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Subject: Re: Learning The Ropes

Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 20:50:39 GMT

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Dianne skittered across Rig 5's icy decking towards the wet green bulk that was Thunderbird Two. She ducked under the tail part of the fuselage, feeling the blast of heat from the engines so recently in use. She slipped and slid around the pod to the small access door beside the main pod door, which was slowly lowering. Putting a bare palm up to the pad next to the entry, she let it scan then punched in a code. The door slid open, and she entered the relative warmth and dryness of the pod, and removed her rain-speckled visor. Need to tell Brains that if we're going to use these things, they'll need a good coating of Turtle Wax!

Standing still for a moment, she watched as Thunderbird Four's launch rails slid out as far as they could go, far over the edge of the rig and the heaving ocean waters. A wave from within the cockpit of the small sub caught her attention, and she returned Gordon's wave and Tin-Tin's smile. With Gordon, Brandon, and Tin-Tin in there, it's going to be a crowded trip. I hope they don't have to pick up too many casualties.

Four's engines fired up and roared for a good full minute before the yellow craft began to move towards the swells. It picked up speed as it slid along but all too soon it was flying through the air and then it cut into a huge wave with a tremendous splash and disappeared. The rails began to retract, and Dianne sighed, turning her attention to Thunderbird Seven, at the far end of the pod. She began to stride, then run, as the pod door closed up and she heard the familiar sound of Thunderbird Two settling down around the pod again. By the time the electromagnets made their familiar loud "thunk," she was climbing up into Seven's control cab.

She shrugged out of her jacket and pulled off her cap and gloves, then slid open the door between the control cab and the treatment cabin. She smiled to see both Nikki and Dom, dressed in their IR scrubs, look up at her.

"Welcome home, Dr. Tracy!" Nikki said with a smile.

"Thank you! I suppose this does qualify as 'home' from time to time." Dianne replied.

"Dom's been giving me a run-down on how to use some of the equipment."

"Not that I know too terribly much about it," Dom admitted. "But I do remember what we used and how we used it during that last...." His voice trailed off as he saw Dianne's face become somber.

"That last rescue. Yes. We won't forget that one for a long time, will we?" Dianne said, and then she smiled slightly. Looking around, she nodded approvingly. "Looks like we're ready for this. You've done a good prep job."

"Thank you!" Dom and Nikki said in near unison. Dianne moved towards the back of the cabin.

"I'll change to scrubs quickly and while I do, I can tell you how we'll handle this." She pulled off her uniform waistcoat, and slid a scrub top on over her mock turtleneck. "There's one badly injured man on the trawler; the medic there suspects a broken leg and hip and internal bleeding. He's

coming up first. Nikki, I'll want you with me since you're good with triage. I expect plenty of frostbite and frost nip and some hypothermia as well." She slipped out of her boots and trousers and into scrub pants and then put her boots back on. "We'll go down in the rescue cage and get that one man first and do a quickie triage, then up for treatment. I'll need you in the surgery here, Dom. Nikki, you'll be in charge of the cabin until we are through with the first man." Hanging up her garments and locating her clogs to wear later, she came out of the surgery area. "Help the men get back to Seven while the rescue cage is going up and down. I understand that there are twelve all told, so there should only be four trips."

"Understood, Doctor." "Yes, Doctor."

"What do you have for cold weather gear?"

Dominic pulled out a quilted blue coat and a furry hat with earflaps. Dianne groaned and then chuckled. "I hate being between uniforms," she stated, shaking her head with a rueful smile. She stepped back into the stores area and pulled out a small box. "I see you have your wrist telecomms. That's good, but back here, we use hands-free." She gave each of them an earbud with a microphone attached, and then she dug into a pocket of her waistcoat and took out her own. The three tested the earbuds, and then heard Virgil calling from the cockpit.

"We're over the Saucy Lady, Doc. Are you ready?"

"F-A-B. Be there in a tick."

Nikki pulled on her coat and hat, and Dianne did the same with her jacket and cap. Dom handed her the medikit, and Nikki took an antigravity stretcher.

"Let's go."

Post by Tikatu on 16/08/2004

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