

From lyre@fn3.freenet.tlh.fl.us Sun Jul 7 22:30:13 1996
Date: Mon, 1 Jul 1996 11:39:02 -0400 (EDT)
From: the singin' one <lyre@fn3.freenet.tlh.fl.us>
To: GT3083@SIUCVMB.SIU.EDU
Cc: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>
Subject: Re:VEN

i don't think we have to roleplay each day, but at least we could give a closure to the beginning. i need to write up something about regnis. tonight, i guess.
randye
p.s. if you have web access, i've added more sci fi stuff that might interest you.

~~~~~  
 . | \* 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 GT3083@SIUCVMB.SIU.EDU Sun Jul 7 22:31:31 1996  
Date: Mon, 1 Jul 96 10:25:29 CST  
From: GT3083@SIUCVMB.SIU.EDU  
To: lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us  
Subject: Re:VEN

I dunno...what'll we say Nick & Cantia have been doing during the trip, since I don't think we want to role-play through 5 days (give or take)?

Dennis

From lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us Sun Jul 7 22:32:19 1996  
Date: Mon, 1 Jul 1996 12:53:04 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
To: uss venture roleplaying campaign <venture@stargame.org>  
Subject: ven: hey! this looks awfully familiar!!

The five days passed uneventfully--or very eventfully, depending on your point-of-view.

Cantia dressed casually, choosing a jeans and a peasant blouse, as she had each day of their journey. Smelling the aroma of breakfast coming from the tiny galley, she hurried to see what Nick had concocted for them this morning.

Afterwards, she entered the ship's bridge and sat at the co-pilot's position. For the last couple of days, she had been fighting her curiosity about just where they were going. She not want to ruin Nick's surprise, though.

Now, she looked at the view screen, and something stirred in her that she could not identify. "Nick," she said, "This looks very familiar."

(response)

Akapella ends.

~~~~~

.		*	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 RDAVIS62@maine.maine.edu Sun Jul 7 23:01:58 1996
 Date: Tue, 02 Jul 96 11:51:21 EDT
 From: RDAVIS62@maine.maine.edu
 To: "U.S.S. Venture" <venture@STARGAME.ORG>
 Subject: Raban

Raban takes the time of R&R to become familiar with the Venture. The time he's been part of the crew has been a roller coaster.

From GT3083@siucvmb.siu.edu Sun Jul 7 23:03:40 1996
 Date: Tue, 2 Jul 96 10:49:43 CST
 From: GT3083@siucvmb.siu.edu
 To: ROB@iris.washington.edu, PJBPRO@RIT.EDU, RONP@netcom.com
 Subject: VEN: Surprise!

The five days passed uneventfully--or very eventfully, depending on your point-of-view.

Cantia dressed casually, choosing a jeans and a peasant blouse, as she had each day of their journey. Smelling the aroma of breakfast coming from the tiny galley, she hurried to see what Nick had concocted for them this morning.

Oh, lessee....3 cheese Spanish omelettes with sautee'd mushrooms, lightly seasoned hash browns, French onion rolls, and a citrus tangerine juice of Nick's own making.

Nick noticed her entrance. "Thought I'd make up something special, seeing as we're almost to our destination. Besides, I thought you'd be hungry."

(response)

Afterwards, she entered the ship's bridge and sat at the co-pilot's position. For the last couple of days, she had been fighting her curiosity about just where they were going. She not want to ruin Nick's surprise, though.

Now, she looked at the view screen, and something stirred in her that she could not identify. "Nick," she said, "This looks very familiar."

Nick was doing all he could to keep a grin from breaking out on his face. He was losing. The console bleeped.

"It should. Especially when you see..." he disengaged the warp drive. "...this."

He timed the transition perfectly. The stars Doppler-shifted to normal, and a planet quickly grew in the viewports.

(description? Cantia's reaction?)

"I thought after all you'd been through, what better place for R&R than home?"

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

From GT3083@SIUCVMB.SIU.EDU Sun Jul 7 23:03:22 1996

Date: Tue, 2 Jul 96 10:49:43 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, sturmdede@wfu.edu, schildin@pilot.njin.net,
Magnet@BcFreenet.Seflin.Lib.Fl.Us, rdavis62@maine.maine.edu,
Venture@Stargame.Org

Subject: VEN: Surprise!

Status: OR

The five days passed uneventfully--or very eventfully, depending on
your point-of-view.

Cantia dressed casually, choosing a jeans and a peasant blouse, as she
had each day of their journey. Smelling the aroma of breakfast coming
from the tiny galley, she hurried to see what Nick had concocted for them
this morning.

Oh, lessee....3 cheese Spanish omelettes with sautee'd mushrooms,
lightly seasoned hash browns, French onion rolls, and a citrus tangerine
juice of Nick's own making.

Nick noticed her entrance. "Thought I'd make up something special, seeing
as we're almost to our destination. Besides, I thought you'd be hungry."

(response)

Afterwards, she entered the ship's bridge and sat at the co-pilot's position.
For the last couple of days, she had been fighting her curiosity about
just where they were going. She not want to ruin Nick's surprise, though.

Now, she looked at the view screen, and something stirred in her that she
could not identify. "Nick," she said, "This looks very familiar."

Nick was doing all he could to keep a grin from breaking out on his face.
He was losing. The console bleeped.

"It should. Especially when you see..." he disengaged the warp drive.
"...this."

He timed the transition perfectly. The stars Doppler-shifted to normal,
and a planet quickly grew in the viewports.

(description? Cantia's reaction?)

"I thought after all you'd been through, what better place for R&R than
home?"

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 23:06:21 1996
Date: Wed, 3 Jul 1996 12:54:08 -0400 (EDT)
From: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>
To: GT3083@siucvmb.siu.edu
Cc: uss venture roleplaying campaign <venture@stargame.org>
Subject: when i again behold the stars of home

> Oh, lessee....3 cheese Spanish omelettes with sautee'd mushrooms,
> lightly seasoned hash browns, French onion rolls, and a citrus tangerine
> juice of Nick's own making.
>
> Nick noticed her entrance. "Thought I'd make up something special, seeing
> as we're almost to our destination. Besides, I thought you'd be hungry."

"Your culinary talents never cease to amaze me," Cantia replied as she took a seat before the spread. "Good thing, too. I'm famished."

As she ate breakfast, she looked across the small table at Nick and could not help a smile. She had learned more about him, and their more intimate moments had run from tender and exploratory to fiery and passionate, depending on the mood. He was unlike any one she had ever known, and she knew that she loved him intensely.

> Afterwards, she entered the ship's bridge and sat at the co-pilot's position.
> For the last couple of days, she had been fighting her curiosity about
> just where they were going. She not want to ruin Nick's surprise, though.
>
> Now, she looked at the view screen, and something stirred in her that she
> could not identify. "Nick," she said, "This looks very familiar."
>
> Nick was doing all he could to keep a grin from breaking out on his face.
> He was losing. The console beeped.
>
> "It should. Especially when you see..." he disengaged the warp drive.
> "...this."
>
> He timed the transition perfectly. The stars Doppler-shifted to normal,
> and a planet quickly grew in the viewports.

Cantia had seen this view once in her life, that being when she left to attend Star Fleet Academy.

Silently, she watched the scene through suddenly tear-filled eyes.

> "I thought after all you'd been through, what better place for R&R than
> home?"

She turned towards him and smiled wetly. "Thank you," she said.

Akapella ends.

.		*	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 lyre@fn3.freenet.tlh.fl.us Sun Jul 7 23:06:26 1996
Date: Wed, 3 Jul 1996 13:02:52 -0400 (EDT)
From: the singin' one <lyre@fn3.freenet.tlh.fl.us>
To: GT3083@siucvmb.siu.edu, pjbpro@rit.edu
Cc: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>
Subject: ven: regnis

regnis is the sixth of an 8 planet binary system. the only m-class, no satellite.

pete, i'll do a more complete profile, if you want. let me know.

how much input do you want on the storyline?

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 lyre@fn3.freenet.tlh.fl.us Wed Jul 24 14:41:49 1996
Date: Tue, 9 Jul 1996 12:37:01 -0400 (EDT)
From: the singin' one <lyre@fn3.freenet.tlh.fl.us>
To: pete boulay <pjbpro@rit.edu>
Cc: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>
Subject: ven: ooc

hi, pete. i hate to push, but time's running short. do you want me to "create" cantia's homeworld, so we can move onward? 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 Wed Jul 24 14:42:37 1996
Date: Tue, 09 Jul 1996 17:03:17 -0400 (EDT)
From: "Peter J. Boulay" <PJBPRO@ritvax.isc.rit.edu>
To: venture@stargame.org
Subject: Ven: OOPS...

(I wondered why it was so quiet...)

Randy & Dennis...my sincere apologies-I thought it was all created...

Randy go ahead...like I said I'll pop in and NPC when needed...

TO OTHERS...LET'S SEE ACTION...something...

Ron--we can either finish the promotions meeting or continue afterwards..Nogura wasn't going to do all that much except announce shore leave.

Pete

From GT3083@SIUCVMB.SIU.EDU Wed Jul 24 14:44:45 1996
Date: Wed, 10 Jul 96 09:32:21 CST
From: GT3083@SIUCVMB.SIU.EDU
To: ROB@iris.washington.edu, PJBPRO@rit.edu, RONP@netcom.com
Subject: VEN: Arrival

"OK, we've just recieved landing clearance....spaceport beacon locked on....taking her down."

There was a slight jolt felt through the inertial dampers as Road Runner descended into the atmosphere. The clouds were too thick to see more than a few meters, but the spaceport authority had assured them the approach corridor was clear.

Suddenly, the cloud cover broke and the lush Regnisian landscape burst into view.

(description, Randy?)

Nick slowed their approach, banking frequently to afford the cockpit a better view of the surroundings. He figured they could both benefit from the scenic route.

All too soon, the spaceport appeared on the horizon, growing steadily as they closed. They were guided to one of the open landing pads, and Nick set her down as smoothly as a feather on water.

He looked over at Cantia. "Welcome home." he said.

(response)

He locked down the flight board, and popped the hatch.

(Your ball, Randy)

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

From rob@iris.washington.edu Wed Jul 24 14:48:16 1996
Date: Wed, 10 Jul 1996 17:38:22 -0700 (PDT)
From: Robert Casey <rob@iris.washington.edu>
To: venture@stargame.org
Subject: VEN: Trapsey - after the meeting...

Trapsey had had it with meetings and paperwork and monitoring repair progress. He needed some activity, so he made his way to the rec deck.

- * -

The room was not incredibly large and had no interesting features to speak of except for a pedestal in the center and a small sphere suspended from the ceiling. Trapsey knew that the sphere was an audio/video projection unit.

Blackburn clears his throat and leans back on the table. "Last note: Lt. Liridian is being transfered to the USS Potempkin for training. We will all miss her. She has my respect, and I wish her all the luck."

(Responces?)

"Now, I am able to grant you all shore leave for a bit. Enjoy it."

(responces? What ever happened to the stranger?)

From PJBPRO@ritvax.isc.rit.edu Sat Jul 27 18:58:32 1996
Date: Thu, 11 Jul 1996 19:34:24 -0400 (EDT)
From: "Peter J. Boulay" <PJBPRO@ritvax.isc.rit.edu>
To: venture@stargame.org
Subject: VEN: Blackburn/Atoz/stranger

>(After giving Atoz T'kalleil whatyever..)

Atoz is now a full Lieutenant, no longer LT JG.

>Blackburn clears his throat and leans back on the table. "Last note: Lt.
>Liridian is being transfered to the USS Potempkin for training. We will all
>miss her. She has my respect, and I wish her all the luck."

Pete looked up but said nothing...he still couldn't remember their relationship.

>"Now, I am able to grant you all shore leave for a bit. Enjoy it."

The stranger walked quickly to stand next to Blackburn, "Sure steal my thunder." Nogura smirked.

(response)

"One last presentation...." he turned to Blackie, "Admiral Blackburn. You're how old?" He smiled and waved off the answer (he best be over 40 for this), "Never mind...I present you with the Starfleet Medal for Service to the Fleet. Your service and dedication to the fleet as well as your proud crew is well deserving of this."

(response/reaction?)

He opens his box and reveals a small clock (like a old-fashioned clock) with the face imbedded in medal material--he hands it to Blackburn, "Congratulations."

Pete stood up and started clapping.

From RDAVIS62@maine.maine.edu Sat Jul 27 18:58:42 1996
Date: Fri, 12 Jul 96 06:34:04 EDT
From: RDAVIS62@maine.maine.edu
To: "U.S.S. Venture" <venture@STARGAME.ORG>
Subject: Raban

Raban stood at the presentation and clapped. Although he still hadn't fully comprehended why he was clapping. He barely knew any of these people or the ship. Once dismissed he went and found his quarters on the venture. As he

was walking through the halls he noticed he must be one of the few, if not the only personnell, lower than ensign grade. He found his quarters. It kind of looked like a closet converted to house him. It wasn't his alone, he noted that an Ensign Millet was assigned to the quarters. Ye ha he thought, take a closet, divide it by two, Oh well. He stowed his stuff and then headed for the rec dec for a work out.

From ronp@netcom.com Sat Jul 27 18:58:48 1996
Date: Fri, 12 Jul 1996 05:57:12 -0700
From: Ron Peterson <ronp@netcom.com>
To: venture@stargame.org
Subject: Ven Blackburn (Atoz, stranger, and clocks)

>OOC: Sorry about the long delay in posting. My job was transferred to a
>remote
>part of the county I live in, and it's taken me some time to get my schedule
>situated because of this. After this week, I'll be checking in 2-3 times a
>week. My apologies.... Jim
We understand.

>Atoz stood up, and stepped up to Blackburn. His thoughts, however, were a
>maelstrom of activity. <What am I in for now?>

Blackburn grinned, "I know you've been on an up and down ride rank wise, but Starfleet came through this time. It's an honor to promote to Lieutenant." He doesn't add 'again'. He holds the box up, "Wear the rank with pride and honor."

(responces?)

>(After giving Atoz T'kalleil whatever..)
I was trying to be cryptic, Pete,

>Blackburn clears his throat and leans back on the table. "Last note: Lt.
>Liridian is being transfered to the USS Potempkin for training. We will all
>miss her. She has my respect, and I wish her all the luck."

>Pete looked up but said nothing...he still couldn't remember their
>relationship.

>"Now, I am able to grant you all shore leave for a bit. Enjoy it."

>The stranger walked quickly to stand next to Blackburn, "Sure steal my
>thunder." Nogura smirked.

Blackburn just grinned, "Shouldn't have told me then."

>"One last presentation...." he turned to Blackie, "Admiral Blackburn. You're
>how old?" He smiled and waved off the answer (he best be over 40 for this),
>"Never mind...I present you with the Starfleet Medal for Service to the Fleet.
>Your service and dedication to the fleet as well as your proud crew is well
>deserving of this."

Blackburn looks dumbfounde for a second, "Thank you sir."

>He opens his box and reveals a small clock (like a old-fashioned clock) with

>the face imbedded in medal material--he hands it to Blackburn,
>"Congratulations."

>Pete stood up and started clapping.

Blackburn took the clock, clearly impressed. "They still make these?"

From RON@ulkyvm.louisville.edu Sat Jul 27 18:59:02 1996
Date: 12 Jul 96 13:10 EDT
From: RON@ulkyvm.louisville.edu
Subject: Ven Blackburn (Atoz, stranger, and clocks)

"Thank you, Admiral," Atoz replied, saluting smartly. <Well, at least this makes it official>, he thought as he returned to his seat. He joined in the clapping when Nogura <so that's the stranger...> presented Blackburn with the Service Medal.

It was after they were ordered off to shore leave that Atoz's spirits sank. It happened every time he was granted leave. Where could he go? He wanted to go home, but circumstances took that option away from him...perhaps forever. What could he do? That remained to be seen....

To be continued...

-----Original message-----

Received: from ULKYVM by ULKYVM.LOUISVILLE.EDU (Mailer R2.10 ptf000) with BSMTP id 1901; Fri, 12 Jul 96 13:10:39 EDT
Received: from columbia.phy.wfu.edu by ULKYVM.LOUISVILLE.EDU (IBM VM SMTP V2R3) with TCP; Fri, 12 Jul 96 13:10:39 EDT
Received: (from majordom@localhost) by columbia.phy.wfu.edu (8.7.5/8.7.3) id NAA20780 for venture-outgoing; Fri, 12 Jul 1996 13:11:06 -0400
X-Authentication-Warning: columbia.phy.wfu.edu: majordom set sender to owner-venture using -f
Received: from netcom8.netcom.com (root@netcom8.netcom.com [192.100.81.117]) by columbia.phy.wfu.edu (8.7.5/8.7.3) with SMTP id NAA21286 for <venture@stargame.org>; Fri, 12 Jul 1996 13:11:02 -0400
Received: (from ronp@localhost) by netcom8.netcom.com (8.6.13/Netcom)
Date: Fri, 12 Jul 1996 05:57:12 -0700
From: ronp@netcom.com (Ron Peterson)
Message-Id: <199607121257.FAA29725@netcom8.netcom.com>
To: venture@stargame.org
Subject: Ven Blackburn (Atoz, stranger, and clocks)
Sender: owner-venture@stargame.org
Precedence: bulk

>OOC: Sorry about the long delay in posting. My job was transferred to a
>remote
>part of the county I live in, and it's taken me some time to get my schedule
>situated because of this. After this week, I'll be checking in 2-3 times a
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(responces?)

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>the face imbedded in medal material--he hands it to Blackburn,

>"Congratulations."

>Pete stood up and started clapping.

Blackburn took the clock, clearly impressed. "They still make these?"

From rob@iris.washington.edu Sat Jul 27 18:59:09 1996

Date: Fri, 12 Jul 1996 10:25:59 -0700 (PDT)

From: Robert Casey <rob@iris.washington.edu>

To: RDAVIS62@maine.maine.edu

Cc: "U.S.S. Venture" <venture@stargame.org>

Subject: Re: Raban

> As (Raban)

> was walking through the halls he noticed he must be one of the few, if not the

> only personnell, lower than ensign grade.

Actually, isn't a Warrant Officer an Enlisted equivalent to
Lieutenant or something to that effect? At least I think they have an
edge on an Ensign. Maybe some Navy-types can help with this one.

-----;
Robert Casey, Software Engineer
IRIS Data Management Center
1408 NE 45th St.
Seattle, WA 98105

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..... .. ^ ^ | \ \ .....  
~ ~ ' \ | ! ~ ~  
;

-----  
(rob@iris.washington.edu)

From ronp@netcom.com Sat Jul 27 18:59:14 1996  
Date: Fri, 12 Jul 1996 12:17:38 -0700  
From: Ron Peterson <ronp@netcom.com>  
To: venture@STARGAME.ORG  
Subject: Ven (A little about WO.)

> Actually, isn't a Warrant Officer an Enlisted equivalent to  
>Lieutenant or something to that effect? At least I think they have an  
>edge on an Ensign. Maybe some Navy-types can help with this one.

Warrent Officers are very high enlisted personel. They have about 15-20 years of experience. They usually have a special area of training. They can command other enlisted types, but don't usually. Rankwise, they are under Ensigns.

From k.faux@freenet.hamilton.on.ca Sat Jul 27 18:59:38 1996  
Date: Fri, 12 Jul 1996 21:48:54 -0400  
From: k.faux@freenet.hamilton.on.ca  
To: lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us  
Subject: Hi

Hi

My name is Kevin Faux. I am the GM of a Trek roleplaying game by email. I have so far fifteen members. I run a starship and a starbase. I was wondering how I go about joining your game. Is it also run by email? Would you be interested in receiving my starters package? If you are interested please contact me at the following email address:  
aj423@freenet.hamilton.on.ca

Hope to hear from you soon  
Kevin Faux  
aj423@freenet.hamilton.on.ca  
krnavy@wchat.on.ca

From PJBPRO@ritvax.isc.rit.edu Sat Jul 27 18:59:46 1996  
Date: Sat, 13 Jul 1996 01:27:18 -0400 (EDT)  
From: "Peter J. Boulay" <PJBPRO@ritvax.isc.rit.edu>  
To: venture@stargame.org  
Subject: Ven: Blackburn/Nogura & cast of..a few? ;)

>Blackburn took the clock, clearly impressed. "They still make these?"

Nogura looks Blackburn dead in the eye, "It's mine John."

He looks at the crew while Blackburn gawks..."You are all formally on shore leave as of now...so git! DISMISSED!"

From PJBPRO@ritvax.isc.rit.edu Sat Jul 27 18:59:58 1996  
Date: Sat, 13 Jul 1996 01:29:15 -0400 (EDT)  
From: "Peter J. Boulay" <PJBPRO@ritvax.isc.rit.edu>  
To: venture@stargame.org

Subject: Ven: Raban...trouble?

As Raban gets down to his quarters and goes in his roommate is there...

His roommate is a huge black man...he is standing there when Raban walks in.

(reaction)

He looks at Raban, "Hi...roomie." He doesn't seem very impressed with Raban.

---

From ronp@netcom.com Sat Jul 27 19:19:03 1996

Date: Mon, 15 Jul 1996 05:54:13 -0700

From: Ron Peterson <ronp@netcom.com>

To: venture@stargame.org

Subject: Ven Blackburn (confusioon)

>Blackburn took the clock, clearly impressed. "They still make these?"

>Nogura looks Blackburn dead in the eye, "It's mine John."

Blackburn hands the clock back, "It's quite nice. I haven't seen it in your office, have I?"

From PJBPRO@ritvax.isc.rit.edu Sat Jul 27 19:31:26 1996

Date: Mon, 15 Jul 1996 15:21:43 -0400 (EDT)

From: "Peter J. Boulay" <PJBPRO@ritvax.isc.rit.edu>

To: venture@stargame.org

Subject: Ven: Blackburn/Nogura clock

>Blackburn hands the clock back, "It's quite nice. I haven't seen it in your office, have I?"

(ooc: let me explain this medal better...it's a standard medal with the face of the clock embedded in it.)

"I took one of my favorite pocket watches, which I collect, and had them do this for you."

From rob@iris.washington.edu Sat Jul 27 19:31:43 1996

Date: Mon, 15 Jul 1996 23:06:46 -0700 (PDT)

From: Robert Casey <rob@iris.washington.edu>

To: venture@stargame.org

Subject: VEN: Trapsey

[after a little target practice...]

Trapsey emerged from his quarters, cleaned up and newly dressed after exhausting himself in the rec room. He suddenly felt different...taller perhaps. It had to be the psychological effect of facing and accepting sudden promotion. He knew that he had his work cut out for him.

He had managed to study his First Officer Protocols to an acceptable extent, everything from addressing alternatives to the Captain to presentation of oneself to boarding dignitaries to assemblage of landing parties. It was a lot to soak in in such a short period of time, and Trapsey knew he was bound to stumble somewhere along the way. Oh,

well. Comes with the job.

By the time he had gathered his thoughts and stopped walking, he looked up to find himself standing in front of a familiar entrance.

## ENGINEERING

...the placard read. For an instant, he felt a little remorse...as if realizing his promotion bumped him from his natural element and thrust him into something not of his nature.

But he knew that was just Fear talking. He had proven himself cut out for command, despite how much surprise it had brought him. Trapsey reassured himself, as he stood in front of the reinforced and shielded dyotanium double doors that he had not lost the Venture to his new job, he had simply started a new relationship with her. Perhaps more than ever, he had gained further ability to guide her destiny, to extend his will through one hundred sixty metric tons of quicksilver and starlight, to make Venture a beacon of hope for the Federation and the Known Galaxy.

Now, just keep up those bright thoughts, he thought silently, and they'll lock you away for delusions of grandeur. Smiling to himself, he entered the Engine Room, accompanied by the salute of a couple of Ensigns on the way in. Trapsey found the proper console and checked the logs on the progress of ship repairs.

After a moment of scanning, he touched a toggle button. "Trapsey to Lieutenant Gi'mmrl", he said into the comm unit. "How's the work proceeding?"

[GM - response?]

From PJBPRO@ritvax.isc.rit.edu Sat Jul 27 19:40:55 1996  
Date: Tue, 16 Jul 1996 20:13:51 -0400 (EDT)  
From: "Peter J. Boulay" <PJBPRO@ritvax.isc.rit.edu>  
To: venture@stargame.org  
Subject: Ven: Trapsey

>"Trapsey to Lieutenant Gi'mmrl", he said into the comm unit. "How's the work  
>proceeding?"

"Gi'mmrl here sir...things are going as scheduled sir..and if I may so,  
congratulations sir."

---

From ronp@netcom.com Sun Aug 11 23:17:25 1996  
Date: Fri, 19 Jul 1996 04:34:53 -0700  
From: Ron Peterson <ronp@netcom.com>  
To: venture@stargame.org  
Subject: Ven Blackburn

>Blackburn hands the clock back, "It's quite nice. I haven't seen it in your  
>office, have I?"

>"I took one of my favorite pocket watches, which I collect, and had them do  
>this for you."

OOO ???!!! He sdaid it was his, then hands it back???

Blackburn smiles and nods, "Thank you."

---

From PJBPRO@ritvax.isc.rit.edu Sun Aug 11 23:19:14 1996  
Date: Sun, 21 Jul 1996 01:49:25 -0400 (EDT)  
From: "Peter J. Boulay" <PJBPRO@ritvax.isc.rit.edu>  
To: venture@stargame.org  
Subject: Ven: Watch and stuff

>OOC ???!!! He sdaid it was his, then hands it back???

OOC: Blackburn handed it back to Nogura...that's what I read...it was an expensive watch which he had made into a medal...

>Blackburn smiles and nods, "Thank you."

"I just ordered shore leave and you're sitting around talking to an old man???  
Get out of here."

From magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us Fri Aug 16 12:51:59 1996  
Date: Mon, 22 Jul 1996 17:41:38 -0400 (EDT)  
From: Deborah Capuano <magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us>  
To: pjbpro@rit.edu  
Cc: lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us, jeseay01@ulkyvm.louisville.edu, ronp@netcom.com,  
jbagshaw@iusmail.ius.indiana.edu, magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us,  
sturmde@wfu.edu  
Subject: VEN: Mirkan goes on leave

After being dismissed from the meeting, Mirkan went back to his quarters and spent a few minutes thinking. True, he hadn't been with the Venture crew all that long (OOC Pete, how long \*was\* Silkie out for...I'm thinking two, three days max, but could be off...?) but the way things had been going lately he could use a break, and he was glad they'd been given one, the only question was what to do with it...

As he was going through his things and getting them arranged (there hadn't been time to do this earlier, what with being ordered out onto Silkie practically just after he'd arrived the first day) he came across some holopics and then had an idea...

He hadn't written to Cantar since shortly before leaving the Prado, and it had been longer than that since he'd actually seen him...in fact it had been at his graduation from the Academy...

That was it, he quickly finished, leaving out only a few personal items in a travel bag, and left the room, after instructing the computer to record a message that he was enroute to Centauri Prime...Cantar, as far as Mirkan knew, was still teaching at Cochrane University...

tbc...(OOC Pete, I'll email you privately with some details about this)

=====  
Deborah Capuano  
=====

Marc Alexander, USS Andromeda \* Cmdr Barbara Conner, USS Xerxes  
Dr Rachel Cory, USS Dragonstar \* Lt Selene Gaudreau, USS Xavier  
Ens David Gray, USS Independence \* Erika Halmstad, Imperial Starfleet  
R Adm Lysarra Izata, Spacedock \* Jannar, Imzadi \* Jaranth, DS9  
Lt Lissa Kane, USS Defender \* Lissa Kane, Mirror

Dr Jason Keeler, USS Defender \* Lt jg Liantha K'rom, USS Missouri  
Lt Josepha Landry, SB4 \* Lt Julia Licinia, USS Lexington  
Lt Julia Licinia, USS Lincoln \* Keara Malko, Deep Space 3  
Keara Malko, USS McCoy \* Lt Shushila Mandodari, USS Defiant  
Dr David Marshall, SF Special Forces \* Capt Rebech Marsten, USS Harrison  
Cmdr Rebech Marsten, Melcoas \* Lt jg Sondra Mason, USS Northampton  
Lcdr Mikan, USS Stargazer \* Ens Jareth Mirkan, USS Venture  
Adm Alyssa Nechayev, Deep Space Command Club \* Dr Mark Richards, USS Apache  
Lcdr Lennar Tavis Rishal, SB Triangle \* Dr Michael Rowan, USS DeathStrike  
Dr Michael Rowan, USS Excalibur \* Saliara, DS9 \* Dr Tirissah, Melcoas  
Lt jg Doran t'Kalnar, USS Kitty Hawk

=====

magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us

=====

From PJBPRO@ritvax.isc.rit.edu Fri Aug 16 12:52:08 1996  
Date: Mon, 22 Jul 1996 18:05:22 -0400 (EDT)  
From: "Peter J. Boulay" <PJBPRO@ritvax.isc.rit.edu>  
To: venture@stargame.org  
Subject: Ven: Mirkan's stuff

>(OOC Pete, how long \*was\* Silkie out for...I'm thinking two, three days max,  
>but could be off...?)

We'll call it 3 days...

Pete

From PJBPRO@ritvax.isc.rit.edu Fri Aug 16 12:52:17 1996  
Date: Mon, 22 Jul 1996 18:08:06 -0400 (EDT)  
From: "Peter J. Boulay" <PJBPRO@ritvax.isc.rit.edu>  
To: venture@stargame.org  
Subject: Ven: Pete moves out

After the meeting broke up, Pete wandered back to his quarters...

He sat down hard and thought about everything that had happened...Sal...

He sat and thought about what the hell he was going to do on his vacation...

From RDAVIS62@maine.maine.edu Fri Aug 16 12:52:30 1996  
Date: Mon, 22 Jul 96 18:40:49 EDT  
From: RDAVIS62@maine.maine.edu  
To: "U.S.S. Venture" <venture@stargame.org>  
Subject: Raban to Ensign

Raban made a greeting to the man, "Hi sir. I'm Warrant Officer, Emilio Raban.  
So, which bunk is yours", he said with a smile

From rob@iris.washington.edu Fri Aug 16 12:52:37 1996  
Date: Mon, 22 Jul 1996 16:07:21 -0700 (PDT)  
From: Robert Casey <rob@iris.washington.edu>  
To: venture@stargame.org  
Subject: VEN: Trapsey



> "Gi'mmrl here sir...things are going as scheduled sir..and if I may so,  
> congratulations sir."

"Thank you, Lieutenant. Please notify me when you've completed work out there. Trapsey out."

Trapsey let out a sigh and thought of what to do next. One thing that needed to be checked was the integrity of the plasma conduits and vents. The warp reroute he performed earlier could have easily stressed a waveguide or T-junction beyond safety levels. Trapsey grabbed a tricorder and made his way to the lower decks.

[GM - I suppose you could give me a general rundown of things. He will spend the next hour or so scanning for stress fractures in the conduits leading from the warp reactor to the deflector dish assembly. He'll be careful not to venture into any sections that have been decompressed to space.]

#####  
From PJBPRO@ritvax.isc.rit.edu Mon Aug 19 07:27:40 1996  
Date: Wed, 24 Jul 1996 00:11:45 -0400 (EDT)  
From: "Peter J. Boulay" <PJBPRO@ritvax.isc.rit.edu>  
To: venture@stargame.org  
Subject: Ven: Raban & roomie and NOTICE

don't need me you can continue on while I'm gone...

>Raban made a greeting to the man, "Hi sir. I'm Warrant Officer, Emilio Raban.  
>So, which bunk is yours", he said with a smile

The man looked down at him (he's reeeeeeall tall and big), "Warrant Officer John Black." He looked at the top bunk where his stuff was and the bottom one which he promptly lied down on, "What bunk?"

From PJBPRO@ritvax.isc.rit.edu Mon Aug 19 07:33:11 1996  
Date: Wed, 24 Jul 1996 02:21:21 -0400 (EDT)  
From: "Peter J. Boulay" <PJBPRO@ritvax.isc.rit.edu>  
To: venture@stargame.org  
Subject: Ven: Trapsey's stuff

>"Thank you, Lieutenant. Please notify me when you've completed work out there.  
>Trapsey out."

"Aye sir."

>Trapsey let out a sigh and thought of what to do next. One thing that needed to  
>be checked was the integrity of the plasma conduits and vents. The warp reroute  
>he performed earlier could have easily stressed a waveguide or T-junction  
>beyond safety levels. Trapsey grabbed a tricorder and made his way to the lower  
>decks.

All of a sudden Trapsey is reminded that Marko James is the CEO and should be included...(hint)

>[GM-I suppose you could give me a general rundown of things. He will spend the  
>next hour or so scanning for stress fractures in the conduits leading from the  
>warp reactor to the deflector dish assembly. He'll be careful not to venture  
>into any sections that have been decompressed to space.]

There is a stress fracture along the edge of the ship where the deflector dish is located. Another is in the conduit you mentioned...

---

<http://www.rit.edu/~pjbpro> \*\*NEW\*\* EMAIL: PJBPRO@rit.edu

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USS VENTURE/SILKIE--LCDR Peter J. Boulay-Nav/Commander \*\*TEMP. GM\*\*  
USS DEFIANT--LCDR Lorin Renaud-Tactical Officer-Married-CDR Bedru \*\*TEMP. GM\*\*  
USS DEFENDER--Captain James Boulay-Fighter Squadron Leader  
STARFLEET SPECIAL FORCES--LT Jerry Puller--Special Forces XO  
SPACEDOCK--Captain David Boulay--JAG Chief  
SPACEDOCK--Admiral Lorin Renaud-Vice Chief of Security  
SFCC--Board Member, Starfleet Command Club

From PJBPRO@ritvax.isc.rit.edu Mon Aug 19 07:33:23 1996  
Date: Wed, 24 Jul 1996 02:22:43 -0400 (EDT)  
From: "Peter J. Boulay" <PJBPRO@ritvax.isc.rit.edu>  
To: venture@stargame.org  
Subject: Ven: Marko James

SORRY DAVE....(slaps forehead)

I meant to introduce James at the meeting...

We'll work it in later...if you are up to something go for it...

Pete

#####  
#####

From ronp@netcom.com Tue Aug 20 10:46:22 1996  
Date: Thu, 25 Jul 1996 09:06:25 -0700  
From: Ron Peterson <ronp@netcom.com>  
To: venture@stargame.org  
Subject: Ven Blackburn

>expensive watch which he had made into a medal...

OOC: Right, Blackburn handed it back after Nogura said it was his

>"I just ordered shore leave and you're sitting around talking to an old  
>man???" Get out of here."

Blackburn chuckled, "Aye aye. I do have a few things that need to be taken care of." He groaned internally, like getting McGurn out of the brig.

<responce if any>

He left, thinking the ceremony went nicely. He made his way to the transporter room, and beamed down to SFHQ, and the headed to Security. Being very wary he entered and looked around.

From RDAVIS62@maine.maine.edu Tue Aug 20 10:46:29 1996  
Date: Thu, 25 Jul 96 12:08:00 EDT  
From: RDAVIS62@maine.maine.edu  
To: "U.S.S. Venture" <venture@STARGAME.ORG>  
Subject: Raban to the Other Warrant

Raban looked him over, but he wasn't gonna let this guy get the best of him, he said, "Well roomie, unless you are gonna argue with the captain and the quartermaster, then that's my bunk. You can either move your junk, or I'll move it for you. And believe me, there won't be any recalling it from the sonic refuse disintegrater."

Raban didn't stand down and looked the man right in the eyes.

From PJBPRO@ritvax.isc.rit.edu Tue Aug 20 10:47:50 1996  
Date: Thu, 25 Jul 1996 17:45:28 -0400 (EDT)  
From: "Peter J. Boulay" <PJBPRO@ritvax.isc.rit.edu>  
To: venture@stargame.org  
Subject: Ven: Blackburn

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>OOC: Right, Blackburn handed it back after Nogura said it was his

Nogura gives it to blackburn...for good.

>"Aye aye. I do have a few things that need to be taken care of." He groaned  
>internally, like getting McGurn out of the brig.

"Oh...him." Nogura groans, "Do what you must."

>He left, thinking the ceremony went nicely. He made his way to the transport-  
>er room, and beamed down to SFHQ, and the headed to Security. Being very wary  
>he entered and looked around.

An officer stands bolt upright at the sign of Blackburn, "Admiral sir!"

From PJBPRO@ritvax.isc.rit.edu Tue Aug 20 10:47:58 1996  
Date: Thu, 25 Jul 1996 17:48:21 -0400 (EDT)  
From: "Peter J. Boulay" <PJBPRO@ritvax.isc.rit.edu>  
To: venture@stargame.org  
Subject: Ven: Raban

>Raban looked him over, but he wasn't gonna let this guy get the best of him, he  
>said, "Well roomie, unless you are gonna argue with the captain and the  
>quartermaster, then that's my bunk. You can either move your junk, or I'll move  
>it for you. And believe me, there won't be any recalling it from the sonic  
>refuse disintegrater."

>Raban didn't stand down and looked the man right in the eyes.

The other officer stood there for a long time looking him in his eyes--no sign  
of emotion or movement..slow deliberate breathing.

"You got it." He grabbed his stuff and threw it against the wall--giving Raban  
just enough time to duck before it went over his head. He laid down again and  
grabbed a book--starting to read.

From ronp@netcom.com Wed Aug 21 22:59:56 1996  
Date: Sat, 27 Jul 1996 16:27:04 -0700  
From: Ron Peterson <ronp@netcom.com>  
To: venture@stargame.org  
Subject: Ven Blackburn

>Nogura gives it to Blackburn...for good.

Blackburn smiles, "Again thanks."

>"Aye aye. I do have a few things that need to be taken care of." He groaned  
>internally, like getting McGurn out of the brig.

>"Oh...him." Nogura groans, "Do what you must."

OOO: Nogura a mind reader now?

He nodded, "Something is just not right here. I hope to find out what it is."

>He left, thinking the ceremony went nicely. He made his way to the transport-  
>er room, and beamed down to SFHQ, and then headed to Security. Being very wary  
>he entered and looked around.

>An officer stands bolt upright at the sign of Blackburn, "Admiral sir!"

Blackburn stood tall and firm, "I understand you are holding one of my men,  
McGurn. I would like him released and to see the incident report."

From PJBPRO@ritvax.isc.rit.edu Wed Aug 21 23:00:27 1996  
Date: Sun, 28 Jul 1996 01:27:41 -0400 (EDT)  
From: "Peter J. Boulay" <PJBPRO@ritvax.isc.rit.edu>  
To: venture@stargame.org  
Subject: Ven: Blackburn/Nogura/McGurn come on out!

>Blackburn smiles, "Again thanks."

"My pleasure."

>OOO: Nogura a mind reader now?

>He nodded, "Something is just not right here. I hope to find out what it is."

"I was notified right before I headed down here. Keep me informed if need be."  
He briefly saluted and left.

((in prison))

>Blackburn stood tall and firm, "I understand you are holding one of my men,  
>McGurn. I would like him released and to see the incident report."

"Yes sir!" He walked back to his files and pulled up the screen report. Looking  
at Blackburn, "In accordance with Starfleet Code, I must obtain a voice print  
confirmation in order to release this information to you, sir." The young  
Ensign is obviously nervous about asking this of an Admiral but it is code.

(response)

Meanwhile the other officer seated toward the back door stood up and went back  
to McGurn--he can be heard faintly, "Officer McGurn-you've been cleared to  
leave."

#####  
#####

From RDAVIS62@maine.maine.edu Thu Aug 22 23:04:21 1996  
Date: Mon, 29 Jul 96 12:31:48 EDT

From: RDAVIS62@maine.maine.edu  
To: endeavour@stargame.org  
Subject: S'tin

S'tin taps his feet impatiently waiting for the vaccine

From lyre@fn3.freenet.tlh.fl.us Sun Aug 25 09:22:05 1996  
Date: Tue, 30 Jul 96 12:03:39 18000  
From: Randy Jones <lyre@fn3.freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
To: Randy Jones <lyre@fn3.freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: Re: VEN: Arrival

Epsilon Eridani was an eight-planet system supported by a K2 star. The little ship passed within visual range of a gass giant, the seventh planet of the system.

>  
> "OK, we've just recieved landing clearance....spaceport beacon locked  
> on....taking her down."  
>  
> There was a slight jolt felt through the inertial dampers as Road Runner  
> descended into the atmosphere. The clouds were too thick to see more than  
> a few meters, but the spaceport authority had assured them the approach  
> corridor was clear.  
>  
> Suddenly, the cloud cover broke and the lush Regnisian landscape burst  
> into view.  
>  
> (description, Randy?)  
>  
> Nick slowed their approach, banking frequently to afford the cockpit a  
> better view of the surroundings. He figured they could both benefit from  
> the scenic route.  
>  
> All too soon, the spaceport appeared on the horizon, growing steadily  
> as they closed. They were guided to one of the open landing pads, and  
> Nick set her down as smoothly as a feather on water.  
>  
> He looked over at Cantia. "Welcome home." he said.  
>  
> (response)  
>  
> He locked down the flight board, and popped the hatch.  
>  
> (Your ball, Randy)  
>  
> \*\*\*\*\*  
> Dennis "Hollywood" Campbell "Evolution is vastly overrated."  
> GT3083@Siucvmb.Siu.Edu (paraphrased) -Ambassador Delenn, Babylon 5  
> \*\*\*\*\*  
>

--

~~~~~  
 . | * 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 |

#####