
Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:14:02 GMT

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Sunday, November 11th, morning, Tracy Island(Saturday, November 10th, morning, Oahu, Hawaii)

Gordon eased the rental car into a parking spot underneath a sign reading "Blue Waters Dive Shop".

"About time we get here. Tracy, you drive like an old woman," Mike quipped from the backseat.

"Yeah? Well, at least I don't dress like one," Gordon shot back with a grin.

"Don't you two start, you hear me?" Pat ordered as he got out of the car.

"Aww, somebody's grumpy," Mike said, stepping out and looking around. "Man, Jerry was right. This place is sweet!"

Gordon walked to the front of the car and followed his friend's gaze. The shop was moderately sized, the front being made up of two large windows filled with diving and snorkeling equipment. The cement walls were painted an azure blue, the same color as the water off the dock. There was a large mural on one side, consisting of various ocean life, whales, dolphins, and fish. Virgil would appreciate that, Gordon thought to himself.

They spied a man, with curly dark hair, waving from near the windows. "There's Jerry. He and Ernie beat us here," Pat said, quickly walking towards the shop.

Mike nudged Gordon. "I say we throw him off the dock."

Gordon laughed. "He's just being a good captain. C'mon." They all made their way to the shop and stepped inside.

There were several other customers in the store. A man in his early twenties was helping two middle-aged men out by the display of wetsuits. A teenager was standing behind the register, ringing up some purchases. A blond-haired guy was talking to a gentleman and his wife, two kids close by.

At the sound of the door chime, the blond looked toward the group that just walked in. The Blue Waters logo was emblazoned on his polo shirt.

"Hello, may I help you?"

Jerry stepped a little bit in front of the others. "Yeah, my name is Jerry Yankowski. I set up an air tour for my friends and I earlier this week."

"Of course. We've been waiting on you guys, actually. I'm Vince Crenshaw, owner and tour guide for this morning. This is Mr. and Mrs. Johnson. They'll be joining us for the tour today."

"Great," Jerry replied. "Are we ready to go, or do we have time to look around for a bit?"

"Why don't you take a few moments to look around, while I go pull the van around to the front. I'll drive everyone down to the plane. If you'll excuse me," Vince replied, nodding to both Jerry and Mr. Johnson. He headed toward the rear exit of the shop, calling out to Jim that he was leaving as he did so.

Gordon meandered over to the rack containing the diving masks. He eyed the price tag on one and nodded thoughtfully.

"See something you like, rich-boy?" Ernie teased.

Gordon grinned up at the blond. "As a matter of fact I do. I left my mask at home and need a new one. The prices are pretty good."

Jerry walked over to them. "It's more than pretty good; this is top of the line stuff."

"I can see that." Gordon looked up and scanned the shop. The equipment was displayed neatly and aesthetically, giving the shop an efficient yet friendly atmosphere. "You know, if you guys were serious about going for a dive, this is the place to get gear."

"Guy probably has some good spots earmarked, too," Pat added. "Want me to ask?"

"No, I'll do it," Gordon replied.

"Then you're paying!" Mike called out as the others chuckled.

Gordon didn't answer, but walked over to the counter and waited for the owner to return.

Having finished with the customer he had been helping, Aaron turned to the copper-haired man standing nearby. There was something familiar about him, but the teen couldn't quite put his finger on it.

"First time on Oahu?" Aaron asked. Making small talk with the customers had been one of the first lessons he had learned when he started helping out at the shop.

Gordon smiled. "No, I used to be stationed here during my WASP days." He glanced around here. "Nice place you have here."

"Thanks! My Dad will be happy to hear that; he's the shop owner," Aaron told him. "You used to serve in WASP? That's cool. Dad used to be Navy and I'm hoping to join the Air Force myself."

Gordon shook his head good naturedly. "You own a dive shop like this and you want to go Air Force? Kids nowadays..."

"Hey, stop heckling the help!" Mike walked over to lean on the counter. "Well, can they help us out?"

"Haven't asked yet. We were wondering if you had any equipment available for this afternoon, and could give us some good places to go. We're thinking of SCUBA, but snorkeling would be fine too," Gordon said.

"And he'd like to take that mask," Mike added, pointing. Gordon nudged him in the ribs.

"That's a good dive mask. Own one myself," Aaron replied. He turned around and logged onto the computer. "The SCUBA equipment shouldn't be a problem. I'll have to check if there is a boat available, as we only have three," he told him. "Would you need a guide or would you want to take the boat out on your own?"

Gordon looked over at his friends. "We could take it ourselves. That shouldn't be a problem."

Pat joined them at the counter. "No, not at all."

"OK, renting a boat and equipment, if you have it available."

Aaron turned from the computer. "We've got a boat available at two thirty, is that okay?"

Gordon looked over at his former captain. Pat nodded his assent and Gordon handed Aaron his credit card. "We'll take it," he said as Aaron took the credit card from him.

"I'll also need to see SCUBA certification from everyone in the group," he said almost apologetically, feeling weird requesting the proof from WASP officers. "Standard procedure," Aaron added as the wind chime rang gently. Aaron looked up to see his father walk back inside.

"Is everyone ready?" Vince asked addressing those who were going on the air tour.

"We will be in a second," Pat answered for his group, as he and his friends got out their certification cards. "We're just arranging to rent some equipment to do some diving this afternoon."

"Great. I'll get the others settled then and come join us as soon as you're through. Van's right out front."

Vince left the shop with the Johnsons as Aaron started checking out the certification cards. Ernie placed the mask Gordon was looking at on the counter as he handed the teenager his certification. When he was done, Aaron rang up the transaction on the register and swiped the credit card he had been given. As he looked at the name, the realization hit him.

"You're Gordon Tracy! You won Olympic gold in both the freestyle and butterfly! I'm a huge fan of yours!" Aaron shook his head. "Man, my friends on the swim team will die when they hear I got to meet you!"

Gordon blushed bright red and stammered something as Mike draped his arm over his shoulders. "See, Gordo, you're still famous!"

"Great. Terrific. Can we go now?" Uncomfortable, Gordon turned and headed outside.

Mike grinned at Aaron. "He's a bit shy. Thanks," he said as he took Gordon's credit card and followed his friends out.

Vince was standing by the open door of the van as the group walked out of the store. Gordon and his buddies climbed in, joining the Johnsons who were already occupying one seat of the van. The little boy was crying as they took their seats. Ernie, who was sitting in front of the boy, made a funny face and the boy's cries started dying down. Pat opened the front door and climbed in next to him, Mike and Jerry settling themselves in the way back.

His customers in the van, Vince shut the door and walked around to the driver's side. He climbed in behind the wheel and started heading for the dock where the plane was moored. He began to tell his customers a little about the plane they were going up in.

"Your son mentioned you were in the Navy. Are you sure you know how to fly a plane, what with the water being more your domain?" Gordon, sitting in the front, joked. His good humor was back now that he was out of the shop and away from Aaron's idolization.

Vince smiled slightly, not really amused. The guy didn't seem to take much seriously but as he was a paying customer, Vince wasn't about to criticize him.

"I was actually a Navy fighter pilot for two years before I was able to switch over to submarines," he replied.

"Really?" Gordon said, impressed. "My oldest brother was a pilot in the Air Force. He flew fighters, too. What made you decide to switch to subs?"

"Honestly, subs were my first choice but the Navy had more of a need for fighter pilots when I graduated. As I was flying planes in high school and they've always been a hobby of mine, that was my second choice. When the opportunity came up to switch over, I took it."

"That's cool," Gordon said. "We all served together on a sub, too. And in a bathyscaphe, doing some marine farming. Later, I did some work with hydrofoils." He shivered despite the warm air.

Pat placed a hand on his shoulder. "Easy, Gordo," he said quietly.

Gordon merely smiled, and turned his attention back out the front window as Vince began to speak again.

"I'll give you all more detail about the sights you'll be seeing while on our flight," Vince said, speaking to the entire group. The two kids were now both looking out the windows not paying attention to the shop owner at all. "We'll be taking off from Mamala Bay. We'll head south-east first, giving you a chance to see Pearl Harbor from the air. Our path will take us across the Kaiwi Channel and over the island of Molokai."

"A bit of trivia for you, Hawaii is the only state in the US not to have a straight line in its border, as it's made up of several islands. This tour won't take you over the southern islands though Lani and

Maui will be seen when we fly over Molokai."

Vince parked the van in a parking spot near the dock, where several seaplanes were moored. As he lead the group down to the dock where his plane was, he continued. "Next, we'll head back north, over Oahu. I'll point out some of this island's more spectacular sights, which you may want to check out from the ground if you have the time. To our north-west are the islands of Kauai and Nihau which we'll fly over before landing. Any questions before we get on board?" he asked, glancing around the group. He saw several head go back and forth. When no one spoke up he added, "Then let's get started!"

They all boarded the plane, and a few minutes later the plane was moving across the surface of the water before soaring into the sky.

Gordon Goes Sightseeing by Lillehafrue and Icarus1982
