

---

Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is  
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 13:57:01 GMT  
[View Forum Message](#) <> [Reply to Message](#)

---

From: Tikatu Sent: 7/24/2006 2:40 PM

Saturday, July 21, 2068, 11:15 p.m., local time, Greenville, SC (Sunday, July 22, 3:15 p.m. Tracy Island)

"So, how was th' flight?" Lisa asked her daughter. She had met Dianne and John at the jetport, and they were now en route to her house.

"Long, as usual," Dianne said with a sigh. She glanced back to see her daughter and three of her sons riding in the van, the youngest two half asleep already, and turned back to her mother with a puzzled frown.

"Why'd you bring the kids?" she asked. "Cherry could have waited at home with the boys; she's old enough."

Lisa steadfastly looked to the road, and paid attention to her driving, and there was a long silence between mother and daughter.

"Ma?" Dianne prodded.

Lisa sighed. "Theyah's been a... an incident," she said, not looking at Dianne.

"What kind of incident?"

John, sitting behind Dianne, perked up his ears and leaned forward a little.

"A sort of... security incident."

"Ma," Dianne's tone was now warning. "What happened?"

Her mother seemed to deflate a little. "Garrett."

Dianne's eyes widened in disbelief. "He's heah?!" Lisa nodded, and Dianne glanced away, stunned.

John took the opportunity to ask a question. "Who's Garrett?"

Almost simultaneously, Lisa said, "Mah ex-husband," and Dianne answered, "My fathah."

"Your father?" John echoed. "That would make him my... step-grandfather... sort of."

"If'n mah mothah wasn't divorced from him, probably," Dianne said sourly. She turned back to her mother. "What's he doin' heah?"

Lisa sighed again. "It seems that he heard 'bout yoah marriage, and is tryin' t' insert himself back into owah lives. He started with Doug, comin' around, sayin' he wanted t' make up foah what he did, be a 'real' grandfathah t' Stephanie."

"Ah hope Dougie threw him out on his ear!" Dianne said fervently.

Lisa shook her head, and glanced at her daughter, her expression a plea for understanding. "No, he didn't." Before Dianne could say a thing, she went on, "Doug was very young back then, Di. He doesn't remember what happened the way that you do. He doesn't see anythin' wrong in his fathah makin' amends."

"Ah guess Ah'll have t' have a little talk with him. Remind him of owah family history," Dianne growled, folding her arms belligerently. She took a deep breath to calm herself, then asked, "Did he see... the kids?"

Her mother looked back out at the road again. They were getting close to home. "Yes, unfortunately. He's been watching me, it seems, and when Ah went out to the store with the kids, he came up t' us. He greeted me, then asked if'n the kids were yoahs. Wanted me t' introduce him. Ah tole him t' get lost."

"What did the kids do?"

This question brought out a snorted laugh. "Alex gave him his patented, 'you are a bug' look. Tyler just looked confused, but Cherry asked me if'n Ah wanted security. Ah said, yes, and she called them. Simone showed up, draggin' a store manager along foah good measure, and while she was politely arguing her point 'bout the kids and theyah privacy, we made good our escape. With the groceries, Ah might add."

Dianne relaxed a bit. "Sounds like you handled it well."

"Ah suppose so." Lisa pulled into her driveway, and took the car all the way down to the back door, an unusual move for her. "The kids were full o' questions when we finally got into the van. They wanted t' know who that man was, and why he stopped us in the store. Ah tole them a little; you'll have to tell them more."

"Ah will, in the morning," Dianne said. "Did he follow you home or anything?"

The lights came on in the van as John opened the side door and stepped out to stretch. Cherry stirred; she'd been listening in on the conversation, but didn't want her mother to know that just yet. Reaching behind her, she shook Alex's knee and then Tyler's. "Wake up, guys. We're home."

"John, could you get Tyler in the house? Ah don't think he's going t' wake up," Dianne asked her stepson with a strained smile.

"Sure, Mom," he replied.

Lisa handed her keys to Cherie. "Go and open the door foah your brothers and turn the lights on so John can see where he's going."

"Yes, ma'am," Cherry said as she took the key ring and climbed out of the car. Alex followed her, drooping and yawning, and John brought up the rear, practically carrying a zoned-out Tyler. When the children and John were safely inside, Lisa put a hand on Dianne's arm.

"After we got home from the store, he called me."

Dianne frowned. "How'd he do that? Yoah number is unlisted."

"He talked Doug into giving it t' him, or at least, that's what he said," Lisa explained. "He asked when his daughter and new son-in-law were goin' to put in an appearance."

"Hmm." Dianne said thoughtfully. "Sounds to me like he's got an eye on Jeff." She gave her mother a piercing look. "Do you think he's sincere in this 'making amends' business?"

Lisa shook her head. "Ah don't know, and Ah don't want t' know. Ah washed him from mah life years ago and Ah'm not lettin' him back in. Not now, not evah."

Dianne nodded. "Ah understand. And it makes mah decision about Cherie's schooling a whole lot easier t' make. There's no way Ah'm leaving her heah; not while he's hanging around."

"Ah thought that'd be yoah decision," Lisa said. "Ah've already got mah things packed t' visit the island. Ah wasn't going to, but this... encounter has changed mah mind."

"You know you're welcome, Mom, always," Dianne said with a small smile. She glanced up. "Here's John. We'd better grab the overnight bags and get inside." She paused. "Thanks foah taking such good care of my kids. Ah hope you realize that you're not the problem heah; he is."

"Ah know," Lisa replied, nodding. "We can talk more about this in the morning."

"Right," Dianne said, opening her door. And I can call Jeff and give him my decision regarding our daughter.