
Subject: Re: Growing as a Team
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 01:29:56 GMT
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"Doc to Ess. Where the hell are you?!" Dianne growled into her hands-free communicator. "Dee's got a red tag in that smashed truck! He needs you now!"

Scott, who found himself giving Brandon a crash course on the oxyhydrite cutters, called back, "F-A-B! We're on our way, Doc. CJ, I need you here! Vee! Status!"

Virgil's voice cut in, "I've set Two down at the stadium and am enroute on a hoverbike and with another oxyhydrite cutter. ETA, two minutes."

"F-A-B, Vee. When you get here, look for CJ and finish getting the yellow tag patient out of the car. Bee and I are going to help Dee."

"F-A-B, Ess. Will do."

Scott then called, "Aye. Status!"

"Aye here, Ess. Kay and I are checking out some of the cars that were in the end of the pile up. So far we've got one yellow tags and four green. One black tag. I think we can get the yellow out onto a stretcher with little trouble."

"F-A-B, Aye. Don't hesitate to use the locals to pull the green tags out. And leave the black tag for now."

"F-A-B, Ess. Understood."

Dianne muttered under her breath as she carefully pulled slivers of glass from the face of the young English woman that had been pulled from the wreckage.

"Cee or Jay?" she called.

Callie answered. "Yes, Doc?"

"Get onto the authorities in Ust'-Uls for me, please, and see if they've got a plastic surgeon available? I've got a young lady here who is going to need one."

"F-A-B, Doc."

"Oh and Cee?"

"Yes, Doc?"

"While you're at it could you teach me some good Russian swear words? I feel the need to let loose."

Callie chuckled. "No can do, Doc. You'll have to get them from a national."

Dianne sniffed loudly. "You're no fun, Cee." She examined the girl's face carefully, and irrigated the wounds, beckoning Nikki over.

"En, is there an ambulance here from Ust'-Uls that could take her right away? Her and the two children? We need to free up some room in here."

"I'll ask Ilya, Doc," Nikki summoned the young man who had become their translator and asked him Dianne's question. Dianne put light bandages on the girl's face and jumped a bit when Callie's voice came in, loud and clear.

"In answer to your question, yes, Ust'-Uls has a plastic surgeon. She's being called to the hospital even as we speak.

"F-A-B, Cee. Thanks," Dianne replied.

Nikki came back. "Ilya says that an ambulance is just pulling up from Ust'-Uls. They can take the children and the woman."

"Excellent. En, can you see to it? I've got to get out and help Dee with that red tag. Then prep the OR. We're going to need it."

"F-A-B, Doc. Consider it done."

Shucking her soiled gloves, Dianne picked up the nearest antigravity stretcher and hurried out of Thunderbird Seven, heading for the smashed truck where Dom fought a battle for the life of its driver.

Post by Tikatu on 22/10/2004