
Subject: Re: Growing as a Team
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 17:32:05 GMT
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Tuesday March 13, 2068. 7:50 a.m., Tracy Island

The steady rhythm of footsteps quickened as Dominic received the call from Dianne. He headed towards the sick room, and when he entered, he said nothing about the apparent tension, and the slight awkwardness between the husband and wife. It's nothin' to do with me, he thought. He was professional as Dr Tracy told him what he was needed for, and he saw Dianne give Mr Tracy a small smile before she retreated from the sick room.

Sensing Mr Tracy's discomfort, and having dealt with it so many times before -- although not recently, considering he had been working as a surgical nurse -- he quickly set about his work.

The shower passed with discomfort on Mr Tracy's side, and Dominic worked as quickly as he could, helping as he was needed. Eventually, Mr Tracy was settled back in bed, and Dominic gave his hands another wash with the antibacterial/antiviral gel.

"Can I get you anything else, Mr Tracy?" he asked.

Jeff thought for a moment, before shaking his head slowly.

"No thank you, Dominic," he said. "Thank you for your help."

"It's all in the job description. If there's nothing else you need, I'll page Dr Tracy and then be on my way. Call me if you need anything else."

Jeff nodded, and Dominic contacted Dianne through her wrist telecomm. The two men were silent during the time it took Dianne to arrive, and Dominic stood by the door, his senses alert for any change in Jeff's condition. I wish there was something more I could do, but what would there be? I barely know the man. I can just do my job. That's what I'm here for, after all.

Dianne arrived, and Dominic gave both husband and wife brief nods, before turning and leaving, hoping that whatever was going on between the two would be resolved.

Post by ArtisticRainey on 20/09/2004