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Subject: Re: Winds of Change  
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Sat, 28 Jul 2012 01:40:00 GMT  
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From: Tikatu Sent: 6/9/2007 9:26 PM

Saturday, September 1, 2068, 3 p.m., Tracy Island

"John!"

The sofa clicked into place and John was immediately attacked by what seemed to be a furless monkey. "Whoa, Ty!" he cried. "At least let me get up before you tackle me!"

"Oh, sorry," Tyler backed off, still grinning ear to ear, and the moment John stood and was steady, he launched himself at his brother again. "I'm so glad to see you! Ready for some pinball?"

Those in the lounge laughed, and John shifted his brother so he was unceremoniously draped over one shoulder. "I'm glad to see you, too, Spud. I really missed doing... this!" John quickly ran his fingertips up and down Tyler's exposed side, making the boy squirm and laugh. The squirming was so fierce that John nearly dropped the boy. Brains, who had just stood up to stretch, helped him grab Tyler, and together they eased him down to the couch.

"Well, John, you've been greeted by Tyler, so you really don't need the rest of us here," said Jeff facetiously.

"No, I guess not," John quipped, holding out his hands.

"You two!" Emily said sharply, shaking her head and huffing. She stepped up to embrace her grandson. "Welcome home, John. It's good to see you again."

"Good to be home, Grandma," John replied, hugging her firmly and planting a kiss on her cheek.

Jeff offered his hand, and John clasped it, then thumped his father on the back when Jeff pulled him in for a hug. Dianne was next, and John embraced her gingerly as she stood, cane in hand.

"You're looking good, Mom," he murmured.

"And I'm feeling better," Dianne replied with a smile. "By the way, the scans came out fine."

"Good. I'd hate to have to do that again next month." He was referring to the whole body scans that Dianne had insisted on first thing in the morning. Each member of the installation team had to lie on the scanner bed while it slowly recorded their bodily functions so she had a "space baseline" to work from. The scanner still had a few bugs to be worked out, and they had to stop and fix those, so the process was drawn out. Finally, though, she got the readings she needed and the equipment was now working properly. It was, however, the reason why John, Alan and Brains were home much later than usual.

"Hey, what am I? Chopped liver?" Alan exclaimed, watching as the rest of the family greet John.

"Yes!" Tyler cried. Those in the lounge laughed, and Alan made a face at Tyler, then went to grab him. The lithe little boy ducked out of his brother's grasp, and headed for the study, where he paused long enough to stick out his tongue and go, "Neener, neener, neener! Alan can't catch me!"

"Oh, yeah?" Alan headed for the study, and Tyler made ready to run, when Jeff's voice boomed out.

"Boys!"

Alan paused, and Tyler's gaze shifted to his father.

"No running in the house!"

"Okay, Dad." "F-A-B, Dad!"

Alan grinned and headed for Tyler again. "Now let's see who's faster!"

"I still am!" said the boy as he ducked quickly out of the room, Alan in hot - but walking - pursuit.

Jeff shook his head slowly, and Emily muttered, "Don't they ever grow up?"

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