
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 23:17:55 GMT
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From: Tikatu Sent: 9/30/2006 8:55 PM

Saturday, August 4, 2068, 4:20 p.m., local time, Murray Gill, KS (9:20 a.m., next day, Tracy Island)

"How're we doing, Tynan?"

Dom came up the ramp, his medikit dangling from one hand. "I think we've got all the yellow tags, Doc. The cases in most need are aboard, with the appliances... and parents."

Dianne looked around at all the extra people, and nodded, sighing silently. It had taken a fair amount of persuasion to get Scott, then Jeff -- to whom the field commander deferred -- to approve the unorthodox and potentially dangerous situation. But as a mother and a physician, Dianne knew that these parents would be required at their destination to grant permissions for further treatment -- and that the children, who were all under the age of 6, would need their parents for support and reassurance. She was almost ready to pull rank as CMO, when Jeff had nodded and given his approval.

"I know you'll be sensible about this, Doc. Just go easy, okay?"

"We will, Boss," she'd replied with a wink. "See you later."

Jeff had smiled. "F-A-B. Base out."

"All right, everyone," Dianne said, rubbing her hands together. "I need the parents to all sit on the floor Indian-style. That way you're less likely to fall." She glanced back toward the surgical area, where a stable of small wheelchairs and walkers were secured with a net from Thunderbird Two. She had thought at one point about stacking them inside the empty morgue, but decided against it.

"All set, Angel?" Dianne asked, feeling the rumble of the engine starting.

"F-A-B," the nurse, sitting in the pilot's chair, replied.

Dianne glanced at Dom, who had closed the doors and retracted the ramp, and was now taking up the position in the monitoring station. "All set, Tynan?"

"F-A-B, Doc," he said as he secured himself.

"Then let me get strapped in and we're off!" She took one more glance around the medical cabin. "Please, folks, don't stand up. Your children are secure. We're headed for Wichita Memorial, ETA..."

"Twenty minutes, Doc," Nikki supplied with a smile.

"ETA, Twenty minutes," Dianne echoed. "If I'm needed, I'll be in the cockpit."

With that, she stepped into the cockpit and took the co-pilot's seat to Nikki's right. She strapped herself in, then nodded. "Let's go."

Thunderbird Seven rose on its quiet hoverjets, eliciting a small chorus of "oohs" from the passengers. From where he lay, Peter Valerian could look up through the three round skylights and see the dark gray clouds go past at what seemed to him to be an impossible speed. His mother sat near his head, one hand laying gently in his hair, and in the bed next to her lay Michael Hart, who sighed heavily.

"Are you all right, Mr. Hart?" she asked solicitously.

"Yes, I'll be fine. Just never thought I'd be transported in a Thunderbird... at least, not like this!"

His wry comment made her smile. "It's a wonderful thing, but not one I'd care to repeat." Glancing up at Dom, she said, "No offense."

"None taken," Dom replied, an amused look on his face. "I've found that most of our passengers feel the same way."

She nodded, then turned her attention back to her son, whose eyes were fixed on the sky, and the lightning that occasionally arced from cloud to cloud.