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Subject: Re: Another Really Rather Marvellous Chapter...

Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 26 Apr 2015 14:57:47 GMT

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Luke and Rommel carefully picked their way along the path leading to the main house. There were branches and debris strewn about and Luke picked up some as he went, tossing them into the underbrush. "That storm did a lot of damage, didn't it, boy?" Luke spoke to Rommel as they walked around a large pile of branches. "Give me a good blizzard any day!"

They finally reached the house and Luke made his way to Jeff's office. He walked up to Jeff's office and paused to knock on the door.

"Come in," Jeff called.

Jeff glanced up and smiled when Luke stepped in, followed by Rommel. "Hello, Luke." He set down the tablet he had been reading. "To what do I owe the pleasure?"

"The mutt here and I were out for a walk. There's a lot of debris out there," Luke told him.

Jeff sighed. "Yes, unfortunately. I was hoping to have more cleaned up by now but..." He shrugged. "The major repairs are done; it's just the smaller things that still need doing--like the debris you mentioned and the break in the trail from the airstrip."

"Well, count me in for the clean-up. Won't be the first time I cleared paths and cut down trees."

"I'll do that! We missed you at the camp-out last night," Jeff told him. "Alex was hoping to go search for nocturnal wildlife."

Luke fidgeted. "I, ah, I was feeling a little sore and achy after the rescue and having slept on the couch on Mateo. I figured sleeping on the ground wouldn't be the best idea."

"Yes, my wife informed me that the sleeping quarters needed a major upgrade. I'll be looking into it." Jeff raised an eyebrow. "Are you all right now?"

Luke nodded. "Yes, I'm feeling fine today. Could you tell Alex he and I can go out searching another night?"

"Sure."

Luke paused a moment. "Sir, I wanted to talk to you about something."

"Okay. Shoot."

Luke walked over to the desk, Rommel trotting at his heels. "I got a phone call from my lawyer back on Montana this morning. They've finally set a trial date, April twenty-fifth. The defending attorney contacted mine. They want me to come testify. If I don't come willingly, they'll subpoena me," he told Jeff. "I'm not really sure what they're trying to prove since I was pretty much dead when it happened," he said bitterly.

Jeff nodded. "I understand. Didn't remember much of my own disaster either. Still, I think you should go, if only to face the man and let him see what he did to you." He shook his head. "Idiots. Drunks and guns..."

"That's sort of what my brother said when I called him," Luke replied. "He's been called to testify too. I'll just be glad with this is over and done with!"

"I'm sure you will." Jeff turned to his computer. "Let me take a look at the schedule." He waved Luke to a chair. "Have a seat. This may take a bit." He scrolled through his calendar. "I see the 25th is a Thursday. When were you thinking of leaving?"

Luke leaned over to glance at the calendar. "Probably on the 22nd. They want me to come in to the office to go over things beforehand. And if it's all right, I'd like to stay for a week or so. I really didn't get a good visit in last time." He chuckled. "And Mom won't be able to fuss over me so much either!"

He paused then frowned in thought. "Could you get me a ride to LA and I can hop a commercial flight from there?"

Jeff nodded, smiling. "We can do that. Probably should, too, seeing as you're supposed to be working out of that office." He typed something in. "All set. We'll work out who's flying to LAX a bit later, as well as how you'll get back from Montana." Glancing up, he asked, "Anything else?"

Luke shifted uncomfortably. "Well, there is one more thing...Easter is coming up and I was wondering if there was any way I could make it to New Zealand for church. I don't expect to be able to go to the Tridium, but I would like to go to Mass."

Jeff stroked his chin. "Of course. Where do you go to services?"

"I've been to St. Teresa's a couple of times. It's in one of the neighborhoods in Christchurch. I'll double check the Mass times, but I think they're at eight and ten," Luke replied.

"So, the 10 am Mass, then?" Jeff checked his schedule. "I think I'll deputize Gordon to fly you over, if that's all right with you. It'll keep him from pulling anything during the egg hunt." He shook his head, snorting a wry laugh. "The young'uns would NOT be pleased if he dared interfere with that!"

Luke smiled. "No they wouldn't. Knowing Gordon, he'd substitute the eggs with raw or rotten ones." He glanced over his shoulder. "I'd better not say that too loud, I'd hate to give him any ideas!"

Jeff turned to his computer again. "All right. That's in the schedule now, too. I'll let him know later today."

"Thank-you, Mr. Tracy," Luke said, getting to his feet. "Please keep me posted on the clean-up." He snapped his fingers and Rommel sprang up, tail wagging.

"You're welcome, Luke. If you've got time to help out, let Brains know. He's coordinating the continuing clean-up efforts."

"Great, I'll head over to the lab now." He started for the door. "Have a good afternoon!"

Written by Lillehafrue and Tikatu

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