



## Story of dr Farsight

or

## *Florence Nightingale? Amateur.*

|                         |  |
|-------------------------|--|
| <b>Mission title:</b>   | <i>Story of dr. Farsight or Florence Nightingale? Amateur.</i>         |
| <b>Mission log:</b>     | 1-05   |
| <b>Mission Johnson:</b> |  |
| <b>Mission reward:</b>  |  |
| <b>Participants:</b>    | Dr. Farsight, Jinx ( <i>comatose</i> ), Cogwhistle ( <i>comatose</i> ) |

### **Table of Contents**

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 1-05: The meat is lacking, but the spirit may be willing..... | 1 |
| 1-05: We're here .....  | 1 |



## **1-05: The meat is lacking, but the spirit may be willing...**

It was late at night – getting so late that one could argue that it was getting to be early morning. The lightly acidic Seattle drizzle drummed weakly against the armored plastic window. The window sill was bleached and somewhat blotchy from the constant, slightly acidic rains. It would still stop a high caliber bullet, though.

Dr. Farsight hung another IV drip with massive doses of broad spectrum antibiotics with tired precision. The still form of the young woman on a pallet didn't stir or shift. Her superficial, fast breathing was at least regular, if worrying. The cooling apparatus he'd juryrigged out of an old garden hose and some other assorted tubing to keep her high fever at bay had a slight sheen of condensation on it, drip-dripping a gentle line of moisture to the sink.

He glanced over at the other prone form in the apartment, this one a stocky dwarf. The dwarf made do with only a broad spectrum IV drip. His fever, though high, wasn't critical. For some reason, though, the dwarf just didn't regain consciousness. There wasn't a medical explanation for that that Dr. Farsight knew of. With a sigh, dr. Farsight rubbed his eyes, and grabbed yet another cup of coffee from the percolator burbling in the corner. The caffeine wasn't doing him any good, and he knew his digestion currently hated him, but the hot beverage was exactly what the doctor ordered.

With a weak chuckle and a shake of his head at his own tired joke, he sipped the coffee and grimaced. At least it woke him up. His magical metabolism wouldn't like any of the stimulants that were lined up in his "crash cart" – his doctor's bag standing open and ready closeby, in case of any code blues. He was still hoping it wouldn't get to that. His patients were still hanging on – barely, in the case of Jinx. Cogwhistle seemed to have an edge so far, probably through his dwarven resilience. Dr. Farsight just hoped the dwarf would continue to tough it out.

The visual inspection didn't tell him anything that the medical sensors constantly relaying the comatose pair's vitals to his screen wall hadn't already. Dr. Farsight knelt in front of his screen wall, very carefully picked up his bow, and started doingnock-and-pull exercises again. His eyes were closed, his body very carefully tensing and relaxing. He didn't dare sit down in a chair. He'd likely fall asleep, considering that he'd been up for more than 30 hours. Right now, light exercise kept him from drifting off. The medical software would alert him if anything dramatic happened.

Dr. Farsight didn't notice the slight flutter on the EEG of both his patients. The brain activity was slight, but both Jinx and Cogwhistle were deep in a faint theta rhythm. Though apparently comatose, they were both dreaming...

## **1-05: We're here**

Jinx' eyes snapped open. With a jerky move, she sat up, absentmindedly removing the tubing around her head, the IV drip in her arm, dispassionately freeing herself from the tangled medical web she found herself in.



The medical sensors went nuts, alarms going off like some demented musician playing the national anthem. In a flash, dr. Farsight was at her side. “No, don’t touch that! You’re very sick and need treatment!” Jinx looked up at the frowning elf. “I feel fine”, she protested.

Confused, dr. Farsight consulted his sensors again. “Yes... you’re fine. But you weren’t, you were critical. Now, you’re not...” Exhaustion crept into his voice as he spoke. Pinching the bridge of his nose with his right hand, he slowly shook his head. “That doesn’t make any kind of sense. You were critical, I’m sure of that...”

Jinx climbed groggily to her feet, and stretched. “Well, doctor, I feel fine now. Though I need to use the can. And no peeking!” Talking to her back as she slunk into the bathroom, dr. Farsight muttered, “As a medic, I fragging *hate* magic”. Still muttering to himself, he checked on his other patient. Still out cold, comatose.

Dr. Farsight canceled the urgently blinking feeds from Jinx’ now disconnected sensors. The colorful fluctuation in Cogwhistle’s EEG readings caught his eye. The dwarven mage wasn’t comatose after all. *Something* was going on there. But what? He rewound the feed from Jinx. The same fluctuations there, like Cogwhistle was having. Subdued, but clearly *there*.

Right in the instant before the feed terminated, a massive surge – almost a seizure. And then, in the last few instants before the feed lost connection, almost an *echo* of sorts, overlaying and then integrating into the normal EEG activity of a person awake and aware.

The sound of the toilet flushing brought dr. Farsight out of his reverie. Jinx returned from the bathroom, looking shamelessly fit. “I’m hungry. Wanna get some soyburgers or something?”