
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 22:30:12 GMT
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From: Tikatu Sent: 9/11/2006 8:18 AM

Friday, August 3, 2068, 1:30 p.m., Tracy Island

Lisa hummed as she worked, pulling Cherie's lengthening locks through her fingers and snipping off the split ends that had developed. Cherie smiled at her image in the room's mirror, and Lisa, catching her granddaughter's eye in her reflection, smiled back.

"Lands' sakes, child," she said as she began to part Cherie's hair into more manageable portions. "When this grows out it'll be pretty, but heavy. Are you sure you want to have long hair in this climate?"

"Yes, Grandma, I do. Steph has had long hair for years, and I love the way it looks... when it's brushed and braided."

"Yes, it is pretty when it's brushed and braided, I'll give you that," Lisa admitted. "But let her go without brushing for just a few hours, and it's a mare's nest! And I hate how it looks when she first wakes up in the morning." She fingered the hair in her hand for a moment. "Of course, her hair is fine compared to yours. You shouldn't have as much trouble with snarls."

Cherie's eyes darted about the room in the Round House. Once it became clear that Lisa's frequent visits to the island would include a session or two of hair styling and cutting, Jeff set up one of the first floor guest rooms as a salon of sorts. It had the appropriate sinks, dryers, mirrors and even a couple of state-of-the-art hydraulic chairs so that Lisa could work her magic in comfort. "This place has better equipment than my own salon," she had quipped when she first saw it. "But it'll never replace the customers I have."

"Grandma?"

"Yes, hon?"

"What will you do with your salon once you and Kyrano are married?"

Lisa paused in her work for only a moment and sighed. Then she went back to French braiding her granddaughter's hair. "I suppose I'll sell the shop. Your father says he'll help me with that. I'll miss all my customers, of course, and I'm sure they'll miss me for a while. But they'll soon find other people to style their hair."

"What will you do here?" Cherie wanted to know.

The older woman smiled softly. "I'll be a wife again, which is a good thing. And I'll continue to help out in the kitchen, and with taking care of you and your brothers and even little Joshua from time to time."

"Why don't you have a salon here?" Cherie suggested. "You know; offer to cut the hair of anyone who lives here. I'm sure the other team members would like not having to go to New Zealand or Moyla to get their hair done."

Lisa's smile grew. "That's such a good idea that I've already thought about it. I sent out an email today to let them know that I'm available to do it. I'll also be available for massage, too, since that's something I know how to do. I have a feeling that with all that I'm able to do to help, I won't be bored living out here."

The door slid open, and Dianne walked in, greeting her mother and her daughter. She walked around Cherie, nodding in approval as her daughter's hairstyle was finished.

"You always look nice in a French braid, hon," she said as she handed Cherie the small mirror. Lisa turned the chair around and the teen used the hand held looking glass to see the back of her hair.

"Looks great, Grandma," she said as Lisa removed the protective cape and brushed the cut hairs from her face and neck with a soft shaving brush. She climbed down from the chair and gave Lisa a kiss. "See you later!"

Lisa smiled as she watched Cherie go. "Best pay I've had all day." She looked at her daughter, who had taken up Cherie's position in the chair and was idly studying her nails. "What's up with you?"

"I was wondering how things went with your phone calls," Dianne said, trying to sound blasé.

"Oh, checking up on me, are we? Hmm?" Lisa replied. She took the other hairdressing chair and turned it to face her daughter. "Well, Doug was... himself, I guess. Shocked, trying hard to figure out what was in it for him, and whining about the fact that I was moving here, instead of going to Indiana with him. I think that if I stayed in Greenville, he wouldn't squawk. But moving here makes him think I'm choosing you over him. I had to make it quite clear that I was choosing Kyrano over him. Angela was thrilled, but then, she's always been more practical and less envious." She sighed. "I'm sure Garrett knows by now, too."

Dianne nodded. "How about Jared?"

"Well," Lisa began, "I ended up telling him the whole story about Garrett. Jared said that he hadn't heard word one from his father, and thanked me for letting him know what was going on. He was happy for me, and wanted to meet Kyrano some time before the wedding. I told him I'd see what we could do."

"And Drew?"

Lisa laughed. "Over the moon for us. Maggie, too." She glanced at Dianne, then down. "I've asked him to be the one to give me away, and... I've asked Maggie to be my maid-of-honor. I hope you don't mind."

Dianne felt stung by her mother's decision, but hid it as well as she could. "It's your choice, Ma,

and though I'd love to have stood up for you in that capacity, Maggie's a great choice, too. I know how supportive she was when Garrett took off, even though they didn't live close to us." She smiled encouragingly. "You've made a great choice, Ma, all the way around."

"I know," Lisa answered. "And thanks for being understanding." Both women stood up to embrace. "You're the best daughter I could ever have."

"You're just saying that because I'm your only daughter," Dianne gently quipped.

Lisa raised an eyebrow in sly challenge. "Not for much longer, Di. Don't forget; I'll soon have a step-daughter to compare you to. And I've had daughters-in-law as well."

Dianne laughed. "Okay, okay. Point taken." She embraced her mother again. "Thanks, Ma. I love you, y'know."

"I know. And I love you more."

There was a small silence, which Dianne broke. "Well, when's your next appointment?"

Lisa picked up a PDA from a nearby table. "Don't have any more appointments for today. Why?"

"Want to come help me pick out a dress for Virgil's birthday?"

"Now that sounds like a good idea! Let me clean up here, then we'll hit the virtual shopping mall!"

Dianne laughed again. It'll be good to have her here full-time. I never realized how much I missed her until now.