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Subject: Re: Winds of Change  
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Sat, 28 Jul 2012 01:57:00 GMT  
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From: ArtisticRainey Sent: 6/11/2007 3:38 PM

Sunday, September 2nd, 2068. 10AM. Tracy Island.

Dominic was childless for a few hours thanks to the grace of Emily Tracy, and he was glad. His son was everything to him, but unfortunately that included being a little -- Dominic stopped himself short, and thought, He's only a weean, he doesn't really understand. The child had been pushing his father further and further recently. Dominic almost couldn't wait until his chick left the nest... Almost. I can almost see meself bein' one of those parents who never let their kids leave... He dropped by and picked up the mail that was waiting for him -- there was quite a bit, as he hadn't collected any in a while -- and headed back to the monorail and to his apartment. He left the mail sitting on the kitchen counter and picked up the sack of washing that was waiting for him. It smelled of dirty baby; he rushed down to the laundry room, and sauntered back up.

He put the kettle on for a cup of tea -- When did I become a tea-addicted adult? -- and picked up the pile of envelopes.

Thankfully, no junk mail companies had found his new address yet, and he somehow doubted anyone would. It was mostly correspondence from his bank, his credit card company, and even his dentist back in Kansas. How strange...I guess Matt gave it to them, he thought. One envelope had a familiar seal on it, and Dominic's hands began to shake. Is it...? He ripped the envelope in half in his attempts to get to the letter inside.

"Yeeeeeeeeeeeeoooooooooooooooooo!"

He jumped for joy and started punching the air, even back flipping over the coffee table still clutching the envelope.

"I'm free! I'm finally free of her!"

Inside the envelope was the confirmation that at long last, he was again a single man, bona fide divorced. Dominic started dancing around his apartment, periodically letting out whoops of happiness. He was smiling ear to ear.

"I never have to think about her again. Aaaaaah, the relief..."

He flopped down onto the sofa and sighed, before picking up the rest of his mail. There was one particularly thick, large envelope, and he chose that one to open first. He read over the first few lines, then blinked, and read over them again. All of the blood drained from his face, and then rushed back to turn his skin a bright red as if he had been sunburned.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAARGH!"

Dominic wrenched himself from the sofa and ran all the way to the elevator, and then to Nikki's

door. He almost put his fist through the reinforced material as he banged for attention. Nikki answered with a mix of shock and anger on her face.

"What on earth are you doing?!" she demanded.

"My ex-wife, Mags. She's -- she's -- suing for custody of Joshua!!!"

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