
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 23:20:51 GMT
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From: ArtisticRainey Sent: 10/1/2006 2:51 PM

It was eerily quiet, considering the amount of people in Thunderbird Seven's medical cabin. Dominic angled himself so that he could read the data on the monitoring station, while watching the patients and parents from the corner of his eye. The journey had progressed without incident. Even the most curious of the adults asked no questions of the dark-haired nurse in the International Rescue scrubs. No one could think of anything but getting their children safely to hospital.

His fingers clenched momentarily as he thought about what it must have been like, watching as your child lay injured and trapped in a basement. No way out, no help available... He briefly closed his eyes before locking them on the monitors again. I don't know what I would do. If something happened to Joshua, if I were stuck with him, or away from him, powerless to help... it's too hard to think about. He shoved terrible images of bloodied blond hair and a tiny crumpled body away from his mind's eye, and was glad when Nikki's voice came over the intercom.

"We're just about to touch down, folks. Please remain seated, we'll get you all out as quickly as possible."

Dominic grinned slightly at the comment, and wiped his face with a hand when Nikki furthered the comment in his earpiece.

"I feel like an air hostess or something," she said, and chuckled. "Keep 'em calm, Tynan."

"Will do," he answered quietly.

A few of the nearer parents briefly turned around, and Dominic gave them a mild smile.
