

---

Subject: Re: Winds of Change  
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 20:09:03 GMT  
[View Forum Message](#) <> [Reply to Message](#)

---

From: MagicMaster8 Sent: 5/19/2007 5:14 PM

Friday, August 24, 9 AM; San Diego (Saturday, August 25, 4 AM on Tracy Island)

Brandon had awakened earlier in a good mood. His parents were together again, after having been moved to a convalescent home. Three contractors had come in and given him estimates for renovations. After much consideration, Brandon had made his choice. (Shannon had said, "You make the call, bro. I'm not good at this sort of thing.")

He'd notified the contractor, who'd assured him that the job would be done in a timely fashion. Then he'd told his sister. She'd exclaimed, "That's terrific! Let's go out to dinner to celebrate."

"Good idea. Where should we go?"

There had been a brief pause, then they'd looked at each other and said at the same time, "Anthony's!"

That evening, they'd left home for some good food and fun. They'd enjoyed themselves and had returned home feeling more relaxed.

He sat at the table sipping his coffee. This is the first time since I've been home, that I haven't felt like I need to be doing something. An idea began forming in his mind, and he mulled it over. He went to the phone and dialed. After three rings, there was an answer.

"My name is Brandon McCain. I'd like to make an appointment to go skydiving this afternoon."[/color]

With thanks to hobbeth for help with some of the wording.

---