
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 21:40:51 GMT
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From: ArtisticRainey Sent: 5/29/2007 12:24 PM

Dominic was rhythmically tapping his fingers against his forehead. One, two, three, one-one, one, two three... The news of Heather's losses had knocked him for a loop. He sat on the couch in his apartment's lounge area and was vaguely aware that the kettle had just boiled.

Joshua was sitting on the floor surrounded by toys with his eyes glued to the colourful, most likely brain cell destroying children's vid playing on the televiewer. Horsey was being slammed face-first into the floor every time Joshua saw something he thought was funny. That was often.

One, one, one one... Pause. One, one, one, one... Pause. His thoughts were with Heather and her family...he should probably send his condolences...he wasn't really sure what to say. 'I'm Sorry' didn't quite cut it. He knew from experience.

I'm so sorry for your loss, Mr Kelly... Dominic's glazed, puffy eyes barely acknowledged the doctor standing in front of him. She... He didn't need a doctor to explain to him what his mother had done.

I hope it was sudden, at least... Dominic snorted. What a nice thing to say.

One-two-one-two-one-two. One, two, three, one-one, one, two, three...

Joshua giggled with delight and slammed Horsey down hard onto the flooring -- surprisingly hard for a baby. There was a crunch and a smash that snapped Dominic from his reverie, followed by a moment of awful silence from the child, and then the air-raid siren wail. Horsey's eye had come out.

"Give him here Jak..."