
Subject: Re: Learning The Ropes
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 23:56:27 GMT
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Wednesday March 7th. 2.30pm. Tracy Island.

"Okay, you two." Brains talked briskly as he walked down to the pod bay, with the two nurses in tow. "Part of your job, as well as being medical personnel in the field, is to take care of Thunderbird Seven after rescues. It'll be your job to perform a detailed clean up and inspection of the craft when it returns to the island, and to report any problems or malfunctions you may come across."

The two nurses almost had to jog to keep up with Brains' fast, efficient walk. They descended to the bay, and both shared a look of awe as they caught a glimpse of Thunderbird Two on the way. The mammoth craft still seemed like a figment of their imaginations, something from sci-fi, not reality. Brains led the way to the port where Thunderbird Seven was stationed, and stepped up into the treatment cabin.

The remnants of the previous rescue were clear. There were thermal blankets piled up on one of the biobeds, and the cabin had a general look of well-used untidiness. Through the doors near the back, leading to the surgical bay, Dominic knew there was the need for a clean-up operation there, too.

"You'll be using the anti-bacteria/anti-virus gel as you work, and after the clean up is complete, the whole craft is disinfected." Brains regarded the two enthusiastic faces. "Shall we get started, then?"

He received two vigorous nods, and shook his head as the nurses started to formulate a plan between them. It seemed that they were raring to get started on the job. I've never seen anyone so enthusiastic about clean-up before, he thought, though I suppose this is something they are familiar with, and don't need any special training in. I'll chip in my opinion and guide them as they go along.

"I've finished checking over the biobed systems, Dom," Nikki said as she walked away from the twelfth bed. "All systems seem to be working perfectly, although I'm no expert. I'll ask Brains to give them another quick check.

"Good stuff, Nik.," Dom said as he closed over one of the storage compartments embedded in the craft's bulkhead. "All of the cold weather gear is stored, and I've catalogued and stored all of the medical equipment that was used."

"So we just have the surgical bay to do, and then the final disinfecting to do, right?"

"Right."

"Well, let's get to it!"

The two put on fresh gloves with the special gel, and Nikki pushed the door release with her elbow. Brains followed, and both noted that he seemed impressed by their quick and efficient clean-up operation. Of course we're brilliant, Dominic thought, we've both done this for a living for years. Though I'm sure he knows it.

Soon enough, the surgical bay was cleaned and all equipment was tested and stored away, ready for its next use.

"Now for the final clean," Dom said.

They went through the entire craft, with Brains giving them pointers and help along the way. Both nurses were enthused by their work, as the equipment was top of the range, and the recent rescue, which had given them a taste of what their jobs would really be like, had been the proverbial hammer falling, and neither regretted their decision.

After they had finished, Brains folded his arms across his chest and did nothing to restrain the reassured grin on his face.

"I am very impressed by your work here, today," he said. The two nurses grinned. "You've both shown real professionalism and enthusiasm, and I know you'll be excellent members of International Rescue."

"Thank you, Brains," Nikki said. "I know I can speak for Dom as well as myself when I say that we are very happy to be here." Dominic nodded his agreement.

Brains smiled, and beckoned the two recruits to join him in the cab.

"I'll show you the shutdown procedures, and if you'd like, I can show you the basic controls now, as well."

"That'd be great!" they said in unison.

All three laughed, and they made their way into the control cab.

Post by ArtisticRainey on 01/09/2004
