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Subject: Re: Winds of Change  
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 21:26:50 GMT  
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From: susanmartha Sent: 5/27/2007 7:59 PM

Tuesday, August 28, 2068, 2:30 p.m., Tracy Island

Anna walked out to the porch. Dianne sat there with a cup of coffee and a plate of cookies. In the shade, it was just cool enough that the coffee seemed like a good idea.

"It's nice out here. A bit chilly out of the sun."

"Ah thought you might like some coffee. Then Ah realized you wouldn't have had lunch."

Anna poured herself a cup and added cream from a small pitcher. "Thanks. I realized that might be a problem so I had a large breakfast. Emily has promised some sandwiches when we're through."

"Good," Dianne said, nodding. "Ah thought she might." She took a sip of her coffee. "Hope you find th' guest room up heah to be comfortable."

"Its fine," Anna said, trying to gauge how to approach the subject. Finally, she decided to take the bull by the horns. "Jeff told me there was an incident the other night. He said you went to see Thunderbird Seven. How did that happen?"

"Thought he might've said somethin'," Dianne replied. She took a sip of coffee, then a deep breath. "How did it happen? Well, Ah couldn't sleep, so Ah went down t' see if th' rescue was done." She pursed her lips in annoyance. "It wasn't, an' Jeff had locked the doah aftah orderin' me away from th' lounge."

"So, Ah went back t' owah suite an' tried t' tire mahself out. Watched th' televid foah a while, until a news bulletin came on about th' rescue." Her voice dropped. "Theyah were talkin' about Seven an' whether or not any of us - Nikki, Dom, or me - were theyah."

She took another sip and shrugged. "It just came t' me that Ah hadn't been down t' see Seven since Ah'd gotten home. Ah was still wide awake, so Ah figured, why not now? An' Ah went."

"Did you want anyone to go with you?"

Dianne shrugged again. "Ah'd planned on takin' mah mother with me but Ah didn't want t' wake her. So Ah went ahead alone. Ah figured seeing Seven would complete mah healin'. Apparently, Ah'm not as healed as Ah thought."

"Did you expect to be? You haven't exactly had a lot of time to start healing yet."

Dianne shook her head. "Ah suppose not. But Ah haven't had a flashback or a nightmare since Ah got home. Not one. Ah figured Ah was handlin' things." She sighed. "An' Ah figured Ah could

handle that."

"And what happened?" Anna's voice was neutral.

"Ah was doing all right; just had little snippets o' flashback as Ah walked around an' looked at things. Until Ah went t' th' control cabin. Ah started tensing up, then Ah saw the stain in the roof. I froze. Ah guess that was when I started reliving the accident." She shivered and her accent became even more pronounced. "Ah kept hopin' Dom or Nikki would come cut me down. But they didn't come."

Dianne's eyes unfocused a bit. "Ah... Ah was theyah again. Upside down, tryin' t' catch mah breath. Ah could almost feel th' blood..." She closed her eyes and bit her lower lip. "Ah called foah them. Foah Dom an' Nikki an' Scott an' Gordon... it felt like an eternity." She took a deep breath and blinked; her eyes were moist.

"What finally got through to you?"

"Ah heard Jeff callin' me. He was holdin' me and callin'. Ah came back and was looking out the doah. Ah'd never even gone inside - just sat in th' doah and looked in. I was so cold." She shivered, just remembering.

Anna refilled Dianne's coffee cup and pushed it toward her. "Here, drink some." Dianne took a sip and brought herself under control. They sat in silence for a minute.

"I understand you and Gordon had some problems yesterday. What was that about?" Anna wanted to give Dianne a chance to compose herself. She also wanted to see if the trouble with Gordon was connected.

Dianne took a deep breath, a deep gulp of her coffee, then waved a hand. "Jeff told you about that?" She sighed. "He was pushin', tryin' to make me do moah than Ah was capable of. An unnerstan' now why he was doin' it; it's how he got through th' PT after his accident. But... that's not how Ah do things. Ah know what mah limitations are."

"Physically." Anna's look was as neutral as her voice.

Dianne's mouth twitched. "Yeah. Ah suppose so. But Ah didn't expect anythin' like this. Ah thought Ah was doing fine."

"You were." Anna took a cookie, bit into it, then followed it with a sip of coffee. "You still are, as far as I can tell. But you tried to do too much, too fast. When a runner has a sprained ankle, you don't expect him to run a marathon the day the ice packs come off. Or even the day he doesn't need the ACE bandage anymore. But for some reason people feel emotional wounds aren't real - or at least not as real. They won't even give them as long to heal as they do the physical ones. Doctors can be the worst with that. Just because they've intellectually handled what happened they think they should be able to emotionally handle what happened. And they aren't the same at all."

Dianne scratched the back of her neck lightly, and her lips trembled slightly. It took a deep breath, blown out slowly, for her to be able speak. "Ah know. Damn it, Ah've been through this befoah.

Different wounds, same principles."

"And just as hard to do the second time. I know you had major emotional problems after the bomb that killed your husband." When Dianne looked at her, frowning, Anna added, "Drew told me a little. Most of my information came from all of the 'let's look at the emotional health of the survivors' articles there have been in medical magazines. But, have you ever been this badly physically hurt before? And have you ever been trapped with no control over what happens before? Most doctors are control freaks. There is nothing worse for a control freak than to be helpless - powerless, if you prefer." She shook her head. "I shudder to think what Jeff must have been like after his accident."

"He was unconscious durin' most of th' rescue," Dianne said wryly. She sighed. "In answer to your question: no, Ah can't say as Ah have. Not trapped physically." She sipped her coffee again. "Sometimes Ah felt powerless... after Richard died. Powerless ovah... everything it seemed. But not like it was in Seven. Not that horrible feeling of bein'... stuck an' unable t' even breathe."

Freshening her coffee, Anna sat back, her cup in both hands. "Going over every injury in your mind? Trying to think through the pain? Knowing what needed to be done but being unable to do it?" Dianne nodded. "After the bombing I would guess you went through a period of depression. Quite understandable. You were helpless to clear your husband's name, helpless over events and had no way of fighting back. You came out of it and took steps to take care of yourself and your kids. Here, you've been physically hurt. That can sap your strength as much as depression. You're trying to take control of the situation as best you can. Tyler getting sick only made the pressure worse. So let's heal as fast as we can, then put the whole thing behind us. Right?"

Nodding, Dianne replied, "Right. Only it doesn't work that way, does it?"

"Nope. So what can we do to deal with your feelings and get you back some control?" Anna sat up and tapped a finger on the table between them. "Consider this the emotional equivalent of your physical therapy."

Dianne chuckled. "As long as Gordon isn't in charge of it." She thought for a minute. "Ah need t' deal with the helplessness. Ah gathuh yoah not a proponent of th' 'get right back on th' horse' theory?"

Anna raised an eyebrow, and sipped her drink again. "Not if the horse broke your leg. You need to let the leg heal. But in the meantime you need to be around horses so you don't become scared of them. So how do we do that?"

"Ah'm not sure," Dianne replied, frowning slightly.

Looking at her watch, Anna said offhandedly, "Well, I'm sure I want some lunch. It's been an hour. Why don't you think about how to handle this and we'll talk again tomorrow."

Dianne finished her coffee, and chuckled again. "Thereby givin' me back some o' that control. All therapists an' counselors are sneaky, right?"

"Right." Anna sounded amused as she rose from her seat. "We have to be in order to outsmart

our patients so they'll let us heal them."

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