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Subject: Re: Growing as a Team  
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:06:44 GMT  
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Beneath his skin, Dominic could feel a strange mixture of anxiety and excitement spreading through his body. It kept him sharp and wary of any dangers around him. There were many lives at stake. The trail of destruction around him, the backed up cars and the bus, oh, the bus... Every sight he saw made him more determined to give 110%, or more, if he could.

He and Alan manoeuvred the stretcher, upon which they had placed a middle-aged gentleman who had been removed from one of the car wrecks, back towards Thunderbird Seven. He was grateful for the well-gripped boots he had been issued with. The ground was icy, even where snow had been cleared away. Alan gave him a slight nod as they began to load the man into the medical cabin.

"How're you doing?" The blond asked.

"Fine." Dom answered, backing up into the cabin. "You?"

"Fine."

Together they transferred the man onto a biobed, and Dominic reached for the diagnosis chart, and he began to log in the man's condition. He replaced the medical padd and, grabbing another anti-grav stretcher, headed out of the cabin and out into the cold once more, following Alan.

The two men went quickly back to the car wrecks, where people were being extricated as quickly as possible. Alan was familiar with triage, although perhaps not on this scale. Dominic was impressed at the other man's efficiency and professionalism. It was a blessing to have someone experienced to work with.

He jogged towards one of the freed victims, and put on fresh gloves and gel. The middle-aged man, whose shirt was soaked with blood, began to hack and cough. Dominic did what he could, trying to assess the injuries and providing what emergency treatment he could. But the man's injuries were just too bad, and within minutes, he was dead.

Dominic shook his head and screwed up his mouth. 'We may be too late in some cases,' he remembered Doctor Tracy saying, 'but hopefully not for the children in that bus.' Sighing, knowing, as an experienced nurse, that death was an unfortunate side affect of his job, he put a black tab on the man and pulled the thermal blanket up over his head, and then conveyed the stretcher to the, thankfully tiny, morgue area.

Post by ArtisticRainey on 19/10/2004

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