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Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:29:54 GMT

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Tracy Island, 10:00 am, (2:00 pm previous day, Billings, Montana)...

Scott read the report in front of him and paused to enter some data into the computer. He sat at his father's desk, doing paperwork. Hmmm, productivity is up at the Kabul and Istanbul plants, but down in Seoul. We should send someone to look things over. He made a mental note to speak to his father, and moved onto the next task.

The ringing of the phone startled him and he looked at it in surprise. Checking the caller ID, he smiled and answered. "Hey, Luke. How're things in the States?"

"Hello?"

Scott frowned. That wasn't Luke's voice. "Who is this?"

"My name is Roger Morel. I'm Luke Morel's brother. I found this number in his cell phone."

"This is Scott Tracy. Can I help you with something?" He shuffled his papers into a pile.

There was a brief pause. "I'm calling for Luke. There's been an accident."

Scott turned his entire attention to the phone. "What kind of accident?"

"He...my brother was shot."

"Shot?! What happened? Is he all right?"

"We're not sure yet. He's back in surgery." Roger sighed. "We were out hunting and Luke got hit by a stray shot. There were a group of drunks out fooling around. They were just firing at random." He took a shuddering breath. "Luke was hit in the back. We had to have him med-evaced out by helicopter."

"Where is he now?" Scott asked, grabbing a pen and paper.

"St. Vincent's Healthcare Trauma Center in Billings."

"How is he?" Scott asked, dreading the answer.

"Stable, for the moment, though he hasn't regained consciousness. Luckily the bullet ricocheted off some rocks before hitting him. It went through his back, puncturing his right lung, bounced off his sternum and lodged near his heart."

"My God!"

"They had to crack his chest to remove it. He's back in the operating room now, having the lung

repaired. When he gets out, he'll be on a breathing tube and they don't expect him to wake for at least another day or so." Roger's voice cracked.

"Is there anything you or your family need?" Scott asked, scribbling down the information.

"I don't think so. We're just waiting. And praying," Roger replied.

"We'll be doing the same. What about the men who shot him?"

"They're in custody. The sheriff's department picked them up a couple of hours later. They didn't even realize what they had done." Roger sounded bitter. "They ran tests on their guns and confirmed the rifle that shot Luke."

Scott swore to himself. "Please, do not hesitate to call us with any change in Luke's condition. Any time of the day or night. We'll be sending someone shortly," Scott told him.

"Thank-you, Mr. Tracy, but that's not necessary."

"It's Scott, and I know it's not. But we're doing it anyway. Are you sure you don't need anything?" Scott asked again.

"No, we're just waiting. The rest is up to Luke."

"He's a strong man, he'll pull through this." Scott tried to sound convincing.

"I hope so. I'd better get back to my family."

"Take care of yourself, Roger. And take care of Luke, too." Scott signed off. He ran his hand over his face, then got up and went in search of his father.

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