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Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 20:53:26 GMT

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Friday, Nov. 2nd, Tracy Island

As she finished the hem she was working on, Tin-Tin paused in her work. She stretched her arms over her head, trying to get rid of some of the kinks that had developed from bending over the sewing machine.

Tin-Tin glanced toward the clock on the wall, which read nine-thirty. A perfect time for a night stroll along the beach. There was something peaceful about seeing the moonlight dance upon the waves. The young woman got to her feet. She quickly got a flashlight and then headed out of her room.

Perhaps I can get Brains to join me, she thought, as she reached the scientist's room. Stopping outside the door she knocked. It wasn't long before the door opened.

"Hi, Tin-Tin! Can I do something for you?"

"I was going to take a stroll on the beach and was wondering if you would like to join me?"

"Walk on the Beach? At this hour?"

"Why not? It's perfect. No sun to glare off the sand, and it's a nice evening out."

Brains hesitated. Taking a stroll on the beach at night had never occurred to him before. Still, Tin-Tin seemed excited about it and the chance to spend some time with her would be nice.

"Let me just wrap up what I'm working on and I'd be happy to join you," Brains told her. "Come on in," he said, stepping aside so that Tin-Tin could step into his room. "Why don't you have a seat," he told her, waving a hand toward the couch. "I'll just be a moment."

Tin-Tin sat down on the couch while Brains walked over to his computer. Lena immediately hopped up next to Tin-Tin wanting attention. Reaching out, she stroked the kitten as she waited for Brains.

Meanwhile, Brains made sure his work was saved and then put the computer into hibernation, hoping to return to it after the walk. As the computer blinked off, he turned around.

"I'm ready. Let's go for that stroll."

Walking side-by-side, the two of them left the room. They walked down the hallway in silence, making their way to the main door of the villa.

The evening was warm with a slight breeze blowing. The couple headed down the path toward the beach chatting amicably about their day. It wasn't long before they were on the beach, the crashing waves the only other sound other than their voices.

As he listened to Tin-Tin talking about something funny that had happened, he reached out and took a hold of her hand. She didn't pull her hand away as the two of them continued down the beach, hand in hand.

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