
Subject: Re: Learning to Live in Paradise
Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Thu, 26 Jul 2012 23:32:20 GMT
[View Forum Message](#) <> [Reply to Message](#)

Sunday, April 8, 2068, 7:30 p.m., Tracy Island

After Kyrano's emergency situation, Dianne had gotten distracted. First by Jeff, who wanted to discuss with her the ramifications of this attack, then by the children, to whom she had promised her time for the afternoon. Then there were the meals, and a long discussion with Emily about the needs of the pantry and the day slipped away before she knew it. Finally, after supper, she headed down to the infirmary again. Taking out her data pad, she looked over Elise's medical records.

~Hmm. No drug allergies. Good. That will make this easier.

She exited Elise's records and wrote up a prescription for the pilot. While the printer was creating the bottle label, Dianne unlocked the meds cabinet with her thumbprint and combination. Reaching inside, she pulled out a large bottle of anti-depressants. ~I'll need to reorder soon, she thought sadly. At one time or another almost all of the International Rescue team had been on some sort of anti-depressant as a part of dealing with Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder. The drugs were used infrequently now as the Tracy men, Brains, and Tin-Tin had learned better, non-pharmaceutical ways of dealing with the stress of their jobs. But still, there were times... like the aftermath of Jeff's accident. At that point, she was the one dealing with the stress... and dealing with it well, she thought. Her quick reaction to her own problem made it easier to deal with Jeff when he began to process everything that happened.

She counted out the number of pills needed and slipped them into a brown bottle, capping it and wrapping the prescription label around it. Then she wrote up another prescription for a week's worth of sleeping pills. ~My first priority is to get this woman a good night's sleep. The antidepressants will be used once the sleeping pills are gone, Dianne reminded herself. When the bottles were ready, she pocketed them and her PDA, then resumed her interrupted journey to the Cliff House apartments.

Post by Tikatue on 23/03/2005
