
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 21:55:33 GMT
[View Forum Message](#) <> [Reply to Message](#)

From: Tikatu Sent: 5/29/2007 5:25 PM

Tues, August 28, 10:30 p.m. local time, England (Wed, August 29, 9:30 a.m., Tracy Island)

Kat put her cup of tea and a small plate of biscuits down on the desk beside her laptop. She sat, opening up the computer and starting it, trying to compose in her mind what she wanted to say. There's so much to tell John! she mused as she sipped her tea. But where do I start?

Once connected to the Internet, she opened up an email window, then sat staring at it for moment. Finally, after another fortifying sip of tea, and a bite of crisp biscuit, she put her fingers on the keyboard.

Dear John

I hope this letter finds you healthy and ready to come back to earth. It's just a few more days, isn't it? Are you excited? I can't remember if it's Callie or Alan who is to replace you. I'm sure whichever one it is, they're looking forward to getting away from the hustle and bustle of the island.

I saw the rescue in Australia on television. What a terrible job that must have been! Was this really only the second time that IR has volunteered their help? I can't possibly believe that to be true; I'm sure there have been dozens of instances, many that the general public has no idea have happened.

How is everyone? How is your mother and how are Nikki and Dom? Are they recovering well? Has Brandon returned? What happened with Heather's family? It has been difficult to be so far away and have little or no news from my friends.

Here she paused, suddenly thinking of what had happened just the other night.

One of Melanie's other bridesmaids, a rather posh girl by the name of Teresa, had suggested they go clubbing. It had been so long since she had done anything of the sort -- the last instance she could remember had been the evening in Christchurch -- that she eagerly accepted the invitation. She wasn't sure if they would be going to the usual types of clubs or to places that would require a more dressy look, so she put on the long ivory and rose-print skirt with the matching ivory vest top that Lady Penelope had purchased for her before she'd left for the island. That shopping trip seemed like a lifetime ago, but the ensemble would do no matter where she went.

The first club they'd gone to was definitely on the posher side, and Kat was glad for her dressy clothes. She sat at the table with Teresa and Melanie, watching the couples dance and drinking a glass of wine. Melanie had gone to the powder room and Teresa was dancing, when a handsome young man had come up to the table. He looked vaguely familiar to Kat, but she couldn't for the life of her think of where she'd seen him before.

"Kat? Kat Williamson?" he asked, his bright smile flashing.

"Yes, I'm Kat Williamson," she said, Pausing, she gave the man a small, unsure smile. "Forgive me, please. I feel we've been introduced, but I'm afraid I can't remember your name."

He laughed. "Clark Kent was right. The glasses do change everything."

At that moment, Melanie came up. "Well, hello there, Toby," she said with a smile. "I see you've found dear Kat."

Kat's eyes widened. "No! You can't be! Not dear old Toby!"

The young man smiled again, though it did sting to hear himself referred to like some old dog. "Yes, Kat, it's your dear old 'Toby'." He turned around once, holding his arms out to show his smart clothes. "I've washed up well, haven't I?"

"Why, y-yes," Kat stammered. She peered at his face intently. "What happened to your glasses? I remember they were very thick and heavy."

"Surgery, m'dear, surgery," he said as he slipped into the seat next to her. "And it is you I must thank for it. Your recent email to dear cousin Melanie, commenting on my rather passé eye wear, was the catalyst. I felt it was time to finally put off the old 'Toby' and put on the new... the name is Thomas, by the way. Always has been, y'know. 'Toby', that stalwart, hound-like name, was a pet name given to me by my cousins and school chums. It comes from my initials: Thomas O. Bentley-Edwards." He glanced up. "Ah, and here comes my lovely twin, Teresa. Hullo, Terri."

"If you want me to call you 'Thomas', then please drop the 'Terri'," Teresa said peevishly. She glanced at Kat. "So this is the Kat you kept going on about? I had no idea she was a friend of Melanie's."

"Well, she is, and soon to be related as well," Melanie said with a smile. "Now, Tob... I mean, Thomas, why don't you take Kat out on the dance floor? You've gobsmailed her once this evening; why not again?" Leaning over, she murmured into Kat's ear. "He is the best dancer!"

Thomas turned to her. "Would you care to dance with me, Kat?"

Something inside whispered, "What would John say?" but Kat remembered Anna's words of advice about relationships. She smiled at this new Thomas, and said, "Yes, I would very much." She laid her purse down on the chair, and rose. He formally offered his arm, and they two went off to join the dancers.

Kat smiled at the thought. She and Toby - Thomas, she thought, mentally correcting herself - had danced several numbers together and Melanie had been quite right, he was a very good dancer. Much better than any of the Tracy sons, if truth be told. He had purchased a refill on her wine for her, and had insisted on driving her home, leaving Melanie and his sister to shift for themselves.

But do I want to tell this to John? she mused. I will consider it as I continue the letter.

She returned to the email.

Wedding preparations are going along fairly smoothly, the only hold up being the bride's dress itself. The couturier who was to design and sew it cannot possibly have it done in time, so Melanie has had to look for something off the rack. We are to visit Harrod's tomorrow morning.

I have given my preliminary deposition and the solicitors asked some sharp questions of me. It seems that this will be going to a jury trial as Ernie -- the accused man -- insists that he is innocent of the crime. I fear facing him in the witness box, but I know my duty as a good citizen and shall gather all my courage to do what is necessary.

But it has not been all work and no play; Melanie and her cousins, Teresa and Thomas, have taken me to several clubs. We are go to one tomorrow evening and Andrew will accompany us. Thomas is a wonderful dancer and quite witty; he is the life of the party wherever he goes. It is a sharp contrast to the way he used to be, very intense, with thick glasses and wearing clothes that looked positively last century.

Timothy and Suzi are to arrive tomorrow afternoon with the children. It is really very providential that Melanie's brother, Richard, is being deployed unexpectedly. Suzi won't find the flight or the wedding as tiring so early in her pregnancy, I should think.

She smiled, and decided it was time to finish her letter. Biting lightly on the end of her fingernail, she thought of how she might close it. Finally, she began to type again.

Well, I can't think of any more to say. Write when you can; I look forward to your letters.

Love, Kat

Checking her spelling and punctuation, she finally sent the email off to John. She sat back with her lukewarm cup of tea, and happened to glance at the clock. Time to sleep. Then Harrod's tomorrow morning, Tim and Suzi in the afternoon, and out to the clubs with Tob... with Thomas... in the evening.
