

Tuesday, March 13, 2068, 8:30 a.m., the sick room

Dianne came close to the bed where Jeff reclined. He reached out his good hand to her and she took it.

"I'm sorry, dear heart," he said softly.

"I understand. And I forgive you, love." She squeezed his hand and smiled a bit. "Are you up to eating in the dining room? Or would you rather have breakfast here?"

Jeff's eyes widened, and he smiled widely. "The dining room?"

"Yes, the dining room," Dianne affirmed. "It's time you joined the rest of the waking world."

"Oh, by all means!" he exclaimed, grinning. Dianne activated his wheelchair and brought it around, helping him into it.

"Too bad Tyler's not here," Jeff commented. "I know he'd love to push me down to breakfast."

Dianne gave him a wink and said, "That could be arranged. Tyler? You can come in now."

Tyler, who had been cooling his heels outside the sick room while his mother and father settled things between them, now burst into the room.

"Good morning, Dad!" Tyler cried, giving Jeff a hug. "Can I push your wheelchair now? Mom said I could if you were going to eat in the dining room."

"Yes, son, you can push me down to the dining room," Jeff said with a laugh, reaching out with his good arm to gather his son in for a squeeze, then letting his fingers tickle the boy in the ribs. Tyler folded up on that side, laughing.

"No tickles! Don't tickle!" he shouted through his laughter. Jeff stopped, chuckling. Dianne looked on, smiling.

"Okay, boys," she told them, garnering an amused look from Jeff. "Let's get to breakfast before it's gone. Oh, and Jeff? Be prepared for blueberry pancakes. We missed Alan's birthday yesterday with the dateline and all and so Kyrano and our mothers are making all of Alan's favorite foods today."

"Sounds good to me," Jeff said amiably. He gazed up at her as Tyler began to manfully push him out of the sick room. "Did we get him a gift?"

"Yes, we did. I hope he likes it. It will give him some time away from the island," she informed him. "I'd tell you what it is, but little pitchers have big ears... and big mouths!"

"Hey!" Tyler protested. Jeff and Dianne laughed, and Jeff took Dianne's hand in his as they turned the corner and saw the brightly lit dining room at the end of the corridor.

Post by Tikatu on 21/09/2004

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