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Subject: Re: Regaining Momentum

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Mon, 23 Jul 2012 23:57:01 GMT

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Monday, September 17, 2068, 5:30 p.m., Tracy Island

Tin-Tin's eyes followed the trail of Tracy One as it lifted into the azure sky. When it had banked out of sight, heading for the United States, she turned her attention to the pumice sand path that led into the heart of her father's garden. Everything was neat; not a weed or stalk grew out of place, all a mute testimony to the care her father lavished on his garden, his sanctuary. Just as he lavishes care and love on all of us in his daily routine, she mused, smiling a little. "Father?" she called, not sure where he was in the garden.

"Here, my daughter." His voice carried from the left, and she followed it. She found him with small pruning shears and garden gloves, wearing an old set of cotton clothes, and a wide woven hat. A small wheelbarrow held the cuttings he'd made as he prepared his garden for the oncoming spring and summer. He glanced at her as she came into view and smiled gently.

"I was told you were here," she said as she approached, picking up a stray twig to drop in the barrow.

"I am here only because I have been banished from the kitchen," he said, his tone a trifle piqued.

"Father, it's your birthday!" she exclaimed. "You know that Lisa and Grandma want to prepare dinner, and spare you working today."

He sighed. "I understand, but I am always uneasy when this happens. The kitchen is..." He paused, and sighed again. "I cannot say it is mine, because I do share it with Mrs. Tracy. But in a way, I feel..."

"Supplanted?" Tin-Tin ventured, putting a hand on Kyrano's forearm.

"Yes," he admitted sheepishly. He turned back to the plant he was working on. "I hope the food is edible."

Tin-Tin laughed, a merry sound. "Father, you know very well it will be! Grandma and Lisa may not be of your caliber when it comes to some types of cooking, but they surpass you in others. And they are more than capable of following a recipe and fixing it to taste." She leaned in and murmured, as if imparting a secret, "And I know they have chosen not to make French food for this meal."

Kyrano's bushy eyebrows rose in surprise. "Not French? Then what have they chosen?"

She shook her head. "No, Father, it is a surprise." She stepped back and looked him up and down in a meaningful way. "Now, I think you should leave the garden to itself for a while and clean up for dinner. It will be an excellent meal and a festive time with family."

He smiled, and nodded. "I will come along shortly." Motioning to the bush he was pruning, he

added, "I will finish this, then prepare myself."

"As you like, Father." Tin-Tin leaned in and kissed him on the cheek. "I will see you at dinner."

Kyrano's birthday, part 1

Posted by Tikatu on August 25, 2007

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