

---

Subject: Re: New Beginnings

Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Mon, 30 Jul 2012 02:44:32 GMT

[View Forum Message](#) <> [Reply to Message](#)

---

Vince struggled with the hospital gown, trying to get it to feel like it covered everything in the back. I hate these things. You would think someone would have found a way to improve them over the years, he thought as he tied the strings into a bow to secure it. They probably haven't changed because it's a source of amusement for doctors.

Figuring it was the best he was going to manage, Vince finally walked out from behind the privacy screen. He found Dianne waiting for him.

She patted the scanner. "Up here, please, so we can get started." Vince stifled a sigh, and levered himself up onto the scanner bed.

Dianne began her examination with listening to Vince's chest and checking his vital signs. She reported her findings to Dom, who held a data pad containing Vince's medical records.

"I see it's been a long while since you had a thorough physical," she commented dryly.

"Yeah, my wife has pointed that out to me on occasion, too," Vince replied. He had expected her to comment on that particular point and not be happy about it.

"Well, we're going to do more than examine you today, Vince," Dianne said as she probed his neck with warm, practiced fingers. "Part of the routine is fitting you with a locator chip, so think about where you want it implanted."

Vince nodded, having been told of the locator chip and its purpose by Jeff. "Just put it wherever is the most common place for it," he told her. "You know, those chips wouldn't be bad idea for kids. It would be much easier to keep tabs on them."

"I agree, but we have to wait until the children have grown enough that the chip doesn't shift position or become imbedded somewhere it shouldn't," Dianne explained. She turned to Dom and asked for the data pad. "Let's see how your immunizations are, and if you need any."

"Ah, another one of my favorite parts of a doctor's visit," Vince commented. He couldn't remember which shots he had been given during his years in the service. Basically, if the base doctor had said it was required for his assignment, then he had taken their word for it. He hadn't put in all the time and effort into his training to be kept back by some technicality.

Dianne chuckled as she scanned the list. "Looks like you need a boosters to your tetanus, and your anti-malarial. Since we never quite know where we're going to go, we need to be prepared for anything. Dom, would you prepare the hyposprays for me?"

"Sure, Doc," the nurse said cheerfully. He left the room.

Patting the end of the scanner bed, Dianne had Vince lie down, and covered him with a sheet. "I'm going to start a whole body scan. Just lie still until it's finished. I'll be watching the scan from

over there." She indicated the small station in the corner.

Vince nodded, hoping the scan would go fast. In his head, he thought about the other things that he needed to get done. All of them probably more productive than this, he thought.

Dom came back into the room, carrying a tray, and spoke quietly with the doctor. She nodded, and the nurse put the tray on a rolling stainless steel table. Vince could only see this out of the corner of one eye, as he was heeding Dianne's admonition to lie still.

It seemed like it took forever, but after about 20 minutes, the machine's subtle hum and vibration faded, and Dianne stood. "You can sit up now, Vince. The scan looks good. Everything in the right place and that broken wrist healed nicely." Doctor and nurse met by the scanner bed, and Dom offered a hand to help Vince sit up.

Vince took a hold of the proffered hand and moved to a sitting position, readjusting the hospital gown as he did so. "So does that mean that after you stick me with a few things, I can change back into normal clothes."

"Yup. But first the sticking." She grinned, trying to look malevolent. "I think we'll numb up the site where the locator chip goes first. That requires an actual needle." She pulled a syringe from the tray and gave him a calculating look. "Are you sure you don't have a place in mind? I mean... if I have to go by the most popular of spots, that's going to be the gluteus maximus."

"Hmm, maybe that isn't the best idea," Vince said, hoping his face wasn't showing the embarrassment he was feeling. "Where did you put yours?"

"On the outside of my ankle," she told him. "Listen, the makers suggest that the muscle just below the collarbone is an excellent place. Does that sound feasible?"

"That will work," Vince told her. And a whole lot less embarrassing, he added silently.

"Okay." Dianne used the thin needle to numb up the area where Vince's chip was going to go. Then she pressed one hypospray to his neck, near the carotid artery, and the other on his shoulder, telling him which vaccination was which, and explaining any possible side effects.

"Can you feel this?" she asked as she pinched a bit of skin where she'd numbed the area. When he said no, she tapped her wristwatch. "Infirmary to Thunderbird Five. Come in Five."

Alan's picture showed in the small screen. "What can I do for you, Doctor?"

"Formal today, aren't we, Alan?" Dianne retorted. "I need a check on this locator chip." She ran off the numbers. "Are you receiving it?"

"Receiving it five by five," he replied. "Who is this for? And what is their color?"

"For Vince Crenshaw," she told him, then turned to Vince. "Do you have a uniform color chosen?"

"Sienna," Vince replied, having paid a visit to Tin-Tin the day before.

"Got that, Alan?"

"Got it."

"Ready, Vince?" Dianne looked at her patient as she swabbed the area again with alcohol. "Now, don't faint on me, okay?"

Vince raised an eyebrow as the doctor slipped the sharp, thicker needle into his numbed skin. The procedure was done in a second, then Dom stepped up to pat away a little bit of blood, and apply a bandage.

"Alan? It's in."

"Still reading five by five." Alan said. "It may take a bit on the dot though. Sienna's kind of between orange and brown, right? I don't want it to be too close to either Gordon's or Brains's colors."

"Maybe darken up Brandon's?" Dom suggested. "Seein' as he's no longer with us..."

"Um, excuse me," Vince said, getting both Dianne's and Dom's attention. The doctor and nurse turned to look at him. "I'm sure this talk about shades of color is all very important, but is there any chance I can change back into some normal clothing soon?" He asked, looking toward Dianne.

She chuckled again. "Unless you have questions for me. Otherwise, you can get dressed and go."

"No questions, Doc," Vince said as he carefully maneuvered himself off the bed. Trying not to look to desperate, he walked briskly across the room and the relative safety of the privacy screen, more than eager to shed the gown and get back into his comfortable slacks and polo shirt.

Dianne lifted her arm once again. "Alan, I think we're done here."

"F-A-B," Alan replied. "Thunderbird Five out."

Dom and Dianne set about cleaning things up.

Vince's Physcial by Tikatu and icarus1982