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Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 20:39:33 GMT

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Thursday, November 1, 2068, 9:30 a.m., Tracy Island

"Well, Jeff," Emily said as she joined her son in the lounge. "What do you need?"

"Need?" Jeff said, standing and motioning his mother to a seat behind his desk. He stood behind her and to one side. "Nothing, really. Just your approval on a couple of items."

Emily sat down and peered at the center screen. "Oh, my!" she said, pleased. "They've been working so hard!"

"Yes, they have, haven't they?" he said, smiling. "These are real-time photos; it's after three back in Kansas... yesterday."

"It... It'll look just like the old one did," she said, her voice wistful. Glancing up, she asked, "What will they do about the barn?"

"They started construction on the barn yesterday." Jeff pulled up another window, using the second screen. "The house isn't exactly the same as it was. It'll have more square footage and a couple of extra bedrooms and baths for when more than one or two of us go out to visit. There'll be a new fence surrounding the property, and a state of the art security system, too."

"A fence? What kind of fence?"

The third screen was activated. "This kind." There was a view from the house out to the street. Between the camera and the street lay a white fence, not of wooden pickets, but of wrought iron bars topped with fancy -- and sharp looking -- fleur de lis. "This is what runs across the front and sides, and surrounds the graveyard. The fence along the back is wide pickets, with gates for any equipment to move through." He shrugged. "The major equipment barns are further out, of course, and have had repairs made and upgrades to security. But they didn't get hit quite as hard as the house and tractor barn."

"We never needed anything like that before, Jeff Tracy," Emily said, giving him a raised eyebrow and a haughty look.

"We weren't as visible then as we are now, Mother." Jeff shook his head slightly. "My original thought was a solid brick wall."

"Hmph." Emily folded her arms. "Lesser of two evils, I suppose." She settled back in her seat. "So, what do you have to have my opinion about?"

"Siding, and trim colors." Jeff pulled up another window, letting it fill the screen to his mother's left. It held a still picture of the house, with computer-added white siding, and two palettes of colors to one side of the picture. "Did you want to continue with the blue? Or go with something else?"

"Hm." She took the stylus, and began clicking on the colors. He watched as the colors his mother chose appeared on the house, either in the siding itself or in the shutters and trim. She hummed with each choice. She chuckled out loud as she painted the house with pink. "Lady Penelope," she muttered. Jeff smiled.

She kept coming back to yellow, with a dark green trim, and a very similar blue to what the house had already been painted, with white trim. Then she sighed, and turned to Jeff. "It wouldn't be the same without the blue."

"Then..." Jeff leaned over and clicked a couple of buttons. "... blue it shall be."

Mother and son shared a smile. Then Emily's face took on a thoughtful look. "What did the builders do with that old oak?"

"Ah, that was the other thing that needed your input." Jeff pulled up a window in the center screen. "What do you say to a fireplace mantel and a really big, custom-made kitchen table with chairs?"

"Is there that much wood?" She sounded surprised.

"Yes, there is, and good quality, too. I've got an artisan lined up to do whatever you like with it." He drew her attention to the artisan's website, and before long, they were in animated conversation about the possibilities.

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