

# **24 mg/dl**

by Justin Brault

**22:00:00**  
264 mg/dl

“You need to have better control,” Dr. Denise Oregon commanded, “or else you’ll be right back in here.” Jack was sick of these lectures he got every time. He understood the risks and what would eventually happen; he just didn’t care. For nine years he dealt with this disease and was sick of fighting a losing battle. He decided a while ago to take the complications of his disease as they came.

Jack Brewer is a type-one diabetic and was diagnosed when he was twenty-nine years old. He kept this information from the Agency for almost a year and was nearly kicked out when they learned of his disease. It was only his record and skill that kept him in, but as part of the deal he had to accept a local position with the War on Terror Agency. He preferred being on missions where he was able to travel and get actual time in the field but he accepted the local position because it was the only way they would let him stay on.

Jack had struggled recently to keep his blood sugars in check and this time he was brought into the Harborview Medical Center Intensive Care Unit with a blood sugar reading of 764 milligrams of sugar per deciliter of blood, which put him into Diabetic Keto Acidosis.

“You’re really playing with fire by not dealing with your disease,” She continued to lecture, “and it’s going to kill you one day.”

“Listen,” Jack said gruffly, “I mean no disrespect, but I get shot at for a living. I’m not worried about the ‘betes killing me.”

“Well you’re going to die even sooner because you’ll be blind soon. Tell me, how well can you shoot back if you can’t see the enemy? But I’m glad you ‘mean no disrespect’ when it’s me who has to save you every time you give up.” With that she stormed out of his room and slammed his chart into the chart-holder right outside the door.

Jack had gotten pretty good at ignoring lectures, but this one did make him feel guilty. He reached for the remote to turn on the television. Baseball, infomercial, news, news, Lifetime channel, news, Nick...wait. He flipped back one channel. There he saw a young, blonde, female reporter standing in front of SeaTac Airport just south of the hospital he was in. The ticker across the bottom read, “Passenger jet hijacked on flight from Dallas to Seattle.” Jack turned up the volume, “...been hijacked en route from Dallas to this airport. The terrorists have demanded that US troops begin withdrawal from Afghanistan within six hours or they will execute a passenger every thirty minutes. They are scheduled to land here for refueling within the next couple of hours but no word yet on whether the US government will give them the fuel or comply with their demands. For KING 5 local news, I’m Julie Almond.”

Jack was already out of his gown and putting on his clothes. Dr. Oregon came to the doorway and folded her arms. “You really shouldn’t be leaving yet, but I’m sure you won’t be listening to me.”

Jack stood up after tying his shoes, grabbed his shirt and smiled, “Boy, you’re good.” He kissed her on the cheek and headed out of the room. “Thanks sis!” he called back.

**22:21:36**  
236 mg/dl

At the Seattle WOTA office Director Will Avery was going over the plan for breaching the jet while the fueling trucks were in place. "Agent Kears and his team will come from the rear in the plane's blind spot and climb through the rear wheel wells. A second team lead by Agent Simmons will continue under the fuselage to the front of the plane and climb up through the wheel well. On Scott's mark, both teams will throw flash-bangs and then pop the floor panels and take the plane from either direction. Any questions?"

"What are we looking at for hostage casualty percentage?" one agent asked.

"Two hundred passengers, twelve terrorists and this attack method; maybe ten percent," Will calculated. "Any other questions? Alright, go get your gear." The two teams headed for the armory and prepared for their mission.

Will headed out of conference room and back toward his office but stopped. "You're not supposed to be back until tomorrow." Jack had just gotten to the WOTA office.

"I saw this cluster on TV. Figured you could use the help," Jack said as he walked across the main floor toward Will.

"Scott and Josh have it under control; Josh is ready," Will added.

"I'm sure he is, but I wanna be part of this," Jack said. As head of Field Operations he usually led missions such as this one but his mandatory vacation didn't end until the next morning.

"You really are supposed to take a full week," Will paused as Jack crossed his arms, "but what the heck. Here's the file on the group. It's a sleeper cell that we had been tracking with hopes that they could give us information about the location of bin Laden." The two started walking back to Will office. "Two weeks ago they disappeared. bin Laden's son Omar is believed to be leading the cell."

"Have we gotten anything from their communication with Al-Qaeda?"

"No. We believe that this was planned and executed by Omar alone," Will explained.

"Trying to get daddy to pay attention?" Jack conjectured with a smirk.

"That seems to be the belief. They took the plane approximately an hour into the flight from Dallas using carbon fiber handguns and explosives. Executed a flight attendant while she was checking in with the cockpit. We don't expect much in terms of gunfire when we take the plane, but we have to take out the bomber right away."

"Is the attack method the best way to do that? What if they blow the charges when we breach?" Jack asked.

"That's unlikely," Will explained, "If Omar is looking for credit from his father on a job well done, he is hoping for his demands to be met. Two-hundred casualties would be a plus, but we think he would only blow the charges if he didn't think he could stop us. With the distraction of the flash-bangs we should be able to disable them for long enough that we can get to the bomber in time and the only way to ensure that we have a chance to get to him is by going in from both sides at the same time."

"Alright. I'll grab my gear," Jack said and headed toward the door of Will's office.

"Jack?"

Jack turned back around, "Ya, Will?"

Will sat back on the edge of his desk and crossed his arms, "Denise called me about three hours ago."

"Oh gosh."

"Are you handling this?" Will asked.

"Ya, Will. I'm dealing with it," Jack replied, obviously frustrated.

"Well it needs to be under control. You have another physical in two months and I can't cover for you if your A1C is high." Will was referring to the blood test done to measure Jack's average blood sugar reading and thus his level of control. "You know you're out of here if it's not below seven, right?"

"Ya, I'm aware," Jack shot back angrily.

"Calm down Jack; I'm not the bad guy. You know I want you here, but this was the deal you made to stay in and they're gonna hold you to it."

"Ya," Jack said, calming down a bit, "I'll get it under control. You have my word."

"Alright Jack," Will stood up, "grab your gear."

Jack left Will's office and Will followed him out the door and then headed over to Robert Stone's desk to speak with the analyst. "Bob, where's the plane now?"

"Just past Salt Lake City," Robert said turning in his chair to face Will.

"So we've got just over an hour?" Will approximated.

"Give or take," Robert's calm attitude showed through in everything he did. It made him one of the best analysts because the pressure never seemed to get to him. He rose quickly at WOTA and was now the department head for analytics.

"Okay, keep me posted on any changes in their flight path," Will said as he headed back to his office.

"You got it boss," Robert said and turned back to his desk but spun back around when he heard Josh Simmons yelling at Jack.

"I'm ready. I can do this, just give me a shot," Josh yelled, walking behind Jack.

Jack spun around, "Maybe, but I'm the head of Field Ops. and I said I'm taking this one. You got a problem with that?" Jack asked sternly.

Josh paused obviously perturbed that the lead was taken away from him, "No sir," he yelled back.

"Good," Jack paused a moment and then said, "Now get everyone in the trucks."

"Yes sir," Josh complied and walked back to the armory and Jack walked to his office.

"Josh should really watch his attitude," Robert turned back around to see Marlegna Green, the new analyst.

"Oh, hey Marlegna, workin' graveyard tonight?" Robert asked.

"Ya, I got the late shift. And the 'g' is silent." Marlegna corrected him.

"Huh?"

"It's pronounced 'Mar-/ay-nuh' not 'Mar-leg-nuh.'"

"Oh, right. I knew that," he stated.

"Sure. So I thought you had been working mornings. What gives?" she asked.

"Well I kinda had to, ya know, 'no fraternizing' and everything."

"Oh ya," Marlegna grinned, "I heard about you and Natasha. So how long has that been going on?"

"A couple weeks now. Wasn't really sure it was anything serious. Note to self, don't tell that to a girl," Robert explained.

She laughed. "Ya, we don't usually like hearing that."

"Ya, so I talked to Will and he said it would be best for the team for me to work shifts when she's unlikely to be here," he said.

"Well I guess that means we'll be working together quite a bit," Marlegna commented.

"For the foreseeable future," Robert replied.

**22:53:46**

211 mg/dl

Two middle-eastern men began pushing a large crate toward the back of the plane. "That's good," a third stated in arabic. One man grabbed the long cord hanging off the crate and they both walked away from it. The two tied ropes around their waists and gave the third a thumbs up. He reached up and pushed a button on the control panel.

The rear cargo hatch began to open and the crate slid out. The first man held tightly as the cord pulled off of the crate and opened a parachute on the crate. He walked toward the edge and was able to see the parachute begin to open. He turned and smiled at the other two who smiled back at him.

The two men then went toward the front of the plane and picked up the body of a white male who looked to be in his late twenties. They lugged him toward the back and tossed him out. They returned for another body, also male, and threw him over as well.

The third man drug another body toward them and they picked it up. He watched as they threw the young female's body over the edge. He leaned down and picked up a small metal object from the floor. He looked it over in his palm. "Alaska Airlines HEATHER," the name tag read. He smirked and tossed it underhand off the plane as one of the men pressed the button to close the bay door.