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Subject: Re: Celebrations and Challenges  
Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 20:50:01 GMT  
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Dianne opened one bleary eye as she heard Jeff groan and felt the bed shift as he sat up on its edge. It was something that had happened before as he tried to get to the bathroom to deal with the diarrhea he was experiencing.

But his wife knew that this time was different. She could hear the emergency signal going off and just knew that Jeff was trying to answer it.

"Jeff?" she mumbled. "Where're you goin'?"

"Gotta go. The signal..."

She felt the bed shift again, but before he could stand up fully, she reached across, almost lunging at him, and grabbed the back of his pajama shirt. With a yank, she pulled him back down onto the bed. He turned to her, glaring, as she let go of his shirt.

"You're going nowhere," she growled, glaring back at him. "Doctor's orders."

"But the signal..." he protested.

"Let the recruits handle it. We're all too sick to do anything, you included. Now lay back down before I have to pull rank on you."

"Okay, okay," he said with a sigh as he rolled back into bed. He had to admit, it felt a whole lot better to lie down and close his eyes. He opened them fractionally to look at Dianne, who was still watching him from behind half-opened eyelids.

"I'm going back to sleep," he told her. "So are you." And with that, he readjusted his pillow, snuggling his head into it, and closed his eyes.

Dianne watched him for a moment more, then rolled over. Soon both of them were again asleep.

From: Tikatu Sent: 12/3/2005 1:08 AM

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