
Subject: Re: Celebrations and Challenges
Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 20:49:51 GMT
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Saturday, June 2; Tracy Island

Lena was in Scott's room when the emergency signal went off. She had just cleaned out his emesis bowl, and was returning it to the bedside table. The sound of the alarm had the effect of waking him up and he "leaped" out of bed, only to fall to his knees.

She quickly put the bowl down and hurried to him, lifting him up and pushing him back to his bed. He began to protest. "There's an emergency. I've got to go!"

"Not in your condition. You can't even stand by yourself, let alone leave de room. Now get back into bed."

"You don't understand, Lena. I'm the field commander. I have to..."

"I understand more dan you tink. But you aren't in any condition to fly any of dose vessels you call Tunderbirds. Now lie down and get some sleep, or I'll sit on you until you do. Is dat understood, young man?"

Scott tried once more to sit up, but found he couldn't do it. Plus he was beginning to get a raging headache. He lay back and Lena pulled the bedclothes over him. Then she sat on the edge of the bed and stroked his head.

"That feels good."

"Den I'll keep doing it until you go back to sleep. Don't worry. You've been training de otters to do de job. Dey'll take care of whatever it is, almost as well as you all would. Now close your eyes." She began to hum softly as she stroked his temples, and he shut his eyes. Soon his deep even breathing told her he was asleep, and she kissed him on the cheek, then quietly left the room.

From: Hobbeth Sent: 12/3/2005
