

Saturday, June 2, 2068, noon, Tracy Island

"Dianne? Dianne?" Brains called through his communicator. There was no answer and he frowned. ~I'd better go up and find out what's going on in the sick room.

He walked into the infirmary to find it nearly empty. The boys and Emily had been moved back up to their rooms after it was deemed that they'd be better off in their own beds. Nikki was cleaning up a mess on the floor, her face covered by a mask and wearing medical gloves. The smell of antiseptic was heavy in the air.

"Where's Dianne?" he asked Nikki.

She sighed, and indicated the rest room with her head. "In there. It's finally caught up with her."

"Oh," he said, blinking behind his glasses.

The door opened and Dianne came out, one hand on her abdomen, looking pale and wiped out. She noticed the scientist standing there and asked, "What is it? Do you know?"

Snagging an emesis bowl, she headed for her office, Brains following along. "Yes, I know what it is... sort of."

"What do you mean, sort of?" Dianne asked, sitting heavily in her chair and looking up at him with bleary eyes.

"It seems to be a form of shigellosis, but a strain that has never been catalogued before," he replied, sitting on the edge of her desk, folding his arms. "In fact, this may end up being named for us if it's truly a new strain of the bacteria."

Dianne let out a long breath. "How long do you think it will last? And do you think it will respond to regular shigellosis meds?"

"How long? I don't know, but the onset is a whole lot faster than the usual strains of the diseases, so I'd say that it shouldn't last as long," Brains responded. "And I don't see why it wouldn't respond to meds."

"Okay." Dianne closed her eyes and breathed deeply for a few moments, then opened a new window on her computer. "I'm sending in a prescription for the meds to our usual pharmacist in Wellington. Can you see that it's picked up and distributed?"

"Sure," Brains told her. "Tin-Tin would probably be best to pick up the meds. I'll send her on her way right now."

"Good," Dianne muttered as she perused the pharmacist's lists. "Because by the time she comes

back, I'm going to be in my own bed, hopefully sleeping this off." A few clicks of the mouse and she said, "There..." But her next words were cut off short as she put one hand over her mouth, picked up the emesis bowl, and headed at high speed for the sick room's toilet.

Brains watched her go, then settled down behind her desk. He checked on the pharmacy order, then raised his communicator. "Brains to Tin-Tin. I have a job for you..."

From: Tikatu Sent: 11/24/2005

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