

14. Bodily Invasion

Down in the medical unit, Judy was confused and upset. “Doc, you say I’m not pregnant and that I am having my period but I’m not bleeding. I just don’t understand how that is possible. How can that be?”

“Judy, for the moment I cannot tell you more except that you aren’t the only one. I have promised the Captain not to divulge what seems to be the answer until we know more.”

Judy started and her own annoyance at the events on the bridge came to the fore. “And what about the doctor patient relationship?” She snapped. “It’s my body that seems to be fucked up!”

Will grimaced. “There is a saying about living in interesting times, Judy. The one thing, the only thing, I can tell you is that there is nothing terrible happening to you as far as I can tell. It might even be very positive but I have to ask you to be patient. As soon as we know exactly what is happening, you and the others will be told.”

“All right, Doc, but I’m not happy about it. Not happy at all.” Judy marched out of the room heading back to bridge leaving Will holding his head in his hands. Before he could contact the bridge however, his door opened and one of the nurses burst in.

“Doc, you have to see this.”

“What now?” His voice grated and the nurse flinched, obviously her boss was not in a good mood.

“Please, you won’t believe me if you don’t see it yourself.”

Will resigned himself to accepting the call to arms and followed his colleague into the ship’s treatment room where he found a man lying on a trolley. He raised an eyebrow in the direction of the nurse.

“This is Andy Coutois, he’s a junior chef. There was an accident in the kitchen and his arm was splashed with boiling oil. They followed emergency processes and got him down here quickly for follow up treatment. He had been sedated by the on-the-spot paramedic and I was going to begin a clean-up of the wounds which covered most of the lower arm. But, well, look!”

Will started to examine the young chef and then realised why his nursing team were so shocked. It was clear that the arm had suffered serious burns bad enough, his analytical mind noted, to have led to the need for skin grafts later after the initial recovery. To his own amazement he could see the wound almost repairing itself. As he watched the burned skin was flaking away only to be replaced by what looked and, he touched the repaired area, was a layer of fresh healthy flesh.

“Now I think I understand.” He muttered. “Nurse, keep Andy sedated for the moment. Everyone, please keep this to yourselves for the present. Anyone asks, the patient is doing well but is sleeping. I need to talk to the Captain, before we let others know about this.”

With that he headed for the bridge, almost running to avoid any delay.
