

Chapter 26

Chapin sat in their hotel room, typing an email to her mother. To be honest, the email was already typed, but she wanted to attach some pictures of Ireland that she had taken. Unfortunately, she was having no luck. She poured over directory after directory but wasn't having any luck. Suddenly she came across a file with an odd name. It said "Stan's Lullaby" with a file extension she didn't recognize.

"Skeet? Can you come take a look at this sweetie?" she called. Skeet got up off the bed where he had been perusing a local newspaper and glanced over her shoulder.

"Hmmm...where did that come from?" he asked.

"I don't know. I don't even know what that file extension means."

Skeet looked again. It's a multitrack music file. A primitive version. Your computer should be able to play it. Just double click."

She did as he asked and the track began to play. It was a wonderfully, soft soothing song, but it seemed a little off.

Skeet stood up. "There's no bass in it," he said. It's completely done but has no bass.

"You don't think that Stan somehow did this right before he left do you?" Chapin asked.

"I bet he did." Skeet said as if the idea was forming in his mind as he spoke. "Stan's Lullaby, huh? It's like he's going to sleep and this is the last thing he left for us before he did." Skeet stared off into space and got a little misty eyed. "I just can't believe he's gone. I can't believe that I'm never going to get to play with him again."

Skeet opened the door to the balcony of their hotel room and stepped outside. He leaned up against the railing and began to watch the sunset. Chapin joined him, taking his hand.

"You know, I was at my best when I was with Stan," he began. "Everything since then hasn't been able to approach what I did with him. I really wanted to be able to play more with him. I wanted to go farther. Now I'm kinda reduced to working with his memory."

"You can't live in the past, Skeet. The past is gone. There's tons of great stuff for you in the future, for us, I know it," Chapin said.

"Yea, I hope you're right, but right now I can't see the future, but the past looked pretty cool. I miss him you know. I really do."

"I know, baby. I know. But really, you have to look forward, not back. There are a lot of things coming up that we have to take care of."

Skeet got quite a confused look on his face. “What do you mean? What’s coming up?”

“Well, I’m not quite sure how to tell you this, baby.” She paused and looked at the ground. She took his hands in hers and stood in front of him so they were face to face. “Skeet, I’m pregnant.”

Skeet stood silent, mouth slightly agape for what seemed like hours to Chapin. Suddenly he wrapped both arms around her picked her up and kissed her deeply. “I’m going to be a father?” he asked, breathlessly.

“Yes, you are,” she replied.

“And you’re going to be a mother?”

“That’s usually the way it works.”

He beamed. He looked like he was about to explode when a look of worry passed his face. He looked down at her. “Are you happy about this, I mean, having a baby, with me?”

“If you’re happy, I’m ecstatic!” she gushed.

“But if you’re going to be a mother and I’m going to be a father, there’s still one thing missing.”

She stepped back and stared at him with a surprised look on her face. “What? What’s missing?” she stuttered.

“Well I need to be a husband and you need to be a wife.” He looked deeply into her eyes.

“Chapin, will you marry me?”

“Yes!” she said without hesitation. He kissed her again then held her close.

“You don’t think, I mean, with all this talk of reincarnation and rebirth.” Chapin trailed off.

“Maybe Stan’s lullaby isn’t about him leaving. Maybe it’s about him coming back.”