
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 14:04:55 GMT
[View Forum Message](#) <> [Reply to Message](#)

From: Tikatu Sent: 7/25/2006 12:06 PM

Monday, July 23, 2068, 10 a.m., Tracy Island

Dianne let out a quiet sigh as John brought Tracy One in for a smooth landing. It had again been a long flight, with a lot of talking done along the way.

They'd left Greenville around nine, with Dianne in the cockpit. John napped in the back for a couple of hours, waking just short of L.A., where they had a quick pit stop and refueling. Then Dianne moved to the back, and John flew the rest of the journey.

She watched her kids as they read or played with their vid games, and wondered how to explain the situation with Garrett. There hadn't been too many questions in the general rush to pack up and leave, but she expected some now. I think I'd better broach the subject now, she thought. Might save a lot of questions coming at awkward times in the next week or so.

"Kids?"

The three young ones looked up at their mother, who put on a pained smile. "Grandma told me about you meeting up with a man in the grocery store..."

"You mean that guy who got her all mad?" Tyler asked. He saved his game and put it aside, sensing that his mother wanted to talk about the incident.

"Yeah, him," Dianne replied, nodding. "I want to explain a few things about him..."

"He's our grandpa, isn't he?" Cherie piped up, her tone accusatory. When Dianne gave her a questioning glance, she added, "I overheard you talking last night."

"Is he really our grandpa?" Alex asked.

Dianne glanced at her mother, who nodded slightly, indicating her support. With a sigh, Dianne said, "Yes. He is. He's my father, so that makes him your biological grandfather."

"Why are you making the distinction?" Alex asked, frowning. "It's like when you talk about Papa and Nana."

"Your Papa and Nana Koch are far more grandparents to you than Garrett -- that's his name -- will ever be," Dianne said, her tone turning sharp. Then she relented a little and smiled. "Kids, Garrett hasn't been a father to me, or to your uncles, for a long, long time. He...." She foundered and glanced at her mother.

Lisa nodded. "When I was far younger and more naïve than I should have been," she began, "I married Garrett. We had three beautiful children together. But Garrett had a problem; he liked to

drink alcohol. When he got drunk, he was mean and violent, but when he was sober, he was sweet and caring." Lisa paused and took a deep, shaky breath. "The problem was, the more he drank, the more he wanted to drink, until finally, that was all he did. He became an alcoholic, but he wouldn't admit that he was one."

There was a long silence as Lisa looked down at her hands and tried to compose herself. Finally, she raised her eyes to gaze at her grandchildren. "When he was drunk, he would hit me, and tell me all sorts of lies about myself. Because I loved him, I believed him and soon became very depressed."

"Why didn't you tell the police, Grammy?" Tyler asked, his eyes wide.

"Because I thought he was right. He said I deserved to be hit because I was a bad person... and I believed him," Lisa said softly. "But one night when he came home drunk, and started to hit me, your mother woke up." The children glanced over at their mother, who sat silently watching Lisa, a world of sadness in her eyes. "She came out to the kitchen, and started yelling at him to leave me alone. That's when... oh, God..." The last two words came out like a sob.

Dianne picked up the tale. "That's when he started hitting me. He hit me hard enough and long enough to put me in the hospital." She glanced at Tyler. "I was only nine at the time -- a little younger than our Tyler here."

The children's mouths had dropped open at this, and their eyes had widened in shock. After a moment, Alex's face had an angry scowl, while Tyler got up and went to his mother, putting an arm around her shoulders and saying, "It's okay, Mom."

"What happened then?" Cherie asked quietly.

Lisa spoke again. "He made me so angry when he did that. Maybe I deserved to be beaten and screamed at, but your mother didn't. So, for the first time, I told the police what was going on, and filed charges against him. Then, I called your great-uncle Drew, who was living in Myrtle Beach at the time, and he came down to watch your mother and your uncles while I went to the court house and asked for a restraining order. I also found a lawyer, and filed for divorce." She sat up more now, straighter, as if she had regained her pride. "Garrett heard about all this, and disappeared. For two years I looked for him to finalize the divorce, and to see that he was jailed for what he did. It was hard; I worked two jobs to make ends meet, and your great-uncle helped me, too. Finally, we found him, and he was arrested for beating your mother. The divorce became final, and I was free to raise my children in a house where there was no fear."

There was a long silence, then Alex asked, "How come he showed up at the grocery store?"

The two women glanced at each other, and Lisa spoke, "It seems he's been watching me. I don't know how, but meeting him in the store was no coincidence."

"He heard about my getting married to Jeff," Dianne added. "I think that's the reason he's popped up so all of a sudden."

"He started with your uncle Doug," Lisa said. "Trying to make amends with him first, and getting

information at the same time... like my unlisted phone number."

"So... what's he going to do now?" Cherie asked, looking from mother to grandmother and back. "I mean, he's not married to you anymore, Grammy. He can't hurt you anymore."

"I think he may be looking for money, Cherry," Dianne said quietly. "He thinks he'll get it from your dad."

"But... what if he's really trying to say he's sorry?" Tyler asked, a puzzled look on his face. He had taken his seat again, and was leaning forward to listen better. "I mean, you're always telling us we need to forgive..."

"If he were really sorry, Ty, then why didn't he come and do this when your birth dad was alive?" Dianne asked. "Why did he choose to come now, when you kids were visiting your grandmother?" She shook her head. "I don't trust him. I probably never will. As far as forgiveness is concerned..." She took a deep breath, "Let's just say that it'll take more than a few words for me to believe that he's really sorry for what he did. That and respecting both your grandmother's privacy and our own."

Cherie sat up straighter, looking alarmed. "What does this mean for school? Does this mean that I won't be able to stay with Grammy and go to school with my friends?"

Dianne sighed. "As long as he is hanging around Grammy's house, yes, that's what it means. I don't want him near you, any of you."

"That's not fair!" Cherie shouted. "I mean, Grammy can get another restraining order, can't she? Then he'll have to stay away!"

"For me to get another restraining order, Cherry, I have to prove that he's stalking me, or he's hurting me," Lisa explained. "And a restraining order for me doesn't necessarily translate to one for you when you're away from the house without me. You have to have a very good reason to ask for one, sweetie, and I don't intend to let him get close enough to have that reason."

There was a lot of crying, pleading, and pouting from Cherie from that point on, until Dianne put her foot down and said the discussion was over. Then the teenager sat silently pouting, her arms folded belligerently. The other two children asked a few more questions, mostly about their uncle Doug. Finally, Dianne went back into the cockpit as they got close to the island.

Now they had taxied into the hangar, the cool darkness of the caverns enveloping them. Cherie was the first one out of the plane. Scott stood waiting to greet her; she didn't even say hello as she went stomping off in the direction of the lifts.

"What's wrong with her?" he asked Lisa, as she stepped out of the plane.

"I'll tell you later," Lisa promised.

Jeff frowned as he watched his daughter stomp off, then called in his 'I-will-not-be-disobeyed' voice, "Come back here, young lady, and help unload your luggage." Cherie stopped mid-stride,

let her arms and shoulders swing down, stomped a foot, and returned, not speaking to anyone as she grabbed two bags and headed off to the lifts once more.

Kyrano watched the interchange, and frowned, a concerned expression. He took Lisa into his arms, and said, "Welcome back, dear one."

She laid her head on his shoulder and said quietly, "I have a lot to tell you."

Jeff greeted his tired sons, and helped Dianne down from the cockpit. "What's with Cherie?" he asked.

"Ah made mah decision, and she's none too happy with it," Dianne explained as her eyes followed the girl. She glanced back up at her husband and smiled slightly. "Theyah's a lot t' discuss and explain. Later, though, when we're all feelin' a bit more rested."

"Okay, love. Later."

With that, the crew moved to finish unloading the cargo hold and went on up to the villa.