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Subject: Re: Regaining Momentum

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 00:32:57 GMT

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Saturday, October 6, 2068, 4 p.m., Tracy Island

Emily looked about her sitting room. "I suppose this is everyone. We should get started."

"Can I pick first, Grandma?" Tyler asked from where he was on the floor. He had a feather teaser in his hand and was playing with one of the kittens.

"It depends on who else wants them," Emily said. She looked again. "Maybe we should draw names..."

"No, Grandma," Virgil said, holding up his hands. "I'm not here for a kitten. I'm here to give Elise a hand dragging the kitty supplies back to her apartment."

"And Brains and I will share a kitten," Tin-Tin said, smiling softly. "Though he or she will live in Brains's suite."

"You want one, John?"

"I sure do, Grandma," John said, rubbing his hands together. "Looking forward to owning one."

"It's more like being owned by one," Elise said with a grin.

The kittens were rolling and playing together on the floor. They'd come back from the vets the week before after having been spayed or neutered. Jeff's words had been, "I don't want a cat colony here!" and Emily had felt the same. Big Momma had also been spayed, and was now hiding under Emily's bed from the presence of so many strangers. She still didn't allow for much in the way of petting or affection.

"All right then, we have four people for four kittens. We can draw lots as to who chooses first." Emily was determined to make things as fair as possible.

"Oh, Mrs. Tracy, why don't we let Tyler pick first?" Elise suggested. She turned and motioned to the other would-be cat owners. "I'm sure we'll be glad to choose after they do."

Brains and John nodded, and Emily sighed. "All right. Tyler, you and Alex can choose first."

The two boys put their heads together, and whispered, pointing to first one kitten, then another. Finally, Tyler pointed at the black and white. "That one. That one's ours." He lured the kitten over to him with the feather teaser, then reached out and caught his new pet. "This is a boy, right, Grandma?"

"Yes, the black and white is a boy. So is the gray tabby. The other two are girls."

"What are you going to name him, Spud?" John asked.

"Patches," Tyler replied. "Because he has patches of black all over him."

The adults murmured approval of the name, then exchanged glances. "Uh, ladies first," Brains said, indicating with a hand that Elise should choose next.

She glanced at John, who nodded and smiled. Crouching down, she wriggled her fingers near the carpet. The gray tabby noticed them, and his little haunches settled into a hunting crouch. With a spring, he attacked her hand, batting at it. She laughed and scooped him up. "All right, little guy. You're coming home with me."

"What are you going to name him, Miss Elise?" Alex asked.

"I think I'll name him... Henry." Elise held him in both hands and showed him to Virgil. "What do you think? Does he look like a Henry?"

Virgil gave the kitten a skeptical glance, remembering the last time he'd come to visit, and the bite he'd sustained from that very kitten. "Uh, yeah. He looks like a Henry." He could hear John snickering. Don't you say a word, Johnny-boy, about Henry McCullough, he silently warned his brother. My rival on the football team, quarterback while I was tight end, rival for every girl I ever liked... why did she have to name him that?!

"John, it's your birthday soon," Brains said as Virgil internally agonized. "Why don't you pick next?"

"You're sure, Brains?" John asked, hesitating.

"Oh, for pity's sake!" Emily sputtered. "Tin-Tin, you choose for Brains since neither of them can make up their minds who's next!"

Tin-Tin laughed, and dipped towards the floor. "I like this little calico," she said, picking the kitten up carefully. "That leaves John with the cat as black as space, which is appropriate, I think."

"Why, thanks a lot, Tin-Tin." John disentangled his new cat from the feather teaser that the boys were still using to play with Patches. "C'mere you little imp."

"What will you name her, Brains?" Tin-Tin asked as she handed the ball of fur to him.

"I think you should name her, Tin-Tin. You're much better at such things," Brains said, as the kitten climbed up his arm and onto his shoulder. He bent over, and the kitten crawled down his back halfway, then headed up to his shoulder again. "My, she has sharp claws!"

Tin-Tin came to the rescue and plucked the little ball of fur from his back. "You should name her, Brains. She is supposed to be your kitten."

John was looking his new cat in the eye, but far enough away from his face that the kitten couldn't reach his nose with a paw. "I christen you Skitty," he intoned, then he moved the cat down to his chest so he could stroke her. She dug in her claws in an effort to climb his shirt. "Ow!"

Brains was now looking at his kitten's face, too, as Tin-Tin held her firmly. "You know, there's something about her eyes that reminds me of someone..."

Tin-Tin brought the cat around so she could see the facial features, too. "You're right! She reminds me of... of..."

They turned to each other, their eyes wide in startled delight. "Lena!"

"You're going to name the cat 'Lena'? Let me see." Emily approached and took the calico from Tin-Tin, carefully regarding the kitten's face. "You're right! I see a bit of her there." She handed the newly-christened kitten back to Brains. "Lena it is. I'm sure she'll be thrilled when she hears."

Pulling away, she clapped her hands, which startled kittens and owners alike. "Now, let's get your equipment together. There are bags of cat litter, self-cleaning litter pans, food bowls, food, cat care guides... they're all in the hallway. You can leave your kitten here for the moment while you haul your supplies to your room if you like." She ducked quickly into her bedroom and pulled out one of the cat carriers. "Elise, you might want to put little Henry in here when you take him to your apartment. Don't know what will happen if he gets out in the monorail."

"In that case, I'll take him with me now, and save us a trip." Elise took the carrier, and deftly slipped the protesting kitten inside. Then she followed Virgil out. John turned to Brains.

"How about you and I help each other out here? We can haul the supplies to the various suites. Alex can help us set up the food and litter boxes while Tin-Tin and Tyler watch the kittens until we get back."

"Sounds like a good plan to me," Brains said. He handed Lena to Tin-Tin, and John handed Skitty to Emily. "We'll be back soon."

Emily cuddled the black kitten to her face. "I'll miss these little ones," she said. "They've brightened my day in a lot of ways. But now I can focus on building bridges with Big Momma. Fortunately, she's a semi-feral, and may come around to becoming domesticated in time."

"Oh, I hope so, Grandma," Tin-Tin said as she crouched down to play with Lena.

Posted by Tikatu on October 18, 2007

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