

---

Subject: Re: Regaining Momentum

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 00:08:01 GMT

[View Forum Message](#) <> [Reply to Message](#)

---

Tracy Island, Wednesday, September 19th, 1:30 PM

Elise hummed to herself as she finished straightening up a few things. "There, dishes washed; laundry caught up; housecleaning done!" She smiled to herself. "Now, I have some time before I meet with Virgil, what to do until then?"

As if on cue, there was a knock on the door. She walked over and opened it.

Luke stood in the doorway. "Help."

"Luke! Come in! What's wrong?" she asked as she led him inside.

Luke sat down at the table. "Those white walls in my apartment. I can't stand it anymore!"

Elise chuckled. "Yeah, I have to agree with you on that." She gestured around her own place. "I never got around to doing anything about it. In fact, I think Dom is the only one who did!"

Luke shook his head. "I don't have a clue where to begin. Paint, I guess, but what colors?"

Elise handed him a glass of lemonade. "Well, what about your place at home? How did that look?"

Luke thought for a moment. "Modern mostly. Barry liked minimal color, dark, monochromatic type stuff."

"Barry?"

"My partner. He's in advertising so he had a knack for that sort of thing. Me, I usually don't care, but can't stand just white." Luke took a sip of the lemonade.

Elise nodded thoughtfully. "I can understand that. Are you and Barry still together? I mean wouldn't it be hard with you here and him..."

"He got transferred to L.A. right before I took the job. In fact, him leaving was the reason I went looking for something else." He shrugged. "I needed the change, something to help me get over him, know what I mean?"

Elise smiled softly. "I do. And, I'm sorry. Breakups are always hard."

Luke smiled back. "Thanks."

Elise stood up. "Well, to start, let's go upstairs and see what we have to work with. How about I grab Nikki and get her opinion too?"

"Sure! I can use all the help I can get!"

A short time later the three of them were standing in Luke's living room. Rommel kept nudging his muzzle under one of their hands, trying to get their attention. Elise laughed and knelt down to pat him. "Aren't you a big, beautiful boy. So handsome."

Luke rolled his eyes. "God, Rommel, you're pathetic."

Nikki eyed the stacks of books scattered around the edges of the walls. "Read much?"

He laughed. "I need to get some bookshelves made. I'll add wood to our list." He frowned. "Speaking of which, where do we get stuff anyway?"

"On the mainland. Christchurch, New Zealand mostly. I'll ask Dom where he bought the supplies for his place and we can try there," Elise replied.

"Sounds good." Luke looked around the room. "So any ideas?"

Elise stood up, and looked around, hands on her hips. "OK, what do you have for the walls? Any pictures, posters, things like that?"

Luke led her over to a pile of crates. "Barry was into real edgy, cutting edge art. He took most of it with him." He rummaged through a box. "Here, this is some of what I have." He pulled out a framed print featuring a snow capped mountain range.

Nikki ran her hand along the edge of the frame. "This is gorgeous. Where did you get it?"

Luke shrugged. "Got the pic at an art shop and made the frame myself."

Elise looked up in surprise. "You made it?"

Luke blushed. "Yeah, sort of one of my hobbies." He put the picture down and dug into another carton, pulling out a small object and handing it to her. "I carve. Small things mostly, but can build shelves and stuff too. Made a coffee table for my folks for Christmas a few years back."

Elise looked at the tiny statue of the deer in her hand. The detail was exquisite. She could almost see it breathe. "Luke, this is beautiful."

He smiled. "Then it's yours."

She looked up at him, eyes wide. "No, I couldn't."

"Sure you can!" He bent into the box again and took out something else, this time handing it to Nikki. "And for you. Consider it payment for your consulting services."

Nikki smiled and then gasped as she looked down at the small box in her hand. It was a tiny jewel box, carved with an intricate woven knot on the cover. "Thank-you, Luke. It's lovely."

"You're welcome." He put his hands on his hips and glanced around. "So, you two will help me?"

Get this place looking less like a sterile lab and more like a home?"

"You bet," Elise told him. "We'll check with Mr. Tracy, see who else we can grab and head to town as soon as we can."

Posted by lillehafrue on September 1, 2007

---