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Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:20:41 GMT

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Tuesday, November 13, late afternoon/early evening

Two boyish faces peered around the kitchen door while Jenny, Emily, Kyrano and Lisa prepared dinner.

"You can come in, you two," Emily said, chopping parsley vigorously, "but only if you've done your homework."

"We've finished it, Grandma," the elder boy replied, watching Jenny as she fed onion into a chopper.

"Jenny, these are my grandsons Alex and Tyler," Lisa informed her. "Alex, Tyler, this is Jenny."

Jenny turned off the chopper and greeted the boys enthusiastically.

"Do you really have a snake?" Tyler asked excitedly.

"I do," Jenny confirmed, smiling.

"What species is it?" Alex asked.

"Southwestern carpet python. He's called Hiss."

"Could we see him some time?"

"Yes, but not now. I have to help make your dinner. You do want dinner, don't you?" She turned the chopper on again, a twinkle in her eye.

"Of course we do! Will there be plenty?"

"There will be quite enough, Master Tyler," Emily answered, in stern tones, but with a smile lurking in her face. "You know there's always plenty."

Lisa filled a bowl with bread crumbs.

"What is for dinner?" Alex asked curiously.

"Never you mind," Lisa answered mysteriously. "Why don't you two go play foosball until dinnertime?"

Jenny continued chopping, deep in thought. She was delighted with her apartment in the Round House. It had an excellent view of the ocean and she was feeling as though she had stepped into paradise. She imagined her apartment with pretty floral curtains, a matching sofa, and a nice homey rug on the floor. Add a few framed pictures, some little antique ornaments, and she would

have the home of her dreams.

She had only arrived that morning. It seemed as though she had been here longer than that. And she had been promised a tour of the villa and island tomorrow. Maybe she would meet some of the International Rescue workers. She'd hardly seen anyone that day, even Jeff, who had met her when she arrived, but had work to do and couldn't stay around. Maybe one day she might even see the Thunderbirds!

"Jenny? Pass the onion over here, will you?" Lisa asked, breaking her out of her reverie.

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