
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Mon, 30 Jul 2012 00:00:39 GMT
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From: ArtisticRainey Sent: 10/5/2006 4:33 PM

Dominic scooted back over to Dianne and braced himself so he could look at her leg. The blue material of her scrub pants was soaked through, and he knew that it would have to be cut away.

"Is there a scalpel or a pair of scissors in there, Nik?" he asked.

"Here's a scalpel. Be careful!" Nikki said. She opened the space blanket she had brought along, and began to tuck it in around the restraining straps that held Dianne in place.

Dom nodded and carefully began to cut away the scrub pant leg. He had done this before, and years of assisting surgeons in the operating room had made him a deft hand at using a scalpel. Eventually, the material was cleared, and Dominic had a few choice words for what he saw.

"She's caught on part of the steering column. The shard doesn't seem to have nicked the tibial artery, but there is a lot of blood."

"We need to get her lying down, but how are we supposed to? She's stuck." Nikki's face was tight with concentration as she tried to figure out what they could do.

"We're gonna have to cut that metal first, but damned if I know how," Dominic said.

Dianne groaned in pain, and her eyes fluttered closed, then open again.

"It'll be okay, Dianne," Nikki said. "We'll get out soon enough."

Dianne looked at the young nurse, who maintained a steady, confident expression. We'll get out, I know it, she thought.

"Thunderbird Seven from Thunderbird Two, can you read me, Tynan?"

"Tynan here," Dom replied quickly. "Reading you strength five. What's the situation?"

"Well, I'm at your position now," Virgil said, bringing his Thunderbird around to hover over the upside down portion of Seven. "The cab looks pretty smashed up on the starboard side and... damn!"

"Smashed up" was an understatement, and the other occupants of the cabin sucked in breath, clapped hands over their mouths, and swore both quietly and loudly. The starboard side, which faced the road, was scored with a ripple of maltreated metal. Edges of the door stood out from their joins and the big red "7" on the door was badly scraped, wide swathes of white and even gunmetal gray showing where the metal was laid bare. But what made Virgil curse was the front. It had a massive dent, almost full center, wide and deep and concave. Ridges of metal from the hood could barely be seen from his vantage point, but he knew there would be an accordion-like

folding where the nose had been pushed toward the cab. He could almost imagine how the dented edge of the medical cabin would fit into that dimple. He huffed out a deep breath, a sigh made from equal parts frustration, anxiety, and sheer disbelief.

"Damn!" he exclaimed again.

"What's wrong?" Dom asked.

"You have company."

Nikki turned and Dom looked up to see the film crew. They had reached the cockpit, and were trying to film through the spider webbed reflective glass. Nikki quickly turned back to Dianne, shielding the doctor's face as well as her own, while Dom slipped on his visor.

"Is anyone in there? Are you all right?" Gavin called.

"What do you think you're playing at?" Nikki shouted, her expression one of abject disgust. "The media! Can't they keep their noses out of anything?"

Gavin ignored the comment and turned to Mike. "I can barely see in there. Can you get anything?"

"No," Mike said. "This stuff is too opaque."

Gavin glanced up at Thunderbird Two. "Try to get some shots of him, then."

"Okay." Mike aimed his camera upward.

"Oh, no, you don't," Virgil said with a grim smile. He reached over and activated the camera fogger. "Take that!"

Mike suddenly pulled his camera away from his eye. "Damn. They've blocked us."

"Gentlemen!" Virgil's voice boomed over Thunderbird Two's seldom used loudspeaker. "No pictures, please." Someone other than Scott gets the fun part for once, he thought.

"Don't worry," Gavin said quietly. "We got what we need." He glanced behind him. "Here comes emergency services. Figured they'd be out in a jiffy when they learned a Thunderbird was down." He turned away, and motioned to Mike and Eric. "Let's clear the way."

The brief levity was gone, and Virgil was busy trying to land and ascertaining the condition of the exits. "Have you tried the door releases?" he asked.

"Not yet, Thunderbird Two," Dom said. "Stand by."

Dominic glanced at Nikki, who gave him an affirmative nod. She made her way across the cabin and tried the release on the undamaged side. Nothing. She tried again and again, but the door wouldn't open. Then she shifted her attention to the undamaged sliding rear door, the one that would normally lead to the now-AWOL medical cabin. She pulled on the manual release, braced

as well as her injured ankle allowed, and straining with the exertion. It wouldn't budge. Finally, she glanced at Dom, shaking her head silently.

"Damn," he muttered. "Thunderbird Two, one door is smashed and the other two are not operational. We're stuck. And we need to get some cutters in here to get Doc out so we can deal with her injuries."

"F-A-B, Thunderbird Seven," Virgil said, his lips tightening at the word 'cutters'. "The oxyhydrite equipment will be with you as soon as I land. Stand by."

"F-A-B."

"Dom," Dianne whispered.

"Yes, Doc?" The nurse came close to Dianne's face.

"Give me a general analgesic then a local for the leg," Dianne instructed in a whisper. Dominic pulled a hypospray out of the medikit, selecting the analgesic ampule first and injecting Dianne with it. Then he selected a local anesthetic and pressured it into Dianne's leg just below the knee. The results were gratifying; Dianne almost immediately relaxed.

"Better," she murmured.

"Good," Dom said.

As one patient was relieved of pain, however, another's became apparent. Nikki yelped in pain and clutched at her ankle, her face pulled in a tight grimace. Dominic turned around and his frown grew deeper.

"We need to do something about that," he said.

"It's fine," Nikki replied. "What we need to do is concentrate on Dianne."

"Don't be daft."

"Really, it's fine."

"No, it's not."

"People."

The two nurses turned towards the prone doctor, both suddenly aware of how childish they were being.

"Dominic, wrap up Nikki's ankle. Nikki, let 'im. Both o' you, Ah have eight kids, an' Ah don't need any more..."

"Sorry, Doctor," they replied together.

Nikki slid down to the floor and Dominic fetched a medikit, and the task was done in moments.

"Sorry we don't have any crutches handy, Nik," Dom said apologetically.

"I'll do," Nikki responded.

Their heads both snapped up at a sudden pounding on the windows, which was accompanied by a shout.

"Do you need any help in there?" A tall dark-skinned man in an EMS uniform called to them.

"Our people are on the way," Nikki called.

She glanced over at Dominic, and then Dianne, before shifting her weight to keep it off her injured ankle. And they can't be too soon...

tornado trial, part three, by ArtisticRainey and Tikatu
