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Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:45:46 GMT

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"I demand to be in the first group to leave this place!"

"Mr. Hightower, you are not injured in any physical way. Those who need medical attention will be taken out first. They are our prime concern. Once they are out, you will, of course, be free to leave."

Once Ragnar Andresson had been assured that International Rescue was on the way, he'd had his personnel bring all the blankets they could lay their hands on into the lounge, to be handed out to everyone. Some of them had already moved as much of the furniture as possible into what appeared to be the safest part of the room, well away from the windows. Others had brought the guests to the area, settling those who were injured on the sofas and in chairs, then the rest of the guests carefully joined them.

There were a few grumbles when the staff finally joined the guests, but they were stopped quickly when Ragnar told the grumblers that they were free to sit elsewhere - if they didn't mind hypothermia. "Now, I suggest that everyone stay close together to conserve body heat, and try to relax as much as possible, so we don't use the oxygen up too fast," he added.

That's when Jacques made his statement. The manager's response did not endear him to the man. Nor did another remark made a moment later, as he started to speak again.

"Mr. Hightower, you might as well quit while you're behind. You may be richer than some of us, but you aren't better than any of us, and you certainly don't deserve any more privileges."

He glanced over to the speaker, to see that it was a woman in her late twenties, who was gazing at him with disapproval. "Young woman, it is none of your concern. My business is with..."

"We are all in this together, if you hadn't noticed. And what appears to be for once in your life, it isn't about you and only you. I heard what you said to the manager earlier. That comment about him hearing from your solicitors was probably the single most stupid comment I've heard in a long time. If he couldn't get through to anyone, how would you be able to contact them? And what difference would it make anyway? We'd all be dead."

"Fortunately, I was able to get through," interposed the manager, "and we won't die, thanks to International Rescue. Now I suggest we all stop talking, conserve oxygen, and wait."

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