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Subject: Re: Regaining Momentum

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Mon, 23 Jul 2012 23:49:02 GMT

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Saturday, September 15, 2068, 10 a.m., Tracy Island

"Where are we going?" Tyler asked as he helped carry the shipping boxes into the Cliff House elevator.

"We're going to pack up someone's things," Lisa explained as she brought along the luggage float. "They've left, and aren't coming back, and asked us to do this."

"Who's not coming back?" Cherie asked, frowning a little. She shifted her bag of packing materials from one arm to the other. "Miss Kennedy?"

Emily sighed. "We're not quite sure about Heather, Cherie. It may be that, after a bit of grieving, she'll come back and be part of the team again. Today, we're packing up Kat's things." She pressed the button for "2", and the elevator began to rise.

Tyler's eyes grew wide. "You mean, Kat's not coming back? Ever?"

"Yes, Ty, that's what I mean. Kat's not coming back."

The boy broke out in a wide grin, and pumped his fist with a hiss of "Yes!"

Both of the older women glanced at each other, Emily frowning, Lisa's eyes wide in disbelief. Then in unison, they cried in disapproval and shock, "Tyler!"

Tyler started; he hadn't expected such a vehement response from both his grandmothers at once. "Yes, Grandma, Grammy?"

"Tyler Tracy, what on earth is wrong with you?" Emily snapped. "Why are you so gol-durned happy about this?"

"We just lost a very valuable employee, and a nice young lady," Lisa added, sounding stern. "And John has lost a good friend."

The boy wilted under the combined stares of his grandmothers for a long moment. The elevator stopped and Emily keyed in the code to enter. The door slid open and the foursome stepped inside.

"Well, she left it neat enough," Emily said, hands on her hips. "That'll make it easier to pack."

"Cherie and I will start in the kitchen," Lisa said, picking up a box.

Emily nodded. "Tyler and I will start in here." She glanced around, and her eyes fell on the bookcase. "With the books."

As they began to pull the books from the shelves, Emily asked, "Tyler, why are you so happy that Kat's gone?"

Tyler's face grew sullen and stubborn. "Cause I didn't like her," he grumbled.

Emily stopped for a moment and gave her grandson a long, hard look. "Why? Why didn't you like her?"

Ty knew that no-nonsense tone of voice and realized he couldn't skirt the subject. "Cause she was making goo-goo eyes at John."

Emily chewed on this for a moment, then asked, "Does this mean John can't have girls make goo-goo eyes at him? Is that it?"

The boy sat down with a thump, and scowled. "No. That's not it. It's just that it was all she did. All she wanted to do was run around doing stuff with him, even when John and me were supposed to do stuff together. And she didn't want to be my friend... except because of him. All the other new people have been friendly to me. She wasn't until she wanted to know where he was."

"I see." Emily nodded slowly. She glanced down at the book she was holding, and frowned, the conversation set aside. "This looks familiar." She opened the cover and saw an inscription: "To John, continue to keep your eyes on the stars," and the author's autograph. "I wonder where she got this."

"That's John's!" Tyler exclaimed. "She probably stole it from him."

Emily sighed. "I doubt she stole it, Tyler, but she may have borrowed it." Glancing at the books, she said, "I wonder how many others are his, and if he has any of hers. I'd better call him down here. He can help us pack things up." She fixed Tyler with a baleful eye. "Don't think we're finished talking about this, young man. You're entitled to choose who you like, but that outburst in the elevator was rude."

Tyler looked down and said nothing. Emily levered herself off the floor with a groan and headed for the kitchen. "Cherie? Will you please call John down here? I think we're going to need his help."

Posted by Tikatu on August 18, 2007

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