

Chapter Sixteen

Monday morning neither Trask corporate attorney showed up for the ongoing land-sale negotiating meeting. Kevin was both frustrated and anxious; his hopes to only be in the temporary VP position for a month had already passed. Mr. Hung Meng suggested that they press on but Robert Trask wasn't sure; he was becoming more concerned and thought that Kevin may be right? *Someone that cheats in a simple game of tennis will definitely cheat you in a business deal.*

Patty had her pen and pad ready, but not one word in Chinese was spoken. Condi was at her desk trying to reach either Mike or Sam on the phone.

Kevin broke the silence. "Mr. Meng at our last meeting you blurted out some words in Chinese when we were discussing the on-site living quarters for our security guard. We can discuss that agenda item before our attorney's show up."

"I never speak Chinese at last meeting," replied Mr. Meng.

"Yes, you did," Patty interrupted while flipping back a page on her yellow note pad. "The discussion was about your company purchasing a condominium and your reply in Chinese was, 'Not for a defective idiot'."

"I don't speak in Chinese at last meeting." Mr. Meng irately replied.

"Yes you did," Patty rebutted. "In fact you said it twice, that you would not purchase a new condominium for a defective idiot."

"Your Chinese must not be that good," Kung Chan butted in. "Mr. Meng said that he might think about helping out with purchasing a room for the retarded."

"My Chinese is just fine and I know that Mr. Hung Meng used the words defective and idiot," Patty rebutted Kung Chan with confidence.

With a red angry face Hung Meng stood up and exited the conference room with his lawyers, Kang Chan followed. Patty realized that she overstepped her position. Kevin had been hoping that the negotiations could be moving forward, not backwards. Mr. Robert Trask was just about to speak when Condi appeared in the doorway.

"Mike Dugger crashed his car on Topanga Canyon Road early this morning." Condi spoke in a stoic tone.

"What? Is he okay? Was anyone else hurt?" Robert Trask immediately asked.

"Mike was by himself. He just ran off the road into a rock outcropping. Mike's is in a coma at Glendale Memorial Hospital." Condi answered the questions in a daze.

"I'm going to head up to Glendale to check on Mike." Kevin stood up from the far end of the table.

"That sounds good. Keep me posted," said Robert Trask.

Glendale Memorial Hospital was less than an hour due north on I-710; Kevin often took the 710 going home to the Trask mansion in Pasadena. The tone in the conference room turned somber as everyone picked up notepads and documents and headed to their desks.

Midday traffic was heavy on the 710; Kevin finally made it to Glendale Memorial just before 2:00pm. The volunteer at the information desk informed Kevin that only immediate family was allowed on the ICU floor. Kevin left the hospital for the Glendale Police Department; the information there was limited. Kevin learned where the accident happened and that Mike ran off the road.

Driving down the winding curves on Topanga Canyon Road, Kevin saw the ash from road flares. Fifty feet ahead he spotted disturbed gravel all over the road shoulder. He found a wide place to turn around and park. The Range Rover listed to the right and felt as though it could roll down the embankment when he set the emergency brake. The gravel road shoulder was disturbed and trenched out from all the emergency vehicles

There were two tire tracks over the steep embankment and an impact spot on the huge rock outcropping didn't take a rocket scientist to explain where Mike had veered off the road. Kevin slid down the loose gravel and walked through the pushed over weeds. He could smell the antifreeze still pooled at the base of the massive rock. If Mike had steered left or right just a few feet, he would not have crashed head-on into the fifty-ton rock. Kevin ripped out a knee of his slacks climbing back up to the road. At eye level with Topanga Canyon Road one thing immediately caught his attention there were no skid marks. Kevin headed for home.

"What happened to you?" Robert Trask asked as Kevin approached the white metal table next to the pool. "It looks like you fell down."

Kevin stopped; looked at the dirt all over his hands and then looked down at the ripped out knee on his slacks. His Italian shoes were covered with dust. "I just came from the crash scene."

"I thought you were going by the hospital?"

"I did, but only family is allowed in intensive care," Kevin answered.

"Did you find out anything about Mike?"

"No, the hospital has privacy rules," Kevin pulled out a chair and sat across from Robert Trask. "I drove over to the Glendale Police department and found out where the accident happened."

"So that is where you got dirty, at the crash scene?"

"Yeah, it looks like Mike was coming down Topanga Canyon Road then went right across the oncoming lane down an embankment and hit one of those huge rocks head on."

"Wow, I hope he'll be able to come back to work in a week or so."

"Crap Dad!" Kevin rocked back in the patio chair. "We don't even know if Mike will live to the end of the week... And you're worrying about him coming into work."

"Kevin the business world rolls on. Let's not get into one of your college philosophical discussions! This isn't about making a statement, like you did at Gonzaga."

"I'm not some philosophical student protestor. Gonzaga was about doing the right thing. It is what Grandpa would have done."

"Yeah probably," Robert Trask replied and took a drink of Martini. "The business world was a lot different when your Grandfather started Trask Trailers."

"You're right Dad, just like down at the plant, if we can't negotiate a good union contract with the workers, Trask Inc. might not be around by the year two thousand."

"Kevin, I'm glad that you understand that. It's could get ugly down at Trask Inc. The more the workers demand the more manufacturing we'll have to outsource."

"Yeah, I know." Kevin replied in a downcast tone.

"On the upside, Mr. Hung Meng's lawyer called after you left. They are willing to pay up to one million dollars for a condominium for Gus."

"Wow, that is good news." Kevin's tone picked up. "I have asked Patty to slowly work with Gus to somehow be acceptable with moving."

"That girl was a life saver for us; knowing Chinese, taking notes and all."

"Yeah, Patty is great. She already pointed a few things out in the new Union Contract that are important to negotiate."

"Oh, yeah, like what? Should Patty be...?" Robert Trask was distracted by Marie hurrying across the lawn toward them.

Marie approached the table. "Kevin, there is a Ms. Lilly Saxton here that drove that new fancy sports car down from Oregon."

"Thanks Marie, let her know that I will be right there." Kevin looked back at his Dad. "I paid a fishing guide to drive my car down here from the Portland International Airport."

"A fishing guide?" Robert Trask replied.

"It's a long story Dad." Kevin pushed away from the table and stood. "I want to tell Lilly thanks."

"No problem," replied Robert Trask. "Would you tell Marie to bring me another Martini?"

Kevin came out the study door into the entry. Lilly was standing in front of the tall double doors. There was a blue backpack sitting on the black and white tiles next to her long legs. Kevin approached and put out his dirty hand. "Did you have a hard time finding our home?"

"It was not that hard to find. Your assistant Patty Kelly gave me good directions and that bag phone thing was telling me when to turn." Lilly's eyes were taking in the mansion and thought, *this entry way is as large as most homes in Zigzag, Oregon.*

"Did Patty get you a hotel for tonight?" Kevin asked.

"Yeah, she got me a place by Disneyland. I told her I have never been there, so she got me a place that I could walk to Disneyland from. She also got me an airline flight late Saturday so I would have a whole day to look around."

"Disneyland on a Saturday is a big mistake," Kevin replied.

"Oh, why is that?" Lilly asked.

"The crowds and all the people... You'll probably spend an hour just standing in line to get into the park."

"Oh well, I guess I can just walk around LA." Lilly replied not letting Kevin's negativity bother her. "I've never been to Los Angeles before."

"Walk around LA? You do know Disneyland is twenty miles or more from downtown don't you?" Kevin hesitantly asked.

"No I didn't know that." Lilly now wished that she had never agreed to drive the Mercedes from Portland to Los Angeles, even though all the expenses were paid for.

"Do you want me to call Ms. Saxton a cab?" Marie asked standing slightly to the side.

"A... Sure Marie." Kevin started rubbing at his hands trying to get some of the dirt off and then spurted out. "Marie, forget the cab. I'll drive Lilly to her hotel after I clean up."

Marie took note of the rip in Kevin's slacks and pointed. "Did you get into a fight or something?"

"No, I slipped climbing up an embankment." Kevin headed for the front door. "I'll be right back. Marie, would you entertain Lilly for a few minutes."

Lilly and Marie hit it off immediately. They were both of the working class and close to the same age. Marie got a beer for Lilly and started to show Lilly around the Trask Mansion. They both knew their rung on society's ladder of who's who and were happy and thankful.

About twenty minutes later Kevin heard loud laughter in the kitchen. He pushed the swinging servant's door from the formal dining room open. "What's so funny?" Kevin asked."

"Oh, Marie was telling me about the swimming party that you two had years ago," Lilly replied with an ear to ear grin.

An intense scowl was directed toward Marie from Kevin.

"Hey, we skinny-dip up in Oregon all the time." Lilly said the moment she saw the directed glare of Kevin toward Marie.

"It's just... It's sort of a personal thing that happened so many years ago," Kevin said.

"Yeah, I agree it's a private thing, Lilly replied." It's just like spooning with someone, but without the water."

Kevin's scowl turned to look of uncertainty, "I thought it was that big black dog that was lying in the bunk with me."

"Oh, Tucker will never tell what really happened," Lilly replied.

"Tucker is your dog's name?" Marie asked.

"Yeah, but I'm thinking we should start calling him Spooner." There was a short pause, before Kevin busted into laughter.

Marie started laughing also, not exactly sure why but glad that Lilly had pulled Kevin's glare off of her.

Out on the driveway Kevin put Lilly's backpack into the trunk and then opened the passenger door. He glanced down at her long legs door as she pulled them into the SL600. "What Hotel did Patty book you?" Kevin asked.

"It's the Disneyland Hotel," Lilly answered looking up at Kevin.

"There are about three different hotels in Anaheim with Disneyland in their name. Is

it the Disneyland Grand or the Disneyland Paradise? Is it one of the hotels on the resort property?"

"Wow, I don't know," Lilly answered. "I wrote the address in my journal. If you open the trunk back up, I'll get it."

"You can get the address when we stop to get something to eat. I hope you don't mind but I haven't eaten all day." Kevin walked around the front of the car. "Do you like fish and chips?"

"Sure, I haven't eaten since noon myself."

Kevin sat down in the driver's seat and moved the seat forward, "You must be taller than me."

"No, I'm under six feet, I just have long legs," quipped Lilly with her standard response.

"Yeah, I noticed." The V12 under the hood roared to life. Kevin steered around the fountain in the middle of the driveway and squeezed through the opening iron gate. "How did the car drive on the way down?" Kevin asked.

"It drove just fine. I thought about putting the top down but I didn't want to mess anything up."

"All you had to do is release these levers," Kevin released a chrome lever right above his head. Then he leaned over and released the lever above Lilly's head and then pushed a button on the dash.

Lilly got a scent of Kevin's cologne and hoped that her body odor from the twenty hour drive wasn't offensive. But it didn't matter after the convertible top folded down and a roll bar came up and loudly clunked into place. *The wind feels so good blowing through my hair and now he can't smell me.* Lilly thought to herself.

"They brew their own beer at this fish and chip place we're going to," Kevin said loud enough to overcome the road noise.

"A beer sounds good," Lilly replied as she pushed her head back into the headrest and closed her eyes. The non-stop drive all the way from long term parking at PDX had finally taking its toll. Lilly dozed off.

Kevin turned on the radio and then took an up and down, once over of Lilly. *She has to be more than six feet; she does have long, firm legs. She's got better looking legs than any of those volleyball players had up at Shasta Lake. I'll have to ask if she played sports in school, after she rests for awhile.*

The fish shack was one of Kevin's favorite places in Glendale to eat. Lilly drank two beers before the huge basket of Halibut fish got to their booth. Kevin hadn't even

finished his first beer and didn't plan to. He planned to work on Lilly when her guard got down. Lilly was different than Tina; not so upscale and sophisticated. She was someone Kevin felt comfortable around, someone that he was not sure if he had spooned. One more beer and maybe a hard shot or two and Kevin would make his move.

"This Halibut is better than the steelhead and trout we catch up in Oregon." Lilly said as she sensually licked the dipping sauce from her fingers.

"Halibut is my favorite fish," Kevin smiled at Lilly. "Care for another beer or maybe drink?" Kevin asked.

I could go for a shot of Crown... It would help me sleep tonight. Since I'll be in a strange bed..." Lilly answered with slightly slurred words.

"The last strange bed I slept in, a big black dog warmed me up." Kevin smiled across the table at Lilly and then ordered a double shot of whiskey.

"Are you not drinking anymore?" Lilly asked Kevin

"No I'm driving but you go right ahead, I'll make sure you make it to your room."

Lilly drank the double shot and another beer. Kevin ordered an apple brandy flambé that they shared. A country western band started playing in the bar and Lilly was feeling the music. She pulled Kevin into the bar and started to dance by herself. It took a bit of coaxing but Kevin did let her pull him out onto the dance floor to learn how to swing. Kevin went along with being lead and twirled by Lilly and the crowd loved it. Another shot of whiskey with a beer chaser and Lilly had about twenty patron's line-dancing. Kevin hadn't experienced so much good old fun since the long ago Trask company picnics with three-legged sack races, water balloon toss and all the other fun Grandpa Trask had tucked away.

Last call seemed early and Kevin had yet to confront Lilly. He had about fifteen minutes. What he was going to ask could turn a perfect night upside down. Kevin felt so at ease and it just felt okay to ask some personal stuff.

Lilly in somewhat of a sexy stagger approached Kevin, "Looks like you better take this cowgirl back to her motel."

"That sounds good to me! You sure know how to dance and party." Kevin drew a deep breath. "Before we head out, could we sit down? I need to find out some private stuff. "

"Sure thing you stiff legged cowpoke... Let's talk."

As soon as they slipped back into the booth Kevin got to it. "Lilly that night I spent in your cabin and then the next morning meeting Office Bull Elk and all, I did some snooping about your family.

"Oh?" Lilly, replied with somewhat of a sobering tone.

"Officer Bull told me about how your brother died on Mt. Hood. He also shared that when your Dad carried me to the parking lot and put me in the old truck, that it put your Father into a very dark spot."

"It did, but that very next week, Daddy got a contract to cut firewood for the new Indian casino on the Rez. He's been so tired and pissed about cutting Juniper he's in a totally different place."

"Is that a good place or bad place?" Kevin reluctantly asked.

"Oh it's a good place!" Lilly replied and hiccupped at the same time. "I think he might have done something bad to himself if he didn't get back to work."

"Bad, like what do you mean?" Kevin motioned for the bill to the bartender.

"I think he was thinking about killing himself. I'm kind of worried when this firewood contract gets done." Lilly's upbeat mood was dwindling.

"Is there any more work in sight for your Dad?" Kevin asked as he stood and pulled money from his pocket.

"There's a huge road clearing contract just put out by the State of Oregon but they really want it to go to minorities." Lilly was getting slightly annoyed; she had just had one of the best nights in her life and now Kevin wanted to bring up her family problems.

Kevin glanced at the bill and handed three fifties to the bartender. "Keep the change."

Lilly waited for the bartender to get back to the cash register. "It cost a hundred and fifty dollars for Fish and Chips and a few drinks?"

"Yeah, with the tip," Kevin replied. "Plus, this is the most fun I've had in a long time."

"Wow, that is..." Lilly stopped speaking; not wanting to show her lack of class or lower class.

"Well, let's get you home! Ms. Lilly Saxton, dance instructor extraordinaire."

The warm evening air had Lilly's hair flying out of control just like her mind. She fearlessly reached over and turned up the twelve speaker stereo in the SL600; even louder than what she had on the way down from Oregon. Boldly with her stretched out arm she reached over and rubbed Kevin's leg a few times and mentioned the spooning episode in the cabin in Mt. Hood. She probed Kevin about skinny-dipping and clarified about the cold water in Oregon's mountain lakes causing shrinkage, Kevin laughed and thanked her for the information.

Kevin pulled in under the awning of the Disneyland Hotel. The valet approached and opened the passenger door. Behind his dark glasses took note of the short jean cutoffs and beautiful legs.

"Thank you Mr. Kevin Trask, dance partner extraordinaire," Lilly said while taking in the lights and glamour of the entrance to the five star hotel. She swung her long legs out the door and stood up; she was a head taller than the valet. Lilly lurched forward then canted backwards and plopped back into the passenger seat. "You might have bought me too many straight shots." Lilly slurred out while trying to stand again.

Kevin approached and pushed the valet to the side. "Yeah the hard stuff has a way of sneaking up on you." Kevin took both of Lilly's hands and pulled her up.

The valet moved back a few steps. The Mercedes proto-car and over hearing the name Trask put him on smart-alert. Just act like he didn't hear or see a thing and there could be a big tip for his silence. He watched Kevin slip his arm around the tall drunk model or possible aspiring Hollywood actress and help her to the front counter.

The woman at the front desk jumped into the opposite alert mode as the valet. "Can, I help you?"

"You should have a room for Lilly Saxton." Kevin said, now with both arms around Lilly's waist.

The woman scanned through the names on her computer screen. "I'm sorry sir! We don't have a reservation for a Lilly Saxton and we are booked up solid, all through the weekend.

"I wrote everything down in my journal," Lilly offered and canted sideways slightly. "It's in my backpack in the trunk. Should I go get it?"

"No, Ms. Lilly, there is no need for you to go get your appointment book. This hotel does not need you to fall down in the lobby or make a scene." The desk clerk said with a nose turned up attitude. "You two might find something away from Disneyland that suits you better. They rent rooms by the hour in Hollywood."

"Just hold on Mrs.____." Kevin looked at the desk manger's name tag. "Mrs. Thorp, could you call out to the valet and have him pop the truck and have him bring in Miss Saxton's blue backpack. It's the silver convertible Mercedes with the top down."

Mrs. Thorp reluctantly called out to the valet and asked him to open the trunk and bring in Lilly's overnight pack.

Within thirty seconds the valet was almost running through the lobby. "Here's the bag Mr. Trask. If you need me to park undercover, just let me know."

"Thanks," Kevin took the backpack and handed it to Lilly. "I need to find out if we have a room before you park the car."

The valet stepped to the front counter and said. "I'm sure we can find a room for a Trask. If not Mrs. Throp can check one of our other three properties."

When the night manager heard the name Trask she started to search the reservation computer. Sure enough Lilly did have a reservation but it had been booked under Trask Trailer Inc. "I'm so sorry Mr. Trask you do have a room booked here for one night. I'm very sorry for..."

"Don't be telling me that you're sorry. Apologize to Lilly, you were treating her like a street walker or something."

Mrs. Throp looked directly at Lilly. "I'm very sorry Ms. Lilly Saxton, I was rude and please accept my apology."

"Sure, whatever, not a big deal." Lilly slurred her words. "I'm just glad to have a place to sleep. After driving straight through from Portland, Oregon and then dancing and drinking, I can hardly stand up."

"Mr. Trask I'm going to upgrade your room from a single queen to the empire suite with a Jacuzzi and king bed in a second room at no additional charge."

"That will work," Kevin took the key card from the desk manger then turned and handed a twenty to the valet. "You can park the car, watch the brakes, they are real touchy." Kevin took the overnight backpack and with the other arm headed Lilly toward the elevator.

On the way up to the sixteenth floor Lilly turned face inward to Kevin and pulled herself close to him. "We never did slow dance tonight,"

"Maybe another time, but right now I need to get you to bed."

"I know, I've been up for over a day... I did take a few cat-naps on the way down."

"Lilly, I wished you would have stopped and stayed overnight someplace." The elevator came to a stop and Lilly let loose from Kevin's waist. Kevin felt comfortable; not even a bit insecure with Lilly. He opened the room door, turned on a few lights, checked the bathroom then pulled the drapes. When he came into the bedroom Lilly was only halfway in the king sized with her feet still on the floor. Kevin removed her shoes and socks then lifted her legs up onto the mattress. It took some pulling and tugging to get Lilly in somewhat the right position. Finally he pulled the sheets over her, turned off the lights and left.

Back at the front desk Mrs. Thorp setup a wake up for nine am and assured Kevin that breakfast would be served to Lilly's room. She again apologized and after a short conversation with Kevin realized that he was the real deal. Kevin exited the

lobby and handed the valet another twenty then headed for home.

It was after midnight and it was one of the best Friday nights Kevin had had in a long time. Traffic was light on Interstate 5. Kevin pushed down hard on the gas pedal and the SL 600 accelerated to over a hundred miles an hour. Kevin thought of how Danny pulled on the hand brake and saved them both. Why Danny would sniff toxic fumes the very next night didn't make sense. Kevin felt Danny in the warm fast moving midnight air and slowed down.

The morning call was a good thing, or else Lilly would have slept till noon. Room service brought up breakfast and she ate out on the private deck. The site of Disneyland just across the street was bigger than she had imagined. Patty had booked the last flight from Burbank into Portland International Airport. The rides were not even in her plans, just to see what it was and to stroll around was worth driving a car down from Portland. Lilly showered, put on her light blue sun dress and then put everything into her small backpack and headed for the lobby.

Cowboy boots with a short dress fit in for a rodeo in Oregon but not for a tourist in LA. Lilly's outfit got some stares along with a rude cat-call in the lobby. Nothing was going to ruin this day. With her head held high she headed toward the door. "Hey you," stopped Lilly dead in her tracks. "Did you sleep okay?"

Lilly turned and watched Kevin stand up from a big leather lobby chair. "Yes, I did..." She was surprised and almost speechless. "A... What are you doing here?"

"There is no way in hell that you want to stand in line all day." Kevin replied while giving the cowboy boot with a short dress outfit, the up and down.

"Did you stay here all night?" Lilly asked

"No, I drove home last night after I got you into bed. I was going to have Marie show you around today but her son had T-ball. So you're stuck with me again."

"I'm sorry about last night, I usually don't mix whiskey and beer." Lilly's said while her brain hit the rewind button. "I hope that I didn't embarrass you."

"No, it was fun, I think I actually like that hillbilly dancing." Kevin replied.

"Its country dancing!" Lilly snapped back at Kevin.

"Oops, sorry." Kevin heard the distain in her voice. "Well let's get a move on." Kevin grabbed Lilly's one of the backpack straps and pulled her out of the Lobby.

The valet took off on a run and in less than twenty seconds wheeled the SL600 up the half circle drive, the tires chirped to a quick stop. Lilly felt like Cinderella with her coach arriving. The valet rushed around the car and opened the door for her. Kevin

caught the valet looking at Lilly's long legs as she slipped into the passenger seat. Kevin was guilty also; he took note of the snug fitting gym shorts under the flimsy light blue sun dress. He also got a whiff of a familiar smell something like baby powder or coconuts. *That's the same smell as when I was in the bunk in the cabin on Mt. Hood.*

The tires chirped again as Kevin pulled out on the street around the corner and headed toward a private parking lot behind Disneyland. "Here is your VIP pass Mr. Trask. It's good for both Saturday and Sunday." The female attendant handed Kevin a purple card with a cut out. "Hang this on your mirror and park right over there."

"Thanks, we'll only be here for today. Ms. Saxton has to fly back to Oregon tonight."

The attendant looked over the top of Kevin. "Enjoy your day in Disneyland, Ms. Saxton. I hope that you don't have to leave before the firework show tonight."

By four o'clock they had only been on three rides and it was time for someone to be the adult. "Kevin, I should head to the airport. My plane departs at 7:20pm."

"We can't leave yet. We haven't been on the Space Mountain ride, plus you really need to see the fireworks. They are awesome!"

"But, what about the plane ticket? The flight cost over four hundred dollars."

"Don't worry about it, I'll go call Patty and have her get a later flight."

They went back to the VIP parking lot and Kevin called Patty on the car/GPS phone. He apologized for the call on Saturday and offered Patty overtime pay or paid time off, Patty's only reply was that she would take care of it.

They rode the Space Mountain ride plus several more, had lobster nachos and fried pickles, unusual food but better than the energy bars Lilly had packed in her backpack to save money. There was no denying that Kevin was from the elite, upper class of Los Angeles, but he was more like a normal kid just wanting to have fun and live in the moment. There was no hiding the fact that Kevin had an endless stream of cash to pull from his pocket and Lilly only had sixty three dollars in her backpack. Kevin knew the best place to watch fireworks from; with the bursting and flashes overhead Lilly let herself feel like Cinderella.

Kevin knew to leave before the midnight hour, when Disneyland closed. He called Patty and she had changed the ticket and was still waiting to hear back from a couple on different hotels about any cancellation. Kevin thanked Patty and told her not to worry about a hotel.

Kevin looked over at Lilly. "You fly out of LAX tomorrow at two-thirty. That will get you into PDX before seven. I hope that I didn't mess up your entire weekend. I hope you don't mind staying in one of our guest rooms." Kevin wheeled the SL600 out of

the parking lot and headed north on I-5. *I hope she had fun ...*

Lilly noticed lights and some tall building to the west. "Is that downtown LA?"

"Yeah, that's downtown," Kevin flipped on the blinker. "I forgot this is your first time to the city of Angels. Let's do a drive thru."

"You don't have to do that," Lilly replied.

"No, let's check out downtown. Let's go see who's been added to the Walk of Fame, since I've been away at college."

"Is that the place with all the stars are in the sidewalk?"

"That's it. I think George Benson finally got a star this year."

Lilly kept quiet, she didn't know who George Benson was and didn't want to appear ignorant. She finally spoke up when she noticed all the green and red buildings with curled up roofs. "This must be Chinatown!"

"It is, and the walk of fame is just up the 101 a few miles."

Kevin parked and Lilly jumped out and started twirling down the sidewalk reading names off the brass stars. "Wow this is cool Stars with star's names on them."

"The names go all the way up there." Kevin pointed up Hollywood Boulevard.

"Let's go see if we can find George Benson," Lilly yelled out and hoping she had remembered the name correctly. "How many blocks are there?"

"I think fifteen blocks or more. We could spend all night trying to find his name. Plus Hollywood is not the best place to be after midnight."

"Okay but let me get a picture, I promised my Mom."

"Do you have a camera?" Kevin asked.

"Yeah its in my backpack."

Kevin popped the trunk, Lilly got her camera and before she snapped her first picture a kid on a bike sped by and snatched it from her. "Hey get back here you punk!"

Kevin looked up; the kid on the bike was already a block away. "What happened?"

"That little prick stole my camera." Lilly pointed up Hollywood Boulevard.

"Wow, I'm sorry. That's probably going to ruin this whole day; losing your camera and all.

"Lilly shrugged her shoulders. "Not really, that was an old Instamatic camera that my Mom picked up at a garage sale for a couple of bucks."

Kevin busted out laughing. "You mean..." Kevin caught his breath. You mean, that little prick just stole an old film camera that was worth two dollars."

"Well, my Mom had just put a new roll of film into it." Lilly snapped back at Kevin.

Kevin laughed harder. "I can see that guy right now. He probably thought he just scored a new digital camera. He'll probably bring it back."

"Let's go, I've seen enough of LA." Lilly walked over and plopped down in the SL600.

Kevin couldn't help giggling to himself. The vision of the thief trying to fence an old film instamatic camera was true justice and it was funny. Kevin tried to change the subject. "A college engineering friend told me that they are going to start putting cameras into cell phones.

"Yeah, like your fancy phone that told me a couple of wrong turns driving down here. I'll stick to a map!" Lilly replied sarcastically. Lilly's feelings were hurt, her family could never afford a cell phone; let alone one with a camera or GPS.

After about three minutes of silence and the cold shoulder Kevin applied the brakes and turned into an all night store. "I'm getting a graveyard Slurpee. Do you want one?"

"That's sick mixing all the flavors together. But I'll get a coke flavored one." Lilly followed Kevin into the store and immediately went to a postcard display that had three postcards for a dollar.

Kevin came up behind her and handed her a Coke Surpee and started looking at the postcard. "Hey, here's one of walk of fame."

"Yeah, I'm going to get it." Lilly pulled the card from the rack and spun the rack to the next side. "I need to find two more for my Mom, if I don't bring her back pictures she'll be upset."

Kevin reached around Lilly and pulled every postcard of Disneyland, Downtown LA and Hollywood out of the rack. "You do know how to cut and paste? Kevin asked, while grabbing her by the hand and leading her to the back of the store.

Kevin pushed open the dark curtain to the instant photo booth. Go in there and sit down. We'll get some head shots that you can paste on to the postcards.

Maybe it was all the sugar in the Slurpee or all day at Disneyland but Lilly went along; she even made funny faces as the photo booth clicked off four photos. Lilly exited the booth and stood next to Kevin. It took a minute before the photo strip started to roll out of the machine.

"Those are great." Kevin grabbed the photo strip before Lilly had a chance.

"Now it's your turn." Lilly pushed Kevin into the booth.

"Not without you." Lilly pulled Kevin into the booth and did devil horns over Kevin's head with her fingers for the first picture. Kevin returned the devil horns over Lilly's head for the second picture. The third picture Lilly kissed Kevin on the cheek. The last picture Kevin turned Lilly's head and kissed her directly on the lips. The machine clicked off the last photo but their kiss continued.

There was more uncomfortable silence as they drove toward Pasadena. Finally, back at the Trask Mansion, Kevin showed Lilly to the guest room and told her that Marie would drive her to the airport in the morning...