
Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:20:15 GMT

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Tuesday, November 13 mid-morning/noon, Tracy Island

Oh, man! Oh, wow!

For goodness' sake, Jenny, she said to herself, calm down. You're only working as a housekeeper and doing the cooking.

But I'm helping International Rescue!

She peered out of the window at the sea far below, each moment bringing her closer to the island where she was to work.

She'd got the job!

I can't believe it. When I applied for that job, I never expected this!

Her mind flew back to the incident a few days ago.

*****Flashback*****

Mr Tracy had called her to his offices in Sydney. He was unable to meet her in person, so Kyrano had met her instead. In a private office he informed her that Mr Tracy was offering the job of housekeeper/chef to her, and showed her the contract. She read it carefully. The terms stated that if she took the job, she could not leave it for a year. That was fine - or maybe not. What about Wendy and her baby?

But then, this was a job she felt she'd enjoy. She doubted it would be very stressful, (although she sensed that Emily Tracy didn't entirely approve of her) and she'd be working in such a lovely location, it seemed a pity to pass up such a chance. Quite probably she'd never have an opportunity like this again. She reached for a pen.

"Um, there's something I have to ask about first," she said, remembering Hiss and laying down the pen. "I own a carpet python. Would he be able to come with me, or not?"

Kyrano looked surprised. "Well, I am not exactly sure what Mr Tracy would say to that. There are people on the island who are frightened of snakes. I shall call him and find out what he thinks. He intended to speak to you anyway."

He picked up a vidphone and dialled a number. Jenny held her breath anxiously as she waited.

"Mr Tracy? This is Kyrano."

"Ah, Kyrano. Is Miss Finch there also?"

"Yes, I am with her now. She tells me that she owns a carpet python, and would like to bring it with her to the island, if you permit her to do so."

Mr Tracy's voice could be heard clearly in the room. "Well, there are people on the island who are afraid of snakes. But if she kept it in a safe place where it couldn't get out, I don't see any problem."

Jenny looked relieved. Kyrano gestured her to come closer.

"There is also something else which I need to speak to you about," Jeff Tracy continued. "I must insist you never to tell anyone about what I am going to tell you, for privacy and security reasons. Is that clear?"

Kyrano was looking very serious, and Mr Tracy's voice was quite stern.

Oh dear, I hope this is all right, she thought, as she answered, "Yes."

Mr Tracy's face peered at her from the vidphone. Apparently satisfied about something, he announced, "My family is International Rescue."

Jenny froze, stunned, her mouth slightly open.

"I hope you understand the implications of this knowledge."

"Yes, sir," Jenny answered soberly, recalling how much the media and others would pay for information like this. "I'd never betray you, sir," she added fervently.

Jeff Tracy smiled slightly. "I hope not. Well, then. Welcome to the island."

"Thank you, sir," she answered, reaching for the pen again.

Kyrano spoke a little while longer, then turned his phone off.

Jenny rose, extending the signed contract, suddenly aware that her palms were sweating.

"Here's the contract, Mr Kyrano. I've signed it."

Kyrano smiled slowly. "Thank you. And welcome, Miss Finch."

*****End of flashback*****

"Nearly there, ma'am," a voice came through on the intercomm.

Jenny straightened herself and glanced at Hiss in his travelling container. She'd bought him a new container for living in, where the temperature and humidity were regulated. A big cooler filled with frozen mice and rats stood in the far corner, enough to last a couple of months.

"We're nearly there, Hiss," she whispered, "nearly there."
