

April 22, 8:45pm, McCain Residence, San Diego

Brandon stood in the backyard smiling happily, looking at the clear night sky. He had just finished celebrating his thirty-first birthday with his family and the feeling he had was a good one. He was deep in thought when his sister, Shannon, came up and stood beside him.

"Hey, big Brother, that was a nice party."

"Yes, it was," he replied, his thoughts miles away.

"So, do you have any plans for tomorrow?"

The question caught him off guard and he looked at his sister with curiosity. "I hadn't planned anything special. What did you have in mind, Sis?"

"Well, I was thinking of..."

The Next Day

"Whoa, the view up here is GREAT!" Brandon shouted into his radio to be heard above the wind. He was currently 60 feet above the water, strapped into a parasail harness, looking down at the crystal blue water of the Pacific reflecting the sunlight like a diamond.

"I thought you'd like it," Shannon remarked from her position behind the boat's steering wheel.

"You bet I do!" he shouted in exhilaration. He grinned broadly as his sister slowed the boat, causing the parachute to drop towards the water, only to be pulled back up as she increased the boat's speed. This went on all day, the siblings taking turns going up, both enjoying each other's company.

Next on his 'to do list' was get in contact with his good friend Aaron Bradshaw. When Brandon arrived home from parasailing, he called his friend, wanting to make plans to get together before he left. Unfortunately, Aaron was not at home and his roommate informed Brandon that he wouldn't be back until Sunday.

Too bad. I was really looking forward to seeing him. Oh well, there's always next time.

It was a totally exhausted Brandon that slipped between the sheets. He reached up, putting his hand behind his head, thinking about how his vacation had been so far and sighed happily. He then pulled the covers over his head, going to sleep, and dreaming pleasant dreams.

