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Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:11:37 GMT

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Bozeman, Montana, Friday November, 9th, a little after 5:00 AM...

The plane landed on the runway with a soft bump, and began taxiing towards the terminal. Luke waited until it had stopped and let all the other passengers off before getting up. He groaned and stretched his arms over his head. "Well, boy, we're here." Rommel sat up, his tail thumping against his master's leg. Luke scratched the dog's head and glanced at his watch. "Man, I hate the date line. We're here before we left!"

They had traveled with Gordon as far as Honolulu where Luke and Rommel had then transferred to a commercial flight to Los Angeles and then on to Montana. The plane wasn't as comfortable and roomy as the Tracy's private jet, but traveling with the dog had some advantages. Luke was able to get a front row seat so he could at least stretch his long legs.

He grabbed his backpack from the overhead bin, thanked the flight crew, and together he and Rommel made their way off the plane, into the airport.

"Luke! Over here, son!" He turned and spied his father waving at him. Rom's ears shot up and he let out a low "woof" as they walked over.

"Dad!" Luke said, pulling his father into a hug. "It's great to see you!"

"You too, son," Richard told him. He eyed his son critically. "Nice tan you've got going there."

Luke laughed. "I've been working in Hawaii for the last few weeks. Hard not to get tan. And thanks for picking me up so early. The time change kills me." He yawned.

Richard draped his arm around his son's shoulders. "Not a problem. Let's get your stuff."

Forty-five minutes later, Luke and his father had gathered all the luggage and were walking out to the car. As they hit the outside, Luke let out a gasp. "Damn, it's cold! I'm not used to this anymore!" he said, pulling up the zipper on his coat. They quickly got into Roger's jeep, Rommel hopping into the back seat. Roger cranked the heat and within minutes, warmth spread throughout the vehicle. Luke closed his eyes and sighed in relief.

"You've gotten spoiled, son," Roger told him.

"Yeah, I have," Luke replied. He yawned again. "Sorry, Dad, I can't keep my eyes open. It's been a long day."

"And it's only six in the morning!"

Luke groaned. "Don't remind me. My internal clock is way off."

"We'll be home soon. Your brother isn't coming until this afternoon, so there'll be plenty of time for

you to catch a nap. If you can get away from your mother, that is."

He laughed. "She excited to see me or Rom?"

"I don't think you want me to answer that question."

They continued driving, chatting comfortably, heading towards home.

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