

Chapter 15

Wednesday morning, July 6

Victor, Colorado

Lindsay knocked on the front door.

Heather opened the door.

“Hi.”

“Hi.”

Lindsay was surprised to see Julie Moore looking at her.

“I missed my turn because I had to go home and do chores,” explained Julie.

“If you give a lesson to Julie, I’ll make lunch,” said Heather.

“Are you a piano teacher too?”

“Yes.”

“Golly.”

“Come on, Julie.”

Julie smoothed her skirt and sat down on the piano bench.

“Do you know how to play?”

“Yes.”

“What?”

“*Someone to Watch over Me.*”

“Play it.”

Julie played the music flawlessly.

“Do you know the words?”

“Yes, but I don’t sing it too well.”

“Listen to me.”

Lindsay sang a portion of the song.

“That was beautiful,” said Julie.

“Let me hear you sing the beginning line *there’s a saying old.*”

Julie sang it.

“That’s better. You need some work on when to take a breath and getting the melody. Come every day and I will help you sing it perfectly and passionately. Where do you go to high school?”

“Colorado Springs.”

“Great.”

“My mom cries a lot because my dad is in the war in Iraq.”

“Let’s say a prayer for your mom and dad. Here goes. Dear Lord God. Please help my dad do a good job and stay alive. We pray your mom will relax and know the Lord will help her, your dad and you. A-men.”

“A-men,” said Julie.

I’m going to teach you part of the Sonata in B flat by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.”

“I would love to know how to do something like that.”

Lindsay leaned over and played the first portion of the song. Then she repeated the beginning lines.

“Now you try it, Julie.”

Julie did very well.

“You can limber up your fingers this way.”

Lindsay showed her.

“I will have the music as soon as my mom can mail it to me.”

“Good.”

Lindsay played a little more of the melody.

“Go ahead.”

“The notes with your right hand go like this on the part you’re having trouble with.”

Lindsay demonstrated.

“I see!” said Julie.

“Play it over and over. You will be able to perform this song at a recital.”

Julie smiled.

Lindsay got up and walked across the room.

“How’s it hanging?” said Lindsay as she entered the kitchen.

“Way long and low.”

They giggled.

“Maybe we could have a recital before we leave.”

“That’s a great idea. I put the roast in the oven. We’ll have to settle on yogurt and cheese sandwiches.”

“I’ll go get the groceries we forgot.”

“That would be supper,” said Heather.

Knock-knock.

Heather hurried to the door. She smiled at three high school girls.

“Could you help us on some music we must learn before we start school?” they said almost in unison.

“Hi,” said Lindsay as she peeked around the door.

“My best friend, Miss Lindsay Britton, is working with a girl. You can sit and wait if you want to.”

“I’ll wait,” said an Asian girl.”

“Like can we come back at three?” asked a girl with long brown braids.

“Okay,” said Heather.

Heather looked at the other girl.

“What’s your name?”

“Barbara Chen.”

“Come in. I’ll fix you a cheese sandwich if you like.”

“Thank you.”

Lindsay sat down to help Julie.

Barbara watched.

“Are you teaching Julie Mozart?” asked Barbara as she entered the kitchen.

“If you’re able I’ll teach you a terrific Beethoven sonata,” said Heather.

“Great,” she said.

Barbara smiled.

Knock-knock.

Lindsay got up, hurried to the door and opened it.

“I decided to come in and wait if that’s alright?” asked the girl with braids.

“Come in. What’s your name?”

“Alicia Allen.”

“My name is Miss Lindsay Britton. How old are you?”

“Sixteen.”

“You can sit here or go in the kitchen while I work with Julie.”

“Julie and I are good friends.”

“Hi,” said Julie.

“Hi,” voiced Alicia.

Knock. Knock.

Lindsay opened the door.

“Hello, I’m Irene Allen, Alicia’s mother.”

“I’m Lindsay Britton. Please come in.”

Irene had shorts on. She looked youthful and attractive.

“Thank you.”

“Hi mom,” said Alicia.

“Please feel free to look around, Irene,” said Lindsay as she sat down with Julie.

Irene was the nosey type. She didn't want her daughter to grow up too fast. She had a nose for illegal alcohol, cigarettes, marijuana, or a neighbor boy with a hand on for Alicia in the back room. She checked Lindsay for tattoos, pierced eyebrows or a metallic button in her tongue.

Lindsay understood, but she thought Irene seemed too protective. Earlier this morning she put the cases of wine under the bed and she put the bottle she and Heather drank from last night in the closet.

Lindsay glanced at Alicia. She could see that Alicia was nervous about her mom's intrusion.

"It's okay, Alicia."

Alicia smiled.

When Alicia's mother came into the kitchen she gave Heather a start.

"Don't get up," said Irene.

"I'm Heather Peterson. Lindsay and I are staying here."

"You're not into drugs?"

"Absolutely not."

"How old are you?"

"Both of us are twenty one and responsible individuals."

"Do you have boyfriends with you?"

"No."

"You're not lesbians?"

"Of course not."

Barbara could hardly keep from laughing.

Irene looked in the refrigerator. Then she looked in the cabinets.

“I’m sorry. Please forgive my curiosity.”

“It’s okay,” said Heather.

“I’ll bake some cookies and date bread. Alicia can bring them over tomorrow.”

“That would be nice of you.”

“Good bye.”

“Bye.”

“Good bye,” said Irene as she opened the front door.”

“Bye,” said Lindsay.

A few seconds after Irene left Lindsay heard Heather and Barbara break out laughing.

Lindsay got up, walked to Alicia with her arms outstretched.

Alicia stood up.

Lindsay hugged Alicia.

Knock.

Alicia went to the door.

“Hi, Janet,” said Alicia. “Come in.”

Lindsay looked at Janet. She had red hair and large boobs.

Alicia led Janet to the kitchen.

When Lindsay finished with Julie’s piano lesson she took her to the back yard.

Alicia tagged along.

“Okay let’s hear you sing.”

Julie sang well.

“Stop! Start over and I will show you when to breathe.”

“That’s much better. Keep going.”

Julie sang the remainder of the song.

“That’s beautiful,” said an older man about one hundred yards distant.

Julie waved.

“That’s my Uncle Charlie.”

They walked back through the kitchen and into the living room.

“Come sit on the piano bench Alicia,” said Lindsay.

“See you tomorrow,” said Julie as she opened the door.

“Keep practicing.”

“I will.”

Alicia played Lone Star by Norah Jones.”

“I can sing it too.”

“Please do,” said Lindsay.

Alicia sang the song as she played the piano.

“I can teach you piano selections from the soundtrack of Unfaithful.”

Lindsay played the melody for Alicia.

“That’s terrific,” she said.

“Then I’ll teach you a song from the *Sound of Music*.”

“Thank you.”

When she finished teaching Alicia Lindsay ate a bite and drove to Woodland Park. She purchased orange juice, two half gallon containers of skim milk, cheddar cheese, coffee, and cold cereal. It was six o'clock when she returned. The high school girls were gone and Heather was lying down on the sofa.

“Ach du leibe Zeit!”

“I was a little stressed out by the time I finished with Janet,” admitted Heather.

“I hope you're not getting a spell.”

Sometimes Heather gets a case of nerves that can lead to a demobilizing migraine headache.

“I'll fix something to eat. Then I think you and I should take a hot bath.”

Heather laughed.

Lindsay put the perishables in the refrigerator and peeled some red potatoes.

“I want to help.”

“Good. I'll go out and get some wood for the stove.”

“You're going to heat water for a bath aren't you?”

“Yes, Heather.”

Heather took charge in the kitchen while Lindsay hauled wood in and started a fire.

“This the way they used to do it,” said Lindsay with a grin.

“Are we going to have a little wine?” asked Heather.

“A bath wouldn't be complete without *little Boomey*.”

“That almost sounds naughty,” sounded Heather.

“Yeah.”

They ate chicken filets, mashed potatoes and broccoli.

“We have no desert. We’ll have to wait for Irene’s cookies and date bread.”

They laughed heartily.

Lindsay poured a little wine in Heather’s empty glass.

When they finished washing dishes they retired to the living room.

“It’s warm in here,” said Heather. “I can’t believe anyone would have a home without hot water.”

Lindsay poured hot water into the tub. The followed with another five gallon pot of water that was so hot it almost boiled. Lindsay added another five gallons of warmish water. Next Lindsay went around the house and closed the drapes. Then she took off all her clothes and carried them into the bedroom. After she added bubble bath soap to the water she put the wine and glasses near the tub. Lindsay put a foot into the water. The water wasn’t warm enough. She added a pot of hot water. Lindsay got in and checked the water.

“Come on Heather.”

“I’m coming.”

Heather removed her clothes and put them on the sofa. Then she stepped in the tub and got in.

As if on cue Lindsay and Heather sat down on opposite ends of the tub. They had to sit with their knees up some.

“I like it,” said Heather.

“So do I.

Lindsay poured some wine for Heather and herself.

“Health!”

“Health!”

Clink!

Lindsay and Heather drank of the wine.

“I love little Boomey,” said Heather.

Lindsay noticed Heather’s expression. It was sufficient to give most any normal man an erection.

Lindsay reached for the large sponge she purchased. She pushed it down into the bubbly hot water and cleaned her bottom. Then she proceeded to soap and rinse off her body. Lindsay looked at Heather. Her eyes were closed. She began to soap Heather’s legs and tummy.

“You would make a great masseuse,” voiced Heather as she took the sponge from Lindsay.

Heather soaped her neck, bottom and breasts. Then she reached over and soaped Lindsay’s legs and tummy.

“Thanks,” said Lindsay with a grin.

Lindsay sipped more wine.

Heather followed suit.

Then she leaned back and relaxed.

“Lindsay!” exclaimed Heather.

“What.”

Heather pointed.

“Oh-oh”

The warm bath water was turning red.

“Is it you or me?” asked Lindsay as she stood up.

“It’s you,” said Heather.

Lindsay screamed, got out of the water and ran to the kitchen. She used paper towels to keep things in check until she could get the pack of Tampax open. She then used paper towels to clean up the floor.

Heather got out of the bath tub and dried off. Because she knew their periods were virtually synchronized Heather went to the kitchen and inserted a Tampax.

“How are you going to empty the tub,” asked Heather as she returned to the living room.

“Haul it out pot by pot.”

After Heather finished her glass of wine she helped Lindsay transfer the tub water to the back yard.

They pushed and pulled the tub into the kitchen and cleaned it. Next they pulled and shoved the tub to the living room by the stove.

Lindsay yawned wide.

Heather saw her. She yawned.

They hauled their clothes into the bedroom.

Lindsay pulled back the blanket and sheet. She slipped into bed in her usual place — furthest from the door.

Heather got into bed on the other side of Lindsay.

“I hope I don’t have to get up and pee later.

They giggled.