

---

Subject: Re: Regaining Momentum

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 00:22:43 GMT

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

---

Thursday, September 27th: Tracy Island

Brandon stood on the balcony, the tropical breeze caressing his face. It was 5am and, for some unknown reason, he was unable to sleep. It's been a while since I've had this happen, he thought. I hope it doesn't become a habit. After a few minutes, he went back inside. I'd better try to get some sleep or I won't be worth a damn later on.

He walked to his computer and was about to shut it down when the sound of somebody logging on caught his attention. Looking at the name, he smiled broadly. Well, what do you know. Sitting down, Brandon began typing, his need for sleep forgotten.

Brandon: Hey Aaron, it's been a while. How've you been?

Aaron: Big Mac, nice to see you. I was wondering what hole you fell in

.

Brandon: It was a deep one. Sorry I haven't been on lately but my job's been keeping me busy.

Aaron: No problem, I know how it is. It would be nice though, if you'd try to keep in touch more often. Okay, enough scolding. Has anything exciting been happening in your life?

Brandon: Hmmm? Does getting my pilot's license count as exciting?

Aaron: What? You're kidding, right!?

Brandon: No, I am not kidding.

Aaron: So, does this mean you'll be able to fly to San Diego for a visit once in a while?

Brandon: I'm sure going to try. And when I do, we'll have to skydive at least once while I'm there.

The two friends talked for a bit longer before Brandon looked at the clock and realized he'd been talking to Aaron for almost two hours. He said goodbye to his friend, promising to keep in touch with him.

Posted by MagicMaster8 on September 18, 2007

---