
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Sat, 28 Jul 2012 02:11:42 GMT
[View Forum Message](#) <> [Reply to Message](#)

From: Tikatu Sent: 6/12/2007 3:08 PM

Sunday, September 2, 2068, 11 p.m., England (10 a.m., Monday, September 3, Tracy Island)

"Goodnight," a coquettishly smiling Kat said to Thomas as he left her at her door.

"Goodnight, dear Kat," he said, softly. Suddenly, he zeroed in to plant a light kiss on her lips. "Until we meet again."

She was surprised to find herself responding to the kiss, and when it was done, her smile was wider. "Yes. Goodnight until then."

She watched him walk jauntily to his car before stepping quietly into her parents' house. The car started with a subtle purr, then pulled away; the only sound it made was the crunching of gravel. Leaning against the closed front door, she sighed contentedly, and put her hand to her still tingling lips.

Moving quietly through the house, she made her way up to what used to be Andrew's bedroom. She was now living there; it was far bigger than the little cupboard of a box room she had before. Her computer was on, the indicator blinking in a friendly way, and she sat down. A touch of the mouse brought the screen to life, and within moments, her email box was open.

There were several messages, but she sighed in disappointment to see she didn't have one from John. Disappointment that quickly turned to irritation as she realized that, though he was prompt about returning her messages, he had yet to write one to her himself. I know he has been on Thunderbird Five, and his duties there come first and foremost, but I should have thought he could take the time to email me. And he has been home well over a day now; I'm sure Tyler hasn't taken up all of his time in playing foosball or whatever silly game they play. So, why hasn't John written me?

She read the other missives, only to discover that she didn't remember their contents when she was through. Her mind was so fixed on John and his failure to write that she couldn't enjoy what her other friends had to say. Do I wait to write him? Perhaps until he sends me an email on his own? Her petite features folded into a concerned frown. But... what if he doesn't write at all? She gasped, putting her hand to her mouth. No, he would write; I am sure of it. We have a special relationship, he and I. We are special... friends.

This thought brought her up short. Surely, we are much more than friends. We have spent so much time together. He has been so attentive when we have been together, making me cocoa, lending me his books. Suddenly, the thought of Thomas, and the kiss he'd given her, made her realize something. In all our time together, he has never kissed me. Not once. Not even on the cheek. She propped her chin on her hand, and stared at the screen. "I wonder why not," she murmured. "It's not as if his family doesn't show affection; his father and step-mother are very romantic with each other. But he has never even looked at me in a romantic way."

For a long time she continued to stare at the screen. "Well, then," she murmured as she opened up an email form. "Perhaps your response to this will tell me exactly how you see our... friendship, John."

"Dear John,

"I hope your flight home was smooth and there were no complications to keep you at your workplace. I'm dreadfully sorry that I wasn't there to greet you. Did you have a good time playing," she paused to see if she could remember which game John played with his little brother, "foosball with Tyler when you returned? I am sure he missed you very much.

"The wedding was lovely; everything went off very well. Little Estelle was well-behaved as the flower girl, however, Jake was a little scalawag. He made comments like, 'Why is Uncle Andy kissing that girl?' during the wedding. My mum kept trying to shush him, but there was always someone giggling at his comments. We all looked a treat in our frocks -- or so my father said -- but they were made of velvet and the day was hot, so we were very warm and sticky. Melanie, however, looked smashing in the gown she found at Harrod's. Richard wore his RAF uniform, which made him look very dashing, but very different from the other groomsmen. Timothy was best man, and Melanie's other brother, Colin, was also part of the wedding party. My poor mum kept getting the two brothers mixed up."

Here she paused to think over her words. I want to make him know what he is missing without being obvious about it. She smiled. I think I can do that.

"Last evening, the remaining members of the wedding party went out to a club. We had such a lovely time! Melanie's cousin, Thomas, danced several numbers with me; I'd had no idea he was such a wonderful dancer. When I knew him before, he was quite intense and had no real idea of fun. But he's changed so much, and he says I am the reason why. It is very flattering to see how one person can influence another so very much. In fact, we've just had the most smashing evening together, just Thomas and myself.

"I suppose things have been too busy for you to write, but I do hope to hear from you soon.

"Kat"

She read it over, tweaking the wording here and there, then smiling and nodding to herself as she sent it off. We shall see what sort of response I get from John now. With that, she slipped off her long, gypsy-style cheesecloth skirt, and began to prepare for bed.