
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 18:55:40 GMT
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From: Tikatu Sent: 3/28/2007 9:35 PM

Sunday, August 19, 2068, 11:15 p.m., Tracy Island

It was late that evening when Kat received an answer from John.

Hello, Kat,

Just wanted to let you know I got your email. Are you okay? It sounds like all of this came on pretty suddenly.

Your brother and his fiancée must be going crazy trying to get everything in order for the wedding. An event like that takes a lot of time and effort; I know, we went through it with Dad's second wedding. I'm sure Melanie can count on you to give her a hand in making things work. It's nice of them to make the sacrifice so her brother can be there before he's deployed to who knows where.

I went to the 'Net to try and find the case where you'd be testifying. I didn't remember you mentioning his name, or what the assault was, but the closest case I could find in the media for your area was a rape involving a mechanic named Ernie Grover. Is he the guy who harassed you? Seems like a nasty piece of work from what I was able to glean. If your testimony will put this creep away, then more power to you, Kat. And if you have the opportunity to press charges against him yourself, go for it.

It's too bad that this all has come about just now, but I'll be home for an entire two months. We'll have plenty of time to talk and stargaze and what have you... rescues permitting, of course. Take care and keep me updated on the situation as you have time.

Looking forward to hearing from you soon,

John

Kat sighed, smiled slightly, and printed out the letter. She tucked it into her handbag, and looked around her apartment. Everything was neat; the crockery was washed and put away, and she'd done a final load of washing that afternoon. She had spent some time with her friends earlier that evening, saying her goodbyes. Her bags were packed, and she'd been invited to have breakfast with the family before she left.

She glanced at the clock. Breakfast is to be very early as Lady Penelope wishes to get an early start on our flight, and it is late. I shall write John again when I arrive home.

With that thought, she had a warm, milky drink, washed out the cup, then brushed her teeth, and put on her night clothes. She glanced over the email on the screen one more time before shutting down the computer. Then with a melancholy feeling, she climbed into bed. She lay there for a little

while, listening to the wind as it came off the sea, and slowly it lulled her into a deep, dreamless sleep.
