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Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:45:12 GMT

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Dominic buckled himself in as Dianne carefully manoeuvred Thunderbird Seven out of the pod. He watched as the bright spotlights lit up the entire area so much that TB7's headlights didn't make any difference. He sighed quietly and stared forwards, bracing himself for what might come. Pneumonia, frostbite, asphyxia, broken bones... Nothing as bad as what they had experienced before on rescues.

I wish Luke were here, he thought. I'm sure Rom would come in useful, too. Though I remember that lecture Luke gave me over beer one night. 'He's a search and rescue dog, not an avalanche dog. Man, you don't know anything, do you, Kelly?' Dom felt a tiny smile flicker on his lips. I hope he's okay. I can't believe he got shot. Shot. I also can't believe how bad I took the news. It was almost as bad as when Mags told me she was leaving me. That...grief. I've never had that with anyone before. I know we didn't know each other for very long, but I felt almost like he was my best friend...or something more? Dom shook himself from his thoughts. It really was not the time for them. Instead, he turned to Nikki and nodded.

"Ready, Angel?" he asked, forcing a smile onto his face.

"As always, Tynan," she replied, a little confusion in her eyes.

Dominic shook his head almost imperceptibly.

"Glad to hear it, guys," Dianne said, missing the exchange of glances due to piloting the craft. "It's going to be a long one."

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