
Subject: Re: Learning The Ropes
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Sun, 22 Jul 2012 04:09:08 GMT
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Friday, March 2, 2068, 9:55 a.m., Mt. Sinai Hospital, NYC

The entire family, sans Virgil, stood around in the VIP lounge waiting for Jeff to be returned to the ICU from the foot surgery. They had been told it would take two hours, and Alan was constantly checking his watch, tapping his foot.

"They should be done any minute," he kept muttering.

"Alan!" Emily's sharp voice cut through the air.

"Yes, Grandma?"

"Stop fidgeting and looking at your watch. They'll be done when they're done."

Gordon, on watch in the hall, came back to the lounge. "He's coming back!"

The family members who were sitting now rose. Dianne hurried into the hall and down to Jeff's room, beating the hospital bed by mere seconds. The nurses smiled at her as they settled Jeff back into his monitors. "He won't be here much longer, Dr. Tracy," one of them said. "Just until they have that private room ready."

Dianne smiled, a wide, genuine smile. The surgeon came in, his data pad in hand. He came around to see both Jeff and Dianne. "Let me tell you what we did, Mr. Tracy. We fused several bones in your foot and had to do some reconstruction near the ankle. We also set the long bones in your leg and injected them with growth stimulator, as we have done with all of your bones. As soon as the security floor is ready for you, we'll move you to a regular room where your family can visit for as long as you can stand it."

"Thank you for the update, Doctor," Jeff said wearily. "Dianne, can you tell the family?"

"Of course, dearest," Dianne replied. "I'll send the older boys back two at a time. They have to leave and would like to say goodbye."

"That will be fine. Mr. Tracy, I'll be back when it's time to move you to a new room." The doctor walked out with Dianne. "Something you should know, Dr. Tracy. The doctor on call last night said that your husband had a nightmare that included elements of the helijet accident. He may be on the verge of remembering the incident."

"That's wonderful!" Dianne said excitedly. "May I ask him about it?"

"Yes. The more he recounts the dream, the more it might unlock the memories of the incident." He smiled. "Your husband has come a long way from when he came in last weekend. He's a real fighter."

"Yes, he is," she said softly as she reached the door to the lounge, where the rest of the family waited eagerly for her news.

Post by Tikatu on 23/07/2004
