

Disclaimer: The Sentinel and all Sentinel characters are owned by ungrateful people who don't love them or want them. If I get enough help, I am planning a rescue attempt, but please don't tell anyone.

Note: A short sharm piece that came to me. Thanks to Bonnie and Mouse for all your work.

## Cold and Wet is my World

By [Sentarla](#)

Man, cold and wet is my world. I don't know where I got that saying from, but boy does it fit. The sky is a gloomy, gray colour. The wind has a chill factor in the minuses, and to top it all off, it was starting to drizzle again. Of all the days for the classic to break down again. Brrrr

Hefting my large, travels everywhere, backpack higher onto my shoulder, I stop and look up at the street sign and sigh, two more blocks to go.

Just as I start off again, my cell phone rings and I swing the bag around to search for the elusive black phone that likes to disappear into the depths of my bag.

"Hello?"

"Hey Chief, where are you?"

Smiling slightly at the concern in my partner's voice I gave a vague reply.

"Not far from home. My car went on strike, so I'm hoofing it."

"In this?!" After a slight pause, the voice continued, "Where are you exactly Chief, I'll come get you."

Looking up at the sky, I shake my head. "Nah, Big Guy, I'll be home in ten, walking is good for you."

With a small chuckle Jim replied, "Sure it is Chief, you'll just come home with pneumonia, it's not like you would drown or anything I guess."

"Thanks Jim, that's real positive. See you in ten."

Closing the phone I re-adjust my pack and hurry on, warmed by my roommate's concern.

Eight minutes later I reach the loft door, man it felt good to be home. Reaching for my keys, I smile as the door swings open and the large imposing figure of my Sentinel ushers me inside.

"Straight into the shower Chief, you're wet through."

Smiling at the slight exaggeration, I dump my bag inside the door and head straight for the shower. So focused on the warm water waiting, I fail to notice the warm fire that was heating the loft, or my roommate's expression as he uses his senses to check my well being.

Once I was all warm and more capable of coherent cognitive thought, I start to notice the little things. The fire burning quietly, the television muted, dinner simmering and my roommate standing in the kitchen with a cup of hot tea for me, a small contented smile on his face.

Giving him a smile in return, I take the cup and sip the warm liquid, all the while reminding myself why I had never left this cold, wet place called Cascade. Rain, hail or shine, this was where I was loved and where I belonged.

~fin~