

Chapter 1

Thursday February 21st, 2008 11:34 AM

He'd have to call his boss about firing Franklin, the college kid who usually did deliveries and general labor around the office for the last year. Last Monday he was told to reorganize the back section of the warehouse and it was still a mess over a week later. As he looked around the loading dock, it was apparent nothing had been done. He'd have to do some rearranging before he was to meet with the new area representative for the line of commercial water filter systems his company sold and installed this afternoon. They were expecting a truckload of ice machines Friday afternoon. He had to plug in the electric fork truck since wasn't charged, it barely loaded the two ice machine heads and bins that Franklin never put up into the dock he was told to put up there along with straightening up the warehouse.

Franklin. Shaking his head in wonder. The flake once again called off sick and Jason was stuck doing his own job plus now Franklin's while they were short handed. One of his service guys had recently quit going to a different company and the salesman had been out of the office on calls all day. Then his boss (who had semi-retired leaving Jason to run the day to day operation) and wife were off on another vacation with friends in Las Vegas this week. It had turned into a very busy week quickly and would be glad when the weekend was finally here. All of the service guys were on calls so it was just him and the part time secretary there. One good aspect was that his boss agreed for Sarah to get some additional hours in for the week as opposed to her usual two days a week. Sarah, the daughter of the boss's friend who was going to the University of Toledo worked here on her non-school days and as a waitress at one of the pancake houses on the weekends. He still as of yet figured out which one she worked at but Franklin had said she worked at a place near the University. She did quite well for herself for being a second year college co-ed, living just off campus with roommates and studying accounting.

Even on day's like today he didn't really mind getting out of the office just for a little bit. Even though today was going to be a cool one, maybe in the low 40's with a chance of rain/snow mixture tonight, the rest of the week was to be low to upper 20's with lows into the teens and a snow flurry or two on the weekend. Glancing at his watch he saw that it was almost lunch time, but he wasn't that hungry today especially after coming in to find that Franklin called in sick just irked him. The kid was becoming more and more irresponsible for some reason. Two months ago, he started showing up late, leaving as early as possible and then not even coming in at times. It should of cheered him up that he had also received a email from his former unit buddy who's leaving for home today for a few weeks. He had been working as a civilian security contractor in Afghanistan and Iraq since 2004 but now was stationed in Iraq. His emails from both Afghanistan and Iraq were usually detailing how their base was mortared the night before, the occurrences at the main gate or on patrol and the bazaar sexiness of female MP's carrying M249 SAW's and M4 Carbines with M203 grenade launchers attached to them. He kept referring to his base in Iraq as "The bar scene in Star Wars". It was just that messed up at times. On previous contracts, while the military forces are armed to the teeth in country, he's normally only allowed to carry a M9 pistol for personal protection while out at a roadblock with the MPs. While out 'in the field' he carried either a AK or a folding stocked shotgun as a primary firearm with whatever ammo he could acquire. It just didn't make sense to Jason. If he had taken the job, he'd be armed with at least a M4 carbine (even though the guys on various message boards would be moaning and groaning

about carrying a Mattel produced poodle popper of a assault rifle and not a big heavy manly .308 MBR - sorry guys!) or a AKS74 with a dozen magazines. Now, in his newest assignment he no longer dealt with the same firearm restrictions and carry a M4A3 all the time then he finally was able to get one of the newer commercial styled Body Armored vests called 'Dragon Scale'. The body armor was lighter, more effective in stopping rifle and pistol rounds and best of all - a LOT more cooler in the heat. Heck, Jason wished HE had one of the Gen 1 Interceptor vests (IBA) to use with the State Volunteer Reserves he was involved with at the moment. The best they could provide were old 80's kevlar flak vests but he had bought to the displeasure of his ex-fiancée , a PACA concealable level 3A vest to wear beneath his uniform while pulling gate duty or on a foot patrol.

As he stood in the open warehouses door he watched people within eyesight doing their daily thing. There was a Pepsi driver carting in a ungodly amount of regular and diet colas and juices to the caterer across the street, women going into the hair styling salon across the street and one of the caterer workers throwing trash into the dumpster - same old thing. 'Well, back to work' he said smacking the button to close the overhead door Jason closed his eyes rubbing them. He had stayed up late last night watching some movies and was starting to regret he had.

"CLICK"....." Jason snapped open his eyes to find the receiving bay dark. "Power's out?" At least the overhead door had fully closed before it had went out, otherwise it would of been a pain in the butt to get it down. He began to make his way back to the office.

Sarah met him halfway, with flashlight in hand saying. "Power's out Jason, but the computers aren't. Do those have a battery backup thingy that's supposed to keep them running for a while?"

"Yes, It has a battery backup pack for about thirty minutes. Kind of freaky how it works when you're not expecting it." He replied walking over and taking the flashlight she offered. Glancing at it, it was one of the little AA-sized promotional flashlights they handed out at the last service school. Good idea to have not given them all away.

"Give it a few minutes, might just be a glitch in the grid." He shrugged. "Were you working on the accounts or receivables when it went out?"

"Well, kind of neither. I was surfing over on Ebay® checking out things I had bids on. There was this really sweet raincoat I think my dad would like when he plays golf this spring and a couple other things."

"Slacking on the job I see. Okay. Just finish closing out what you were doing and save to a CD". They entered the office but Jason heard a few car horns honking outside and decided to go to the door to look and see what was going on. . "Looks like it's all over. The traffic lights are out too." He watched as cars sped through the darkened intersection, several cars stopping before gunning their engines through it. Two lines on the telephone began ringing, then three nearly at once. Well, at least the phones are working still he thought, the battery backup on that was working too he noted. Sarah answered one line while he reached to answer the second line, now the forth line started ringing. For a nearly a hour they were taking calls from customers that their ice machines weren't working or their walk in coolers or freezers weren't working. Many were just questions of what to do, if the power outage would effect their compressors and then several didn't realize there was a power outage that caused their equipment to go down.

"Jason, its someone from Lauren's work. There's been a accident and you're listed as a emergency contact person. She fell down the stairs and was taken to St. Luke's hospital. They need you there right away." . . .

Jason stopped reaching for the ringing phone and looked at her. Eventually he stood to get his coat. "Aww crap. I'll be back in a while. Call one of the service guys on his cell and have him come back to give you a hand, if not lock the door and close early for the day."

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"Damn it!", David Nagelsen said as he crumpled up a sheet of paper then threw into the trash can - in near perfect form. "Sweet! Three points" It was only 8 feet away but still it was a good shot he thought for a middle-aged forty something. He came into the office this morning to find several pages of faxes outlining changes to three jobs scheduled to be started in April of 2008. That was a good sign to already having decent sized jobs requiring at least three two man teams to install water systems. Some of them beginning to start in late March when hopefully the ground will be thawed enough not to cause too much wear and tear on the trenching machines.

Right now his crews were busy out working mostly on repair projects. Business was good last year, he actually had to hire on two more crews for the winter shutdowns giving him a total of seven two man crews. What he didn't enjoy was the laying off of half his employees just before Christmas for January thru March. Those that stayed on, worked part-time doing maintenance on their equipment, repair, office work and snow removal jobs.

He was working on his sixth revision to the lawn sprinkler system for the mini-mall when the office phone rang, then his cell phone began to vibrate in his pants pocket. "Hello?" he asked digging next for his cell phone.

"David, are you watching it? Man, they gassed them good down south!", a excited Marie Carnell nearly shouted into his ear.

"What? What are you talking about Marie? Who did what where?" David finally fished out his cell phone seeing it the caller ID was from one of his crews.. "Hang on a second Marie."

"Yes Jeff what's up?" David listened as Jeff began to explain how he needed to leave the job and go pick up his kids from school because of the attack down south and power outages. David walked over to the office TV turning it onto CNN seeing the scene before him on the screen. There were numerous ambulances, fire fighters running around in the distance with rescue equipment everywhere outside of a mall. The video feed must of been from a tower camera because it was bouncing around in the wind. He then told him to clean up and take care of what he had to do and he'll see him in the morning. Hanging up the cell phone he got back with Marie

"Sorry Marie, still there?" David asked watching in awe at the messages rolling past on the bottom of the screen.

A agitated Marie replied. "Sure, it's the end of the world and you freaking put me on hold."

"Hey, I said I was sorry. So what's going on? I'm reading CNN is saying a chemical agent was released at a couple malls down south...and spotted power outages throughout the region?" David's cell phone began vibrating again. It was another one of his crews. With one phone to either ear he listened to both trying to listen. Finally he had to tell Marie to hold on again. "Marie it's Chad. Hang on another minute. Chad, you and Dana call it quits for the day and get back here ASAP. We'll see what happens and go from there. Okay Bye."

David turned his attention back to Marie's call. Apparently she didn't hear him and was rambling on. "... looks like Atlanta and Miami malls were hit with a chlorine gas and they shot at the people running out of exits. Homeland Security has put Georgia and Florida on Red Alert. Oh God! They even gassed a college!"

Shouting into the receiver for Marie to calm down he said. "Let's move the MAG to Orange alert. I'm waiting for Chad and Dana to get back here and the other guys to call in saying they're going home."

"Okay David, I'm heading out the door right now to get the kids. The power's out and I heard on the radio the schools are letting out for the day. I'll give you a call when I get home. Frank already called me, he's getting let out early also and heading home."

"Really? The lights never even flickered here." he said absently. "Okay Marie, I'll make the calls. If this goes to hell we'll meet here and head down to the cabin. Later." He hung up the receiver just as his cell phone began ringing again, it was his wife. Sighing he thought, "it's going to be one of those days..."

He picked up the phone and that's when he noticed the slight rumbling of the backup generator running outside. He didn't even notice the transfer switch had tripped.

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Frank Carnell hung up his cell phone after calling his wife again and gathered his things from his locker. His wife was a mess after hearing the news of what happened down south. She was on her way to get the kids from school when he had called her back to see if she was alright. He was glad he had his little Inova flashlight. He needed to use it to help illuminate his way from his work station to the locker room since the emergency backup lights sucked and the generators didn't run anything but the auxiliary heaters and refrigeration units so product wouldn't go bad. To everyone's surprise the factory managers decided to shut down first shift early. Second shift was still to report to work but since first shift was actually ahead of month end production and a half day off wouldn't hurt them. Absently, he should hit the discount store and pick up a few cases of the products they make. The kids loved it when he brought home mostly puddings and snack goods but decided against it when he saw the line getting into the store. He'd best just get home and walked quickly to the exit.

While waiting his turn to clock out on a manual time clock at the security gate, he struck up conversations with a few co-workers about today's events as they left the building wondering if it was related. "Are we going to be paid for a full day or just a half day? It better be for a full day or the shop steward will get a ass chewing!" , a co-worker of his who he couldn't recall his name said to him as they waited. Frank just shrugged his shoulders saying nothing. Another said to anyone who would listen. "Is this another September 11th? I hope it isn't, the last one was such a inconvenience. I lost three days of vacation pay." Ignoring her, turning his attention to up ahead Frank saw more then several actually running to their cars and trucks once they cleared the revolving gate. While he watched, many co-workers were saying we need to go bomb the fuckin' rag heads for doing this and if John Kerry was elected this wouldn't of happened. It's all Bush's fault." Frank just shook his head. Even though he was in the union and was 'told' to vote for the Democrat ticket he kept his political beliefs quiet, he saw what the die hard union guys did to a over a dozen cars with BUSH/CHENEY or W2 stickers on them before the election. The people who HAD stickers on

their cars after the election took them off right after three vehicles were found with punctured tires and broken windows.

He finally was able to clock out after his ID card was checked and logged out on a legal pad by the security guard. The manual time clock wasn't working properly as usual. He cautiously walked to his Suburban, a custom dark green painted 1987 ¾ ton mammoth of a machine. If it wasn't for the fact his old neighbor had helped him install the newer 6.5 liter turbo diesel engine he probably should of sold it long ago with gas prices the way they are. \$3.76 for diesel and unleaded regular was \$3.19/gallon mark. It fired up with a turn of the key, barely a hint of smoke from the exhaust, he let it warm up for a minute or so and let the more panicked people leave. Looking around the parking lot he climbed back out and reached under the drivers seat. Pushing his fingers into the grooves of the mini-vault secured there, the spring loaded door popped open and he extracted a .45 caliber Hi Point pistol placing it into his waistband after working back the slide to chamber a round. The Hi Point pistol was his vehicle piece. It was inexpensive, reliable when it fired the big 230gr FMJ bullet and to make it more durable, given a coat of flat black Rustoleum high temperature paint and lithium grease applied to the inside for lubrication. If the vehicle would get stolen, or broken into and somehow the piece of scum had taken it, he wouldn't be out the \$300-500 for one of his other pistols.

Being paranoid of someone seeing him, he took a around again to see if anyone noticed him doing that, he climbed back into the Suburban seeing it was sufficiently warmed. He fastened his seat belt then put it into drive and made his way towards the back gate, learning from experience going out the front gate was a nightmare even in good times. In his mind he began to prioritize what he was going to do once he arrived home. Would Marie be there with the boys by the time he gets home? Should he make a run to the grocery store? Is this really the beginning of TSHTF? He began to reach for his cell phone to call David when a screech of tires and a car horn shook him from his thoughts as he waited his turn to exit. A bright red Dodge crew cab pickup truck had came up along side of him in the incoming lane at a high rate of speed trying to get out of the lot before everyone else.

"ASSHOLE!" Frank shouted at the man who just smiled and flipped him the finger as he squealed his tires shooting past Frank into the street. The bumper sticker on the shiny chrome said it all. 'If you don't like my driving... FUCK OFF!'.

"SO many Idiots...so few bullets." He hissed as he pulled into the street for his journey home. If the stores weren't to busy, he'd stop by and pick up a few things - just in case. Checking his fuel tank he cursed silently. He was on the auxiliary tank, number one priority was to fill both tanks even if it hurt the credit card. Turning on the radio he wish he didn't. "... Total so far for today's chemical attacks in the south are over a hundred dead and up to three times that many injured." Frank shut off the radio and began looking for the nearest gas station that sold diesel fuel.

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After nearly avoiding several car crashes due to drivers running through darkened traffic lights instead of slowing down or stopping - a silly idea to do for sure - Jason finally arrived at the hospital to find the Emergency room beginning to get busy. It too was running on backup generators. He was hard not to hear them running as he pulled into the back parking lot. Outside, several ambulances were running and one just arriving. As he walked into the lobby a nurse or somebody was shouting into the doors for the drivers to move their rigs so other 'rigs' can arrive.

After taking a quick look around the waiting room for her, he went up to the admittance desk. A frantic secretary just shoved a clipboard his way saying, "If it's not life threatening we can't treat you today. We're swamped right now."

"Excuse me, I was called that a Lauren Sherman was brought here about a half hour ago by ambulance..."

"You'll have to wait sir, we're getting swamped at the moment." She turned her back on him and moved out of eyesight to help with another car accident victim to be admitted into the emergency room.

"Jason?" He heard his name and turned around to see one of Lauren's co-workers who's name he couldn't recall behind him. "Is it true? Is the power really out all over the place? Are we under attack again?"

"I guess so. I didn't see any traffic lights working while getting over here. People are just going nuts out there. Under attack? What are you talking about."

"You haven't heard then? They attacked us again. A bunch of people are dead in Miami and Atlanta." Curious at the look of the frown her face she gave him she pointed to the TV in the waiting room and turned towards it. Several people urged to have the volume turned up, he stopped to listen.

". . . . of Homeland Security has raised the National Threat Level to RED for those areas effected by today's events and hinted that it was not inconceivable the nation might go to a full Red alert for the first time since the Alert system was instituted. Nationally as this news is being released, many grocery and hardware stores are reporting selling out of batteries, bottled water, duct tape, plastic sheeting, and other supplies. Homeland Security Director Chertoff gave a press briefing that ended just minutes ago. [Director Chertoff's voice] 'While it would be prudent at this time to review your emergency preparations please allow me to make it quite clear we are still collecting information on today's occurrences. To the people of these United States, we are NOT presently under attack. For those of you in the effected areas, Emergency Services are doing their best to work through this situation. I would like to ask all citizens to make prudent preparations for up to the next seventy-two hours, but panicking is not doing anyone any good. Your government asks that you remain calm, act rationally, stay abreast of the news and help your nation get through this time of crisis by being a part of the solution rather than making yourself a part of the problem.'"

{Back to announcer} "We are not alone in this attack on our nation. Power outage in the northeast and Midwest. Numerous blackouts across the nation have been reported. Many cities are completely shut down due to the effects of the chemical releases earlier today".

"What the hell happened?" Jason looked at her open mouthed. He still couldn't remembered her name.

"I don't know, I don't know" she began to sob, "I need to get home. I didn't want to leave Lauren here alone, they said they contacted her emergency contact person but I need to get home now!"

It wasn't the answer he wanted to his question, but it would have to do. Jason gave her a hug saying he understood and telling her to get home safely. She nearly ran out of the waiting room. He watched the TV as they showed numerous EMS vehicles and some military vehicles at one of the incident sites in Miami. It was some huge mall. As it was turned up even more. "U.S. Markets are currently closed and a further sell off is expected tomorrow if the

markets open at all. European markets are slightly up as liquid capital seeks a safe haven. Precious metals are up and oil futures have spiked sharply. It is unknown how this latest development will effect the crude oil prices once markets open tomorrow. We have reports coming in that gas stations have raised their prices as much as four to five dollars a gallon in areas of the country."

<silence>

"Ladies and gentlemen we have just been informed that the President will be speaking this evening and we will be giving you a update on the situation currently unfolding later in this broadcast." Jason turned away from the TV and made his way towards a man holding a clipboard behind the counter. "Is there ANYONE who can tell me where my fiancée is at? She came in a hour ago by ambulance...."

The man behind the admittance desk looked annoyed. He glanced at the clipboard and nodded, flipping back the charts. "What's her name?"

"Sherman, Lauren Sherman. I'm listed as her work's emergency contact person too if it matters." The man adjusted his glasses and said. "May I see some form of Identification?" Amazed by the question he produced his ID and the man nodded saying 'Right this way Sir' after he had written down something on the clipboard. The man took him into the exam area where upon entering, his former fiancée was on the exam table, her left foot heavily bandaged , a bandage on her forehead and her left arm in a sling. She said, "Before you ask. Yes, I tripped at work while going down the stairs. Now why are YOU here of all people?"

He forced a smile and said, "Nice to see you too. Apparently you forgot to change the emergency contact number at your work and stupid me showed up." She shot back with, "Don't even start with me Mister! I'm NOT IN THE MOOD!"

The guy who showed Jason to the exam area looked at him muttering, "Good luck" and disappeared.

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Chad Greenidge and Dana Masson had finished up their job purging the irrigation system in a well to do section of the suburbs one drove back to the office as quickly as possible after calling David. There were always people who would turn on their water systems either by accident or thinking that winter was over to early damaging heads or cracking their feed lines. Along the way Dana noticed the sporadic power outages. At a open gas station, they stopped to fill up both tanks in the truck, two five-gallon fuel cans and then topping off the diesel powered air compressor they were pulling before the prices rose even more. That was one item they did that David never minded. It appeared only they took in account what the fuel prices were. The rest of his employees would just stop anywhere and fill it up no matter the cost. David nearly hit the roof when one of the crews came back with a nearly \$100 dollar charge card receipt when gas was at \$3.09 a gallon. For ten minutes he chewed them out for not just filling up a half a tank until the prices go lower. One of the guys told him to 'Fuck off! No one talks to me like that!' and walked out of the office not to return. That following Monday, David found three out of four vehicles tires slashed, surprisingly the truck the ex co-worker used was untouched. So David's insurance paid to replace three sets of heavy duty tires on three early to mid 90's Chevy 2500 pickup trucks and the police gladly took the property damage reports. The former employee was arrested after David showed him the surveillance tape of him puncturing the tires. He was arrested for trespassing and destruction of property.

Chad and Dana had met while working a overtime shift two years ago Chrysler Corp. and had been together ever

since. Not three months later they moved in together, Chad was laid off along with Dana shortly there after due to a contract conflict agreement. Instead of raising the co-pay, the union agreed into letting go those picked from a lottery of two years or less seniority. After working a couple part time jobs stocking shelves at local grocery stores, their luck changed slightly and were hired on by David Naglesen after they attended a C.E.R.T. training class for Lucas County. David was in their class along with them. After making a comment that they were recently laid off and looking for better employment that maybe having the CERT training would help them. It wasn't long after taking the class they met David again while getting their county Ids, CERT packs and phone numbers of area residents who were to be 'teamed up' in case of a emergency. David asked how the employment status was going. After hearing they were still stocking shelves he said he was looking for a couple strong backs for the fall season to be paid \$12.50 per hour. They both quickly agreed and asked when they'd be starting.

That's also where they met a guy named Jason Hallard. Jason was a newly certified County CERT instructor, volunteered as a Military Police Officer for the State of Ohio and helped run a commercial equipment repair business in Toledo. Apparently Jason and David knew each other and were speaking when they arrived to sign out their bags. After the introductions, Jason led them to the 2nd floor where the Ids were being issued. Along the way he just made small talk and upon arriving to the door he excused himself to get more people waiting downstairs. That was the last time they saw them until one night at David's after a month of working for him where they met him, his wife, and another couple named Frank and Marie Carnell.

After those introductions and they filled their plates with assorted crackers, dips, and finger foods, that the ladies and men had fussed over. Apparently one of the Carnell's was excited about some recipe for a one dish dinner on a website she found. Chad had to agree the small bowl of peas and rice was good although a little bland. It was the meat-like substance that had him guessing what it was. He later found out as everyone gathered in the Nagelsen's Great Room, the mystery meat was chicken flavored TVP. Jason got a nod from David who started a meeting of sorts with, "Okay, it seems your story jives with what David has to say about you two. Let me ask you this. Would you be interested in joining a little mutual assistance group David, Frank and I are putting together?"

Chad looked at Dana with suspicion. "What do you mean mutual assistance group?"

"It's just that. If you haven't noticed David has been kind of pumping you two for information and likes what he sees. You took the CERT class and know how a CERT Team is organized. Basically, it's a CERT team on a more personal level. We get together on occasion and provide assistance to other group members."

"I might not be the brightest bulb in the box Jason, but it sounds kind of strange to me. Like, what kind of group is this? It's not one of those swingers groups? Because I want NOTHING to do with that."

"No no no," Lauren reassured the young couple. Laughing as did a few others she continued. "It's nothing like that. After the 9-11 we all knew about taking basic precautions then after a few instances we realized maybe we need to do more to help provide us with a better chance of getting through hard times if the worst happens. Look at the power blackout last year. Now, we long lost power for a few minutes, but friends north of us lost it for a couple days, and in some places east of us, they lost it for several days."

Dana looked at Chad with questionable eyes. "Hon, lets hear them out. We could always use some good friends if things go to hell."

Arriving back to the office they saw that several trucks sat scattered in the lot and their co-workers vehicles were gone except for David's big black Ford Excursion, their old Kia Sportage and three other employee's vehicles who hadn't made it back yet. Knocking on the glass door because it was locked, David came to it within seconds opening it. Chad right off noticed that David had a pistol in his hand semi concealed behind his back. It didn't look like one of the ones he usually carried. "Hey guys, good to see you. Isn't the news something?"

"Sure is." Dana replied looking at Chad strangely as he stopped in mid stride instead of entering. What has him acting strange all of a sudden? Chad saw her looking at him and nodded towards David and she saw the pistol being placed into his waistband. "Ahh, are you expecting trouble David?"

"Hugh? No, but one can't ever be to sure. People are freaking out. Tony just called to say someone stopped along the street while they were at a job site and they grabbed the two fuel cans in the back of their truck and took off."

"You've got to be kidding me?"

"Nope, they took one diesel and one gasoline can."

"Didn't get much then." Dana said. "Knowing Tony, he probably stole them."

Chad gave her a look of 'it wasn't funny' and asked, "Are we gearing up to hunker down here or what David. If so, we need to get back to the apartment and grab our gear."

David looked sternly at Chad, "What do you mean 'get your gear'? Don't you have your bug out bags in the Kia? That should be able to get you through at least the next 72 hours easily."

"That's not what I insinuated David. What I should of said was, 'We need to get back to the apartment to grab the rest of our gear'. It would suck to leave all of that behind if we're moving out and apparently there's time to retrieve it. Although I don't see rioting in the streets."

He pondered the thought for a moment before replying. "No, you're right. If the situation was worse, I'd say stay here and don't go anywhere, but it appears it's just down south that's on Red Alert. Might as well go home but keep a TV or radio on in case of any more attacks. If we go to Red locally, use your CERT ID's to get your butts here. Okay?"

Chad looked out the office window towards the hastily parked vehicles saying, "Maybe we should bring the trucks and trailers inside the garage tonight. Or at least the trucks."

"Good idea." David slapped him on the shoulder. "I knew I hired you for some reason. The trucks will fit, no problem. The trailers though will have to be kept outside." He turned to Dana, "Would you mind manning the telephones, Nancy didn't come into work today because of her kids being sick so would you mind doing it?" Dana shook her head 'no'. "Okay, Let's get to it. By the way, if your power is out at home, come to my place or you're welcome to come back here and stay. I'm going to turn off the generator when I leave if the power is still off. Looks like it's going to be cold tonight with single digits by the end of the weekend."

Dana waked to the desk and sat down, propping her feet up. "No problem David, I can play boss for a while. Come on you slackers, get to work!" Chad and David laughed as they walked out into the garage to start making room for the trailers. Dana began to notice David walking at a faster pace then normal as if he was anxious to get this done and get out of here. She called out to David if he had heard from the rest of the MAG. David stopped and turned around. "Oh, I forgot to tell you, Jason called saying he was on his way to the hospital." he said.

"Why what happened? Did he get hurt?"

David shook his head no, "Nope, I guess Lauren was taken there and he was her emergency contact person and he went."

Chad and Dana said in unison. "HE DID WHAT?"