
Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 20:42:24 GMT

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*****Thursday, November 1, 2068, around 5:30 p.m., Tracy Island*****

Callie entered her apartment after working the afternoon in the lab. Her day didn't start well, due to the condition she found herself in when she awoke.

*****Flashback to 8 a.m.*****

After a very long night, she awakened to the sunlight in her face, a very thirsty feeling, slight nausea, and a pounding headache. "Oh, God, my head..." She found herself on the couch instead of in her bed. Also, she noticed she was still in most of her costume, except for her jacket, which lay on the floor.

When she stood up, she felt her head hurting even worse than before. "Damn it...why did I drink so much last night?"

Before she could think, she heard the buzz of her door. "Oh, um, just a minute!" She stumbled to her door and pressed her intercom button. "Who-who is it?"

"It's Nikki."

"Uh, um, hold on!" She quickly pressed the button and let the door open. "Uh... hi."

The nurse noticed how she was dressed. "Callie, you're still in your--"

"Yes, I know. I fell asleep on the couch last night." She held her head. "I still don't feel good."

Nikki escorted her back to her couch. "Easy. You definitely have the signs of the classic hangover."

Nodding slowly, Callie curled herself up onto the couch. "I drank too much of that spiked punch."

"Oh, dear, I guess the alcohol got to you, didn't it?"

"Yeah, but it sure tasted good." With a sigh, Callie added, "I don't know if I'm going to be able to do any type of work today with this blasted hangover."

Nikki shook her head. "You're probably not going to be space-worthy, since you're practically still buzzed."

"I swear I will never drink again, not after last night's fiasco."

"Why don't you go see Doctor Tracy? Maybe she's got something to help your symptoms."

"I just hope I won't look too bad."

Nikki rolled her eyes. "It would help if you'd get out of your costume first."

"Yeah, I really don't want to go to the lab looking like a pirate, since Halloween is officially over."

After Nikki left, Callie changed out of her costume and into a comfortable pair of khaki slacks and light-blue shirt.

With barely an appetite and after consuming only a cup of coffee and some dry toast, she took the walk to the sick bay.

*****1:15 p.m.*****

After Dianne gave her some medicine to counteract the hangover, Callie went back to her apartment and got some more sleep. Feeling better following a light lunch, she made her way to the lab, as Jeff was walking out. "Oh, hello, sir."

Jeff said, "Ah, Callie. How are you feeling?"

"Much better thanks to Doc's medicine." She sighed. "I got distracted by the guys' cat calls, so I didn't know that sign for the spiked punch was real and not a prop. As a result of my getting drunk, I couldn't go with John to Five this morning. I'm sorry, sir."

Jeff smiled lightly. "I would give you a dressing down, but since you weren't the only person who had too much to drink last night, I'll let it go this time. Besides, you probably learned your lesson in a hurry."

"Oh, did I ever," she said with her face blushing. "I will avoid drinking when it's so close to changeover day from now on."

"Good. I assume you've never been drunk like this before?"

"No, sir."

With a chuckle, Jeff said, "Well, it was very good punch. So, what are you planning to do this afternoon?"

"I've been trying to work on various chemical compositions, especially trying to counteract that fuel from three months ago in that Malaysian plane crash. I still haven't had any luck yet, but I'll keep at it."

"Very well. I'd better get back to my desk, so I'll let you get to finding that counteragent." He left for the lounge while she walked into the lab.

*****4:30 p.m.*****

Callie worked straight through the afternoon, the brunt of her headache practically gone at this point. However, something else started bothering her to the point where she overpoured just a

little dicetylene into her beaker. "Ugh!" she said as she quickly grabbed some wipes to clean up the mess. "Damn," she whispered.

Brains and Tin-Tin noticed what happened. "Are you all right?" Tin-Tin asked.

"Yeah, I'm fine. I just lost my concentration. I'll be more careful."

With a sigh, Brains said, "Listen, you've done a lot with us today, but something tells me you need a little more time to recover. How about you go home early, and we'll see you tomorrow?"

Callie blushed. "Okay. Maybe you're right." She sighed.

Tin-Tin said, "Don't worry, Callie. Get some rest, and I'm sure you'll be able to put in a full day tomorrow."

"Thanks. I'll see you guys tomorrow." Callie removed her lab coat and hung it back in the closet. Afterward, she left the lab and headed back to her apartment.

*****Present time*****

After cooking herself an easy meal of mac and cheese, she sat down and started eating it, but with a forkful halfway in her mouth, she suddenly remembered the entire incident with Luke from the night before. When she recalled what she had done with Luke, she became more embarrassed. "I can't believe I was insane enough to...try to hit on Luke! I lost my inhibitions because of the punch! What am I gonna do now? I can't face him..." She lost her appetite and placed her dinner into the refrigerator. Slowly sitting on the sofa, she still thought about the nearly steamy encounter with Luke. "I've got to do something. I need to apologize to him as soon as possible. I just need to find him, that's all."

Curling up, she began thinking on how she could tell him she was sorry for her actions.
