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Subject: Re: Winds of Change  
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Sat, 28 Jul 2012 02:59:04 GMT  
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From: Tikatu Sent: 6/17/2007 8:35 PM

Friday, September 7, 2068, 10 a.m., Wellington, New Zealand (same day, same time on Tracy Island)

"Okay, now flex your foot." Ed Haenga held on to Dianne's leg, feeling the muscle as she flexed her foot at the ankle. "Good. Now, raise your knee towards your chest."

Dianne, who was lying down, obeyed. Ed watched the range of motion, the speed, her expression, and a dozen other little tell-tale things that signaled to him whether or not a patient was moving smoothly and the muscle was working properly and without pain. He nodded slowly as Dianne held that position, then said, "All right, rest your leg."

His patient propped herself up on her elbows, watching as Ed poked at the data pad he held with a stylus. Nikki and Gordon sat nearby, waiting for the verdict on their three weeks of physical therapy.

Finally Ed offered his hand, and helped Dianne up from the floor. Together, they walked over to the other two, Ed following Dianne and watching how she walked. "Your stride has improved, Dr. Tracy, but I see that you've still got a slight limp," he said, as Dianne sat down. "I think that you can continue to do the first exercise set for two more weeks, and spend plenty of time in the pool. That'll not only help with the leg, but with the arms and the abdominal muscles. You've nearly regained your strength, physically; only a bit more work to get you back to 100%."

"What about my work?" Dianne asked, setting herself to hear the worst.

"Well, a lot depends on what Dr. Carmichael says, of course, but I think you could go back to regular duty, with the caveat that you lift no more than half your body weight."

"In other words," Nikki said with a grin. "Let us nurses do the heavy work... not that we don't already."

The small group chuckled, and Ed stabbed at his pad again. "Okay. I've sent my recommendation to Los Angeles." He smiled at Dianne. "Now it's between you and Dr. Carmichael." He pointed at her with the stylus. "I will want to see you again in two weeks for a final evaluation."

"Yes, sir," Dianne said as she stood up, the cane in one hand.

"Oh, one more thing." Ed gestured towards her. "Ditch the stick."  
Dianne smiled widely, and gave the cane to a surprised and fumbling Gordon.

11:30 a.m., Tracy Island (4:30 p.m. the previous day, Los Angeles)

"Stop fidgeting," Brains warned. "I for one don't want to do this again!"

"I'm sorry, Brains," Dianne said curtly. "But I itch!"

"Where do you itch?" Jeff said, getting up from his seat. "Maybe I can help..."

"Sit down!" Dianne and Brains said in unison. "I appreciate the offer, love, but I'll tough it out," Dianne added. She took a deep breath and let it out slowly, trying to still her body.

Brains looked up from the scanner screen. "That's better," he said, the edge gone from his tone. "Just lie still for a bit longer. We're almost through."

"I got the report from Ed Haenga earlier, Di." Drew Carmichael's voice came over the computer's speakers. "You've come a long way in just three weeks if he's recommending sending you back to duty."

"Well, he doesn't know what all my duty consists of, now does he?" Dianne replied.

"No, that's true enough," Drew admitted. "I do, however, and I'll be taking it into account when I make my own evaluation."

The room was quiet for a while after that pronouncement. Jeff, sitting apart from Dianne and watching the proceedings, couldn't stay still. He stood up to lean against the wall with his arms folded for a little bit, sat back down and put one ankle on the opposite knee for a while, then got up, turned the chair around, and straddled the seat. Dianne saw this going on out of the corner of her eye, and resisted the urge to shake her head.

"Jeff, you there?"

"Yeah, Andy, I'm here."

"I don't suppose you and my niece have been observing that little ban I put on you before I left, hmm?"

Jeff raised his eyes ceiling-ward and huffed. "What do you think, Andy?"

There was suppressed laughter in Drew's voice. "Uh-huh. I get the picture. How long did it take for you to break it?"

"That, Doctor Carmichael, is none of your damned business," Jeff replied firmly. Behind the computer screen, Brains smiled, and Dianne stamped down firmly on the desire to laugh.

At last, Brains let out a relieved sigh. "The scan is complete." Both Tracys followed his example and sighed in relief, then Jeff was on his feet and heading to the scanner, while Dianne levered herself into a sitting position.

"Where's that itch?" Jeff asked.

Dianne put her left arm behind her back as far as it would go. "On my right shoulder blade... no, not there... a little higher... to the right... aaaahhh!" She closed her eyes as Jeff gently ran his

fingertips over the troublesome spot.

"Let me know when you have the file," Brains said to Drew, whose face finally popped up on the computer screen.

"I have it, Brains, and thanks." In his Los Angeles office, Drew began to look over the data he'd just been given, paying special attention to the trouble areas and comparing them to the last scan he'd done a few weeks previous.

"Get dressed, honey," Jeff said as he helped Dianne down off the scanner. She nodded, and headed for the screen, stopping to kiss him and smooth a hand over his cheek before disappearing from view.

"How does it look, Dr. Carmichael... quality-wise, that is?" Brains asked.

"It's nice and clear, Brains, thanks," was Drew's distracted reply.

"Then I'll head down to the dining room for lunch." Brains paused at the door. "Should I tell Kyrano you'll be late?"

"Yes, please, Brains, and thanks."

"You're welcome. See you there."

Brains left, and Dianne, now dressed except for her shoes, took his place before the computer. "So, what's the verdict?"

"I'm still looking," Drew said. With his screen already split between the two scanner images, there was no room for him to have Dianne's picture up, so he asked, "Is Jeff still there?"

"I'm still here, Andy," Jeff came up behind Dianne, thinking he'd be picked up by the camera.

"Could you step outside for a moment, Jeff? I have something I need to discuss with Dianne in private."

The Tracys exchanged frowning glances. "What do you need...?" Dianne began.

Drew cut her off. "I want to know how things are going with your counselor."

"Ah." Dianne nodded in understanding, then turned her gaze to Jeff. "Love, if you'd just step outside for a minute?"

"I don't understand." Jeff's puzzled frown made that statement very clear.

"It's okay, love," Dianne said softly. "Protocol between doctor and patient."

"Oh." Jeff's face cleared somewhat. "All right. Let me know when I can come back in."

"I will."

Jeff headed out and the door swished shut behind him. Drew heard it and asked, "Is he gone?"

"Yes, Drew. He's gone." Dianne put her ankle on her knee and began to put her shoe on.

"So, how are things with Mrs. Hanson?" Drew sounded distracted and Dianne wondered how much he'd remember.

"Going well enough. I've had appointments with her for two weeks now, and we've mapped out a plan that will hopefully help me deal with getting back into... driving." She knew to be careful now; the line they were on wasn't necessarily secure.

"Good," he said, squinting at something on the screen. A touch of the mouse zoomed into the area in question. "Is there anything I need to know about this plan? Anything you need me or Maggie for?"

She shook her head, and started putting on her other shoe. "No, I think we can handle it here." I won't tell him that part of that plan was visiting Thunderbird Two, and that it went off prematurely with the recent rescue in the Gobi desert. "You should have seen her the other day, Drew. We had a... an unwanted visitor and she helped us get rid of her in record time."

"Oh, one of those washed up girls?" Drew sounded amused. "Jeff's told me about them."

"Yes, one of those."

"Well, I just wanted to make sure that things were going well in that area and address any concerns you might have had. You can give me the details later if you want."

"All right, Uncle Drew. I'll keep that in mind." She figured that he didn't want to hear any details while they were talking like this.

"Now, go get your husband. I'm ready to pass judgment."

Dianne got up and opened the door. "Jeff, he's ready."

"Okay." Dianne sat back down in the chair and Jeff went to get the one he'd vacated so he could sit beside her. "All right, I'm here, Andy. What's the verdict?"

"Well, the ribs have finished healing entirely; the bone scar looks good. The abdominal muscles could use a bit more toning, but the bruising is resolved. The leg looks good; the muscles a bit on the tight side still, but Ed talked with you about it."

Drew looked right at the camera. "I'd say that, physically, you're good for regular duty around the Island, and light duty elsewhere. Like Ed said, no heavy lifting quite yet, though I doubt I can count on you adhering to that."

"I'll try, Uncle Drew," Dianne said contritely.

"Yeah, sure." Drew did not sound convinced. "However... before you go elsewhere, I want you that plan you were talking about completed and for you to have a relatively clean bill of health from Anna. It's important that you can... uh... drive, and not get into some sort of flashback situation. Do you understand me?"

Dianne nodded slowly. "I do, Uncle Drew."

"Jeff?"

Jeff sat up as if startled. "Yes, Andy?"

"Do you understand me? Can I count on you to rein her in when she's chomping at the bit to go... driving? Can you wait until Anna gives the okay?"

Jeff exchanged a long look with Dianne. She seemed weary, but gave him a little smile. "Okay, Andy. When Anna gives the word, and not before."

Drew smiled. "Good. Now about that little ban..."

"Quit while you're ahead, Andy," Jeff said wryly, making Dianne laugh.