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Emma MacInnes, an Ambulance Paramedic, is just leaving the A&E department of the Gilbert Bain Hospital when she hears the tones going on her radio. A quick glance at the screen reveals they are returning to the Thule Bar. Her partner for the shift is Paramedic Sam Leask, “for God’s sake weve just been there” he says “It’ll be some other body from the rumpus that was going on, thought the Police had got it under control didna see anybody looking like they needed us”

They close up the Ambulance doors and jump into the front seats, Sam turns the key and the engine fires into life. With the blue lights activated they set off on the short journey to the towns Esplanade, as they near the main road there is some traffic, so Sam presses the centre of the steering wheel and the sirens come to life. Two minutes later they pull up outside the Thule Bar, one of the towns oldest drinking establishments. There is a small crowd gathered around a young man lying on the ground just outside the front door.

Emma is first out the Ambulance, she already has her blue gloves on. She opens the side of the Ambulance and lifts out the response bag and oxygen cylinder.

She approaches the casualty and shakes his shoulder and says, “Hello I’m Emma what’s your name?” when no response, “What’s happened?” she enquires of the gathered group.

“He had just come out for a fag; said he felt a bit funny then just collapsed to the floor” one of the group replied. Emma asked, “Was he involved in the carry on we witnessed when we were here earlier”. “He was at the bar when it kicked off, told me they had clattered into him, and he had hit his head on the wall trying to get away from it”.

“Was he knocked out?”

“No, once it calmed down, he got the drinks in and came back to the pool tables”

“Did he seem OK, confused or so?”

“Weel wir all had a good scoop so he wisna making much sense, but no idder as you wid expect for the drink wir had” the lad replied, his Shetland accent getting more noticeable now he realised he was talking to another local.

While this conversation had been ongoing, both Emma and Sam had been assessing the patient. Sam had connected him up to their monitoring equipment. “Blood pressures 152/92 and pulse is tachycardic at 124” Sam passed to Emma “Possibly a head injury but could also be the alcohol or a mixture of both”. As Sam passed his findings the patient began seizing. Emma reacts quickly “Lets get him on his side and have suction ready in case he vomits I’ll go get the drug pouches from the vehicle. He may be a candidate for the trial Midazolam pouch”

Two months previous all Paramedics had received an email regarding the trial pouches. The drug contained within was new, known as Midazatron, it was similar to Midazolam which the Ambulances already carried in the controlled drugs safe. Midazatron came with a Patient Group Directive(PGD), which all drugs used by the Ambulance Service had, which gave specific instructions for its use. Midazolam had three distinct scenarios in which it could be used by Paramedics out with the Hospital environment, Midazatron on the other hand had only one very specific occasion in which it could be used. Patients between 21 and 29 who were seizing from a suspected head injury were the only people to receive Midazatron.

Emma tore open the pouch containing the new drug, she reached into her trouser pocket and took out her iPhone. All Ambulance staff could now access the JRCALC guidelines from an App on their phone. Once the App opens, she quickly navigates to the page for Midazatron, deep down she know the indications, contraindications and dosages off byheart but like all other Paramedics she always checks just to be 100%.

The indications for giving Midazatron are a patient between 18 and 29, with an actual or suspected head injury with associated Glasgow Coma Scale of 7 or less who is suffering convulsions. Emma makes a quick decision that he meets all the criteria and says so to Sam, who also is consulting the App “Definitely” he replies.

Emma proceeds to cannulate the patient while Sam opens the box containing the pre-filled syringe. He reads out the name of the drug and the dose contained in the syringe and confirms the expiry date has not expired. Emma confirms that it is the correct dose and takes the syringe, connecting it to the cannula slowly titrates the dose over the 1 minute her JRCALC guidelines specify.

Buzz Buzz, he awakens gradually as his Fitbit continues to vibrate gently on his wrist. Angus MacInnes rolls over laying his arm out to cuddle his wife Emma, realising he is alone in the bed, he imagines she has woken early but then remembers Emma was on night shift in her role as a Paramedic with the Scottish Ambulance Service.

It was now Saturday morning, so this meant she had been working during one of the busiest nights of the week. Unfortunately, he was due on shift in his role as a Detective Sergeant in just over an hour. In the past two days they had only seen one another briefly as one come home from work just prior to the other leaving. Neither were rostered to work tomorrow so they had planned to spend some time together, but both appreciated the others workload, so nothing was taken for granted.

As Angus climbs out of bed, he uses the Sonos app to switch on to Radio 2 he sets it to play on the speakers in the bedroom, sitting room and kitchen that way he can continue to listen as he prepares for the day ahead.

Zoe Ball is currently at the helm for the breakfast show, and he tunes in just in time to catch the news headlines. Fortunately, nothing major has happened overnight and Zoe now cues up “Hunter” by Dido. Angus waits patiently for the kettle to boil, realising it is now just after 7 so if Emma’s shift does not overrun, they may have half an hour to catch up before he leaves.

As Angus leaves the shower he spots the front door opening, in steps his wife Emma she looks gorgeous, impossible to believe she has just done a 12 hour as a Paramedic on a frontline Ambulance. “Good morning beautiful” he greets her, the same greeting he has used every morning for the 10 years, it always reminds of The The’s song of the same name. Every morning when he says it in his mind he hears Matt Johnson growling it out.

“How was your night?” he enquires.

“Just the usual Saturday night pretty much every job involved alcohol or drugs, your guys were quite busy too a few fights in the Thule.” You can tell by her voice, these type of jobs are not why she does the job. She has been in the Ambulance service since she was 21, at first as an Ambulance Technician then returning to university after 18 months to become a Paramedic, now she was in her last year of her advance Paramedic degree. Angus couldn’t believe the level she was currently studying at, many times he told her “ your near enough a Doctor now” she would always reply “their training is 7 years so they’re way more qualified than us.