
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 20:36:33 GMT
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From: lillehafrue Sent: 5/23/2007 8:51 PM

Tuesday August 28th, 11:00 AM, Tracy Island...

Gordon stopped in front of the doors to the gym and took a deep breath. Then, squaring his shoulders he stepped inside.

He instantly spotted Dianne and Nikki on the opposite side of the room. Dianne seemed to be working on leg lifts, and he moved closer. Dianne shot him a look, but didn't say anything, just turned her attention back to her therapy. Gordon folded his hands across his chest and watched.

"That's it, Dianne, you're doing great!" Nikki encouraged as Dianne worked through her routine.

He continued to glower as Dianne went through all the exercises he had tried to get her to do the day before. Why is it she gives me such a hard time and not Nikki? Suddenly he noticed the expression on his step-mother's face. She was pale, and there was a thin sheen of sweat on her forehead. He was about to step forward when Nikki spoke up.

"OK, Dianne, that's enough for today."

Dianne nodded wearily. "Ah think yoah right."

Nikki looked down at the chart in her hands. "You were able to do more than you did yesterday."

"And Ah'll do more tomorrow."

Nikki smiled. "Of course you will, but for now, let's finish up here."

Gordon slipped out of the room before he heard Dianne's reply. He leaned against the wall and rubbed his hands over his face. Virgil was right...I have to fix this.

Dianne settled herself down in a chair on the balcony and was just reaching for her book when there was a knock on the door. "Come in," she called out.

Gordon walked in, his hands behind his back. "Hello, Mom," he said cautiously.

Dianne set her expression. "Hello, Gordon. What brings you heah?"

"I wanted to talk to you," he replied as he sat down on the chair next to her. "I watched your PT today."

"Ah know," Dianne said curtly.

Gordon ignored her tone. "I was being a jerk yesterday. I'm sorry," he said simply. "I wasn't thinking of what was best for you. I was remembering how I felt; the fear that I'd never use my legs again. Sometimes being able to do that one extra rep was enough to get me through to the next day. Other times, when I couldn't do it..." His voice trailed off.

"Gordon..." Dianne spoke softly.

He shook his head, refusing to meet her eyes. "I wasn't trying to be pushy; I just want to see you get well. But after watching you today I realized what you said was right. You have to do this at your own pace. You were right to fire me." His voice hitched and he cleared his throat. "So again, I'm sorry. I guess I'll talk to you later." He got to his feet and started towards the door.

"Gordon, wait." He turned. "Get ovah heah and sit back down." She waited until he had seated himself. "Now, you were right about the fact that you were pushing me too hard. Ah know mah limitations, Gordon. What worked foah you won't necessarily work foah me." Gordon merely nodded as she went on. "Ah know yoah trying to help, and believe me when Ah say Ah love you foah it." She leaned forward and took his hand. "And Ah'm sorry too. Ah shouldn't have lost mah temper."

Gordon finally looked up and smiled. "Truce?"

Dianne smiled back. "Truce." She arched an eyebrow. "What were you hiding behind yoah back?"

Gordon leaned over and picked up a plastic container. "Just a little peace offering." He grinned. "I swiped a bunch of Grandma's brownies."

"Hand 'em ovah!"

Gordon laughed and gave Dianne a brownie, also taking one for himself. He held it up to her. "To stubborn Tracy spirit. May we never change!"

"Hear, hear!" Dianne 'clinked' her brownie to his and then they both burst out laughing.

Gordon leaned back in his chair and shot his step-mother a devilish grin. "Does this mean I get my job back?"
