

---

Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:19:13 GMT

[View Forum Message](#) <> [Reply to Message](#)

---

Tuesday, November 13th, 1:00 p.m. Tracy Island ( Monday, November 12th, 2 p.m., Oahu, Hawaii)

Jim Mahina was sitting behind the counter of Blue Waters Dive Shop with the radio playing in the background. It was a typical Monday for the shop - slow. The last customers he had seen were the Noe twins, who were regular customers. The two brothers often stopped by to rent a boat and get air for their dive trips.

The phone rang. Jim turned the radio off and then picked up the phone. "Blue Waters Dive Shop. Jim speaking. How may I help you?"

"Hello. I'm looking for a Vincent Crenshaw," the voice on the other end said. Jim hadn't missed the slight pause before the name and figured that the man had consulted something.

"He's out of the shop right now, though he should be back shortly," Jim replied, glancing at the clock. The local schools were off for teacher conferences and Vince had taken the opportunity to schedule a dive for his dive class from the Ewa Beach YMCA. It was the class's second trip, and they had been excited. His boss had said to expect them back sometime between two and two-thirty. "Can I take a message?"

"Yes. This is Sam Kent, Human Resources director for Tracy Industries. Can you have him call me back in reference to the application that he sent in."

While Mr. Kent was giving Jim the phone number, the shop worker heard voices from outside. Looking out the window, he saw the six teenagers from Vince's class making their way up from the dock.

"Excuse me, sir," Jim said interrupting the man on the phone. "Vince has just got back. If you'll hold on for a minute I can have him on the phone."

"That's fine. Thank-you."

Jim put the phone on hold and picked up the two way radio off of the counter. "Hey, Vince, you read me?" Jim asked, hoping his boss had the radio turned on again. The two-ways only worked in the area around the shop but all of them almost always carried them when they were on duty.

"Yeah, Jim. I read you. What's up?"

"You've got a phone call here at the shop. It's from Tracy Industries."

"Okay. I'll pick it up on the phone in the boathouse. Keep an eye on the kids, will you?"

"You got it, Boss," Jim said, clipping the radio to his belt and heading outside to deal with the returning dive class. The teens all had shop equipment which would need taken care of. Vince

required the kids in his class to do the after use maintenance on the equipment as part of their education.

Down by the water, Vince placed the gear he was carrying on the dock and headed for the boathouse. He made his way to the desk and picked up the phone to answer the call on hold. "Blue Waters Dive Shop. Vincent Crenshaw speaking."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Crenshaw. I'm glad I caught you. I'm Sam Kent, Human Resources Director for Tracy Industries in Honolulu. I'm calling about the resume you sent in for the Marine Specialist position. From your resume it looks like you have all the qualifications that we're looking for. I'd like for you to come in for a preliminary interview if you're still interested in the position."

"Yeah, I'm still interested. When do you want me to come in for the interview?"

"Well, we'd like to fill the position as soon as possible so preferably sometime this week if you can make it?"

"I'd be free anytime Wednesday," Vince told him, as the shop was closed on Wednesday. There just wasn't enough business to justify keeping the shop open on that day though he and Jim did take groups out on dive trips from time to time. Nothing was scheduled for this Wednesday though.

"Great. How about ten a.m., then?"

"That's fine."

"Great. I look forward to meeting you. Good-bye."

"Good-bye Mr. Kent," Vince said before hanging up the phone. He quickly made a note of the appointment on the calendar on his cell phone before leaving the boathouse to catch up with his class.

---