
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Thu, 26 Jul 2012 01:13:30 GMT
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From: Tikatue Sent: 3/18/2007 7:32 PM

Friday, August 17, 2068, 2:30 p.m., Tracy Island

Nikki stepped into the sickroom. It felt odd to be in there as a patient, and not as a nurse. The signs of Dianne's occupancy were there, as was Maggie, dressed in her pink flowered scrubs. She looked up as the door opened.

"Come in, Nikki," she said with a smile. "They're waiting for you."

"Thanks," she said, then paused to frown a bit. "They?"

"Drew and Dianne," Maggie said, shaking her head. "Dianne would not let Drew alone when it came to your follow-up. Dominic's, too. He finally caved and said she could observe, but from her wheelchair." She shook her head again. "Stubborn... just like the rest of her family, and the one she married into!"

Nikki chuckled a little, thinking of Alan, and stepped into the short corridor that led to the surgical suite. She knocked on the door jamb, and Drew, who was poring over a data pad, looked up.

"Come in, Nikki," he said. Turning, he handed off the pad to Dianne. "Here, girl. Make yourself useful."

Dianne snorted, then smiled at Nikki. "Good to see you again, Nikki."

"Good to see you, too," the nurse said, coming to give her erstwhile boss a hug. "You're looking better, even better than you did at the party."

"You're looking fit, yourself," Dianne replied, glancing down at Nikki's ankle. "No limp that I can see."

"You'd have been appalled the day after the party," Nikki replied. "Swelling, pain... I danced too much."

"Well, let's see if you've recovered from that night of excess," Drew interjected dryly. "There's a gown behind the screen."

Dianne rolled her eyes, and Nikki shrugged, then disappeared behind the screen. She emerged a few minutes later in one of the sick room gowns. Drew patted the scanner, and Nikki climbed up awkwardly.

"Let's see how your neck is doing." Drew had Nikki turn her head first one way, then the other. He told her to drop her chin, lean her head to the left then the right, then lean it back. "Any pain?"

She raised her hand to one side. "Just a twinge when I turn my head this way."

"All right." He probed her neck with firm fingers. "Does it hurt to the touch?"

"No," Nikki replied.

Drew nodded, and glanced toward Dianne. "No edema or tenderness felt on light palpation." She nodded and added it to the data pad.

"Now, let's look at this ankle." He helped Nikki turn so she was sitting on the scanner bed with her leg outstretched. "Looks like the swelling's gone down." He applied pressure. "Does this hurt?"

"No," she replied.

He nodded, and began to move Nikki's foot around gently. "Any pain?"

"Not really. Perhaps a dull ache."

"Got a bit of sand between your toes here," he said with a grin.

She returned the smile. "Took a trip to the beach today. It was lovely."

"All right." He patted the scanner. "Let's take a deeper look." He helped her lie back, then covered her with a sheet. Dianne keyed in a code, and the scanner began its work. Both Drew and Dianne watched it as it moved beneath Nikki's neck and shoulders.

"Everything looks good, actually." Drew nodded at the scanner. He turned to Dianne. "Skip down to the ankle, please."

"Yes, Doctor," Dianne replied with a smirk in her voice. It was Drew's turn to roll his eyes and shake his head. Nikki saw this and chuckled.

The scanner moved down quickly to the ankle, then slowed as it scanned the afflicted part. Both doctors glanced up at the screen. "A little bit of swelling left in the tendons. I think that some anti-inflammatories and a bit of continued rest will help clear this up." He motioned to Dianne to turn off the machine, then helped Nikki sit up. "Stay off your feet as much as possible for the weekend, and take aspirin, then light duty for the rest of next week."

"What if there's a rescue?" she asked.

The two doctors exchanged glances. Drew turned back to Nikki. "Not over the weekend. If there is one before the end of next week, let Jeff's decision be your guide."

"All right, Doctor," Nikki replied with a sigh.

Drew took a deep breath before asking his next question. "Have you been down to see Thunderbird Seven yet?" Out of the corner of his eye, he could see Dianne sit up straight as if stung.

Nikki moistened her lips, then said softly, "No. I haven't."

The doctor folded his arms. "I'm not saying you have to, but if you're having trouble with nightmares or flashbacks, you should tell someone, or talk to someone. Mrs. Hanson is here, and will continue to come here to help anyone who needs it. Consider speaking with her about it."

"I will," she replied with a sigh. "I'll consider it."

Drew nodded sharply. "Good. Now, I think we're done. Do you have any questions, Dianne?"

Dianne shook her head. "No."

"Then I'll let you get dressed, Nikki, and wait for my next vic... uh, patient." Drew's grin and quick quip broke the tension in the air. "If you have any questions, I'll be staying through the weekend at least."

"All right, Doctor." She took his hand to slide down carefully from the scanner. "Thanks for the follow up... and the advice."

"You're entirely welcome, Nikki." He picked up the data pad, and left the room. Nikki went behind the screen to change back into her clothes.

Dianne finished downloading the scanner results, deep in thought. She almost didn't hear Nikki come out again.

"I'll take care of the gown," she said, smiling at Dianne.

"Huh? Wha?" Dianne looked up, startled. "Oh, yes. Thanks."

"You all right, Di?"

Dianne drew in a deep breath. "Yeah. I'm okay. It's been a rough day, that's all."

Nikki frowned a bit. "You sure? I mean, if there's anything I can do..."

The doctor smiled. "I'm sure. But thanks for the offer."

"Okay." Nikki took the gown and headed for the door to the surgery. "Talk to you later."

"Yes, later."

The nurse left, and Dianne sighed. I'm just not ready... all the way around.

A noisy squeal from the other room announced the arrival Dominic... and Joshua.
