
Subject: Re: Regaining Momentum

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Mon, 23 Jul 2012 23:49:58 GMT

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Friday September 14th, 2068. 4.55pm. Wichita, Kansas, U.S.A. (Saturday 15th, 10.55am, Tracy Island.)

It had been a long day. Mike Lavender stretched out his six foot four frame in his chair, and felt his jaw pop as he yawned. Since nine am he had been barraged with phone calls, visitors, and what seemed like every issue under the sun in the realm of family law. I'm looking forward to getting home to my own family -- couch and TV, here I come!

He stood up, yawning again, and brushed down his still-pristine grey suit with his large, dark hands. He swept a glance across his desk to see that everything was in order -- outward mail in the outbox, in-tray cleared, no pens out of place. He muttered his approval to himself, and lifted his briefcase... just as his assistant burst into the room.

"Mr. Lavender!" She gasped.

"Ellie, are you all right?" Mike asked, his brow twisted.

"This just came -- priority mail!" the young woman panted.

She held out a large white envelope with one pudgy hand, before bending over to catch her breath.

"Did you run all the way to get this?" He joked, turning the envelope over in his hands.

"The courier said that it was" gasp "...priority one important'."

Mike frowned and looked at his watch. It had already gone five pm. With a sigh, he set his briefcase back on the floor, and opened the letter. He was suddenly glad he did.

"Ellie, get me the Kelly-Houston custody files! Damn it...!"

It had just gone eleven am on Tracy Island, and Dominic was grumpy. Damn ironing! I hate ironing! Why must things be ironed? They only get wrinkly again anyway! He had set up shop in the partition between kitchen and living area, with Joshua safe inside his playpen. Ducky and Horsey appeared to be having a fight.

"Tell me what you're doing," Dominic said as he ran the iron over a pair of his jeans.

"Ukie hurted Horsey. Horsey mad 'n fiten 'im."

"Now, now, I don't think he should be fighting Ducky. Did Ducky do it on purpose?"

"Yeah, Ukie mean."

"So does Daddy need to take Ducky away for a time-out?"

Joshua thought for a moment, before separating his toys from their fight-to-the-death and cuddling Ducky tightly.

"Nope. Ukie didn't hurt Horsey on porpoise."

Dominic shook his head and laughed. Porpoise. Oi.

"Okay then."

The satellite phone began to ring, and Dominic set the iron upright as Joshua started shouting, "Phone-phone-phone-phone!" Dom crossed the room to pick it up, and answered promptly.

"Dominic Kelly speaking, may I ask who's calling?"

"Dominic, it's Mike Lavender here."

"Hello, Mike."

"I've just received mail from your ex-wife's lawyers. They neglected to send it on time and it just arrived here today as I was about to leave. They've scheduled the custody hearing for Monday. That's the seventeenth."

"What?! Don't I get some kind of say in that?"

"It says here you agreed, but I have no records of it, and I assume you didn't."

"You're damn right I didn't."

"This whole thing smells as fishy as the inside of a mackerel," Mike said, shaking his head. "Will you be able to make it on Monday? I know it's last minute, but the sooner the better, I say. It won't get beyond this stage."

"Well, I'll just have to be able to make it. Tell you what, if you don't hear from me, then I'm coming. I'll let you know if I can't."

"Okay. I'll give you my cell number in case--"

In the mean while, Joshua, Ducky, and Horsey were singing and dancing to the off-tune of Joshua's latest creation: the phone song. Dominic had to ask Mike to confirm the number several times.

"Is that the little guy I can hear in the background?" Mike asked.

"Is indeed," Dom said. "A rascal, as ever."

"Well, I hope you're looking forward to many more years of him, because if I have my way -- which I will -- you're not going to lose him."

"Thanks, Mr. Lavender. Hopefully I won't be speaking to you again until Monday, if you catch my drift."

Mike laughed.

"I understand. I'll email you a break-down of everything you'll need to be prepared for. Nothing difficult, just questions you need to be able to answer."

"Thanks."

"No problem. Goodbye now."

Mike hung up, and Dominic set the phone receiver back down. He glanced over at Joshua, feeling a now-rare genuine smile creep onto his face. He watched his son for a moment, before activating his communicator to explain the situation to Jeff.

Posted by ArtisticRainey on August 18, 2007
