

Untitled

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by [mrspollifax](#)

Jennifer emerged from the wrecked puddlejumper she'd recently been calling home and headed up and over the nearby hill. From the crest, she looked down at Major Lorne, who leaned against a tree as he stared at the fishing lines he'd set up in the lake.

"I think it's Thanksgiving today," she said as she neared his position.

He turned to look at her. "Really?" He took a bite of the fruit in his hand.

"Well," she said, lowering herself to the ground next to him. "I'm not completely sure. But I've been trying to keep track, and ... well, I think I'm close, at least."

"Huh. Well, Thanksgiving on Atlantis. We're not missing much. Those birds they bring in from P8A-993 are definitely not turkeys. And canned cranberry sauce's got nothing on my mom's homemade relish."

"Still, it's a bit more traditional than fish and ..."

Lorne waved his fruit. "Are you kidding?" he asked, sitting forward. "We, Jennifer Keller, are celebrating with the first fruits of the land. How much more traditional can you get?"

She laughed softly, stretching her legs out in front of her and pointing her toes. "I suppose you have a point."

"Now, missing Halloween. *That* bothers me. Couldn't you have told me when it was Halloween?"

"So you could dress up and beg the trees for treats? Or those," and she waved her hand upward at the branches, "flying squirrel things?"

"It wouldn't be the wildlife I'd beg for treats." He wagged his eyebrows, and she slapped at his arm. "Though actually I was thinking more along the lines of ghost stories by the fire. You know, the kind that make the girl get all scared and need comforting."

"Oooh." She grinned. "Hold me, Major."

"Whatever you say, doc." He slung an arm around her shoulder companionably and glanced back at the lake.

"Shall I scream?"

His head whipped around, and for several seconds his mouth hung open slightly as he stared at her. Then his expression transformed into a smirk. "Should've figured you for a screamer."

Jennifer felt her face flush. "Oh! No no no. I didn't mean ... I mean ... I just meant, you know, for atmospheric effect." She wiggled her hands dramatically. "The scaredy-cat girl and all."

He reached up and batted at the end of her nose with a finger. "You're kind of cute when you're flustered."

She blushed redder, and he grinned, pulling her nearer as he settled back against the tree and turned to look at his fishing lines.

"So," Jennifer said, relaxing against him, "we're just going to sit here and wait to see what shows up for our big dinner?"

He shrugged. "Sure thing. It's a holiday, right?"

"Hmm." Scooting a bit closer, she laid her head on his shoulder and closed her eyes. "Yes, I suppose it is."

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