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Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is  
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 23:59:00 GMT  
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From: Tikatu Sent: 10/5/2006 4:18 PM

Dominic opened his eyes. The world looked odd to him. He shook his head then decided that it wasn't such a good idea as a stab of pain lanced through it. He glanced around and realized that he was upside-down, in an almost jackknife position. The restraining straps dug into his shoulders as they kept him from falling to the debris cluttered ceiling below.

Last thing I remember was Dianne shouting something about bracing....

A low moan from next to him brought his focus to Nikki, who was just opening her own eyes. She lifted a heavy hand to her head.

"Did anybody get the number of that lorry...?"

Dominic smiled wryly. "That wasn't a lorry. It was a bloody tornado."

A strange hitching sound refocused his attention and he looked over at the source.

"Dianne!"

Dianne was, like them, upside down, but unlike them, her face was turning blue and she was struggling to breathe. Dom unbuckled himself carefully, grasping the arms of his seat and moving his legs and feet slowly down what was now the floor of the cab. The floor slanted towards him and he had to climb a bit to get to the pilot's chair.

"Damn!" he said as he saw the problem. The front of the cab had been crumpled in the impact with the medical cabin. The windshield was spider webbed with cracks, and smashed through in several places. But the steering yoke had been pushed up hard into Dianne's abdomen, just below the ribs and it was this that was keeping her diaphragm from expanding to fill her lungs. One leg dangled, making the problem worse, while the other stood out straight, her foot seeming to disappear within the control panels' cabinetry.

"Nikki, I need your help!" he shouted back to his companion.

Nikki unbuckled herself and tried to follow his lead about gradually setting herself down onto the floor, but eventually just fell into a heap. "Ow!" she cried, putting a hand to her ankle. "Damn! That hurts!" She crawled out from under her chair toward the back wall, using it to brace herself as she tried to she tried to stand.

"You okay, Nik?" Dom asked, concerned as he examined Dianne's seat.

"No, but I'll do," she replied, shoving off the wall and hobbling over to the pilot's chair. "I think I've sprained it."

Dom nodded tersely. "I'll help you with it in half a mo." He motioned to the side of Dianne's chair opposite him. The doctor's wheezing was becoming more and more labored and her eyes pleaded with her nurses for relief. "We need to move her seat backwards," he said. "You take that side and I'll take this one."

"Lean it back?" Nikki asked, taking hold of the chair, trying to keep from putting weight on her ankle.

"Yes, but push it back to a different spot, first. I've got the manual control. Ready, set, push!"

It took three tries to get Dianne far enough away from the steering yoke to ease her labored attempts to breathe. She seemed to be caught by the steering yoke's pillar and was hard to move. In the end, leaning her back was most effective. Nikki hobbled to get the first aid kit that was mounted by one of the outer doors. She also ducked into the lockers on the back wall of the cab, pulling out some bulkier equipment, most importantly, an oxygen bottle and mask. She fitted the mask to Dianne's face, turned on the O2, and both nurses sighed with relief to see their patient's color improve.

"Now what?" Nikki asked. "She's stuck and still upside down."

"Now we see if we can communicate with Mobile Control and get some help," Dom said, sliding over to where he had been sitting. He rummaged around in the debris that had fallen to the floor and came up with his visor, and ear comm. He put it in one ear and tapped it.

"Mobile Control from Thunderbird Seven, come in Mobile Control."  
Virgil pounced on the signal.

"Thunderbird Two here. What's your status, Thunderbird Seven? I'm patching in Thunderbirds One and Five on the tricircuit."

Dom took a deep breath. "We were sucked into a twister just off of South 39th Street. It ripped the medical cabin off and tumbled us about, and then we collided with something hard. I think it might have been the medical cabin because the front end of the cab is smashed in and the windshield is smashed too. We are upside down and Doc is caught by the steering yoke. We can't move her. Angel seems to have sprained an ankle, but beyond that is okay and so am I, just minor bruises and bumps. Doc was in respiratory distress from the steering yoke's position but is now on oxygen and her color is good for being upside down. Angel is applying a soft cervical collar to her neck...."

Nikki realized that Dianne's head kept flopping forward. "This might help you keep your head more stable," she said with a gentle smile.

"Hurts," Dianne whispered.

"What hurts?" Nikki asked.

"Leg hurts."

It was then that Nikki noticed the drops of blood that were plopping, one by one, onto the ceiling.

"Da -- Tynan, we have a bleeder!" she called to her companion.

"We need some help pretty quickly here, Thunderbird Two. Doc is bleeding from somewhere... Angel, can you see where the bleeding is?"

"Her left leg as far as I can determine. Her uniform trousers are soaked with it. I'm going to find a blanket and see what I can do to keep her from getting shock."

"F-A-B, Thunderbird Seven. Help is on the way. Did you get all that, Thunderbird One?"

"F-A-B, Thunderbird Two," Elise replied.

Virgil's voice sounded in Dom's ear, then a low whistle. "I've found the medical cabin. One corner is all smashed in. I'm closing on your position now."

It was more than just one corner. The medical cabin lay on its side, leaning against a stand of trees, the wide sliding doors facing the ground, the damaged edge and rippled side sticking up. Scott got up to look out, standing beside Virgil with his hand on the pilot's chair. He went over the layout of the medical cabin in his mind, and sighed with relief as he realized the smashed corner was mainly storage, and the morgue. I'm almost afraid of how the cockpit looks if the med cabin looks this bad! With that thought, he looked ahead to see the white gleam of the cockpit not far away.

"There they are," he said quietly. "There's a place you can set down, about five hundred yards on the other side. Do it!" He turned to face the others in the cockpit. "Sweet, get the medical bay ready for patients. MGM, you help her. Van Gogh, stay here and in constant contact with Quasar. We need to know if any more tornadoes are heading this way, and we'll need to lift off as soon as we have the medical team aboard. Big Mac, Cousteau, you're with me. Let's get ready."

tornado trial, part two, by ArtisticRainey and Tikatu, with some help from Hobbeth