Subject: Re: Regaining Momentum Posted by artisticrainey on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 00:17:55 GMT View Forum Message <> Reply to Message

Sunday 23rd September, 2068. 2.00am. Tracy Island (9am Kansas Saturday 22nd)

Dominic licked his lips as he stared at the massive chocolate éclair. It was sitting on a shining silver platter, with a delicate tag attached to it, saying: 'For Dominic -- only'. He could feel himself salivating heavily as he moved closer to the delicious morsel. He reached for it, and just as his fingers were closing on its sides, it began to ring.

"What the ...?"

Dominic suddenly woke up midway through falling out of his bed. The crash just above his head told him that the 'dessert' he had been reaching for was a bedside lamp. But it wasn't it that was ringing (thankfully, he thought). Rather, it was his satellite phone. He reached up from his fallen position to grab it, and looked at the illuminated time before answering.

"Who's phoning at two in the blessed a.m.? Hello?"

"Hello, Dominic? It's Mike Lavender here. I have some news."

Any retort that Dominic was going to give was suddenly silenced, and he simply said, "Yes?"

"You and Joshua are safe. Margaret has withdrawn her appeal for custody. It's over."

"What? You can't be serious. After all of this?" Dominic was being torn in two, between anger and elation. "Wha...why?"

"I don't know. I got a phone call not five minutes ago. And it was lucky, too. I don't usually work weekends."

Dominic was silent. His jaw hung slack, and he slumped back against the bed.

"It's over..."

"Yup. It's great news."

"Thanks for calling, Mike. I really appreciate it."

"No problem, Dominic. All the remaining papers and assorted rigmarole will be dealt with at the start of next week. But it's over. Congratulations."

"Thanks, Mike."

They exchanged a few more pleasantries over the phone, before Dominic hung up and carefully placed the phone back on his nightstand. He stared forwards into the darkness for several minutes, until finally he smiled. It's over... I can't wait to tell Mr Tracy! He didn't get one more wink

of sleep that night.

Posted by ArtisticRainey on September 10, 2007

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