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Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:34:52 GMT

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Friday, November 16th, after breakfast, Tracy Island

Cassie headed down to the hangar for her rescheduled flight lesson, thankful that she felt better. The tears had finally come last night as she'd waited for sleep to claim her. As a result, she had awakened this morning with a headache and a groggy feeling. Resisting the urge to just ignore her alarm clock, she had climbed out of bed. The shower had helped to wake her up and the ibuprofen had started to work on her headache.

Scott was already waiting for her as she walked in.

"Good morning," he greeted her. "Are you ready to get started?" he asked after she had greeted him.

Cassie nodded. Scott hung back so he could observe as Cassie began pre-flight checks. It didn't take long for him to realize the young woman didn't seem to have her whole concentration on the task at hand. After pointing out that she had skipped something, he decided to speak up. His father's words about dealing with any fallout came to mind as he spoke up.

"I know you know all this stuff; so what's wrong?"

Hopefully talking things out will help ground her and I won't need to cancel this lesson, Scott thought. He knew that continuing with training and maintaining other day-to-day activities was important for all of them and they never knew when a call might come in.

Cassie sighed. "I guess my mind is partly somewhere else," she replied without turning to face her instructor.

"Montana?"

Cassie nodded. "And New York City."

"Have you talked to anyone? Called home maybe?"

Not wanting to continue the conversation with her back toward him, Cassie turned before answering. "Elise and Callie stopped by to see how I was doing last night. As for calling home ..." Cassie paused, trying to decide how to phrase what she wanted to say. "The only person I really want to talk to is my younger brother, Mark, but I don't feel I can. I'm afraid that if I call him, I might let something slip that would threaten IR security."

"I'm not sure I understand," Scott said, frowning slightly.

"Well, I only know about Luke's accident because I'm here. His family wouldn't know how to contact me even if it occurred to them to do so. I'm afraid that if Mark starts asking me for details, I'll slip and tell him something that I shouldn't. I need time to think things through before I talk to

him."

"Do you really think that's an issue? I'm sure your brother would just want to console you and make sure you're okay."

"You don't know my brother," she said with a shake of her head. "He can be way overprotective. He insisted on driving with me to the airport because he didn't trust the cabbie, Bernie, that Tracy Industries arranged to take me to the airport."

Scott smiled. "Yeah, well, Bernie's a character."

"Not to mention, his theory was that you guys were trying to kidnap me because of all the secrecy involving my travel plans. I can usually overlook it. Mark loves me and he means well, and I can be overprotective of him at times, too. Still, I can see him asking me when I found out, if I was going to go see Luke, and he'd probably want to come out and be with me."

With the plane behind her and Scott in front of her, Cassie suddenly started to feel trapped. She took some steps away from the plane as she continued, putting some more space between herself and Scott. "I can't deal with that right now, nor can I trust myself not to say something I shouldn't."

"It's a tough situation to be in," Scott said sympathetically, not sure if he should follow her or give her some space. Before he could figure out what to say next, Cassie spoke again.

"Part of me wants to fly to Montana to see him, but I feel as if I might be intruding on family time if I do that. Then there's a part of me that doesn't want to go. Doesn't want to see him like that. I bet that sounds strange. All the stuff I've seen on the streets as a paramedic and..."

Cassie's voice trailed off, her voice breaking. Reaching up, she wiped a few tears away.

Getting over his hesitation, Scott closed the distance between them. Stopping just behind Cassie, he gently rested a hand on her shoulder. Luke's your friend. No one wants to see someone they care about hurt."

He paused, waiting for a reaction from Cassie. She reached up to wipe away a few more tears. When she didn't say anything else, Scott continued.

"I know this can't be easy for you, but you're not alone here. We all need to help each other through this, but we also can't forget our responsibilities. Hard as it is, we need to go on with our day-to-day duties. We're here for you, Cassie, but we also need you here with us. Do you understand what I'm saying?"

"That you'd like me to pull myself together and do my job," Cassie replied, looking back over her shoulder at him. A half smile came to her face, softening the words.

"Well, yeah, though I'll understand if you want to reschedule this lesson again."

Cassie took a deep breath, and then turned to face Scott. "No, you're right. I've got a responsibility

to IR and the last thing Luke would want is for me to be moping around here."

"Ready to get back to work then?" Scott asked, nodding toward the plane.

"Yeah."

The two of them started back toward the plane. "If you really want to send a card to Luke, you could. If we make it look like its coming from LA, his family will just think you're a concerned co-worker sending get well wishes."

For the first time in the last twenty-four hours, things started to look a little brighter. "I didn't think of that," Cassie replied, as they came to a stop beside the plane. "Thanks, Scott," she said, giving him a hug.

Scott awkwardly patted her back. "Yeah, um, you're welcome," he managed to say, as Cassie took a step back. "Let's get to work."

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