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Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:40:48 GMT

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Sunday, November 18th, 2 p.m. (Previous day 3 p.m. Oahu, HI)

"I'll only be gone a few days, Poppet," Vince told his daughter, as he picked her up and gave her a hug.

"I'll miss you, Daddy," she replied, throwing her arms around his neck.

"Me too."

Vince put Lea down. After giving Lana a kiss, he picked his duffel bag up and placed the strap over one shoulder. As he turned to address his wife again, he saw that Lea had climbed up in her mother's lap.

"Tell Aaron I'll call later to see how the swim meet went and to find out what that letter's about," he told her, referring to the letter from the Air Force Academy that had come that morning.

"I will. I sure hope that letter contains good news."

"So do I," Vince replied, glancing out the front window. A taxi was just pulling up in front of the house. "Well, there's my ride. I better be going."

"Good luck, Honey," Lana told him.

"Thanks!"

Vince blew a kiss in Lea's and Lana's direction and reached for the door knob. Lea blew a kiss back to her father as he headed outside to the waiting taxi. "Honolulu International Airport," he told the driver, as he climb into the back seat of the taxi.

The ride around Pearl Harbor to the airport was a quiet one. Vince watched the scenery pass by outside his window as he thought about the upcoming interview. He hadn't been given many details. All he had been told was that he was to have an interview with Jeff Tracy and that his flight would leave from Honolulu at 2 p.m. on Saturday. He didn't even know what airline he was flying on, let alone his destination.

About a half hour later, the taxi pulled to a stop at the drop-off area of the airport. After paying the cabbie, Vince grabbed his bag and climbed out of the cab. With the strap of the duffel bag over one shoulder, he made his way into the airport and to the ticket counter. The line wasn't long and soon he was giving his name to the lady at the desk.

"Crenshaw, Vincent," she said, repeating his name as she looked for the reservation. "There you are. You can catch your plane at gate 78. It should be arriving on time." The receptionist reached over to the printer to grab the card that had printed out. "Here's a pass to show at the security gate," she said handing the card to him.

Vince to the card. "What about a ticket?"

"You're on a private flight," the receptionist said.

Vince thanked the lady and then stepped aside to let the next customer step up to the desk. Private flight. I haven't had to deal with this much secrecy since I left the Navy, he thought, as he headed for the security gate.

Reaching gate 78, Vince took a seat in one of the many empty chairs. Glancing at his watch he saw that it was five to two. He still had a few minutes until the plane taking him to his interview was suppose to arrive. Taking the newest catalog for diving equipment out of his duffel bag, he leaned back and started looking through it.

He had only looked at a couple of pages when he heard footsteps. He looked up to see two young men walking into the area. The one in the lead had blonde hair. Vince recognized the copper-haired guy who was following the blonde immediately - Gordon Tracy. Vince was surprised to see the young man again, and he couldn't exactly say he was thrilled about it either. It's a small world, he thought, as he got to his feet.

"Mr. Crenshaw?" Alan asked. When Vince nodded, he continued. "Alan Tracy," he said, holding out his hand. "This is my brother, Gordon."

"We've met," Vince replied, as he shook hands with Alan.

"Hey, Vince!" Gordon replied, holding out his hand to Vince. "Bet I was the last person you expected to see today!"

"You could say that," Vince replied as he shook the younger man's hand.

"Is that all you're bringing?" Alan asked, nodding to the duffel bag still sitting on a chair.

"Yeah. I was told it was just going to be a couple of days that I would be away. I learned to travel light during my years in the service."

"Then why don't you come on board," Alan said, nodding toward the door he and Gordon had just come through.

Vince retrieved his duffel bag. Alan gestured for him to go first. As the older man walked toward the door, Alan grabbed Gordon's arm to hold him back a little.

"Well, you sure made an impression on him," Alan said sarcastically, in a low voice. "What did you do, hit on his daughter or something?"

"What daughter? Nah, I was just being my usual charming self."

"Great, that worked well."

"Ha, ha," Gordon told his younger brother and then followed to catch up to their passenger.

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