

Deleted scene from *Twin-Bred*

(Mara Cadell diagnosing a problem)

[I'm no longer sure why I cut this scene. I may have thought that wherever it was supposed to go, it served as a distraction from or interruption of the flow of the story.]

SARA TAMIL, Assignment Coordinator, took the call and jotted down the details. As she was about to call up the duty list, Mara stuck her head in the door. "Grab some lunch?"

"I'll be ready in a minute. Got to set up the next mission

-- we just got a call for help." Mara came and read over her shoulder.

"Wait a minute. Scroll back up, please." Sara obeyed. "Look at that. Doesn't that look familiar?"

"Let's see. Sheriff is getting complaints about Tofa standing around groping themselves in objectionable ways. Not that I see the problem, really -- there's nothing important there to grope, most of the time. I wish people would get that straight. But I guess it'd be best to find out what's going on."

"I don't think we need a team for that. Can you pull up last month's medical reports? Check for the one about two weeks back."

"Okay, I'll have it in a minute. . . . Here it is. Oh! Here it is! Is that what the sheriff is talking about?"

"Microscopic parasites,' 'skin inflammation,' 'sensation apparently similar to itching, relieved by application of pressure' -- it sure sounds like it. . . . I don't see anything here about what they can do about it."

"Check the next week. The med techs came up with an antiparasitic ointment that does the trick. And it smells pretty good -- to humans. The Tofa twins don't care for the odor, but they put up with it."

"Well, then! Should we just send some by messenger -- with a warning about the odor issue? Or do we still send a team out?"

Mara pondered for a moment. "Let's go with the messenger. We older folks can have our moment of minor glory for a change." She laughed. "Now come to lunch."