

**First Page, Astrologer's Proof**

**1. Transition**

Buckled in for the short flight, Rufus closed his eyes and concentrated on his breathing. Emotions rattled after the experience at the airport, the old astrologer begged his brain to restore equilibrium. Each breath added more clarity to his vision of Robert's ride back to the University.

His nephew would be a nervous collection of drying tears, hoarse expressions of relief and soft whispers of devotion. Kristin would be driving with two hands on the wheel, her gorgeous face locked in a stare that peered well beyond the traffic in search of a future of unqualified trust. Robert's wheels would be spinning wildly because he knew it was only a matter of time before his new girlfriend would be asking a lot of questions.

Without warning, the revving jet engines screamed at Rufus.

"Have faith in your nephew!"

Robert would figure out a way to explain the drama at the airport. Thank God Kristin couldn't hear their conversation. The silent movie she watched through the massive windows depicted a boy who was overwhelmed with guilt and heartache because he was suddenly, unexpectedly compelled to repudiate all things astrological. Rufus could only hope Robert would play it smart and convince his girlfriend he had done it for her.

Within seconds, what Rufus thought about Robert's dilemma didn't matter. Acceleration overruled deliberation. Worry was flying standby and there were no more seats. If it wasn't already in the air, it wasn't making the trip. Rufus was leaving his nephew behind again, but it would be alright. Despite the unpredictable dynamics of young love, he had to believe Robert would figure out a way to keep quiet about the project.

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