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Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:12:24 GMT

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[size=2]Saturday November 10th, Honolulu Hawaii, around 11 am...

Gordon walked through the hotel lobby, heading for the pool. He stepped out onto the patio and smiled, then tossed his towel on a nearby chair. Walking over to the diving board, he gathered himself and dove off. He surfaced midway down the pool and swam cleanly through the water.

"Yo, Tracy!"

Gordon paused, mid-stride, and looked around.

"Over here!!"

He spied a tall blond waving to him from the opposite end of the patio. He hoisted himself out of the water and hurried over.

"Mike!!!" He grabbed his friend in a bear hug.

"Dude! I'm not in dressed for the water!" The young WASP officer, Mike Perkins, grinned.

"You won't melt. How've you been?"

"Pretty good. How about you? Still hanging out on that island of yours?"

"Yeah. This is just a vacation," Gordon said, grabbing his towel and drying off. "Where are the rest of the guys?"

"Inside at the restaurant. They sent me out to get you," Mike replied.

"You mean Pat sent you!" Both men laughed and went out one of the gates that led to the hotel bar.

Mike led Gordon to a table near the back. "I found him. In the pool. Big surprise there!"

"Ha-ha." Gordon stepped forward. "Cap! Good to see you!" he said to a tall, dark haired man.

Captain Patrick Murphy stepped forward and shook Gordon's hand before hugging him. He was only a couple of years older than the others, and over the course of serving together, had grown close to this group of young men, often spending his leave time with them. "How are you, Lieutenant?"

"Not too bad, sir. Keeping out of trouble anyway." He glanced at the others gathered around the table. "Which is more than I can say for this motley crew."

"Hey, you're included right there with us! Glad you could make it, Gordon." Another former

ship-mate, Ernie Dunning, took over Pat's place. "Still swimming, huh? Aiming for another Olympics?"

Gordon chuckled and shook his head. "Not at the moment. I've got enough going on in my life for the time being."

Lieutenant Jerry Yankowski raised his beer glass. "I hear ya. Living on your own island must be really rough!"

They all broke out laughing and gathered around the table. "Man, it's been too long," Gordon mused as he looked over his friends. "What, a year or so since the last time we all got together?"

"Yeah, I think so," Mike said. "Though Cap'n here couldn't make it the last time."

Pat raised an eyebrow at his friend. "Some of us do have to work, you know."

"Or pretend to, anyway," Mike quipped back.

Gordon waved a waitress over and ordered fruit drinks and appetizers for everyone. "So, what do you guys want to do while we're here? Not just bar cruise, I hope."

Ernie shook his head. "Nah, we're not cadets anymore; let's really do something."

"What about an island tour? There's a place across from Pearl that does air tours. They run a SCUBA shop too, so we could see if there's any dive boats open," Jerry said.

The others nodded. "Works for me," Gordon said. "Are you all staying on base?"

"Well, Jer and I are," Ernie told them. "The Cap here and Mikey managed to get full off-base passes."

"I had my people call his people," Mike said with a grin.

"The only people you have tend to run when they see you," Jerry threw back and they all laughed again.

"What that really means is that Mike and I are free to stay on base or choose other accommodations," Pat told him.

"Well, you're welcome to crash here with me. Plenty of room. I rented a car for the weekend, too," Gordon said.

"Great idea, Tracy!" Mike threw his arm around his friend's shoulders. "We can head over to the beach and--"

"I don't think I want to hear this," Ernie muttered.

"You'd better stay with them, Cap," Jerry said, turning to Pat. "Someone has to keep them out of

the brig."

"Ernie, you wound me." Mike pressed one hand to his chest, the other to his forehead.

"I'd like to," Ernie retorted.

"So, we'll meet at the dive shop tomorrow?" Gordon asked. "Around nine-ish?"

Jerry nodded. "Sounds good. I'll call and set us up on a tour. It's called 'Blue Waters Dive Shop' over on Ewa Beach. You can't miss it."

"Great." They all looked up as the waitress brought their drinks and food. After she left, Gordon raised his glass and took a sip, then leaned back with a wide grin. "So, fellas, tell me what you've been up to."

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