
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 14:21:57 GMT
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From: AmandaTracyandFred Sent: 7/28/2006 9:21 PM

Sunday July 22, 2068 El Dorado, Kansas 6:30pm

Sitting at her favorite chair with a bucket of fried chicken on a table next to her, Heather studied the tri-screen with the weather patterns on one side and the broadband Internet through Tracy Industries on the bottom right, while Amy, a younger version of her mother, sat looking back at Heather on the top right. She sighed with relief as the A/C cranked cold air all through the house.

"Hi, Heather! How are you?"

"Pretty good. Pretty beat. Just got home. Putting up my feet." Heather wiggled her toes at the screen. "How's everybody doing?"

"Mom's upset. Dad's reading--"

"I just know I'm going to regret asking this, but why is she upset?"

"Mom applied at her club and she was turned down yet again."

"Which one?"

"Oh, the Daughters of the Revolution Society."

"Oh no! She'll be moody for the next two weeks solid. Why doesn't she give up? Her credentials aren't enough evidence to list our family with them," Heather commented as she scrolled through her email. "Oh, nuts! I was outbid on eBay again!"

"What do you have to do that for? You could afford anything you want."

Scrolling down further, Heather saw an advertisement from Tracy Industries. "No, I do not wish to add myself on your mailing list! I'm on your payroll already!" With a touch of a button, the offending ad disappeared into cyberspace.

"Oh, I know I could, but it's so much fun to just jump in on the auctions. I get a feeling of satisfaction when I beat out somebody on here. I'm bidding on a beautiful emerald cut diamond ring with tiny perfect diamonds surrounding it. It's gorgeous!"

Amy shook her head. "How do you know it's authentic?"

"Because I made a personal call to the owner, then made a call to the store he bought it at, and had it verified. That's how I know. I had the verification mailed to me. It's gonna be mine!"

Scrolling further down on her email listing, Heather found another Tracy Industries email and

opened it. She glanced over the headings and then read the body of the electronic missive.

"Dear Ms. Kennedy,

Your application for the position of Family Pilot has been accepted. Please call my office at the following number between the hours of 3:00 p.m. and 4:00 p.m. CDT to schedule an interview. I look forward to meeting with you in person and discussing the position.

Sincerely,

Jeff Tracy"

"Yeeehah!" Heather yelped for joy. "I'm going to meet the first astronaut to return to the moon! Yippee!"

Amy groaned as she covered her ears. "Mother is going to just--freak!"