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Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:29:18 GMT

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Thursday, November 15, just before 10 a.m. Oahu, HI(9 a.m. Tracy Island)

Vincent Crenshaw stepped off the elevator on the second floor of the Tracy Industries building in Honolulu. Following the receptionist's instructions, he turned left, checking the door plates for the Human Resources office. It didn't take him long to reach it. Opening the door, he stepped inside and held the door for a gentleman on his way out.

"Vince, is that you?" the gentleman exclaimed as he drew near.

Vince took a good look at the man, trying to place him. It didn't take him long. "Eddie! This is the last place I thought I would run into you. I thought you were still stationed at Ingleside?"

Vince took a few more steps further inside the office and let the door shut behind him.

"I am, at least until the end of this month. I've decided to retire when my current contract is up. I got a pass to come on this job interview, which I assume is the reason you're here."

"Yeah," Vince said with a shrug. "I've decided it's time for another career change."

"Seems like no matter where life takes us, I'm destined to be competing against you. How are Lana and the kids?"

"Doing well. Lana's started writing again. Aaron's waiting to hear about acceptance to the Air Force Academy."

"Couldn't convince him to go Navy, huh?" Eddie commented, giving his old buddy a wink.

"Didn't even try. I want him to do what he wants to do, not just follow in my footsteps."

"Well, I don't want to make you late for your interview. Stay in touch, man."

"I will. It was good to see you," Vince replied, shaking hands with Eddie.

As his friend left the office, Vince walked up to the secretary and let her know who he was. She told him to have a seat. It wasn't long before she was telling him that Mr. Kent was ready to see him. He stood up and headed to the door she indicated.

"Come in," came the reply to his knock. Vince turned the knob and walked into the office. The man behind the desk stood up as he entered. "Mr. Crenshaw, good morning! I'm Sam Kent," he said, holding out his hand.

"Glad to meet you," Vince replied, shaking Mr. Kent's outstretched hand.

"Please, have a seat and let's get started," Sam said, indicating the chair across the desk from

him. He sat down and glanced down at the file before him before looking back up. "Your resume says your current place of employment is Blue Waters Dive Shop. What kind of activities do your responsibilities there currently involve?"

"I've owned the shop for a little over three years now. Besides selling and renting dive equipment, we also take group outs on dive trips and air tours. As a certified dive instructor, I handle the classes we do for beginners as well as take some of the groups out," Vince told him, shifting his weight in the chair a little as he tried to get comfortable. "I also take some of the groups up for the air tours."

"How long have you been a dive instructor?" Sam asked, looking up from the file on his desk.

"I've been a dive instructor for about eight years. I received my instruction as part of my training in the Navy SEAL training."

Sam nodded, writing notes on the pad of paper sitting on the desk. As Vince had mentioned his training with the SEALs, the HR director chose to ask the question he had about that training now. "What other skills did you have instruction for during the Professional Development Phase of SEAL Platoon Training?"

Vince paused a moment, thinking about what courses he had taken during that part of his training. "Along with Diving Supervisor, I participated in Leadership School, Advanced Weapons Training, Advanced Climbing/Rope Skills, Advanced Special Operations and Sniper Training."

Sam made a note of the specific training areas, knowing the information would be of interest to Mr. Tracy should Vincent Crenshaw make it to the second interview. Taking another glance at his list of questions, the interviewer looked back to Vince. "What specific marine vehicles have you had experience with?"

Again, Vince thought back to his Navy days, trying to recall what vehicles he had operated in his almost eleven years of service. The interview continued. Vince found some of the questions harder to answer than others but none of the questions were unexpected. Then came a question that caught him a bit off guard.

"If you were an animal, what animal would you be and why?"

Getting over his surprise, the dive shop owner thought the question over. "I guess if I were an animal I'd like to be a dolphin. They're intelligent, friendly, very loyal and protective of members of their pod. They aren't aggressive but can hold their own in a fight if they have to."

"That's an answer I have heard before," Mr. Kent said, making his notes. The interviewer looked up from the paper and across the desk to Vince. "Well, Mr. Crenshaw, that's all the questions I have for today. Is there anything you would like to ask?"

"Well, the ad mentioned relocating. Exactly where would I be relocating to?"

"Well, Tracy Industries has several marine facilities, like our facility here in Honolulu. If you were to take this position, you would be working from our facility in Christchurch, NZ. Being in a

different country isn't a problem, is it?"

"No. My wife and I just want a place where the whole family can be nearby," Vince replied. He and Lana had a conversation about relocating before sending in an application for a research position in Australia.

"That's good to know," the interviewer replied.

Vince asked a couple more questions pertaining to health insurance and other benefits related to taking a position with Tracy Industries. Afterwards, Mr. Kent thanked him for coming and the two shook hands before Vince left.

That went pretty well, Vince thought as he made his way to his car.

Confident that he had made a good impression, he started his drive back around Pearl, to spend the rest of his day off with his family.