
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Mon, 30 Jul 2012 00:47:01 GMT
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From: Tikatu Sent: 10/15/2006 1:04 PM

"Is everyone here?" Geraldo Montoya asked his assistant.

"The room is packed." She handed him the data pad on which his statement was printed. He glanced over it, then straightened his tie and gave his hair a last brushing.

"Here I go," he murmured as he stepped out onto the small podium, and into the harsh lights.

His assistant was right. There was standing room only in the conference room he'd commandeered for the press bulletin. He smiled, and put his data pad on the podium, which had the hospital's crest prominently displayed on the front.

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. I am sure you have all heard about the arrival of International Rescue's Thunderbird One a little earlier this afternoon. The craft was airlifting three patients, one in critical condition, from the Wichita area to our facility, on orders from International Rescue's chief medical officer. Two of the patients have minor injuries and have been treated and admitted for overnight observation; the third is in surgery. The surgeons working on the case are our chief of surgery, Dr. Andrew Carmichael, and our chief of orthopedics, Dr. J. Edward Willis. I am told that International Rescue chose Mercy General because they wished to spare the already burdened hospitals in the Wichita area, and because of Mercy General's state-of-the art surgical imaging equipment."

He took a deep breath, then said, "I'll take questions now."

A woman near the front raised her hand. "Is this related to the reported downing of Thunderbird Seven by a tornado outside of Wichita earlier today?"

"Yes, it is." Geraldo nodded.

"Are the patients IR personnel?" someone else asked. "The reports out of Kansas say that the doctor and the two nurses were injured in the crash."

"Yes, IR's physician and two nurses are the patients that were brought in."

"It's been reported that the doctor is the one with the more serious injuries," a NTBS reporter said. "Is this true?"

Geraldo nodded again. "Yes, the doctor -- who, I understand, is also the CMO -- has the more serious injuries and is in surgery as we speak."

"What kind of injuries have the IR personnel suffered?"

"I can't answer that question due to patient privacy issues." Sweat was beginning to bead on Geraldo's forehead. Sure is hot in here!

"We understand that Mercy General has the finest surgical imaging technology to be found anywhere," a local reporter asked, his tone slightly sarcastic. "But there are certainly other fine institutions between here and Wichita, some even closer to the scene of the crash. Are there any other reasons why this hospital was chosen over others?"

Geraldo paused, then made a decision. "I was informed by Dr. Carmichael that he had briefly met with International Rescue's physician and one of their nurses during the tsunami relief efforts in Samoa. He was impressed at the time."

This caused a lot of writing and murmuring among the reporters. "So you believe that their physician may have been equally impressed with your Dr. Carmichael and come here on the strength of their... acquaintance?"

The public relations man shook his head. "I can't say one way or the other. I can only give you Dr. Carmichael's statement."

"International Rescue is almost fanatical about its security and anonymity. What steps has Mercy taken to ensure their security?"

"Our head of security has asked me to refrain from giving details on the arrangements we have in place. Suffice it to say, we will do our best to keep International Rescue's operatives safe and secure."

One of the television reporters asked, "Are you expecting the arrival of any other International Rescue personnel or craft?"

"Not at this time." He looked around the room, then smiled. "I'm afraid that's all the time I have, ladies and gentlemen. We will be sending out press releases and holding conferences as the situation warrants. Thank you for coming."

With that, he strode off the platform, the unasked questions of the press sounding behind him. He stepped outside the room into the coolness of the hallway, and strode briskly to his office, his assistant trying to keep up. Once behind his desk again, he took out a handkerchief and wiped his face.

"Whew!" he said. "How do you think we did?"

"I think we did well," his assistant replied. "But the real person to ask would be the guy who brought in the patients."