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Subject: Re: New Beginnings

Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Tue, 31 Jul 2012 03:37:17 GMT

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"Come on, honey."

Drew was sitting under the shady arbor, reading a book, when Maggie came up and snatched the book from his hands.

"Hey! I was reading that!"

"I know, but we have to set up the infirmary." Maggie tucked the book firmly under one arm and extended her hands to her husband. He frowned, but took her hands, and allowed her to pull him to his feet.

As he followed her inside, he asked, "What's going on? Who's the patient?"

Maggie shot him a look, her face showing that she was both troubled and exasperated. "Alex. John says he's fallen off a cliff..."

"What!?" Drew's eyes widened. "Where? When?"

"I'm not sure where, just that it's at the north end of the island." As Maggie stepped into the sick room, the lights switched on. "When? It seems Luke just called in a few minutes ago. The boys are preparing the family helijet. Luke is going down to the ledge..."

"Luke is doing what?" Drew's training had kicked in, and he was already pulling out the equipment he thought he'd need. He paused, frowning. "He's supposed to be on light duty."

"Right, but from what I've heard, Alex is on a narrow ledge and unconscious. If he wakes, he'll be disoriented and could roll off..." She let her voice trail off, letting the implications of her words sink in.

Her husband drew in a deep breath and let it out in a huff. "Okay. I get the picture. As long as Luke doesn't try anything stupid, like hauling Alex up himself, he'll probably be okay. But I'll insist on looking him over, too."

Maggie shook her head and rolled her eyes. "I'm sure Luke will be fine. It's Alex we need to worry about right now."

They worked in silence for a bit, Maggie making sure the sick beds were clean and their linen was fresh, Drew stepping into the scanner room and preparing it for both scanning and possible surgery. He stopped long enough to pop his head into the sick room and ask, "Has anyone told Dianne and Jeff yet?"

Maggie scowled at him. "Not that I know of. And it's better that they hear about this once Alex is rescued and treated. They don't need this kind of worry while they're on vacation. You hear me, Andrew Barclay Carmichael?"

It was time for Andrew to shake his head. "I hear you, Margaret Jean."

There was a moment of silence, then Maggie said softly, "I'm sorry, Drew. I'm just worried. Seems even Dianne's little ones can't catch a break."

Drew came over and put his arms around his wife from behind. "I'm worried, too, but we don't have the luxury of being great-aunt and uncle right now. Doctor and nurse until he's treated." He rested his chin on her head and said, "You might want to reconsider your words, too. Alex may very well have 'caught a break'."

Though Drew couldn't see her face, he could tell when she caught the double-entendre of her own words by the way her shoulders relaxed. "Oh, Drew. You know I didn't mean it that way."

He chuckled. "Yes, I do. Just wanted to see if you were listening to yourself."

"You know I never do that. It's what gets me in the most trouble!" She turned around and gave him a kiss. "Now, let's get this place ready."

"Yes'm!" Drew gave her a mock salute, and went back to the surgery.

Maggie watched him go, and shook her head, muttering, "From my mouth to God's ears. I'd better see what kind of cast cover they have around here."