

---

Subject: Re: New Beginnings

Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Mon, 30 Jul 2012 22:23:00 GMT

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

---

The Cliff House, early afternoon...

Will sat at his desk, sorting through his email. He cleaned out the spam, then started reading the latest from his family. A motion outside caught his eye and he looked up towards the glass doors. Seeing nothing, he shook his head and turned back to his computer.

He was replying to a note from his father when the motion caught his attention again. This time he spotted a large German Shepard trotting back and forth along the balcony. It's just Rommel, he thought to himself and resumed typing.

Suddenly his head snapped up. "Rommel?!" The dog paused in front of the door and woofed. Will got to his feet and hurried to the door, pulling it open. Sure enough, Rommel stood there, tail wagging happily. "What are you doing here?" he asked, rubbing the dog's head. He walked over to Luke's apartment and knocked. "Hello? Luke?" he called through the screen.

"Yeah, come on in," Luke called from somewhere inside.

Will stepped inside, Rom following at his heels. The dog trotted to the kitchen and a moment later, Will heard him lapping water. Just then, Luke appeared from the bedroom. He wore a pair of tattered cut-offs and a khaki green t-shirt. His hair was wet.

Will stepped forward and pulled him into a hug. "I didn't know you were coming back! Your last email didn't mention you were coming so soon. How are you?"

Luke winced but replied with a grin. "Better than I was. Sit down. I'd offer you a drink but..." He sat down gingerly on the couch.

Will chuckled. "The larder is bare, huh? Feel free to come over anytime. I've got plenty. And Mom told me today that she sent some brownies."

"You really shouldn't have told me that." Luke sighed in ecstasy. "Your mother makes the best brownies I've ever tasted. And if you ever tell my mother I said that, I'll deny it to my grave."

They both laughed. Rommel trotted out and lay down at Luke's feet. "Seriously, I have plenty to eat. Help yourself."

"Thanks, Will. I appreciate it. Mrs. Tracy invited me up for dinner tonight, but I don't want to impose. She has enough to do with all the family."

"Tell you what," the older man said. "Make a list. I'll get it on the next supply run."

"That would be great," Luke said gratefully. "I'm not boarding a plane again anytime in the near future."

"Anything special? Besides chocolate?"

"Well...there is one thing. But I need someone to go in person..."

"What is it?"

"Wood." Luke grinned sheepishly. "I want to get carving again. I haven't really been able to with this arm." He shrugged his right arm carefully. "Anyway, I hate just ordering stuff from the lumber yard. They always send crap. I'd rather someone pick out some good pieces, something I can work with."

"No problem. I'd be glad to. I had a great time making the mailboxes. I was hoping we could build something else sometime," Will told him.

"I'd like that, too. Thanks, Will." He tried, and failed, to stifle a yawn. "I'm sorry. I'm still all mixed up from the traveling."

"Get some rest. And don't forget to come over anytime. Door is always open. We have a lot of catching up to do." Will stood and walked out the door with a wave.

Luke leaned back and propped his feet up on the coffee table. Just a quick nap, then I'll head down to see Dom. He closed his eyes, opening them when he felt Rom jump on the couch next to him. The dog placed his head in his master's lap and Luke patted him idly. The dog sighed in contentment and Luke chuckled. "I know exactly how you feel, boy. I know exactly how you feel."