

From PJB4288@ritvax.isc.rit.edu Wed May 22 07:46:07 1996
Date: Sat, 04 May 1996 13:42:48 -0400 (EDT)
From: Pete Boulay <PJB4288@ritvax.isc.rit.edu>
Reply to: venture@stargame.org
To: venture@stargame.org
Subject: VEN Ven: Austin & aunt

>Finally Austin looked up from his table to see if his aunt was coming. she was
>fifteen minutes late and he was getting worried.

>'i hope nothing happened to her' he thought to himself.

(I had no idea I was npc'ing yer aunt, but okee...)

Finally an older woman shuffles quickly down the hallway to him. She kisses him on the cheek, "My favorite nephew...I'm so sorry I'm late...woman problems you know?" She blushed briefly...

From PJB4288@ritvax.isc.rit.edu Wed May 22 07:46:19 1996
Date: Sat, 04 May 1996 13:50:05 -0400 (EDT)
From: Pete Boulay <PJB4288@ritvax.isc.rit.edu>
Reply to: venture@stargame.org
To: venture@stargame.org
Subject: VEN Ven: Blkbrn/Nogura/Boulay

(OOC: Track: McGurn)

>Blackburn gave a nod, "I'll send someone down soon. Thank you very much."

"Fine-see you soon..brig out."

>"Seems like McGurn was investigating Simpson's room, when Simpson's girlfriend
>somehow caught him. Obviously, I don't have the full story, but HQ security is
>thinking of assault and B&E charges. Something doesn't seem right here. I know
>McGurn was a loose canon, but the loss of his fiance' and eye seemed to have
>calmed him down a bit. I think HQ Security is going overboard for some reason.
>If Simpson could have been infected with one of those bugs, couldn't others?"

"Possible but I gave him strict orders that he was on his own and not to get caught..for just this reason. Damn!" Nogura is clearly not pleased.

(response)

(OOC: track Boulay)

>Blackburn grinned a little, "True. I've heard you've had some interesting
>passengers."

He chuckled, "You could say that...2 rogue Admirals who are now plagued with brain disease that noone knows the origin of."

(response)

"I believe we have a meeting in a half an hour..what's up?"

Pete

From PJB4288@ritvax.isc.rit.edu Wed May 22 07:46:28 1996

Date: Sat, 04 May 1996 13:45:24 -0400 (EDT)
From: Pete Boulay <PJB4288@ritvax.isc.rit.edu>
Reply to: venture@stargame.org
To: venture@stargame.org
Subject: VEN Ven: Player positions

Deb...sorry wrong places....

Akapella--in Starfleet Sickbay (then to where meeting is)
Boulay--with Blackburn
Knight---?
Austin--starfleet hq food court...(you have a meeting to attend young man!) :)
McGurn--in jail (nothing new--<snicker>)
Mirkan--eating breakfast alone?
Liridian--resting
Ilora--(faded into the bkround for now)
Trapsey--on bridge
Marko--on bridge??

Pete

From sturmde@wfu.edu Wed May 22 07:47:05 1996
Date: Sun, 5 May 1996 13:28:07 -0400 (EDT)
From: David E G Sturm <sturmde@wfu.edu>
Reply to: venture@stargame.org
To: venture@stargame.org
Subject: VEN Marko to Pete

On Wed, 1 May 1996, Pete Boulay wrote:

> Then he got dressed and went to Venture's bridge-seeing Trapsey give some
> papers to a woman who tagged him for something.
>
> The grapevine made him aware of his promotion, "Congratulations on the new
> position Morton!" He offered his hand, then he looked at the new officer,
> "Lieutenant Commander Peter Boulay." He offered the same hand to her after.

"Greetings, si(r)...., well, hmm, Lieutenant Commander Marguerite James,
aka Marko James. Seems we have the same rank, but I doubt seriously I'm
gonna have seniority over anyone, considering I just got the extra stripe
from Nogura this morning. :-) So, I guess, greetings, 'sir' isn't
terribly out of line. :-) How do you do, Commander Boulay?"

From sturmde@wfu.edu Wed May 22 07:47:10 1996
Date: Sun, 5 May 1996 13:32:12 -0400 (EDT)
From: David E G Sturm <sturmde@wfu.edu>
Reply to: venture@stargame.org
To: venture@stargame.org
Subject: Re: VEN OOC: where is everyone...?

OOC Marko James is on the bridge at engineering thinking it's between
9:30 and 10:00, and almost time for the meeting.

From rob@iris.washington.edu Wed May 22 07:47:23 1996
Date: Sun, 5 May 1996 12:21:42 -0700 (PDT)
From: Robert Casey <rob@iris.washington.edu>
Reply to: venture@stargame.org
To: venture@stargame.org

Subject: VEN: Bridge; Trapsey

[Sorry for the delay folks. I had been tied up with too many other things to get the creative juices flowing. I think I'm back in the saddle now.]

[BRIDGE: ENGINEERING STATION]

[TRAPSEY:]

"See to it that these frequency variables make it to the Number 3 Fillman compensator. There's too much attenuation at the G-Band."

[MARKO:]

"Errr, sure, but, um, I don't agree with those variables. There's too much offset towards the F region, and that will negate your set of variables as soon as the other compensators come on line. It could create a percussive effect and throw the whole system off line at a most inopportune moment."

Trapsey's head whipped around in surprise at the eloquently delivered critique. He didn't expect anything other than acknowledgement from the woman on duty.

[MARKO:]

"Speaking of inopportune moments, I'm not the duty yeoman. I'm the newly assigned engineer Lieutenant Commander Marko James; and, err, I'm assuming you're, yeah, errr, yes, uh, sir, you're Commander Trapsey. What a fine ship you have.... {realizing she was a little obstinate} and well, maybe I should think again about those variables you suggest."

Trapsey blinked when she said her name, and realized that he had made a serious slip in not noticing her rank insignia...and with making the subconscious assumption that this young...quite ravishing...young woman could have been anything but a duty officer.

He realized his mouth had dropped a little and he quickly shut it and straightened his features. If he was going to be a first officer, he had better act like one.

"No, that won't be necess-"

"Congratulations on the new position Morton!" Came an enthusiastic voice behind him. Trapsey was so captivated by the moment that he hadn't heard Commander Boulay come off the turbolift and up behind him. Trapsey turned as Boulay offered his hand. Trapsey took it and said, "Thanks, Pete."

Further comment was not needed as Boulay's attention was quickly diverted to the young officer behind him. "Lieutenant Commander Peter Boulay," he said to Marko with an outstretched hand.

"Greetings, si(r)...., well, hmm, Lieutenant Commander Marguerite James, aka Marko James. Seems we have the same rank, but I doubt seriously I'm gonna have seniority over anyone, considering I just got the extra stripe from Nogura this morning. :-) So, I guess, greetings, 'sir' isn't terribly out of line. :-) How do you do, Commander Boulay?"

[I'll let this dialogue finish first...]

[as an aside...Trapsey is of average height, with slim features, dark hair, and blue eyes. He is basically in his late twenties.]

From PJB4288@ritvax.isc.rit.edu Wed May 22 07:47:38 1996
Date: Sun, 05 May 1996 15:50:55 -0400 (EDT)
From: Pete Boulay <PJB4288@ritvax.isc.rit.edu>
Reply to: venture@stargame.org
To: venture@stargame.org
Subject: VEN Ven: Marko/Trapsey/Pete

>"Greetings, sir.... well, hmm, Lieutenant Commander Marguerite James, aka Marko
>James. Seems we have the same rank, but I doubt seriously I'm gonna have
>seniority over anyone, considering I just got the extra stripe from Nogura this
>morning. So, I guess, greetings, 'sir' isn't terribly out of line. How do you
>do, Commander Boulay?"

"Quite well Commander. I'm not picky...besides I really am in charge of the
Silkie and we have our own engineer-Lieutenant Knight. However, if we're ever
without the Silkie for a mission we revert to our Venture posts."

(response)

"I do, however, need to see Admiral Blackburn before we go to this meeting. So
if you'll excuse me. Mr. Trapsey--I'll see you around." He grinned..then he
turned and quick-saluted James, "Commander."

With that he goes into see blackburn.

(all caught up)

From ronp@netcom.com Wed May 22 07:47:43 1996
Date: Mon, 6 May 1996 03:54:32 -0700
From: Ron Peterson <ronp@netcom.com>
Reply to: venture@stargame.org
To: venture@stargame.org
Subject: VEN Blackburn

(OOC: Track: McGurn)

>"Fine-see you soon..brig out."

Blackburn nodded, "Venture out."

>Nogura

>"Possible but I gave him strict orders that he was on his own and not to get
>caught..for just this reason. Damn!" Nogura is clearly not pleased.

Blackburn sighed, "I was surpriced too. They've oked me going down to
pick him up."

(OOC: track Boulay)

>He chuckled, "You could say that...2 rogue Admirals who are now plagued with
>brain disease that noone knows the origin of."

"Sounds sort of like what may have been going on here at HQ. Were they
given examinations?"

>"I believe we have a meeting in a half an hour..what's up?"

Blackburn gave a grin, "Oh, you'll see."

From jbagshaw@IUSMAIL.IUS.Indiana.Edu Wed May 22 07:48:29 1996
Date: Mon, 06 May 96 18:19:41 est
From: JBAGSHAW <jbagshaw@IUSMAIL.IUS.Indiana.Edu>
Reply to: venture@stargame.org
To: venture@stargame.org
Subject: Re: VEN Ven: Austin & aunt

>Finally Austin looked up from his table to see if his aunt was coming. she was
>fifteen minutes late and he was getting worried.

>'i hope nothing happened to her' he thought to himself.

(I had no idea I was npc'ing yer aunt, but okee...)

Finally an older woman shuffles quickly down the hallway to him. She kisses
him on the cheek, "My favorite nephew...I'm so sorry I'm late...woman problems
you know?" She blushed briefly...

"Don't worry about it. I wasn't getting that worried yet.
but i was slowly getting there. So tell me how are things
back at your home town. I missed it."

<response?>

From PJB4288@ritvax.isc.rit.edu Wed May 22 07:49:01 1996
Date: Mon, 06 May 1996 17:49:18 -0400 (EDT)
From: Pete Boulay <PJB4288@ritvax.isc.rit.edu>
Reply to: venture@stargame.org
To: venture@stargame.org
Subject: VEN Ven: Blackburn/Nogura/Pete

(OOO:Track: Nogura)

>Blackburn sighed "I was surprised too. They've oked me going down to pick him
>up."

"Make sure he is clearly informed of his error...very clearly. I see you
reserved a meeting earlier...deal with McGurn afterwards."

(response)

(OOO: track Boulay)

>"Sounds sort of like what may have been going on here at HQ. Were they given
>examinations?"

"Apparently they said there was a hatchling that is somehow controlled elsewhere. When keyed it hatches and devours the brain and then exits the body and dies."

>Blackurn gave a grin, "Oh, you'll see."

"Good news would be welcome for once."

Pete

From lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us Wed May 22 07:49:06 1996
Date: Mon, 6 May 96 22:30:26 18000
From: Randy Jones <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>
Reply to: venture@stargame.org
To: Pete Boulay <PJB4288@ritvax.isc.rit.edu>
Cc: venture@stargame.org
Subject: Re: VEN Ven: Nurse/patients/Cantia

> >"Yes," she said, all too quickly. "I mean...It's nothing a few hours sleep
> >won't cure."
>
> The nurse nodded, "Yes Doctor." Akapella will sense she's not quite
> convinced.
>
> Akapella smiled reassuringly. "Certainly. Please show the next person
> inside."
>
> The nurse quickly walked out...over the next 20-25 minutes 5 people came
> through with various minor injuries.
>
> Afterwards the nurse returned, "10:00 as promised..you can go Doctor. Thank
> you."

Akapella replied, "Glad to help. I'm going to Venture. Call if my staff or I can help further."

She went directly to her office in Venture's sickbay and found the notice about the meeting. Since she had a few minutes, she spent them reading status reports, in case the admiral wanted an update on Medical Services.

(ooc: she arrive at the meeting just before 1030 hours.)

Akapella ends.

From PJB4288@ritvax.isc.rit.edu Wed May 22 07:49:12 1996
Date: Tue, 07 May 1996 00:14:32 -0400 (EDT)
From: Pete Boulay <PJB4288@ritvax.isc.rit.edu>
Reply to: venture@stargame.org
To: venture@stargame.org
Subject: VEN Ven: Austin and aunt...

(ooc: james--you need to privately feed me some basic info on this aunt..I know nothing.)

>"Don't worry about it. I wasn't getting that worried yet. but i was slowly
>getting there. So tell me how are things back at your home town. I missed it."

"Home is okay...the kids are growing like weeds...us old folks don't get any younger."

(response)

They had a quick snack (pick yer poison) and then her aunt said, "I'm sorry to cut this short, Stevey. I'm treating myself to an Orion mud bath later--gonna get me a rich young fella!"

Pete

From PJB4288@ritvax.isc.rit.edu Wed May 22 07:49:21 1996
Date: Tue, 07 May 1996 00:16:28 -0400 (EDT)
From: Pete Boulay <PJB4288@ritvax.isc.rit.edu>
Reply to: venture@stargame.org
To: venture@stargame.org
Subject: VEN Ven: Akapella

>"Glad to help. I'm going to Venture. Call if my staff or I can help further."

"You get some sleep Doctor...I can always have our chair insist on a physical for yourself." She was serious.

(response)

"Thanks again...bye.."

>She went directly to her office in Venture's sickbay and found the notice about
>the meeting. Since she had a few minutes, she spent them reading status
>reports, in case the admiral wanted an update on Medical Services.

Nothing out of the ordinary happened....a quiet morning.

>(ooc: she arrive at the meeting just before 1030 hours.)

(i believe mirkan is there)

From lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us Wed May 22 07:50:02 1996
Date: Tue, 7 May 1996 08:24:42 -0400 (EDT)
From: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>
Reply to: venture@stargame.org
To: venture@stargame.org
Subject: Re: VEN Ven: Akapella

> >"Glad to help. I'm going to Venture. Call if my staff or I can help further."

>

> "You get some sleep Doctor...I can always have our chair insist on a physical
> for yourself." She was serious.

Akapella smiled indulgently. It would take more than a surly nurse to get her off duty. There was too much to be done, and she had not seen Venture's sickbay since its renovation. "Of course," she replied.

> "Thanks again...bye.."

>

> >She went directly to her office in Venture's sickbay and found the notice about
> >the meeting. Since she had a few minutes, she spent them reading status
> >reports, in case the admiral wanted an update on Medical Services.

>

> Nothing out of the ordinary happened....a quiet morning.

The staff that had remained during the upgrades had done a superb job. The new diagnostic table alone would extend their ability to treat patients, and the biomonitors, part of the ugly pj uniforms, would give instantaneous symptoms and notify sickbay if any crewperson was in physical distress.

Padd in hand, she took a quick tour of the new medical facilities, that is until the head nurse pulled her away from the M-6 biomonitoring system and reminded her again of the meeting. Fortunately, the conference room was nearby, so she still managed to arrive a couple of minutes early.

(ooc: mirkan there? anyone else?)

Akapella ends.

From sturmde@wfu.edu Wed May 22 07:50:07 1996
Date: Tue, 7 May 1996 09:15:02 -0400 (EDT)
From: David E G Sturm <sturmde@wfu.edu>
Reply to: venture@stargame.org
To: Pete Boulay <PJB4288@ritvax.isc.rit.edu>
Cc: venture@stargame.org
Subject: Re: VEN Ven: Marko/Trapsey/Pete

Marko merely nods and smiles briefly in response. No words.

OOC: Marko would've throttled Morton by the neck were she a telepath and heard that ravishing comment. With her hair pulled back, and the duty uniform she's wearing, (and the fact she disdains war paint), she would appear very androgynous.....

From magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us Wed May 22 07:55:16 1996
Date: Tue, 7 May 1996 13:36:41 -0400 (EDT)
From: Deborah Capuano <magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us>
Reply to: venture@stargame.org
To: pjb4288@rit.edu
Cc: venture@stargame.org
Subject: VEN: Meeting time (Mirkan)

(ooc: this starts a bit b4 the meeting...just after he leaves the lounge) Mirkan decided to go by the Venture science labs and see if the elusive Lt Liridian was there...or anyone else eh'd be working with for that matter...but on the way he stopped at a computer panel to check for messages...which is when he received the notification about the meeting...(oh, well, t) he thought...(can always check the lab s later...and maybe I'll finally get to meet the CO)...with that he headed for the meeting room...he entered and took a seat, a few minutes later, the Doctor entered...
tbc....

From rob@iris.washington.edu Wed May 22 07:55:29 1996
Date: Tue, 7 May 1996 13:49:31 -0700 (PDT)

From: Robert Casey <rob@iris.washington.edu>
Reply to: venture@stargame.org
To: venture@stargame.org
Subject: VEN: Trapsey

> OOC: Marko would've throttled Morton by the neck were she a telepath and
> heard that ravishing comment. With her hair pulled back, and the duty
> uniform she's wearing, (and the fact she disdains war paint), she would
> appear very androgynous.....

["...it's just Pat."]

[Sorry, scratch the "ravishing", then...]

When Boulay departs, Trapsey turns back to Marko with a smile on his face. "I'm sorry for the mixup. I am indeed Commander Trapsey." He extended his hand in greeting. "So, you're the new Chief Engineer. Well, I guess we'll get off to the right foot if I defer to your recommendations on those compensators.

"Besides," Trapsey conceded, "you're probably right."

[Marko - reply?]

From VENTURE@CMSNAMES.LOUISVILLE.EDU Wed May 22 07:55:43 1996
Date: 2 May 96 14:21 EDT
From: VENTURE@CMSNAMES.LOUISVILLE.EDU
Reply to: venture@stargame.org
Subject: VEN Ven: SFSickbay to Atoz

<Elements above...Keep him alive long enough...>. "Understood, Sickbay. Security out." Checking his watch, he noted he still had an hour before the Session in the Firing Range.

"If anyone asks, I'll be down in Sickbay, checking on the prisoners." As he stepped through the door, he added, "Please don't try to make the rest of us look TOO badly in the qualification rounds." (McConnell had won the Venture's Marksmanship Award 2 years going).

McConnell's response

With that, he headed down to Sickbay.

-----Original message-----
Received: from ULKYVM by ULKYVM.LOUISVILLE.EDU (Mailer R2.10 ptf000) with BSMTTP id 5642; Thu, 02 May 96 14:21:08 EDT
Received: from mail3.netcom.com by ULKYVM.LOUISVILLE.EDU (IBM VM SMTP V2R3) with TCP; Thu, 02 May 96 14:21:07 EDT
Received: from stargame.org (bin@bh.mindspring.com [168.121.33.204]) by mail3.netcom.com (8.6.12/Netcom) id LAA00858; Thu, 2 May 1996 11:19:18 -0700
Received: (from bin@localhost) by stargame.org (8.6.12/8.6.9) id NAA25162 for venture-outgoing; Thu, 2 May 1996 13:19:51 -0500
Date: Thu, 02 May 1996 14:16:06 -0400 (EDT)
From: Pete Boulay <PJB4288@ritvax.isc.rit.edu>
Subject: VEN Ven: SFSickbay to Atoz
To: venture@stargame.org

Message-id: <01I48EI5NBMQB4SRFF@ritvax.isc.rit.edu>
X-VMS-To: VENTURE
X-VMS-Cc: PJB4288
MIME-version: 1.0
Content-transfer-encoding: 7BIT
Sender: owner-venture@stargame.org
Precedence: bulk
Reply-To: venture@stargame.org

(ooc: welcome back james...you saw the notice for a meering at 1030 hours right?)

<Why not>, Atoz thought as he went to a wall comm panel. "Security to Sickbay."

"Sickbay here..."

>"This is Lieutenant T'Kalleil from Silkie. I understand one of the prisoners
>from Security was transferred down there this morning?"

"Lieutenant-yes one of your prisoners is down here...actually both are
undergoing extensive mental screens to locate the source of the damage that's
been occuring."

Pete

From jbagshaw@IUSMAIL.IUS.Indiana.Edu Wed May 22 07:56:15 1996
Date: Tue, 07 May 96 19:36:17 est
From: JBAGSHAW <jbagshaw@IUSMAIL.IUS.Indiana.Edu>
Reply to: venture@stargame.org
To: venture@stargame.org
Subject: Re: VEN Ven: Austin and aunt...

(ooc: james--you need to privately feed me some basic info on this aunt..I know nothing.)

>"Don't worry about it. I wasn't getting that worried yet. but i was slowly
>getting there. So tell me how are things back at your home town. I missed it."

"Home is okay...the kids are growing like weeds...us old folks don't get any
younger."

(response)

They had a quick snack (pick yer poison) and then her aunt said, "I'm sorry to
cut this short, Stevey. I'm treating myself to an Orion mud bath later--gonna
get me a rich young fella!"

Pete

pete, i'll get it out to you. but your doing great.

jim

From PJB4288@ritvax.isc.rit.edu Wed May 22 07:56:50 1996
Date: Tue, 07 May 1996 23:47:41 -0400 (EDT)
From: Pete Boulay <PJB4288@ritvax.isc.rit.edu>
Reply to: venture@stargame.org
To: venture@stargame.org

Subject: VEN Ven/Silk: ATT SILKIE CREW

While in Blackburn's ready room...

"You know-Silkie crew may be away from their computers...let me remind them of the meeting."

(response)

He hits the comm button on Blackburn's desk, "Boulay to Silkie personnel. Mandatory staff meeting at 1030 hours at <insert location here>. Boulay out."

From PJB4288@ritvax.isc.rit.edu Wed May 22 07:56:54 1996
Date: Tue, 07 May 1996 23:55:22 -0400 (EDT)
From: Pete Boulay <PJB4288@ritvax.isc.rit.edu>
Reply to: venture@stargame.org
To: venture@stargame.org
Subject: VEN Ven: Liridian

Sal Liridian had been sitting in her room when her computer doublechimed...

She checked her messages...one was notification of a meeting. The other was notification of her transfer.

She smiled, she needed a break. Her pains of her psionic problems and her strained relationship with Pete had taken a toll. He couldn't remember their love and she couldn't forget.

She packed some minor things and went to the staff meeting...

From PJB4288@ritvax.isc.rit.edu Wed May 22 07:57:08 1996
Date: Tue, 07 May 1996 23:45:38 -0400 (EDT)
From: Pete Boulay <PJB4288@ritvax.isc.rit.edu>
Reply to: venture@stargame.org
To: venture@stargame.org
Subject: VEN Ven: Atoz/McConnell stuff

>"If anyone asks, I'll be down in Sickbay, checking on the prisoners."

"Gotcha...have fun."

>With that, he headed down to Sickbay.

He walks in and the nurse sees him and approaches, there are quite a few ppl there nursing wounds from last night--she's obviously tired, "Can I help you?"

From ronp@netcom.com Wed May 22 07:57:15 1996
Date: Wed, 8 May 1996 03:23:00 -0700
From: Ron Peterson <ronp@netcom.com>
Reply to: venture@stargame.org
To: venture@stargame.org
Subject: VEN Blackburn

(OOC:Track: Nogura)

>Nogura

>"Make sure he is clearly informed of his error...very clearly. I see you

>reserved a meeting earlier...deal with McGurn afterwards."

Blackburn gives a nod, wondering exactly why Nogura is so upset. "Yes, I plan to do what you asked in the communication at the meeting. Then, I'll take care of McGurn."

(OOC: track Boulay)

>"Apparently they said there was a hatchling that is somehow controlled
>elsewhere. When keyed it hatches and devours the brain and then exits
>the body and dies."

Interesting sounding, "I think I should have some sort of get together to find out if that's close to what happened at SFHQ."

>"Good news would be welcome for once."

"It may be good."

>While in Blackburn's ready room...

>"You know-Silkie crew may be away from their computers...let me remind
>them of the meeting."

"Please go ahead."

>He hits the comm button on Blackburn's desk, "Boulay to Silkie personnel.
>Mandatory staff meeting at 1030 hours at the Forward Observatory. Boulay
>out."

From lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us Wed May 22 07:57:39 1996
Date: Wed, 8 May 1996 11:50:47 -0400 (EDT)
From: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>
Reply to: venture@stargame.org
To: uss venture roleplaying campaign <venture@stargame.org>
Subject: VEN akapella to mirkan (conference room)

Akapella nodded to Mirkan as she entered and saw him seated at the conference table. "Hello, again, Mr. Mirkan," she said as she approached the table and took a seat.

(response)

Akapella ends.

From magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us Wed May 22 07:58:02 1996
Date: Wed, 8 May 1996 12:02:51 -0400 (EDT)
From: Deborah Capuano <magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us>
To: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>
Cc: uss venture roleplaying campaign <venture@stargame.org>
Subject: Re: VEN akapella to mirkan (conference room)

"Hello, Doctor..." he replied...then nodded at the other woman who'd

entered...(OOC that would be Liridian, but since he's never seen her he has no idea...)

On Wed, 8 May 1996, the singin' one wrote:

> Akapella nodded to Mirkan as she entered and saw him seated at the
> conference table. "Hello, again, Mr. Mirkan," she said as she approached
> the table and took a seat.

>

> (response)

>

> Akapella ends.

>

>

From magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us Wed May 22 07:58:11 1996

Date: Wed, 8 May 1996 12:23:38 -0400 (EDT)

From: Deborah Capuano <magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us>

To: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>

Cc: uss venture roleplaying campaign <venture@stargame.org>

Subject: Re: VEN akapella to mirkan (conference room)

"Have you met Mr Mirkan?" He tells me he's part of your department."

(Liridian response) Mirkan stood o up on hearing the name of
the second woman and walked over to her and the Doctor...waiting until
there was a break in their conversation he held out a hand..."Ens Jarehth
Mirkan, Lt..." (response)

From PJB4288@ritvax.isc.rit.edu Wed May 22 07:58:19 1996

Date: Wed, 08 May 1996 12:03:57 -0500 (EST)

From: Pete Boulay <PJB4288@ritvax.isc.rit.edu>

Reply to: venture@stargame.org

To: venture@stargame.org

Subject: VEN Ven: Blackburn/Nogura/Pete

(OOC:Track: Nogura)

>Blackburn gives a nod, wondering exactly why Nogura is so upset. "Yes, I plan
>to do what you asked in the communication at the meeting. Then, I'll take care
>of McGurn."

"Good..I have a meeting to go to..have fun John. Nogura out."

(OOC: track Boulay)

>Interesting sounding, "I think I should have some sort of get together to find
>out if that's close to what happened at SFHQ."

"Who's included?"

(response)

He looked at his watch, "I'm going to run ahead to the meeting. See you in a

few?"

(response)

He leaves and goes to the meeting.

From lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us Wed May 22 07:58:24 1996
Date: Wed, 8 May 1996 12:21:41 -0400 (EDT)
From: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>
Reply to: venture@stargame.org
To: Deborah Capuano <magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us>
Cc: uss venture roleplaying campaign <venture@stargame.org>
Subject: Re: VEN akapella to mirkan (conference room)

> "Hello, Doctor..." he replied...then nodded at the other woman who'd
> entered...(OOO that would be Liridian, but since he's never seen her he
> has no idea...)

"Sal," Akapella exclaimed, smiling, "It's good to have you back." She also sent a warm welcome to her friend through their mental link.

(response)

"Have you met Mr. Mirkan? He tells me he's part of your department."

(responses?)

Akapella ends.

From sturmde@wfu.edu Wed May 22 07:59:18 1996
Date: Wed, 8 May 1996 16:03:01 -0400 (EDT)
From: David E G Sturm <sturmde@wfu.edu>
Reply to: venture@stargame.org
To: venture@stargame.org
Subject: Re: VEN: Trapsey

On Tue, 7 May 1996, Robert Casey wrote:

> ["...it's just Pat."]

OOO Not *that* androgynous! She can be ravishing if she wants to, she's just not dressed to the 9's at the moment. :-)

> [Sorry, scratch the "ravishing", then...]

OOO Marko would think "maybe later". :-)

> When Boulay departs, Trapsey turns back to Marko with a smile on
> his face. "I'm sorry for the mixup. I am indeed Commander Trapsey." He
> extended his hand in greeting. "So, you're the new Chief Engineer. Well,
> I guess we'll get off to the right foot if I defer to your recommendations
> on those compensators.
> "Besides," Trapsey conceded, "you're probably right."

"Well, there's never a guarantee from the almighty on that, but I'll always give you mine. :-) I'll try to find a compensatory pattern taking the best of your plan and mine. We should find time to discuss Engineering at length later after shift ends. Is there a time that would

be convenient for you?" slyly asks Marko.

Dave.

From sturmde@wfu.edu Wed May 22 07:59:22 1996
Date: Wed, 8 May 1996 16:25:18 -0400 (EDT)
From: David E G Sturm <sturmde@wfu.edu>
Reply to: venture@stargame.org
To: venture@stargame.org
Subject: VEN 10:31 Marko's late

Having busily worked to set the compensator plates in a proper vibrational mode, Marko notices the chrono reads 10:28! "Crap!" she exclaims. She quickly sorts out the open sessions and pages the duty yeoman to resume control of the engineering terminal.... She picks up her ScribblePADD <TM> and a stylus and shuttles into the elevator.

"Forward Observatory" she declares. Before she knows it she is deposited at the closed door.

She hurriedly pulls at her uni top in what will someday be called the Picard Maneuver. She takes a deep breath. Anxiety is tremendous. She starts in, but then pauses. More anxiety, sudden discomfort. She notes the time, 10:31. Geez, late already is her thought. She walks in.

She sees the heads turn toward her. There's an open seat, so, she walks to it quickly and quietly sits down.... hoping no one will make a fuss of her entrance. Although she notices a lot of glares that suggest they don't think she's supposed to be there. Reminds her of her first week at the academy--inadvertently walked into a senior year engineering seminar, but sat down en-tranced. And ended up asking a bravura question....

Maybe that could happen now.

Dave.

From ronp@netcom.com Wed May 22 07:59:26 1996
Date: Wed, 8 May 1996 17:12:35 -0700
From: Ron Peterson <ronp@netcom.com>
Reply to: venture@stargame.org
To: venture@stargame.org
Subject: VEN Blackburn (getting ready)

(OOC: One of those days... I zapped my record of Nogura's reponce, if any, as well as Boulay's. I have vague memories of Pete said, but no clue if the Admiral had any thing more to say... Let me know. Come to think of it, I don't remember what Boulay said about the Admirals and their behavior. We can back track)

Blackburn gave Boulay a curt nod, "You'll just have to find out what's up, by showing up."

After Boulay left, Blackburn went to his room, gathered an old small bag, sent an order to the replicator in the Forward Obsirvatory, grab an offical SF box and went on down. He set things up under the table as not to be odvious, but left the box where he could get, but face down, so the

UFP seal wouldn't show.

From PJB4288@ritvax.isc.rit.edu Wed May 22 08:00:43 1996
Date: Wed, 08 May 1996 16:23:18 -0500 (EST)
From: Pete Boulay <PJB4288@ritvax.isc.rit.edu>
Reply to: venture@stargame.org
To: venture@stargame.org
Subject: VEN Ven: Akapella/Mirkan/Liridian

>"Sal," Akapella exclaimed, smiling, "It's good to have you back." She also sent
>a warm welcome to her friend through their mental link.

The feeling Akapella got was one of hesitancy...

"Thank you Cantia."

>"Have you met Mr. Mirkan? He tells me he's part of your department."

As she started to speak Pete walked in (she doesn't see him) and he sees the
three together.

>"Ens Jareth Mirkan, Lt..."

Sal smiled weakly, "It's not my department any longer Ensign...Doctor. I've
been granted a leave to go work on the Potempkin for a period of time as long
as I wish."

<<<Cantia you understand I need to get away...>>>

Pete walked up and put a hand on her shoulder--she jumped and turned around,
"What the--?!" She's definitely jumpy.

"You'll be missed Sal." She tentatively gave him a hug which she broke off and
turned around to face Cantia and Jareth. Not crying, it was clear that it
hurt.

(responses/reactions)

From PJB4288@ritvax.isc.rit.edu Wed May 22 08:01:36 1996
Date: Wed, 08 May 1996 23:17:16 -0500 (EST)
From: Pete Boulay <PJB4288@ritvax.isc.rit.edu>
Reply to: venture@stargame.org
To: venture@stargame.org
Subject: VEN Ven: ALL PLAYERS

Just a note--all players should be at the meeting location.

pete

From rob@iris.washington.edu Wed May 22 08:52:30 1996
Date: Wed, 8 May 1996 22:35:55 -0700 (PDT)
From: Robert Casey <rob@iris.washington.edu>
Reply to: venture@stargame.org
To: venture@stargame.org
Subject: VEN: Trapsey

> "Well, there's never a guarantee from the almighty on that, but I'll
> always give you mine. :-) I'll try to find a compensatory pattern
> taking the best of your plan and mine. We should find time to discuss

> Engineering at length later after shift ends. Is there a time that would
> be convenient for you?" slyly asks Marko.

Trapsey smiled. "I have no idea to be honest, with our new jobs and all. I think we'll have to play that by ear."

Trapsey turned toward the turbolift, "In the meantime, I'll leave it to your capable hands...but uh..."

Trapsey looked at his chronometer and turned back to her. "You'll be expected in the Observation Lounge in ten minutes. Don't be late." With another grin, he disappeared into the turboshaft.

[Trapsey gets to the Lounge for the meeting, greets others as they settle in, and waits for Blackburn to call them to order.]

From PJB4288@ritvax.isc.rit.edu Sat May 25 16:13:33 1996
Date: Wed, 08 May 1996 23:16:45 -0500 (EST)
From: Pete Boulay <PJB4288@ritvax.isc.rit.edu>
Reply to: venture@stargame.org
To: venture@stargame.org
Subject: VEN Ven: Blackburn/Boulay/Nogura

>well as Boulay's. I have vague memories of Pete said, but no clue if the
>Admiral had any thing more to say...Let me know. Come to think of it, I don't
>remember what Boulay said about the Admirals and their behavior. We can back
>track)

Nogura just said to deal with McGurn after the meeting...(is frankie in existence????)

Boulay didn't say much...just talked about the admirals and their attempted abduction of the silkie.

From ronp@netcom.com Sat May 25 16:13:42 1996
Date: Thu, 9 May 1996 04:40:46 -0700 (PDT)
From: Ron Peterson <ronp@netcom.com>
Reply to: venture@stargame.org
To: venture@stargame.org
Subject: Re: VEN Ven: Blackburn/Boulay/Nogura

>
> Nogura just said to deal with McGurn after the meeting...(is frankie in
> existence????)

And I said I would... Frankie disappears from the net for months on time, and pops up when it seems convenient for him. Alive? Dunno.

>
> Boulay didn't say much...just talked about the admirals and their attempted
> abduction of the silkie.

Anything more I need to say?

Ron/Blackburn

From lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us Sat May 25 16:25:48 1996
Date: Sun, 12 May 1996 17:01:45 -0400 (EDT)
From: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>
Reply to: venture@stargame.org
To: venture@stargame.org
Subject: VEN akapella (goodbye sal?!)

> > "Sal," Akapella exclaimed, smiling, "It's good to have you back." She
> > also sent a warm welcome to her friend through their mental link.
>
> The feeling Akapella got was one of hesitancy...
>
> "Thank you Cantia."

With Mirkan--who she barely knew--nearby, Akapella kept her expression carefully neutral, though she could not help the concern reflected in her brown eyes.

> >"Have you met Mr. Mirkan? He tells me he's part of your department."
>
> As she started to speak Pete walked in (she doesn't see him) and he sees the
> three together.
>
> >"Ens Jareth Mirkan, Lt..."
>
> Sal smiled weakly, "It's not my department any longer Ensign...Doctor. I've
> been granted a leave to go work on the Potempkin for a period of time as long
> as I wish."
>
> <<<Cantia you understand I need to get away...>>>

<< I do, my friend. >> In more ways than one, but she did not share that thought.

> Pete walked up and put a hand on her shoulder--she jumped and turned around,
> "What the--?!" She's definitely jumpy.
>
> "You'll be missed Sal." She tentatively gave him a hug which she broke off and
> turned around to face Cantia and Jareth. Not crying, it was clear that it
> hurt.

Cantia hugged her friend. "Sal, when do you leave?"

(response)

Akapella ends.

From PJB4288@ritvax.isc.rit.edu Sat May 25 16:26:21 1996
Date: Sun, 12 May 1996 22:50:36 -0400 (EDT)
From: Pete Boulay <PJB4288@ritvax.isc.rit.edu>
Reply to: venture@stargame.org
To: venture@stargame.org
Subject: VEN Ven: Sal/Cantia

><<I do, my friend.>> In more ways than one, but she did not share that
>thought.

<<You'll see me again...when I'm ready.>>

>Cantia hugged her friend. "Sal, when do you leave?"

"As soon as the meeting is over and I can get transport...unless you need me?"

From lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us Sat May 25 16:26:31 1996

Date: Sun, 12 May 96 23:33:23 18000

From: Randy Jones <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>

Reply to: venture@stargame.org

To: venture@stargame.org

Cc: Randy Jones <lyre@fn3.freenet.tlh.fl.us>

Subject: VEN akapella to liridian

> <<You'll see me again...when I'm ready.>>

>

> >Cantia hugged her friend. "Sal, when do you leave?"

>

> "As soon as the meeting is over and I can get transport...unless you need
> me?"

"No, you need to take care of yourself. When you return, we can talk
about things."

This was not the time or place to talk further, so Akapella backed
away and returned to her seat at the conference table. She made a
mental note to contact the Potempkin's CMO.

Akapella ends.

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