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Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:04:23 GMT

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Will sat on the bed of his extra bedroom, a box of greeting cards in his lap - another thing his mother had included, along with a list of family birthdays, addresses, etc. He was looking for a birthday card for Elise. I wonder if there's a site that has everyone's birthday, so we could know when one is coming up. I'll have to ask around.

While he'd been working, Virgil had come in to talk to Scott for a few minutes. Will had overheard part of the conversation - it was hard not to - and learned about today being her birthday. He figured that some, if not all, of the others would be giving her something, and felt he should, too.

He finally found a card that he felt would be right for Elise, Not that I really know her. It's hard to get to know a bunch of people well in just a - how long have I been here? He stopped what he was doing and thought for a minute. It's been a month. Exactly one month today. It doesn't seem like I've been here that long, though. And yet, in a way, it does. I've slipped into a routine very easily, much more so than when I worked for Dad.

He laid the card and envelope on the bed and put the box away, then walked out into the living room. "I just wish I knew what to give her. I have no idea what she likes," he said to himself. He sat down on the sofa and began to think.

About ten minutes later, he suddenly remembered a story he'd read - or had he been told about it? - where a poor family tried to celebrate Christmas. The mother was ill, the father was trying to work to make ends meet, and the two children - a boy and his older sister - were helping the best they could. The kids had put their heads together, and came up with a way to have a tree, and decorations, that didn't cost them anything. But there were no presents to wrap, no gifts to give. Then one of them - the sister, I think - had an idea. They'd make promises, write them on slips of paper, and hang them on the tree. They were simple things, like I promise to get good grades in school, I promise to help with the dishes every night, and so on.

"Now that's an idea. I could write up a promise, and slip it into the card," he told himself. It took a little more time to come up with something, but since he knew that he was the tallest person on the island, he could use that to his advantage. He found paper and a pen and wrote, Any time you want your upper cabinets cleaned out, I'm your man to help remove whatever you store there, and put it all back.

He slipped the paper into the card, which he'd already signed, and put them into the envelope, then wrote Elise's name on it. He took the elevator down to the ground floor and made his way to the other lounge. He walked over to the mailboxes, pausing to admire his and Luke's workmanship on them once again, then slipped the envelope into Elise's slot, and left.

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