspicions." He shook his head. "But I really want someone with military experience."

"Dad, can't we put a bug in the ear of whoever will be handling this in Human Resources?" Gordon asked. "They can fast track anyone with the military background and save the civilians for later."

"You're right; they can." Jeff now nudged Gordon out of his seat. "I'm tempted to have this go out of San Diego, seeing as that's where our main marine facility is, but I think Honolulu is better." He

sighed. "Besides, this will be going out through the in-house listings, and I don't want to rub it in Brandon's face if I can help it. A change of venue might help ease things there."

"How do you think he'll explain his return to his old job?" Gordon asked, folding his arms.

"How would you? He was needed back home to care for his parents, and transferred back." Jeff was tweaking up the ad a touch more. "It's not hard to understand."

"No, I suppose not."

"There!" Jeff stopped typing with a flourish. "Now let's see what we've got."

"Wanted: Experienced helmsman for marine product testing. Multi-year experience needed in piloting hydrofoils and other marine craft. Current SCUBA dive instructor certification required; other undersea diving experience a plus. English fluency necessary; ability to speak other languages an asset. Flexibility and willingness to relocate a must. Contact Human Resources, Tracy Industries, Honolulu, HI, USA." Gordon finished reading and nodded. "Looks good."

"And I'll give our agent in Human Resources a heads up on the military experience preference." Jeff tapped a few keys. "There. Sent. I know Human Resources will spiffy it up a bit; they usually do."

"I always wondered how we were managing to get the word out about IR's needs," Gordon said, grinning. "So, we have an agent in Human Resources?"

"More than one, actually," Jeff replied. "I knew the day would come when we'd have to expand -- and I put these folks in place to help me evaluate possible operatives." He shook his head. "I just didn't think we'd need them as quickly as we did."

"You thought we could go longer with just us?" Gordon was frowning, and he folded his arms.

"I hoped we could, son." Jeff took in a deep breath through his nose, letting it out in a sigh. "But... the time came sooner rather than later. And a good thing, too. It didn't take losing one of you to make me realize it."

Gordon echoed his father's sigh, only louder. "Yeah, you're right. We had a few close calls, but..." He shifted his stance, dropping his arms, and with them, his melancholy air. He put a hand on Jeff's shoulder. "Thanks, Dad, for not waiting too long."

"Well, the old man knows what he's doing once in a while," Jeff said with a wry smile. "Now, you'd better get back down to the repair bay. Dianne's been itching to get into the simulator and you've got to get the bugs out of the software before she can."

"F-A-B!" Gordon gave his father a jaunty salute as he headed back across the room. "Let me know when we get our first candidates!"

"I will, Gordon, I will!"

Gordon disappeared through the study, and Jeff could hear the door to the hallway swish open and shut. Then Jeff got up and stretched, sauntering over to the windows again. The day was bright, and he knew that the children would soon be out of classes. "Maybe I have time for a swim today," he murmured.

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