
Subject: Re: Growing as a Team
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 05:39:20 GMT
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*****Friday, March 16, 2068; 9 a.m.; Thunderbird Five*****

Things had quieted down since the rescue. Callie was working on the daily diagnostic check on the computer when she felt some discomfort and pressure in the area just below her stomach. She adjusted position a few times, attempting to make herself comfortable again.

John entered the control room and noticed her shifting several times. "Is anything wrong?"

"No, not really, John. I'm feeling a little uncomfortable. I think something I ate doesn't agree with me."

"Well, just take it easy. If the discomfort persists, let me know and I'll get you something for it."

"Thanks, John." She went back to work, the pressure subsiding. I just hope this doesn't turn into something worse.

*****About 20 minutes later*****

Callie's discomfort progressively worsened, despite her best efforts to make herself comfortable. I knew it, I just knew it...

John returned to the control room and noticed Callie fidgeting badly. "Callie, are you--"

"No, I'm not okay, John!" she snapped. "This is the last place I wanted to have cramps!"

"Cramps? Oh, no..."

She realized what she had done. "John, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to blow up at you. Why did this have to happen now?" She blushed with embarrassment. "Have you ever had to deal with this situation?"

John had to blush himself. "Uh, you mean dealing with a woman having cramps?"

"Uh, yeah," said Callie, her blush becoming a deeper shade of red.

"To be honest, no, and especially not here." He raised an eyebrow, a look of rising alarm on his face. "Do you need anything for--"

Callie laughed at his reaction. "Relax, John. When I spent time at the ISS, I made sure to pack the things I needed. I remembered to bring everything here, too. You'd better watch your back today because I'll be a mean bear at times."

He swiped a hand dramatically across his brow, wiping non-existent sweat from it and dashing said invisible perspiration to the floor. "Whew! Here I thought we had an unscheduled visit from

Thunderbird Three in our future."

She rolled her eyes and shook her head. The clock caught her eye and she cried, "John! The tournament! We forgot about the tournament!"

"The rescue kept us away from what's been happening with the tournament. We'd better check with espn.com and see who advanced and who went home." He brought up the website on the screen and shook his head. "I knew Harvard didn't stand a chance. How'd Alabama do?"

"They're playing right now, but we can't--"

"See the game?" John pressed a button on the panel. "How's this for live?"

"Perfect! Want some popcorn?"

"Sure, I'll get it. Don't want you being cranky and miss your team."

Callie grabbed a copy of The Tracy Quasar and threw it at him with a grin on her face.

John ducked to avoid getting hit with the book. "Okay, Callie, okay. I'm going."

She checked the website scores to see how their chosen teams did. She smiled wickedly. "Looks like John's going to do the chores. Kansas lost to Manhattan, and Duke crushed Alcorn State."

Post by TracyFan4Ever on 16/11/2004
