

Monday, January 14, 2069, 7:30 pm, Tracy Island

"You wanted to see me, Father?"

Kyrano turned from where he had put away the last of the pots they'd used for dinner. He smiled widely at his daughter.

"Indeed, I did, Tin-Tin," he said, motioning to the small kitchen table. "I would offer you tea, but I feel that we are both still sated from dinner."

Tin-Tin laughed as she joined him at the table. "You're right, Father. I am still stuffed. I couldn't handle anything more right now." She sat down across from him. "Where is Lisa? I didn't see her at dinner."

"She is still resting," Kyrano replied, seating himself. "She has suffered greatly from jet lag this trip, and it will take more than one day for her to recover. I will take her a tray later, when I myself retire for the evening."

"Well, it's good to have you both back home. Thank you so much for the mementos from Kenya and Paris!"

"I am glad you like them, my daughter. Lisa chose them with you in mind."

"She made some wonderful choices!" Tin-Tin cocked her head to one side. "What did you want to speak to me about?"

Kyrano reached across and captured his daughter's hands. "I wanted to ask you to consider doing something. Not for me, nor for Lisa, but for someone else very special."

"What do you want me to do?" Tin-Tin sounded confident; her eyes shone with the eagerness of youth. "And who should I do it for?"

He took a deep breath to steady his voice. "When we were in Paris, we saw many sights, but we also made a very special visit. You see, when I had last visited Paris, I had promised your mother's father that I would bring Lisa to meet him after we were married." He shook his head and squeezed her hands slightly. "Your mother's sister, Tamea, had written to me, telling me that your grandfather was... he is dying."

Tin-Tin's eager smile faded. "Oh, Father, I am so sorry! Was the visit difficult for you?"

"In a way, it was, yes." Kyrano found it difficult to admit to the sadness he had felt at the time. "Lisa was a gift, however; she brightened your grandfather's day so much, and he was so happy to meet her." He paused, trying to decide how to phrase what he wanted to say. "He also expressed a desire to see you, before he leaves this plane." He smiled slightly. "I made him no

promises, but determined in my own mind to tell you of this desire, and to ask you to consider making the trip to Paris."

Tin-Tin's expression had turned thoughtful. "Hm. I don't remember him well at all; just a few fragments of memory here and there. It would be nice to have some memory of him that wasn't so dim and distant." She gazed at her father. "When would I have to go? Soon, I would think."

"Yes, Tin-Tin. Soon. He fades with each passing day and does not have much time left." He tapped her hand with a gentle finger. "I also suggest that, if you go, you bring someone with you. Paris is a city meant to be shared, and you will want someone to buoy your spirits after such a visit."

"I see."

They shared a thoughtful silence, which Tin-Tin broke. "You've given me a lot to think about, Father. I'll consider it carefully, and make a decision in the next day or two. I don't want to leave if there's a huge workload; it wouldn't be fair to Callie."

Kyrano smiled. "Only Callie?"

Tin-Tin blushed and chuckled. "Well, if I'm going to bring someone along, I would want it to be Brains."

"Ah, I understand. Paris is meant for lovers," he teased.

"Father!" Her outrage was feigned, and the two of them shared a laugh.

She rose, and leaned over to kiss him on the cheek. "Thank you, Father, for telling me about Grandfather. When will we see the photos you and Lisa took?"

"Soon. Lisa will want to be able to add her own comments, and should be rested by mid-week."

"Then let's put that tray together, and you can get some rest, too. You do look tired."

Kyrano rose, too. "Thank you for offering your help, my daughter. I think I will take advantage of it."

Together they moved deeper into the kitchen, and began to prepare a tray for the jet-lagged Lisa.