
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Mon, 30 Jul 2012 00:47:34 GMT
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From: ArtisticRainey Sent: 10/15/2006 2:28 PM

The bed sheets crunched a little as Dominic shifted once more, trying to move in a way that would alleviate the gradually increasing pain in his neck. He closed his eyes and listened to the heartbeat of the hospital: heels clicking rapidly on the hard floors, gurney wheels squeaking both slowly and quickly, and the mumbles of doctors and nurses and patients and visitors.

He took a deep breath of the antiseptic air through his nose, and let it out through his mouth.

His thoughts were heavy on his brows, and he scrubbed at his face with his hands. There was a dull ache present in most of his muscles, and he was now finding it difficult to keep his eyes open. What a day, he thought. I don't even want to think about it. He felt disconnected from the person, Tynan, who had ridden a tornado and cut his doctor free from the steering column of Thunderbird Seven. The man lying on an L.A. hospital bed was just plain Dominic, who had a slight tremor in his hands and wanted to go home to his son. I wonder what Joshua will make of Daddy's rainbow of bruises. Probably want to poke 'em all...

He let his arms drop back onto the bed and shifted again. I now have renewed empathy for all of those auto-accident patients I've assisted on. I forgot what whiplash was like... He thought back to the car crash he had been in as teenager, and snorted at the comparison. I think this one has well surpassed that in crappiness...

He mulled over the events of the rescue and afterwards for a little while longer, before slipping off to sleep.