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<243/c>	the note of animosity in her friend's voice. 'Look, do n't take what Niall said too much to heart. His bark is worse than his bite. I think you just caught him at a bad moment. He's really very nice.' Lindsey tried to forget the tanned features and dark hair, the arrogant set of jaw. 'I'll have to take your word for that. Obviously I bring out the worst in him.' Jill gave a wry grin. 'You'll be OK,' she gave the smiling assurance. 'The first day's rough on everyone; tempers get a bit frayed. It's not like being on shore where once the patients are gone you shut up shop and go home. Here we take the patients with us.' 'All the more reason for me to start taking my share of the load as soon as possible.' A smile took the edge off Lindsey's words. 'I take it Dr Nichols and Dr Grant had some sort of work routine?' 'Well, yes ...' 'May I see it?' Lindsey scanned the rota Jill handed her. Tension had given her a dull, thumping headache so that she absorbed nothing except the first entry on the list. 'I see Dr Nichols would have been due to cover this evening's surgery anyway.' 'He usually took the first surgery, so that Niall could be left free to attend crew briefings.' 'Well, in that case, I see no reason to change things.' Lindsey gave a rueful smile. 'Judging from the looks of the small crowd out there, I'd say there's nothing too urgent. Out of interest, by the way, how many passengers would you usually expect to have on board at any one time?' Jill grinned. 'On this trip, sixteen hundred, maybe slightly more. On top of that, of course, you have the crew.' 'Sixteen hundred! But that's the same as many practices.' 'Right,' Jill agreed. 'Any patients with potential problems will probably have notes from their GP, advising on any specific treatments or medication they may be taking, and you'll probably get <u>one or two who feel seasick</u> .' 'Seasick?' Lindsey raised an eyebrow. 'We're still in the Solent! In fact, unless you looked out of the window you wouldn't even know <u>the ship was moving</u> .' 'I know.' Jill's grin widened. 'The ship is so well stabilised most people are n't aware of
<div data-bbox="244 689 319 840" data-label="Image"> </div> <p>Key: Footprint ConEn1 Footprint ConEn2 Footprint ConEn3</p>	<p><u>any sensation</u> of <u>movement</u></p> <p>at all. But I suppose <u>some are more susceptible than others</u>, and there's no reason these days to suffer when a simple injection will cure it.' 'Especially when they've paid to enjoy what, for some anyway, must be the holiday of a lifetime,' Lindsey smilingly agreed. She rose to her feet, reaching for the white coat that hung on a peg behind the door. There was something strangely comforting about the metamorphosis it brought about, even if it was miles too large. Studying her reflection in the mirror, she grimaced. 'Oh well, at least I look like a doctor! I would n't want to be accused of frightening the patients away.' Besides, this was her chance to prove that she could cope, the thought flashed, irritatingly, into her mind. This was her job. She was good at it, despite what Niall Grant might think. 'I may need you to show me where things are,' she turned to Jill, 'but the rest I can manage, even if I have to bluff my way through.' The other girl looked up from straightening the curtains around the examination couch, her brown eyes clouded. 'About what happened back there ... what was said ...' She chewed at her lower lip. 'I'm sure Niall did n't mean anything. He's really not like that ...' Somehow Lindsey</p>

	<p>managed to laugh lightly. ‘I’m sure you’re right. I was probably far too busy with my own nerves to take anything in anyway.’ The last thing she needed right now was sympathy, and she certainly was n’t about to discuss Niall Grant. Other people might be fooled into thinking he had some redeeming qualities, but she was n’t among that number. Damn the man! Damn his arrogance! Sitting at the desk, she drew a deep breath. ‘Would you like to show the first patient in?’ She looked pointedly at her watch, and Jill took the silently offered cue. ‘Just call if there’s anything you need and ca n’t find.’ ‘Will do.’ Lindsey reached for her pen and looked up, smiling, as the first patient walked into the room. She glanced at the brief details on the card Jill handed to her before smiling at the man. ‘I see you’re diabetic, Mr Allen. How long is it since you were diagnosed?’ ‘About five years.’ Ted Allen was in his early fifties, and slightly overweight. He gave a wry grin. ‘It came as a bit of</p>
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