

---

Subject: Re: New Beginnings

Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Mon, 30 Jul 2012 02:24:31 GMT

[View Forum Message](#) <> [Reply to Message](#)

---

Bozeman, Montana, 3:30 pm (11:30 am January 9th Tracy Island)...

Luke stared morosely into the flames crackling in the fireplace. He sat in his parent's living room, his feet propped up on a hassock, his head resting on one hand. Rommel was sprawled on a rug in front of the fireplace, fast asleep. Outside, snow fell heavily, quickly piling up on the windowsill.

The dog's ears twitched and he suddenly sat up. A moment later, the door opened and Luke's father called out: "Anybody home?"

Luke didn't reply, but Rom got to his feet and started towards the door. He paused to look back at his master. Luke sighed and nodded and the dog trotted off. He came back in a few minutes later, followed by Richard.

"How are you feeling today, son?" his father asked.

Luke didn't look up. "Fine."

Richard raised an eyebrow. "Just fine?"

Before he could reply, Melisa walked into the room and gave her husband a kiss. "You're home early. How are the roads?"

"Getting bad. They're predicting over three feet which is why I closed the store." Richard settled himself down on the couch. He glanced over at Luke, then raised an eyebrow at his wife.

She shook her head. "I'll go get you some coffee. Luke, honey, would you like some?"

"No thanks."

Melisa shot one last look at her husband then left, Rommel following behind her.

Richard leaned forward, stretching his hands out towards the fire. "I'll just warm up a bit, then go take care of the stock. This keeps up, we'll be snowed in for a couple of days."

"Great."

"How are you really feeling?"

"Just peachy. I love lying around the house doing nothing all day."

"Son, give it time. You're still healing," Richard told him.

Luke finally looked up, his grey eyes blazing. "I'm tired of sitting around, Dad. I've been stuck inside for two months now. I have a job and a life that I want to get back to," he snapped as he got

to his feet. "I can't even go out and shovel with you! Hell, I get winded walking to the barn and back! I tried feeding the horses today and could barely lift the bale to toss it in the stall!"

His father frowned. "You're not supposed to be lifting anything that heavy yet. Those ribs aren't completely healed, bone regeneration drugs or not. And I won't even mention the tissue damage."

"Don't start, Dad. I know what I'm capable of doing." He threw himself down in the chair again. "I'm sick of being useless."

"You're not useless." Richard held up a hand as Luke started to protest. "And before you start again you need to remember that this was no picnic for us either." His tone softened. "We almost lost you, son."

Luke sighed. "I know, Dad. And I'm sorry. I'm just so tired of being stuck inside doing nothing. You and Mom spent enough time at my bedside. Roger, and Eve too. I want to get out there, shovel snow, go skiing, just have my life back!"

"I know you do." Richard shook his head. "What about your friends? Irwin and Jessie, or even Elise, and the Irishman who came to visit? And that little firefighter girl, Cassie? When is the last time you talked to any of them? Why don't you give them a call, see if they can come by again."

Luke's mind wandered over to the news earlier that week. International Rescue had been called out to aid during an earthquake in the Middle East. "I have a feeling they're all pretty busy at the moment," he replied.

"You don't know that. Give them a call. Now, I'd better get out there and start shoveling." His father stood and stretched. He started towards the door, then paused and looked back at his son. "Tell you what, let me move the heavy stuff, and you can drive the plow. There's no reason why you can't do that."

Luke's head snapped up, then his face fell. "Mom'll never let me out of the house. She keeps forgetting that I'm thirty-two."

"She'll get over it." He smiled. "C'mon, you aren't afraid, are you?"

"Of Mom? You bet I am." Luke smiled. "But if I tell her it was your idea..."

Richard chuckled. "Thanks, kid. Give me about an hour to take care of the animals, then bundle up. If we don't keep up with the snow, we'll be stuck here until June." He headed towards the hall. "While you're waiting, give those friends a call. I'm sure they'd love to hear from you."

Luke waited a few minutes, listening to his father talk to his mother, then head out to the barn. He grabbed his laptop off the coffee table and turned it on, quickly pulling up his email.

Dear Dom,

You're not going to believe the snow storm I'm stuck in the middle of. Tell Josh I'll have a bunch of new pictures to send him in the morning...

---