

From JESEAY01@ulkyvm.louisville.edu Thu Jun 13 00:10:51 1996  
Date: Mon, 10 Jun 96 18:16:43 EDT  
From: James Seay <JESEAY01@ulkyvm.louisville.edu>  
To: venture@stargame.org  
Subject: The promotions...

Atoz congratulated Boulay (who was sitting beside him in the conference room). As Boulay sat down, Atoz noticed the cloaked figure was still there. Immediately alarms went off inside his head (Romulan's are a paranoid bunch, after all). Carefully he acted calmly, all the while ready to act....if necessary.

From GT3083@SIUCVMB.SIU.EDU Sun Jun 16 00:25:41 1996  
Date: Tue, 11 Jun 96 17:28:08 CST  
From: GT3083@SIUCVMB.SIU.EDU  
To: lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us  
Subject: ooc

Sorry, Randye. I don't recall a recent post informing Zakal of the current problems, like life-support failure, etc. When he discovers it, he'll act.

I think we should start the post-meeting stuff on Venture. While my patience is infinite, my lifespan is not....:)

BTW, visited your web site. Cool!

'Domo sent me a note saying I need to confirm Pete's subscription to DNT under his new address, but wouldn't accept my password. How do I change it, or do I have to ask Brian?

Dennis

From magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us Sun Jun 16 00:25:48 1996  
Date: Tue, 11 Jun 1996 16:14:55 -0400 (EDT)  
From: Deborah Capuano <magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us>  
To: lulkindm@stu.beloit.edu  
Cc: xerxes@stargame.org  
Subject: XER: Conner tries yet again

"WHY is this crew so opposed to following orders?" Conner heard Malloy's mumble and sighed inwardly...(damn it to h\*\*l, she \*had\* to update him on the situation!!) she opened her mouth and tried to speak but once again all that came out was inarticulate noise...(This is all that Neulon's fault, and \*believe\* me she'll be up on charges for this,) she thought in desperation...her green eyes burned into Malloy's silently hoping he'd understand she was \*trying\*....

(OOC: Dave Malloy can react if you want, I'll have more for you after I've seen Randye's post titonite)

From rljones@mailers.fsu.edu Sun Jun 16 00:30:22 1996  
Date: Tue, 11 Jun 1996 18:43:05 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one too <rljones@mailers.fsu.edu>  
To: GT3083@SIUCVMB.SIU.EDU  
Cc: lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us  
Subject: Re: ooc

> Sorry, Randye. I don't recall a recent post informing Zakal of the current  
> problems, like life-support failure, etc. When he discovers it, he'll act.

i think floating in mid-air should be sufficient, don't you? 8-)

> I think we should start the post-meeting stuff on Venture. While my patience  
> is infinite, my lifespan is not.....)

let's go for it, then!

> BTW, visited your web site. Cool!

thanks. still got to learn how to download graphics to add.

> 'Domo sent me a note saying I need to confirm Pete's subscription to DNT  
> under his new address, but wouldn't accept my password. How do I change it,  
> or do I have to ask Brian?

i should be able to find it. hold on.  
randye

```
~~~~~
. | *   Randye Jones           |
. |) .  aka the singin' one    |   Hate
. /| .  rljones@mailers.fsu.edu |   IS NOT
. (|) .  randye@stargame.org    |   a family value
. .| .  http://mailers.fsu.edu/~rljones |
```

From GT3083@SIUCVMB.SIU.EDU Sun Jun 16 00:33:16 1996  
Date: Wed, 12 Jun 96 11:18:41 CST  
From: GT3083@SIUCVMB.SIU.EDU  
To: ROB@IRIS.WASHINGTON.EDU, PJBPRO@RIT.EDU, RONP@NETCOM.COM,  
lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us, jeseay01@ulkyvm.louisville.edu,  
dmahaff@tenet.edu, sturmde@wfu.edu, schildin@pilot.njin.net,  
Magnet@BcFreenet.Seflin.Lib.FI.Us, rdavis62@maine.maine.edu,  
Venture@Stargame.Org  
Subject: VEN: After the meeting

(ooc: Pete, Randye and I have decided to move ahead. We'll backtrack if  
needed..)

Nick waited for Cantia in the hall after the meeting.

"Congratulations." he said. (Assumes she gets promoted, which I suspect  
will happen; if not, disregard)

"Have you thought how you're going to spend your leave?" he asked.

(response)

"Well, I have an idea....but there are a couple of problems. It'd involve some travelling, and the destination's a surprise."

(response)

\*\*\*\*\*  
Dennis "Hollywood" Campbell "Evolution is vastly overrated."  
GT3083@Siucvmb.Siu.Edu (paraphrased) -Ambassador Delenn, Babylon 5  
\*\*\*\*\*

From rljones@mailers.fsu.edu Sun Jun 16 00:33:21 1996  
Date: Wed, 12 Jun 1996 14:37:03 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one too <rljones@mailers.fsu.edu>  
To: venture roleplaying campaign <venture@stargame.org>  
Subject: VEN: After the meeting (fwd)

(ooc: i think that what was cut off was our mutual decision to move on.  
we'll backtrack to the meeting whenever...

needed..)

Nick waited for Cantia in the hall after the meeting.

"Congratulations." he said. (Assumes she gets promoted, which I suspect will happen; if not, disregard)

"Have you thought how you're going to spend your leave?" he asked.

"Not exactly," she replied.

"Well, I have an idea....but there are a couple of problems. It'd involve some travelling, and the destination's a surprise."

Her eyes lit up with a combination of curiosity and surprise. "A surprise? Can you at least tell me for how long and what I need to pack?"

(response)

"When do we leave?"

(response)

the singin' one

~~~~~  
 . | \* Randy Jones |  
 . |) . aka the singin' one | Hate  
 . | / . rljones@mailers.fsu.edu | IS NOT  
 . ( | ) . randye@stargame.org | a family value  
 . . | . http://mailers.fsu.edu/~rljones |

From magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us Sun Jun 16 00:33:41 1996  
Date: Wed, 12 Jun 1996 17:52:39 -0400 (EDT)  
From: Deborah Capuano <magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us>  
To: venture@stargame.org  
Cc: pjbpro@rit.edu

Subject: Re: VEN: After the meeting

Ensign Mirkan got up from his seat and approached  
Boulay..."congratulations, Sir."

(resp Boulay)

From GT3083@SIUCVMB.SIU.EDU Sun Jun 16 00:36:29 1996

Date: Thu, 13 Jun 96 10:37:24 CST

From: GT3083@SIUCVMB.SIU.EDU

To: ROB@IRIS.WASHINGTON.EDU, PJBPRO@RIT.EDU, RONP@NETCOM.COM,  
lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us, jeseay01@ulkyvm.louisville.edu,  
dmahaff@tenet.edu, sturmde@wfu.edu, schildin@pilot.njin.net,  
Magnet@BcFreenet.Seflin.Lib.FI.Us, rdavis62@maine.maine.edu,  
Venture@Stargame.Org

Subject: VEN: Get packing

"Have you thought how you're going to spend your leave?" he asked.

"Not exactly," she replied.

"Well, I have an idea....but there are a couple of problems. It'd involve  
some travelling, and the destination's a surprise."

Her eyes lit up with a combination of curiosity and surprise. "A  
surprise? Can you at least tell me for how long and what I need to pack?"

"Let's just say 'plan on an extended stay'. As far as packing goes, you  
probably won't need too much."

(ooc: Nick is being vague on the time because I don't know how much leave  
time they'll have...Pete?)

"When do we leave?"

"As soon as you're ready. I'm already packed. The transport's waiting at  
Docking Bay 94." Nick grinned.

\*\*\*\*\*

Dennis "Hollywood" Campbell "Evolution is vastly overrated."

GT3083@Siucvmb.Siu.Edu (paraphrased) -Ambassador Delenn, Babylon 5

\*\*\*\*\*

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From rljones@mailers.fsu.edu Sun Jun 16 00:37:15 1996

Date: Thu, 13 Jun 1996 12:20:09 -0400 (EDT)

From: the singin' one too <rljones@mailers.fsu.edu>

To: GT3083@siucvmb.siu.edu

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

Subject: Re: VEN: Get packing (after the meeting)

(ooc: hey! i'm still curious about the meeting. was that it?)

> "Let's just say 'plan on an extended stay'. As far as packing goes, you  
> probably won't need too much."  
>

> (ooc: Nick is being vague on the time because I don't know how much leave  
> time they'll have...Pete?)

> "When do we leave?"

>

> "As soon as you're ready. I'm already packed. The transport's waiting at  
> Docking Bay 94." Nick grinned.

Cantia leaned forward and gave Nick a quick peck before turning away.  
"Give me 30 minutes," she called as she headed down the corridor. "I'll  
meet you there."

It actually only took her 14 minutes to pack the few things she would  
carry, plus enough credits to purchase whatever she might need should she  
need more formal garb than she had. A few minutes more to change into a  
comfortably loose tunic and pants outfit, and she still made it to the  
docking area with couple of minutes to spare.

(ooc: what does she find?)

Akapella ends.

~~~~~  
 . | \* Randye Jones |  
 . |) . aka the singin' one | Hate  
 . | | . rljones@mailers.fsu.edu | IS NOT  
 . ( | ) . randye@stargame.org | a family value  
 . . | . http://mailers.fsu.edu/~rljones |

From ronp@netcom.com Sun Jun 16 01:36:56 1996  
Date: Fri, 14 Jun 1996 06:19:32 -0700  
From: Ron Peterson <ronp@netcom.com>  
To: venture@stargame.org  
Subject: Ven Blackburn

Since Austin doesn't seem intertested, btw, who plays him?, I'll fast-forward  
to the next person.

Blackburn picked up the next box. "Dr. Akapella, please come forward."

From rljones@mailers.fsu.edu Sun Jun 16 01:37:11 1996  
Date: Fri, 14 Jun 1996 09:47:07 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one too <rljones@mailers.fsu.edu>  
To: Ron Peterson <ronp@netcom.com>  
Cc: venture@stargame.org  
Subject: Re: Ven Blackburn

> Since Austin doesn't seem intertested, btw, who plays him?, I'll fast-forward  
> to the next person.

(ooc: i thought i saw jim's reply, but i can't find it.)

> Blackburn picked up the next box. "Dr. Akapella, please come forward."

For an instant, Akapella's mind flashed back to when she had been called  
by Blackburn to receive her field promotion to Lieutenant, Junior Grade.  
Her heart pounded now, as then.

Keeping her expression as composed as she could, she rose from her seat and walked up to stand before the admiral. "Yes, Sir?"

(response)

Akapella ends.

```
~~~~~
. | *   Randy Jones           |
. | )   aka the singin' one    |   Hate
. | /   rljones@mailers.fsu.edu |   IS NOT
. | (   randye@stargame.org     |   a family value
. | .   http://mailers.fsu.edu/~rljones |
```

From GT3083@siucvmb.siu.edu Sun Jun 16 01:37:27 1996  
Date: Fri, 14 Jun 96 12:08:03 CST  
From: GT3083@siucvmb.siu.edu  
To: ROB@iris.washington.edu, PJBPRO@RIT.EDU, RONP@netcom.com  
Subject: VEN: What a piece of junk..!

> "When do we leave?"

> "As soon as you're ready. I'm already packed. The transport's waiting at  
> Docking Bay 94." Nick grinned.

Cantia leaned forward and gave Nick a quick peck before turning away.  
"Give me 30 minutes," she called as she headed down the corridor. "I'll  
meet you there."

It actually only took her 14 minutes to pack the few things she would  
carry, plus enough credits to purchase whatever she might need should she  
need more formal garb than she had. A few minutes more to change into a  
comfortably loose tunic and pants outfit, and she still made it to the  
docking area with couple of minutes to spare.

Through the viewport, she could see the ship docked at its berth. It  
wouldn't win any beauty contests; rectangular, with the command pod coming  
to a point at the fore. It sported two standard warp nacelles and Cantia,  
even without an engineering background, could tell they weren't part of the  
ship's original design.

As she examined the ship, the hatch opened and Nick stepped out into  
the corridor. He came up beside her and looked out at the ship.

"I know; it was the best I could do on short notice. The Dockmaster owed me  
a favor. This has been a pet project of his for a while now. It's an old  
police interdiction cruiser. He overhauled it and added a warp drive.  
Before, they were only used within a solar system, so they couldn't use  
warp. He's been working on it for years. I actually got him a few....hard  
to get parts for her while I was stuck at that deep space station last year."  
he grinned.

"It's not exactly spacious inside, either, but it'll get us where we're  
going." He offered to take her bags. "All passengers may now board."

(response)

(gotta go..more later)

\*\*\*\*\*

Dennis "Hollywood" Campbell "Evolution is vastly overrated."  
GT3083@Siucvmb.Siu.Edu (paraphrased) -Ambassador Delenn, Babylon 5  
\*\*\*\*\*

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From lyre@fn3.freenet.tlh.fl.us Sun Jul 7 19:57:27 1996  
Date: Mon, 17 Jun 1996 12:22:51 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one <lyre@fn3.freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
To: pete <pjbpro@rit.edu>, gamemaster/defiant <gt3083@siucvmb.siu.edu>  
Cc: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: ven: a possible scenario?

hi, pete.

have you decided on a scenario for our pc's during their little trip to regnis?

if not, maybe dennis and i have something that will strike your fancy.  
since the planet is populated by empaths who are not aligned with anyone,  
some baddies (take your pick or make them up) decided to capture the  
colonists and use their ability in some diabolical scheme.

nick and cantia arrive and at some point learn that they are the only one  
standing between the success of the scheme, which would not only destroy  
the colonists, but have a potentially devastating impact on the  
federation.

nick will be required to return to his old commando days, and cantia will  
have to find some way to cope, if she can, with this here-to-fore only  
hinted to part of his personality.

we've gotten no further than this, nor have i even got as far as to  
develop regnis, anderprice settlement, or cantia family/friends/etc. how  
much do you want?

if you want to develop this, we will need to be concerned about time since  
dennis has the august downtime hovering over him.

randye

~~~~~

|   |   |   |                                |  |                |
|---|---|---|--------------------------------|--|----------------|
| . |   | * | Randy Jones                    |  |                |
| . |   | . | aka the singin' one            |  | Hate           |
| . |   | . | lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us         |  | IS NOT         |
| . | ( |   | randye@stargame.org            |  | a family value |
| . | . |   | http://mailer.fsu.edu/~rljones |  |                |

From PJBPRO@ritvax.isc.rit.edu Sun Jul 7 19:58:05 1996  
Date: Mon, 17 Jun 1996 17:16:17 -0400 (EDT)  
From: "Peter J. Boulay" <PJBPRO@ritvax.isc.rit.edu>  
To: lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us  
Subject: Re: ven: a possible scenario?

It sounds good but its something I have to work on as we go...

pete

---

From ronp@netcom.com Sun Jul 7 20:33:15 1996  
Date: Thu, 20 Jun 1996 05:28:57 -0700  
From: Ron Peterson <ronp@netcom.com>  
To: venture@stargame.org  
Subject: Ven Blackburn

(OOO, sorry RL hit /real/ bad...)

(ooo: i thought i saw jim's reply, but i can't find it.)

(OOO: I was informed he's still planetside, so won't get to see what he got for a bit....)

>For an instant, Akapella's mind flashed back to when she had been called  
>by Blackburn to receive her field promotion to Lieutenant, Junior Grade.  
>Her heart pounded now, as then.

>Keeping her expression as composed as she could, she rose from her seat  
>and walked up to stand before the admiral. "Yes, Sir?"

Blackburn smiles, "Well Doctor, you must be doing something rather well.  
I know you've done a lot oof good work. So with out dragging this out,"  
he opens the box with new rank insigna, "I here by prromote you to full  
Lietennant. Congradulations."

<after other congradulationsss..>

Blackburn picks up another box, and calls forward, "Lt. Knight."

From GT3083@SIUCVMB.SIU.EDU Sun Jul 7 20:37:09 1996  
Date: Thu, 20 Jun 96 12:09:17 CST  
From: GT3083@SIUCVMB.SIU.EDU  
To: ROB@IRIS.WASHINGTON.EDU, PJBPRO@RIT.EDU, RONP@NETCOM.COM,  
lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us, jeseay01@ulkyvm.louisville.edu,  
dmahaff@tenet.edu, sturmde@wfu.edu, schildin@pilot.njin.net,  
Magnet@BcFreenet.Seflin.Lib.FI.Us, rdavis62@maine.maine.edu,  
Venture@Stargame.Org  
Subject: VEN: Who? Me?/Departure

Blackburn smiles, "Well Doctor, you must be doing something rather well.  
I know you've done a lot oof good work. So with out dragging this out,"  
he opens the box with new rank insigna, "I here by prromote you to full  
Lietennant. Congratulations."

<after other congratulations..>

Nick let a slight smile crack his lips. He was very proud of Cantia, and  
knew she deserved the promotion. Hopefully, they would both have time later  
and celebrate more privately.

Blackburn picks up another box, and calls forward, "Lt. Knight."

For a moment, the name didn't register; Nick was still thinking of Cantia.  
Then, the words penetrated and his head snapped around to Blackburn. He sat  
there a moment, just looking; you could have knocked him over with a  
feather.

<<Me?>> he thought. <<I must've misheard him.>> But he noticed that



Blackburn was looking right at him. Still not believing, he stood up and came to attention.

(response)

(to be continued..)

Later....

Cantia looked at Nick, then at the ship. Her expression left no doubt about her thoughts.

> "I know; it was the best I could do on short notice. The Dockmaster owed me  
> a favor. This has been a pet project of his for a while now. It's an old  
> police interdiction cruiser. He overhauled it and added a warp drive.  
> Before, they were only used within a solar system, so they couldn't use  
> warp. He's been working on it for years. I actually got him a few....hard  
> to get parts for her while I was stuck at that deep space station last year."  
> he grinned.

"Well, you're the engineer," she replied. "I just hope it won't require mouth-to-mouth resuscitation." She did not look very worried, however. "I only brought an emergency med kit."

> "It's not exactly spacious inside, either, but it'll get us where we're  
> going." He offered to take her bags. "All passengers may now board."

"Aye, aye, captain, Suh," she said, handing him her single tote bag and keeping the smaller hand-held case.

As she boarded and glanced about, she asked lightly, "What is her name? I hope it's not something like 'Titanic.'"

"No, actually it's the Kobayashi Maru." he said jokingly. "C'mon, let's get settled. The trip'll take us about 6 days." He said, and went in.

(response)

The ship's interior was like any other: grey metal and sparsely decorated. It was obvious that it was meant for a crew of only two; there were two cabins, the Bridge (if it could be called that) only had two seats, and the size would only accommodate that many comfortably.

Nick led Cantia to one of the cabins, where his bags were already stashed.

"I figured we could save space by bunking together. Besides, the other bunk's Alfredo's, and you really wouldn't want to go in there." Nick said.

(response)

"If you want to get settled in, I'll go ahead and take us out." he offered, and headed for the Bridge.

He powered up the helm and opened a channel. "Spacedock control, this is Federation civilian transport Road Runner, requesting permission to depart."

"Permission granted, Runner." came Alfredo's gruff tone. "Take care of my baby, Nicky."

Nick hmph'ed. "You just quit watching those cartoons while on duty, pal. Releasing mooring clamps."

"Safe journey, my friend." came the response.

"Stay out of trouble, Garibaldi. And thanks."

Nick tapped the thrusters, and the ship began inching toward the massive space doors, which slowly began to open. Road Runner glided into open space, and Nick took her to full impulse. As they passed Pluto, he entered a course and activated the warp drive.

tbc...

\*\*\*\*\*  
Dennis "Hollywood" Campbell "Evolution is vastly overrated."  
GT3083@Siucvmb.Siu.Edu (paraphrased) -Ambassador Delenn, Babylon 5  
\*\*\*\*\*

From lyre@fn3.freenet.tlh.fl.us Sun Jul 7 20:37:22 1996  
Date: Thu, 20 Jun 1996 15:18:37 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one <lyre@fn3.freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
To: GT3083@SIUCVMB.SIU.EDU  
Cc: ROB@IRIS.WASHINGTON.EDU, PJBPRO@RIT.EDU, RONP@NETCOM.COM,  
jeseay01@ulkyvm.louisville.edu, dmahaff@tenet.edu, sturmde@wfu.edu,  
the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>,  
Magnet@BcFreenet.Seflin.Lib.Fl.Us, rdavis62@maine.maine.edu,  
Venture@Stargame.Org  
Subject: ven: akapella (now & later)

> Blackburn smiles, "Well Doctor, you must be doing something rather well.  
> I know you've done a lot oof good work. So with out dragging this out,"  
> he opens the box with new rank insigna, "I here by prromote you to full  
> Lietennant. Congratulations."

Akapella's hand was surprisingly steady as she accepted the box. "Thank you, Sir," she said.

As she turned to walk back to her seat, she caught Knight's eye and allowed herself a small smile.

She only hoped that he would not be somehow left out of the proceedings. His past had haunted him long enough.

> Nick let a slight smile crack his lips. He was very proud of Cantia, and  
> knew she deserved the promotion. Hopefully, they would both have time later  
> and celebrate more privately.  
>  
> Blackburn picks up another box, and calls forward, "Lt. Knight."  
>  
> For a moment, the name didn't register; Nick was still thinking of Cantia.  
> Then, the words penetrated and his head snapped around to Blackburn. He sat  
> there a moment, just looking; you could have knocked him over with a  
> feather.  
>  
> <<Me?>> he thought. <<I must've misheard him.>> But he noticed that  
> Blackburn was looking right at him. Still not believing, he stood up and  
> came to attention.  
>

> (response)

Akapella's smile broadened, dually pleased that his name had been called and amused at his expression.

After the meeting, when he congratulated her, she hugged him and whispered, "Congratulations to you, too."

Extending her hand, she asked, "May I have the honor, Sir?"

(response)

Carefully, she attached the new rank ensignia where the old one had rested. "There. I'm very proud of you, Nick."

Still later,...

> "Aye, aye, captain, Suh," she said, handing him her single tote bag and  
> keeping the smaller hand-held case.  
> As she boarded and glanced about, she asked lightly, "What is her name? I  
> hope it's not something like 'Titanic.'"  
>  
> "No, actually it's the Kobyashi Maru." he said jokingly. "C'mon, let's  
> get settled. The trip'll take us about 6 days." He said, and went in.

Cantia looked quizzically at Nick. Apparently the name held some meaning, but she was unaware of what it might be. Shrugging, she walked with him through the ship.

> The ship's interior was like any other: grey metal and sparsely decorated.  
> It was obvious that it was meant for a crew of only two; there were two  
> cabins, the Bridge (if it could be called that) only had two seats, and the  
> size would only accomodate that many comfortably.  
>  
> Nick led Cantia to one of the cabins, where his bags were already stashed.  
>  
> "I figured we could save space by bunking together. Besides, the other  
> bunk's Alfredo's, and you really wouldn't want to go in there." Nick said.

"This'll do fine," she replied. "Besides, I'm looking forward to the company."

> "If you want to get settled in, I'll go ahead and take us out." he offered,  
> and headed for the Bridge.

She nodded and took the bag he had carried and entered the cabin, letting the door slide closed between them.

Her eyebrows lifted as she saw how much Nick had brought along. Evidently, they were in for more than a short excursion.

She put her things away and found relatively secure, but easily reachable, place for the emergency medkit. Although not a domestic type, Cantia was tempted to unpack for Nick as well; however, unsure that he would appreciate the effort, she decided against it.

One thing, she had the feeling she would know him far better by the time they returned.

> He powered up the helm and opened a channel. "Spacedock control, this is  
> Federation civilian transport Road Runner, requesting permission to  
> depart."  
>  
> "Permission granted, Runner." came Alfredo's gruff tone. "Take care of  
> my baby, Nicky."  
>  
> Nick hmph'ed. "You just quit watching those cartoons while on duty, pal.  
> Releasing mooring clamps."  
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> "Safe journey, my friend." came the response.  
>  
> "Stay out of trouble, Garibaldi. And thanks."  
>  
> Nick tapped the thrusters, and the ship began inching toward the massive  
> space doors, which slowly began to open. Road Runner glided into open  
> space, and Nick took her to full impulse. As they passed Pluto, he entered  
> a course and activated the warp drive.

By that point, Cantia had come forward from the cabin. Unconsciously,  
she held her breath in anticipation of the ancient's (hopefully)  
successful leap into subspace.

Akapella ends.

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~~~~~
. | *   Randy Jones      |
. |) .  aka the singin' one |   Hate
. /| .  lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us |   IS NOT
. ( | ) . randye@stargame.org |   a family value
. . | .  http://mailer.fsu.edu/~rljones |

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From PJBPRO@ritvax.isc.rit.edu Sun Jul 7 20:40:04 1996  
Date: Fri, 21 Jun 1996 01:07:48 -0400 (EDT)  
From: "Peter J. Boulay" <PJBPRO@ritvax.isc.rit.edu>  
To: venture@stargame.org  
Subject: Ven: Hurrah!!!

Pete stands as Akapella walks by..."Congratulations." and smiles at her. He's  
always proud of this crew...

---

From ronp@netcom.com Sun Jul 7 20:42:31 1996  
Date: Fri, 21 Jun 1996 08:08:58 -0700  
From: Ron Peterson <ronp@netcom.com>  
To: venture@stargame.org  
Subject: Ven crew checkk

Has anyone heard from Darlina, Ilora's player, recently?  
Ron

From magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us Sun Jul 7 20:42:41 1996  
Date: Fri, 21 Jun 1996 11:37:42 -0400 (EDT)  
From: Deborah Capuano <magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us>  
To: pjbpro@rit.edu, lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us  
Cc: venture@stargame.org  
Subject: VEN: Mirkan to Boulay, Akapella

(OOC bktriking slightly here as never got a resp to the Boulay part...) After Tr Blackburn pinned the bars on Boulay, Mirkan stood up as he returned to his seat...C "Congratulations Sir." (resp Boulay)

((f-fwd to just after Akapella's\_) Mirkan saw Boulay standing up for her and did the same...

From RDAVIS62@maine.maine.edu Sun Jul 7 20:42:52 1996  
Date: Fri, 21 Jun 96 11:43:25 EDT  
From: RDAVIS62@maine.maine.edu  
To: "U.S.S. Venture" <venture@STARGAME.ORG>  
Subject: Raban

Raban says, "Congratulations Lieutenant"

Warrant Officer II, Raban

From PJBPRO@ritvax.isc.rit.edu Sun Jul 7 20:43:01 1996  
Date: Fri, 21 Jun 1996 12:34:26 -0400 (EDT)  
From: "Peter J. Boulay" <PJBPRO@ritvax.isc.rit.edu>  
To: venture@stargame.org  
Subject: VEN: boulay/mirkan

>After Blackburn pinned the bars on Boulay, Mirkan stood up as he returned to  
>his seat..."Congratulations Sir."

"Thank you Ensign."

---

From ronp@netcom.com Sun Jul 7 20:47:47 1996  
Date: Tue, 25 Jun 1996 06:03:30 -0700  
From: Ron Peterson <ronp@netcom.com>  
To: venture@stargame.org  
Subject: Ven Blackburn

>Knight  
> <<Me?>> he thought. <<I must've misheard him.>> But he noticed that  
>Blackburn was looking right at him. Still not believing, he stood up and  
>came to attention.

Blackburn gave a grin, and stepped forward, "Mr. Knight, It is my pleasure to promote you to Lieutenant Commander. Congradulations." He hands him the new rank insigna.

<After congradulations>

He picked up the last box, this one pleased him. "Mr T'kalleil, come forward please."

From rljones@mailers.fsu.edu Sun Jul 7 20:55:02 1996  
Date: Wed, 26 Jun 1996 13:11:39 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one too <rljones@mailers.fsu.edu>  
To: GT3083@siucvmb.siu.edu  
Cc: venture roleplaying campaign <venture@stargame.org>  
Subject: akapella

> Nick, in the pilot's chair, turned to see Cantia come forward.  
>  
> "Have a seat." he said, motioning to the co-pilot's chair. He turned  
> back and engaged the warp engines. The stars Doppler-shifted towards them,  
> creating a rainbow light effect inside the cabin which dies as the  
> transition to warp speed completed.  
>  
> "We're on our way." he said, blanking the navigational readout monitor.  
> He didn't want her to see any clues as to their destination. He leaned  
> back in the chair. "We should arrive in about 5 days."

Cantia caught the gesture and raised an eyebrow. Just what was Nick up to? She looked at the star field but could see nothing that yet suggested one specific destination.

> "Hungry?" he asked, moving to a food slot near the entrance hatch.

"Now that you mention it, I am," she replied. "Our breakfast was interrupted, remember?"

> "So, what now? I forgot to bring a deck of cards."

She smiled mischievously. "I'm open to suggestions."

(response)

Akapella ends.

```
~~~~~  
 . | *   Randy Jones           |  
 . |) .  aka the singin' one   |   Hate  
 . /| .  rljones@mailers.fsu.edu |   IS NOT  
 . ( |) .  randye@stargame.org   |   a family value  
 . . | .  http://mailers.fsu.edu/~rljones |
```

From GT3083@SIUCVMB.SIU.EDU Sun Jul 7 20:55:41 1996  
Date: Wed, 26 Jun 96 11:38:13 CST  
From: GT3083@SIUCVMB.SIU.EDU  
To: ROB@IRIS.WASHINGTON.EDU, PJBPRO@RIT.EDU, RONP@NETCOM.COM,  
lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us, jeseay01@ulkyvm.louisville.edu,  
dmahaff@tenet.edu, sturmde@wfu.edu, schildin@pilot.njin.net,  
Magnet@BcFreenet.Seflin.Lib.FI.Us, rdavis62@maine.maine.edu,  
Venture@Stargame.Org  
Subject: VEN: Knight

(backtrack)

"Thank you, sir." Nick tells Blackburn, accepting the rank insignia.

<<Now let's try to hang onto them -this- time>> he thought to himself.

He returned to his seat, giving Akapella a wink and a smile as he sat.

(later, on Road Runner...)

Nick, in the pilot's chair, turned to see Cantia come forward.

"Have a seat." he said, motioning to the co-pilot's chair. He turned back and engaged the warp engines. The stars Doppler-shifted towards them, creating a rainbow light effect inside the cabin which dies as the transition to warp speed completed.

"We're on our way." he said, blanking the navigational readout monitor. He didn't want her to see any clues as to their destination. He leaned back in the chair. "We should arrive in about 5 days."

(response)

"Hungry?" he asked, moving to a food slot near the entrance hatch.

(response)

"So, what now? I forgot to bring a deck of cards."

(response)

\*\*\*\*\*  
Dennis "Hollywood" Campbell "Evolution is vastly overrated."  
GT3083@Siucvmb.Siu.Edu (paraphrased) -Ambassador Delenn, Babylon 5  
\*\*\*\*\*

From lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us Sun Jul 7 21:00:31 1996  
Date: Wed, 26 Jun 1996 19:04:22 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
To: Ron Peterson <ronp@netcom.com>  
Cc: venture@stargame.org  
Subject: Re: Ven crew checkk

i have. i wouldn't expect darlena to be around anytime soon. randye

On Fri, 21 Jun 1996, Ron Peterson wrote:

> Has anyone heard from Darlina, Ilora's player, recently?  
> Ron  
>

~~~~~  
 . | \* Randy Jones |  
 . |) . aka the singin' one | Hate  
 . /| . lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us | IS NOT  
 . ( |) . randye@stargame.org | a family value  
 . . | . http://mailer.fsu.edu/~rljones |

From sturmde@wfu.edu Sun Jul 7 21:02:34 1996  
Date: Wed, 26 Jun 1996 19:20:07 -0400 (EDT)

From: David E G Sturm <sturmde@wfu.edu>  
To: venture@stargame.org  
Subject: VEN Silently snoozing?

Lt Cmdr Marko James sits so quietly as the meeting unfolds she realizes she must have dozed off? She hopes not. She knows she snores when she gets deeply asleep. She quietly scans the room to see if anyone was staring at her. One knows when this happens. There's that derisive look they give.

Having circled the room, she realizes no one noticed her nodding off if she indeed nodded off. Apparently the meeting has nearly concluded? Oh, she knows the first thing she wants to do is go check out the new bed in her quarters..... Of course, that's only if shore leave is the next order of business. Otherwise there's learning all the unique engineering modifications that have been made to this wondrous starship....

Marko out.

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