

Subject: The Funeral (Part 5)
Author: Lt. Commander Jake Arrington
Stardate: 80911:0100
Scene: Starfleet Shuttlecraft Bound For Earth
Time: After "The Funeral (Part 4)"

Personal Log: Stardate 80911:0100, Lt. Commander Jake Arrington... I am in a Starfleet Shuttlecraft bound for Earth, to attend the funeral of my best friend. The journey is long and boring I don't mind saying, and the Ensign driving the shuttle seems a little too nervous to be a shuttle pilot. Upon my arrival on Earth, I intend to meet Mrs. Masterson and her children. As soon as we meet up, we'll go straight to the funeral from there. I have requested that they meet me at the Shuttle Transit Center in LA

Jake: Computer, end log.

<Acknowledged.>

Jake had been laying down with a computer pad in hand in the rear compartment of the shuttlecraft doing his routine personal log, and tapping away at the computer pad he was carrying with him. He rubbed his eyes and put the pad on the table next to him and sat up.

Jake: (Pushing a button on the comm system) Ensign Roderick... ETA please.

Ensign Roderick: Fifteen minutes sir.

Jake: Thank you.

He tapped the button on the comm system again and deactivated it. He then put the computer pad back into his bag and slung it over his shoulder and opened the door to the command center from the rear compartment of the shuttle and sat down next to the young Ensign and awaited landing.

Shuttle Transit Center, Las Angeles California

=====

The rear compartment opened to reveal a large port gate. Jake and the young Ensign stepped off the craft and began walking toward the main gate. At the end of the hall, Jake spotted Mrs. Masterson and the kids. He smiled and began walking towards them. Mrs. Masterson had her hands on the shoulders of her two children, Amy and Brian. As Jake walked towards them, he noticed that the two children were really eager to run into his arms and give him a big hug after not seeing him for such a long time, but their mother was holding onto them very tightly. Jake dropped his bag on the floor and crouched down and held out his hands, and Mrs. Masterson let the two children go, and they ran to Jake, and threw their arms around him and gave him the biggest hug any child had ever given him.

Jake: Oh it's so good to see you two! I have missed you guys.

Mrs. Masterson slowly approached them. She stood, hovering over her children and looked down and observed their actions when they saw their Uncle Jake after such a long time, and all she could do was smile. Tears filled her eyes, happiness and joyful emotions filled her.

Jake stood up to give Mrs. Masterson a hug as well, but the children wouldn't let him go. They were attached to him like parasites. Jake looked down at the two little siblings attached to each leg and laughed out loud.

Jake: Hahaha, okay you two. I missed you too, but ya gotta let some of the blood circulate through your uncle's legs or he'll stumble and fall.

The children looked up at him and smiled, and they both let go at the same time, and Jake put his arms around Mrs. Masterson and held her as she began to cry. The children hung their heads in sadness as they observed their mother crying. They knew why she was crying, and they too began to shed tears of sadness for the loss of their father. When the moment was over, Mrs. Masterson took the kids by the hand. Jake picked up his bag, and they walked towards the front entrance of the Station.

Jake: (As they approach the front doors) So when is the funeral service?

Mrs. Masterson: Tonight. We have time for dinner and a prayer, then we go straight there.

Jake: Sounds good.

At The Masterson Estate

=====

All 4 people were sitting around a large table in a large dining room. On the table was a scrumptious meal prepared by Mrs. Masterson, who was the best cook Jake had ever known. For dinner, there was Jake's all time favorite, Fried Chicken, mashed potatoes, gravy, and corn. And to drink, there was milk for the kids, and Red Wine for the adults. All the food was replicated, but Mrs. Masterson was so good with entering the recipes into the computer database of the replicator, that you couldn't even tell that it was replicated. Jake of course couldn't help but to make a pig of himself, there was so much food. Mrs. Masterson never hesitated to make more than enough. She always ended up getting Jake to take the rest of the meal back to the ship with him to share with his friends onboard, and the times he did that, even the crew (Of the USS mystery of course) agreed with him, that it didn't taste replicated, even though it was.

Jake: (Shoveling a spoon full of mashed potatoes into his mouth) Mmmm.... So... Mrs.

Masterson....

Mrs. Masterson: (Interrupting him) Please Jake, call me Melanie. You know I hate it when you call me Mrs. Masterson. It sounds so damned informal.

Jake: (Smiling) I'm sorry.. Melanie.. Brian here tells me that you helped him and Amy build a tree house somewhere in the forest? Is this right?

Melanie: (Laughing) Oh yes. We worked very hard on it. If you like, after dinner, Brian and Amy can take you out to the forest and show you. It's really quite a site to look at.

Jake: (Winking at Amy and Brian as he shoveled another spoon full of mashed potatoes into his mouth) Yes I would like that very much.

Amy: Mommy, I have an idea.

Melanie: What's that sweetheart?

Amy: Why don't we have our prayer out there?

Brian: (Butting in) Oh please? Could we? It would be so neat.

Melanie: (Giving in) Oh all right. (Looking at Jake) I guess we're all going after dinner.

Lt. Commander Jake Arrington
Security Chief
USS Independence
SMA032372@aol.com

NRPG: Don't remember the names of the kids, cause Jay's profile never made it to the web page, so I'm playing it by ear here. I do know they were mentioned somewhere, just don't remember. Hell I don't even remember his wife's name, that's why you'll notice I keep calling her Mrs. Masterson. Had to make up a name for her too.