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Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:39:23 GMT

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Saturday, November 17, 3:30pm TI (previous day, 4:30, Oahu, HW)

Vince stepped into the house and immediately caught a whiff of dinner. Just from the smell he could tell what Lana had decided to make for their evening meal; beef stroganoff and garlic bread. As she tended not to eat red meat, he also knew there would be a salad. He was looking forward to spending some time with his family before heading to the YMCA for the SCUBA course he was teaching.

Other than the sounds of the native Hawaiian music that Lana had on, the house was quiet. Either the kids weren't home, or they had found something quiet to occupy themselves with. Taking his business case off his left shoulder, he placed it on the floor underneath the coat rack. He then headed to the kitchen. He wanted to tell his wife about the last minute trip first thing.

Lana was at the counter, cutting up green peppers for the salad. She looked over her shoulder as Vince entered.

"Aloha, Honey! How was work?"

"Fine," he told her walking over to her and leaning down for a kiss. Before straightening up, he plucked a piece of pepper from the cutting board.

"Can't you wait for dinner!" Lana scolded good-naturedly, swatting at his hand.

"No," Vince replied before popping the green vegetable into his mouth. He walked over to the refrigerator and grabbed a glass from the cabinet next to it. "I heard back from Mr. Kent over at Tracy Industries," he said as he poured himself a glass of cranberry juice.

"Oh, what did he have to say?" Lana asked, not looking up from the peppers she had returned to cutting.

"I've been asked back for an interview with Mr. Tracy himself," Vince told her, sitting on the low counter nearby.

"That's great!"

"This weekend."

"What?" Lana said, surprised. She put the knife down and turned her chair to face her husband. "That's awfully quick isn't?"

Vince nodded. "I'm surprised myself, but Mr. Kent says that they want to get the position filled as quickly as possible, and wanted to set the interview up as soon as possible. The plan is for me to leave from Honolulu International tomorrow afternoon at three, so I don't have to cancel the class's fourth dive. I'll be away for a few days. If you'd rather I didn't..."

"No, you should go," Lana said quickly, not letting him finish the thought. "The kids and I will be fine for that long. What about the shop?"

"Jim already said he would take over for the next few days. Which brings me to another issue I wanted to discuss with you. You know Jim's been wanting to start a dive shop of his own someday. Well, I was thinking that instead of selling the shop outright, I become partners with Jim. I've talked to both my lawyer and realtor, and they say that coming up with a deal where Jim buys part of the business and then over the years slowly buys me out, wouldn't be that hard. I wanted to run it by you before I spring the idea on, Jim, though as I'll probably need some help from you dealing with the shop from time to time."

"Like I don't already," Lana commented, returning to making her salad. She had helped out with inventory and balancing the books over the years when things at the shop got too busy, usually during the summer months. "I think you becoming partners with Jim is a great solution. We could set the extra money aside for Lea's schooling."

Before Vince could reply, Aaron's voice interrupted the conversation.

"Mom, Dad, look what Lea did to my surfboard," they heard their eldest call. Moments later Aaron appeared in the doorway of the kitchen, surfboard in hand. Vince and Lana immediately saw what the issue was. The normally blue surfboard was now multicolored. Suns with smiley faces had been painted on the board in yellow, red, and green. "She ruined it."

"No, I didn't. I made it look pretty," Lea said, having followed her brother to the kitchen.

"I don't want it to look pretty," Aaron told her, glaring down at her.

Seeing the angry look on her brother's face, Lea's smile faded.

"Poppet, what did I tell you about those paints when I bought them for you," Vince said calmly, successfully hiding his amusement over the painted surfboard.

"That they should only be used on paper."

"Exactly. Now, what do you say to your brother?"

"I'm sorry," Lea said, looking up at her older brother.

"She still ruined my surfboard. Aren't you going to punish her?" Aaron said, ignoring his sister's apology. He was still too angry to forgive her.

"Whether I punish her or not is none of your concern," Vince told his son, even though he had planned on giving Lea a time out as well as have a talk with her about respecting other people's property. Looking away from his son, he looked down at the little girl. "Lea, go have a seat in the time-out chair."

The blonde didn't say anything as she turned and headed toward the dining room, tears in her

eyes. She had just wanted to brighten up the surfboard, not make her brother mad at her.

"Aaron, you should be more understanding of you sister's feelings," Lana said, speaking for the first time since the kids had come into the room.

"Mom, she ruined my surfboard."

"It's not ruined. It's not like she broke it or something."

"If I show up on the beach with this," the teen said, holding the painted surfboard up in front of him, "I'm going to be laughed right off the beach."

"You still should've accepted her apology. She didn't think she was doing anything wrong."

"She paints on my surfboard and I get the lecture. Man it sucks having a little sister."

"Aaron," Vince said, a warning tone to his voice.

"Well, she keeps going into my room. She won't leave my things alone."

"I seem to remember another little kid who use to touch things that belonged to others. A set of golf clubs come to mind."

Aaron looked sheepishly at the ground. He hadn't been much older than Lea when he had decided he wanted to play golf like his dad. He had taken a couple of his father's golf clubs out in the back yard to teach himself. The golf ball never had gone very far, but the clubs had been badly bent.

"Point taken. I'll go talk to her," Aaron said with a sigh. "But what about my surfboard?"

"I'll pay to have it repainted next week," Vince told his son. "Leave it in the living room."

"Thanks, Dad," Aaron said, turning to leave the room.

As soon as his son was out of sight, Vince gave up trying to keep a straight face. "Can't blame him for not wanting to be seen with that surfboard," he commented, with a smile.

Lana chuckled as she went back to salad preparation. "You know, art classes may be a good way to channel her creative energy."

"You're right, but they'll have to wait. No point in starting something while I'm looking for a job." Vince said. He downed the rest of his juice and placed the empty glass in the sink. "I think I'll go have a talk with our little creative genius about appropriate surfaces to paint on."

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