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# CHAPTER 4

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**Entering** through the door from the garage Zach's nose locked onto the lingering scent of the usual Friday night dinner, microwave fish sticks. The drivel of an evening game show was blaring from a small television on the kitchen counter. "I'm home!" Zach yelled out.

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Kendra came running down the hallway with her arms out. "Daddy, Daddy you're home!" Zach bent over and Kendra locked her arms around his neck. "Guess what Daddy. I'm having a sleep over."

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Zach stood up with Kendra in his arms, gave her a big kiss and said, "That sounds fun. A sleep over, huh?"

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"Yep, a sleep over." Kendra moved her head up and down in the affirmative motion. Her long blond hair flipped across her face hiding her blue eyes.

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Zach used his finger to push her hair behind her small ear. He cherished the soft smoothness of her skin and the adolescent girl freshness. "And who is sleeping over, may I ask?"

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"It's Chelsea from my ballet class."

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"Oh, Chelsea huh," Zach said as he carried Kendra to the front room and laid her on her back on the leather sofa.

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"Have you told Chelsea about whisker man?" Zack asked as he pulled up Kendra's shirt and started rubbing his chin onto her bare belly.

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"No, no Daddy! Not whisker man," Kendra screamed and laughed as Zach let up, only to start in again.

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"What's all the screaming going on in here?" a voice from the doorway asked.

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"Daddy did whisker man to me," Kendra squirmed out from Zack's tickle hold.

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Zach stood up and turned toward Sally. "I hear we are having a house guest tonight?"

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35            "Yes, I hope that's okay," replied Sally as she slid her arms around  
36 Zach's waist and gave him a kiss.

37            "That's no problem. Have I met this Chelsea girl before?"

38            "I don't think so. She's a new girl in Kendra's ballet class. There  
39 was some sort of family emergency. Linda, her mother is bringing her  
40 over soon."

41            "Do you know what the emergency is?" Zack asked as they walked  
42 back toward the kitchen.

43            "Something about her Dad going to rehab, something like that."

44            "Rehab, what is he an alcoholic?" Zach asked as they entered the  
45 kitchen.

46            "Hey Dad how was your trip?" came from a voice from behind the  
47 opened refrigerator door.

48            "Great, Ben. I think I solved the fracturing solar cell problem."

49            "Cool," Ben replied putting the milk carton back on the shelf.

50            "So, you got more funding?" asked Sally as she put some leftover  
51 fish sticks and French fry's in the microwave.

52            "No, that meeting didn't go as planned. But it won't matter. I got  
53 the thermal break down problem solved."

54            "Hey, cool Dad. So we'll be rich and famous." Ben said as he  
55 reached over his Mom's shoulder and lifted a brown cookie jar lid that  
56 looked like a bear's head.

57            "Being rich would be nice," injected Sally. "We'll need a lot of  
58 money if you don't get a scholarship."

59            "Mom, don't worry about college. I might go on the road  
60 skateboarding." Ben crowded Sally away from the counter.

61            "Over my dead body! You are going to go to college." snapped  
62 Sally as she pulled the steaming plate from the microwave. Reheated  
63 fish smell penetrated the kitchen air.

64            "Oh, come on Mom. I can make it on the skateboard circuit. All the  
65 hot chick's dig skaters."

66            "Look here Ben Zachary Slenski, you're going to college and that's  
67 that." Sally said forcibly while taking a plastic salad bowl from the  
68 refrigerator and putting it on the table in front of Zack.

69                   “Mommy, can I have a cookie too,” pleaded Kendra as she pulled  
70 herself up into a chair at the table.

71                   “They’re all gone,” boasted Ben with a roguish grin.

72                   “Do you want a cheese stick?” Sally frowned at Ben.

73                   “I don’t like that white cheese. Can I have Cocoa Puffs?”

74                   “Not this late. How about a peanut butter and jelly sandwich?”

75                   “No, I want Cocoa Puffs!” whined Kendra.

76                   “Anybody, interested in hearing about me meeting a Prince and  
77 some secret agents,” injected Zach as he poured catsup on his plate.

78                   “A Prince! That’s cool Dad,” Ben said as he stuffed down an entire  
79 Oreo cookie.

80                   “Secret Agents?” questioned Sally as she stood on her toes to get a  
81 box of Coco Puffs from the cupboard.

82                   “Yeah, I was talking to Prince Amer Nasser up in first class and he  
83 tells me about a bus being bombed. Suddenly the cockpit door flies  
84 open and a TSA agent busts out. Then this CIA agent or maybe he was  
85 an air marshal. Anyway this TSA guy puts Prince Amer Nasser’s body  
86 guard in an arm lock and shoves him up the aisle against the boarding  
87 door hatch.”

88                   “Yeah, right Dad. Is this the same Prince that used to be a frog?”  
89 Ben laughed at his own humor.

90                   “I’m not joking Ben.” Zach hesitated. “I think he’s the Prince that  
91 rules Saudi Arabia or something.”

92                   “Dad there is over three thousand princes and thousands of royal  
93 families that reside in Saudi Arabia. It’s an absolute monarchy. A  
94 crowned king is the ruler. We’re studying all about that country in  
95 school.”

96                   “Oh,” Zach replied. “Are you sure there are that many royal  
97 families?”

98                   “I’m sure Dad. That was a question on a test that I just took.” Ben  
99 stuffed another cookie in his mouth. “Our teacher also told us that we  
100 deserved 9-1-1 because of all the oil we steal from them.”

101                   “What!” Zack’s mouth fell wide open. “That’s not true we buy oil by  
102 the barrel and OPEC sets the price.”

103                    "I know that. But I wasn't going to argue with a teacher. I got an **A**  
104 in that class."

105                    "That's intellectual blackmail," Zack said in a blasting voice.  
106 "What's your teacher's name?"

107                    "Zach, I hope you weren't flying in first class. We can't afford that."  
108 Sally calculatedly changed the subject; not wanting Zack to call the  
109 school and jeopardize Ben's grade."

110                    "No, I wasn't in first class. I was going up to use the bathroom at  
111 the front of the plane and the Prince grabbed my arm."

112                    "Daddy did the Prince have a white horse?" Kendra earnestly  
113 asked.

114                    "I don't know honey. But he invited me to his palace. Prince Amer  
115 Nasser also. . ."

116                    *Ding dong.* The front doorbell interrupted Zach's story.

117                    "I'll get it!" yelled Ben. "It's probably Rod. We're going to go skate  
118 in the mall parking lot." Ben jumped up from the table and exited the  
119 kitchen.

120                    "Daddy, tell me more about the Prince," pleaded Kendra.

121                    "Well, he didn't have a white horse but he did wear a white robe."  
122 Zach's story was interrupted again when Ben came back into the  
123 kitchen.

124                    "Mom, some lady named Linda is at the door with a little girl."

125                    "It's Chelsea," yelled Kendra as she lowered herself from the chair  
126 and followed Sally out of the kitchen.

127                    Ben stuffed down another Oreo and opened the refrigerator; he  
128 drank right from the milk carton. "Great story Dad. You can fill me in  
129 later. I'm going to head toward Rod's." Ben exited through the door  
130 into the garage and got his skateboard.

131                    Zach buttered a roll and a few minutes later got up from the table.  
132 In the front room he was introduced to Chelsea and her mother Linda.  
133 Zach excused himself and told Sally he was going to zip down to the  
134 lab and would be back before ten.

135                    The Son Source sign was illuminated as were the lights in the  
136 lobby. Zach felt uneasy as he turned into the parking lot. He rubber

137 necked while he crept the hybrid Prius around to the back of the  
138 building. There was a sigh of relief when he spotted Eric's car.

139 Heavy thumping music was rattling the metal roll up receiving  
140 door. The employee door was unlocked and the alarm was not set.  
141 "Eric where you at?" yelled Zach as the heavy brown door slammed  
142 shut behind him. There was no answer. Zach yelled out again, "Eric  
143 are you here?"

144 Zach hurried to the observation window of the clean room and  
145 looked in, no one was inside. He rushed by his office and picked up the  
146 pace; his feet pounded the concrete floor as he looked down between  
147 the rows and rows of solar panels. Zack jumped up on the orange  
148 forklift and snapped the power button to **off** on the boom box. A dead  
149 silence filled the warehouse—Zach listened.

150 A faint noise could be heard overhead. Zach glanced toward the  
151 wooden staircase attached against the concrete wall of the warehouse.  
152 The exit hatch at the top wooden landing was ajar. It sounded like  
153 dragging or pulling up on the roof. The wood stairs creaked as Zach  
154 climbed. He pushed the heavy steel hatch the rest of the way open.  
155 "Eric are you up here?" Zach screamed into the darkness.

156 A flashlight beam bounced around from under one of the solar  
157 panel testing racks. "Yeah! I'm over here."

158 Carefully, Zach climbed out of the hatch onto pea sized gravel on  
159 the warehouse roof. In the dark it was dangerous with all the wires  
160 that were hooked up to monitor solar panels. "I'm back from Chicago!"

161 Eric crawled out from under a rack of solar panels. He pointed the  
162 beam from a heavy three cell flashlight down so to see where to step.  
163 "How'd the meetings go?" Eric asked as he approached Zach.

164 "The venture capital meetings were basically a bust. But I think I  
165 found a solution to the fracturing cell problem."

166 "That sounds like bad news and good news," replied Eric

167 "No kidding. It was one of those flukes that just happen in life. The  
168 tinted windows on the Sears Tower may hold the answer to the  
169 overheating and fracturing problem we've been working on."

170 "That would be fantastic news!" Eric shinned the light back on the  
171 test rack of the panels. "I think I solved the reverse current loss at  
172 night. That's why I'm up here now, in the dark."

173 "That would be more good news." replied Zach

174 "Four blocking diodes hooked up in series are holding the reverse  
175 current to less than five micro amps. I just made a measurement and  
176 reverse current loss is less than four micro amps."

177 "That's great news! I'll be down in the clean room inspecting the  
178 quad panel." Zach turned and walked toward the light coming out from  
179 the opened roof hatch door.

180 "I'll tap on the observation window when I leave," said Eric as he  
181 headed back into the dark.

182 The clean room was just like an operating room at a hospital.  
183 Scrubs were required along with hair nets and white gloves before you  
184 entered. Any contamination in the making of a batch of crystalline  
185 solar cells would eventually show up; just like deadly bacteria in a  
186 patient. Zack's patient was the small quad solar panel. Before entering  
187 the negative pressurized room Zach removed the panel from the  
188 aluminum briefcase, wiped it down with alcohol and blew it off with  
189 compressed air.

190 On a sterile bench inside the bright white room Zach skillfully  
191 disassembled the aluminum frame. He hoped to see no more than the  
192 two fractures he'd seen earlier. Lifting off the front glass he noticed an  
193 additional crack at the intake venting. Zach pulled an overhead  
194 magnifying glass down and with a closer look he examined the  
195 additional crack. Zach looked up when he heard the door to the clean  
196 room open.

197 The light blue scrubs and dust mask made for a good disguise,  
198 almost impossible to tell who had just entered. Mask or not, Eric's  
199 lanky build and pale skin were a dead giveaway. "Is that the panel you  
200 took to Chicago?" he asked approaching the stainless steel workbench.

201 "Yeah this is it. Here take a look," Zach said as he moved back  
202 from the magnifying glass.

203 "I only see two, no maybe three small fractures," Eric said as he  
204 scrutinized the panel.

205           "Eric, you won't believe this. But we blasted the intake vent with so  
206 much Freon that the entire back area was frosted up."

207           "That much coolant and only three fractures?" Eric moved the  
208 magnifying glass. "What angle was the sun to the panel?"

209           "Ninety degrees! The sun was coming up over Lake Michigan and  
210 there were no clouds. There was nothing shading the panel. The Sears  
211 Tower is the tallest building in Chicago and I was on the top floor."

212           "What kind of wattage output were you getting?" Eric asked as he  
213 straightened up from looking thru the magnifying glass.

214           "I'm not sure because their engineer, Carlos Gomez had replaced  
215 the wattmeter with a light bulb for demonstration purposes."

216           "So, you don't know how much power you were getting?"

217           "No, but this quad panel burned out an automotive halogen bulb in  
218 a flash."

219           "No kidding." Eric bent back over and started looking at the panel  
220 again. "How do you know that he didn't use a stressed bulb?"

221           A smile came to Zach's face. "Because Carlos went out and got  
222 another bulb. It was in new packaging. When we hit the cooling fins  
223 with Freon that second bulb went off like a flash."

224           Eric pointed with his index finger to confirm. "So this proto quad  
225 panel that I'm looking at put out enough power to open an automotive  
226 fog light bulb?"

227           "That's right and the marking on the new bulb package was  
228 seventy five watts. I kept the packaging."

229           A glee now came to Eric's face. "So what is it? What was so  
230 different up there in Chicago? What have we been over looking for the  
231 last two years?"

232           "Eric, I'm only going to tell you three words." Zach paused. "And  
233 after I give you these three words you promise to go home and sleep  
234 on them."

235           "Okay, I promise. What are the three words?"

236           "Bronze, tinted, windows." Zach said, putting emphasis on each  
237 word.

238           "Bronze tinted windows." Eric repeated.

239            "That's the three words, and now you have to go home and sleep  
240 on them." Zach said with a teasing grin.

241            "That's not fair." Eric complained. "Now it's my turn, I have three  
242 words for you Zach. "Take, away, a, pair."

243            "That's four words Eric." Zach smiled.

244            "Okay, how about, take, away, two." Eric smiled at Zach. "Now it's  
245 your turn to go home and sleep on those three words."

246            "I know what you are hinting at Eric but my three words will make  
247 your three words unimportant."

248            "I don't know about that. My initial testing indicates. . ."

249            Zach interrupted Eric, "You promised to go home and get some  
250 sleep." Zach put his hand on Eric's shoulder and guided him toward  
251 the door. "I'm going home too. I've been on the road for almost a  
252 week."

253            "That's right. You have been gone most of the week. You probably  
254 want to do some lab work at home tonight with Sally," Eric kidded as  
255 he opened the clean room door.

256            "You bet, I got lots of lab work to catch up on," replied Zach as he  
257 switched off the light.

258            On the drive back home Zach kept going over and over the same  
259 things in his head. *Finally, everything is going to pay off. All the years*  
260 *of research and development is going to pay off. We won't have to beg*  
261 *for venture capital anymore. It's unbelievable, I can hear the evening*  
262 *news: Zachary Slenski has developed a solar panel that puts out four*  
263 *times more power.*

264            Zack had zeal in his step as he came into the kitchen from the  
265 garage. It was almost nine thirty and now he could share the good  
266 news with Sally. From down the hallway he heard the laughter of two  
267 young voices. At Kendra's bedroom door he saw two small heads  
268 peeking out from the bed sheets.

269            "Daddy, Daddy," Kendra burst out, as she threw back the bedding.  
270 She scrambled out of bed and ran to Zach. "Do whisker man. Do  
271 whisker man on Chelsea."

272            Chelsea in fear of an unknown man pulled the bright colored sheet  
273 up to hide her face.



274 Zach only got a glance of the young girl, but her pierced ears  
275 caught his attention. He knelt down beside the bed, slowly pulled back  
276 the sheet. Chelsea's big brown eyes had a look of innocence, her dark  
277 skin was flawless. Maybe it was the ear piercing or maybe it was the  
278 dark eyebrows but Chelsea looked very mature for her age. Zach  
279 slowly slid his hand between the bed sheets and with his index finger  
280 felt the soft skin of Chelsea's belly. "It's tickle man!" Zach bellowed out  
281 as he started to tickle Chelsea under the bed sheets.

282 Chelsea squirmed and let out a scream. A set of arms wrapped  
283 around Zack's neck and pulled him over from his knelling position. In  
284 the next moment both girls were attacking Zach. He rolled around in  
285 the middle of the room tickling and laughing with both of them. When  
286 he started rubbing his whiskers on their backs and necks the yelling  
287 turned into ear splitting screams.

288 The free for all was interrupted when Sally appeared at the  
289 doorway. "What's going on in here?" She yelled over the screaming  
290 and laughing.

291 Zach quickly got up off the floor and charged Sally. With one  
292 motion he swoop her up and carried her to the child's bed. "Its tickle  
293 man," he yelled, pushing his fingers into her side. Sally twisted to get  
294 away but Zach pinned her down. Both girls jumped onto the bed and  
295 started to tickle Sally. She yelled out between gasps of air, "Quit, Quit  
296 now! I'm going to wet my pants."

297 The pandemonium went on for several minutes before both girls  
298 were back in bed. Sally went for drinks of water that only to be sipped  
299 at. Zach knelt beside the bed and said the family traditional prayer,  
300 "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep. If I die  
301 before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take."

302 Through the whole rousting Chelsea had not said more than ten  
303 words. A burst of fun at the end of the day ending with a prayer was  
304 foreign to her. Having a man there at bed time was something she  
305 rarely experienced. She felt like a little princess and Zack was the king  
306 in charge of the castle.

307 Sally returned with two white Dixie cups of water. She kissed both  
308 girls on the forehead, tucked them in and told Chelsea she would leave

309 the bathroom light on. When Sally walked into the kitchen, Zach was  
310 sitting at the table looking through a pile of his weeklong mail. "I need  
311 to tell you something about Chelsea," Sally said in a lowered voice."

312 Zach glanced up over the top of his reading glasses.

313 "The real reason we are watching Chelsea is because her mother  
314 went up for a congenial visit."

315 "What!" Zach dropped the mail he had just opened. "I thought you  
316 said he was in rehab."

317 "Not so loud," Sally whispered.

318 "A congenial visit? What's the deal, is her dad in prison or  
319 something?"

320 "Not a real prison. He's in a minimum security facility." Sally  
321 whispered.

322 "What's he in prison for?" Zach asked in a stern voice.

323 Sally put her finger up to her lip. "Not so loud Zach. The girls might  
324 be able to hear you."

325 "Why was he in prison?" Zach asked again in a lower but firm  
326 voice.

327 "It had to do with drugs. Her father had a drug problem."

328 "Had a drug problem. . . Or, still has a drug problem!" Zach asked,  
329 his voice getting louder.

330 "He had a drug problem. And he's over it now."

331 "How do you know that? Have you met the guy?"

332 "Zach, not so loud." Sally moved closer to the table. "Go on up  
333 stairs. Get ready for bed. You can do whisker man to me under the  
334 sheets after the girls fall to sleep."

335 Zach grabbed the pile of mail. On the wall going up the stairs he  
336 passed by all the hanging family photos. The Slenski's were an intact  
337 household—not some dysfunctional family. There was no way that  
338 Zach wanted his daughter to be around some seedy, low-life broken  
339 family with a convicted father. Zach flopped on to the bed and started  
340 going through the fistful of mail.

341 It was at least twenty minutes before Sally came up stairs. She  
342 knew Zach's feeling towards drugs. After closing the door she slowly  
343 unbuttoned her blouse and moved toward the bed. Zach looked up

344 from the letter he was reading. Sally took her blouse off and let it drop  
345 to the floor. She kicked her shoes off, hooked her thumbs inside the  
346 waistband of the black slacks pushed them down and stepped out of  
347 them. Standing at the end of the bed in her bra and panties she was  
348 hoping Zach would let the drug issue drop. Deep down she wished  
349 Zach would jump off the bed, swoop her up, pin her arms down and  
350 dominate her. Similar to like he had did minutes before in Kendra's  
351 room. But instead of tickling her she wished he would tear off the two  
352 remaining garments and force himself on her.

353 "So, do you think that Chelsea girl has smoked pot, or done any  
354 drugs?" Zack glared over the top of his glasses.

355 "Zach, she's only eight years old."

356 "Great, she's older than Kendra. Do you think Kendra can deal with  
357 the peer pressure?" Zach scooped up the pile of mail off the bed and  
358 put it on his nightstand. "An eight year old girl with pierced ears, that's  
359 not right. What's wrong with her parents?"

360 "Zach, Chelsea has never really known her father. He's been locked  
361 up most all of her life."

362 "In prison all that time, for just doing drugs?"

363 "Well, a . . . I think he did an armed robbery too." Sally paused.  
364 "He robbed a convenience store, so he could buy drugs. At least, that's  
365 what Linda told me."

366 "Linda! What are you two, best friends now?"

367 "No Zach, I just met her at Kendra's ballet class. I thought it would  
368 be the Christian thing to do."

369 "Christian thing to do? Yeah right! Jesus said to visit the prisoners  
370 in prison. He didn't say anything about having their dysfunctional  
371 family members come in to your home."

372 "Zach, what's your problem? She's just a little girl." Sally sat down  
373 on the edge of the bed. "I know how you feel about drugs. I didn't  
374 know that much about her family until this past week when you were  
375 gone."

376 "How long is she going to be here?"

377 "Just till Sunday evening."

378           There was a light knocking on the bedroom door. Sally went to the  
379 door and opened it.

380           Kendra was standing there with her blanket in hand. "Chelsea's  
381 crying."

382           "Oh, no. What's the problem? I'll be right down." Sally moved back  
383 to go get her robe.

384           "I think Chelsea wants Daddy to come down."

385           In a frustrated motion Zach threw the covers back, got out of bed  
386 and walked to the door. Kendra grabbed his hand. "Could you do tickle  
387 man again Daddy?"

388           It wasn't the look of innocence, nor the perfect smooth skin that  
389 Zach liked most about young girls—it was their willingness to please  
390 without an agenda. After ten minutes of tickle man and horseback  
391 rides Chelsea's tears had subsided. Her new found trust in Zach made  
392 it easy to fall to sleep in a strange house. Zach promised he'd stay out  
393 in the kitchen until they both fell to sleep.

394           Alone in the kitchen Zach gave a long blank stare into the  
395 refrigerator. With no eyes watching three big gulps from the milk jug  
396 went undetected. At the junk drawer he dug out the phone book. The  
397 thick book made a thud when he plopped it on the table. First he  
398 searched the yellow pages for **glass shops** and then turned to  
399 **window tinting**. He found two glass shops and a mobile tinting  
400 business that were close to Son Source and open on Saturdays. On a  
401 scratch pad Zach wrote down the addresses and contact information.  
402 He let a few minutes and then tiptoed down the hallway and stopped.

403           From just outside the door he heard Chelsea say to Kendra, "When  
404 my Daddy comes home, I hope he is like your Daddy."

405           "Where is your Daddy?" Kendra asked.

406           "He went to a school where bad boys have to go."

407           "Oh, was your Daddy a bad boy?" Kendra asked

408           "I think. . . But I don't know." There was silence.

409           Zach could sense Chelsea's angst all the way out into the hall. He  
410 scuffled his feet and then lightly knocked on the partly opened door. "I  
411 almost forgot we need to say prayer again." Zach walked into the  
412 room and knelt down beside the bed. Both girls brought their hands

413 out from under the covers and folded them on their tummies. After the  
414 prayer Zach told about how God loves everyone and how sometimes  
415 people can mess up in life but God still loves them.

416 Kendra linked her Dad's words, to when Barney, her new puppy  
417 chewed up her Mom's shoes. "Barney was a bad dog, but God still  
418 loved Barney."

419 Chelsea didn't say a word. An abundance of joy filled her heart.  
420 She related Zack's story that her Dad had messed up but God still  
421 loved her Dad.

422 The next morning Zach was up before anyone. He made coffee  
423 checked the yellow pages again and he did some internet searching. It  
424 felt like an eternity before either glass shops would be open. The  
425 mobile window tinting business answered their phone early. He  
426 informed Zack that bronze window tinting involved a special process  
427 and would have to be special ordered. The questions about UV  
428 blockage and reflectivity would have to wait until Monday. The owner  
429 promised to call the factory for a spec-sheet and some samples.

430 Zach finally got about the same information from the two glass  
431 shops. Two days without being able to run tests on the quad panel  
432 would seem like an eternity. The wait time would be excruciating

433 Wrapped in a short white robe Sally entered the den. "What time  
434 did you come up to bed?" She walked over to Zach sitting in front of a  
435 computer monitor.

436 Zach turned in his chair. "It must have been around midnight."

437 "Sorry that I fell to sleep." Sally hesitated. "Do you want me to try  
438 to get a hold of Chelsea's mom to see if she can stay someplace else  
439 tonight?"

440 "No, she can stay over again. But don't even suggest, or say that  
441 you think pierced ears are okay for a seven year old."

442 "Zach, I wouldn't do that. I think it's too much. You should see her  
443 at ballet class. Her mom puts eyeliner and makeup on her. It makes  
444 her look like. . ." Sally quit talking at the sound of running feet coming  
445 down the hall.

446 "Mommy, Mommy, would you make us pancakes?" begged Kendra  
447 as she ran into the room and started to pull on Sally's robe.

448 Chelsea had followed Kendra into the room and walked right over  
449 to Zach. "What are you doing?" she asked, looking directly at Zach.

450 "I'm just working, honey. I'm trying to find out the ultra violet  
451 blockage and reflectivity of different bronze tinting we'll be using."

452 "Oh," Chelsea replied, glancing up at the computer monitor.

453 Zach saw the puzzlement in her face. "Chelsea, I'm working on  
454 trying to find out what are the best color sunglasses to put on my solar  
455 panels."

456 "My Daddy makes power from the sun. He is going to fix the lights  
457 from going out," piped up Kendra, proudly.

458 "Why don't I fix you two munchkins some pancakes?" Sally pushed  
459 both girls toward the door. Chelsea glanced back toward Zack. He was  
460 now much more than a good man to put her to bed—he was the man  
461 that would make sure the lights would never go out. Chelsea liked  
462 Zach, especially after what he said about bad men last night.

463 Ten minutes later the smell of pancakes pulled Zach away from the  
464 computer monitor and down the hall into the kitchen. Ben was at the  
465 table teasing the girls and stuffing his face. Between his man sized  
466 bites of pancakes and loud gulps of orange juice Ben expressed that  
467 he was glad that Zach was going to make his soccer match. Zach felt  
468 guilty about all his time he spent doing research, but soon there would  
469 be plenty of time to do more family stuff.

470 It was another full day for Sally. Drop the girls off at the dance  
471 studio; get her fingernails done, shop for a house warming gift. If Zach  
472 stayed for the entire soccer match she go leave early to stop at the  
473 tanning salon. A baby sitter still needed to be found before the house  
474 warming party. The Sunday morning cable show she hosted with  
475 Pastor Tom was one agenda item that she could not miss. Keeping  
476 everything together via her cell phone while drinking a skinny latte  
477 was a stressful balancing act—and dangerous.

478 Saturday afternoon from the gray aluminum bleacher Zach was  
479 physically present at Ben's soccer match, but his mind was back at the  
480 lab. *I'll have the solar tinting shipped overnight. By Tuesday afternoon  
481 we can start running thermal breakdown tests. I'll call the local news  
482 network and use a light bulb just like Carlos did to show how much*

483 *power my panels put out. I'm sure CNN will pick up the story. Then*  
484 *the offers will be flowing in.* Zach forced his attention back toward the  
485 green artificial turf.

486 Ben was a natural at soccer; he got his athleticism from his  
487 mother. Sally had lettered all four years in gymnastics and had been  
488 the captain cheerleader on the football rally squad. She had recently  
489 joined the church's golf team. Zach would never play golf with Sally,  
490 her competitiveness ruined the game. Ben was a competitor; he had  
491 just annihilated an opponent with a questionable block. The intensity  
492 Ben played at was embarrassing for high school sports. The coaches  
493 often reprimanded Ben for his cocky, lack of respect on the field. But  
494 they always let him play. He was the strongest Striker that the school  
495 had ever had.

496 Sally showed up midway thru the second half. Ben's cocky play  
497 deteriorated the further they got ahead. His jeering and showing off  
498 took away from his natural talent. With less than a minute left, Ben  
499 was ejected from the game. There was more contempt than applause  
500 for Ben when he walked toward the bench.

501 Sally leaned in toward Zach, intentionally not keeping her voice  
502 down. "These people are just jealous. They wish they had a son that  
503 was going to be all state."

504 Zach didn't reply, he just looked straight ahead and watched.

505 "Didn't our son play a great game?" Sally said louder.

506 "Yes, he played a good game," Zach said quietly as he stood to  
507 start down the aluminum bleacher.

508 "A good game! He scored three of the four goals," Sally replied.

509 Zach looked over and down. "Christ, Sally! Why don't you give him  
510 one of your high school rally squad cheers?"

511 Sally's face turned red. Almost everyone in the bleachers heard  
512 Zack.

513 Zach walked up behind Ben and put his hand on his shoulder.  
514 "Good game son."

515 Ben turned and looked up. "Thanks Dad."

516 "You need to tone the show boating back a bit. It shows poor  
517 character."

518 "Yeah, I know Dad. There's just something inside me that wants to  
519 win so bad."

520 "Ben winning is one thing but shoving it into the opponents' face is  
521 another. You need to tone it back." The father son talk ended when  
522 Sally rushed up.

523 "I just talked with Coach Garrison. He thinks you should take a  
524 sportsmanship class. You'll have a better chance at a scholarship if you  
525 do."

526 "Mom, I have finals coming up and don't have time for anymore  
527 sports stuff."

528 "Ben, we'll get you some private tutoring over the weekends.  
529 Coach Garrison says you should take the sportsmanship class for your  
530 college application."

531 "Mom, I just want some free time on a weekend once in a while.  
532 No tutoring, no private lessons, nothing just time to hang and skate."

533 "Ben you need that class if you want to get a scholarship. You need  
534 to step up!"

535 "Sally, give the kid a break. He wants to just hang out on the  
536 weekends."

537 "Yeah right Zach! Like we can afford to pay for college with your  
538 company going in the hole every month. Developing those small solar  
539 panels isn't working out for us."

540 Ben worked himself between Sally and Zack; knowing that an  
541 eruption was building.

542 "I know who really needs a sportsmanship class," Zach said under  
543 his breath."

544 "What?" Sally stepped to the side and glared around Ben at Zach.

545 "Nothing," Zach looked away from Sally and put his hand on Ben's  
546 shoulder. "Like I said, good game son."

547 "Thanks Dad." There was a long uncomfortable pause. "Hey Dad  
548 you need to tell me that story about the CIA guy pulling a gun on that  
549 Arab guy."

550 "Remember, he's a Prince," Zach quipped with a forced smile. "I'll  
551 tell you about it at home, tonight." Zach pulled his car keys from his



552 pocket. "I need to swing by the lab and place an order and test  
553 something."

554 "You promised that you would make it to our new neighbor's house  
555 warming tonight." Sally glared at Zach. "You need to step up too!"

556 "I'll make it. The party starts at seven o'clock, right." Zach rushed  
557 off.

558 The lobby door was unlocked and the music was blaring. Zach  
559 headed right for the wood stairs to the roof. Eric was lying on his back  
560 under one of the solar panels. There was smoke coming up and  
561 floating around the top of the rack.

562 Loudly Zach asked, "Eric, how did the test on the blocking diodes  
563 go?"

564 "They worked great! There was no measurable reverse current loss  
565 last night. I'm soldering the diodes in now."

566 "That's great news. So an individual diode between each layer as  
567 opposed to one blocking diode did the trick."

568 "It looks like it did." Eric rolled out from under the solar panel.  
569 "These diodes that I just soldered in are about five dollars each. I  
570 know it will add about twenty dollars to each panel, but. . ."

571 "Eric it won't add twenty dollars because we won't have to use  
572 those special high current blocking diodes from Germany."

573 Yeah you're right. I think we were paying over ten dollars for those  
574 diodes plus overseas shipping. Eric stood up. There were some small  
575 pieces of gravel and tar in his blond ponytail from lying on the roof.

576 "Turn around. I will brush you off," ordered Zach.

577 "Between you solving the cell fracturing problem and some  
578 additional diodes I think we're on our way."

579 Zach picked off the pea sized gravel that had roof tar on it. "Yes  
580 sir, we're on our way! Finally, after all these years, we will have a solar  
581 panel that puts out four times anything on the market."

582 Eric turned back around. "Zach, I keep telling you, a panel with  
583 twice the power output would make Son Source the most sought out  
584 panels in the world. You know to gluten is sinful."

585           “Maybe, but four is twice as good as two.” Zach took a deep  
586 breath; he had debated Eric many times about how many thin cell  
587 layers should be used.

588           “Don’t forget my three words, take away two.” Better yet, never  
589 forget the words, ‘Our daily bread’,” Eric spoke the words like a mail  
590 order preacher.

591           Zach didn’t like the soap box spiel. “It’s hard to believe you and I  
592 will soon be famous for a solar energy break through.”

593           “I’ll never be famous. I’m like the technician that worked for  
594 Edison. And you need to give credit to divine intervention.”

595           “Yeah okay,” Zack replied in a skeptical tone and pointed. “Eric,  
596 you think God is over there in the solar panels?”

597           Eric pointed at the sun that was low in the western sky. “Maybe not  
598 present in the panels. But he created our solar system making solar  
599 energy possible.”

600           Zack frowned, “You and Sally spend too much time playing the God  
601 card.” It was Eric and Sally that insisted that the company be named  
602 Son Source, Zack wanted Sun Source.

603           “Maybe so. But without my love for the Son and the light he  
604 created, I wouldn’t be here trying to leave earth a better place.”

605           Zack needed to change the subject. Eric was somewhat of a Jesus  
606 freak. “I stopped by a couple of glass shops. Hopefully by Tuesday we  
607 should have the bronze tinting film. It should be a match to what they  
608 use on the Sears Tower.”

609           “That’s great Zach. In my life time, I never thought I would have  
610 worked with someone that will be famous and have made a huge  
611 impact on Mother Earth.”

612           Somewhat uneasy and spiritually intimidated Zach glanced down at  
613 his watch. “I’ve got to go! Sally will kill me if I’m late. We’ve got a  
614 house warming party to go to.”

615           “Jesus loves you for all the engineering good that you are doing.  
616 You are making the world a better place for my boys and new baby.”

617           Zach started across the roof to the hatch door. From the top wood  
618 stair he turned and saw Eric crawling back under the solar panel rack.

619  
620

Zach cupped his hands around his mouth and yelled, "Eric, He loves you too."