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Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:18:59 GMT

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Tracy Island, Tuesday November 13th, around noon...

Gordon smiled as he saw Tracy Island come into view. "JT-1 to Tracy Island. Requesting landing instructions."

A moment later his father's voice answered. "Tracy Island here. You're good to go. Welcome home, Gordon."

Gordon banked the jet, lining it up with the runway. A few minutes later, he was taxiing down the pavement. He brought the jet to a stop in the hangar and ran his post-flight check, then grabbing his bag, hurried out the door.

He made his way to the Villa and into his father's office. "Dad!"

Jeff looked up from his desk and smiled warmly. "Gordon, how was your trip?"

"Fantastic. It was great to see the guys again."

"Glad you had a good time." He glanced up at the clock. "And you're back just in time for lunch."

Gordon grinned. "Why do you think I planned it this way? I'm going to go put my stuff away. I'll see you in a few minutes." He made his way to his room. Once inside, he tossed his duffel bag on his bed and idly flipped on the light of his aquarium before going into the bathroom. In the doorway, he froze and turned slowly.

"What the hell?!" he exclaimed, rushing over to his tank. Instead of it being filled with his brightly colored fish and corals, it contained what looked like goldfish crackers floating in blue jello. He snarled and marched out the door.

He stalked into the kitchen, his expression mutinous. His grandmother looked up from the stove. "Gordon! You're back!"

Scott smiled from where he was sitting at the table. "Hey there, bro. How was your flight?"

"My flight was fine," Gordon growled.

Virgil waved from the counter. "Then why the grumpy face?"

Gordon ignored the question. "Who touched my fish?" he demanded.

"What fish, dear?" Emily replied.

"My aquarium. Someone messed with my fish." He glared at his brothers.

"No idea what you're talking about, Gords," Scott said as he picked up a morsel from the plate in front of him. "Sit down here with me and tell us all about it." He waited until Gordon was sitting across from him, then smiled. "Sushi?" He nudged the plate towards his brother.

"No," said Gordon, sulkily.

"More for me then," Scott said, popping another piece into his mouth. "Mmmm. Who'd ever thought clownfish could taste so good."

Gordon shook his head. "You can't make sushi out of clownfish. You... HEY!"

Scott smiled. "Yes?"

"My fish! You're eating my fish!!!"

"Oh, is that what this is?" Scott batted his eyes innocently.

Gordon snarled and leapt up, his fists clenched. "I'll kill you."

Jeff walked in at that moment. Spying his middle son, he frowned. "What is going on here?"

"Scott ate my fish!" Gordon shouted.

His elder brother shrugged. "Grandma probably has more. I don't know what he's getting so worked up about."

Over at the counter, Virgil choked back a laugh.

Gordon whirled. "You're in on it, too?!" he demanded.

Virgil sauntered over to stand next to Scott. "In on what, Gordon?"

"Someone want to explain this?" Jeff asked sitting down. "Scott, is that sushi?"

"It certainly is. Want some?" Scott pushed the plate over to his father.

"THAT IS NOT SUSHI! THOSE ARE MY FISH!!!" Gordon exploded.

Emily got another platter out of the refrigerator and set it on the table. "There's plenty, dear. Eat up." She patted Gordon on the shoulder.

Scott leaned forward, fearlessly meeting his brother's angry glare. "You want them back, you take down the pictures."

Gordon took a step back. "What pictures?"

"You know what pictures." His gaze didn't waver. "And I want all the copies, too."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Gordon said warily.

"I think you do."

Gordon was silent for a moment. "Wait a second, this is because of that? You already got me back with those crazy swimsuits."

Scott shook his head. "I had nothing to do with that. I merely helped Anna acquire them. That was all her doing. I want the pictures."

Gordon turned to his father. "Dad? Don't you have something to say about this?"

Jeff shrugged. "I think Scott summed it up rather nicely. I'd give him those pictures if I were you."

Gordon scowled. "Fine. Consider it done. Where'd you put my fish?"

Scott leaned back and shook his head. "Uh-uh. You think I'm that stupid? Pictures first, then you get your guppies back."

Gordon turned and marched out of the room, muttering under his breath. Virgil clapped his brother on the shoulder. "Nicely done, Scott. Man, did you see the expression on his face?"

"It's a sight I won't soon forget. They're right when they say revenge is a dish best served cold. And this sushi is cold!" They burst out laughing.

"Is this over now?" Jeff asked with a smile.

"It will be as soon as I check the website," Scott replied.

"Good." Jeff buried his nose in the newspaper.

Scott got to his feet. "C'mon, Virg, let's go make sure the little weasel makes good on his promise. See you later, Dad."

Emily watched them leave, shaking her head. "Those boys of yours make me glad I only had you!"

Jeff chuckled as he put down his paper. "Aw, Mom, I was a saint of a child."

His mother arched her eyebrow up. "Saint? Are we talking about the same boy who helped kidnap and paint the opposing school's mascot donkey blue?"

Jeff laughed. "That was a good time! And it wasn't a donkey, it was a mule." He shook his head. "But the boys don't need to hear about that," he warned her. "No use giving them any ideas."

Emily smiled, her expression eerily familiar to Scott's. "Then you'd best get up and help me with the dishes."

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