
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 20:15:23 GMT
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From: Tikatu Sent: 5/19/2007 8:15 PM

Saturday, August 25, 2068, 9:15 a.m., Tracy Island

Jeff reached over to hit the alarm clock, his hand flailing before making contact. He groaned and rolled over, toying with the idea of sleeping later. After all, between dealing with Dianne and the end of the debriefing, it had been five a.m. before his head hit the pillow.

The thought of his wife made him open his eyes. She was lying on her side, facing away from him, and her back was clearly visible. Two thin, angry red lines scored her back, but they weren't deep, just scratches that looked worse than they actually were. "They'd be deeper if she hadn't been wearing such a thick robe," Brains had said as he examined them.

He'd wanted to talk to Dianne, ask her just why she'd decided to go down to Seven when she did, find out what had happened to put her in such a state, but she'd been so obviously exhausted that he decided to postpone his questions. Brains had checked to see that Dianne's blood oxygen levels were satisfactory and her pulse had eased back down to normal. He'd suggested that she spend the night in the sick room, but she'd balked at that. "Ah'm not sick anymore. Ah'll sleep in mah own bed, thank you very much." Lisa would have argued, but Jeff had shaken his head, and helped his wife upstairs.

I'd better wake her. There's a lot to do today. She can have a nap later, he thought as he listened to her soft breathing. He moved closer, then kissed her on the neck, smoothing a gentle hand over her arm. "Need to get up, love. It's morning."

She sighed, and stirred a little. Jeff kissed her again, and got closer to her ear. "Dianne, love. Time to get up."

"D'Ah have tuh?" she said with a whine.

Jeff sighed. "Yes, love. You do. We do. The kids will be looking for us, and the plane coming..."

She drew in a deep breath and huffed it out. "All raht, all raht." She started pushing her covers back, and Jeff rolled back out of the way. He sat up, then hauling himself to his feet, he stumbled off toward the shower.
