
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Sat, 28 Jul 2012 01:33:39 GMT
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From: Tikatu Sent: 6/7/2007 8:00 PM

Friday, August 31, 2068, 11:00 a.m., Greenville, SC (Saturday, September 1, 3:00 a.m., Tracy Island)

Lisa sighed as she ran her hand along the smooth banister. "So many memories... and now... I can't believe it won't be part of my life anymore." She shut her already reddened eyes, and tears began to fall afresh. She and Kyrano had just come back from the lawyer's office, where she had signed the papers and sold both her home, and the little business she had built for herself. The first had been purchased by an eager young couple with a toddler and another baby on the way. The business was going to an old friend, a former classmate from her days at cosmetology school, who was moving back to the area to live near grown children and grandchildren. Though she was able to retain her composure during the actual legal doings, she had broken down in the car afterwards and cried all the way back to the house.

Kyrano came up behind her, putting his careworn hands on her upper arms. "I know it pains you, dear one. All I can offer is my own sympathy and comfort."

She turned, and Kyrano embraced her, softly rubbing her back as she lay her head on his shoulder. They stood like that for a long moment while Lisa calmed. Finally, she straightened, pulled a tissue from the depths of a pocket, wiped her tears and blew her nose. "Thank you, Tuan. I have to remember that there are many more memories to be made on the island and with you."

"It is sad now, but there is joy to come, my love," he murmured, stroking a bit of hair away from her face.

"You're right." She gave him a tentative smile, then sighed again. "Now to decide what to take, so Jeff's movers can do their job. I should have offered Dougie his choice of the furniture; I'm sure he could have used some of it. I suppose I'll end up donating most of it to a charity or something." She glanced around the room, her eyes lighting on a tapestry above the small fireplace. "I know who will want that, but I have no idea where she'll put it."

"Dianne?"

"Yes. My brother brought it back from Turkey on one of his earliest Doctors Without Borders trips. She's always been fascinated by it."

Kyrano studied the wall hanging, noting the very Middle Eastern feel of the picture. A mounted man, perhaps a prince or even a bandit, was riding off with a princess, her veil streaming behind her, while a mounted group of scimitar-waving soldiers rode in hot pursuit. "Hm. I would suggest the lounge, as that is very Asian in feel, but I fear it would clash with the Thai dancer."

She chuckled, and her tentative smile widened. "You always know what to say, Tuan."

"I try, dear Lisa. I try." He squinted at the tapestry again, then turned to his fiancée. "If you wish to keep it, I think it might fit in our own sitting room." When he saw the surprise on her face, he added, "It will be our quarters, love, and as such, should be a combination of both our tastes." He gestured toward the hanging. "I like this very much. I would like to see this on our own wall."

"Really? You like it?" Lisa sounded hesitant.

"Yes. I do."

Lisa folded her arms. "Well, then, we have a problem, because I've always hated the thing. I kept it up at first for Drew, then for Dianne, until it finally became so much a part of the room that I didn't really look at it anymore."

She turned to her beau only to find that Kyrano's mouth had dropped open slightly in complete stupefaction. "Tuan? Are you all right?"

He shook his head briskly and blinked several times. "Y-Yes, I think so." Letting out a deep breath, he looked up at the wall hanging again. "I must say I am very surprised. But if you despise the thing, by all means, give it to Dianne. However, do not be surprised if she finds some public place to display it."

"I won't, but then, by that time, I may have some back-up."

"Back-up?"

Lisa smiled. "Emily. Somehow I don't think this particular tapestry will sit well with her either."

Kyrano looked back at the picture once more. "You know, I think you are right."
