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Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:37:44 GMT

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Friday, November 16, 4:00 p.m., Tracy Island

As the lift doors opened, Cassie stepped out onto the second floor of the Round House. Following the directions Cherie had given her, she turned left. She passed the first door, and came to a stop at the second. Reaching out, she hit the buzzer for the door.

"Come in," came Cherie's reply from inside the room.

Cassie walked into the room. Cherie was at a table set off to the one side of the room. Cassie looked around the room as she made her way in that direction. A couple of easels were set up off to one side, neither currently having anything on them. A storage unit was against the one wall. Next to it, the dark-haired woman noticed a blank canvas.

"Hi, Ms. Cassie," Cherie said, looking up from whatever she had been working on.

"Hi, Cherie. So, what did you come up with so far?" Cassie replied, as she reached Cherie's side.

"Well, I've picked out the pictures I plan on working from. I wanted to run them by you and make sure you like the view of each the objects that will be in the mural before I actually start working on the sketches. Thanks for getting the picture of your fire station for me."

"Not a problem. I wasn't sure how much luck you would have had finding a picture to work from on your own," Cassie replied. As it was, the former FDNY member had asked Janet to take a picture of the fire station and email it to her. "Let's see what you have."

Cherie showed Cassie the pictures she had chosen of the Queensboro Bridge, Belvedere Castle, and the Empire State Building. Cassie found herself liking all of the young artist's choices.

"I couldn't decide which view of the Statute of Liberty I liked better," Cherie said, placing two photos side by side. "I thought I'd just let you choose."

Cassie looked at the two photos. After a moment to consider the choice, she pointed to the one she liked better. Cherie nodded and added the picture to the pile with the other three as well as the photo of Cassie's former fire station she was working from. The second photo she set off to the side.

"Before you came in, I was working on coming up with a layout for the mural," Cherie said. She started placing the pictures down on the table in the layout she had liked best. When she was done, the photo of the fire station was in the center, with the other four objects placed as if they would form a square around the center photo if connected with lines.

Cassie looked down at the layout. The placement of the fire station in the center, gave Cassie the feeling as though that was the center of her world. While that would have been correct, not long ago, things had changed. She'd never forget her time at the 66; that was part of her past. She felt

the same way about what the Queensboro Bridge, Belvedere Castle, and the Empire State Building. They all represented the past to her. The fifth object, the Statue of Liberty, didn't.

Liberty. In a way that's what I gained by setting out on my own, Cassie thought.

"I think I'd prefer the Statue of Liberty and the fire station got switched," Cassie told Cherie. The teenager picked up the photos and swapped them. "Yeah, I like that better."

"Okay, Ms. Cassie," Cherie said, making note of the arrangement on a padd.

Cherie showed Cassie a sketch of the 66th precinct she had started, as well as the size of the canvas squares that would make up the mural before Cassie left the Round House and headed back to her apartment.

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