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Subject: Re: Growing as a Team  
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 02:05:46 GMT  
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While Dominic cleaned himself up, Dianne made her rounds of the patients in the medical cabin, pulling out the medical charts to add her own observations. I'll have to run these notes through the translation program and just send along data cards. Hopefully they have PDAs that will take the data cards we use. We haven't had any problems so far, but then we haven't had to translate extensive notes into Russian either.

A moan drew her attention to one of the beds on the lower tier. She hurried over to Fjodor, who was finally showing signs of consciousness. As she leaned over him, he opened blue eyes slightly, and spoke haltingly in Russian.

"En? Where's Ilya?" Dianne asked quickly.

"He went with the ambulance that took the English woman to the hospital," Nikki explained.

Dianne swallowed a swear word, and went to fetch her wrist telecomm. "Thunderbird Seven to Thunderbird Five, come in, Five."

"Thunderbird Five here," came Callie's voice in Dianne's ear. "How can I help, Doc?"

"I've got a patient just coming to and he's saying something. I have no Russian and need to know what he's saying," Dianne explained. By now, Fjodor's eyes were fully open and he looked around, a panicked expression on his face. Dianne held the wrist telecomm close to him as he muttered in his mother tongue.

"He's asking 'Where am I?'... uh... 'Where is Yulja?'... 'Are... are the children safe?'...." Fjodor reached out a weak hand to grasp Dianne's forearm, then he tried to sit up.

"En! An emesis bowl and hurry!" Dianne shouted, but it was too late. Fjodor had realized what was about to happen and had turned, vomiting all over the side of the diagnostic bed, the floor, and Dianne's scrubs and clogs. Nikki rushed over with a kidney-shaped bowl, and Dianne held it as Fjodor vomited again, trying once more to push himself into a sitting position.

"Cee! How do I say, 'Lie back, lie still'?" Dianne cried. Callie gave her the words to say and she repeated them. Fjodor lay back, his eyes focused on her again.

"Sounds like he's asking the same questions again, Cee," Dianne told her interpreter.

"He is. How do you want to answer him?"

"The children are all safe." Dianne repeated Callie's words. "Yulja is with them." "You are in a... treatment center." "

"You aren't going to tell him that he's in a Thunderbird?" Nikki asked.

Dianne shook her head. "It would take too long to explain. No!" she said quickly as Fjodor tried again to sit up. "Nyet!" she reiterated, gently pushing down on his shoulders.

The man lay back again, and closed his eyes. Dianne checked the biobed readings. "Good. He's still conscious. Just resting... I hope!"

Nikki glanced from Dianne to the puddle of vomit and back. "Would you like me to clean it up for you while you get changed?"

"No, En. I'll do it. You prep the surgical bay again for me, please. I know that there's a yellow tag coming in with Kat and Alan and we need to be ready for it."

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

"Everything okay down there, Doc?" Callie said suddenly.

"Oh, Cee! I forgot you were listening in. Yes, everything's under control now. Thanks for your help."

"If you need me again, just holler."

"F-A-B, Cee. Thunderbird Seven out."

Dianne stood up with a sigh and went to get the materials she would need to clean up the mess that Fjodor had made. Good thing my stomach's empty right now, she thought as she dealt with the vomit. Her stomach gurgled in response. Wonder if Virgil thought of bringing along any MREs. We sure could use them about now. I'll have to ask. Once I'm clean again.

Post by Tikatu on 23/10/2004

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