
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 21:41:26 GMT
[View Forum Message](#) <> [Reply to Message](#)

From: ArtisticRainey Sent: 9/6/2006 2:49 PM

Wednesday, August 1 2068. 12:30 p.m.. Tracy Island.

A bird squawked loudly overhead and flew off in the direction of Mateo Island. The leaves of the plam it had been resting in shook sharply as it took off, before being rocked to calmness again by the breeze. A lone blue feather floated down and landed on the paving around the pool. Joshua went to investigate, accompanied by Horsey. It was one of the warmer days of the Tracy Island winter -- not that it ever got particularly cold -- and Dominic had taken his son out for a little fresh air and exercise, before the Irishman would settle the child down for his afternoon nap, before beginning the arduous task of ironing; there was a lot to be done. Sometimes I wish I could let him run around starkers all day. It'd save on the washing and ironing -- oh, how I hate ironing...

"Don't pick that up, Jak!" Dom called as Joshua reached for the feather. "It's dirty." Joshua plainly ignored his father, and picked it up, but Dom held firm. "Now, if you don't put it down right away you'll have to take a bath!"

Joshua thrust the feather towards the ground and ran over to his father, throwing it a look of disgust.

"Good boy," Dominic said.

Joshua smiled and clapped his hands -- unfortunately, dropping his stuffed horse in the process.

"Hosey falled over! Hosey falled!" He said, suddenly teary-eyed. "Da!" The boy picked the toy up and held it out. "Da make better!"

"Okay, give him here."

Dominic sat the horse on his lap and regarded it seriously.

"Where does it hurt?" He bent the toy's front leg up to point at his head. "Well then, there's only one thing for it." Dominic bent down and kissed its forehead, and asked, "better now?" He nodded the toy's head in agreement. "There you go, Jak," Dom said, offering the child his precious horse back.

Instead of taking it and going off to play again, though, Joshua clambered into Dominic's lap and tucked his head under his father's chin, and grabbed a fistful of his t-shirt.

"Da, story pease?"

"Don't you want to play with Horsey some more?" Dominic asked. He considered himself somewhat lacking in the imagination department.

"Story, please? Horsey hurted an' wants story."

"Okay then, wee man," Dom said. Horsey my eye, he thought, before beginning. "Once upon a time there was a young man named Sir Jack the Brave, who had a fine horse named -- uh -- Horsey..."

By the time Sir Jack and Horsey were charging head first into a battle with a lion, Joshua had fallen asleep, and Dominic kissed the top of the child's head. My stories must be really boring... he thought, but smiled anyway.

"What, you're not going to finish?"

Dominic looked up to see Gordon and Brandon seated on loungers nearby, the former with an expectant look on his face.

"I didn't even see you lads come by," he said, feeling his face grow warm.

"Yeah, well, we're here, so finish the story."

Dominic chuckled softly and shifted the sleeping child in his arms.

"Don't be daft. Sure it was so borin' the kid conked out."

"It's tough, being two," Brandon said with a grin. "Takes a lot of energy."

"Yeah, and it's tough having a two-year-old."

The men shared a quiet laugh, before Dominic excused himself, ready for his battle with his most hated of household chores.