
Subject: Re: Celebrations and Challenges
Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 02:14:46 GMT
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Thursday May 10 2068, 8.20am, Tracy Island

John roughly towelled off his hair as he wandered into his room from the en suite, grinning. He threw down the towel and picked up his hairbrush, contemplating the matted blond thing masquerading as his hair. He hummed as he tamed the mess and carefully styled the lock over his forehead, before drying off and throwing on a t-shirt and shorts.

He began to whistle as he collected up his towels and threw them in the washing basket, and opened the en suite window to let in fresh air to waft away the shower steam. He had risen not long before in an inordinately good mood. Never one to be particularly depressed, the jaunty feeling John felt was still unusual. Yet it was not unwelcome. He wondered if his mood had anything to do with his dreams. John sat down on the bed and laced his fingers together, brows drawn. He couldn't remember what exactly they were, but he could feel a lingering sense of elation. Shadows and outlines danced at the edges of his memory, out of reach. If only he could only remember... Perhaps it would help explain.

John stood and let out a quick breath, and began to hum again as he searched for his socks and shoes. One reason for the happiness that he did know, however, was the memories of the picnic the day before. He grinned and began to tie his laces. It had gone off without a hitch. Both he and Kat had enjoyed themselves, both in the water and on the sand. She was so easy to talk to, so interested, and he had to admit, it was great to have someone who was genuinely interested in learning about the stars. It'll be fun to show her the comet, he thought. I know she'll appreciate it -- Alex and Tyler will too.

He strode over to the door, ready to get some breakfast, and suddenly he stopped, one hand poised over the door handle, and felt the grin slip off his face. Realization had dawned. This was unusual, unexpected, and a feeling he had not felt in some time. He was happy, overly happy, and wanted to become, perhaps, even happier... He let his arm drop. My God, I think...I think I have a crush on her!

From: ArtisticRaine Sent: 9/20/2005
