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Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:00:52 GMT

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Sunday, November 4, 2068, 8:30 p.m., Tracy Island

Brandon stacked some of his books on the coffee table. Callie was still working with him; Dom had been there and gone, needing to put a fractious Joshua to bed, and Nikki was going to see if she could scrounge some boxes from her room. Elise and Cassie were down in the laundry; to his chagrin, Brandon had let his laundry go a little too long.

"We need more boxes," Callie said, passing her hand back through her hair.

"Maybe Luke has a few," Brandon suggested. "Why don't I go ask him?"

"Uh, yeah. Sure." Callie sounded less than enthused. Even the mention of his name brought the memory of Halloween night, and made her squirm internally. In fact, when Luke came down to offer his help, she made an excuse to leave, and didn't return until after dinner was over.

There was the sound of the door buzzer, going off in the cadence known as "shave and a haircut, two bits".

"I'll get that," Callie said, hurrying over to the elevator door. She knew that Luke, being right next door, wouldn't take the elevator up.

She pushed the button to open the door and found both Will and Gordon standing there, a stack of boxes next to them. "Hey, Callie!" Gordon said. "We come bringing gifts."

"Oh, great! Just what we needed!" She reached out to take some of the boxes, but Gordon and Will were there before her, and toted them inside.

"Hey, guys!" Brandon smiled widely. "You came just in the nick of time."

Will looked around the room. "Looks like you got a lot done. I'd have been back up sooner, but Gordon asked me to give him a hand hauling the boxes up."

"Not that they weigh too much or anything," Gordon exclaimed. "They're just awkward to handle when they're empty and stacked."

"So, what do we need to pack next?" Will asked.

"Books," Brandon said, taking a box for himself. "There shouldn't be too much else after that; bedding, clothes and kitchen stuff, mostly."

"Tell you what," Gordon said. "I'll start in the kitchen; I'm good at packing things so they don't break."

"I bet you are!" Callie said. "With your practical jokes and all."

Gordon grinned. "Nothing spoils a joke faster than an element that breaks before its time." With that, he took two boxes into the kitchen.

"I'll start folding and packing the bedding," Callie said, disappearing into the bedroom.

"Looks to me like you'll be done well before midnight," Will said as he sealed the box of books he'd been packing.

"Yeah." Brandon sighed. He glanced around the room. "Plenty of time to spare."

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