

Tuesday, March 13, 2068, 6:00 a.m., Tracy Island

There was already a flurry of activity in the kitchen when a refreshed Emily Tracy made her appearance. Delicious smells were coming from the oven and it looked like Kyrano was already preparing a salad for lunch. Lisa looked over at her from where she was mixing something and smiled.

"Good morning, Em! Did you sleep well?"

Emily returned the smile, pulling an apron out of a drawer and slipping it over her head. "Good morning, Lisa. Yes, I slept very well; it's nice to be back in my own bed. Thank you for asking. My, but you two are up early this morning. What's going on?"

"Well, when you all got back and we had that big party, I suddenly realized that yesterday was Alan's birthday! With all of the hullabaloo surrounding Jeff's homecoming, I'd clean forgotten about it. So, Kyrano and I are trying to put together a special party for him today," Lisa explained. "The birthday cake is in the oven right now. We thought we could have his favorite foods for all three meals today. Kyrano knows what they are. What else we can do on such short notice, I really don't know."

"Oh, land's sakes, I didn't even think of it myself! I have a gift for him somewhere; I'll have to find it and make sure it's wrapped," Emily said shaking her head. "Truthfully, I'm surprised that Alan didn't remind you himself! He's usually always 'reminding' people days and days in advance."

"Perhaps he felt it was inappropriate due to his father's hospitalization," Kyrano suggested.

"Perhaps, though I doubt it," Emily said dryly. "He's not one to let his celebration slide. Oh well, we'll do our best for him today. I hope that Dianne thought of a gift for him; I'm not sure that Jeff would have. Time just seemed to stop out there in New York, if you know what I mean."

Lisa nodded sagely. "Yes, I do." She sighed and continued soberly. "Thinking about time stopping reminds me that there'll be another anniversary coming up soon. I hope Dianne can cope with it this year."

"The memorial service?" Kyrano asked.

"Yes. She might decide not to go this year with Jeff convalescing and all. We'll see how it goes."

"Go where, Grammy?" A large yawn accompanied the comment from Tyler, who had suddenly appeared in the kitchen door. "Where is everybody?"

"Not up yet, Spud," Lisa replied coming from the food prep area to give her youngest grandson a hug. "What are you doing up so early?"

"Couldn't sleep too well," he said, yawning again. "My tummy was grumbling too much. Can I please have something to eat?"

"Hmph. Now that I come to think of it, this would be past lunch time for you if we were still in New York," Emily commented. "I can see we'll be dealing with the effects of jet lag for a while, won't we?"

"This is true, Mrs. Tracy," Kyrano said simply. "Perhaps young Tyler would like some toast to tide him over until breakfast is ready?"

"Only if I can put cinnamon and sugar on it," Tyler replied cheekily. Lisa rolled her eyes and shook her head, while Kyrano chuckled, and Emily shook a finger at the boy who had become her youngest grandchild.

"Not too much now. You don't want to spoil your breakfast."

"I won't, Gramma. I promise."

The boy sat up at the kitchen table and waited patiently for his treat. Emily ruffled his stiff hair, and went to pow-wow with Lisa to find out what she could do to make her formerly-the-youngest grandson's belated birthday special.

Post by Tikatu on 16/09/2004

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