
Subject: Re: Growing as a Team

Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 01:17:19 GMT

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*****Wednesday, March 14, 2068; Thunderbird Five; around 9 p.m.*****

Callie listened nervously as she and John heard to the intensity of her fellow workmates' voices. She heard Dominic and Doc's conversation about the "black tag." Hearing that sent a chill down her spine. "John, can I ask you something?"

He turned to face her, her complexion turning pallid. "Callie, are you okay? What's the matter?"

"Have you ever, you know, have anyone die on you while you were out on a rescue?"

"I have had a couple of cases. Why?"

"I haven't heard the words black tag since I was a kid. A boy was riding a bicycle when a drunk driver slammed into him. I was the only person who saw it, so I ran to the fire house just down the street. They ran to the scene immediately and did the best they could to help him. The boy had been killed instantly, and I noticed one of the paramedics putting a black blanket over him, along with a black tag."

John knew Callie had been emotionally shaken by the events of the latest rescue. "I'm sorry, Callie. I didn't know this would bring back such a painful memory. However, there's something you need to know about--"

"You don't have to tell me, John. I figured that out the moment I joined International Rescue. We won't be able to save everyone involved, no matter how hard we try. It'll be hard, but somehow I've got to work through it."

"Callie, that will take time, but always remember you've got friends you can talk to when you need to. From what we've been hearing, some of us are going to need our friends when this is over."

The pair went back to listening to transmissions as the long rescue lingered on.

Post by TracyFan4Ever on 22/10/2004
