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Subject: Re: Learning The Ropes

Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Sun, 22 Jul 2012 04:07:17 GMT

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Thursday, March 1, 2068, 11:45 p.m. Mt. Sinai Hospital, NYC

Jeff stood in a large room, paneled in knotty pine with hardwood floors and a huge fieldstone fireplace. There was a fire on the hearth and it made the paneling glow with a golden warmth. There was no furniture in the huge room and the ceiling stretched far above Jeff's head. He turned slowly around the room, gazing at it carefully. It felt familiar, yet was not.

As he turned, he found himself staring at floor-to-ceiling windows that stretched up in an A-frame shape. Outside, the stars twinkled in the night sky.

Stars shining right above you  
Night-breezes seem to whisper: I love you.

He could hear Dianne's voice singing sweetly.

"Dianne? Where are you?" he called. He glimpsed a shape outside on the deck and opened the doors to approach the person who was standing there, leaning on the rails.

"Elise? Elise Collins?" he asked. She turned to him and smiled.

"Your wife will adore this place!" she said enthusiastically. "It's gorgeous!"

The night breezes seemed to blow a little harder, feel a little colder to Jeff. The stars began to be obscured by clouds, and flakes of snow began to fall. Jeff shivered.

Stars fading but I linger on dear  
Still craving your kiss

"Dianne? Where are you? I hear you singing!" Jeff kept looking around for his wife. The snow began to get thicker, swirling around him and Elise. The winds began to howl.

Without warning, they were in a helijet. Elise, white-faced and tight-lipped, was struggling with the controls.

"I've never seen a storm like this before Mr. Tracy; I'm doing the best... Ohmigod!"

As if in slow motion, Jeff got up from his seat, trying to reach the co-pilot's chair that remained so tantalizing out of reach.

I've got to get to the controls! he thought as he thrust his body forward. But instead of reaching his goal, he felt himself falling into an ever-swirling darkness, his body going cold, colder. Yet even in the fading light, he could hear the sweet, soft voice of his wife singing to him.

Sweet dreams till sunbeams find you  
Sweet dreams that leave all worries behind you

But in your dreams whatever they be  
Dream a little dream of me.

"Dianne!" Jeff cried as he woke, drenched with sweat. An alarm went off as his heart rate increased, and a nurse came hurrying in.

"Mr. Tracy! What's wrong!" she called, turning on the light.

Jeff blinked several times, his eyes finally focusing on the face of the nurse who hovered over him. Another nurse came in and the first one said, "Get the doctor."

"N-No. No. It was just a dream. A nightmare. I'll be fine. Doctor's not necessary," he gasped. The nurse made notes on the heart rate's increase and watched as it began to slow back down into a more normal pattern.

"Let's let the doctor be the judge of that, Mr. Tracy," the nurse said firmly. The doctor came hurrying in, his med scanner at the ready. He consulted briefly with the nurses, and then approached Jeff.

"So, I hear you've had a nightmare. Must have been a doozy to cause such a physical reaction. Why don't you tell me about it?" he asked, all the while checking Jeff's vitals and making sure his dressings and splints were still in place.

Haltingly, Jeff began to relate his dream to the doctor. Somehow, he thought it was important to do so. When he was finished, the doctor smiled.

"That wasn't a nightmare, Mr. Tracy, though it might have felt like one."

"Then what was it, Doctor?" Jeff asked peevishly.

"It was... a memory."

Post by Tikatu on 23/07/2004

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