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Subject: Re: New Beginnings

Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Mon, 30 Jul 2012 03:05:26 GMT

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Friday, January 11, 12:15 p.m., Paris (12:15 a.m., next day, Tracy Island)

"Here we are," Kyrano said simply, offering his hand to Lisa. She took it, and eased out of the car. The driver shut the door behind her, and Kyrano gave him rapid instructions in French. The driver responded, making Lisa wish she spoke the language. As they approached the house, her arm tucked securely in her husband's, she could hear the car pull away.

"He will come back in an hour, unless we call earlier," Kyrano explained.

"Tell me again about your wi... about Samani's father." Lisa sighed a little at her own slip, but Kyrano patted her hand and smiled.

"Has it not yet sunk in that we are husband and wife, dear heart?"

Lisa smiled back, a shy and rueful expression. "It still seems like a dream, Tuan. It has been a long time since I've been someone's wife."

"You will grow accustomed to it, tercinta, and one day you will find that you feel as if it has always been so." Kyrano paused, and inhaled deeply. "Samani's father, yes. I met Monsieur Manabo... perhaps I should give him his full title, which is Doctor Elias Manabo, when in England. I worked for the Royal Gardens at Kew then, and he had come to see how we utilized insects...particularly butterflies...as pollinators. Butterflies are his specialty, you see. Both of his daughters are named for different species of butterfly."

"I didn't know that."

"Indeed. Samani was named for the vanessa samani, which is native to Malaysia. I cannot recall where Tamea's name came from. We should ask him." They had come to the lobby of the building, and pressed a button for the Manabo apartment. The buzzer went off immediately, telling them they were expected.

"Bonjour, Tuan." Tamea waited outside the door to the appartement. Kyrano was surprised to see how weary and how much older she looked from his last visit.

"Bonjour, Tamea," he responded. Turning to Lisa, he added, "Je te present ma femme. Elle s'appelle Lisa. Lisa, this is Tamea."

Tamea inclined her head and offered her hand. "Bonjour, Lisa. Bienvenue."

Lisa took Tamea's hand, and shook it gently. "Merci, Tamea." Lisa was now the one with the translator in her ear, as the only French she knew was what she had picked up from Dianne and from Kyrano himself.

Tamea opened the door, and beckoned the others to come inside. "My father has been waiting for

you, Tuan," was what Lisa heard from the translator device. "He has been asking for you all morning."

Kyrano smiled sadly as he and Lisa followed Tamea inside.

Elias was settled in a hospital chair, his legs covered by a blanket. He looked twenty years older than he had at Kyrano's last visit, but he smiled when Lisa was introduced, and took her plump hand in both of his bony ones.

"Pardonnez-moi, madame. My English is, how you say, a little rusty," Elias said.

"That's all right, Monsieur. My French is almost non-existent," she replied, smiling.

"Sit down, s'il vous plait, and let us talk." He indicated the chair next to his. "Over tea, peut-être?"

"I will help Tamea with the tea," Kyrano said. Lisa gave him a nod, and he went off to the kitchen.

"How is he?" Kyrano asked in French as he began to help Tamea gather the tea things. As was usual with him, his "helping" turned into a subtle take over of the duties, giving Tamea room to speak.

"This is one of his better days," Tamea replied, her voice weary. "The doctors say he will be gone before spring."

"Then what will you do?" Kyrano asked as he took the whistling kettle from the stove.

"I don't know," Tamea replied, sighing. "I will have nothing left here. He has been everything to me since Maman died... and since Samani..." She looked at Kyrano, giving him a sad, but piercing gaze. "He was so proud of her, you know, and of what she accomplished. All I wanted to do was find a husband and raise a family, as Maman did, but Samani followed in his footsteps as an academic, a researcher. Then you came along with your love of nature and..." She shook her head. "I never did find a husband, or raise a family. And when he dies..." A tear rolled down her cheek. "I am too old to do anything now."

Tamea's words troubled Kyrano deeply. He put a hand on her shoulder, and remarked, hesitantly, "You never know when love will find you, Tamea. I am proof of that. You are a good woman, and still have much to offer."

"I... I wish I could believe that." She wiped her eyes, and asked in a soft tone, "Is the tea ready?"

"It is."

"Then we should bring it out. I do want to talk with your Lisa."

She reached for the tray, and Kyrano held himself back, squelching his natural instinct to serve. She needs to be useful, even in this small way, he told himself. Instead, he went ahead, and set up the small table, putting an extra chair next to Elias's.

"Your Lisa has been showing me les photos de votre mariage," Elias said as Kyrano and Tamea joined them. "It must be nice to have so many new grandchildren. And your Tin-Tin is so lovely. I wish I could see her myself."

Kyrano smiled, the germ of an idea planted in his mind. But it will wait until we get home. For now, enjoy Paris, and this last, bitter-sweet visit.