
Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:39:59 GMT

[View Forum Message](#) <> [Reply to Message](#)

*****Sunday, November 18, Thunderbird Five, 3:45 a.m. (9:45 a.m. Saturday, Nov. 17 in Cambridge, Massachusetts)*****

John had awakened to his alarm clock 15 minutes earlier and was already getting his breakfast together. One of his favorite days had arrived: "The Game," the annual get-together of the Harvard Crimson and Yale Bulldogs football teams. For him, it was the one time he could get on Scott's case if his brother's college team from Yale lost. He hoped the 185th meeting between the two schools would be as exciting as in years past.

This morning, though, his excitement was slightly subdued because of Luke's accident. However, he knew that Luke would've wanted him to enjoy the game, no matter the situation.

Just a few minutes before 4 a.m., he went to the main console and set the communications to send any call with key emergency words straight onto the screen in the lounge. He went to the lounge, turned on the TV, and tuned into the sports channel showing his game.

Throughout the length of the football game, Yale had tried hard to keep up with Harvard, but every time the Bulldogs would get closer, Harvard would score touchdowns.

Every time Harvard scored, John would yell, "Yeah! Go Crimson!" At one point he was so excited he nearly fell out of his seat.

By the time the fourth quarter came along, it was already 6:30. Harvard was well ahead of Yale by the score of 42-17. John smiled while he shook his head. "Unless Yale can do something, I'll get to rib poor Scott today."

Sure enough, Harvard held its ground and scored 14 more points before the game was over. "Yeah, that's it," he said excitedly. "Harvard's won it. Oh, I can't wait to give the news to Scott." He then realized something. "I didn't make a bet with him this year. Well, it's not like I can make him do anything from here anyway, so I'll just tell him Yale lost."

He turned off the TV and went back to his quarters, where Skitty was wide awake. "Good morning, buddy. Ready for some breakfast?"

After hearing the kitten's mew, he smiled and grabbed some cat food for him. When Skitty got his food, John went to the kitchen and grabbed a breakfast pack to heat up. "Well, my game's done, and I've got a long day ahead of me." He needed the energy to keep up with the calls coming in, him always on alert to any call that could possibly require International Rescue's services.
