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Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:12:54 GMT

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5 p.m. Hawaii, 4 p.m TI . . .

Vince stood off to the side in the hangar at the private air field not far outside of Ewa Beach. He was supervising the work Aaron was doing on the engine of the floatplane. Though he had been more hands on in the beginning of the project, now that the bulk of the work was done, he was allowing Aaron to do the actual work and giving his son more guidance than anything else. This was after all Aaron's plane and he didn't want to completely take over the project.

"That should do it," Aaron said, putting the tools he been using back into the toolbox.

"Go ahead and see if she starts," Vince told him, picking up the toolbox and moving further away from the plane.

Aaron climbed up into the cockpit of the plane. A few moments later the plane's engine came to life. Vince knew the grin on his face was as big as his son's. Aaron shut the engine down again and climbed from the cockpit.

"I'll get Jack to look it over for us, but we should be able to take her up for her first flight sometime next week," Vince told his son, clapping him on the shoulder.

"Yeah, first and maybe last," Aaron said, his smile fading.

"Now what's that supposed to mean."

"Well, what if you get a job somewhere where we can't take the plane. There wasn't much point is restoring it in that case."

"No matter what, we've got the time we shared restoring this plane together for our efforts. That's something isn't it?"

"Yeah," Aaron said. "It's just... I don't know, I guess with you not in the service any more I thought we wouldn't have to move again." Aaron paused, thinking of how to phrase what he was feeling inside. "And I know I probably shouldn't care too much, as I'll be going away to college in less than a year but well, this place feels like home. Going away scares me some and knowing I had our home here to come back to makes that idea a little less frightening. I was also hoping that Lea wouldn't have to go through all the moves that I did growing up."

Vince sighed as he led his son toward the hangar's open door. Vince sat down on the edge of the cement outside the hangar, motioning for his son to sit down beside him.

"I know that moving around while you were growing up couldn't have been easy. It wasn't for me. The things that I took most comfort in though was knowing that wherever we were living at least we were together. I hated the times when my Dad wasn't stationed at a base and I know you did too when I was away. I still have every letter you ever wrote me."

Aaron smiled and looked down at the ground, slightly embarrassed. He had written his Dad quite a few letters even when he was little and 'I miss you Daddy' was about the only thing he could write.

"I've enjoyed being around more these past three years."

"Then why change jobs? Keep running the shop!"

"I need a change, son. Someday I'm sure you'll understand this better but for now let me put it to you simply. I'm not happy with where I'm at with my career right now. I need something more. Your mother and I have discussed this. We know it isn't great timing for you, that you'll miss the friends you made here but there is also Lea to consider. She's at the age where we'd like to get her involved in activities with kids her own age. Your mother and I feel that it would be better to relocate before doing that then to get her involved in activities and then turn around and uproot her."

"What about my birthday party?" Aaron asked. His eighteenth birthday was in February and plans for a luau to celebrate had already been started. Aaron's swim team as well as a couple of other friends were on the guest list as well as some family and friends.

"You can still have it. Your grandparents are looking forward to it. I can't promise I'll be able to get time off, though I will try, but there is no reason your mother, sister and you can't come back."

Aaron sighed. He still didn't like the idea of moving. Still, if his Dad wasn't happy at the shop then maybe it would be better for the family.

"I guess the important thing is for us to be together," Aaron finally said, sullenly. Depending on when they moved, he'd miss several surf competitions. Then there was the swim team. They were doing well this season. He'd miss being a part of their success. And last but not least, he was going to miss his friends. Sure, they would all be going their separate ways come June but he hadn't expected to be saying good-bye before then.

Maybe, they'll let me stay with Grandma and Grandpa, Aaron thought. He dismissed the idea immediately. As much as he loved his grandparents he knew he'd miss his parents and Lea more.

"Look, Aaron, I can understand you being upset about this but I need you to try and make the best of it. Hopefully, they'll be another swim team you can join and if it's at all possible, we'll make arrangements to move your plane to wherever we settle. Who knows, we may not even leave Hawaii," Vince said, thinking of the application he had put in at the institute in Maui.

The teen nodded. "I'll try," Aaron told his father. "We might want to finish up here and head home before Grandma comes looking for us. You know she hates it when people are late for dinner," he added not wanting to discuss the topic further right then.

"You're right," Vince said, thinking of his fiery mother-in-law.

Father and son got to their feet and headed into the hangar to secure things before leaving.

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