
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Mon, 30 Jul 2012 00:25:11 GMT
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From: Tikatu Sent: 10/13/2006 12:30 PM

"Hello there."

The familiar voice made Dianne open her eyes just a crack. The corners of her lips tugged upwards in a slight smile.

"Good to see you again," Drew continued. "Wish it were under better circumstances, but with your line of work, disaster is pretty much a given."

"Goo' t' see you too," she whispered drowsily. "Wha's th' verdict?"

"Internal injuries. Bruising, possibly some lacerations. We're going to start anesthesia here and take you straight up to the surgical imaging suite." He spoke to someone out of Dianne's line of vision. "Is the suite ready?" There was an answer that Dianne couldn't hear. It was taking all of her energy just to focus on her uncle. "Who's on for orthopedics? Singh? Willis? Damn. Figures. He'd want to be in on this, wouldn't he? Oh well. Have Singh prep as assistant, and let Dr. Willis know that it's my orders."

She feebly waved a hand in his direction. He glanced down at her, his smile tight, a sure sign to those who knew him that he was worried. "Mah nurses?"

"They're being treated. You worry about yourself right now. Ray? Let's put her under."

A mask was fitted to her face and she breathed as normally as possible. She wasn't even aware when the moment came and she passed from conscious thought to no thought at all.

Drew checked his team. "How are we doing, Ray? Everything looking good?" He looked around. "We've got to do something to keep people from... ah! Juanita, you're a genius."

So it was that a few moments later a gurney rolled out of trauma, accompanied by two security guards. A cardboard box, cut out on two sides, created a screen to veil the face of the person in the gurney as it disappeared into the patient elevator and headed upstairs to surgery.
