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Subject: Re: Learning The Ropes

Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 21:55:59 GMT

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Monday, March 5th, 2068, 6:45 p.m., Mt. Sinai Hospital, NYC

Jeff was getting antsy. It had been two hours; two long hours since Dianne had touched down in New York. He had seen her briefly when he called Scott about Brains's dilemma and sent him off to pick up Lena Matumbo in one of the corporate jets. She had assured him that she was fine and that she would be out to see him as soon as possible. He had been offered dinner by the staff and had declined, expecting his wife to bring him something tantalizing from Kyrano's kitchen. But more important was the lady herself. He had missed her terribly, even with his mother and children to keep him company.

He started at a timid knocking on the door. That's not Dianne; she doesn't knock here. Just breezes in as if she owns the place. He called out, "Come in."

A pudgy blonde with a hesitant smile peeked around the door. Obviously satisfied with what she saw, she pushed the door open further and entered, followed by a dark young man carrying a briefcase. She held out her hand as she approached.

"Mr. Tracy, I'm told you might not remember me, but we've met before. I'm Charmaine Sellars, and this is Dalmar Freeman, of Burton, Bauer, Beers, and Simmons." Jeff shook her hand briefly.

The young man held out his hand, too. "Nice to meet you, Mr. Tracy." Jeff took it and was impressed by the firm grip

"I'm sorry it's taken me so long to get to you, Mr. Tracy. You would not believe the hoops I had to jump through to gain access to your floor," Charmaine told him. She began pulling papers out of her own briefcase.

"I'm sorry, but if you're reporters, I have no comments to make at all on my accident," Jeff responded, slightly confused.

Charmaine looked at him with widened eyes. "Oh, no, Mr. Tracy! We're not reporters! I'm your realtor!"

"My... realtor?"

"Well, yes! I'm the realtor who was brokering the deal between you and the Taylors for that little cottage up in New Hampshire. The one you went to visit when you had your... accident." Charmaine's voice trailed off as she saw the blank look on Jeff's face.

"I was going to buy a cottage in New Hampshire?" he asked tentatively.

"Actually, you did purchase it. I got the upload of your purchase agreement that afternoon. Mr. Freeman and I are here to complete the transaction. The Taylors are going out of the country next week and would like things all settled before they go." She pulled out some pictures of the

cottage, inside and outside.

Jeff frowned as he looked at them, then recognition flitted across his face. He paled as suddenly the memories came pouring in. The ride to Black Mountain in the helijet. The drive up to the cottage with Elise. Her enthusiasm as they explored the place. The drive back down. Sitting in the back of the helijet signing the papers. The storm coming up, fast and furious. Elise's desperate attempts to keep them in the air. Her sharp shout as he got up to try and help her. The sensation of falling and his last thoughts before all became dark.

He drew in a sharp breath, and Charmaine gazed at him, alarmed. "Mr. Tracy? Are you all right?"

"We can do this some other time, Mr. Tracy, if now is inconvenient," Delmar added, concern in his voice.

Jeff swallowed and took a deep breath, shaking his head as he tried to regain his composure. He sat up straighter, and took another deep breath. His face regained some color and he said, "No, let's do this now."

"Are you sure, Mr. Tracy?" Delmar asked.

Jeff nodded. "Yes. I'm sure. It was just a bit of a shock, that's all. I'll be fine." Delmar and Charmaine looked at each other, then Delmar pulled a laptop computer out of his briefcase, while Charmaine extracted an electronic notepad from hers. Setting up the computer, Delmar began to upload various legal papers to the notepad for Jeff to sign.

Post by Tikatu on 25/08/2004

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