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Subject: Re: Regaining Momentum

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 00:15:02 GMT

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Saturday, September 22, 2068; aboard Thunderbird Five; 2:45 a.m. Tracy Island Time

Callie was sleeping soundly in her quarters after a fairly boring day of flagging calls, none of them requiring International Rescue's assistance. She was anticipating watching her college football team face a tough rival the next day.

As her sleep fell deeper, she started hearing an odd laughter. "Mmm...what the--?" As the laughter became louder and more wicked, she started tossing and turning violently.

Suddenly, a low male voice could be heard. "So, my dear, we meet again."

"Huh!?" She awakened and saw a bald-headed man looking down at her. "What the hell!?" she gasped as she jumped out of her bed. "No...no, you can't be here! There's no way you can be up here!"

With an evil smile on his face and an eerie yellow glow in his eyes, the Hood chuckled. "You are quite mistaken. I know how to get around...even somewhere this far from Earth."

She grabbed her hard-cover book and threw it at him. "Get out of here, you jerk! I don't know how you got on the station, but I'm sure gonna get you outta here one way or another!"

As the book went right through him, he laughed harder. "Do you honestly believe you can stop me? I will get the secrets of International Rescue from you!"

"If you can do that, then I'm Bear Bryant!" Running to the closet to get the broom, she started swinging wildly. "Either get out of here or take a headache!"

Little did she know her constant movements in bed activated the alarms on the monitor bubbles.

Tracy Island; 2:50 a.m.

Nikki, the official medic on duty, was asleep in her quarters when she suddenly heard an alarm. Waking fast, she said, "An emergency call now?" She realized the alarm sounded different than the regular emergency klaxon. "It must be Thunderbird Five. Brains tested this out last week to make sure the special alert was working properly."

Grabbing her robe, she quickly ran to the monorail and rode it to the Villa. From there, she sprinted to the sick room and checked readings from the monitor bubbles. "Oh, my. Callie's blood pressure and heart rate are far too high."

When she turned on the cameras, she saw Callie moving all over her bed. "She must be having a nightmare. I hope I can get through to her somehow. If not, I may need Dr. Tracy."

Callie continued swinging away at the Hood in desperation. "Go away, you monster! You won't get

anything from me!"

"Callie, listen to me, it's Nikki. Wake up! You're having a nightmare! You've got to snap out of it!"

When she heard Nikki's voice over the loudspeakers, Callie became more confused. "Stop! Go away! Leave me alone!" she cried, swinging her arms wildly and nearly rolling off her narrow bunk.

"I can't get through to her. I have no choice." Nikki spoke into her communicator. "Doc?"

In the master bedroom, Dianne heard her wristcomm beeping. Turning it on, she noticed Nikki in the sick room. Still half-asleep, she slowly said, "Nikki?"

"I apologize for waking you up, Doc, but it's Callie. She's having a nightmare and won't respond to my calls."

Dianne slowly sat up and rubbed her hand through her hair. "Okay, keep trying," she said with a half-yawn. "I'll be there as soon as I can."

Jeff rolled over and blearily blinked his eyes. "Honey? Wha's wrong?"

"Callie's having a nightmare again. I'm going to give Nikki a hand in trying to get her to wake up. You just go back to sleep."

"S'okay, luf," he muttered. He rolled over, and Dianne gave him a quick kiss just before he went back to sleep.

She put on her robe and hurried down to the sick room. Sitting next to Nikki, she tried to get through to Callie. "Callie, it's Dianne. I need you to wake up, okay? You're having a bad dream, that's all."

Still struggling in her fight, she heard Dianne's voice. "Doc? Where are you?"

"She cannot help you now," said the Hood angrily. "Your secrets will be mine!"

Callie slowly realized how unreal this whole event was. "Wait a minute. You couldn't get up here without serious astronaut training, you creep! Now get out of here before I really get mad, and you wouldn't like me at that point!"

In an explosion of light, the Hood literally vanished.

With a sudden gasp, she awakened to reality. "What...what happened to me?"

"Callie?" said Dianne. "Can you hear me?"

She looked around her room and realized there was nothing out of place. "Doc? Is that you?"

"Yes, it's me. Are you all right?"

"I am now. Wow, what a nightmare." Callie rubbed her head. "I thought they were going away."

Nikki spoke, "Your vital signs were going crazy at one point."

"Oh, man, I'm sorry for waking the two of you like that."

"It's okay," said Dianne. "Listen, I'm going to put in a call to Anna later this morning and tell her about what happened. She may want to talk to you, too, but I'll let her be the judge of that."

"I thought the anti-depressants were working," Callie said.

"Hm." Dianne thought for a moment. "Callie, when was the last time you had a nightmare like this?"

It was Callie's turn to think. "I guess... I guess this is the first real nightmare I've had in almost two months."

"Then the drugs are working, to an extent. We may just have to tweak them a little."

With a sigh, Callie said, "Am I ever going to recover from this?"

"Sure you will. It's just going to take a little longer than we expected. Will you be all right now?"

Callie nodded. "Yeah, I think so. I guess I'll be talking with Anna sometime in the next couple of days?"

"Very likely. It could be as soon as tomorrow, so I want you to be prepared for that call."

"F-A-B. I just hope we don't get an emergency call at the same time."

Dianne smiled. "So do I. Now try to get some shut-eye."

"Right...and thanks, Doc. You, too, Nikki."

"Glad to be of help," said Nikki. "Take it easy up there."

"F-A-B." It took Callie a few minutes to finally fall asleep again, but she managed to do so.

Nikki put the monitor on stand-by again, then stood, stretched and yawned.

"Brains had a good idea when he installed the system in our individual rooms," she said. "At least I could tell it wasn't the regular emergency call."

Dianne rubbed her eyes and nodded. "I agree. Nice job in responding, Nikki. I'll see you in the morning."

"Right."

The two women parted ways and soon returned to sleep.

--disturbed sleep by TracyFan4Ever on September 5, 2007

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