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Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is  
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 23:15:17 GMT  
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From: Hobbeth Sent: 9/30/2006 7:28 PM

As Peter and his mother were brought up into the daylight, they heard a roar. They looked in the direction of the sound and Peter's eyes lit up. He watched as Thunderbird 2 landed and his whole body quivered with excitement. Dom looked at Mrs. Valerian questioningly.

"Since he was about three years old, he's been a big fan of International Rescue. To actually see one of their ships in action is a big thrill for him; it's taking his mind off his injuries, for the moment."

Dom knelt down to put a band on Peter's uninjured arm, then the other on the wheelchair. "Well, young fella, that's a Thunderbird you're looking at. And you'll be going inside another, for medical treatment." He stood up and Brandon got behind the wheelchair.

"If you'll follow us, ma'am, we'll get you and your son some help." She nodded and they set off toward Thunderbird 7.

As they neared it, there was another roar. They paused again, as Peter twisted his body to see what made the sound. His mother stopped him, not wanting him to further injure his arm, and had Brandon turn the chair toward the sound. Thunderbird 1 was taking off, and Peter watched it ascend, then sighed contentedly.

"C'mon, squirt. Let's get you fixed up," said Brandon as he pulled up to the back of Thunderbird 7. Nikki was waiting for them. She entered the information into a data pad, then told Mrs. Valerian that they'd have to take Peter out of the chair. She explained about the bands and how they would help get the wheelchair back to Peter.

She untied the scarf keeping Peter's arm immobilized and held it carefully as Brandon gently lifted the slight boy, then carried him to a biobed. He placed Peter on the bed and with a "See ya!" and a cheerful wave, headed out.

Dianne moved over to the bed and looked at her pad, then at the boy. "Now then, young man, let's see what I can do to help you." She first examined his head wound. "Someone did a nice job here. It doesn't even look like you'll need stitches."

"That was Nurse Lynne Feller. She helped everyone who needed it," Mrs. Valerian replied. Then she smiled slightly. "I think that she's going to be very popular for some time. She told me, when I asked, that she was the great-granddaughter of baseball Hall of Famer Bob Feller. And one of the boy scouts, who was helping her, heard her say that."

Dianne continued to check Peter as she said, "I don't follow baseball, so I'm not familiar with the name."

"My husband was a big fan of the game. Bob Feller pitched for the Cleveland Indians from 1936 to

1956, except for three years during World War 2, when he was in the military. He was even the subject of an Abbott and Costello routine."

"Now them I've heard of. What routine?"

"It was at the start of the radio show on which they introduced the "Who's on First" routine. I have the entire show on CD."

"I'll have to check that out some time. Well, young man. Aside from the cut on your head, and this arm, you don't seem to have any other injuries. But both the bones -- the radius and the ulna - in your forearm are broken, about halfway between the wrist and elbow. Do you remember how it happened?"

Peter looked at his mother. "Doctor, Peter hasn't spoken since the accident that put him in the wheelchair." She sighed deeply. "All I can tell you is that the tornado blew the doors to the school open and debris was hurled in all directions. I tried to cover him, but got knocked off my feet. When I got back up, his head was bleeding and his arm was hanging over the arm of the chair. I carefully put his arm up on its arm, and used a scarf to tie it down." There was a worried expression on her face as she added, "I hope I did the right thing. Lynne seemed to think so."

Dianne glanced at her. "You did. Don't worry; he'll heal up just fine." She turned back to the boy. "Now I'm going to splint your arm and give you something to ease the pain. Then we'll get you to a hospital so they can finish patching you up, okay?"

Mrs. Valerian sighed in relief. "Wichita Memorial is probably the best hospital to take everyone to. They're a large one, and located in the southwest portion of the city. And they know Peter there. Probably several of the others, too."

"Thank you for that information." Dianne finished splinting Peter's arm, then readied the hypospray and, as she had done for Michael, pressed it to his neck.