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Subject: Re: Regaining Momentum

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Mon, 23 Jul 2012 23:51:15 GMT

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Saturday, September 15, 2068, 3:30 p.m., Tracy Island

"So, are all of Kat's things packed up?" Dianne asked as Cherie joined her on the settee in the sitting room of her suite.

Cherie sighed. "Yeah, pretty much. Things went faster when John got there. She sure had a lot of stuff."

Dianne chuckled, then sighed. "I'm sorry we're losing her, but this life isn't for everyone." Straightening in her seat, she poured cola into two tall glasses sitting in a tray on the wide ottoman before her. She offered one to her daughter, then took one for herself. After a long sip, she put the glass down and said, "All right. What's this about some homework that Anna gave you?"

Cherie took out a data pad from the bag where she kept her sketching supplies. It had gotten so that wherever Cherie went, the bag went with her, full of sketch pads, pencils and pens for whenever the teenager was struck with inspiration. She sat close to her mother so that the two of them could look at the pad together.

"Well, I was complaining to Anna one day about how much I missed my friends and how unfair it was that I couldn't see them more often." She glanced up to see her mother's slight frown. "This was after I came back from my week in Los Angeles with Steph. I'd gotten some emails and they had news about school back... back in Greenville, and I just missed it so much!"

Dianne nodded slowly. "I hope you understand why we decided against leaving you in Greenville."

"Yeah, I do. Grammy was scared, and I can understand how she wouldn't want to stay around with her ex-husband stalking her. Anna told me that the way he went about trying to meet with her just proved that he didn't really want to make peace. I figure she knows what she's talking about." Cherie sighed. "In any case, she told me that there were ways for me to meet new people and make new friends, and gave me the homework of finding out what they were. Then we went over them together, and cut the list down to these four things. I wanted to show them to you and ask if there's any way I can do at least one of them."

She gave Dianne a pleading look. "I really want to make some new friends, friends that aren't halfway around the world from me. People I can see every week, and have fun with."

Dianne nodded once again. "I understand that. You're at an age where being sociable is important." She straightened up. "Let's see what you've got."

The two bent their heads over the data pad. "Well, there's an art class for teens at the community center in Christchurch. It meets on Thursday evenings. Then there's this anime and manga club at the Christchurch library on Wednesday nights. The Children's Theater in Wellington is looking for people to help paint scenery and stuff; I'm not much for acting, but I think it'd be cool to work

behind the scenes. They're having sign ups for that next week. And there's a stable outside of Christchurch that's offering Western-style horseback riding lessons." Cherie looked at her mother with a grin. "You know how much I love riding."

"Mm-hmm," Dianne hummed. She looked over the list once more then asked, "Which of these is your number one pick?"

Cherie pointed a painted fingernail at an entry. "That one: the art class. Don't get me wrong; Virgil's a great teacher. But I know there are things I can learn from other people. And it would be fun to meet some artists my own age and see how they do things." She paused, then touched the screen with a stylus. "There. Now the items are numbered according to how much I want to do them."

"That puts the anime and manga club second, horse riding third, and the theater fourth." Dianne smiled at her daughter. "Do you mind if I take this and talk it over with your father? We'll have to make arrangements to fly you over and back..."

"Maybe the boys can take turns, and use the time that I'm at the class for shopping or something," Cherie added, sounding eager and helpful.

"That's a fine idea, Cherry. I'll bring that up to your father." Dianne put an arm around Cherie's shoulders and hugged her close. "There may be some security issues, but I think we can work them out. I'll talk with Dad and see what he thinks, okay?"

Cherie nodded, and smiled. "Okay. But please don't take too long. I'm really excited about this."

"I'll talk to him today, promise." Dianne put the data pad on the ottoman and picked up her drink. "Now, maybe you can help me come up with something for the boys to do. After all, once they see you going out and having fun, they'll want to, too."

Posted by Tikatu on August 18, 2007

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