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Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:05:59 GMT

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Wednesday, November 7th, 1:30 pm Tracy Island(2:30 pm, previous day, Hawaii)

The table had been set up in the front of Shelton Books, in the Honolulu Mall. Lana sat behind it, Jean sitting on her left, signing the copies of her book that customers had just recently bought. As this was the hometown crowd, all parties had anticipated a big turnout. Shelton Books had stocked *Coping at Home* well and put extra employees on. A few of the store employees were keeping busy with controlling the line, which stretched down the side of the store toward the back. From her vantage point, Lana couldn't see the end of the line.

Lana closed the cover of the book in front of her, and thanking the customer for coming, handed it back. With a smile on her face, she greeted the next customer. Between the book signing this morning and the current one, she couldn't remember when she had smiled so much. Jean and she had flown to Hilo on the Big Island for the first event and then, after having lunch there, had flown back to Oahu to come here.

The next person in line stepped up to the table. A girl, about nineteen, handed over her copy of the book.

"Could you make it out to Patricia, please? It's a Christmas present for my mom."

"I'd be happy to," Lana told her, opening the cover of the book. She wrote her standard message in the book and closed the cover. "There you go. Thank-you for coming," the authoress said, handing the book back to the girl.

"Thanks," she said, taking the book and heading out of the store with it.

"Gee, seems like quite awhile since we were that young, doesn't it?" the next customer said as he stepped up to the table.

Lana looked up to see who it was. She instantly recognized her old high school friend, Steve Martin. She hadn't seen him since their ten year high school reunion.

"Steve! It's nice to see you again! I thought you were living in Chicago."

"I do. I'm here visiting my parents. They told me about the book signing and I thought I'd stop by and get an autographed copy of your book for my wife's birthday. She loves your books, though I didn't realize until I saw you here that you were Chase Rivers," he told her, handing over the book he had bought.

Lana took the book from him and opened the cover. "Yeah, well, I started using the pen name to keep my writing secret from my father and it just stuck."

"Are you in Honolulu by yourself or did Vince and the kids come with you?"

"We're actually living on Oahu now, back in Ewa Beach. Vince runs a dive shop. If you're not doing anything tonight, come by for dinner at six."

"I'll do that. Where are you living?"

"The brick house next to my parent's house, actually," she told him, handing back the book.

"Great, I'll see you tonight then," Steve said, taking the book back. "Don't tell Vince I'm coming. I want it to be a surprise."

"You got it," Lana told him, as he walked away. The impromptu reunion having boosted her mood a little, she greeted her next fan with a more genuine smile.