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Subject: Re: Regaining Momentum

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 00:13:32 GMT

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Friday, September 21, 9:30 a.m. NYC (Saturday, September 22, 1:30 a.m. Tracy Island)

"Thanks for coming with me, Jordan," Cassie said to her older brother who was standing next to her. It being midmorning, the subway car was packed and the two of them were near the door, holding onto the rail overhead. Under her other arm, Cassie held a small shoe box.

"It's not a problem," Jordan told her. "I still can't believe you're heading for Wichita, though. Now who am I going to drag to bars with me so I can check out women without looking desperate?"

Cassie laughed. Jordan was the only one of the triplets not married. He had broken up with a long time girlfriend a few months back, and had just recently started dating again. More than once, Cassie had gone out to the bar with him only to have him hook up with someone and leave her looking for a ride home.

"You would think you could find someone at the hospital to date," Cassie replied.

"The problem is, all the nurses in the ER have heard my lines," Jordan joked. "This is our station, right?"

Cassie looked out the window of the subway car. "Yeah, this is it," she said, easily recognizing the subway station she had used for so many years.

The two siblings made their way off the car and toward the exit. Following the crowd, they made their way up to the street level. They walked down to the corner and turned left. Two blocks later they were standing outside of her old apartment building. Leading Jordan up the steps, Cassie headed inside, nodding to Jack, the doorman, who held the door open for them.

Cassie headed over to the front desk. She had called Alex last night and told him she wanted to stop by for some of the photos in their photo albums. He had told her he would leave a key for her at the front desk.

"Hi, Cassie," Isaac greeted her, as she approached the front desk.

"Hi, Issac. Alex was supposed to leave me a key for the apartment."

"Ah yes," Isaac said. He walked to the other end of the desk and unlocked a drawer. He took out an envelope, which he handed to Cassie. "There it is. Alex said to tell you to just leave the key in the apartment."

"Thank-you, Isaac," Cassie replied, taking the envelope.

Jordan followed her to the elevator and soon, Cassie and Jordan were standing outside of the apartment she used to share with Alex. She took the key out of the envelope and let them in. As she hadn't wanted to face him, she had purposely come when Alex would be at work.

Alex had put the photo albums, four in total, on the coffee table. A piece of paper sat on top of them. She put the key down beside the albums and picked up the note.

Cassie,

Here are all the photo albums. Take whichever photos you want as you were always the photographer anyway. I never did care much for taking pictures. If you want a photo album or two, that's fine, too. Also feel free to look around and make sure all your stuff is out.

Good luck on your new job.

Alex

"Let's get this over with," Cassie said to her brother, as she tossed the note down on the coffee table. She sat down on the couch, without removing her jacket, and put the shoe box down beside her. Jordan sat down on the other side of her. "Can you go through this one?" she asked, handing him the photo album that held the wedding pictures. "I just want some pictures of our family."

"Got it," Jordan said, taking the album from her and flipping it open.

Cassie took the next album. It had pictures from when Alex and she had been in high school. It seemed like ages ago. She flipped through the pages, taking out pictures here and there. Very few of them had Alex in them and those that did were group pictures. There were pictures from her cheerleading meets. The senior trip to Washington, D.C. Her high school graduation.

A half hour later there was one photo album left. Cassie hesitated in picking it up.

"You okay?" Jordan asked, resting a hand on her shoulder.

Cassie nodded. "It's just that Nathan's pictures are in there."

Her brother slipped his arm around her shoulders and gave her a quick hug. "I know you miss him, and at some point you're going to want pictures of him to remember him by." Cassie nodded, knowing he was right. "If you want, I'll pick out the pictures. You can take Alex's suggestion and look around and make sure you haven't forgotten anything."

Cassie nodded. She stood up and started looking around the rest of the apartment while Jordan picked up the last photo album and started going through it. Alex hadn't changed the apartment much at all. There were empty spots on the wall where the pictures she now had used to hang. The mantle above the electric fireplace was now empty as that was where her grandmother's tea pot, cups and other utensils used during a tea ceremony used to sit. Those items were already carefully wrapped and packed for the trip to Tracy Island. Above the mantle hung Alex's degree. There was clean square on the wall from where her own degree from NYU used to hang.

Next, Cassie walked into the bedroom Alex and she had shared. Clothes were strewn everywhere. Evidently since he now lived alone, picking up after himself wasn't a priority. She didn't stay long, knowing she had thoroughly cleared her stuff from this room when she had originally moved out. Next to that was the small bedroom that had been Nathan's. The door was

closed. As far as she knew, it hadn't been opened since the accident.

Taking a deep breath, she turned the knob and walked inside. As she suspected, things were in the same exact place she had left them as she had gotten Nathan ready for day care that afternoon. She walked slowly into the room, remembering her son's laughter and cries that had so often filled the small room.

Up on a shelf sat Nathan's first pair of shoes. Cassie reached up and took one down, turning it over in her hand. In her mind, she could see the night Nathan had taken his first step. She and Alex had been sitting on the couch watching a movie; Nathan had been playing with his toys on the floor in front of him. The little boy had grown tired of the toys and had used the coffee table to pull himself into a standing position. He had then turned and taken a couple of wobbly steps toward his parents before falling on his bottom.

Cassie wiped the tears away, and put the one shoe in her jacket pocket. She'd leave the other one for Alex. Turning from the shelf, she walked slowly around the rest of the room. Reaching the door again, she looked at the crib in the center. Nathan's favorite teddy bear and blanket lay there. Taking the few steps needed to reach the crib, she reached in and took the two items out. Jordan was right. She would want things to remember her son by once the pain of losing him had healed.

Wiping more tears away, Cassie left the room, pulling the door shut behind her. Jordan was just standing up from the couch, the shoe box in hand. He looked from his sister's to face to the bear and blanket in her hand and knew what was going on. Putting the box on the coffee table, he crossed over to her and hugged her tight.

A few minutes later, Cassie pulled away. "Let's get out of here," she said. "I've got to be at work at three."

"Okay," Jordan said. He picked the shoe box up from the coffee table. Cassie followed her brother out of the apartment.

The walk to the subway station was quiet. Cassie wasn't in the mood to talk and Jordan didn't know what to say to his sister. After swiping their metro cards in the turnstiles, Jordan finally spoke up.

"You want me to go back to Mark's with you?"

"No, I'll be fine. I know it's out of your way. I guess I should take the box now."

"Actually, let me keep it for now. I'll buy you a photo album and put the pictures in it before you leave. That way, you can't sneak off to Kansas without saying good-bye to me."

"You know I wouldn't do that."

Jordan smiled. "I know. Just the same, I want to do this for you."

Cassie nodded. "Thanks," she told him, knowing it would be a long time down the road before she would even consider taking the time to put those pictures in an album herself. She gave her

brother a hug before the two parted to catch their respective trains.

Posted by starrynebula on September 5, 2008

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