

Wednesday May 2, 2068. 3:45 pm. Tracy Island.

"I do it!"

"Now, Josh, you know you can't."

"I do it!"

"Josh, listen to me -- "

"I do it!"

"Fine, fine, go ahead and try."

Joshua's little fingers fumbled around the inflated water wings as he struggled to put them on his arms. The task of fitting his hand through the tight space was, as Dominic knew, something he couldn't do quite yet, and the toddler's temper began to rise. Averting the oncoming crisis, Dominic quickly pushed his son's arms through, and proceeded to tickle the life out of the little blond. Joshua immediately buckled with laughter, his consternation vanishing with the strokes of his father's fingers. Thank God for short memories, anyway... Dominic thought. Joshua bounced back up and ran over to the internal lift, reaching up for the 'call' button. Dom picked up the bag containing their towels and other essentials and headed to the lift himself.

He went to press the button himself, but Joshua shook his head.

"I do it!"

"Now, can you reach it, Josh?" Dominic asked, but Joshua simply continued to stretch.

Dom lifted the child up, and Josh hit the button with relish. He jumped back down, and ran into the lift as soon as it opened. Dominic shook his head.

"I'm getting too old for this..."

It was another sweltering day on the island. There was barely a breeze. Scott and Virgil were casually moving their chess pieces around the board, too hot to pay much attention to their game. Gordon and Elise were lounging under the big umbrellas by the pool. Elise was deep in a magazine, taking mental notes on new styles and accessories, while Gordon was contemplating whether he should stay where he was, or go for a dip in the pool. He closed his eyes, the heat sapping his energy and effectively making his decision for him, when a familiar voice drifted by through the still air. He looked up, and grinned at what he saw. Scott glanced up as he heard footsteps coming down from the villa, and went back to his game.

He did a double take, however, his face incredulous.

"What is that?" He asked, a teasing smirk on his face.

Virgil glanced up and grinned.

"That is a shirt worthy of Gordon, am I right?"

Indeed, Dominic and Joshua had arrived, the former wearing what was probably the loudest, most garish Hawaiian shirt either brother had ever seen. Dominic set his bag down and shrugged off the shirt, tipping them a wink.

"Every man needs a shirt louder than the sound of his voice," Dom said.

Scott barked out a laugh at the soft-spoken Irishman. Simply a striped shirt would have done in that case, he thought.

"What is that?"

It was Gordon this time, the smile wiped off his face, replaced by a look of sheer astonishment.

"Hmm?" Dominic asked, before realizing Gordon was staring at his back. "Oh, that. It's a tattoo, laddie," he said.

"It's huge!" Gordon said, his eyes seemingly on the verge of popping. "My God, that must have hurt."

"Aye, it did."

Dominic quickly followed Joshua into the pool before the wayward child decided to go for a walk in the deep end. He cornered the child on the shallower steps, and leant over to grab a nearby beach ball.

"Why did you get it?" Elise asked.

She had looked up at Gordon's exclamation. Most of the newbies had seen it before, due to a certain night-time emergency call, but the sight was still something to behold. Across Dom's shoulders and all the way down his back was one huge, intricate tattoo of a pair of silvery wings.

"Why does anyone do anything when they're a teenager?" Dom asked, throwing the ball back to a delighted Josh. "I admit it wasn't the smartest thing I ever did, but I thought it was cool at the time. Now... not so much."

Gordon shook his head.

"You're insane." He said.

"Would you like to know how many piercings I have as well?"

"No, thank you." Gordon said, shaking his head again. "In-sane. Totally."

Dominic laughed and caught the ball enthusiastically thrown by Joshua, which nearly flew over his head.

"Nice arm," he heard Scott comment.

From ArtisticRainey 8/14/2005
