

Wednesday, March 14th; 11 PM; Tracy Island

It was late when Lena returned to her room in the Round House. She'd fed Joshua while Lisa and Kyrano prepared dinner for those still on the island. Then, once they'd put the toddler down for the night on a cot set up in Lisa's (and Kyrano's) bedroom, they went to feed and check on Asterix. Lena smiled, remembering the cat's reactions to her.

He'd hissed at her from his perch on the kitchen counter then, when she said to him, "You tink you're a tough one, little Simba, do you? And de only reason I'm here is to see dat you are safe and to help Lisa bring you your dinner," he mewed at her and purred loudly. The sound of her voice must have appealed to him - or was it the word "dinner"? But they were fast friends when she and Lisa left Christopher's apartment.

She, Lisa, Kyrano, Alex, Tyler, Elise and Brains had dinner at the table; Cherie insisted on staying with Jeff, so Kyrano had prepared two trays. Brains and Elise were the first to leave, and headed up to the lounge. Lisa took the boys to their room and stayed with them for a while, so Lena helped Kyrano clean up. While doing so, they got to know each other a little better, and their respect for each other grew.

They had finished when Lisa returned, so the women headed up to the lounge. Lena smothered a smile at Cherie's response to Lisa's question, and continued over to the couch, where she'd left her bag of needlework. Brains filled them in generally on what had happened so far.

"I don't have too much. They're keeping Callie busy asking for translations. It seems very few of the victims know any English. And I tried to find something about it on the news, but nothing has been reported."

"I'm not surprised," Lena replied. "De Russians have a long history of keeping de bad tings to demselves, whenever possible. Dey don't like de idea of de world knowing dey have such tings happening in deir country." Lisa, who had sat next to her, looked at her in surprise and she continued. "My fadder worked at de Kenyan embassy in Washington D.C. and I grew up in a neighborhood nearby. It wasn't difficult to learn tings like dat, when you're in dat environment. De Kenyans had dealings wit Russians on several occasions. Sometimes Fadder would explode in frustration and talk to my modder about dem. We all knew dat when he did dis, it was not to leave de house. But we heard what he said, and remembered."

Just then, John called in with an update. By the time Lena went to bed, she'd heard enough to keep her mind whirling with images of crushed vehicles, orphans, people injured or dead, tag colors and more. She undressed and got into bed, but her thoughts wouldn't let her sleep for a long time. She prayed for those who had died, for their families, for the orphans, including the new ones, but especially for the team members who were at the site.

Finally she slept, but her dreams kept her from getting much rest.

