

Friday, June 1, 2068, 5:45 p.m., Tracy Island

"Ewww! That's gross!"

"No! No! That's cool!"

Tyler and Alex stood by, watching as Gordon and Brandon helped Kyrano prepare the fish they'd caught for dinner. Tyler had his eyes half open and was standing with his hands held palms out and his face turned away as the men beheaded, gutted and filleted the fish. Alex eagerly watched the sight, trying to pick out the various organs as they were removed from the dead bodies.

"I'm getting out of here!" Tyler said, making a face. He turned and hurried away.

"He's not going to make a very good fisherman, is he?" Gordon commented. "This is all part of the sport, especially if you want to eat the catch."

"Aww, he'll probably get used to it as he gets older," Brandon disagreed. He put the fish that he had just finished with onto a tray, and stood up. "Can you finish the rest?"

Gordon looked around. "Yeah, I think we can." He looked up at Brandon from his seat. "You going to eat with us? Enjoy some of our catch?"

"No, but thanks for the invitation. There's a shindig planned for Callie's homecoming tonight, and I'm doing the grilling. I'd better get over there and get things ready."

"Okay, man. Thanks for helping out."

"Indeed, Mr. Brandon," Kyrano said. "Thank you for your contribution."

"No problem, Kyrano. And I didn't catch the fish, I just helped Tyler do it," the aquanaut said with a chuckle and a grin. "Later guys." He raised a hand in farewell before going inside to wash his hands.

Alex and Gordon both bid him goodbye, and Gordon finished up with the last of the fish.

"This will be a tasty meal tonight," Gordon said. He glanced over at his younger brother. "Do you think Tyler will eat this now that he's seen how to clean a fish?"

"If Mom has anything to say about it, he will," Alex said. He glance over at Kyrano. "What else are we having, Kyrano?"

The Malaysian smiled. "Your Tracy grandmother is making some of her apple pies, while your Parkhurst grandmother is making green beans almonidine and a rice pilaf. She told me she would rather make hush puppies and cole slaw, but since I will be steaming the fish instead of frying it,

she agreed to make the lighter fare."

"Next time, can we have a fish fry with hush puppies? I love hush puppies!" Alex pleaded.

"I will take your request under advisement, Mr. Alex," Kyrano said, nodding. He lifted the tray with the fish on it. "I must begin to cook these. Thank you for cleaning them, Mr. Gordon. And thank you, Mr. Alex, for catching them."

"You're welcome," Gordon and Alex both answered.

Alex followed Gordon as he stepped into a utility room to wash his fishy hands. First he washed them, then he squeezed a half a fresh lemon, left there by Kyrano for the purpose, over them to get out the fishy smell.

"I'm going to go clean up before dinner," Gordon said. "I think you should, too."

"Yeah, I guess so. I'll see you at dinner, Gords," Alex replied saucily as he skipped from the room.

"Little brothers," Gordon said, shaking his head. "You can't do a thing with 'em."

From: Tikatu Sent: 11/14/2005

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