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Subject: Re: Growing as a Team

Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 04:15:16 GMT

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Christopher swallowed. "I spoke to the girl, found out her name, where she lived, hobbies, her career. I stayed with her until help arrived. She was telling me all her plans before she started screaming in pain." Christopher was stony-faced. "Then as we were getting close to Thunderbird Seven, her heart failed. After much coaxing, Belinda stabilised, then her heart failed again," Christopher paused, remembering every detail, "I just stood there as she was taken inside. I've never felt so helpless before."

"Chris, what could you have possibly done that Doc and the others hadn't already tried?" Brandon asked softly.

"It's okay, Chris. Tell us what you really feel. No one is going to admonish you for it," Virgil gently prodded.

"I wish we could have saved Belinda." Christopher looked around. "I wish we had more time to do so. I feel like I let her down."

Callie thought, I can't understand how he feels because I wasn't there, but I want to help him as best I can, too.

"We need rescue equipment at the scene a lot quicker," Christopher said, "A smaller version of Thunderbird 2 with all the essentials onboard ready to go at a moment's notice." He looked around the table. "And then if we need the heavy gear the Big Beast can bring it."

"The point I'm trying to make is that we need to give ourselves more time." Christopher blushed.

John spoke up next. "That's just it. Sometimes time is not on our side, either. We never know how long it can be before it's considered too late."

"Ah agree that time was against us in this emergency," Dianne said quickly. "An' I've said before that Thunderbird Two needs a refit t' make her faster. But anothah vehicle isn't the ansah. All the equipment's gotta get there at the same time as th' operatives. We can't go out in another vehicle an' then sit around waitin' for the Mole or Thunderbird Four t' be brought t' us."

"I flew an experimental cargo jet in the RAF that would have made a good rescue vehicle," Christopher mused. "It was smaller the T2 and faster, but it had a lot of room AND it was modular in design. Oh well," he shrugged, "just a thought."

If only we could try what that old show Star Trek did, Callie thought. Too bad that was just a cheap special effect.

"Dom?" Scott said quickly, before Dianne could continue. "What about you?"

Dom sat for a few long moments before answering. "I've been in similar situations before. Having multiple victims with polytrauma. Considering that we didn't have medical personnel swarming all

over the scene like there would be in the UK or US, I think we did a damn good job.

"Since I have been in similar situations, it's easier for me to be more dispassionate about things. And Dr. Tracy told us right up front that we were not going to be able to save everyone. We were called out to save the bus full of kids. We did that, and did it well. Look at the successes we had, and not the failures.

"I'll never forget that amputee. He was a critical case. Under any other circumstances, he would have died. But, because we were there, he didn't." Dom caught the eye of each and every one of his new teammates. "We made a difference."

"Never a truer word spoke there Dom, me old mate." Christopher smiled for the first time in a long time. "I have to think about that lovely little one in the Sickbay."

Scott sat back. "Y'know, when International Rescue was first started, most of our rescues involved people who either could help in their own salvation or, with a little bit of reviving, were able to assist us in getting them out. But as time went on, things got tougher. And it affected us. We felt like failures. But our commander kept reminding us not to give up. And that's what happened today. None of us gave up.

"We kept at it, despite what we saw, despite the death and pain. And as the site commander, I am proud at the way you all upheld our motto."

"Um, what is the motto?" Callie asked curiously.

The Tracys looked at each other, and in near unison, said, "Never give up. At any cost."

"Then I guess that's something I need to remind myself when it's my turn to help with a rescue when I return."

"Callie," Brandon remarked to his friend, "if you're as skilled on the ground as you were on this assignment, you'll have nothing to worry about."

"Brandon?" Virgil asked. "What about you?"

Brandon grew thoughtful, thinking about what he had seen. "I admit that I was shaken when Scott and I got to the victims and they were already dead. I nearly gave up right there, thinking it was pointless to continue looking. But Scott encouraged me to keep going. And it wasn't easy to keep going lugging that oxyhydrite tank on my back."

Brandon winked and smiled, letting them know he was joking with them. "Seriously, without Scott, without all of you, I don't think I would have pulled through this."

"I was glad to help, Brandon," Scott replied. "And FYI, the tanks are heavy because the gas needs to be heated. As Virgil and I found out the first time we used it!"

"What happened?" Brandon asked.

Virgil smiled wryly. "During testing, we both passed out!"

"You what!?" Callie asked in shock.

"Yeah," Alan added. "Later, as they bravely used it during a fire situation, they weren't affected at all. That gave Brains the clue about heating the gas."

Nikki turned to Dianne. "I guess it's your turn. How did you manage to cope with all of this? Especially since you had Mr. Tracy to worry about here. If I had all that on my mind, I might not have done as good a job as you did."

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