3.

Angus enters his front door; the delicious smell of Emma’s cooking confronts him. All too soon he remembers she will be heading out to work in about an hour. The Be bop deluxe song “Ships in the night” springs to mind. Now that’s on the Sunburst finish album he remembers, something to listen to tonight.

Emma has made Cullen Skink for tea, she often prefers soup prior to going on night shift. He notices the table is already set and there is a single glass of white wine sitting waiting for him. Feeling sad for Emma, as she is unable to enjoy a glass, he thanks her. “It’s to help you relax and chill out tonight, we have both been so busy recently”. “That’s lovely” he replies, “but would have been much better if you had been having one too”.

“We’re both off tomorrow” Emma reminds him. “If I have a wee snooze mid morning, we could go for a walk and stop off at Mareel for a drink and some grub”

“Sounds good” Angus says “Hopefully I can get done at work by then”

“Thought you were off tomorrow”

“I am meant to be, but Andy asked us to look into a death and there’s something about it that doesn’t add up. Actually it was the young lad you picked up outside the Thule, I went through your EPRF, couldn’t see anything untoward in It at all”

“He died!” Emma replied startled by the news. “Didn’t think he was too bad, had taken a fair dunt but thought he was young enough and strong enough to have pulled through. I remember the job really well as I used one of the new drug pouches we have, first time I’ve used one”

“What’s in them?” asks her husband, as they both sit down to eat.

“it’s a similar drug Midazolam that we give to people seizing, we can also give it head injuries if there is cerebral irritation. This drug is a new formula, trials have shown it to be more effective in head injuries and less so for seizures”

“How come your using it, has it been fully trialled”

“Our Chief Exec and Medical director are both good friends with the big knobs from the Pharmaceutical company. We are the final part of the clinical trials, looks like Scotland has more

head injuries per head of population than other areas. Hard to imagine with the nice quite pub culture in the Cities. We have the drug in separate pouch from our other ones, we have a special PGD for using it.”

“PGD, what’s that?”

“Patient Group Direction, it’s our guidelines of when we can give a drug and the doses we can administer. All Paramedics sign their PGD for each drug. Then its their own responsibility to keep up to date with current guidelines.”

Half an hour later Emma kisses Angus as she heads out the door top work. It’s only a five minute walk to the station so at ten to 7 Emma is suited and booted ready for her night shift, as its Saturday she expects to be busy.

Bang on seven her radio goes as she is testing the defib, she sticks her head through the bulkhead window “What is it?” she asks Marcus Simpson her colleague for the shift.

“Male unconscious outside the Wheel Bar” he replies