

---

Subject: Re: Regaining Momentum

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 00:44:08 GMT

[View Forum Message](#) <> [Reply to Message](#)

---

Dom carefully ran the med scanner over the woman's arm, beginning at the wrist and moving upward, gently pulling the arm forward. His patient cried out, and he eased the joint back. "Sorry about that, miss," he said apologetically. "Looks like you may have torn a ligament in your shoulder, and sprained your wrist as well. We'll have to immobilize your arm and have the doc take a quick look." He turned to his right, expecting to find Tin-Tin there. His patient's sudden wide-eyed look didn't quite register as he asked, "Hand me a wrist splint, will you, Sweet?"

The hand that gave him the inflatable splint looked odd, too light to be Tin-Tin's, and the sleeve wasn't the bright fuchsia of his helper's uniform shirt (she'd shucked the jacket in favor of the vest, while he'd made a quick change into his scrubs). He turned his gaze completely to the right, and his own eyes widened to find a young, bald woman smiling softly back at him.

"Here, Pewoif. Is this what you require?" Her voice was quiet, and slightly accented, but he couldn't place the tone.

"Y-Yes, thank you." He took the splint and worked to regain his focus so he could properly wrap it around the patient's wrist. When that was done, he reached for the medikit himself, intending to get an immobilizing sling. But the bald woman picked the up the bag herself.

"Tell me what you need, Pewoif, and I shall help you find it."

"I'd rather find it myself, thank you," Dom said, holding out a hand for the bag.

A slightly hurt look that passed over her face, but it was gone in an instant. She bowed, and handed him the bag. "Yes, of course, Pewoif."

He pulled out the sling, and began to gently ease around the patient's arm. The woman he was helping kept staring at Dom's erstwhile helper, and he was thankful for the distraction.

"So," he asked conversationally. "What's this 'Pewoif' you keep on about? What does it mean?"

"It is your name," the bald woman told him. "It means 'he of the melodious voice'." She paused, then added with a smile. "You truly have earned such a name, Pewoif."

The woman patient locked gazes with Dom and let out a noise, almost a hiccuping squeak, then another one, then a third. He thought at first that she was in pain, then it suddenly hit him that she was trying to keep back a strangled laugh. He sighed, turned to his admirer, and said simply, "Thank you."

Post by Tikatu

---