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Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:30:34 GMT

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Cliff House, a little after noon

Will walked into his apartment to get a bite to eat before heading over to the boat pen to give the Lucille a "once over" (and secretly to check out Gordon's new catamaran). He went to lay some "mail" he'd found in his box on one of the shelves that he had persuaded Luke to help him make. We sure had a good time building things together. I wonder what we could make next.

He then noticed a card that he'd gotten several days previously, still sitting there. Oh rats! The invitation. I need to let Cassie know I'm coming.

He hadn't planned on going, but when he let it slip to his mother that he'd gotten the "invite" during his last weekly call, she asked him if he'd accepted. When he told her that he wasn't planning on going, she nearly came through the telephone.

"William Abbott. You're passing up a rare opportunity here."

"Mom, I just don't think it's my cup of tea, no pun intended."

"How do you know, unless you try it? You have a chance to broaden your horizons, and you're passing it up?"

"My horizons are broad enough, Mom."

"No one's horizons are broad enough, young man. You know what your father always says."

"Yeah, Mom. 'If you stop learning, you're probably already dead'." He paused, looking at her on the screen of the vid-phone. He recognized the look on her face. She wasn't going to give up until he agreed to go. "Okay, Mom. I'll accept the invitation."

"And do it sooner rather than later, Will." Her face lit up, which made her older son feel good. "That's my boy."

He hadn't sent the RSVP and now he realized he'd better get it done, before I forget again. He picked it up and took it into the kitchen with him. Making himself a sandwich and getting a beer out of the fridge, he took food, drink, and invitation to the table. He marked his acceptance, and put it into the envelope provided. Then he quickly consumed his meal, cleaned up after himself and headed out the door.

A moment later, he was back in his apartment; he'd forgotten the acceptance. Mom, he thought, I'd better really enjoy myself at this shindig, or you're gonna owe me big time.

With that thought, he headed down to put his RSVP in her box, and get back to work.

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