

Title: One Of Those Days

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Category: POV, Humour, Hurt/Comfort.

Pairing: None.

Rating: 13+

Season: Anywhere.

Spoilers: None

Summary: We all know Daniel's accident prone. Jack should have known better.

Warnings: None.

Status: Complete April 2002

Notes: I've not been writing fan-fiction for long, but I am trying harder, honest! Feedback would be appreciated. However, no flames please. I can burn my own toast without any help, thank you.

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OK. Now I reckon I've seen everything. I've been round the world, ah worlds, met all sorts of interesting peoples and shot them, been as high as a kite and as low as they go, but this? This has got to be one of the funniest sights I've ever seen.

"Daniel...?"

"Ummm, yes, Jack?"

"What'ya doing?"

He struggles for a moment, caught between pushing his glasses back up his nose and re-balancing his precious cargo on his feet, before he loses his grip on it.

"What does it look like I'm doing?"

Is that just a hint of annoyance I can hear in his voice? This could be fun.

"Well, I think Granny would have called it the foxtrot, but personally, you've got me stumped."

"Jack, were you born an ass, or did you just grow into one?"

Ahh, the old ones are the best, eh Danny-boy? You'd think for someone who knew so many languages, he'd be able to figure out more nicknames for me, than I can for him, wouldn't you?

"You calling me a Jack-ass, Jack-son?"

He can't help but snigger at that and, just as he's about to lose his grip on what can only be described as the largest and ugliest example of Mother Earth figures I've ever seen, I rescue him. Rushing over, I grab hold of mama's ample stomach and hold her steady, whilst Daniel does a mini pirouette to regain his balance. Note I have managed to prevent myself from grabbing anything else facing my way. Obvious and at the right height as they are.

"You know, she reminds me of a date I had once in high school." I comment, as Daniel scans the room.

He gives me a strange look as he ponders if this is just my weird sense of humour striking out again, or another genuine instance of my miss-spent youth. Have you noticed how he sometimes gets this far-away look in his eyes as he's contemplating something? Not like Carter. Her eyes sharpen to a point where she could strike a match at ten paces. Teal'c does the head bobbing bit, whilst he puts everything on the back-burner for later dissemination. Daniel, though? It's like his brain's in another dimension and you have to book an appointment to get it back again.

"Um, Danny, me and Jennifer are waiting here."

Daniel snaps back into the here and now.

"Who?"

"Jennie Beale. Had a thing for hockey players."

Daniel screws his forehead up as he considers his rudely shaped rock.

"And this reminds you of her?" He's really pondering what kind of girl I'd go out with on a date.

"Only certain aspects." I answer with a grin, deliberately keeping my hands still. I might like to fool around, but I'm not going to be accused of fondling a rock!

"Well, cosy as this may seem, now you've got all three of us stuck here, where were you going with her?"

He shakes his head, in mute disbelief, and takes a brief look around his lab.

"I wanted her near the table so I could study some really faint markings on her legs, but the sergeant helping me had to dash off and just left her by the door. I was worried someone might knock her over rushing in."

He's giving me the strangest look as he says this and I have the distinct impression he's having a go at me. He wouldn't, would he? Yup, he would. I'm also suddenly worried about some sergeant turning up with a camera, although there's no way anyone would take a snap of \*me\* in this position. People round here want to have a say in where their next tour of duty is likely to be.

Anyway, Daniel momentarily leaves me in charge of Miss Ample Parts, whilst he clears an area next to his work bench of chairs and book piles.

“Over here, Jack.” he instructs.

“On my own?” I ask in disbelief. He might be nuts enough to try and move a mountain of a woman on his own, but I didn’t reach the dizzying heights of Colonel without some man-management skills.

“Oh, yes, sorry.”

He dashes over and tries to tip Miss Rock-ett slightly to get his feet under her, or something. Maybe her toe nail polish is still wet. Don’t ask me, I only work here. Anyway, suddenly she tips over too far and, between trying to save Daniel’s PC on the desk and the stone mountain herself, my world goes black.

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“Colonel? Sir? Are you with us yet?”

Oh. Ow. My head. I’ve got a king sized headache. Who threw that last punch?

Opening my eyes to the search light shining in them, I’m momentarily blinded. I was already confused, but now I can’t see either. Things are just getting better and better.

“Colonel?”

It’s Doc Fraiser and I guess I’d better answer her, otherwise she’ll be sending in an S&R team and my head is no place for strangers.

“That’d be me.” Didn’t realise how difficult it was to talk until now.

“Glad to have you back, Sir. How’re you feeling?”

If I could think beyond the seven dwarfs pounding away in my head, I could answer her. Even staring up at her pretty face is hard work. Mustn’t tell her I think that though. I’d never be able to keep up the hard-ass routine if she thought I noticed stuff like that. Even thinking is hard work. What the hell happened? I don’t remember drinking any of Daniel’s strange beers recently. In fact, now I come to think about it, I don’t remember what I was doing earlier on today. Damn, guess it’s time to fess up.

“Like I’ve been on an all-nighter. What happened?”

Her face furrows in thought.

“What’s the last thing you remember?”

“More like what I don’t remember and I don’t remember how I got here. What happened, damn it?” I said the last bit a little too forcefully for my sore head and I guess I must have grimaced.

“Take it easy, Sir. You had an accident in Daniel’s lab and hit your head.”

“Huh?” If I’ve got such a thick skull as everyone tells me, how come this hurts so much?

“You were knocked out and had a hairline fracture, but all the tests show no other significant damage, so you just have to take it easy and rest a while.”

I wonder what counts as significant?

“Daniel?” I’m not sure if I’m asking if he’s alright, or if he caused this. Trouble follows Daniel like a magnet.

“Daniel’s fine, in fact he’s been waiting by your bedside ever since this happened.”

And Carter and Teal’c too, I’ll warrant. I know my team.

“Are you up to visitors?”

I can see three vague shapes waiting in the periphery of my vision, but it’s hard work thinking with all the banging going on in my head. I should be charging the miners for all the damage they’re doing.

“Headache.” I manage to say as I screw my eyes up against the light.

“I can give you something for that. Are you thirsty?”

She’s pressing a straw against my lips and I take a few sips before my concentration flies. I feel something seep into my system, as I give in to the desire to drift off and then everything’s quiet again.

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I can hear whispered voices in the background. Daniel and Carter are discussing planet drift of all things, but they’re obviously trying not to disturb me. The voices are right by the bed. Wonder how long they’ve been keeping watch. Bet Teal’c’s at the foot of the bed, in his usual position - on guard.

“I believe O’Neill is waking up.”

See, bang on target again. Wouldn’t do for a Special Forces chap to not know his team, would it?

“Sir.” “O’Neill.” “Jack.”

It’s times like this when I give in to the urge to relax in my friend’s collective care. Not too many years ago I couldn’t afford the luxury of caring for those who worked around me. My role was more that of the lone wolf, sent in where others weren’t qualified to go, doing the dirty, and sneaking out with my lone hide still intact. It took a long while and three special people to teach me it was OK to start caring again.

“Hi kids.” It’s a bit easier to talk this time. The demonic booming noises have dwindled to a motorbike on steroids.

“It’s good to see you awake, Sir.”

“Indeed. Doctor Fraiser insisted that it was normal to sleep for a long time after such an accident as yours.”

I'd do a double-take, if only it didn't hurt to move, and you know the thing that really bothers me right now? Why's Daniel so darned quiet? He's standing a bit back, looking decidedly guilty over something and it's time I found out why.

"Daniel?" I don't think it's so much what I've said, as they way I've said it. He's doing this little 'shall I stay or shall I go' motion with his body, which can be quite endearing when it's not aimed at me. Carter's starting to giggle, quietly, whist turning around so I wont see. I don't need to see, Carter, I can still hear you. Teal'c only looks mildly disapproving of our little archaeologist, as if waiting for him to do something. It's amazing how easy it is to judge the Jaffa by how far he can raise his eyebrows.

Things are starting to add up, even if my memory hasn't reached the abacus stage yet.

"Daniel. How'd I get here?"

He starts playing with a spot on his sleeve, so now I really know I'm onto something.

"We were talking in my lab and you were helping me move an artefact."

There's a pause, several pregnant pauses worth actually, as I stare expectantly into his eyes, which suddenly start to gleam.

"Would you believe me if I said it was a high school date?"

Carter bursts into laughter, Teal'c makes an audible sigh, Fraiser rushes in and I find myself thinking 'It's going to be one of those days.'

\*\*\*\*\*The End\*\*\*\*\*