
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 19:00:34 GMT
[View Forum Message](#) <> [Reply to Message](#)

From: Tikatu Sent: 4/3/2007 7:55 PM

Monday, August 20, 2068, 10 a.m., Wellington, New Zealand (same day, same time on Tracy Island)

"So, Dr. Tracy," Ed Haenga said as he looked over the data pad containing her medical notes. "How'd this all happen?"

"Automobile accident," Dianne said with a sigh. "Got my leg caught on the steerin' column. They had to cut off the metal to even get me out of the car. And even though the airbag deployed, the wheel was shoved up into my gut."

"Sounds painful and dangerous," he replied, still looking at the pad. He tapped the surface with a strong, dark finger. "Andrew Carmichael..." Looking up, he asked, "Wasn't that the surgeon who worked on the International Rescue operatives?"

She glanced up at Gordon, who succeeded in keeping from rolling his eyes. Nikki, along to learn how to guide Dianne in doing her exercises, hid a smile behind her hand. "Yes, he was," Dianne said, sounding weary. "He's also my uncle."

"Really?" Ed sounded very surprised. An eyebrow rose as he asked, "Did you get to see any of the Thunderbirds? See any of the operatives? I hear there was quite a crowd there."

"I managed to miss most of that," Dianne said. "I arrived after they took the CMO away to... wherever they took him."

"Her," Ed corrected. "The CMO is a woman... at least, that's what the news reports said."

"Ah," she replied, nodding. "You'll understand that I wasn't exactly coherent during all of the hullabaloo. Pain meds, you know. Most of what I heard was third or fourth hand."

"I see." It seemed the subject was now closed. "Well, then, let's get down to business and start with a heat treatment on that abdomen. Then we'll go through the first set of exercises. Better to do the abdominal muscles before lunch." He beckoned to the trio. "Come along with me."

xxxx

"So, why aren't you staying with Dianne?" Anna asked. "I could have called for a pick up from Wellington."

"I know," Jeff said with a grin. "But taking you to Lake Colenge gives me a good jumping off point for an errand I want to run in Sydney. A surprise for Dianne, actually. It's only an hour's flight time at Mach 2."

"You had to put that deviation in your flight plan, didn't you?" Anna asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Yes, I did, but Dianne hasn't seen the flight plan. I've sworn Gordon to secrecy, and given him a plausible story to use should she ask where I am. With luck, I'll be able to keep the trip quiet."

Anna chuckled. "Hope it doesn't cost you too much."
