

---

Subject: Re: Growing as a Team

Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 01:33:21 GMT

[View Forum Message](#) <> [Reply to Message](#)

---

"Doc to Dee; come in Dee."

Dominic, up to his elbows in blood now, tossed his head to get some hair from his eyes. There was a splash of blood on the left lens of his glasses, and he knew that a generous amount had gotten onto his face, and guessed that it was all over him.

"Yes Doc?"

"I'm on my way. So is the cutting gear. Not long now, just hold on."

"I don't know how much time this man has." The words were futile; they all already knew.

Another five minutes passed, and Dominic glanced at his watch. Soon enough, he could apply pressure again. 'I hope Doctor Tracy will be here by then. We're going to have to get him into surgery ASAP.' There was a knock at the driver's-side car window, and Dom glanced up, and his heart leapt as he saw Scott giving him a thumbs-up.

"Just a few minutes Dee."

He disappeared, and Dominic sighed. 'That could be all we have.' He heard the equipment being set up, and when Brains' revolutionary cutting gas began to slice easily through the crumpled metal of the car wreck, Dominic glanced at his watch again. 'Time for pressure.' With a fresh wad of bandaging he had managed to take from his medical bag -- which was a miracle in itself, considering the confined space -- he pressed down on the wound once again.

Soon enough, Brandon and Scott had taken off the side of the car, and part of the roof, in order to allow the man to be removed. Dianne knelt over the man and checked his vital signs; she frowned.

"Pulse is thready. Let's get him out of here, stat."

It was hard work, trying to extricate the man from the wreck. Each of them was full of relief, because he hadn't been crushed and wedged into the car. There was still hope. Scott brought the anti-grav stretcher in as closely as he could, and together, they carefully extricated the man. Dominic slithered out from beneath the seat, keeping pressure on the man's leg until Dianne could take over.

"How long?" she asked.

Dominic knew what she meant, and glanced at his watch.

"Just over ten minutes, Doctor Tracy. This is the second time pressure has been applied."

"All right. Let's get this gentleman back to TB7, and fast!"

Dominic hurried alongside the stretcher, and shared a significant look with Dianne; with the damage, and the blood loss, there were no guarantees about the man's survival. He only hoped that they weren't facing another black tag. They made it to TB7 in record time; Scott and Virgil bid them farewell, and the two medical professionals rushed the man into the surgical bay, and prepped him as quickly as they could. It was all about time, and it was something they knew was running out.

Post by ArtisticRainey on 22/10/2004

---