
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 23:07:41 GMT
[View Forum Message](#) <> [Reply to Message](#)

From: ArtisticRainey Sent: 9/26/2006 4:05 PM

Dominic led the way down into the basement, treading carefully but moving quickly. He saw several sets of eyes swing towards his medical bag and the folded up antigrav stretcher in one of his hands. A woman stepped forward and looked at him expectantly.

"Are you a doctor?" she asked.

"No, but close enough; I'm a nurse," Dom replied.

"Thank goodness. My name is Lynne; I'm a nurse, too. Come, I'll show you what we've got." She started walking briskly, and Dom followed. "Your name is...?" She asked.

"You can call me Tynan," Dom said.

"Okay."

Lynne led Dominic over to the tables where Michael Hart lay, and explained the situation to him. Dominic noted the man's condition, tagged him, and relayed the information back to Thunderbird Seven.

"Alrighty, we'll get 'im out of here right away. Cousteau! Big Mac!"

Gordon and Brandon headed towards them at the call, and out of the corner of his eye, Dominic saw Lynne look at him suspiciously, but said nothing. Dominic applied a soft collar to the man's neck, and unfolded the stretcher just as the other two arrived. Without a word they moved into positions to help lift the injured man.

"After three," said Dom. "One, two, three, lift!"

The transition was swift, and Gordon quickly secured the unconscious man to the antigrav stretcher.

"Thunderbird Seven from Tynan."

"Go ahead," Dianne answered.

"The first red tag is on the way now," he said, nodding at Gordon and Brandon.

"FAB, Tynan. We're ready."

Dominic turned back to Lynne as Michael was stretchered away. The woman led him on to the next most serious injury, and threw a glance over her shoulder on the way.

"I take it your real name isn't 'Tynan', unless your friends had some creative parents," she said.

"Well, no ma'am, it isn't," Dom said. "Security and all that."

"I guess it's not important, anyway," she said, before turning her attention to the next casualty.
