

Friday, June 1, 2068, 6:15 PM; Tracy Island

While Emily and Lisa took the side dishes out to the dining room, Kyrano removed the fish from the steamer and placed them onto a platter. He had found a way of adding certain spices to enhance the flavor, and this particular dish had become a family favorite. Now it was ready to eat and smelled wonderful. He turned to take the platter into the dining room and place it on the table.

He returned to the kitchen, and heard Durian meowing plaintively from the wire enclosure that Kyrano had put in the kitchen, so the kitten could keep him company. But Durian had found a way out earlier and gotten into the trash, where the fish heads were prior to being ground up for fertilizer. Kyrano had hurried over to him and picked him up, managing to get him to drop the head in his mouth. He'd put the kitten back into the enclosure, found how he'd gotten out, and fixed it so he couldn't do that again.

Once the food was served and the family was eating, he took Durian out of the enclosure and, sitting at a small table, held him on his lap, petting him. He grew concerned as he noticed the kitten seemed listless and unwell. He lifted him to look at his eyes, but saw nothing to tell him what was wrong, so put him back on his lap and continued to pet him.

About twenty-five minutes later, the door to the dining room opened, and Grandma Tracy walked through. "The dinner was delicious as usual, Kyrano, and the boys all say that the only thing that can top it off is my apple pie. Land sakes, I -- dear me! What's going on?"

They heard a yell from the dining room. "Please excuse me. I had Durian on my lap when you came in, and he ran through the door when you came in." He hurried out.

"Ewww!" "Gross!" "Oh, yuck!"

Kyrano stopped in his tracks, appalled. Durian had jumped onto the table, and was hunched in the middle of it, vomiting. He coughed a little, and looked up to see Kyrano and mewed pitifully. Kyrano picked him up and looked into the kitten's eyes once again. "He had been in the kitchen earlier and was eating the fish heads; how he got into the trash, I don't know. But they shouldn't have affected him like this; not that much time has passed since they were caught." He cradled Durian in his arms.

Just then the kitten tensed and coughed up a fish eye on the Malaysian's sleeve. Paling at the sight, Cherie suddenly put her napkin to her mouth and got up quickly, running out of the room. Dianne glanced at Jeff, and left, following her. Everyone looked at each other, wondering if the fish would make them sick, too. Gordon frowned; Alex and Tyler looked worried, since they had been the ones to catch the fish.

Kyrano shifted Durian to one arm and reached out to take the platter with the remaining pieces of fish back into the kitchen. "I will save this in case he becomes worse, so we may find out what is

making him ill. I hope this does not affect any of you. Please extend my apologies to Miss Cherie for having to witness such a thing."

"Of course, Kyrano. And despite the unintentional floor -- or should I say table -- show, dinner was up to your usual standards."

"Thank you, sir. And now I must attend to things in the kitchen. And to this little one." He turned and left.

From: Hobbeth Sent: 11/15/2005

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