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Subject: Re: Growing as a Team  
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 03:58:47 GMT  
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Christopher walked slowly into the main bay of Thunderbird 7. His head was still spinning, but he wanted to have a good long look at the little one. Washing his hands, he walked over to the little incubator.

"You have your Mother's nose," he smiled, the waves of sorrow hitting him.

"She's gonna be a beauty," came a voice from the monitoring station. Christopher looked up to see Dianne observing him.

"I wish I could have done more for Belinda." Christopher sat down gently. "I feel so helpless right now." He rested his head in his hands, quiet sobs beginning.

Dianne glanced at Dom, who nodded and took over for her at the monitor station. She got up and approached Christopher, reaching out with a hand to his shoulder.

"You did everything you could have done for her, Christopher. She knew that someone cared about her there at the end, and that always means a lot."

Christopher looked up at her, his eyes red. "I couldn't do anything though. I watched her die while the people who had the skills to save her...." His voice tailed off as he turned to look at the sleeping baby.

"While the people had who had the skills to save her'... what? As we what, Christopher?" Dianne prodded.

"Let her die," Christopher muttered, his mind elsewhere. "She had a fiancé. She was buying a house. She had a blossoming career."

Dianne sighed, a large breath taken in and let out through her nose. "Christopher, have you ever been through anything like this before?"

"My parents died in a car crash," he said as he looked up. "We weren't speaking, so I didn't really feel much when it happened. I guess my answer would have to be, no, I haven't been through this before."

"Ah thought as much. Christopher, we did everything we could for Belinda. We used all the tools at our disposal to save her life. But there came a time when her heart stopped, and when trying to restart it would have been, one: very likely futile, and two: harmful to the baby. Ah had to make a decision, a decision that Ah hate making at the best of times. Which one do Ah save? The mother or the baby?"

"Ah had to think, which one is more likely to survive? And when Ah looked at all the facts, sir, Ah saved the baby. She was the one most likely to survive. Did Ah, did we, let Belinda die? No. We did all we could for her. But in the end, it was a whole lot better for one to die so that the other

lived. Otherwise, Ah might have tried to save Belinda and, in doing so, failed to save either."

She cocked her head as she looked at him keenly. "Do you understand?"

Christopher looked at Dianne, her eyes flashing. He bowed his head, tears coming down his cheeks again. "I understand," he said,. "Part of me doesn't want to, but I do." He looked up again at the baby. "I have a lot to learn, haven't I?"

"Yes, y'all do have a lot to learn. Let me ask you this one question, an' maybe all parts of you will understand," Dianne said gently. "If Ah was able to ask Belinda which one of them to save, which do you think she'd say?" She paused, then said softly, "Ah'd like t' think that she loved that little one there more than herself."

Christopher shook his head in agreement. "I think she would ask you to save the baby." He sighed deeply. "Thank you for listening."

"That's part of what Ah'm here for," Dianne reminded him. "Now. Ah've got some questions for you about Belinda so that Lady Penelope can get to work findin' that little one's daddy."

Christopher sighed again and nodded. "I'll give you what information I can."

"Good. Let's get this done quickly, Christopher. We'll be arriving at Perm any minute," Dianne said, looking at her watch.

"Right," said Christopher, a resolute expression on his face as he began to repeat what Belinda had told him about herself.

Post by TheWrongTrousers and Tikatu on 06/11/2004

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