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Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is  
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 16:08:23 GMT  
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From: ArtisticRainey Sent: 8/25/2006 12:41 PM

Saturday July 28, late afternoon, Tracy Island

It had been four days since The Incident on the beach. Dominic had, at last, gotten a decent night's rest, and was feeling marginally better. His face still went beetroot-red at the memory of the event, and he cringed every time he did. He also felt like he was going to throw up every time he thought about the creeping, hairy, disgusting creature that had been on him. He stilled for a moment and swallowed. Urgh. No matter how hard he tried not to, in the presence of eight-legged monsters his insides tried to crawl outside -- or escape via projectile vomiting, he thought with a shudder -- and it was very, very embarrassing. Thus far he had managed to avoid Scott and the kids (Kids! I was more afraid than the kids!), but it wasn't long before his luck ran out. Though, knowing that Kyrano's garden was something of a favourite spot for the eldest Tracy sibling, Dom realized in retrospect that it wasn't such a good place to try to avoid him. He hadn't been in the foliage too long, Joshua in tow, before he bumped into not only Scott, but Alex as well. Someone up there doesn't like me today...

"All right lads?" He said pleasantly, hoping that his face wasn't going as red as it felt.

"Hi, Dominic," Scott said. "Recovered since Wednesday?"

Now Dominic was sure that his face was red, and he shook his head slightly to try and cover his face with his hair.

"Hmm? Oh, yes, thanks." Man, I sound pathetic. "Haven't thought about it since." Liar.

"You know, you weren't in any danger," Alex said earnestly. "It wasn't poisonous, and it was quite young, too. It was weird to see one out in the day. It was actually quite cool."

Dominic turned his eyes on Alex, and his mouth thinned.

"I wouldn't be so sure," he said. That kid has some warped priorities...

For a moment, Dom thought Alex looked slightly hurt by the comment, but it passed so quickly that he decided he was making it up. Paranoid about other things now too, apparently.

"And I wouldn't be so sure to question what Alex says," Scott commented. "He knows his stuff."

"Yeah. There are a lot of tarantulas on the island," Alex said, folding his arms. "There's probably a bunch of them living in this garden, too."

The hairs on the back of Dom's neck stood on end, and his body steeled itself against an impending onslaught of furry terrors. He swallowed, his throat feeling suddenly arid, and reached down for his son's hand.

"Come on, Jak," he said. "Time to go. See you around, lads."

Dominic beat a rapid retreat back to his apartment, Joshua complaining all the way.

"Sorry, wee man, but Daddy just can't face another spider this decade..."

Back in the garden, Scott cast a sidelong glance at Alex.

"That was... tactful," he said. But deserved. Where does he get off thinking Alex doesn't know what he's talking about? The kid's a natural at this sort of thing! Man...