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Subject: Re: Winds of Change  
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 20:34:23 GMT  
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From: Tikatu Sent: 5/21/2007 5:54 PM

Monday, August 27, 2068, 11:10 a.m., Tracy Island

"Back off, Gordon!"

The door to the Tracy's workout room slid open, and a livid Dianne hobbled out, dressed in shorts and a t-shirt. Gordon, a scowl on his face, followed. Alan stopped in the doorway and watched his brother confront their stepmother.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked angrily. "Don't you want to get that leg back in shape?"

The door to the laundry room slid up, and Virgil stood in the doorway. He watched, surprised, as Dianne stopped and pivoted on her good leg so she was facing Gordon. "Ah do! But Ah'm gonna do it accordin' to mah physical therapist's ordahs!" She speared him with a finger. "That means Ah do as much as Ah can stand an' no more! Ah'm surprised you got outah that rehab hospital walkin' if this was yoah attitude!"

Gordon's eyes widened in shock, and he stood rooted to the spot as his stepmother turned sharply again and limped off. "Tomorraah, Ah want Nikki t' help me with mah therapy!! Yoah fired!"

As she disappeared around the corner, Gordon blew out a stunned breath. Virgil came up behind him, empty laundry basket in hand. "What was that all about?"

Alan stepped out into the hall. "Gordon wanted Mom to do one more rep than she did yesterday."

Virgil frowned, one eyebrow going up in surprise. "Just one?"

Gordon folded his arms over his chest. "Yes. Just one." He turned back to the workout room to put away the equipment they'd used. Alan and Virgil followed. "When I was in rehab, that was my goal. Just one more rep than the day before. Sometimes I made it, sometimes I didn't. But I wanted to get out of there and back on my feet so I tried to do better than the day before." He whipped a towel over the weight bench in frustration. "It's what I did when I was training for the Olympics. One more lap, pushing myself beyond my limit to get better, faster." He huffed. "It's what got me home sooner than the doctors predicted." He turned to glance out the open door. "I don't understand why she doesn't want to do that." He really looked at his brothers for the first time. "Do you think she doesn't want to get back to 100%?" Motioning to Alan, he said, "You saw her the other day. What do you think?"

Alan shook his head quickly. "I don't know what to think. The other day was scary; it left me thinking she shouldn't have gone down by herself."

"Probably not," Virgil said, "but I have the feeling that Mom is more of a Tracy than any of us want to admit."

"Whatchu talkin' 'bout, Virgil?" Gordon said, frowning.

Virgil shook his head, raising his eyes to the ceiling in silent supplication, and sighing. "I think Mom wants to heal, both emotionally and physically, on her own terms. Just like any of us would want to do." He put his basket on the bench, and spread his hands. "Look. You pushed yourself to get better, Gords; it was what you felt you had to do. Just because she doesn't want to push doesn't necessarily mean she doesn't want to get better. It means she doesn't want to push... if that makes any sense."

He paused to think a moment, eying his younger brother, then shifting his position a little. "Gords, who worked with John on his PT? You or Mom?"

Gordon's frown cleared to a thoughtful look, and he stroked his chin with a hand. "She did, mostly. John used to tell me how gentle she was about it. I helped him work in the water, or if she was busy." He shrugged. "He didn't mind doing one more rep when I was working with him."

"But did she make him do that?"

Gordon held up his hands. "I dunno."

"I bet that if you ask him, he'll say no, she didn't."

"What did the physical therapist tell you to do?" Alan asked, sounding curious.

"To work the muscles until things get easy, then step it up," Gordon replied. He scratched the back of his head, and sighed. "I suppose I'd better follow orders and stop pushing her."

"She's been doing her share of pushing, too, Gords," Alan replied, a sour look on his face. "The more I think about what happened the other night, the more I think she was pushing things to go down to Seven."

"She probably was," Virgil agreed, nodding.

There was a moment of quiet, then Gordon sighed. "Guess I should go see if I can get my job back."

"Do you really want it back? Mom was pretty pissed," Virgil said with a grin. "She might whack you with that cane of hers."

"Begging might work," Alan suggested with a snicker. "Grovel, and she might just give you a little tap."

"I can handle Mom," Gordon said, confidently.

Alan and Virgil looked at each other and burst into laughter. "Riiiiiight," Virgil drawled. "Let me know when you're going to talk to her... this I've got to see."

"Don't you have laundry to do or something?" Gordon asked irritably.

"It's in the dryer," Virgil said. He picked up the basket. "I'll just pop this back in the laundry room then we can go find Mom so you can show us how well you can handle her."

"Who's being pushy now?" Gordon growled.

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