

---

Subject: Re: Winds of Change  
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 20:22:54 GMT  
[View Forum Message](#) <> [Reply to Message](#)

---

From: lillehafrue Sent: 5/20/2007 7:54 PM

Tracy Island, Saturday August 25th, a little after 10 PM....

Alan threw himself down on his bed with a groan. It had been a long day, starting with the fire and ensuing rescue, then coming home to face the drama down in the repair bay. Even after sleeping for most of the morning, he still felt drained and could feel a headache starting.

He settled himself more comfortably on his bed and closed his eyes. His thoughts immediately returned to the events of the day...

Flashback.

Alan helped Brains tuck the blanket around Dianne, looking up as his father came racing into the room.

"What's the situation?"

"She hasn't responded to us, she's cold; she's been over breathing; her pulse is up."

Alan and Brains stepped aside, letting Jeff get to his wife's side. They watched as Jeff managed to get Dianne back to the present, and down the ladder. When Dianne slipped, Alan caught her, clinging to her for a moment longer than necessary before Jeff started leading her away.

"Alan, head up to the dining room and see if Scott's started the debriefing. If not, tell him to start," Jeff told him.

"On my way, Dad," Alan replied, heading out the door and up to the dining room. He paused in the doorway, then stepped inside.

"...fired a shell and...Alan?" Gordon stopped in mid-sentence as everyone turned.

"Hey," he said wearily, plopping himself down on a chair. "What did I miss?"

"Forget that, what's going on?" Scott demanded.

"It's Mom," Alan said as he poured himself a mug of coffee. "She went down to Seven."

Silence gripped the room. "Is she all right?" Scott asked, his voice gruff.

Alan shrugged. "I think so, now anyway." He proceeded to tell them what had happened downstairs, causing the others to gasp in concern. "Dad's getting her calmed down and probably headed back to bed."

"The infirmary I hope," Gordon muttered.

Alan shrugged. "I guess so. Unless she decides to go back to her room."

"Stubborn woman," Scott growled.

"Yeah well, look who's talking." Elise frowned in Scott's direction.

Scott ignored the jibe. "Well, let's finish this then; I for one would like to get to bed."

End Flashback.

Alan shivered, not from being cold. I'm glad Mom faced her demons, but I don't think she should have done it alone. Hopefully she'll talk to Anna next time she comes to the island. He felt himself drifting off, despite the headache, and a moment later was fast asleep.

---