

Wednesday, May 9, 2068, 9:00 p.m., Tracy Island

"To bed with you," Lisa told Tyler when she found him in the game room, playing pinball.

"Can't I stay up just a little longer?" the boy wheedled. "Just to finish this game?"

"No," his grandmother replied curtly. "You have school tomorrow."

Tyler pouted, and let the ball drain. With a scowl at her, he stomped off, heading for the stairs that would take him to the upper level, and his bedroom.

Lisa sighed and shook her head as she followed. She was joined on the upper level by Emily, who was also shaking her head and clucking her tongue. Alex glared at them both as he joined his brother. The two boys glanced at each other, and broke into a run, almost running smack dab into Scott, who whirled and quickly caught each by an arm. "No running in the house," the eldest Tracy son said firmly, "except in cases of emergency."

Neither boy said anything; they didn't dare mouth off to their eldest adoptive brother, but the looks on their faces said so much more than words. They shook off his grip, and walked as quickly as they dared down the hall to their suite, breaking into a run near the door.

Scott shook and scratched his head, a look of puzzled annoyance on his face. He turned when the two grandmothers caught up with him. Throwing a thumb over his shoulder he asked, "What's with them?"

Lisa sighed again. "I wish I knew. I think it's a combination of jet lag, time zone change, and just plain orneriness. Plus the fact that Jeff and Dianne aren't here."

"Yes," Emily said in agreement. "Tyler's trying to catch up with his schoolwork and he's probably not one hundred percent over his troubles. Alex might be feeling a bit on the left out side; after all, Dianne danced attendance on Ty while he was sick, then there was the focus on Cherie for her birthday... speaking of whom, I'd better go warn her that her own bedtime is around the corner. Any idea where she might be?"

"Well," Lisa said, looking at her watch, then thinking for a moment. "She won't be online with her US crew; it's too early in the morning there. But there might be a couple of internet friends in this time zone... try the schoolroom first."

"Good idea," Emily replied. "Can you two handle the twin terrors while I see to Miss Cherie?"

"Sure, Grandma," Scott said. "Grandma P. and I can handle them. And if we can't, I'll call in reinforcements."

Grandma Tracy chuckled at her eldest grandson's comment. "F-A-B. I'll go find our girl; you two

make sure those two monkeys don't destroy their room... any more than they already have." She turned and walked off down the hall, disappearing into the schoolroom.

Scott shook his head. "Used to be when the twin terrors we were talking about were Gordon and Alan," he commented as he pressed the button to open the door to the boys' suite.

The door refused to slide across, and Lisa pulled out a key. "I would have loved to see you five as kids, tearing up the house and giving your Dad those silver hairs he has today."

"I'll find you some vids," Scott said wryly as the door swished open. He gestured to the portal. "After you, milady."

Lisa snorted a laugh and entered the little boys' sitting room. Scott took a deep breath, looked ceilingward as if praying for strength, and followed.

From: Tikatu Sent: 9/15/2005

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