

---

Subject: Re: New Beginnings

Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Mon, 30 Jul 2012 16:35:33 GMT

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

---

Wednesday, January 16, 2069, 11:55 a.m., Christchurch, New Zealand

Dianne maneuvered the sports car she had picked up from the family garage at the airport into a parking space. Normally, she would have driven something less ostentatious, but in this case, she wanted to declare her more recent status as Jeff Tracy's wife. Still, she was excited knowing she was not just picking up the family's latest pharmaceutical order, but seeing someone she had not seen in a long, long time.

There were people waiting in the reception area of the salesroom floor, but as soon as she appeared the receptionist touched two buttons on her phone and murmured, "Ms. Addams, Dr. Tracy is here." Then she smiled at Dianne and said, "Ms. Addams will be here momentarily. Would you like your order delivered now?"

Dianne returned the smile. "I think I'll wait until I return from lunch with Ms. Addams."

The door behind the receptionist opened and Sally Addams came through, a broad smile on her face. Dianne could see very little change in her old friend. The platinum blond hair was still as straight as ever, though there was the hint of a recent trim and layering. Sally's clothes were still as up to date as her budget would allow. The only thing Dianne truly noticed were the laugh lines on her friend's face. They were deeper, indicating that Sally laughed much and laughed often.

"It's good to see you again, Dr. Tracy," said Sally, using Dianne's formal title as she was considered a representative of the company while on company time. "I only have an hour for lunch so we should move quickly."

Dianne nodded, and the two women left the building. Once outside, they both squealed and embraced. Sally held Dianne at arms' length and looked her up and down.

"Oh, God, you're looking good, Di," she said, grinning. "Life must be agreeing with you."

"You're no slouch either, Sal," Dianne replied. "You look fabulous!"

They walked out to the car together, but Sally stopped when she saw the make and model. "Driving yourself? No limo?"

"Oh, God, no!" Dianne shook her head as she unlocked the doors. "My husband is of the opinion that the fewer people know of our comings and goings, the better. And nothing screams, 'Here I am, look at me!' more than a limo." She slid into the driver's seat, and Sally took the passenger's side. "Still, sometimes I like to flaunt it," she explained as she started the car. "Not often, but it beats driving a van."

"I can see your point... and Jeff's," Sally said as they pulled out of the parking lot. "And if you've got it, why not flaunt it?"

"Exactly!"

They talked almost incessantly on their way to the restaurant where Dianne had a luncheon reservation. The maître d' guided them back to the most secluded of alcoves, and the sommelier approached, offering the wine menu. The women exchanged glances, and regretfully declined.

"I have to fly back this afternoon," Dianne told her friend.

"And it would look bad for me to come back to work with alcohol on my breath," Sally explained. She leaned over and gave Dianne a conspiratorial look. "But we will indulge in dessert!"

"Yes, we will!" Dianne said, grinning.

They spent a little time figuring out what they wanted to eat. Sally chose a crab and lobster meat salad. "Need to keep my girlish figure somehow."

Dianne chose grilled scallop and shrimp kabobs. "Not that we don't get seafood at home, but I just love scallops."

As they settled down to eat, Dianne asked, "So, how do you like New Zealand so far?"

"I haven't gotten out to see much of it," Sally explained. "But so far so good... though the lingo and the accent will take some getting used to."

"Oh, don't I know it," Dianne said. "I still have trouble figuring out what to buy on the rare occasions that I grocery shop. Clothes shopping is another animal entirely."

"Oh!" Sally gave her a wink. "You mean, you don't have an assistant to shop for you?"

Dianne shook her head and rolled her eyes. "There is no way on God's good earth that I am going to let someone else choose my clothes."

"I can see you've learned a little bit about fashion," Sally teased, waving her fork at her friend. "I never thought you'd ever wear anything but jeans and scrubs."

Dianne swallowed a mouthful of her scallops. "I still wear jeans and scrubs," she said. "But I've had a few good... guides to the world of fashion." She took a sip of her soft drink. "Are you enjoying your job?"

"Absolutely!" Sally nodded firmly. "I have a great group of coworkers. I also have great classmates; I've had to take some refresher courses on drug names because of the differences between the US and New Zealand."

They sat quietly eating for a time, then Sally said, "I saw on the news that you were a speaker at the Memorial service."

Her friend nodded. "I think I have some closure now, especially since La Fontaine was convicted."

They continued to chat until it was clear that Sally needed to return to work. However, they made sure there was time for dessert.

---