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Subject: Re: Learning The Ropes

Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 20:40:55 GMT

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3:15 p.m., Monday 5th March, 2068, The Saucy Lady

Tommy Brennan regained consciousness and groaned. Every time the Saucy Lady pitched and tossed, waves of pain and nausea swept through his body. What a fool he had been! What had he hoped to achieve? He thought about his wife, Mary, and their young baby daughter, Charlotte. Would he ever see them again?

Life over the recent months had been hard as catches were down in the North Sea and they had been forced to go out for longer and fish further away to get a good catch to pay all the crew. He thought of the day they had left, and Mary, as usual, stood with the other wives to bid them farewell and a safe return. All the wives knew of the dangers, and he also knew that Mary hated him going. Theirs was a close-knit community, and a loss of a boat would hit them all hard.

He groaned as another wave of pain shot through his body. Suddenly he was aware that Captain Bowers and Jock Ferguson, who had first aid experience and acted as medic for crew, were talking, as he drifted back into unconsciousness

"I dinna like the look of him, Jock," Captain Bowers said.

"Aye, he has a broken leg and possibly a broken hip, but it is the internal injuries that concern me most," Jock replied. "He has a lot of bruising around his ribs and stomach, but no obvious bleeding."

Tommy regained consciousness. "Am I going to die, Captain?" he asked.

"Not if I have my way, laddie," Captain Bowers replied.

"Has International Rescue replied to our call?" Tommy asked, and gritted his teeth as another wave of nausea and pain swept through his body. He was not a man to cry, indeed they were all tough, even him, the youngest, and he didn't want to appear weak in front of his Captain, but suddenly he felt so totally helpless. He groaned as the pain became intense, made worse by the tossing and pitching of the boat.

"Can't you give him something for the pain, Jock?" Captain Bowers asked.

"I can give him a sedative, which may hopefully send him to sleep, but he wants medical attention and fast, if we aren't to lose him. All we can do is keep him as still as possible and warm, which considering the heating elements are not working, is going to be tough." Jock replied, and reached for his medikit.

Ian Drummond came in. "How's he doing, Cap'n?"

"Nay so good, but dinna let the rest of the crew know just how seriously injured he is. It wouldna do their morale any good to know we could be in danger of losing him."

"Captain!" Jim rushed in, "I've just been informed by the Navy that International Rescue has reached NG rig 3!"

Captain Bowers glanced at the eager face of the radio operator.

"Thank God!" Ian Drummond said.

"Amen to that," Captain Bowers replied.

Jock came and joined them. "Tommy is sleeping at the moment, but for how long, I dinna know. The pain may break through the sedative and wake him."

"Well, according to the Navy, International Rescue is on the scene."

Suddenly, the trawler slammed up against the stanchion of the gas rig, sending the fishermen flying!

"Wha' th' hell was that?" shouted Captain Bowers as he picked himself up off the deck. Ian took the steps to the upper deck two at a time. When he returned, his face was pale.

"We're bein' slammed up against the supports o' one o' th' gas rigs, Cap'n! The waves keep pushin' us agin her hard!"

"My God! I hope that International Rescue comes through, for at this rate, there'll be nae left o' us t' rescue! Especially if that mine detonates!"

Post by Tawnyangel22 on 16/08/2004

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