
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 21:52:41 GMT
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From: Tikatu Sent: 9/10/2006 1:53 PM

Thursday, August 2, 2068, 7:30 a.m., Christchurch, New Zealand (Same day and time, Tracy Island)

Dianne rolled over when the phone rang, groaning. She reached out for it, missed, then reached out for it again and snagged the receiver. The vidphone was already set for "voice only" and she mumbled something into the handset. A perky voice on the other end (not a recorded voice, not for the rich woman in the luxury suite) reminded her that she had asked to be awakened at seven-thirty. By the time the wake-up call ended, Dianne was coherent enough to mumble an actual, "Thank you," before hanging up.

She sat up on the side of the bed, stretching. "Why did I decide to do this by myself?" she muttered as she rubbed her face. "I should have brought Cherie or someone along for company. And I shouldn't have waited until after dinner to leave." Sighing, she rose, dug her toiletries bag from her suitcase, and headed for the shower.

By eight-thirty, she was dressed - complete with make up and styled hair -- and enjoying her room-service breakfast, which she'd ordered after her shower. She glanced at her watch, then at her PDA. Her first appointment was at nine-thirty, with the pharmaceutical supplier. Then she would be off to the Christchurch School of Medicine for her interview there. One of the psychologists on her list had deigned to see her in his office over his lunch break; she hadn't liked his attitude on the phone, but thought he still should have a chance. The woman from Wellington's School of Medicine branch was coming to see her at the hotel at four, and she had appointments with two other local psychologists: one in that worthy's office at two, and the other back at the hotel at five-thirty. I wonder if I can get back to the island in time for dinner? she mused. She had decided that, if her search in Christchurch was fruitless, she would then extend it to Auckland and beyond.

She finished her coffee, brushed her teeth, and primed her hair a bit in the mirror. A touch more lipstick, a quick phone call, then she grabbed her suit jacket, purse, and brief case, and was on her way down to the chauffeured car that had been arranged for her convenience.