

---

Subject: Re: Regaining Momentum

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 00:08:18 GMT

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

---

Wednesday September 19th 2068, 4.30pm, Tracy Island.

Jeff opened his email for what he felt like was the hundredth time that day. There were communiqués from several departments across his extensive business, and he got to work reading them right away, taking down notes on a data padd at his wrist. The list got shorter and shorter, until only one was left: it was from the security department that handled the background checks on anyone he asked. I wonder who exactly this is about. I have several people being checked at the moment.

He clicked on the link, and found that it was about the new dentist his family were registered with. That's good. It came back clean. I'll have to send off an email to confirm we will be staying with them...so long as there was an address supplied. I know there was a phone number... Jeff went to locate the letter, smiled when he saw the email address, and began to type.

xxxx

Izarra Soto Fernandez had finished with her patients for the day. Two of her other dentists were still working -- one with a particularly frightened young teenager, who really didn't want to be there. I'll have to look into getting these walls better soundproofing. I hate having jittery patients. Izarra swung around on her swivel chair and reached for her computer mouse. She was sitting in her spacious, modern office, with its curved edges and calming colour scheme. The previous owner had taste, she had observed when she visited the practice to view it before she put her money down on it. Now, it was all hers: a modern practice with an established clientele, and years to go to retirement.

Izarra had taken her work with her across three continents: Europe, where she had studied for her dentistry qualifications in Madrid, South America in her native Dominican Republic, and now Oceania, with her new Christchurch practice. She called up her email, and began working through the long list of unread mail. It's good to see that people are staying with us, she thought. I have been led to believe that Edmund McCann was a respected man; hopefully they will come to think the same of me -- except a respected woman, obviously. Izarra chuckled to herself, and opened the next email. Oh, I am pleased at that. The practice's most famous patient, Jeff Tracy of Tracy Industries fame, was remaining with them. That means eleven patients remain with us, she thought. Hopefully. I suppose many of his children are now grown and able to make their own choices...

Izarra finished reading her emails, and walked through to the reception area, her five inch heels clicking loudly. Such footwear, she realized, was not the best for working, and could project a negative image. I certainly do not want that. However, I would at least like to be able to see my patients eye-to-navel... Standing at a mere four foot nine, height had always been an issue with the slim, middle-aged woman. She made sure to wear long trousers to cover the height of the heels.

"Hey Ms Fernandez."

"Hello, Elizabeth."

Izarra smiled at the perky young woman manning the reception desk. Elizabeth was twenty years of age, wore her long blonde hair in low pigtails, and seemed to be forever chewing gum. Izarra shook her head.

"What have I told you about the gum? Spit it out."

"But there's no one here," Elizabeth whined.

Izarra gave her a stern look, and the blonde deposited her gum in the nearest waste bin.

"That's much better. Now, have you got everything up to date? Because I don't want to have Mandy cleaning up your mistakes again tomorrow. The woman is seven months pregnant and doesn't need the extra pressure on top of her work. Saying that I offered to let her take extra leave -- not all paid, obviously -- but she refused. In any case, you should be doing your job correctly, which I know you can do. You just need to concentrate and stop chewing -- have you put another piece of gum into your mouth?"

Elizabeth clamped her lips tightly together, and disappeared for a moment under the desk.

"Not any more..." she said sheepishly.

"Oh, Elizabeth, what am I going to do with you?" Izarra shook her head at the young woman, before sighing. "I want no more of this gum nonsense. You're on your last warning before I make it official on your record. Understood?"

"Yes, Ms Fernandez."

"Now, finish up, and you can clock out on time."

"Okay, no problem."

Izarra shook her head and turned to walk back to her office. That girl... I've only been here for three weeks and she's already had five 'unofficial' warnings. Enough is enough. She sat down at the computer once again, but her eyes strayed to the picture of her husband, framed and sitting beside the monitor. Oh Sébastien, she thought. I wish you were still here with me. Well, I suppose I wish that we were both together in Madrid once more, rather than here. I would go anywhere to be with you again. She smiled sadly at the photo, before turning back to her monitor to finish up her work for the day.

Posted by ArtisticRainey on September 1, 2007

---