

Tuesday, March 13, 2068, 12:30 p.m. the dining room, Tracy Villa

Clink... clink... clink

Scott rose to his feet as everyone's attention turned to him. He cleared his throat and smiled a bit sheepishly.

"In honor of Alan's 24th birthday, Virgil and I would like to invite any of you who are interested to join us, and the birthday boy, of course, for a night on the town in Christchurch, New Zealand. We'd leave right after dinner, and return in the wee hours of the morning, having had a satisfying time hitting all the night spots there." Scott glanced over at Jeff and smiled nervously now. Jeff raised an eyebrow at his smile; it was obvious that Scott had not cleared this with his father. "We chose Christchurch because it's only a half-hour away by SST, just in case an emergency came up." He looked around the table. "Let me or Virgil know if you're interested in going. Everything will be on us."

"Everything?" Alan asked, a wide grin splitting his face.

"Yes, Alan," Virgil replied. "This is our birthday gift to you."

"Oooh! Too bad Gordon's not here!" Alan said eagerly, rubbing his hands together. Scott shook his head. Frankly, he was glad that Gordon wasn't there. Lucille Tracy's youngest boys were known for their antics at the expense of their brothers.

"What time are you leaving?" Brandon asked.

"Nine p.m." Virgil answered. "It will be earlier there because there's an hour's time zone difference between us and Christchurch."

"I'd love to go, guys, but I've got to fly to Kabul tomorrow," Tin-Tin said, making a face.

"Why don't you come and be our designated pilot back to the Island, Tin-Tin?" Scott suggested. "You could leave for Kabul in the afternoon."

"I suppose so...." she responded thoughtfully.

"Count me in," said Brains with a grin.

"I think I'll come, too," said Kat with a smile. "It sounds like fun!"

"Can I come?" Cherry asked hopefully.

"Uh, no, sis. This is for us adults," Virgil said apologetically.

Cherry hrmphed and folded her arms across her chest, scowling. "I'm always too young to do the fun stuff!" she grouched.

"Cherie...." Dianne said in a warning tone. She turned to Scott and Virgil. "I hope that whoever goes remembers that rescues never happen at convenient times. And that I don't coddle hangovers, either."

"Uh, right, Mom," Scott replied. He looked around the table again. "Well, if any of you new folk want to come along, just let us know. The invitation is open." He sat back down, and the talk around the table continued over Alan's favorite Mexican food.

Post by Tikatu on 24/09/2004

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