

# Call of Duty - One Shot Collection

## things no one likes to talk about

Von abgemeldet

### Kapitel 4: PTSD

"Would you two please behave yourself?"

Alison starred at both of her boys, sitting, with red heads and runny nose. Both of them sick, they asked Alison to bring 'em to a doctor.

Her name was Emily Clark. She was a friend of Alison and Dave also had no problem with her. John didn't know her yet.

While they were sitting in the waiting room, Dave started looking through magazines and it happened the two boys started making fun of the models on these colorful pages. The other patients already watched them. Some of the older ones grumbled and the younger ones, started to smile.

Alison thought of looking like a family to strangers, with Soap being her husband and Dave being their son. It was a funny image, but Alison thought of herself to be too young for a child.

And it was some kind of uncertain, in case of John's job.

"John MacTavish and David Akins, please.", an older woman's voice was calling through a little speaker.

Both of them got up and Dave was already reaching for John's hand. The older one smiled softly while the boy lost all of his humor and looked awfully sick.

Even Dave knew Emily he hated doctors. And though they just wanted to help, he always felt uncomfortable while being in their care. He was afraid of their methods, and injections. Emily always had been gentle in that case, but he had been to a lot of her kind.

John's opinion was pretty neutral to these guys. They saved his life very often until then, so he always was thankful.

But he hadn't been to a doc since he came back from Northern India.

And he hadn't suffered a cold for more than.. He wasn't that sick, since he had been a child. Price was pretty surprised when Soap called him, to stay back home cause he felt the fever rising and his nose running.

"Good morning."

Soap and Dave had sat down on the chairs in front of a huge, but simple desk. Both of them turned back, when the young woman arrived and closed the door behind her. Soap got up, while Dave was sinking into the chair, more and more. They shook hands and caught an slide smile form each other.

"Please, take a seat.", she said, in a soft tone and he did.

John took a short view on Dave who looked nearly asleep, while Emily checked the papers on her new patient. "So, Mr. MacTavish, you're the first time here?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

She raised a brow, when she realized, how quick and polite this answer came. Wondering what this man was working everyday.

"Okay, if it's okay, I would like to take a look at David first?"

"Sure. Go ahead.", Soap confirmed and looked again at his brother-in-law.

Emily was moving towards him, looking into his throat, listening to his heartbeat and breathing. Then she sat behind the desk and smiled. "Just a cold, dear. Stay in bed for the rest of the week and let your sister be your maid."

He smiled. "Okay. You said it, so she has to obey."

All of them laughed, while Dave was starting to cough again.

"You want to stay, while I will take a look at him?", Emily asked Dave and pointed at MacTavish. The boy just nodded.

"He came here with me, so I'll stay with him as well.", he explained.

John smiled again. "Thanks, mate."

Again, Emily looked a little confused.

"So, please get up and take your shirt of. I would like to take look at your lungs."

He did as she said and she almost hold her breath when she saw that huge scar on the right side of his chest. "What happened?"

"A knife.", was his quick answer.

"How long is this ago?"

"Half a year, maybe."

"Yes.. it looks like it's still healing."

He nodded.

"Burns a little, from time to time. Especially when it gets cold outside. Like now."

"Yeah. A lot of scars do.", she explained to him and put the stethoscope on his chest.

He did, as he was told, took deep breaths and normal ones.

"Okay, seems okay.", she said, pointing at the chair.

"Please, sit down again."

He pulled over his shirt and sat down.

Then she took a seat behind her desk one more time and looked at her documents.

"So, Mr. MacTavish... What's your occupation?"

"I'm a lifer. Military of course."

He smiled, she as well. "Explains that scar.", she admitted.

"Okay, uhm.. I'd like to take a blood probe from you, so I can take a closer look at it. You okay with that?"

"Sure. Just do as you please."

"Okay. Than, would you please follow me?"

Both of them stood back on their feet. Even Dave. "I want to come along.", he pouted and Emily nodded.

"Okay. Follow us."

The young doctor led them into a smaller room, looking more sterile then her doctor's office.

John took place on a chair, while Dave climbed the divan bed. He watched the room, while Emily sat beside John, pulling his sleeve back.

He was watching her carefully. Actually he couldn't remember any problems with these needles, but as soon as it hits his skin, he suddenly became pale. His head turned into his neck and his eyes rolled back.

*The air was so damn hot.*

*His blood soaked shirt was keeping that iron smell close to him. He heard screams, orders. Price's voice, Nikolai's voice.*

*A third name was called, but he couldn't remember hearing the name Yuri before.*

*He wasn't in the condition to think about it, anyway. His head was empty and his chest was burning like fire. Soap was coughing a lot of blood and suddenly there was this huge bang!*

*A lot of gunshots followed and Soap felt the man, working on his chest, to keep him alive, let go off him.*

*Nikolai's voice again. The name Yuri again, as well.*

*He was turning his head, from left to right, biting his own teeth. Nikolai's hands fixing him on the right, the other man's on his left.*

*In his pain, he didn't know how to remain still when suddenly something hit him. Yuri pushed that injection hardly, right into his heart. His whole body just clenched, the eyes losing sight of anything and his lungs lost the last bit of air.*

*This pain was unbelievable.*

Meanwhile Soap was already lying on the floor. No movements, no sign of life. Emily was already about to reanimate him.

Dave, sitting where he climbed on, crying and calling for his sister's boyfriend.

Emily pushed his chest, a rip already crushed, when he suddenly opened his eyes and swapped positions with her.

One hand on her throat, he stared choking the air out of this young life. His sweat dropping into her face, he was watching her, with tired eyes. It was clearly visible, he wasn't able to realize, who she was. At least for the moment.

Dave jumped off of the bed and ran outside, to call for his sister.

She quickly came and saw what was going on, so she reach for John's shoulders and pulled him off of Emily.

She was gasping and panting, while Dave helped her, to get up.

"You okay, Doc?", he asked, while she was rubbing her throat. Her eyes fixed the young couple.

Soap was sitting there, like a beaten dog, panting himself, while Alison caressed his head, drying the salty water on his face with her sleeve and hands.

"It's okay, John. You're at home, safely. She just wanted to help you."

Alison looked up, right into her friend's eyes.

"PTSD?", Emi asked and the other girl just nodded.

"He should have told me..." Emily didn't sound angry, cause she knew why he hadn't.

Even if she was a doctor and knew, this was something really serious, people like John just saw it as a disease that shows he wasn't clear in his head anymore. And who wanted to admit a fact like this about him- or herself?