From: ArtisticRainey Sent: 7/31/2007 10:33 AM

Dominic had never been so grateful to see cuts and bruises, because that was about the limit of the passengers' injuries.

One small boy had received a fractured wrist, but he was too busy babbling about something to seem to care. Eventually, the child's mother, a fluent English speaker, explained.

"The pandas. He can't stop thinking about them. Since he found out they were onboard, it's been nothing but pandas, pandas, pandas."

Dominic grinned as he finished tying the sling around the boy's arm.

"How do you say "panda' in your language?" He asked the mother.

""Xiongmao'," she said.

Dominic pointed out towards the downed plane and repeated the word. The child nodded his head enthusiastically, and continued to speak quickly, repeating "Xiongmao' over and over. Dominic chuckled, outwardly at the child's excitement and apparent lack of pain, and inwardly at the mother's outright annoyance and bafflement at the whole situation. He patted the child on the shoulder, nodded at the mother, and moved on to the next patient.

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Nikki shucked off her gloves, and deposited them in the clinical waste bin she and Dominic had brought down to the pod. She clenched and unclenched her fingers; she had never liked the feeling gloves left on her hands. The floor of the pod had become a sea of faces, and the air was filled with a salty tang and a cacophony of voices. She raised her eyes briefly, thinking, Someone's looking out for us. No Doctor Tracy and no TB7, and yet in this terrible situation, Dom, myself and the med bags were enough.

"Angel from Frankie."

Nikki started out of her thoughts. "Angel here."

"The first of the ships is here to pick up the passengers. How are things on your end?"

"Tynan, Sweet, Indy, Quasar and I have pretty much dealt with the injuries. None serious, most superficial."

"FAB. Prepare for evacuation."

"FAB, Frankie. Thanks."