

Into The Wind

By Scribblesinink

"Can I help you?" Jimmy peered across the counter at the short, bald man who had entered City Hall a minute ago. He'd peered around the entrance inquiringly, before heading over to the Sheriff's Office section, and Jimmy's counter. His gray suit was wrinkled, with extra sharp creases from left shoulder to right hip that betrayed he'd spent a long time wearing a seat belt. Jimmy wondered what the guy could want; he was decidedly not from around Jericho. Then again, they'd had plenty of outsiders visiting these past months: the media, all sorts of representatives from the Columbus government, and sometimes the just plain curious. Though the number of visiting strangers had started to go down again in the last weeks, Jericho had never been so popular as it was after they'd resisted Cheyenne and held out for near on a year against hostile forces.

"Um, yes, maybe." The man pushed his glasses, which had slipped down, back up his nose with a single pudgy finger. "I'm looking for Mr. Green. My name's Kowalski."

Jimmy opened his mouth to answer but before he could manage a reply, the man uttered a nervous laugh. "Do you know where I can find him? Mr. Green?" He shifted the briefcase clutched in his arms.

"Sheriff Green's right there, in his office." Jimmy pointed to where Eric sat behind his desk, making his way through a pile of reports. "I can go get him for you?"

Kowalski's brow furrowed as he followed Jimmy's outstretched finger. "Sheriff *E.* Green?" he muttered, sounding confused. Bill had painted the name on the glass door, much to Eric's dismay. But when Eric had tried to stop him, he'd been overruled by Gray, who'd reminded Eric that he *was* Jericho's sheriff, and added that it was about damn time his office acknowledged that.

Kowalski set his briefcase down on the counter and peered back up at Jimmy, shoving his glasses up his nose again. "No.... Not him. I'm looking for a Mr. Johnston Jacob Green?"

"Oh...." Jimmy's shoulders sagged. "Mayor Green." He cleared his throat. "I'm sorry, Mayor Green died over a year ago."

"But...." Kowalski brow creased even further, until it reached almost comical proportions. "It says here—," he waved a form under Jimmy's nose that he'd pulled from somewhere inside his briefcase, "that Mr. Green passed a flight review last month."

"Oh!" Jimmy laughed in relief, understanding finally sinking in. "You mean *Jake* Green." Over the years, Jimmy had heard Jake called a lot of things, many of them unrepeatable, but he didn't think any of the townspeople would ever refer to him as "Mr. Green". That description was fully reserved for Mayor Johnston.

Kowalski squinted at Jimmy suspiciously. "He is a pilot? This Jake Green."

Jimmy grinned. "Among other things, yes."

Kowalski's frown smoothed away and he took a deep breath, giving Jimmy a relieved nod. "That's the Mr. Green I'm looking for, then. Can you tell me where I can find him? It says here that his address is a ranch on Route 6."

Jimmy's grin faded. "What do you want with him?" He wasn't about to give directions to any old stranger who happened to waltz in asking for it. Certainly not after that incident the other day....

"Um...." Kowalski cleared his throat, looking unhappy. "That'd be a private matter?"

"Maybe I can help?" Jimmy hadn't noticed Eric coming out of his office, but he reckoned Eric must've overheard the last few words of the exchange. Eric stepped up next to Jimmy. "I'm Sheriff Green. Jake's brother."

Jimmy moved along the counter, happy to leave the responsibility of the decision to Eric.

Kowalski hesitated a moment longer, before he seemed to come to a decision. "I'm with the FAA. We're setting up a new Central Region Division office in Kansas City." He craned his neck to peer up at Eric. "There's a matter regarding that, which I'd like to discuss with Mr. Green."

"Well, Jake should be here any minute." Eric scratched his beard. "You might as well wait for him. If I give you directions to the ranch, chances are you'll just miss him anyway." He turned toward Jimmy. "Jimmy, think you can find Mr. Kowalski a seat?"

"Sure." Jimmy directed the man to sit on the bench running along the opposite wall, installed specifically for people to wait their turn. As he headed back to take up his post behind the counter again, he wondered what the FAA could possibly want with Jake that would bring someone like this Kowalski all the way out here.

Kowalski didn't have to wait long. Ten minutes later, Jimmy saw Jake walk in through the front doors. "Jake?" He waved him over, and Jake changed course from heading to Gray's office, quirked a questioning eyebrow as he made his way toward the counter. Kowalski

scurried up, apparently alerted by Jimmy's hail, clutching his briefcase tightly to his chest once again. Jimmy dipped his head toward the small man. "Jake, this is Mr. Kowalski. From Missouri."

Kowalski shifted his briefcase so he held it awkwardly in the crook of one arm, and stuck out his other hand. "Kowalski, FAA. Glad to meet you." Looking a little startled, Jake accepted Kowalski's hand. "Is there some place we can talk?" As Kowalski glanced around the room, Jimmy realized Eric hadn't returned to his office, but was instead hovering near, idly browsing a stack of forms. Jimmy suppressed a grin; obviously, Eric was as curious as he was himself—or perhaps as concerned. Jake had become quite a high-profile guy, and not everyone was happy with some of the things he'd done.

"What's this about?" Over the shorter man's head, Jake snuck Jimmy a puzzled look. Jimmy shrugged in response. He didn't know, either. Jake turned his attention back to Kowalski. "My license got—."

"Yes, yes," Kowalski interrupted, apparently caring not one whit about Jake's license. "You're Johnston Jacob Green? The man who flew that infernal device," he gave a visible shudder that threatened to dislodge his glasses once more, "to our friends in Texas?"

Jake's brows drew down and his expression darkened. "So what if I did?" Though Jimmy didn't quite understand why—Jimmy himself was rather proud of Jake's feat, even if he'd been a little hurt that he hadn't been taken into Hawkins' confidence—he'd observed before that Jake didn't like discussing smuggling the bomb to Texas. Certainly not with random outsiders.

Kowalski, seemingly unaware of the shift in Jake's mood, brightened at the answer. His glasses had given up the fight and slipped down his nose again, and he once more absently pushed them back into place. "Good, good." He moved his briefcase to clutch it in his right hand. "Then you are indeed the man I need to talk to. Because, Mr. Green—," beaming, Kowalski pulled himself up to his full, if not very impressive, height, "I've been authorized to offer you the position of Chief Evaluation Officer at the Aircraft Evaluation Group for the Central Region Flight Standards Division."

He paused a moment, catching his breath. Jimmy was impressed with the way he'd managed to get all those capitalized words out without stammering once.

When Jake didn't respond, Kowalski hurried on, "We've reviewed your file—Embry-Riddle graduate, flight experience in various types of aircraft—and we believe you're just the man for the job." Kowalski's smile faded a little as he added soberly, "Besides, we need people like you, Mr. Green, to help us put this country back together. We've lost so many...." He shoved at his glasses again, and drew a fresh breath, apparently oblivious to

the way Jake was now pressing his lips together in a thin line. "Of course, you'd be working out of our Kansas City office, and—."

"No." Jake sounded a little hoarse. Jimmy frowned, puzzled at the harshness in Jake's tone. "Thanks, but no thanks."

Kowalski's jaw dropped in shock; he looked like a man who wasn't used to summarily being turned down. "But Mr. Green—."

"Sorry you came all this way for nothing." Jake shoved his way past Kowalski. "But, no." He strode out through the glass doors, leaving Jimmy and the other two men to gape after him.

Kowalski turned toward them, the question written clearly on his face. Eric shrugged. *Don't ask me....*

"Did you just offer Jake a *job*?" Jimmy, not entirely certain what to make of what had just happened, wanted to be sure he got things right. "In an office?" Of all the things he'd expected when Kowalski first showed up at his counter, that surely wasn't one of them. He gave a nervous chuckle, trying to picture Jake in a suit behind a desk, and failing.

Kowalski blinked at Jimmy, before turning back to Eric. "Maybe you can talk to him?" he squeaked.

Eric rolled his shoulders again. "Not sure my brother'll listen to me once he's made up his mind. And that," Eric nodded in the direction of the door, "sounded pretty definitive to me."

"Well...." Kowalski hesitated an instant longer, before he opened his briefcase and riffled through its contents. He pulled out a manila folder and put it on the desk. "I'd like to leave that here for Mr. Green. All the information is in there." He placed a business card on top of the folder. "And that's my number, in case he changes his mind."

Eric glanced at the folder but didn't reach for it.

"I'll give it to him," Jimmy offered, feeling a little sorry for the small man, who still looked stunned, like he wasn't sure what'd just hit him.

Kowalski offered him a grateful smile. "That'd be very good, Mr.—," he squinted at Jimmy's name tag, "Mr. Taylor."

"Deputy Taylor," Jimmy corrected mildly, but Kowalski was already scurrying out the

door. Jimmy took the folder. He'd drop it off at the ranch later.

oOo

Jake let the doors of City Hall fall shut behind him and he hurried down the steps toward where he'd parked the Roadrunner less than five minutes earlier. As he reached the car, he remembered he was supposed to be meeting Gray, but Gray could wait. Kowalski's offer was still echoing loudly in his mind even as he started the engine and gunned the gas a bit harder than was good for the old girl.

Pulling away, he caught a glimpse in the rear view mirror of Kowalski appearing between the tall pillars that held up the portico of City Hall, looking somewhat at a loss. Feeling a little guilty, Jake dragged his gaze away, concentrating instead on navigating the car aimlessly out of town. He reflected that he'd hardly given the man a chance to explain, and he'd certainly hadn't given him a good reason for turning down his offer.

So, why had he refused point blank? And why was he now pushing the Roadrunner along the streets as if the devil himself was after him? It was a job offer for the FAA, not some covert agency trying to recruit him for a mission impossible. Jake snorted. Not that *that* was particularly improbable, given how his life had gone these past few years.

And it'd be a good offer; Jake knew that without having heard the details. They wanted *him*; Kowalski wouldn't have come out all the way to Jericho if they didn't. Quite why, Jake couldn't fathom. Even with all the people who had died in the attacks or the aftermath, there should still be plenty of qualified pilots and flight engineers to handle plane evaluations. He suspected, from the way Kowalski had brought up the subject of the bomb, that the cursed flight to Texas had something to do with it. But Jake was damned if he was gonna be the FAA's poster boy, to be trotted out and shown off proudly at every opportunity.

Turning onto the road toward Bass Lake, Jake let out another self-deprecating snort. Was that why he'd turned the man down without hearing him out? Why his stomach had gone flipflopping at the idea of moving to Kansas City, and why he'd gritted out his 'No' to Kowalski's offer the way he had? 'Cause he'd rather forget those days, that was for damn sure.

Passing by the turnoff to Shaw Creek Bridge, he shot a quick glance down the track. Less than a month ago he'd taken Heather down there to propose to her—and she'd said no. His gut clenched again at the memory, recalling the cold fear that had gripped him when she'd turned him down. He thought he'd blown it—again. And for good, this time. There's no such thing as third chances.

Reaching the lake, he parked the car on the grassy field in the shade of the trees, trying not to remember the dozen or so dead people they'd found here in the week after the bombs. So many once pleasant places held bad memories now....

Getting out from behind the wheel, he drew in a deep breath of the clean, warm summer air, hearing nothing but the insects buzzing around him. There was no sign of the tragedy that had played out here. As he leaned on the hood, gazing out across the lake, his thoughts drifted back to more current matters, and he tried to make sense of the jumble in his mind.

It really wasn't much of a mystery why he'd turned Kowalski down, was it? He'd done it because of Heather; because of what they had going between them: something good yet still so fragile. She'd said she needed time, and he was willing to give her all the time she wanted, the rest of his life, if that was what it took. So he wasn't about to upend their world yet again, or put fresh pressure on her by accepting a job in the next state over. He knew how hard it had been for her to pick him over Beck, and the last thing he wanted to do was force her into another unhappy choice: between him or her friends, and the job she loved so much. A choice, a cruel voice in the back of his mind pointed out sharply, he might not win this time.

oOo

Somewhat to Heather's surprise, Jake had already cooked dinner by the time she got home to the ranch, and she could dig right in. "Thanks." She slipped into a seat at the table and dipped her head at the food, smiling her gratitude.

Jake gave her a weak grin in return, but she could tell his heart wasn't in it. And while he nodded and uh-huh'ed in all the appropriate places when she told him about her day teaching summer school, it was obvious his mind was occupied with something else.

Heather thought she knew what it was, but she hesitated to be the one to bring it up first. Jake, however, was keeping mum. By the time they finished dessert, she could no longer contain her curiosity. Piling dirty dishes into the sink and turning on the faucet, she tried, "Jake?"

"Hm?" He collected the cutlery they'd used from the kitchen table and joined her at the sink.

"I heard you got offered a job today." She gave him an amused sideways look, though some of her mirth faded when she saw how Jake tensed at her words. "And that you turned it down?"

"Who told you that?" Jake threw the knives and forks on top of the dishes, and they rattled loudly. Heather winced.

"Jimmy." She dried her hands on a towel and turned toward where she'd left her purse. "He also gave me this for you." She pulled out the folder. A corner of it got caught under one of the bag's straps and she had to tug to free it. Once it finally let go, she held out the folder to Jake.

Jake had been clearing the table of the last of their things, and he ignored the folder, grumbling something under his breath that sounded like Jimmy should mind his own business—except phrased far less politely. Putting the folder on the kitchen table, Heather smiled inwardly. Jake should know as well as anyone: in Jericho, anyone's business tended to be everyone's business. After all, hadn't the town run a pool on how long it'd take for her and Jake to get together...? She felt her cheeks heat up at the memory, and forced it away. Gossip was a fact of life in any small town; while it was annoying sometimes, you learned to live with it. Besides, the business card attached to the front of the folder with a paperclip had piqued her curiosity enough to ask Jimmy what it was about, so it wasn't even really the deputy's fault.

Jake still made no move to pick up the folder.

"Aren't you even going to look at it?"

"No." Shaking his head, Jake heeled away from her and plunged his hands into the soapy dish water. He scrubbed at a plate, water splashing over the edge of the sink.

"Why not?" Heather frowned at his back, puzzled with Jake's behavior. "What harm could it—?"

Jake dropped the plate into the drying rack with a clatter, and shook the foam off his hands. "I already told them no." Without another word, he strode out onto the back porch, leaving the dishes unfinished.

Heather's frown deepened as she watched him go. There was something else going on here, but she was damned if she had a clue what. If he didn't like the job, or if he thought it was something that wouldn't suit him, she could understand him not wanting it. But that was no reason to get upset to the point of refusing to even talk about it, was it?

Deciding to give Jake a little time to calm down, she turned toward the sink and the half-done dishes.

Once she was finished, and the pots and plates were drying on the rack, she got two

bottles from the cooler and went to look for Jake. She found him at the front of the house; he'd taken a seat on the porch, and was gazing out across the horse paddock. He glanced up briefly at her, before he went back to watching Whisper nibble on a tuft of grass.

Heather sat down beside him, and Jake shifted a little to make room for her. She handed him one of the beers, and followed his gaze towards the paddock. Christmas flicked his tail and nickered, annoyed by some fly buzzing around him.

"So...." She gestured vaguely with the bottle in her hand as she broke the silence. "Why did you? Tell them no, I mean."

Jake pulled in a breath. "'Cause I don't want the job."

Heather glanced sideways to see him take a long draft from his beer. She suppressed a smile. "Yeah, I figured as much. Any particular reason why?" She hadn't wanted to look at the contents of the folder to puzzle it out. Talking to Jimmy was one thing, but looking at the offer before Jake even had a chance to? That hadn't felt right. "From what Jimmy told me—."

"It's in Kansas City." Jake's tone was curt, and he kept his face turned away from her, seemingly absorbed by the horses.

When he didn't elaborate, Heather prompted, "And?" She took a swallow from her own beer, considering. "Is it your mom you're worried about? It's only a few hours on I-70. We could visit her often."

That finally got a reaction out of Jake. He twisted around and stared down at her. She couldn't quite make out his expression in the dusk under the porch.

"We?"

Unsure what he was aiming at, Heather nodded. Jake kept looking at her intently, and she gave a little laugh. "I can teach Missouri kids left from right just as well as Jericho kids, right?"

He was quiet for a few more seconds. "You'd actually leave Jericho? Come with me?"

Something about the way Jake said it caught Heather's attention. She squinted into the gloom, trying make out his face, wondering what—Oh!

"Of course." She offered him a soft smile, putting one hand on his knee. "Jake, just 'cause I'm not ready to marry you, doesn't mean.... Doesn't mean this," she gave another vague

wave with her bottle, "isn't real. You won't get rid of me that easily."

"That's not—." He shook his head, and she felt some of the tension flow from him. "I just thought—." He broke off again, giving her one of those wry, lop-sided half-smiles, and she grinned back. Sometimes, Jake could be such an idiot.

oOo

Jake took another pull from his beer, before he pushed to his feet and walked over to the rail. It had grown fully dark as they talked, and moonlight was filtering through the few scattered clouds, casting a silver glow over the paddock and the apple tree. He still couldn't quite wrap his mind around the ease with which Heather had told him that she'd come with him to Kansas City, like it was the most natural thing. He didn't think he deserved such devotion, but.... God, he loved this woman!

"So that's why you turned them down?" Heather's soft voice broke in on his thoughts. "Cause you thought I wouldn't want to go with you?"

"I guess." That was why he'd said no, wasn't it? Not wanting to force Heather into leaving Jericho? Yet, oddly enough, being reassured she'd come with him if he did take the job didn't make Jake feel any more inclined to accept than he had earlier in City Hall. He shrugged the feeling away, not wanting to examine it any further. "Doesn't really matter, anyway. Like I said, I already told them no."

"They left the file," Heather reminded him. "With a number. I'm sure if you phoned them...." She left the rest unspoken.

Jake turned around, settling himself against the rail and seeking her gaze. "You want me to take the job?"

"That's not what I said." Heather got up as well, putting down her bottle before she joined him at the rail. She placed her hand over his, and he twined his fingers with hers, holding on tight. "I don't want you doing things just to make me happy. What do *you* want?"

It was a loaded question; Jake realized straight away they weren't merely talking about the job any longer. She was asking about their future together. And she'd want someone responsible, wouldn't she? Someone reliable, who could provide for her, and, if they were ever so fortunate, their children. Someone like Beck....

Jake sighed. He knew he'd have to make a decision at some point about what to do with the rest of his life; he couldn't keep driving trucks for Dale forever. Sure, it was okay for a short time; it gave him something useful to do while the town didn't seem to need him

any more and while he figured out what else there was. But if he were honest, it was uncomfortably reminiscent of the way he'd spent his days after he graduated Emory-Riddle, when, instead of flying planes, he'd 'hailed stuff' for Jonah, as Eric had put it so succinctly on his wedding day.

And this FAA offer did sound good. Steady work, steady income.... A good basis to build a career on, and a life with Heather. Yet the thought of being ground-based, inspecting planes for flight readiness for the rest of his days without taking them up himself.... It made Jake's chest tighten up and his breath catch. That wasn't why he'd made sure his pilot's license stayed current, was it?

"Jake?"

He became aware Heather was still waiting for his reply. She was gazing up at him, scanning his features intently, a small furrow between her eyes indicating her concern.

"I...." The rest stuck in his throat. What *did* he want?

To fly.

The answer came instantly. He wanted to pilot planes, and to open a flight school, and to teach others the joy of flying, like his grandfather had taught him when he was a kid. He'd chased that dream since graduating high school, ever elusive, ever just out of reach but still luring him with its dazzle. He also knew that if he took the job in Kansas City, he'd be giving up on the dream forever. There would be no way back.

"Jake?" Heather gave a gentle tug on their entwined fingers

"I...." he tried again. He drew his hand out from under hers and turned to look out over the paddock again, not really seeing Whisper or Christmas. "It's just a silly dream...." The murmur was so low he didn't think Heather could hear.

But she had. She moved up behind him, slipping her arms around his waist and resting her cheek against his back. "There's nothing silly about dreams." Her voice was as low as his had been.

Jake snorted.

"Tell me about it?" she suggested softly, pulling back a little to allow him to turn around in her embrace.

He rolled the empty beer bottle between his hands, collecting his thoughts.

"When I was thirteen, my grandfather let me pilot his crop duster." He gave a soft laugh. "I was barely big enough to reach all the controls, but I loved it. I've wanted to do nothing but fly planes ever since." He met her gaze, but only briefly, unable to hold it against the earnest attention in her eyes. Tilting his head up to peer at a spider's web in a corner of the porch ceiling, he plunged on. "I always told myself I'd open my own flight school some day...."

oOo

Heather blinked at Jake's admission. He'd never said.... "A flight school, in Jericho, Kansas?" She failed to keep the skepticism from her voice, and she knew it was the wrong thing to say, the wrong way to say it, when Jake wrenched out of her arms.

"See, I told you it was a silly dream!" he snapped, his eyes flashing in the moonlight. He turned his back on her, shoulders high and tension obvious in every line of his posture. "Dad was right: I should start acting my age." It sounded more like he was talking to himself than to her. Without another glance in her direction, he strode off, back into the house.

Heather inhaled deeply, trying to regain her bearings. God, she'd really handled that well, hadn't she? And she hadn't even meant it the way it had sounded. Giving herself a shake, she pushed away from the railing. She'd better find Jake, and explain.

He was in the kitchen, standing over the kitchen table, his weight resting on his hands as his fingers curled around the table's edge. The contents of the FAA folder lay spread out in front of him. "It's a good offer," he told her without looking up. "I'll call them tomorrow, see if it's still good."

"Jake..." Heather shook her head dizzily. She felt like a dancer on a tightrope, where one wrong step, one wrong word could make her fall into the chasm. "Not so fast. Let's think —."

He whirled around, making her take an involuntary step back. "What do you want from me, Heather? Tell me!"

She pulled herself up, crossing her arms in front of her chest. "For starters," she quirked an eyebrow, "for you to calm down, and not do anything rash you might regret later." She gave him the look that always made her third-graders quail. The effect wasn't lost on Jake either.

"Sorry." He deflated visibly. "Didn't mean to yell at you."

She nodded, accepting the apology quietly. "Now, let's backtrack a little. You want to open a flight school?"

He shrugged dismissively. "Bad idea, I know."

She pinched the bridge of her nose. "Jake, all I meant to say is maybe Jericho's too small for a flight school." She dropped her hands. "You'd need... more, I guess."

"More?" His brows shot up, puzzled. "More, like what?"

"I don't know." Heather spread her arms. "Crop dusting. Courier services. Sightseeing flights. Aerial photography...." She chuckled, remembering. "Minus the crashing, please."

He smiled back, a small grin. "Yeah." His expression sobered into something that seemed half dubious, half hopeful. "You really think it could work?"

"Why not?" She lifted a shoulder. "At least, you should give it a try? Jake, if this is your dream...." She thought back to her own youthful dreams. Once upon a time, she'd seriously considered becoming an engineer. But after her father died, and then her mom passed, she'd given in to peer pressure—*girls don't do that*—and turned to teaching instead. And she loved to teach, she really did. But sometimes, after a particularly difficult day, she'd wonder: what if? She didn't want that for Jake. Certainly not on her account.

She met his gaze. "What's the worst that could happen?"

Jake uttered a noise. "I squander Grandpa's money?" She gave a quizzical shake of her head, and he explained, "That's why I came back to Jericho in the first place: to get the money my grandfather left me."

Heather raised an eyebrow. He'd never told her that before. "So what happened?"

Jake rolled his shoulders. "Dad wouldn't release it." He glanced away. "I'm not sure he was wrong."

"Hm." Heather was quiet for a few moments, trying to gather her thoughts. Then she pulled out a chair and sat down. "Well, that was then, and this is now." She snatched a sheaf of paper from the pages Jake had spread out across the table, turned it over, and grabbed a pen. "Let's make a list of things you'll need. Capital... contracts....," she scribbled the words down in a column, "... advertising... a tax number.... Oh, I bet Mimi can help with that." She glanced up to see Jake looking down at her in amusement. "What?"

"Now who's being rash?" he asked, but his tone held no bite.

Her cheeks grew hot in embarrassment, and she gestured with the pen. "Um.... Make hay while the sun shines?" she tried.

Jake nodded. "Good point." He reached for her hand and urged her back to her feet. Pulling her close to him, he brushed his lips across her forehead. "You're amazing." His breath tickled her hair. "I love you."

Heather sighed, squeezing her arms around him. "Love you too."

He dipped his head a little, pushing her away slightly, and she thought he was going to kiss her, when sudden laughter rumbled through him. "I think you're forgetting something in that list of yours."

She pulled back further and peered up at him, tilting an eyebrow. "What?" She was certain the list was far from complete, so she didn't quite understand why he thought it so funny.

He grinned down at her. "Well, I think we'd kinda need a plane, too...."

oOo

It was Stanley who came up with the name for the fledgling company, jokingly suggested during the hours that Jake spent talking with Mimi and putting together business plans and loan applications. Jake took to the name immediately, deciding it was the perfect way to honor Heather: without her, he'd never have dared to go through with it. And while she blushed when he told her about it, he knew from the way her eyes sparkled that she was just as pleased as he was with *Ant Aviation*.

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