

Have you heard from Anthony, lately?

I've been trying to call the guy for hours.

No, I'm afraid not. Is there a particular reason you're ringing his bell?

I was going to ask him about the Clonazepam I found in their bathroom cabinet.

Shouldn't Clonazepam be inside of one of those child proof orange bottles?

The label should have the name of the person it was prescribed to.

If it's a bit faint or smudged, you can send a photograph, I'll try to sharpen it up for you.

It's not too difficult to play around with contrast.

I often do similar work when Tony is digitizing older volumes for the collections.

There wasn't the actual bottle in the cabinet, so I wasn't clear on whether or not Catie was supposed to take some before bed.

It was just in a little weekly pill container.

Ah, the ones with the little lids?

Tony has some of those, for when she's taking a course of antibiotics.

Apparently infections are quite common in the library- though I suppose it's not too much of a surprise, given the sheer number of entities with teeth lurking their halls.

Those are the ones!

I imagine the ceramic knuckle gloves you got for her Secret Santa gift help, though.

Not much that can get through leather and ceramic.

And they don't trigger security terminals when we're en route to a Trans-Atlantic flight.

It's a bonus that they look nice with her leather jacket and boots.

Really completes the set.

Right! She was really enthused about showing them off to me when she'd first gotten them.

She actually made a similar comment, about it pulling together the look.

And it's just practical, for when we're riding.

Speaking of which, it's been awhile since we went for a joy ride together.

You should ask Tony when she's available.

The three of us could make a day trip out of it, go out past the turnpike, loosen up a little.

Everyone in town has had more than enough to contend with, these last few months.

You're certainly right about that. A joy ride sounds like a good time- and just what the doctor ordered.

It'd be nice to take my mind off of things. Physio's physio, but it can be grinding.

I'll talk to her about it over dinner and keep you posted.

Great!

Circling back to the pills, though, there's only two people in the household, so it either belongs to him or her.

Can't you just ask Catie, if she's there? I imagine she'd be the first person to ask if Anthony's busy at work.

I mean, it's not like you can interrogate the cat.

Haha, I wouldn't be too sure about that! Taffy is a bit of a wild card sometimes.

Oh, I'm sure.

He's quite popular at The Junction.

Elijah mentions that he often sees a 'little gray tubby cat' who's come around for a bite at the bacon from those BLTs that his boyfriend brings him sometimes.

They have picnics on the veranda.

I assume Taffy simply invites himself to lunch as well.

Classic Taffy! He's so food motivated.

But yes, I asked her. She didn't seem too sure either on whose it was, though. She did at least tell me it definitely wasn't Taffy's. It would be an odd choice to keep pet medication in the bathroom cabinet to begin with, though...

She did mention that she does sometimes take a pill, but that she wasn't sure what it looked like beyond 'orange and little and round' since normally Anthony will put it into a bit of banana or applesauce on a spoon to help her swallow it. He's normally the one to handle the logistics. While normally that'd be enough to go off of, that doesn't help, since the Clonazepam tablets are also orange and little and round.

Showing them to her didn't help spark any recall.

That's... a bit strange.

She is a legal adult. She should be comfortable enough to take her own medication.

What if she were to get into an accident?

Anthony's been meticulous about updating her medical records at Mercypoint. Down to seasonal flu shots and yearly teeth cleanings.

I'll grant him that. Most other people in his position choose not to. Credit where credit's due. But if she doesn't know the name of the medication she's on, that can complicate intake and treatment.

That'd be time spent hunting down her medical file better spent pushing non-contraindicated medication.

Anthony's always been prone to being a little overprotective. It's not that out of character for him to not tell her exactly what medication she was taking. I'd be more surprised if he had.

I imagine he wouldn't want to frighten her, if Catie went ahead and googled it, or was prompted by Amie to. Amie's investigative. Just like her ol' man.

I think he's partially worried about her screwing up the name, if someone were to ask her. Catie's never been really good at memorizing the finer points of things.

She puts little colourful sticky notes and tabs all over their place- haven't you ever seen the state of the front of their fridge?

With the whole business with Lara... I can't really blame him from wanting to shelter her.

Besides, I did the same for Amie when she was young and having difficulty with pills.

It helps, when you've a kid and all. The switch from liquid medication to solid can be hard.

I'll take your word for it, I haven't raised a child of my own before. Tony thankfully, can be expected to manage her own colds.

I just help with topping up the humidifier and keeping the cooler well stocked with cold rags in easy reach. The occasional dumping of ice into a folded up raglan.

I'd consider it well repurposed, since Catie doesn't need it for her bottles to be kept in easy reach these days.

Haha, you're right. I still remember her squeaking about wanting 'milk truck.' So cute.

It's shocking, how quickly they seem to grow up... It feels like just yesterday I was buying foil balloons to have sent to their house in celebration of their little girl being brought home from hospital.

Though, I think what she's referring to with the little orange ones might be some brand name version of topiramate, since it can be prescribed to treat migraines.

Ah? What makes you think that? Beyond the superficial similarity- there's quite a lot of drugs that look like small, orange pods. It could be amphetamine and dextroamphetamine, for all we know. With her father's clinical depression, I wouldn't be surprised if she'd inherited something similar...

Lara used to have terrible ones. She'd lie down in the dark for hours, and Anthony wouldn't make very much noise at all- he never returned our calls, then. He'd text us, though he was a bit dodgy on replying, since he turned off his ringer and would do paperwork in the other room while she was having a quiet moment to herself.

I remember that Catie used to be inconsolable when she was around twelve or thirteen or so with her own. It tore up Anthony's heart.

I can imagine that the reminder of his late wife would be difficult.

Especially when it comes to seeing your child suffer, in a similar manner. It must've been difficult for you to have witnessed that, Cavello. My condolences.

I believe they won't prescribe topiramate for anyone under the age of twelve, so it would line up?

I believe so, yes. Too much medical risk to outweigh the cons, before then.

She does seem to have grown out of the migraines as far as I know, but then again, Anthony and I don't normally discuss his daughter's medication regimen. Catie seems avoidant about the topic.

No, Anthony doesn't strike me as the sort of person to be particularly candid on it.

She might've learned that it wasn't a seemly topic for public discussion.

She's still aghast at the idea that women can wear trousers.

She gaped at me and Antoniette, when we had her over.

Ah, I remember that.

Amie mentioned it to me over dinner one night- it did strike her as a little strange. I've always let her have free reign over her own wardrobe.

I suppose he's just old fashioned, that's all.

He always has been a bit conservative.

Lara and him made sense- she was the kind of woman that fit neatly into the puzzle pieces of his life.

She was a wonderful woman.

He's never gotten over the loss of her- all that keening absence.

It's a difficult thing, to lose a partner.

I'm sure.

Some things don't grow easy with time- only easier to bear.

Definitely. I can't imagine losing Felix under those circumstances...

Getting back on track, though- I can't find the bottle for topiramate either though, and it's just a guess based off of their family history.

I don't really want to give it to her based on such an insubstantial guess, but if the Clonazepam really is Catie's, I don't want for her to skip her seizure medication.

At least, that's generally what it's prescribed for. It's pretty serious either way.

How could you guess what it was, if it wasn't properly stored?

Ah, I used a database from a contact at Mercypoint hospital. It's run of the mill for detectives to have access, since we often recover medications at investigation scenes, and it can help add clarity and context to our initial findings if we have a reasonable suspicion of what it might be.

That's outside of the possibility of hand pressed pills, but I don't do much work with the Narcotics division these days. JJ used to, though. You don't tend to run into those sorts of production lines in Drydenne, anyways. It's a small town.

JJ, the lovable scamp. Give him a pet from me.

Sure will!

That contact at Mercypoint of yours wouldn't happen to be Dr. Weber, would it?

Hm? No. Last I heard of him though, he'd been promoted to Dean of Medicine.

Any particular reason you brought his name up?

Were you thinking of asking him for a consultation on the leg?

No, nothing like that.

I'm quite happy with the staff managing my case, at the moment.

The name just came to mind- probably because of the rumour mill at the library discussing his promotion, now that you mention it.

Oh, I see!

That makes sense.

The library really is always abuzz with news.

Personally, I would hold off on the medication. It would be better to get confirmation on what it is before you go around dispensing it.

It's possible that it might be some of Anthony's old medication, he always did have a habit of holding onto things.

He's definitely cycled through his fair share of antidepressants, and some of those can come with severe side effects.

Best to be safe, rather than sorry.

You've got a point. That does sound rather like him.

I knew I could soundboard off of you.

Anyways, if you hear from Anthony, could you let him know that I need to ask him about the medication?

I'll be sure to.

Great! Thank you. It's been lovely chatting. And remember- ask Tony about the motorcycle ride!

Pleasure's all mine. For sure, Jo.