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Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:46:38 GMT

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Bundled in his winter coat, gloves, hat and scarf, Ragnar Andresson left his office once again. He had used the radio there to check on the rescue progress outside. The report of at least one survivor up on the slopes had lifted his spirits some. However, his relief at that news and being told that the excavation of the lodge had begun was tempered by the reality of the cold and the dwindling supply of oxygen. The manager could only hope it would last long enough for the International Rescue agents outside to dig their way into the lodge.

Reaching the lounge, Ragnar saw that not much had changed. The guests and staff were still huddled in the same places they'd been when he had left the room. Though still sulking, Mr. Hightower was seated on the edge of the group, the look on his face saying he still didn't like the position he was in.

I have a feeling we'll be hearing about how unpleasant his stay was once this is all over, Ragnar thought to himself, walking toward the group. He had dealt with some unpleasant customers since taking over as manager of the resort, but after his earlier display, Mr. Hightower was definitely at the top of that list.

His footsteps echoed on the floor as he made his way across the lounge. Other than a few crying kids and their mothers' soft words of comfort, the room was silent. Reaching the group huddled together in the center of the room, Ragnar took a few moments to check on some of the guests.

"Sir, any word about those who were on the slope?" asked a woman rocking her five-year-old daughter who she held in her arms. The little girl had suffered an asthma attack earlier, but seemed to be doing better.

Ragnar tried to recall the woman's name but it wouldn't come. He did remember that her husband had been one of the skiers possibly caught up in the avalanche.

"They've found some survivors but there is no word on who they are. I wish I could tell you more."

"Eric will be fine. He's been skiing for years," the woman said, trying to make the words sound confident.

"I'm sure you're right," Mr. Andresson told her, resting a hand briefly on her shoulder. He wished he could give her more reassurance than that but he also didn't want to give her false hopes. Just as with them, time was something that those on the slopes only had a limited amount of.

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