

Cruising now, Gordon lets his mind slip to what he does most often, dream. Today's "debate" is postponed to tomorrow and he will not contemplate the subject. It is forgotten, as his brain drifts into dream world, partly here, partly somewhere else. In dream world, form is non-existent, only a simple recognition. He can't tell anyone exactly who or what exists somewhere else but he doesn't care. When he dreams about somewhere else, here becomes nothing more than reactive motion. When he dreams about here, the big blue spaceship, they are mere diversions, what could be but never will be... - page 2

...The boss suddenly closes the folder and looks up at Gordon. With a demeanor of overly dramatic seriousness, he utters, "This is very good documentation, Gordon, but it shouldn't take three months to complete."

Gordon replies calmly, his expression betraying frustration, "You may recall that this is now the third time I have implemented this fix, since Sales and Support seem to be bent on screwing it up."

The boss is unfazed and responds, "And whose fault is that?"

Gordon, smiling with obvious mockery, replies, "Well, considering that our Support software had no alert function until three weeks ago and both the division's Sales and Support managers have been replaced since I started this project, must be me, huh?" - page 5

Melanie says, "Dad promised that he wouldn't quit his job ever again without your okay first."

"He didn't say it like that, though," Mark offered.

"Oh?" Rosita exclaims, curious.

Melanie explained, "He said something like, 'I will never again quit my job without the mighty squaw's approval.'"

Rosita smiles at her oldest daughter as Gordon looks at his wife for her reaction. "Did you like that?" Gordon asks his wife, adding, "I saw you smiling."

"I was smiling at my daughter, if you don't mind," comes Rosita's terse reply, refusing to look at him.

"I'm in deep s***, aren't I?" Gordon offers.

She turns to glare at him, replying calmly, "The deepest."

"I'll be diggin' out of it for a while, won't I?" he further offers.

"Longer than you can imagine," Rosita calmly answers.

After a moment of silence, Mark asks, "Dad, we don't have a shovel that *big*, do we?"

Everyone laughs, while Mark wears a huge grin. Gordon smiles at his son and says casually, "They make some pretty big shovels, but none as big as I'll need. I'll be diggin' for years."

"Count on it," Rosita remarks, but she smiles as she glances at her husband ... - pages 13-14