Subject: Re: Growing as a Team
Posted by Tikatu on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 20:42:35 GMT
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"Well, here we are again, Nikki."

Dom glanced out of one of the large windows of Thunderbird Two and felt a lopsided grin spread across his face. He loved flying. Nikki craned her neck to look out as well, at the clouds that were zooming past at, quite frankly, ridiculously high speed. It was just another reminder of how incredible International Rescue's machines were.

"Yes. But I'm feeling more confident than the last time, especially now that we've been trained up on Thunderbird Seven. How about you?"

"Definitely more confident. But I'm a bit worried, too. They're kids...you know?" He glanced at her and tried to convey to her the feelings he could not quite voice.

Nikki seemed to understand; she had seen the same sort of worry in the eyes of fathers when their children were undergoing surgery. When it came to kids, she knew that many peoples' worry spiked, including her own.

"I know. But I guess you've just got to put it at the back of your mind. If you worry too much, then it might affect your performance."

Dominic nodded, and smiled at the pretty young nurse beside him. He had found that she was an excellent colleague, and he knew he couldn't have asked for anyone better. He turned back to the window. He supposed that it was the case for everyone in International Rescue. They were all excellent, hardworking, not afraid to take risks. And take orders, he thought with a small grin.

He brought a hand up to rub his chin; the stubble told him he needed to shave. Scott's voice resounded in the cabin from the radio. He heard Virgil telling him their ETA. Ten minutes, he thought, and then we're getting down to it. I hope there aren't too many casualties. They're just kids... Soon enough they would be down there, and Dom was determined to do as damned good a job as he could. It's what I'm here for.

Post by ArtisticRainey on 14/10/2004