

From trekker@server.indo.net.id Sun Sep 8 23:19:55 1996  
Date: Fri, 6 Sep 1996 11:30:26 -0700  
From: Budi Primawan <trekker@server.indo.net.id>  
Subject: Re: XER: In Sickbay  
Status: OR

(OOC: It's Yamamoto)

>"Sickbay to CMO," the medic requested.

>

Dr. Yamamoto was in his office, studying the latest Starfleet Medical Journal. "Yamamoto here," He answered the comm.

>"Sorry to bother you, doctor, but I might need a little help patching up

>this fellow," the medic said, slightly embarrassed (but hey, he'd rather

>embarrass himself than reset this guy's nose wrong). "Nothing to serious,

>just a badly broken nose..."

>

>"A couple cracks about the Head Nurse and the SOB whacks me!" Schmitt

>gripped, loud enough to carry over the intercom.

>

Yamamoto sighed. "Okay, Mr. Jones, I'll be there in a moment."

The doctor the turn off his personal padd and walked out of his office. He went directly to the bed where Mr. Jones treated the young officer (OOC:What's Schmitt's rank?).

Yamamoto studied the injury for a moment. "I still can't comprehend why someone just love to hurt himself. I don't care whatever you do to get this, but I don't want you to do that again. Understood?"

[Schmitt?]

"No argument here. I'm your doctor and I can tell the Captain that you're unfit for duty. I can fix this, but human body have limits. Now hold on a minute..."

Yamamoto then treated the broken nose with some medications. "The bones will redevelop within 30 minutes. I've given extra sulphur to strengthen the construction. But you must not move from the bed until the whole process is completed. Stay here for one hour, and then I'll check the post-medication."

[respond?]

From Aexcon@concentric.net Sun Sep 8 23:20:06 1996  
Date: Sat, 7 Sep 96 21:04:53 -0500  
From: Aexcon@concentric.net  
To: Randy Jones <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: XER: READ ME FIRST!!! (PLEASE)  
Status: OR

Hello, Your GM-Ness!

I'm sending you this the day before you said you'd be back. Sorry to be so bold in the subject line, but I thought you'd find this helpful to read first before sifting through everythign from Xerxes... call it a secret decoder ring, if you will... :)

First: Stargame went offline over Labor Day weekend, without warning players in advance... so the posts and the order they were sent/received got a bit messed up for four days. Therefore, to make your life a bit easier, here's the secret decoder ring order in which the flashback series between Anvil and I is meant to be read:

Scorpio's Quarters  
Scorpio's Quarters (Correction)  
Flashback: Bat Out of Hell  
Flashback: From One Hell to Another  
Flashback: I Fight Authority  
Flashback: Alien Bait  
Flashback: Law & Order  
Memories, all alone in the - D-OH!  
A Few Good Men  
Two, to be precise  
Re: Two, to be precise  
Drinkin' Buddies  
Re: Drinkin' Buddies  
Hey! Beernuts Here!  
Re: Hey! Beernuts Here!  
She Caught the Katy, left Me a Mule to Ride  
Boston: Live In Concert!

That's the lot at the moment, though Anvil may post his take on the Boston's destruction between now and when you read this... after he does that, I'll post mine, and there we'll have it.

I also tried your suggestion and posted an "In Sickbay" re: Schmitt. The doctor did respond, and I did a sequel to it... that's as far as that went (for the moment, maybe... the doc has an open end to respond; it's not necessary).

Early on the Conner/Neulon scene also finished up.

And, well, there you have it... your secret decoder ring and Xerxes update. Hope you enjoyed your time off... we missed ya, your GM-ness! :)

I have more to flood you with, but I'll do that later...

Until then, welcome back!

More later-

Travis

From trekker@server.indo.net.id Sun Sep 8 23:21:05 1996  
Date: Sun, 8 Sep 1996 21:54:27 -0700  
From: Budi Primawan <trekker@server.indo.net.id>  
Subject: Re: XER: In Sickbay, the Sequel!  
Status: OR

>(OOC: Sorry about messing up your character name; got it off the web  
>page. And hey, since this is the first time I'm interacting with you,  
>nice to meet ya, doc!)

(OOC:Nice to meet you, too, ensign!)

>"Sure, fine, whatever," Schmitt agreed. "Just do me a favor and keep  
>your Head Nurse outta here - I don't want her punching me out next!"  
>  
"If you could make an effort to control your speeches, you won't be in any  
trouble, mister," Yamamoto said, scanning the ensign with his medical  
tricorder. "Tell me now. What is your department?"

[respond]

From Aexcon@concentric.net Wed Sep 11 22:28:55 1996  
Date: Fri, 6 Sep 96 00:26:35 -0500  
From: Aexcon@concentric.net  
Subject: XER: In Sickbay, the Sequel!  
Status: OR

(OOC: Sorry about messing up your character name; got it off the web  
page. And hey, since this is the first time I'm interacting with you,  
nice to meet ya, doc!)

>The doctor the turn off his personal padd and walked out of his office. He  
>went directly to the bed where Mr. Jones treated the young officer  
>(OOC:What's Schmitt's rank?).

(OOC: Schmitt is an Ensign. He looks a bit old to be an Ensign (late  
30s), but this is because he's such a jerk that he can't keep his mouth  
shut and therefore never gets promoted.)

>  
>Yamamoto studied the injury for a moment. "I still can't comprehend why  
>someone just love to hurt himself. I don't care whatever you do to get this,  
>but I don't want you to do that again. Understood?"  
>

"Yeah, I understand alright!" Schmitt declared. "I'm stayin' away from  
that psycho intel Lieutenant, that's what I understand! This hurts like  
Hell!"

>  
>"No argument here. I'm your doctor and I can tell the Captain that you're  
>unfit for duty. I can fix this, but human body have limits. Now hold on a  
>minute..."  
>

>Yamamoto then treated the broken nose with some medications. "The bones will  
>redevelop within 30 minutes. I've given extra sulphur to strengthen the  
>construction. But you must not move from the bed until the whole process is  
>completed. Stay here for one hour, and then I'll check the post-medication."  
>

"Sure, fine, whatever," Schmitt agreed. "Just do me a favor and keep  
your Head Nurse outta here - I don't want her punching me out next!"

(It's entirely up to you... response, doctor?)

From Aexcon@concentric.net Wed Sep 11 22:29:45 1996  
Date: Mon, 9 Sep 96 17:46:38 -0500  
From: Aexcon@concentric.net  
Subject: XER: In Sickbay: The Search For NPCs  
Status: OR

>"If you could make an effort to control your speeches, you won't be in any  
>trouble, mister," Yamamoto said, scanning the ensign with his medical

>tricorder. "Tell me now. What is your department?"

>

"Engineering, for about the next day or two," Schmitt announced. "Once the Bridger gets here, I ship out to my next assignment. My tour on Xerxes is over."

Schmitt did not bother to mention that part of this was due to his inability to control his mouth.

(OOC Note: Ensign Schmitt's sole purpose for npc existence was to insult Nurse Mulcahy's good name in front of Max Scorpio and get punched out for it, and I've made him such a jerk that I just can't see extending his in-game lifespan. Of course, he's gotta sit here long enough to be cured, if anyone wants to walk in on this...)

From lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us Wed Sep 11 22:29:50 1996

Date: Mon, 9 Sep 1996 19:14:36 -0400 (EDT)

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

Subject: XER: (sickbay) speak of the devil...

Status: OR

> "Engineering, for about the next day or two," Schmitt announced. "Once  
> the Bridger gets here, I ship out to my next assignment. My tour on  
> Xerxes is over."

[gm note: 'fraid there's no way he could know that the bridger's coming. radiation's too much for xerxes to have received a reply from star fleet acknowledging their call. in fact, they don't \*know\* any one's coming. eventually, if there's no reply, a more drastic action woul have to be taken.

let's just say he's expecting to transfer when/if you reach starbase 5)

> Schmitt did not bother to mention that part of this was due to his  
> inability to control his mouth.

>

> (OOC Note: Ensign Schmitt's sole purpose for npc existence was to insult  
> Nurse Mulcahy's good name in front of Max Scorpio and get punched out for  
> it, and I've made him such a jerk that I just can't see extending his  
> in-game lifespan. Of course, he's gotta sit here long enough to be  
> cured, if anyone wants to walk in on this...)

As the two talked, neither had noticed that Mulcahy had entered to do a final check on sickbay before calling it a day.

"Doctor," she said evenly, as if she had heard none of their conversation,  
"Do you require assistance?"

(response--reaction?)

the singin' one

From Aexcon@concentric.net Wed Sep 11 22:30:11 1996

Date: Mon, 9 Sep 96 19:08:09 -0500

From: Aexcon@concentric.net

Subject: XER: Speak of the devil...and the devil appears

Status: OR

>let's just say he's expecting to transfer when/if you reach starbase 5)

(OOC: Okay. Oops. Flog. Flog.)

>"Doctor," she said evenly, as if she had heard none of their conversation,  
>"Do you require assistance?"

>

Schmitt needed no help recognizing who had just come into eyesight, and his reaction was true to boorish form. "Shit!"

(One of you can react to that if you want, or if not, whatever.)

Schmitt quickly went into mistake recovery mode, looking so pathetic in the process that it was easy to see how a man of his age could still be at the bottom of the command food chain. "Look, Nurse, I'm sorry! Really! Please don't hurt me! I've learned my lesson! Honest! I'll never say anything like that again!"

(OOC: Picture John Belushi in "The Blues Brothers" trying to convince Carrie Fisher not to cut him in half with an M-16. Now take away all the charm. That's how pathetic this looks.)

(Responses or reactions, anyone?)

From lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us Wed Sep 11 22:30:45 1996

Date: Mon, 9 Sep 1996 21:36:52 -0400 (EDT)

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

Subject: XER: rain on my parade?! (sickbay)

Status: OR

> >"Doctor," she said evenly, as if she had heard none of their conversation,  
> >"Do you require assistance?"

> >

> Schmitt needed no help recognizing who had just come into eyesight, and  
> his reaction was true to boorish form. "Shit!"

>

> (One of you can react to that if you want, or if not, whatever.)

Mulcahy's flaming temper was no where in sight. The comment meant too little to her under the circumstances.

> Schmitt quickly went into mistake recovery mode, looking so pathetic in  
> the process that it was easy to see how a man of his age could still be  
> at the bottom of the command food chain. "Look, Nurse, I'm sorry!  
> Really! Please don't hurt me! I've learned my lesson! Honest! I'll  
> never say anything like that again!"

>

> (OOC: Picture John Belushi in "The Blues Brothers" trying to convince  
> Carrie Fisher not to cut him in half with an M-16. Now take away all the  
> charm. That's how pathetic this looks.)

"Rest easy, Ensign. Ya have nothing to worry about from me."

(response)

the singin' one

From Aexcon@concentric.net Wed Sep 11 22:30:50 1996  
Date: Mon, 9 Sep 96 20:54:10 -0500  
From: Aexcon@concentric.net  
Subject: XER: Re: rain on my parade?! (sickbay)  
Status: OR

>"Rest easy, Ensign. Ya have nothing to worry about from me."

Schmitt was down to stammering. "Uh... o-okay. I'm really sorry."

Besides, he had a feeling that he had enough to worry about if he ever ran into Scorpio again.

As he turned to the doctor, his eyes were pleading. "Doc, can I go now?"

(Resposne Doctor, or just leave it sit... your choice here.)

From Aexcon@concentric.net Wed Sep 11 22:30:55 1996  
Date: Mon, 9 Sep 96 21:04:18 -0500  
From: Aexcon@concentric.net  
To: Randy Jones <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: XER OOC: I wanna wreak some havoc... 8D  
Status: OR

Aloha, your gm-ness!

I have a question for you, a plot request, really. The effect would not actually come into play for a while, but I thought I'd ask now. (Scared yet?)

When the Bridger arrives, we've already established that we'll be getting some new personnel. What say one of these was a npc who was... well... a bad guy. An undercover terrorist/enemy agent, if you will. He or she would be well hidden and bide their time before doing anything nasty... specifically, I need two cues to happen first, which so as not to give away too many secrets I'll keep under my hat for the moment (you wouldn't believe it anyway; they're seemingly unrelated). Anyway, when the time was right, this "bad guy" would suddenly do something to grab attention, while still maintaining cover, like say, blowing up a room. (Not engineering or anythign essential, just to cause chaos.) Then, the crew would be on a mad search for the saboteur, and there could be plot fun to be had...

My idea/request is this. I would like to have your permission as gm 1) to have this idea put into effect, and 2) should you say okay, to be able to control when this bad guy sets off his or her first explosion - without my personally knowing who it is! I just want to get the ball rolling. Then you, as gm, and as is only proper, could run the bad guy npc, and all of us call fairly search him or her out, including me, since I won't know who it is, either.

Like I said, this would take a while before it happened, but what do you think?

Just bouncing ideas...

More later-

Travis

PS: where did the title "rain on my parade?!" come from?

From RFERRANCE@Gems.VCU.EDU Wed Sep 11 22:31:02 1996  
Date: Mon, 09 Sep 1996 23:05:31 -0400 (EDT)  
From: Doc Anvil <RFERRANCE@Gems.VCU.EDU>  
Subject: XER: Boston Not so live (Flashback continues) T  
Status: OR

Capt. Jack Fitzgerald pushed himself deeper into the command chair as his helmsman executed the maneuver he'd ordered, spiraling the Uss \*Boston\* 'upwards' and 'inwards' of the two Klingon battle cruisers. He was also bracing against the inevitable incoming fire, which more than met his expectations. "Shields down to fifty-three percent," his defense monitor called out. "Klingon ship one rewarming conduits for another volley."

"Begin rollout.....now!" he called. The viewscreen shifted with dizzying quickness, and the follow up salvo passed harmlessly through the piece of space they \*would\* have been occupying. "Drop gravitic mine now," he ordered calmly.

"Ordinance away," fire control called out.

As they waited to see if his maneuver had worked, Jack looked sideways toward his right arm, Commander Lisa Montgomery. Without even looking up from her console, she shook her head, almost imperceptibly. Maybe he'd been wrong. Perhaps Garth \*had\* been wise to ignore the incoming conduit through the quiet solar system. Garth, and Command, had been banking on the fact that their intelligence ops had planted information within the Empire that Starfleet had set up advanced warning systems in the solar system. Jack did not have quite so much faith in Starfleet Intelligence. Nor in the Klingon's fear of such a system.

"Positive grade four hit to their forward screens, captain!" Fire control informed him. "They're losing atmosphere." The main viewer shifted just in time for them to see thin tendrils of moist air vent into the cold, unforgiving vacuum of space, and then freeze instantaneously.

"And the other?" he asked.

"We've greatly reduced the structural integrity of their nacelle strut."

A firm set came to Jack's face. "Reverse direction," he said quickly. "Inverted Z, positive X with zero radial acceleration. Put us back overtop them so they have to double back to keep us in their field fire."

It worked, of course. Even with his ship falling part, the Klingon commander pushed his crew, his engines, and even his hull plates beyond their max. As the Bird of Prey tried to roll with them, the nacelle sheared off, flying outward with centrifigul force. "Let them go," Jack said. There was no sense wasting a shot on a ship that would soon destroy itself.

"Positive contact!" Lisa suddenly called out. Jack's heart fell. He was hoping he'd been wrong about this. But at the same time, he'd known he wasn't. "Four, perhaps five enemy incoming, though the heart of the system."

"Helm-"

"Shifting course to intercept," the helmsman said, his voice carrying a soft fatalism to it. "ETA, seven minutes."

Jack would always appreciate the fact that it was a blissfully short seven minutes. A crew shouldn't have more time than that to contemplate their impending deaths.

They'd all fought hard, and valiantly, but in the end, one Federation Scout at half shield capacity simply was no match for five fresh ships, each of which nearly matched her in firepower.

The bridge was growing darker, lit at times only by the yellowed arcing of high voltage trying to find ground. The helmsman was out, now laying dead at Jack's feet. Jack had damn near had to step on him to get to the console himself. The navigator would be better off dead, fire control, defense monitor, comm - no, Comm appeared to be alive. Sort of. That left only Lisa.

"Nothing left?" Jack asked quietly.

"Nothing," Lisa agreed from her position now beside him at Fire control. She pulled the mic from its holder and handed it to him. "Let them go," she said.

He took the mic, agreeing with a nod. "All hands, this is the captain." All hands. He wondered how many that entailed just now. "We have lost all power, and all defense capability. The larger battle is elsewhere, and within seconds, the two remaining enemy ships will certainly move out to engage the remainder of our task force. We did our duty, and we did it well. We destroyed five of the aggressors that would have snuck up on our left flank, and we bought time for the remainder of the task force to reevaluate their position and make appropriate changes to strategy. In short, we succeeded. But at a high price." He paused, the final words coming just a bit difficult. "I hereby give my final command as captain of the USS \*Boston\*. All hands, abandon ship. Make for the life pods. A marking buoy has been launched, and search and rescue should be here within forty-eight hours." He paused again. That was no way to end his final order. "It has been an indescribably honor," he told him simply, honestly, to serve as your commanding officer. Fitzgerald out."

"Bravo, captain," Lisa teased him. Her voice was getting thick now, the left side of her face going numb from the facial nerve injury she'd sustained when her head had hit her original console.

"Shut up, Montgomery," he returned gruffly. He watched her board, though to look for confirmation that life buoys were launching. They were.

He nearly laughed when the "warp able" indicator relit on his board. "Too little, too late," he muttered, starting to stand so

that he could help Lisa get to a buoy. But she caught his arm.

"Jack-"

"Yeah, I know," he said. "Me, too."

"No, you soft old man!" she said. "I'm not uttering last words. Yet. I've got an idea." Her eyes tracked back to the warp capable monitor.

"Lure them away," he said softly.

"And then overrev the engines," she said simply.

"We could never get out in time."

She shrugged. "A lot of other good people have died today. Why should they get all the glory?"

"You go," he told her, rerouting pathways from his console so he could make it work.

"No way," she argued. "\*You\* go."

"Lisa-"

"Okay, then, we both go." She quickly scanned their ship. The last two remaining life forms were now boarding a lifeboat, and jettisoning. The comm officer didn't seem to have much of a chance. "It's now or never, Jack," she said.

He reached over and calmly took her hand. "Together, then," he said simply.

A moment later, they streaked into otherspace. The Klingons, stunned by the sudden acceleration, followed blindly. Jack led them far enough away from the collection of life boats, then stopped, short. The two Klingon cruisers flanked them, watching, waiting.

On the ruined, darkened bridge of the USS \*Boston\*, two joined hands together tripped the critical button.

It would be over twenty four hours before Jack would know that the bridge pod had somehow blown clear of the spectacular fireball. Lisa was still alive, but failing. He held her, as they listened to the stridor of the comm officer somewhere on the now completely darkened and increasingly cooling bridge.

He was still holding her when she took in her last breath.

He was still holding her when Search and Rescue found them, less than twenty hours after Lisa died.

From lyre@fn3.freenet.tlh.fl.us Wed Sep 11 22:31:07 1996  
Date: Mon, 9 Sep 1996 23:13:30 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one <lyre@fn3.freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
To: Aexcon@concentric.net

Cc: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: Re: XER OOC: I wanna wreak some havoc... 8D  
Status: OR

travis, i hate to say "no," but you just described the storyline that's going on my other game, khawk. i'd hate to repeat myself so soon.

however, give it some more thought. if you can come up with another interesting story (though you have unknowingly given me one already), let me know. randye

From Aexcon@concentric.net Wed Sep 11 22:31:25 1996  
Date: Mon, 9 Sep 96 22:28:51 -0500  
From: Aexcon@concentric.net  
To: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.FL.us>  
Subject: Re: XER OOC  
Status: OR

Randy-

Considering that coming up with interesting stories is how I'm trying to get myself a career's worth of paychecks (not that it's easy to break in, mind you, considering that I haven't made more than \$200 from day one), I'll see what I can come up with. :)

Speaking of interesting stories, did you get that scene I dubbed "icebreaker" off that net address I gave you?

More later-

Travis

From lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us Wed Sep 11 22:32:38 1996  
Date: Tue, 10 Sep 1996 00:08:22 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: XER: the task force prepares  
Status: OR

The executive officer carefully concealed her satisfaction at the speed and efficiency of the Bridger crew as they prepped the ship for departure.

The normal tension of an early departure had been ratcheted several notches when word had come that the task force commander had selected their ship as his flag ship. The crew was proud of the selection and wanted to somehow surpass their usual superior effort.

In the few moments available for breaks, Jack Fitzgerald's name and stories about him were whispered in awe amongst the youngest members of the crew and with respect by the more grizzled ones.

The Bridger's captain sat at the center seat, signing a fuel report while his hypersensitive hearing picked up the details of a whispered conversation between the communications officer and his second. S'tim had not felt any sting to his ego, if he had one. In fact, his own sterling career had received its fair share of attention. However, pride was no more a part of his nature than jealousy.

The Vulcan captain would not have been listening at all had it not been for the anticipated words from the communications officer that even he had to acknowledge he awaited.

He would meditate upon it later.

Finally, the words came.

Precisely on time.

"Captain, Commodore Fitzgerald's shuttle is requesting permission to dock."

S'tim nodded and replied calmly, "Permission granted. Begin docking procedure."

"Aye, Sir."

"Number One, shall we greet the commodore?"

The exec smiled, a sharp contrast to her stoic commanding officer. "Yes, Sir."

As the pair took the short walk to the docking port one deck below the bridge, she added, "Boy, is he going to be surprised."

S'tim merely raised an eyebrow before standing across from the port hatch. The many years of serving with humans had taught him to accept this illogical part of an otherwise superb executive officer. He glanced at the woman who took her position at his side and acknowledged to himself that he trusted her as he trusted few other beings, Vulcan, human, or otherwise.

An honor guard awaited them at the port. When the indicator above the door turned green, and the hatch door began to slide up, one guard lifted a bosun's whistle to his lips to pipe the commodore onboard.

(response)

[gm's note: fyi. i did not mistakenly refer to cap'n jack as "commodore." i'm told that whenever a captain journeys on another's ship, s/he is given an honorary raise in rank to avoid confusion.]

the singin' one

From lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us Wed Sep 11 22:32:44 1996  
Date: Tue, 10 Sep 1996 00:12:48 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: XER: "not i," said the cat (sickbay)  
Status: OR

> Doctor Mac Yamamoto looked at the ensign and the nurse bemusedly. "I think I  
> deserve some explanations here. What did really happen, Mr. Schmitt? Nurse?"  
>  
> >As he turned to the doctor, his eyes were pleading. "Doc, can I go now?"  
> >  
> "Not so fast, ensign. First tell me, in details, what really happen to your  
> nose, and why that happened."  
>

> He then looked at the nurse. "Did you do that to him, nurse?"

Mulcahy looked at the chief medic. "No, Doctor," the head nurse replied. "I only heard that he had come in for treatment."

(response)

the singin' one

From Aexcon@concentric.net Wed Sep 11 22:32:24 1996  
Date: Mon, 9 Sep 96 23:36:30 -0500  
From: Aexcon@concentric.net  
Subject: XER: The Boston Flee Party  
Status: OR

(OOC: In honor of her Gm-ness retraining, Anvil and I have decided to celebrate by blowing up something. You've read his version, and now we end at least my part of the flashback series with my version... Enjoy.)

(More OOC: I'll be pleasantly suprised if anyone but Anvil can get the in joke with the npc names in this one.)

Well, for a battle that shouldn't have been happening if Garth of Izar hadn't had his thumb making exploratory rounds, things were going reasonably well from the perspective of the USS Boston. One scout on two Klingon cruisers (OOC: Sorry, Anvil, but I don't think they've got the Bird of Prey design just yet) and apparently winning wasn't too bad at all, even if the shields were starting to rot a bit...

"The first bogey's losing atmosphere!" Ensign Marini declared, echoing the data just sent via the bridge to his console position in auxiliary fire control.

"Great, Marini," Max Scorpio observed from his own seat - there wasn't much for an Exec Security offcier to do during a battle excpet man a battlestation - "Don't get cocky. it's not like you fired the shot to begin with."

"Nag, nag," Marini mumbled.

A brief pause, then it was Malone's turn to shout. "We've got a positive hit on the second bogey! Wow! I think we just took the thing's nacelle right off!"

"All right!" Murphy piped in.

"Why do I feel like I'm baby sitting down here?" Scorpio asked rhetorically. "Let's keep sharp, gentlemen - just because we've knocked out both targets doesn't mean the red alert's ove- Dammit!"

"What?" Murphy asked, quickly checking his own console.

"Bridge just sent us data on five new targets, boys," Scorpio announced. "ETA less than seven minutes."

The joviality ceased immediately. Two targets was something to tell war stories about over Saurian brandy for the next ten years. Five targets was a reason for mothers to get "we regret to inform you" letters from

Starfleet about their children.

Four men were in the room. Three letters would be sent.

----

The minutes had passed quickly, and then the excrement had hit the oscillator. The Boston was taking hits like a pinata at a birthday party. Shields were flickering, power was spotty, and controls were becoming quite finicky about responding...

And then came the fires.

It began without warning. A heavy shudder rocked the ship as it took another hit, and a large section of ceiling dropped into Aux Fire Control. Marini never knew what had crushed his skull; probably best, considering the live wires that would have made short work of him anyway as they followed the ceiling panel. As it was, they sparked against a console and started it ablaze.

Murphy's reaction was instinctual - he ran to where just a moment ago his buddy Marini had been standing, his mind not registering that Marini had been killed instantly. His reward for loyalty to his friend was to be caught beneath the second ceiling panel that fell. This one didn't even need a spark - a column of flames dropped with it.

"Murphy!" Malone screamed.

"Stand your post!" Scorio warned. "He's dead, there's nothing you can do!" He hated to be so cold, but he'd seen what happened to the last wanna be samaritan...

"Give me a report on power!"

"My console is non-responsive! We have negative fire control from this terminal!" Malone reported.

To punctuate the last, there was another shudder. This time, the main lights went out for good, and the aux lights came on. Not that they were necessary with the fires.

"Ditto on my console!" Scorio agreed, making a snap decision. He was about to try the wall comm to see if he could inform the bridge that way before he evacuated the burning room when he was distracted by Malone's sudden coughing fit.

The pinkish cloud behind Malone was unmistakable. Coolant leak, and it was filling Malone's lungs before he had a chance to move. Taking a deep breath of smoke filled air, Scorio ran across to where Malone was gasping and falling to the floor. He picked up the other man and dragged him toward the door. No time to inform the bridge.

By some miracle, the door still worked, and Scorio dragged the choking malone into the hallway. He took it on faith that the door would seal itself when it closed behind him.

The corridor was a shambles already as well, with a few small fires of its own. A few others could be seen dashing about, trying to put out flames or get to new stations (apparently the extinguisher system on this

deck was gone, too). Max turned to his comrade. "Malone! Malone!"

Malone's response was to vomit. A good sign, all things considered - it meant he was alive and trying to reject the poison he'd just injected. As soon as it looked like he might be finished heaving, Scorpio directed another query at him. "Can you move? We've gotta get out of here!"

Malone nodded. Scorpio helped him stand, and the two began running down the hallway to the nearest access ladder - they knew better than to try the turbolifts at this point - dodging flames and debris as they went.

And then there was another shudder. This time, the door that Scorpio and Malone were running past was blown outward into the corridor by the explosion behind it.

Scorpio had just cleared it. Malone had taken it full force. The door slammed him into the wall, causing the panel he'd crashed into to break. He was still alive at this point, but then the shrapnel that followed the door came shooting from the room, slicing through the door as if it were tinfoil... along with the man behind it. Then the aux lights went out, and all that was left were the fires...

Scorpio \*hated\* fires...

But there was no time to mourn Malone; another voice immediately grabbed Scorpio's attention. It was coming from the room whose door had just blown open. The voice belonged to Lt. Commander Holly Abrams, and the room was a secondary armory...

He didn't hesitate. Scorpio ran through the flames and into the blazing room. He saw immediately that the door had blown as the result of a crate of small arms overloading from the heat of the flames. Other crates were being shielded only by pieces of ceiling debris... and that couldn't last. Amidst it all, Holly Abrams was trapped under a fallen beam.

Max quickly ran to her. "Commander! Can you hear me!"

"Yes, dammit, now get this thing off of me!" she answered. Same old, same old, even with the gash in her head and half the skin of her arm looking like it had been run through a burning grater.

With an effort - and some of Abrams' own - Scorpio managed to oblige her, lifting the beam high enough away so that she could drag herself clear.

"Can you stand?"

Abrams responded by getting up. Both were beginning to choke now from the smoke as the flames continued to engulf the room.

"We've gotta get out of here before another crate goes!" Scorpio proclaimed.

"No!" shouted Abrams, indicating the area behind the debris shield. "Dunne and Rubin are still back there!" She ran toward the tangled mess, making it clear that she intended to dig through it.

Max knew there was no time. She'd never clear it fast enough, and at any rate, without even digging he knew the two men were dead, though why was

something he'd never be able to explain to her just now...

"There's no time! They can't have made it!" Scorpio yelled. "We've got to go before this room goes up!"

"No! They could still be alive!"

"No! Let's go!" Scorpio punctuated this by grabbed her arm. She rewarded him with a forcible release from his grip.

"I'm staying, Lieutenant! I've got to get them out! Live with it and that's an order!"

Living with it was precisely what Max had in mind, more so for Abrams than himself. "Dammit, Abrams, they're dead! You will be too if we don't get out now!"

"I said-"

Her words were cut off by a choking fit from the smoke. Seeing his only shot at saving his section chief, Scorpio reached out for her shoulder... She could try and court martial him if they lived...

----

A minute later Abrams was slung over Scorpio's back, unconscious and held in what was classically called a fireman's carry... never more appropriate than it was now. The armory crates had indeed exploded within seconds of his pulling her out of the room... he didn't even want to think of how close that brought the ship to a hull breach...

And then came the final blow.

>"All hands, this is the captain. We have lost all power, and all defense capability. The larger >battle is elsewhere, and within seconds, the two remaining enemy  
>ships will certainly move out to engage the remainder of our task  
>force. We did our duty, and we did it well. We destroyed five of  
>the aggressors that would have snuck up on our left flank, and we  
>bought time for the remainder of the task force to reevaluate their  
>position and make appropriate changes to strategy. In short, we  
>succeeded. But at a high price. I hereby give my final command as  
>captain of the USS \*Boston\*. All hands, abandon ship. Make for  
>the life pods. A marking buoy has been launched, and search and  
>rescue should be here within forty-eight hours. It has been an  
>indescribably honor to serve as  
>your commanding officer. Fitzgerald out."

The finality of the words was like a thunderbolt from God. The next shudder of enemy weapons striking the ship served to punctuate that thought. Scorpio knew it was over. Jack had declared the situation hopeless. The Boston was going to die.

He might have considered going with her, had he not had Holly Abrams' life to consider. His own life meant little, but she was shipmate, and he was through seeing shipmates die...

It took almost a minute for Scorpio to reach to life pod hatch, and then he had to wrench a few bars before the door finally gave open. Gently as

he could, he threw Abrams into the hatch, and then followed, but not before a falling beam struck him in the back. Somehow, he ignored the pain and crawled into the hatch. He'd seen the corridor as he'd run across the deck... he knew no one would be following. He closed the hatch. He then strapped Holly and himself in, and punched the control to release the pod.

As the pod jettisoned into space, Scoprio was disheartened by the short sensors which were all the pod had reading just four other life pods... he wondered how many had made it out, and if...

And then he saw the Boston begin to move.

"No, Jack, you arrogant heroic son of a bitch, don't-"

And then the Boston exploded.

There was no way that the ship could have started that maneuver automatically. He knew that someone had to have been at the controls. He also knew that Jack would have allowed it to be no one but Jack.

"Dammit, Jack..."

He wondered if he had taken Lisa with him, or if she'd managed to escape... but he knew the answer. She wouldn't have left him. He would find himself reflecting in the hours before the rescue crews arrived if in the final moment, Jack and Lisa had finally been honest with each other and said what they'd needed to say for all these years...

Reflecting that with both of them dead, he now had nothing to live for again...

He ended up being half right. Jack survived. Lisa did not.

Holly had lived as well. And Max... he had survived, but whether he would live or not was another question entirely...

>From the fires of the Boston, thirteen had survived. And Max Scorio wondered that first night in the hospital ward... "Why me?"

(The next time you see Max, we'll be back in the present and aboard the Xerxes; it will be the middle of the night and in his quarters. Until then... My flashback ends here.)

From Aexcon@concentric.net Wed Sep 11 22:32:28 1996  
Date: Mon, 9 Sep 96 23:47:18 -0500  
From: Aexcon@concentric.net  
Subject: Re: XER: "not i," said the cat (sickbay)  
Status: OR

(OOC: Step right up! See Schmitt put his foot in his mouth again! Only fifty cents!)

(OOC: For the real, complete version of this, read the post "Hard As Lightning, Soft As Candlelight" from a short time back; if you don't have it, let me know and I'll forward it to you.)

>>

>> He then looked at the nurse. "Did you do that to him, nurse?"

>

>Mulcahy looked at the chief medic. "No, Doctor," the head nurse  
>replied. "I only heard that he had come in for treatment."  
>

"Of course she didn't do that!" Schmitt bellowed. "That Lt. Scorpio guy  
did it when I started... uh... speculatin' about her! You think I'd let  
a woman hit me and get away with it?"

(OOO: Let's make one thing perfectly clear here. Schmitt is a total jerk  
who loves to put his foot in his mouth. I am not. This is a \*character\*  
talking, here. Thank you for noting the distinction.)

(And now... I think that Schmitt's comment warrants somebody's response.  
Were we making notes about an Irish temper before, anyone?)

From Aexcon@concentric.net Wed Sep 11 22:32:48 1996

Date: Tue, 10 Sep 96 00:32:16 -0500

From: Aexcon@concentric.net

Subject: XER: The Persistence of Memory

Status: OR

(OOO: We are back in the present. Also keep in mind that this is the  
middle of the night... several hours \*after\* the stuff being posted about  
in Sickbay.)

Breath, and starship air.

Max Scorpio forced himself out of his lengthened reverie and back into  
the present.

He blinked his eyes feverishly for a moment as he regained his bearings  
from the lucid memory his meditation had brought him. The lighting was  
dim, the room spare, before him a black lacquer box with a woman's  
necklace inside... he was in his quarters, and before he even looked at  
the chronometer, Scorpio's instinct told him that his thoughts had  
carried him well into the ship's night.

His body was covered with sweat, his mind the embodiment of a shudder.  
What had begun as an exercise to recall a gentle spirit had turned into  
the howl of an inner banshee... the memories of his past demons tearing  
at the peace he was so trying to find.

Hurriedly, he closed the lacquer doors and replaced the box.

As Max stood, a loud cracking sound reminiscent of cannonballs being  
thrown against a bulkhead echoed within the room, several portions of his  
spine from his neck all the way down to the small of his back snapping in  
protest. Perhaps his vertebrae, too, had been awakened by the memory  
banshee, for those sounds were a direct result of that final beam that  
had come down upon him as he and Holly Abrams (who was now alive and well  
somewhere) were escaping the Boston...

Not to say that the rescue medics and the hospital staff after were lax;  
by all rights their treatments and therapy should have completely healed  
him. For the most part, this was true - the strength and mobility was  
there in full. Only now, there was a continual pain and perceived  
stiffness there, along with the occasional snap that would scare anyone  
within half a light year into thinking he'd cracked in half... that was

the result of an omission he'd made from his medical records, an omission that even now remained omitted. The doctors had treated him as his medical data would have suggested; they could not have known the details left out which had they know would have altered slightly the physical and chemical therapy he'd been given. At that point, though, Max had not cared... pain was irrelevant, his own life nothing. Let there be pain, he had thought.

Tonight, though, the pain was in more than just his spine. Tonight the pain was everywhere, the memories having delved into unwelcome territory... the death of Midori... the fire at the camp... the fires on the Boston and the deaths of the fire control crew... the death of his friend Lisa Montgomery... Fire and death, fire and death...

Hell in life.

Tonight there would be no comfort or sleep in this room, Max knew, not while the memory persisted and corrupted it. Only after the night was through could he breathe easy in here again...

And so he left the room.

He didn't know where he was going; he wandered aimlessly until he found an observation lounge. He sat on the couch before the window and stared out at the stars, identifying constellations as he'd done long ago with his stepmother...

Until finally he drifted into fitful sleep on the couch, the stars becoming the fires that burned within them.

From RFERRANCE@Gems.VCU.EDU Wed Sep 11 22:32:55 1996  
Date: Tue, 10 Sep 1996 04:03:41 -0400 (EDT)  
From: Doc Anvil <RFERRANCE@Gems.VCU.EDU>  
Subject: XER: Cap'n Jack is gettin' high tonight (oops)  
Status: OR

> The many years of serving with humans had taught him to accept this  
> illogical part of an otherwise superb executive officer. He glanced at  
> the woman who took her position at his side and acknowledged to himself  
> that he trusted her as he trusted few other beings, Vulcan, human, or  
> otherwise.

>

> An honor guard awaited them at the port. When the indicator above the  
> door turned green, and the hatch door began to slide up, one guard lifted  
> a bosun's whistle to his lips to pipe the commodore onboard.

>

Jack stood at attention on the other side of the port and waited, almost patiently, as it opened. He quickly took in the reception committee - an Honor Guard? Wow. Starfleet certainly *\*was\** going all out with him back. His right hand came up in a salute and only military reflex kept it from hesitating. Was that really her? "Jack Fitzgerald, requesting permission to come aboard, sir," he said.

>

> [gm's note: fyi. i did not mistakenly refer to cap'n jack as "commodore."  
> i'm told that whenever a captain journeys on another's ship, s/he is  
> given an honorary raise in rank to avoid confusion.]

>

(player's note: This is true, actually. And Jack appreciates the honorary

'bump', if only for a short time :) )

"I see they've honored you, captain, with Commander Abrams services as Executive officer."

(response?)

"May she serve as admirably for you as she did for me. She would be an asset to any crew, and I respectfully recommend that you treat her well, sir, so that we both may someday say 'we knew Mr. Abrams when she was but a lowly junior Commander.....'. " His smile was warm. Gosh he had missed her. He had missed them all.

(responses?)

From lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us Wed Sep 11 22:33:08 1996  
Date: Tue, 10 Sep 1996 07:35:13 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: XER: "but i," said the rat (sickbay)  
Status: OR

> (OOC: Step right up! See Schmitt put his foot in his mouth again! Only  
> fifty cents!)

(ooc: an overcharge, to be sure.)

> "Of course she didn't do that!" Schmitt bellowed. "That Lt. Scorpio guy  
> did it when I started... uh... speculatin' about her! You think I'd let  
> a woman hit me and get away with it?"

Mulcahy pursed her lips, thinking that he could have done no more against her than he had against Scorpio. Then she smiled and replied, "Doctor, if the ensign 'let' someone give him that injury, perhaps he has need for a psychological examination."

(reactions?)

the singin' one

From lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us Wed Sep 11 22:33:37 1996  
Date: Tue, 10 Sep 1996 08:04:50 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: XER: with cap'n jack  
Status: OR

> Jack stood at attention on the other side of the port and waited, almost  
> patiently, as it opened. He quickly took in the reception committee - an  
> Honor Guard? Wow. Starfleet certainly \*was\* going all out with him  
> back. His right hand came up in a salute and only military reflex  
> kept it from hesitating. Was that really her? "Jack Fitzgerald, requesting  
> permission to come aboard, sir," he said.

The Vulcan raised a hand to deliver a salute. "The officers and crew of the USS Bridger are honored to welcome you onboard, Commodore," he replied. "I am S'tim, and this is Commander Holly Abrams."

Abrams offered her hand to her former captain. "Welcome to Bridger, Sir,"

> "I see they've honored you, captain, with Commander Abrams services as  
> Executive officer."  
>  
> "May she serve as admirably for you as she did for me. She would be an  
> asset to an any crew, and I respectfully recommend that you treat her  
> well, sir, so that we both may someday say 'we knew Mr. Abrams when  
> she was but a lowly junior Commander.....'. " His smile was warm.  
> Gosh he had missed her. He had missed them all.

"In the brief months she has served on the Bridger, Commander Abrams has acquitted herself admirably," S'tim replied evenly, making his simple words seem more complimentary than the most elaborate testimonial.

Abrams fairly glowed with a combination of pleasure and embarrassment at the words of her commanders. Finding no words with which to adequately respond, she simply replied, "Thank you."

S'tim continued. "And now, Sir, our launch is scheduled for four hours, 46 minutes from now. Do you wish to tour the ship?"

(response)

the singin' one

From Aexcon@concentric.net Wed Sep 11 22:33:52 1996  
Date: Tue, 10 Sep 96 08:18:05 -0500  
From: Aexcon@concentric.net  
Subject: XER: (Sickbay) You Dirty Rat!  
Status: OR

>Mulcahy pursed her lips, thinking that he could have done no more against  
>her than he had against Scorpio. Then she smiled and replied, "Doctor,  
>if the ensign 'let' someone give him that injury, perhaps he has need for  
>a psychological examination."  
>

(OOC: Thinking this out in character, I know what Schmitt's actual response would be, but that's just too rude. I've gotta behave sometime. :))

As it so happened, Jones, the man who'd first examined Schmitt, paced back into the room at this point. "You may be right," he offered. "Bluster as he will, I know when I write up my part of the report, I will make heaviest note of the fact that he was in a sparring ring. One might actually expect to get punched in such a place, don't you think?"

It was obvious what he was suggesting. Since the security man on scene had felt no urge to go after Scorpio, why should the medical staff help by writing certain details into reports? After all, it *was* one of their own involved after a fashion, and Schmitt didn't exactly give off an aura that made anyone want to sympathize with him.

Besides, Schmitt looked rather scared at the moment. It was doubtful that he was going to say anything, either, once he left here, except for "please drop me off at a starbase before that guy hits me again". Right now, he was stone silent.

"As for a psychological examination..." Jones let his feelings on that

suggestion hang ominously.

(responses?)

From RFERRANCE@Gems.VCU.EDU Wed Sep 11 22:34:17 1996  
Date: Tue, 10 Sep 1996 10:37:48 -0400 (EDT)  
From: Doc Anvil <RFERRANCE@Gems.VCU.EDU>  
Subject: XER: Too bad I can't sing  
Status: OR

> S'tim continued. "And now, Sir, our launch is scheduled for four hours,  
> 46 minutes from now. Do you wish to tour the ship?"

>

"I would be honored, Captain, as long as you can spare the time. I don't want my presence aboard your ship to be anymore of an inconvenience than it absolutely has to be."

(response?)

From lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us Wed Sep 11 22:34:24 1996  
Date: Tue, 10 Sep 1996 10:59:39 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: XER: rat(s) in space (sickbay)  
Status: OR

(ooc: for reference, see muppets, the)

> >Mulcahy pursed her lips, thinking that he could have done no more against  
> >her than he had against Scorpio. Then she smiled and replied, "Doctor,  
> >if the ensign 'let' someone give him that injury, perhaps he has need for  
> >a psychological examination."

> >

> Mac Yamamoto smiled. "Well, ensign, during my long careers in StarFleet,  
> I've met and gotten acquainted with many women who, not only could break  
> your nose, but also your neck, in a single move. Why, in my homeland, Japan,  
> there are many capable female martial artists, and believe me, many of them  
> are deadlier than the males. So my advise is that you should try to control  
> yourself, or precisely your speeches, before you fell into deeper problem.  
> Anyway, Nurse Mulcahy's suggestion is worth considering. Try to talk to the  
> counsellor, it helps sometimes."

(ooc: remember, this is pre-tos, not tng, era. no counsellors. let's go  
for psych doc.)

As it so happened, Jones, the man who'd first examined Schmitt, paced back into the room at this point. "You may be right," he offered. "Bluster as he will, I know when I write up my part of the report, I will make heaviest note of the fact that he was in a sparring ring. One might actually expect to get punched in such a place, don't you think?"

It was obvious what he was suggesting. Since the security man on scene had felt no urge to go after Scorpio, why should the medical staff help by writing certain details into reports? After all, it *\*was\** one of their own involved after a fashion, and Schmitt didn't exactly give off an aura that made anyone want to sympathize with him.

Besides, Schmitt looked rather scared at the moment. It was doubtful that he was going to say anything, either, once he left here, except for

"please drop me off at a starbase before that guy hits me again". Right now, he was stone silent.

"As for a psychological examination..." Jones let his feelings on that suggestion hang ominously.

"I'll leave a message with Dr. Sade to contact you for an appointment, Ensign," Mulcahy said to Schmitt.

> Then he turned to Mulcahy. "The sickbay's not too busy right now, except for  
> our ensign here. You could check the other patients for the regular  
> check-up, and then check Mr. Schmitt's nose within one hour. If everything's  
> okay, he could leave the bay." Then as if it was an afterthought. "ANd  
> remind him to make an appointment with the counsellor."

"Yes, Doctor," she replied. Nodding, she said, "Gentlemen. Mr. Schmitt," and left the examining room to continue her rounds.

the singin' one

From lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us Wed Sep 11 22:34:29 1996  
Date: Tue, 10 Sep 1996 11:06:16 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: XER: time to move on (all please read)  
Status: OR

hi, all.

as much as i'd hoped dave would have regained access by now, i don't wish to drag things out any longer (though i've greatly enjoyed the character development i've seen and some of it will come back to haunt some of your pcs later). it's not fair to those who have so patiently waited for the action to start again.

therefore, if necessary, i'll begin tomorrow by npc'ing malloy to handle old business.

in the meantime, would all of you please check in so i know who's still hanging around? (that includes our mystery guest)

if you have any ideas of what your pc's been up to over the weeks since the battle, contact me privately and let's discuss them.

later, all.

randye

From RDAVIS62@MAINE.MAINE.EDU Wed Sep 11 22:34:33 1996  
Date: Tue, 10 Sep 96 11:20:01 EDT  
From: RDAVIS62@MAINE.MAINE.EDU  
To: the singin' one <lyre@FREENET.TLH.FL.US>  
Subject: Re: XER: time to move on (all please read)  
Status: OR

Neulon is here, oh yeah and her alter ego, Rich :) How goes

From magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us Wed Sep 11 22:34:37 1996  
Date: Tue, 10 Sep 1996 11:26:16 -0400 (EDT)  
From: Deborah Capuano <magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us>  
To: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: Re: XER: time to move on (all please read)  
Status: OR

> therefore, if necessary, i'll begin tomorrow by npc'ing malloy to handle  
> old business.  
>  
\*shudder\*

> in the meantime, would all of you please check in so i know who's still  
> hanging around? (that includes our mystery guest)

Cmdr Barbara Conner checking in (assuming she still has a position on this  
ship and doesn't end up in the brig ? )

From lyre@fn3.freenet.tlh.fl.us Wed Sep 11 22:34:47 1996  
Date: Tue, 10 Sep 1996 12:03:03 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one <lyre@fn3.freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
To: RDAVIS62@MAINE.MAINE.EDU  
Subject: ooc Re: XER: time to move on (all please read)  
Status: OR

it goes well with me, especially considering that i got to ride fran out  
in g'boro last week. it's a shame you and candi decided to leave w-s.  
you could have shared in the "fun" too. 8-)

really, though, juan was disappointed that he did not have a chance to  
meet you before you left. we finally met, and he looks to be recovering  
well from his illness. he sends his regards.

what's up with you?  
randye

From jkimmel@voicenet.com Wed Sep 11 22:34:57 1996  
Date: Tue, 10 Sep 1996 12:15:05 -0400  
From: Jim Kimmel <jkimmel@voicenet.com>  
Subject: Re: XER: time to move on (all please read)  
Status: OR

I'm here...ready, willing, and able...)

Jim

From RDAVIS62@MAINE.MAINE.EDU Wed Sep 11 22:35:02 1996  
Date: Tue, 10 Sep 96 12:15:35 EDT  
From: RDAVIS62@MAINE.MAINE.EDU  
To: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: Re: ooc Re: XER: time to move on (all please read)  
Status: OR

Well, I did get to deal with a bit of Eduardo, so I didn't miss the hurricane  
fun this year :) In some ways I miss NC, I would have like to have seen some

of the opportunities work out. However, I talked with some of the guys in I/S and I may have not had a job for a long time with all the changes that went on, so from where I stand, things are ok.

Things here are going ok. I have started my next to last class that I need to get my degree. I should be done in may. 3 months after I started working here I got a raise. Candi is doing allright in her new job as an insurance rater. So, overall things are pretty good.

Send my regards to Juan, hope he is doing well!

All for now,

Rich

From trekker@server.indo.net.id Wed Sep 11 22:35:18 1996

Date: Tue, 10 Sep 1996 10:23:02 -0700

From: Budi Primawan <trekker@server.indo.net.id>

Subject: Re: XER: Re: rain on my parade?! (sickbay)

Status: OR

>Schmitt was down to stammering. "Uh... o-okay. I'm really sorry."

Doctor Mac Yamamoto looked at the ensign and the nurse bemusedly. "I think I deserve some explanations here. What did really happen, Mr. Schmitt? Nurse?"

>Besides, he had a feeling that he had enough to worry about if he ever  
>ran into Scorpio again.

>

>As he turned to the doctor, his eyes were pleading. "Doc, can I go now?"

>

"Not so fast, ensign. First tell me, in details, what really happen to your nose, and why that happened."

He then looked at the nurse. "Did you do that to him, nurse?"

[respond, annnyonne?]

From rljones@mailier.fsu.edu Wed Sep 11 22:35:50 1996

Date: Tue, 10 Sep 1996 13:55:28 -0400 (EDT)

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

Subject: Re: XER: Too bad I can't sing

Status: OR

> "I would be honored, Captain, as long as you can spare the time. I don't want  
> my presence aboard your ship to be anymore of an inconvenience than it  
> absolutely has to be."

"Actually, I do have duties that require my attention. However, I have asked Commander Abrams to escort you, unless you object."

(response)

"I have also taken it upon myself to schedule a briefing with the other commanders at 2330 in the main conference room. This would afford us an opportunity for discussion of our mission."

(response)

the singin' one

From rob@iris.washington.edu Wed Sep 11 22:35:57 1996  
Date: Tue, 10 Sep 1996 11:18:20 -0700 (PDT)  
From: Robert Casey <rob@iris.washington.edu>  
Subject: Re: XER: time to move on (all please read)  
Status: OR

> in the meantime, would all of you please check in so i know who's still  
> hanging around? (that includes our mystery guest)  
>  
> if you have any ideas of what your pc's been up to over the weeks since  
> the battle, contact me privately and let's discuss them.

Lt. Barrier, Helmsman, reporting in. BTW, I understand that it has been several weeks, then, since the battle? Are we still adrift in that sector of space? What was the general outcome with our clash with the unidentified beings, and are we still on general alert?

Thanks,

-Rob

From rljones@mailier.fsu.edu Wed Sep 11 22:36:01 1996  
Date: Tue, 10 Sep 1996 15:08:42 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one too <rljones@mailier.fsu.edu>  
Subject: Re: XER: time to move on (all please read)  
Status: OR

> > if you have any ideas of what your pc's been up to over the weeks since  
> > the battle, contact me privately and let's discuss them.  
>  
> Lt. Barrier, Helmsman, reporting in. BTW, I understand that it  
> has been several weeks, then, since the battle? Are we still adrift in  
> that sector of space? What was the general outcome with our clash with  
> the unidentified beings, and are we still on general alert?

good to hear from you, rob.

there's been three at this point. however, you'll lose another one to account for the total time it's taken for star fleet to get the message, prepare and send help, and for its travel time.

xerxes is not adrift. thrusters and impulse are fully operational. you do not have warp drive and won't until unavailable parts have been replaced. rather, i suspect barrier's been busy trying to play hide-and-seek with the enemy ship, using the asteroid belt and nearby planetary bodies for cover.

repairs are underway. i'll get into their progress tomorrow via malloy's visits to each department. meanwhile, as for barrier's area specifically, his helm position took no damage, but the navigation console on the bridge was still out. with grayson dead, and malloy tied up, barrier could take matters in hand (i'll leave to you to decide how).

as for the situation, i hope each of you will take the time in your posts

to describe how you pc's been handling the situation, including the regular doses of radiation treatment (which aren't working as well as they once did--more about that soon).

any other questions? i'm in a generous mood--take advantage. 8-)

randye

From Noctifer@aol.com Wed Sep 11 22:36:06 1996  
Date: Tue, 10 Sep 1996 15:13:20 -0400  
From: Noctifer@aol.com  
To: lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us, Noctifer@aol.com  
Subject: Re: XER: time to move on (all please read)  
Status: OR

I just jumped back onto AOL after a couple month hiatus. I should be able to get back into KHAWK, but I'm hopelessly lost in Xerxes. Could you send me a summary of what's going on in each, though, just in case I missed something?

Lucifer >:}

From magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us Wed Sep 11 22:36:12 1996  
Date: Tue, 10 Sep 1996 16:00:45 -0400 (EDT)  
From: Deborah Capuano <magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us>  
Subject: XER: Conner checking things out  
Status: OR

Well, she'd put this off long enough...oh, she'd had the reports from Scorpio and the techs, but damn it this was taking too long and who only knew what still lurked in the space around them...

And that nagging ache in her midsection with the accompanying queasiness wasn't helping her mood at all, she'd have to talk to Yamamoto about that... but that could wait, the important thing now was to see for herself just what was going on with the repairs in the Intell section...

She left her quarters and made her way to deck 2 and the situation room, entering it to see...

(what?)

From Aexcon@concentric.net Wed Sep 11 22:36:24 1996  
Date: Tue, 10 Sep 96 17:51:25 -0500  
From: Aexcon@concentric.net  
To: Randye Jones <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: XER OOC: Various  
Status: OR

Hiya, Randye-

"Dr. Sade"; that was a very beautiful touch, you gm-ness. :)

(I must say I'm glad the Schmitt scene is over; I made the guy so shallow that I can't stand writing him! But, he served his purpose, and now you know he served his purpose... 8D )

Okay, so I'm overworked in RL at the moment, so as far as creative things to throw your way for new plot points, all I can come up with now is... and this is quite basic... we could always run into Lord Kage...

Oh, and a word of warning to be ready- in my next actual post set, Max will get to the computer for his Intel-related query I'd mentioned before you left. I myself have been rechecking the posts of the battle (the parts I have), and I caught some details... I have a theory. I think it's a good one. I'll ask the computer (in game) about it as soon as I (Travis) have some dinner first!

More later... or sooner...

Travis

From Aexcon@concentric.net Wed Sep 11 22:36:29 1996

Date: Tue, 10 Sep 96 18:36:00 -0500

From: Aexcon@concentric.net

Subject: XER: The Stale Cold Smell of Morning

Status: OR

Max Scorpio awakened from a fitful, restless sleep on a couch in an observation lounge. It was still a while before shift change would happen, but no matter, he decided... there was little point in trying to rest now anyway.

Several cracks echoed behind him as he stood; only to be expected after laying in such an unnatural position for so long, though that did nothing to change the fact that it still hurt.

A heavy sigh, and he left the O Lounge.

He returned to his quarters first; the banshee of evil memory no longer permeated the scent of the room as it had during the night, so it was safe to return. He took the requisite few minutes to clean up, shave, and put on a fresh uniform before heading back out into the corridor.

His first stop was the Situation Room. He was mildly surprised to find it empty, even this early in ship's day, but in the end he decided that was okay. Anyone aside from the Commander he'd have to kick out before he got to work anyway, and even then he was happy she wasn't here... he wanted to work the details of this one out himself first. (Plus, he still wasn't too happy about that "useful" crack from yesterday...)

Scorpio sat down at the computer terminal, mentally crossing his fingers that the thing would respond. He had reviewed the most basic reports of what had happened in the battle... and there were a few small details that bothered him. He thought he knew why now, and if he was right... Well, let the computer confirm it first.

He took in a breath. "Computer," he said. "This is Lt. Max Scorpio, requesting security access. Purpose: queries regarding the recent battle between USS Xerxes and enemy starship forces."

(Well, will the computer talk to me? And could we please make it sound like someone \*other\* than Majel Barret? Pardon me, but, ick.)

From Aexcon@concentric.net Wed Sep 11 22:36:34 1996  
Date: Tue, 10 Sep 96 18:36:08 -0500  
From: Aexcon@concentric.net  
Subject: XER: XER OOC: Note of Detail  
Status: OR

OOC:

No one's tried to peg me on this, but I figured I'd better catch it myself anyway. You may wonder how Max managed to recover Midori's necklace before escaping the Boston, since he presumably had the same lacquer box arrangement there and had no time to stop at his quarters. The reason is that he used to take the necklace out of the box and carry it physically with him whenever he expected to go into battle. (Semi-parallel: Remember "Top Gun"? Think Maverick with Goose's dog tags, if you will; though that doesn't quite cover the angle I'm looking for, it'll serve.) After the Boston tragedy, however, he has stopped doing this, and now always leaves the necklace in the box.

Just maintaining continuity of detail!

And now, back to our show...

From Aexcon@concentric.net Wed Sep 11 22:36:38 1996  
Date: Tue, 10 Sep 96 18:39:07 -0500  
From: Aexcon@concentric.net  
To: Randy Jones <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: XER OOC: Re: Stale Cold Smell of Morning  
Status: OR

Randy-

Specific question, re: my most recent post. Assuming you let me talk to the computer... I have my whole theory about the attack in mind. How do you want me to play it? We can do the one question at a time thing (which I can envision taking a \*real\* long time), or I can outline it in one or two heavily worded queries. (Which also might make it more coherently readable, I think.) What's your pleasure, GM?

Travis

From trekker@server.indo.net.id Wed Sep 11 22:37:06 1996  
Date: Tue, 10 Sep 1996 20:33:44 -0700  
From: Budi Primawan <trekker@server.indo.net.id>  
Subject: Re: "but i," said the rat (sickbay)  
Status: OR

>Mulcahy pursed her lips, thinking that he could have done no more against  
>her than he had against Scorpio. Then she smiled and replied, "Doctor,  
>if the ensign 'let' someone give him that injury, perhaps he has need for  
>a psychological examination."  
>

Mac Yamamoto smiled. "Well, ensign, during my long careers in StarFleet, I've met and gotten acquainted with many women who, not only could break your nose, but also your neck, in a single move. Why, in my homeland, Japan, there are many capable female martial artists, and believe me, many of them

are deadlier than the males. So my advise is that you should try to control yourself, or precisely your speeches, before you fell into deeper problem. Anyway, Nurse Mulcahy's suggestion is worth considering. Try to talk to the counsellor, it helps sometimes."

Then he turned to Mulcahy. "The sickbay's not too busy right now, except for our ensign here. You could check the other patients for the regular check-up, and then check Mr. Schmitt's nose within one hour. If everything's okay, he could leave the bay." Then as if it was an afterthought. "AND remind him to make an appointment with the counsellor."

[responds, anyone?]

From Aexcon@concentric.net Wed Sep 11 22:37:27 1996  
Date: Tue, 10 Sep 96 21:05:59 -0500  
From: Aexcon@concentric.net  
To: Randy Jones <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: Re: XER: time to move on  
Status: OR

Hi, again, Randy-

I've been considering this post since I read it...

>as for the situation, i hope each of you will take the time in your posts  
>to describe how you pc's been handling the situation, including the  
>regular doses of radiation treatment (which aren't working as well as  
>they once did--more about that soon).

I was hoping a medical emergency wouldn't happen in earnest so soon. You probably noticed that Max's medical records are false, and that as a result sometimes treatments do not work on him the way they are supposed to...(example, his back...ouch...)... However, he will not at this point correct his records, which he knows are false. In my vast view of where I hope for my character to go, of course, I have had an idea of when he \*would\* correct them, but a minimum of two things (you won't believe this; the same two mystery things that would have been the trigger for the nixed bad guy to start wreaking havoc) ideally need to happen first, and given general speed I wasn't expecting that for a while... \*gulp\*

>

>any other questions? i'm in a generous mood--take advantage. 8-)

Hmm...

Give me a few minutes, and I'll probably come up with something!

More later-

Travis

From Aexcon@concentric.net Wed Sep 11 22:37:33 1996  
Date: Tue, 10 Sep 96 21:39:46 -0500  
From: Aexcon@concentric.net  
To: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.FL.us>  
Subject: OOC: Re: Xer Marine Exec Bio (fwd)  
Status: OR

Hello yet again...

Sorry to keep flooding you with this stuff... I'm just reviewing everything in my mailer and as I come across things, ideas spark and questions are raised... you know how it is...

This one's easy. Is this Marine Exec still someone's PC, and is that someone still game active?

Just curious...

Travis

From RFERRANCE@Gems.VCU.EDU Wed Sep 11 22:37:39 1996  
Date: Tue, 10 Sep 1996 21:59:16 -0400 (EDT)  
From: Doc Anvil <RFERRANCE@Gems.VCU.EDU>  
Subject: XER: Or dance, either.  
Status: OR

> "Actually, I do have duties that require my attention. However, I have  
> asked Commander Abrams to escort you, unless you object."  
>  
"ONLY a fool would object, Captain. And Command's opinion notwithstanding, I  
don't like to consider myself a fool">  
>  
> "I have also taken it upon myself to schedule a briefing with the other  
> commanders at 2330 in the main conference room. This would afford us an  
> opportunity for discussion of our mission."  
>  
"Thank you. You've anticipated my next question. I look forward to the  
briefing and receiving your input, Captain."

He looked to Holly. "So, care to show me your tub?" he asked.

From lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us Sun Sep 8 23:21:16 1996  
Date: Sun, 8 Sep 1996 22:08:05 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: XER: she's ba-ack!!  
Status: OR

hi, all.

well, neither rain, nor storm, nor hurricane at night could stay me from  
my return to stargame.

my first priority is getting my own games back in hand, so gms, would you  
kinda keep things going with my pcs on your games for a couple more  
days. i'll be in touch privately to get up-to-speed.

khawkers, xerxes and spacedock players, i'm pleased with all you've  
done. i especially want to thank john for taking over khawk in my  
absence. i'll catch up as fast as i can.

oh, before i go. juan fernandez and i \*FINALLY\* met, after missing one  
another more times than i can count. he's as nice a guy in person as he  
is on the games, and he sends his regards to everyone. if all goes well,  
he should be back with us in another month or so.

ciao,

randye

From lyre@fn3.freenet.tlh.fl.us Sun Sep 8 23:21:27 1996  
Date: Sun, 8 Sep 1996 22:41:04 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one <lyre@fn3.freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
To: Aexcon@concentric.net  
Subject: Re: XER: READ ME FIRST!!! (PLEASE)  
Status: OR

hi, travis.

thanks for the warning about the downtime. i'll set pine so that messages are arranged by date sent. that should give them to me in the correct order.

randye

From Aexcon@concentric.net Sun Oct 6 15:04:42 1996  
Date: Sat, 7 Sep 96 21:04:48 -0500  
From: Aexcon@concentric.net  
To: Randye Jones <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: OOC: Personal Note  
Status: OR

Randye-

It occurred to me this afternoon exactly where you said you'd be on vacation. I'm not near enough a map to remember exactly where in North Carolina Greensboro is, but I hope that you and your family weathered the storm okay, if it hit you.

Just a note of concern...

More later...

Travis

From lyre@fn3.freenet.tlh.fl.us Wed Sep 11 22:37:47 1996  
Date: Wed, 11 Sep 1996 01:38:12 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one <lyre@fn3.freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
To: ian lawson <lulkindm@stu.beloit.edu>,  
David Lulkin <caroll@rci.ripco.com>, t'pau <smackinnon@mta.ca>,  
johnathan nance <jriley@s-cwis.unomaha.edu>,  
cody veer <u12cjm@abdn.ac.uk>, dave lulkin <dlulkin@stargame.org>  
Cc: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: xer: please respond  
Status: OR

hi, folks.

we're trying to get things going on xerxes again. i'd like to see each of you involved, too, but i haven't heard from you in a while (this goes doubly for those who are also on khawk).

please let me know immediately if you wish to continue on the game(s).  
thanks.

randye  
gm, xerxes & khawk

From Aexcon@concentric.net Wed Sep 11 22:37:51 1996  
Date: Wed, 11 Sep 96 00:44:58 -0500  
From: Aexcon@concentric.net  
To: Randye Jones <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: XER OOC: Re: Conner  
Status: OR

Randye-

Just so you're aware as GM... Deb actually sent her post the same time I sent mine about the sit room, it's just that hers reached the list later... She and I have worked out that she probably got up at a decent hour, whereas Max was an early bird... she won't actually enter the room until Max is done talking to the computer.

Just keeping the GM informed...

Travis

From lyre@fn3.freenet.tlh.fl.us Wed Sep 11 22:37:56 1996  
Date: Wed, 11 Sep 1996 02:22:39 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one <lyre@fn3.freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
To: Noctifer@aol.com  
Subject: ooc Re: XER: time to move on (all please read)  
Status: OR

[first, the gm picks up a ruler and kindly raps the player on his knuckles for not telling her he was going to be away.]

hi, rodney.

the xerxes escaped the station's firing range when it was obvious it could not fight it and the mystery ship, too.

three weeks have passed, and the xerxes has remained in the system, hiding rather than pressing an attack or running. the council (i'm npcing him now that randy's the captain of the xerxes) and excellence need to decide what to do and why the federation ship is acting so strangely.

need any more info?

randye

On Tue, 10 Sep 1996 Noctifer@aol.com wrote:

> I just jumped back onto AOL after a couple month hiatus. I should be  
> able to get back into KHAWK, but I'm hopelessly lost in Xerxes. Could you  
> send me a summary of what's going on in each, though, just in case I missed  
> something?  
>

> Lucifer >:}

From lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us Wed Sep 11 22:38:00 1996  
Date: Wed, 11 Sep 1996 02:48:20 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: XER: a new day (situation room)  
Status: OR

> He took in a breath. "Computer," he said. "This is Lt. Max Scorpio,  
> requesting security access. Purpose: queries regarding the recent battle  
> between USS Xerxes and enemy starship forces."  
>  
> (Well, will the computer talk to me? And could we please make it sound  
> like someone \*other\* than Majel Barret? Pardon me, but, ick.)

The library computer clicked for a moment, then it disgorged a printout  
(ooc: see "the cage," tos) verifying its acceptance of Scorpio's clearance.  
The word, [ READY ] and a prompt appeared at the bottom of the printout.

(ooc: and?)

the singin' one

From magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us Wed Sep 11 22:38:10 1996  
Date: Wed, 11 Sep 1996 04:52:52 -0400 (EDT)  
From: Deborah Capuano <magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us>  
Subject: OOC re XER: Conner checking things out (fwd)  
Status: OR

Travis...Randy...

since this got held up in stargame until \*after\* Travis' post had come  
through, and since Randy, you've already replied to Travis' post... \*sigh\*  
can we just assume that this one happens \*after\* he's gotten whatever info  
he wants from the computer?

From lyre@fn3.freenet.tlh.fl.us Wed Sep 11 22:38:16 1996  
Date: Wed, 11 Sep 1996 07:22:18 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one <lyre@fn3.freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
To: Deborah Capuano <magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us>  
Cc: aexcon@concentric.net, the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: Re: OOC re XER: Conner checking things out (fwd)  
Status: OR

that's the way i'm going to handle it. the computer will handle his  
questions, then i'll weave conner's arrival in and let you two play it out.  
randy  
p.s. travis, has your address changed?

From lyre@fn3.freenet.tlh.fl.us Wed Sep 11 22:38:21 1996  
Date: Wed, 11 Sep 1996 07:25:15 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one <lyre@fn3.freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
To: Aexcon@concentric.net  
Subject: Re: OOC: Re: Xer Marine Exec Bio (fwd)  
Status: OR

travis,  
chris (veer's player) left for summer vacation and has not yet reported in. since i don't know when his school goes back into session, we'll have to wait a bit longer. however, i'll npc veer when necessary.  
randye (who hates to npc pcs)

From lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us Wed Sep 11 22:38:41 1996  
Date: Wed, 11 Sep 1996 08:53:02 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: XER: roster (updated)  
Status: OR

(updated 9/11/96)

#### U.S.S. Xerxes Crew Roster

Position/Rank/Name/Species (Homeworld)	Player
Commanding Officer Captain Jack Fitzgerald Human	Randy Ferrance rferrance@gems.vcu.edu
Executive Officer/Navigator Commander Sean Malloy Human	David Lulkin lulkindm@stargame.org
Starfleet Intelligence Officer Commander Barbara Conner Human	Deb Capuano magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us
Chief of Engineering/Second Officer Lieutenant Commander Anthony McGuire Human	Jim Kimmel jkimmel@voicenet.com
Chief of Ship's Security Lieutenant Commander Belgar Neulon Andorian	Rich Davis rdavis62@maine.maine.edu
Chief Medical Officer Lieutenant Commander Makoto "Mac" Yamamota Human	Budi Primawan trekker@server.indo.net.id
Chief Science Officer Lieutenant Commander T'Paux Vulcan	Shawn MacKinnon smackinnon@mta.ca
Helmsman Lieutenant Randy Barrier Human	Robert Casey rob@iris.washington.edu
Weapons Officer Lieutenant Johnathan Nance Human	Jeff Riley jriley@s-cwis.unomaha.edu
Commander, Marine Unit Major Maximillian Scorpio Human(?)	Travis Haveloque aexcon@cris.com

Marine Unit First Officer  
Lieutenant Cody Veer  
Human

Chris McLeod  
u12cjm@abdn.ac.uk

Mystery Guest

Rodney Morris  
noctifer@aol.com

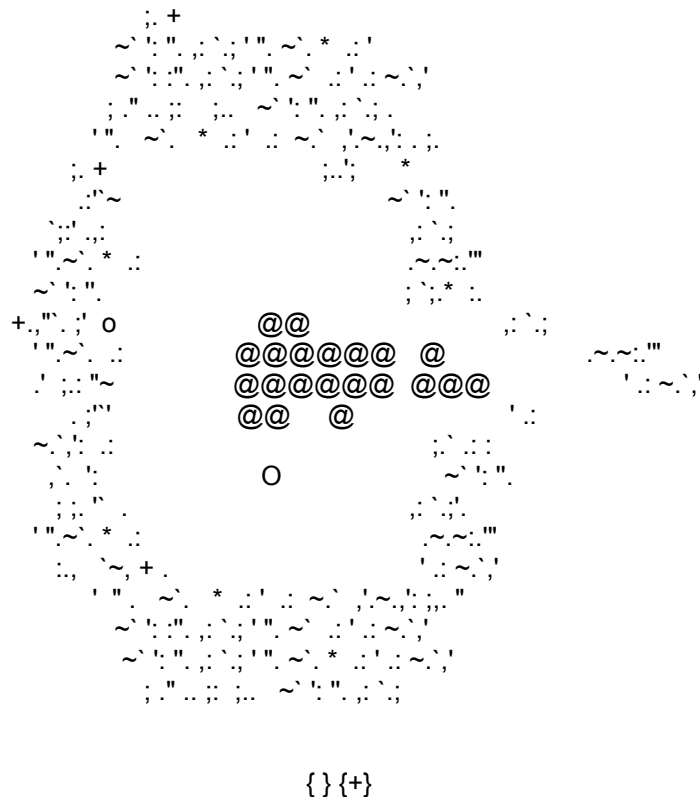
Gamemaster

Randy Jones  
lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us

From lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us Wed Sep 11 22:38:45 1996  
Date: Wed, 11 Sep 1996 08:56:57 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: XER: XER- you are here -> (just a reminder)  
Status: OR

this is the system where the current storyline is set. the asteroid belt is emitting medium levels of an unknown, but deadly, radiation. the ship's shielding is handling most of it, and a drug was developed to slow its effects.

Epsilon Aurigae



This is a dark-eclipsing binary system with a planetary system gone wrong. Besides a pair of gas giants that revolved around one another as they orbited the outer rim of the system [{ } and {+}] and an inner C class planet (similar to Venus) [ O ], the area between was an immense asteroid belt.

The belt has approximately 30,000 readily-identifiable nickel-iron/silicate asteroids, including a dozen that were size of the Sol system's Ceres or larger. The largest [ o ] was 2375 k across, or 2.54 times Ceres' diameter. It, and numerous others [ +, \* ], had a tenuous atmosphere.

It is quite conceivable, based on the considerable mass of the belt, that it had once been at least one, and more likely two, planets, of which at least one could have been M class. There is also considerable radiation that is affecting sensors, making virtually point-blank range examination necessary for more detail.

Epsilon Aurigae I .829 AU  
Epsilon Aurigae II(?) 30.850 AU  
Epsilon Aurigae III(?) 30.966 AU

From magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us Wed Sep 11 22:38:52 1996  
Date: Wed, 11 Sep 1996 09:01:09 -0400 (EDT)  
From: Deborah Capuano <magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us>  
To: lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us  
Subject: re: XER: you are here (just a reminder)  
Status: OR

and Xerxes' position on this map is...?  
(what symbol represents the ship?)

From lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us Wed Sep 11 22:38:57 1996  
Date: Wed, 11 Sep 1996 09:03:14 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: Re: XER: Or dance, either.  
Status: OR

> "Thank you. You've anticipated my next question. I look forward to teh  
> briefing and receiving your input, Captain."

S'tim, a being of few words, nodded. "Until then, Commodore." Then to Abrams, "Proceed, Commander."

"Aye, Sir," she replied, and the captain moved off.

> He looked to Holly. "So, care to show me your tub?" he asked.

The honor guard, still present, was openly curious. "Dismissed," she ordered and waited the brief time it took them to acknowledge her command and depart.

Now alone, the woman's discerning eyes took in her former commander, assessing how time and circumstance had changed him.

"Sure," she finally said. "This way, 'Sir.'"

(reaction?)

It took about an hour to complete the tour since Abrams introduced Fitzgerald to each department head. By the time the 'lift open to deposit the pair onto Deck Four, only the bridge remained to be visited.

Abrams led the way to one of the rooms. "I thought you might want to settle in before going to the bridge and the briefing," she said, standing aside to allow him to enter first.

Fitzgerald can see that his effects had been stored in what was obviously the captain's vacated quarters.

(reaction?)

the singin' one

From magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us Wed Sep 11 22:39:00 1996  
Date: Wed, 11 Sep 1996 09:07:08 -0400 (EDT)  
From: Deborah Capuano <magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us>  
To: lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us  
Subject: ooc re XER: or dance, either  
Status: OR

"It took about an hour to complete the tour since Abrams introduced Fitzgerald to each department head."

when is this happening? since we've already established Conner isn't in the intell office yet...

From lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us Wed Sep 11 22:39:04 1996  
Date: Wed, 11 Sep 1996 09:14:50 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: XER: where's xerxes?  
Status: OR

hi, all.

i intentionally did not fix xerxes' position on the diagram i sent earlier, nor will i at this time.

to make this as realistic as possible, only necessary personnel will know the ships actual position, and only the mystery guest and i will know the position of the mystery ship.

in dave's absence, jim, would you mind sending me a copy of the diagram with the xerxes' position marked with an X. rodney, would you do the same for the mystery ship and for any other searchers that might be out.

randye

From lyre@fn3.freenet.tlh.fl.us Wed Sep 11 22:39:08 1996  
Date: Wed, 11 Sep 1996 09:19:49 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one <lyre@fn3.freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
To: Deborah Capuano <magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us>  
Subject: Re: ooc re XER: or dance, either  
Status: OR

> when is this happening? since we've already established Conner isn't in  
> the intell office yet...

this is occurring about two weeks in the past onboard the bridger, one of the ships about to leave to investigate xerxes' report of a military facility. the xerxes crew has nothing to do with this presently. randye

From lyre@fn3.freenet.tlh.fl.us Wed Sep 11 22:39:12 1996  
Date: Wed, 11 Sep 1996 09:54:30 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one <lyre@fn3.freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
To: john fitzgerald <rferrance@gems.vcu.edu>  
Subject: xer: your "professional" opinion requested  
Status: OR

hi, randy,

believe me, i won't do this often, but i'm hoping you would not object to giving me a little medical advice for xerxes since i'm not near any of my usual sources.

what would be some of the signs of extended exposure to radiation? supposedly, the ship's shielding is reducing the levels the crew is exposed to, plus a drug is being administered to the crew regularly to counteract it. however, neither is designed for this long term exposure.

as to the cause of the radiation, it has been concluded that a "doomsday" device, using dilithium from the system's plentiful stock, was detonated destroying the two planets that used to be there and creating the asteroid belt that's their remains.

thanks for any suggestions you might be able to make. if you'd rather not have this intrusion into your professional rl, i understand. thanks anyway.

randye

From Aexcon@concentric.net Wed Sep 11 22:39:19 1996  
Date: Wed, 11 Sep 96 08:59:00 -0500  
From: Aexcon@concentric.net  
To: Randye Jones <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: Re: XER: roster (updated)  
Status: OR

Aww... Now everyone knows I've been promoted before we can shock them! :)

From Aexcon@concentric.net Wed Sep 11 22:39:24 1996  
Date: Wed, 11 Sep 96 08:59:05 -0500  
From: Aexcon@concentric.net  
Subject: XER: The Scorpion and the Cyclops  
Status: OR

(OOC: Sounds like something out of "The Odyssey", doesn't it? Even if he's not actually sitting in front of the cyclops thing, I just liked the sound of it...)

>The library computer clicked for a moment, then it disgorged a printout  
>(ooc: see "the cage," tos) verifying its acceptance of Scorpio's clearance.  
>The word, [ READY ] and a prompt appeared at the bottom of the printout.  
>

Max took in a breath. Among the details that had bothered him was the enemy's use of weaponry... A typical Klingon attack would have been for the most part a reasonably straightforward affair with energy based weapons, like it had been against the Boston. Certainly, most fleets still employed mines, but missiles...

"Computer, analyze all available data regarding attack on USS Xerxes by unidentified hostile forces approximately three weeks ago. For the moment, concentrate your analysis on weapons and tactics of the enemy."

When the computer was ready, Scorpio went on. "Computer, cross compare enemy weapons and tactics from this battle with records of \*recent\* encounters by Starfleet with the Klingon Empire. Calculate the probability that this was a Klingon attack, based just on that analysis."

Max expected that the computer would give it at least credence as a possibility, if nothing else by default... however, he was also willing to bet that the result would \*not\* be 100% positive.

(response Computer.)

Having asked the simple question, Scorpio now went on to the hard one, the one that if Conner were here she'd probably think him an idiot for asking. By his own personal analysis, the enemy attack bore much less similarity to an attack by \*Klingons\* as it did to attack patterns of enemies from a \*different\* Empire, an Empire whose last battles against the Federation had been fought quite some time ago, an Empire whose physical face had never been seen... Missiles...

"Computer, based on analysis of enemy weapons and tactics and any other relevant sensor data, calculate the possibility of the enemy force being Romulan in origin."

The dice rolled...

(response Computer.)

From Aexcon@concentric.net Wed Sep 11 22:39:27 1996  
Date: Wed, 11 Sep 96 09:33:16 -0500  
From: Aexcon@concentric.net  
To: Randy Jones <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: XER OOC: My Address  
Status: OR

Randy-

No, my address hasn't changed; you're not the first to notice this, either. For some reason, my address tends to convert itself from "Aexcon@concentric.net" to "Aexcon@cris.com" in the process of mailing. Both work just as well, and in fact are the same thing. Just something my ISP does to confuse people, I guess! :)

More later-

Travis

From lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us Wed Sep 11 22:39:31 1996

Date: Wed, 11 Sep 1996 10:50:09 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: Re: XER: The Scorpion and the Cyclops  
Status: OR

> (OOC: Sounds like something out of "The Odyssey", doesn't it? Even if  
> he's not actually sitting in front of the cyclops thing, I just liked the  
> sound of it...)

(ooc: it sounded kinda catchy to me, too.)

> When the computer was ready, Scorpio went on. "Computer, cross compare  
> enemy weapons and tactics from this battle with records of \*recent\*  
> encounters by Starfleet with the Klingon Empire. Calculate the  
> probability that this was a Klingon attack, based just on that analysis."

The computer clicked almost silently for several moments. Then,...

[ COMBAT STRATEGIES USED BY THE UNKNOWN SHIP VESSEL INCLUDED KNOWN  
KLINGON MANUEVERS. ESTIMATED PROBABILITY THAT ATTACK WAS INSTIGATED  
BY KLINGON OR KLINGON-TRAINED PERSONNEL IS 50 PERCENT. ]

> Having asked the simple question, Scorpio now went on to the hard one,  
> the one that if Conner were here she'd probably think him an idiot for  
> asking. By his own personal analysis, the enemy attack bore much less  
> similarity to an attack by \*Klingons\* as it did to attack patterns of  
> enemies from a \*different\* Empire, an Empire whose last battles against  
> the Federation had been fought quite some time ago, an Empire whose  
> physical face had never been seen... Missiles...  
>  
> "Computer, based on analysis of enemy weapons and tactics and any other  
> relevant sensor data, calculate the possibility of the enemy force being  
> Romulan in origin."

[ gm's comment: give the man a \*big\* gold star. travis, you are so close  
to the answer, i'm surprised the heat hasn't scorched you!! ]

[ ANALYSIS COMPLETE. PROBABILITY OF ROMULAN INFLUENCE, 40 PERCENT.  
INSUFFICIENT DATA ON CURRENT ROMULAN MILITARY STRATEGIES AND WEAPONRY FOR  
MORE ACCURATE CONCLUSION. ]

(response?--one last post before conner enters sit room)

the singin' one

From Aexcon@concentric.net Wed Sep 11 22:39:35 1996  
Date: Wed, 11 Sep 96 10:08:09 -0500  
From: Aexcon@concentric.net  
Subject: XER: Scorpions Play With Fire  
Status: OR

>[ ANALYSIS COMPLETE. PROBABILITY OF ROMULAN INFLUENCE, 40 PERCENT.  
>INSUFFICIENT DATA ON CURRENT ROMULAN MILITARY STRATEGIES AND WEAPONRY FOR  
>MORE ACCURATE CONCLUSION. ]  
>  
Influence... hmm... 50... 40... What if...

Max decided to go for another card.



$\{ \} \{ + \}$

From: RDAVIS62@maine.maine.edu  
Date: Wed, 11 Sep 96 11:09:47 EDT  
From: RDAVIS62@maine.maine.edu  
Subject: XER: Neulon  
Status: OR

Neulon had been doing rounds, her security teams had been helping where they could. She had been feeling a bit light headed since the radiation injections, but it could be worse.

From lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us Wed Sep 11 22:40:07 1996  
Date: Wed, 11 Sep 1996 11:18:00 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: Re: XER: where's xerxes?  
Status: OR

no, you are not the holdup, jim.

i got the diagram with your placement of xerxes' current position.  
unfortunately, it went to everyone, which i had hoped would not happen.  
you've given your position to the enemy. good luck.

randye

From lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us Wed Sep 11 22:40:11 1996  
Date: Wed, 11 Sep 1996 11:20:50 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: more Re: XER: where's xerxes?  
Status: OR

since your pc's second officer, you seemed the logical choice. i should have, i guess, been clearer in stating that it should come \*only\* to me.  
randye

Date: Wed, 11 Sep 1996 11:35:18 -0400 (EDT)  
From: "the singin' one" <lyre@fn3.freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
To: Jim Kimmel <jkimmel@voicenet.com>  
Subject: ooc Re: XER: where's xerxes?

jim, sorry. i feel like i somehow set you up to give the ship's position. this was not intended. i thought i had indicated that only key personnnel would know the ship's position. this was also to give a more realistic tone to trying to evade the enemy. randye

On Wed, 11 Sep 1996, Jim Kimmel wrote:

> >in dave's absence, jim, would you mind sending me a copy of the diagram  
> >with the xerxes' position marked with an X. rodney, would you do the  
> >same for the mystery ship and for any other searchers that might be out.  
>  
>  
> Um, not to sound stupid..But, to ensure that I don't hold the game up..me??  
>  
> Thanks.  
>  
> Jim K.

From lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us Wed Sep 11 22:40:26 1996  
Date: Wed, 11 Sep 1996 11:54:10 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: Re: XER: Scorpions Play With Fire  
Status: OR

> "Computer, analyze the following hypothesis. What if the attack force is  
> resultant of cooperation between the Klingon and Romulan Empires, in the  
> form of a possible alliance or any other permutation thereof?"  
>  
> Would he get the Queen of Spades and come up with Twenty-One?

(ooc: good thing we're playing for fun and not money!)

[ PROBABILITY OF DIRECT COOPERATION BETWEEN KLINGON AND ROMULAN REGIMES,  
5.1 PERCENT, BASED ON STAR FLEET INTELLIGENCE REPORTS CURRENT STATUS OF  
DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS. ]

At this point, the door to the Situation Room opened to admit Connor.

(responses)

the singin' one

From Aexcon@concentric.net Wed Sep 11 22:40:31 1996  
Date: Wed, 11 Sep 96 11:17:14 -0500  
From: Aexcon@concentric.net  
Subject: XER: Suivi  
Status: OR

(OOC: Okay, Suivi is a baccarat term, but it's a smooth way of saying  
"I'm not done yet"...)

>[ PROBABILITY OF DIRECT COOPERATION BETWEEN KLINGON AND ROMULAN REGIMES,  
>5.1 PERCENT, BASED ON STAR FLEET INTELLIGENCE REPORTS CURRENT STATUS OF  
>DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS. ]

>  
>At this point, the door to the Situation Room opened to admit Connor.  
>  
>Max didn't hear the door open. Machines were so damned literal...

He went again.

"Computer, I didn't ask for politics to be included in your analysis.

Primarily, please base analysis on weapons and tactics. Further, as a second query, consider the possibility of cooperation between Klingon and Romulan factions \*not\* of the official regimes, but perhaps mercenary or independent. Go."

There were enough settled worlds on the fringes... what \*if\* two colonies had come together?

Only at this point did Scorpio feel the eyes focused on the back of his head.

(response Computer, reaction Conner.)

From lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us Wed Sep 11 22:40:38 1996  
Date: Wed, 11 Sep 1996 12:17:17 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: Re: XER: Neulon  
Status: OR

> Neulon had been doing rounds, her security teams had been helping where they  
> could. She had been feeling a bit light headed since the radiation  
> injections, but it could be worse.

Nor did it help that her newly healed ribs still bothered her if she moved the wrong way. They did not exactly hurt, they just "felt" funny.

Nothing unusual had occurred to adversely affect internal shi's security. In fact, if anything, boredom might be the greater concern were it not for the continuous stress of the situation.

As she walked down a corridor, a male's voice called from behind her, "Commander Neulon?"

It was one of the redshirts that hadn't been killed yet in this storyline. (ooc: sorry--couldn't resist)

(response)

"Commander Malloy would like to meet with you and Commander Conner in his quarters immediately."

(response)

the singin' one

From magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us Wed Sep 11 22:40:42 1996  
Date: Wed, 11 Sep 1996 12:25:25 -0400 (EDT)  
From: Deborah Capuano <magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us>  
Subject: XER: Conner enters the Scorpion's Nest (\*grin\*)  
Status: OR

(OOC for clarity this merges Travis' and Randy's posts with mine..hope that's okay...)

Max took in a breath. Among the details that had bothered him was the enemy's use of weaponry... A typical Klingon attack would have been for the most part a reasonably straightforward affair with energy based

weapons, like it had been against the Boston. Certainly, most fleets still employed mines, but missiles...

"Computer, analyze all available data regarding attack on USS Xerxes by unidentified hostile forces approximately three weeks ago. For the moment, concentrate your analysis on weapons and tactics of the enemy."

When the computer was ready, Scorpio went on. "Computer, cross compare enemy weapons and tactics from this battle with records of \*recent\* encounters by Starfleet with the Klingon Empire. Calculate the probability that this was a Klingon attack, based just on that analysis."

The computer clicked almost silently for several moments. Then,...

[ COMBAT STRATEGIES USED BY THE UNKNOWN SHIP VESSEL INCLUDED KNOWN KLINGON MANUEVERS. ESTIMATED PROBABILITY THAT ATTACK WAS INSTIGATED BY KLINGON OR KLINGON-TRAINED PERSONNEL IS 50 PERCENT. ]

Having asked the simple question, Scorpio now went on to the hard one, the one that if Conner were here she'd probably think him an idiot for asking. By his own personal analysis, the enemy attack bore much less similarity to an attack by \*Klingons\* as it did to attack patterns of enemies from a \*different\* Empire, an Empire whose last battles against the Federation had been fought quite some time ago, an Empire whose physical face had never been seen... Missiles...

"Computer, based on analysis of enemy weapons and tactics and any other relevant sensor data, calculate the possibility of the enemy force being Romulan in origin."

[ ANALYSIS COMPLETE. PROBABILITY OF ROMULAN INFLUENCE, 40 PERCENT. INSUFFICIENT DATA ON CURRENT ROMULAN MILITARY STRATEGIES AND WEAPONRY FOR MORE ACCURATE CONCLUSION. ]

Influence... hmm... 50... 40... What if...

Max decided to go for another card.

"Computer, analyze the following hypothesis. What if the attack force is resultant of cooperation between the Klingon and Romulan Empires, in the form of a possible alliance or any other permutation thereof?"

Would he get the Queen of Spades and come up with Twenty-One?

[ PROBABILITY OF DIRECT COOPERATION BETWEEN KLINGON AND ROMULAN REGIMES, 5.1 PERCENT, BASED ON STAR FLEET INTELLIGENCE REPORTS CURRENT STATUS OF DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS. ]

\* \* \*

Well, she'd put this off long enough...oh, she'd had the reports from Scorpio and the techs, but damn it this was taking too long and who only knew what still lurked in the space around them...

And that nagging ache in her midsection with the accompanying queasiness wasn't helping her mood at all, she'd have to talk to Yamamoto about that... but that could wait, the important thing now was to see for herself just what was going on with the repairs in the Intell section...

She left her quarters and made her way to deck 2 and the situation room, entering it to see...

...Scorpio at the console, apparently busy...inwardly, she approved, though she didn't immediately show it, the man's attitude left a lot to be desired..

"I see you're hard at work..." she began..."anything?"

(fire away Max \*grin\* but don't be too hard on her...she's just asking....))

From Aexcon@concentric.net Wed Sep 11 22:40:51 1996  
Date: Wed, 11 Sep 96 11:35:05 -0500  
From: Aexcon@concentric.net  
Subject: Re: XER: Conner enters the Scorpion's Nest (\*grin\*)  
Status: OR

>...Scorpio at the console, apparently busy...inwardly, she approved, though  
>she didn't immediately show it, the man's attitude left a lot to be desired..

>

>"I see you're hard at work..." she began..."anything?"

>

>(fire away Max \*grin\* but don't be too hard on her...she's just asking....))

(OOC: I'm guessing that the computer will talk before Max does... I'll wit for that before Max speaks.)

From RDAVIS62@maine.maine.edu Wed Sep 11 22:40:56 1996  
Date: Wed, 11 Sep 96 12:45:12 EDT  
From: RDAVIS62@maine.maine.edu  
Subject: XER: Neulon  
Status: OR

Neulon turned to see her crewman and said,"Thank you Steve." She then left and went to Malloy's quarters and rang the chime

From lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us Wed Sep 11 22:41:02 1996  
Date: Wed, 11 Sep 1996 12:58:42 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: Re: XER: Suivi  
Status: OR

> (OOC: Okay, Suivi is a baccarat term, but it's a smooth way of saying  
> "I'm not done yet"...)

(ooc: 8-D)

> >[ PROBABILITY OF DIRECT COOPERATION BETWEEN KLINGON AND ROMULAN REGIMES,  
> >5.1 PERCENT, BASED ON STAR FLEET INTELLIGENCE REPORTS CURRENT STATUS OF  
> >DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS. ]

> >

> >At this point, the door to the Situation Room opened to admit Connor.

> >

> Max didn't hear the door open. Machines were so damned literal...

(ooc: and the gm's way of making you work for it.)

> He went again.  
>  
> "Computer, I didn't ask for politics to be included in your analysis.  
> Primarily, please base analysis on weapons and tactics. Further, as a  
> second query, consider the possibility of cooperation between Klingon and  
> Romulan factions \*not\* of the official regimes, but perhaps mercenary or  
> independent. Go."  
>  
> There were enough settled worlds on the fringes... what \*if\* two colonies  
> had come together?  
>  
> Only at this point did Scorpio feel the eyes focused on the back of his  
> head.

[ bells and whistles sound effects fill the air!! ]

[ KLINGON EXPERIMENTATION WITH DEVELOPMENT OF KLINGON/HUMAN FUSIONS HAS BEEN DOCUMENTED. WITH PROXIMITY OF KLINGON COLONIES TO THE EMPIRE'S BORDER WITH DESIGNATED ROMULAN TERRITORIAL SPACE, PROBABILITY OF SIMILAR DEVELOPMENT OF KLINGON/ROMULAN FUSIONS IS 97.7 PERCENT.

USING THE HYPOTHESIS OF AN EXTRA-GOVERNMENT ENTITY WOULD ENCOURAGE A DUAL CULTURAL, MILITARY, AND TECHNOLOGICAL INFLUENCE UPON SUCH FUSIONS, PROBABILITY PROJECTION INCREASE TO 99.2 PERCENT. ]

(reactions?)

the singin' one

From jkimmel@voicenet.com Wed Sep 11 22:41:11 1996  
Date: Wed, 11 Sep 1996 13:51:39 -0400 (EDT)  
From: Jim Kimmel <jkimmel@voicenet.com>  
To: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: Re: ooc Re: XER: where's xerxes?  
Status: OR

At 11:35 AM -0400 9/11/96, the singin' one wrote:

>jim, sorry. i feel like i somehow set you up to give the ship's  
>position. this was not intended. i thought i had indicated that only  
>key personnnel would know the ship's position. this was also to give a  
>more realistic tone to trying to evade the enemy. randye

Actually, it was my fault..I should have better checked the headers from my mail program, as I had \*intended\* to only send that info to you.

My bad...

Jim

From RFERRANCE@Gems.VCU.EDU Wed Sep 11 22:41:21 1996  
Date: Wed, 11 Sep 1996 17:23:00 -0400 (EDT)  
From: Doc Anvil <RFERRANCE@Gems.VCU.EDU>  
Subject: XER: Whoa! The Starfleet Marriot.  
Status: OR

> Now alone, the woman's discerning eyes took in her former commander,  
> assessing how time and circumstance had changed him.

>  
 > "Sure," she finally said. "This way, 'Sir.'"  
 >  
 "Sir, is it?" he teased her. He could see how her eyes scanned him, and he could actually watch them change. The look that replaced her twinkling merriment bordered on.... at least it \*seemed\* to border on, sorrow. He wondered if he really looked that bad. He had noticed himself how much.... \*older\* he looked now. But then, he was no spring chicken.  
 >  
 > It took about an hour to complete the tour since Abrams introduced  
 > Fitzgerald to each department head. By the time the 'lift open to  
 > deposit the pair onto Deck Four, only the bridge remained to be visited.  
 >  
 > Abrams led the way to one of the rooms. "I thought you might want to  
 > settle in before going to the bridge and the briefing," she said,  
 > standing aside to allow him to enter first.  
 >  
 > Fitzgerald can see that his effects had been stored in what was obviously  
 > the captain's vacated quarters.  
 >  
 "This simply will not do at all, Holly," he said. "I can't supplant your captain, even for these few days that it'll take to get there. Just put me in junior officer's quarters somewhere. I don't mind sharing a cabin."

(eh?)

From lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us Wed Sep 11 22:41:33 1996  
 Date: Wed, 11 Sep 1996 22:25:09 -0400 (EDT)  
 From: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
 Subject: XER: to the reluctant guest  
 Status: OR

> > Fitzgerald can see that his effects had been stored in what was obviously  
 > > the captain's vacated quarters.  
 > >  
 > "This simply will not do at all, Holly," he said. "I can't supplant your  
 > captain, even for these few days that it'll take to get there. Just put me in  
 > junior officer's quarters somewhere. I don't mind sharing a cabin."

"Vulcans can be illogically stubborn once they've made a decision, Jack. You might as well accept the courtesy. Besides, I think he used it as an excuse to sleep on that stone block he's talked about." Abrams smiled.

She took a seat and stretched out her long legs. "Okay, old friend, talk to me. You look like you've been raked over the coals good and proper."

(response)

the singin' one

From RFERRANCE@Gems.VCU.EDU Sun Oct 6 15:11:51 1996  
 Date: Wed, 11 Sep 1996 17:28:32 -0400 (EDT)  
 From: Doc Anvil <RFERRANCE@Gems.VCU.EDU>  
 To: lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us  
 Subject: Re: xer: your "professional" opinion requested  
 Status: OR

Hey, no prob on asking. Honest :)

Okay, long term radiation exposure: Hair will fall out, skin will get tight and dry, mucous membranes will dry out, anemia, leukopenia (decreased white blood cells, leading to increased infections), thrombocytopenia (decreased platelets leading to increased bleeding times). Diarrhea... hmmmmmmmm how's that for starters? I'll research a little if you need more. that's just what I know off the top of my head.

From Aexcon@concentric.net Sun Oct 6 15:11:56 1996  
Date: Wed, 11 Sep 96 21:54:04 -0500  
From: Aexcon@concentric.net  
Subject: XER: SABACC!!!  
Status: OR

(OOC: yeah, I know, now I've not only switched card games again, but i'm in the wrong universe... but hey, it's a great victory cry! 8D)

(NOTE: This will now refuse everything with Scorpio, Conner, et. al.)

>> There were enough settled worlds on the fringes... what \*if\* two colonies  
>> had come together?

>>

>> Only at this point did Scorpio feel the eyes focused on the back of his  
>> head.

>

Apparently, Conner had come in. She saw...

>...Scorpio at the console, apparently busy...inwardly, she approved, though she didn't immediately show it, the man's attitude left a lot to be desired..

"I see you're hard at work..." she began..."anything?"

Max Scorpio didn't answer immediately. He crossed his fingers and hoped his hunch was right. The theatrical value of it if he was would be worth ten thousand smart ass remarks and I told you sos.

The computer delivered.

[ bells and whistles sound effects fill the air!! ]

>

>[ KLINGON EXPERIMENTATION WITH DEVELOPMENT OF KLINGON/HUMAN FUSIONS HAS  
>BEEN DOCUMENTED. WITH PROXIMITY OF KLINGON COLONIES TO THE EMPIRE'S  
>BORDER WITH DESIGNATED ROMULAN TERRITORIAL SPACE, PROBABILITY OF SIMILAR  
>DEVELOPMENT OF KLINGON/ROMULAN FUSIONS IS 97.7 PERCENT.

>

>USING THE HYPOTHESIS OF AN EXTRA-GOVERNMENT ENTITY WOULD ENCOURAGE A DUAL  
>CULTURAL, MILITARY, AND TECHNOLOGICAL INFLUENCE UPON SUCH FUSIONS,  
>PROBABILITY PROJECTION INCREASE TO 99.2 PERCENT. ]

>

Scorpio turned in his chair, and for the first time in her recollection, Conner saw him smiling ear to ear, the smile of victory.

"Yes, I do have something, as a matter of fact," he said as if he were ordering a drink (probably shaken, not stirred), "and you might even classify it as 'useful'." [OOC: NEEDLE! But so deserved... and all

things considered, i think we can even all let that one slip...]

He handed Conner the hard copy of what the computer had just come up with.

"It appears, Commander, that it isn't just the Klingons we're fighting," Scorpio continued. "I think now might be a good time to invite Commander Malloy to the party, don't you think?"

(Responses?)

From Aexcon@concentric.net Sun Oct 6 15:12:55 1996  
Date: Wed, 11 Sep 96 22:25:42 -0500  
From: Aexcon@concentric.net  
To: Randye Jones <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: xer ooc: fine details  
Status: OR

Randye-

I suppose it's a good thing that my favorite original series episode is "Balance of Terror". :) That's where I remembered the missile thing from.

I've been thinking about where I might have unknowingly given you plot ideas, as you sugegsted I have... and now I really hope that you read that 'icebreaker' scene! 8-D Otherwise, I almost shudder...

More later, you Gm-ness...

Travis

From magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us Sun Oct 6 15:13:17 1996  
Date: Wed, 11 Sep 1996 23:05:52 -0400 (EDT)  
From: Deborah Capuano <magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us>  
Subject: Re: XER: SABACC!!!  
Status: OR

> (NOTE: This will now refuse everything with Scorpio, Conner, et. al.)  
(OOC: 'refuse' ?? )

>

> "It appears, Commander, that it isn't just the Klingons we're fighting,"  
> Scorpio continued. "I think now might be a good time to invite Commander  
> Malloy to the party, don't you think?"

She didn't say anything at first, reading over the hardcopy with pursed lips...then nodded to him. "That \*does\* seem to be the next logical thing to do here, Scorpio." she replied, "and your efforts will not go unnoticed."

With that she turned to the commpanel, and tapped it.."Conner to Malloy"

(response)

"Some new information has come to light regarding the battle, Sir. Mr Scorpio and I need to see you as soon as possible."

(response)

From RFERRANCE@Gems.VCU.EDU Sun Oct 6 15:14:00 1996  
Date: Thu, 12 Sep 1996 04:04:43 -0400 (EDT)  
From: Doc Anvil <RFERRANCE@Gems.VCU.EDU>  
Subject: XER: Coals? Me?  
Status: OR

>  
> "Vulcans can be illogically stubborn once they've made a decision, Jack.  
> You might as well accept the courtesy. Besides, I think he used it as an  
> excuse to sleep on that stone block he's talked about." Abrams smiled.

>  
"Well, if he \*insists\*. Wouldn't want to insult my host after all. BUT really, it was quite unnecessary. I'm from the old school, after all, from back when Starfleet officers were tough," he teased her. "I would have been perfectly willing to sleep on that stone block."

> She took a seat and stretched out her long legs. "Okay, old friend, talk  
> to me. You look like you've been raked over the coals good and proper."  
>

His face lost its humor and the sadness took over again. He found himself a seat as well. "I've actually been rather well," he told her. "I've found that retirement is not as bad as most old codgers make it sound. Though I certainly didn't kick and scream too much when they asked me back. After I'd exacted my pound of flesh, that is."

(anything to add?)

"The biggest problem.... and the one thing I can't seem to get past -" His voice trailed off for a moment, and it was a few seconds before he began again. He was waiting to be sure his voice was steady. "I miss her like hell, Holly. I keep thinking, I've been retired, I've got all this free time on my hands, and I spend it rebuilding antique motor vehicles instead of seeing the galaxy with Lisa." He was shaking his head. "And I didn't even realize I loved her until almost the very end...."

From jriley@s-cwis.unomaha.edu Sun Oct 6 15:17:47 1996  
Date: Thu, 12 Sep 1996 11:59:34 -0500 (CDT)  
From: "JEFF L. RILEY" <jriley@s-cwis.unomaha.edu>  
To: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.FL.us>  
Subject: Re: xer: please respond  
Status: OR

> please let me know immediately if you wish to continue on the game(s).  
> thanks.  
>  
> randye  
> gm, xerxes & khawk

I'm right here for both games Randye.

Jeff Riley  
aka Ketch Burnett, USS Kitty Hawk  
aka Johnny Nance, USS Xerxes

From magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us Sun Oct 6 15:18:01 1996  
Date: Thu, 12 Sep 1996 13:21:09 -0400 (EDT)  
From: Deborah Capuano <magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us>  
To: lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us  
Subject: xer ooc  
Status: OR

didn't you get my last xer post? she's asking to talk to malloy....

From lyre@fn3.freenet.tlh.fl.us Sun Oct 6 15:19:17 1996  
Date: Thu, 12 Sep 1996 14:23:47 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one <lyre@fn3.freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
To: Deborah Capuano <magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us>  
Subject: Re: xer ooc  
Status: OR

i got it. i've been too busy at work today to have time to do any actual posting. i should get to it tonight.  
randye

On Thu, 12 Sep 1996, Deborah Capuano wrote:

> didn't you get my last xer post? she's asking to talk to malloy....

From Aexcon@concentric.net Sun Oct 6 15:21:23 1996  
Date: Fri, 13 Sep 96 00:16:04 -0500  
From: Aexcon@concentric.net  
To: Randye Jones <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: XER OOC: GM Question, etc.

Randye-

Hello! Well, we've reached what for me is the one most frustrating thing about email roleplaying... waiting. And since I'm in the middle of a scene with others, I can't even go to my usual remedy of a sililoquy (why doesn't it look like I spelled that right?) scene to keep things going.  
\*sigh\* However, it did allow me time to think of a game question for you...

I have an idea about basically two scenes to happen on the day after Max gets promoted. For one of them, I need to know if I can get away with something. (Please say yes!) Can Max go to an engineer or tech or whatever with an object of reasonably small size - can be held by a regular person with both hands - made of sheet metal and ask the tech to fabricate six more of them for the following morning? (I kinda need this for Max's first meeting with the Marines...)

Also, do the hand phasers of this point have a "disrupt" setting, or are we still on the standard laser beam thing? (Surprisingly, I'm hoping we're technologically behind on this one for what I have in mind...)

Thanks in advance for the answers, your GM-ness! :)

More later-

Travis

From lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us Sun Oct 6 15:50:32 1996  
Date: Fri, 13 Sep 1996 12:10:30 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: XER: first, engineering (a little backtrack)

(ooc: i'm starting this before the day of the "big fusion" theory.)

For the three weeks since they sent the report to StarFleet, McGuire spent almost all of his time (getting little sleep) trying to put the ship back together as much as possible. He was also looking at ways to modify the shield configurations to block the radiation from the asteroid belt. He was tired, exhausted, but he pushed on knowing that it was necessary in order to keep the ship together and the crew alive.

The engineering exec came up to him to report that modifying the shield to block the radiation from the asteroid belt had reduced the level of exposure to the crew. "However, Sir," he continued, "the longer we have to stay, the more cumulative the effects. Tomlison and Matthews (ooc: two engineering techs) had to report to sickbay this morning."

(response)

About this time, Malloy('s sd) entered. "Commander, do you have a few moments?" he asked McGuire.

(response)

"I studied your repair evaluation," he continued, showing him the notepad upon it was written.

TO: Commanding Officer, USS Xerxes  
FROM: Chief Engineering Officer, USS Xerxes  
SUB: Ship Damage Report and Repair Priorities.

Sir, your comments on this plan are welcome.

> - equipment data  
>     - control computer type: m-2  
>     - transporters:  
>         - standard 6-person: 4  
>         - emergency 22-person: 3  
>         one damaged control panel/pads  
REPAIR PRIORITY: EMERGENCY TRANSPORTER : NUMBER 3 CONCERN.  
>     - cargo: 1  
>  
> - engine and power data  
>     - total power units available: 22  
>     - movement point ratio: 2/1  
>     - warp engine type: fwc-2  
>         (Warp engines: Offline until needed parts  
>             replaced. dilithium crystals  
>             damaged--need replacements)  
> REPAIR PRIORITY: WARP ENGINES: LOWEST.  
  
>     - impulse engine type: fib-1  
>     - power unit available 2  
>         (Impulse engines: Fully functional)

>  
> - Weapons and firing data  
>       - beam-weapon type:       fh-4  
>               (Phasers: fully functional)  
>       - missile-weapon type:       fh-4  
>               (Torpedo guidance computer damaged)  
REPAIR PRIORITY:TORPEDO GUIDANCE COMPUTER : NUMBER 2 CONCERN.

> - Shield data  
>       - maximum shield power: 8  
>               (Forward shield generator damaged)  
REPAIR PRIORITY: FORWARD SHIELD GENERATOR : NUMBER 1 CONCERN.

>deck 1 bridge - navigation console damaged  
REPAIR PRIORITY: NAV CONSOLE: NUMBER 1 CONCERN

> 2 situation room, docking ring - situation room fire  
EMERGENCY CREWS RESPONDING

"You and your repair teams have done an excellent job. The bridge and situation room are functional, as well as the torp guidance computer and the rest of the higher priority repair. Do you believe you can get the transporter repairs completed within the next week?

"From my estimate, Star Fleet should have help here within the next 6 to 8 days, if our message got through. I'd like to be as combat ready as possible by there."

(response)

the singin' one

From lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us Sun Oct 6 15:50:37 1996  
Date: Fri, 13 Sep 1996 12:41:32 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: XER: radiation blues (sickbay)

Head Nurse Frances Mulcahy wiped at her tired-grainy eyes. Instead of going off-duty as she had planned, she had ended up assisting with four patients who had come in complaining of classic early symptoms of radiation exposure. Unbidden, they appeared before her mind's eye as she had seen them in her earliest medical texts:

> Long term radiation exposure: Hair will fall out, skin will  
> get tight and dry, mucous membranes will dry out, anemia,  
> leukopenia (decreased white blood cells, leading to increased  
> infections), thrombocytopenia (decreased platelets leading to  
> increased bleeding times). Diarrhea...

The drugs they had been administering to the crew had delayed the process, but the longer they had to stay in this area, the worse it was going to get. Unless they came up with a more efficacious treatment, crew persons would die.

She had heard about the beings who had established a possible base on the largest asteroid. How had they managed to survive?

Finally, she stood up and stretched. Her old professor was right when she said that a tired mind was inefficient one. She shut her computer access down and walked from her office into one of the wards.

(ooc: where's yamamoto?)

the singin' one.

From lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us Sun Oct 6 15:50:41 1996  
Date: Fri, 13 Sep 1996 12:43:06 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: XER: ooc: oops, forgot

to thank randy for supplying the radiation symptoms i listed in my last message.

thanks, randy.

randye

From Aexcon@concentric.net Sun Oct 6 15:50:46 1996  
Date: Fri, 13 Sep 96 11:46:50 -0500  
From: Aexcon@concentric.net  
To: Randye Jones <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: Re: XER: radiation blues (sickbay)

Randye-

Re: Radiation

1) Max Scorpio's reaction to almost any pain is generally to ignore it until its becomes debilitating.

2) IMPORTANT: does this effect all races the same? Andorians, humans, Vulcans, etc? If not, how for each, if I may?

Thanks-

Travis

From RDAVIS62@MAINE.MAINE.EDU Sun Oct 6 15:50:50 1996  
Date: Fri, 13 Sep 96 12:48:46 EDT  
From: RDAVIS62@MAINE.MAINE.EDU  
To: Randye Jones <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: XER

I've reported to Malloy's quarters and wrang the chime, is he going to answer

From lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us Sun Oct 6 15:50:53 1996  
Date: Fri, 13 Sep 1996 13:17:54 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: XER: malloy's sd to neulon, sit room

(ooc: my, my! i have some impatient players. geesh!! 8-) )

Malloy was in his quarters, the only place he'd found he could get quiet time to read through the reports submitted by the various departments.

He had put off dealing with the incident between Conner and Neulon because repairing the ship had been the higher priority. Now, however, it was time to resolve things so they could move on from here.

He had sent a crewman to ask the two officers to join him here, rather in more open spot. If they could settle things here, it was possible that actions would not have to be taken against either of them.

The annunciator sounded. He got up and pressed the switch near the door, admitting Neulon. "Commander, please come in. Commander Conner should be joining up shortly."

(response)

Before either had time to settle down at the small table that obviously served as Malloy's work area, Conner called, asking him to come to the Situation Room.

"On my way. Malloy out." Then, to Neulon, "Join me?"

(response)

Upon reaching the intell central area, he nodded an acknowledgement to Scorpio and said to Conner, "What do you have, Commander?"

(reactions?)

the singin' one

From magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us Sun Oct 6 15:50:57 1996  
Date: Fri, 13 Sep 1996 13:23:26 -0400 (EDT)  
From: Deborah Capuano <magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us>  
Subject: Re: XER: malloy's sd to neulon, sit room

> Upon reaching the intell central area, he nodded an acknowledgement to  
> Scorpio and said to Conner, "What do you have, Commander?"  
>

Conner nodded to Malloy (and Neulon, if she came along) then didn't waste time getting to it. "I'll let Mr Scorpio give you the details, as he did most of the work on this, but the gist of it is that we have a high probability--very high--as to who our mysterious new enemy is."

(responses--I'll continue when everyone else has caught up)

From Aexcon@concentric.net Sun Oct 6 15:51:04 1996  
Date: Fri, 13 Sep 96 12:42:13 -0500  
From: Aexcon@concentric.net  
Subject: XER: Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here!

>Conner nodded to Malloy (and Neulon, if she came along) then didn't waste  
>time getting to it. "I'll let Mr Scorpio give you the details, as he did

>most of the work on this, but the gist of it is that we have a high  
>probability--very high--as to who our mysterious new enemy is."

"Ninety-nine point two percent, actually, but I suppose that's splitting hairs," Scorpio noted. "At any rate, when I was looking over the specifics of the attack, there were a few details that kept bothering me, so this morning I decided to have a little jam session with the computer."

(OOC: There are aliens in the room, and this is the 23rd century. Feel free to look at Max funny for the phrase "jam session"; he has a character reason for being familiar with it, but nevermind that now.)

"The particular detail that bothered me most involved the enemy's weapons and tactics," Scorpio went on. "They just didn't gel right with what we've been seeing from the Klingons. However, I do remember my Starfleet history, and so on a hunch, I asked the computer to check out the possibility of Romulan involvement."

(Incredulous reactions, anyone?)

"I got a partial hit on that," Scorpio said, "just about as partial as I got from the possibility of Klingon involvement. And so, two and two make four... what if they were working together? Not necessarily within the standard regimes, mind you, but as colonials or independents or what have you? Well, to make a long story short (OOC: Too Late!), this is what the computer came up with."

He handed Malloy the hard copy of the computer's last calculation.

>[ KLINGON EXPERIMENTATION WITH DEVELOPMENT OF KLINGON/HUMAN FUSIONS HAS  
>BEEN DOCUMENTED. WITH PROXIMITY OF KLINGON COLONIES TO THE EMPIRE'S  
>BORDER WITH DESIGNATED ROMULAN TERRITORIAL SPACE, PROBABILITY OF SIMILAR  
>DEVELOPMENT OF KLINGON/ROMULAN FUSIONS IS 97.7 PERCENT.  
>  
>USING THE HYPOTHESIS OF AN EXTRA-GOVERNMENT ENTITY WOULD ENCOURAGE A DUAL  
>CULTURAL, MILITARY, AND TECHNOLOGICAL INFLUENCE UPON SUCH FUSIONS,  
>PROBABILITY PROJECTION INCREASE TO 99.2 PERCENT. ]

"Apparently, Commander Malloy, it's not just the Klingon government we have to worry about anymore," Scorpio declared. "If I may be so bold, Commander, I'd suggest that command staff give themselves a quick brush up on Romulan tactics and that we merge reactions to those types of scenarios with our current plans that revolve around Klingon strategies. It might give us a better tactical edge at this point, and, quite frankly, Sir, I think we need every advantage we can get."

(responses, anyone)

From jkimmel@voicenet.com Sun Oct 6 15:52:11 1996  
Date: Fri, 13 Sep 1996 16:49:31 -0400  
From: Jim Kimmel <jkimmel@voicenet.com>  
Subject: Re: XER: first, engineering (a little backtrack)

>The engineering exec came up to him to report that modifying the shield to  
>block the radiation from the asteroid belt had reduced the level of  
>exposure to the crew. "However, Sir," he continued, "the longer we have  
>to stay, the more cumulative the effects. Tomlison and Matthews (ooc:  
>two engineering techs) had to report to sickbay this morning."  
>

"Understood, XO." He was about to open a channel to the bridge, when...

>

>About this time, Malloy('s sd) entered. "Commander, do you have a few  
>moments?" he asked McGuire.

"Yes, sir, I was just about to call you concerning the radiation levels.  
I'm starting to lose staff to sickness from the radiation...We could work a  
lot better if the ship were out of the belt."

<response?>

>"I studied your repair evaluation," he continued, showing him the  
>notepad upon it was written.

<SNIP>

>"You and your repair teams have done an excellent job. The bridge and  
>situation room are functional, as well as the torp guidance computer and  
>the rest of the higher priority repair. Do you believe you can get the  
>transporter repairs completed within the next week?

"Thank you, sir. I believe if we make the transporters our next priority,  
we should be able to get them up by next week. But that depends on how many  
more of my crew I lose to the radiation..."

>"From my estimate, Star Fleet should have help here within the next 6 to  
>8 days, if our message got through. I'd like to be as combat ready as  
>possible by there."

>

"Aye, sir. We'll have 'er as close to brand new as we can get 'er, sir."

<response?>

McGuire out.

From magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us Sun Oct 6 15:53:41 1996

Date: Fri, 13 Sep 1996 23:38:54 -0400 (EDT)

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

To: lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us

Subject: xer ooc

just a question...when randy was first getting onto xer, before it was even  
general knowledge who the new character would be, he had asked me about  
the incident in aux con involving conner/neulon...when i later asked him  
ooc'ly why he'd asked his comment was "it was for a storyline idea that  
won't play out"...and that you'd told him it wouldn't.

my question is what was this idea (he wasn't very specific) and why exactly  
\*won't\* it play out?

From lyre@fn3.freenet.tlh.fl.us Sun Oct 6 15:53:59 1996

Date: Sat, 14 Sep 1996 00:35:17 -0400 (EDT)

From: the singin' one <lyre@fn3.freenet.tlh.fl.us>

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

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

Subject: Re: xer ooc

what i told randy was that unless conner, neulon, or malloy made an issue

of the matter, there was nothing he could do. y'all will have to roleplay it out, if you want.  
randye

From lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us Sun Oct 6 15:54:03 1996  
Date: Sat, 14 Sep 1996 01:27:53 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: Re: XER: Coals? Me?

> His face lost its humor and the sadness took over again. He found himself a  
> seat as well. "I've actually been rather well," he told her. "I've found that  
> retirement is not as bad as most old codgers make it sound. Though I certainly  
> didn't kick and scream too much when they asked me back. After I'd exacted my  
> pound of flesh, that is."

"Yes, I saw that you did. It's about time that they got their due."

> "The biggest problem.... and the one thing I can't seem to get past -" His  
> voice trailed off for a moment, and it was a few seconds before he began again.  
> He was waiting to be sure his voice was steady. "I miss her like hell, Holly. I  
> keep thinking, I've been retired, I've got all this free time on my hands, and I  
> spend it rebuilding antique motor vehicles instead of seeing the galaxy with  
> Lisa." He was shaking his head. "And I didn't even realize I loved her until  
> almost the very end...."

"She knew. And she loved you, Jack."

The door slid open. "There you are, Sirs," said a distressing cheerful voice. "Captain S'tim asked if you would join him on the bridge. The meeting starts in 15 minutes."

(response)

the singin' one

From RFERRANCE@Gems.VCU.EDU Sun Oct 6 15:54:16 1996  
Date: Sat, 14 Sep 1996 10:04:36 -0400 (EDT)  
From: Doc Anvil <RFERRANCE@Gems.VCU.EDU>  
Subject: XER: Timely interruptions

> The door slid open. "There you are, Sirs," said a distressing cheerful  
> voice. "Captain S'tim asked if you would join him on the bridge. The  
> meeting starts in 15 minutes."  
>

Jack used that as a good excuse to stand up. "One of the first rules you learn in Starfleet," he told Holly, teasing her, "Never make a Vulcan wait for you."

(eh>)

He followed her to the bridge.

From magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us Sun Oct 6 15:57:11 1996  
Date: Sun, 15 Sep 1996 00:46:16 -0400 (EDT)  
From: Deborah Capuano <magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us>  
Subject: XER: Conner puts in her two cents  
Status: OR

Upon reaching the intell central area, he nodded an acknowledgement to Scorpio and said to Conner, "What do you have, Commander?"

Conner nodded to Malloy (and Neulon, if she came along) then didn't waste time getting to it. "I'll let Mr Scorpio give you the details, as he did most of the work on this, but the gist of it is that we have a high probability--very high--as to who our mysterious new enemy is."

"Ninety-nine point two percent, actually, but I suppose that's splitting hairs," Scorpio noted. "At any rate, when I was looking over the specifics of the attack, there were a few details that kept bothering me, so this morning I decided to have a little jam session with the computer."

Conner glanced irritably at Max at this...what in the...? was a jam session?? she sighed and let it go for now...

"The particular detail that bothered me most involved the enemy's weapons and tactics," Scorpio went on. "They just didn't gel right with what we've been seeing from the Klingons. However, I do remember my Starfleet history, and so on a hunch, I asked the computer to check out the possibility of Romulan involvement."

Conner still found it hard to believe, even though she had seen the printouts..but evidence was evidence, the question was what would the others think of this?

(Malloy, Neulon, reactions?)

"I got a partial hit on that," Scorpio said, "just about as partial as I got from the possibility of Klingon involvement. And so, two and two make four... what if they were working together? Not necessarily within the standard regimes, mind you, but as colonials or independents or what have you? Well, to make a long story short (OOC: Too Late!), this is what the computer came up with."

He handed Malloy the hard copy of the computer's last calculation.

[ KLINGON EXPERIMENTATION WITH DEVELOPMENT OF KLINGON/HUMAN FUSIONS HAS BEEN DOCUMENTED. WITH PROXIMITY OF KLINGON COLONIES TO THE EMPIRE'S BORDER WITH DESIGNATED ROMULAN TERRITORIAL SPACE, PROBABILITY OF SIMILAR DEVELOPMENT OF KLINGON/ROMULAN FUSIONS IS 97.7 PERCENT.

USING THE HYPOTHESIS OF AN EXTRA-GOVERNMENT ENTITY WOULD ENCOURAGE A DUAL CULTURAL, MILITARY, AND TECHNOLOGICAL INFLUENCE UPON SUCH FUSIONS, PROBABILITY PROJECTION INCREASE TO 99.2 PERCENT. ]

"Apparently, Commander Malloy, it's not just the Klingon government we have to worry about anymore," Scorpio declared. "If I may be so bold, Commander, I'd suggest that command staff give themselves a quick brush up on Romulan tactics and that we merge reactions to those types of scenarios with our current plans that revolve around Klingon strategies. It might give us a better tactical edge at this point, and, quite frankly, Sir, I think we need every advantage we can get."

Conner shot a look at Scorpio...then nodded and turned back to Malloy. "I'd have to concur on this one, Commander." she put in. "If as all this indicates we are dealing with a Romulan/Klingon alliance of some sort then the Federation is in for even more trouble than

we'd thought and we'd best be ready for it."

(Malloy, Neulon, reactions?)

And while he had the XO's attention...

"There's more, Commander, if I may," Scorpio added. "Regarding the radiation problem taken in tandem with the situation regarding our foes out here. If the enemy remains in the belt, as we are, then there are two things to consider. Either the enemy is suffering from ill effects to theirs crews as we are beginning to, or they have a way to combat the radiation. If the former is true, we may have an equalizing advantage. if the latter, then perhaps we can learn a lesson from either Klingon or Romulan technology in our own efforts to fight off the radiation's ill effects. Perhaps Mr. McGuire might have some thoughts on that."

(responses.)

"Another possibility, of course, is that the enemy, knowing of the radiation problem, has retreated further away from the system and further out of harm's way," Scorpio suggested. He'd didn't need to add 'which maybe we ought to consider'; that part was understood.

Conner glanced at the others again, then looked back to Scorpio.

"Excuse me just a moment, Mr Malloy--Mr Scorpio, just to satisfy my curiosity, is there anything else you think we all should know? In the interests of improving our tactical advantage, of course..."

"Actually, there is one more thing... if no one minds if I ask the computer another question?" Scorpio asked, rhetorically, considering that he was already turning to the computer.

(Repsosnes, if any.)

"Computer," Scorpio said. "Continue under previous security access. Assuming Klingon/Romulan fusion, please calculate likely point or points of origin for said enemy forces within this area."

(Resposne Computer.)

From lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us Sun Oct 6 16:01:34 1996  
Date: Sun, 15 Sep 1996 01:01:53 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: XER: a little cold water  
Status: OR

Malloy('s sd) listened intently to Scorpio and Conner, making no comment nor allowing his facial expression reflect his thoughts.

> "Apparently, Commander Malloy, it's not just the Klingon government we  
> have to worry about anymore," Scorpio declared. "If I may be so bold,  
> Commander, I'd suggest that command staff give themselves a quick brush  
> up on Romulan tactics and that we merge reactions to those types of  
> scenarios with our current plans that revolve around Klingon strategies.  
> It might give us a better tactical edge at this point, and, quite  
> frankly, Sir, I think we need every advantage we can get."

"From your description, Mr. Scorpio," Malloy replied, "you instructed the computer to consider the possibility of some sort of Klingon-Romulan involvement. You might be correct, but what facts do you have to support your supposition?"

(response)

the singin' one

From dcapua@fn3.freenet.tlh.fl.us Sun Oct 6 16:01:38 1996  
Date: Sun, 15 Sep 1996 01:12:12 -0400 (EDT)  
From: Deborah Renee Capuano <dcapua@fn3.freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
To: lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us  
Subject: XER: Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here! Part 2 (fwd)  
Status: OR

here it is...I'm going back to magneto as soon as I send this so email me there if you want...

----- Forwarded message -----  
Date: Fri, 13 Sep 96 21:44:17 -0500  
From: Aexcon@concentric.net  
To: Xerxes Campaign <xerxes@stargame.org>  
Subject: XER: Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here! Part 2

(OOC: I'm adding to Scorpio's comments here, so just call this an extension of the scene. Since no one's replied yet, I'll consider it safe to do...)

>"Apparently, Commander Malloy, it's not just the Klingon government we  
>have to worry about anymore," Scorpio declared. "If I may be so bold,  
>Commander, I'd suggest that command staff give themselves a quick brush  
>up on Romulan tactics and that we merge reactions to those types of  
>scenarios with our current plans that revolve around Klingon strategies.  
>It might give us a better tactical edge at this point, and, quite  
>frankly, Sir, I think we need every advantage we can get."  
>  
>(responses, anyone)

And while he had the XO's attention...

"There's more, Commander, if I may," Scorpio added. "Regarding the radiation problem taken in tandem with the situation regarding our foes out here. If the enemy remains in the belt, as we are, then there are two things to consider. Either the enemy is suffering from ill effects to theirs crews as we are beginning to, or they have a way to combat the radiation. If the former is true, we may have an equalizing advantage. if the latter, then perhaps we can learn a lesson from either Klingon or Romulan technology in our own efforts to fight off the radiation's ill effects. Perhaps Mr. McGuire might have some thoughts on that."

(responses.)

"Another possibility, of course, is that the enemy, knowing of the radiation problem, has retreated further away from the system and further out of harm's way," Scorpio suggested. He'd didn't need to add 'which maybe we ought to consider'; that part was understood.

(Responses. Can someone here ask if there's anything else or what have you? Max is full of theories today and I don't want it to look like he keeps sticking his nose in and what have you. Thanks.)

"Actually, there is one more thing... if no one minds if I ask the computer another question?" Scorpio asked, rhetorically, considering that he was already turning to the computer.

(Repsosnes, if any.)

"Computer," Scorpio said. "Continue under previous security access. Assuming Klingon/Romulan fusion, please calculate likely point or points of origin for said enemy forces within this area."

(Resposne Computer.)

From magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us Sun Oct 6 16:01:43 1996  
Date: Sun, 15 Sep 1996 01:20:51 -0400 (EDT)  
From: Deborah Capuano <magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us>  
To: lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us  
Subject: xer ooc  
Status: OR

did you get that msg "The Gang's All here (part two)"?

From Aexcon@concentric.net Sun Oct 6 16:01:51 1996  
Date: Sun, 15 Sep 96 00:33:26 -0500  
From: Aexcon@concentric.net  
Subject: Re: XER: a little cold water  
Status: OR

(OOC: For a while, it looked as though all had suddenly become Andorians. And then, suddenly, everyone breathed at once, creating a wind that could be used to push large sailing vessels. 8D Relax. Just having fun up here...)

>"From your description, Mr. Scorpio," Malloy replied, "you instructed the  
>computer to consider the possibility of some sort of Klingon-Romulan  
>involvement. You might be correct, but what facts do you have to support  
>your supposition?"  
>

Oh, sure, Scorpio thought. Now he wants evidence. I suppose next he'll want evidence that there really used to be a guy named Kennedy and somebody plugged him way back when... Remind me again why I like command authority higher than mine so much, the thought continued.

He took a short breath. "Tactical analysis of enemy strike patterns and weapons systems formed my original basis of theory, Commander, and things progressed from there," Scorpio said, evenly enough that he was masking his real thoughts very well. His next sentence was even delivered with seriousness and didn't sound sarcastic in its delivery. "If you would like greater detail on which specific facts further emerged to give the computer a 99.2% surety rating, then perhaps you should ask the computer. In any event, Commander, I would suggest that to avoid considering or pursuing \*any\* scenario with this sort of high-probability credence at this point would be a dangerous course at best, a fatal one at worst. I would not have asked Commander Conner to call you down here

if I thought it was a waste of time, Sir."

Unspoken, and masked away from any eyes that liked to read faces - Max was good at keeping his face neutral when necessary - was, And if you ignore this and don't at least slightly act on it then you're... Temper, Max. Good thing you're a poker player.

(OOC: Next is what had been Conner's response posted by Deb I'm assuming before she saw Randy's take; however, since it \*was\* posted, I am including it here.)

>Conner shot a look at Scorpio...then nodded and turned back to Malloy.  
>"I'd have to concur on this one, Commander." she put in. "If as  
>all this indicates we are dealing with a Romulan/Klingon alliance  
>of some sort then the Federation is in for even more trouble than  
>we'd thought and we'd best be ready for it."

(Response Malloy)

(OOC: GM: does this mean that every strategic point question that Max asked after this just got erased? No matter what Malloy's response is, I'd think that they are all valid matters to raise here...)

From Aexcon@concentric.net Sun Oct 6 16:01:55 1996  
Date: Sun, 15 Sep 96 00:37:21 -0500  
From: Aexcon@concentric.net  
To: Randy Jones <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: Fwd: XER: Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here! Part 2  
Status: OR

Randy-

(Under the heading "let's confuse ourselves some more with how mailers are like the US postal service in many ways..." i.e. they lose mail! 8D )

I added to the original post last night, and sent it to the whole campaign... I figured you got it... and now I just responded to what you just sent... oh, boy. It can all still gel, though... here's a forward of the original post of the extra stuff... :)

Travis

---

Subject: XER: Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here! Part 2  
Sent: 9/13/96 9:44 PM  
Received: 9/13/96 9:46 PM  
From: Aexcon@cris.com  
To: Xerxes Campaign, xerxes@stargame.org

(OOC: I'm adding to Scorpio's comments here, so just call this an extension of the scene. Since no one's replied yet, I'll consider it safe to do...)

>"Apparently, Commander Malloy, it's not just the Klingon government we  
>have to worry about anymore," Scorpio declared. "If I may be so bold,  
>Commander, I'd suggest that command staff give themselves a quick brush

>up on Romulan tactics and that we merge reactions to those types of  
>scenarios with our current plans that revolve around Klingon strategies.  
>It might give us a better tactical edge at this point, and, quite  
>frankly, Sir, I think we need every advantage we can get."  
>  
>(responses, anyone)

And while he had the XO's attention...

"There's more, Commander, if I may," Scorpio added. "Regarding the radiation problem taken in tandem with the situation regarding our foes out here. If the enemy remains in the belt, as we are, then there are two things to consider. Either the enemy is suffering from ill effects to theirs crews as we are beginning to, or they have a way to combat the radiation. If the former is true, we may have an equalizing advantage. if the latter, then perhaps we can learn a lesson from either Klingon or Romulan technology in our own efforts to fight off the radiation's ill effects. Perhaps Mr. McGuire might have some thoughts on that."

(responses.)

"Another possibility, of course, is that the enemy, knowing of the radiation problem, has retreated further away from the system and further out of harm's way," Scorpio suggested. He'd didn't need to add 'which maybe we ought to consider'; that part was understood.

(Responses. Can someone here ask if there's anything else or what have you? Max is full of theories today and I don't want it to look like he keeps sticking his nose in and what have you. Thanks.)

"Actually, there is one more thing... if no one minds if I ask the computer another question?" Scorpio asked, rhetorically, considering that he was already turning to the computer.

(Repsosnes, if any.)

"Computer," Scorpio said. "Continue under previous security access. Assuming Klingon/Romulan fusion, please calculate likely point or points of origin for said enemy forces within this area."

(Resposne Computer.)

From lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us Sun Oct 6 16:02:41 1996  
Date: Mon, 16 Sep 1996 00:47:42 -0400 (EDT)  
From: the singin' one <lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us>  
Subject: Re: XER: a little cold water  
Status: OR

> Unspoken, and masked away from any eyes that liked to read faces - Max  
> was good at keeping his face neutral when necessary - was, And if you  
> ignore this and don't at least slightly act on it then you're... Temper,  
> Max. Good thing you're a poker player.

"Steady there, Mr. Scorpio," Malloy('s sd) replied, who had read the man's jacket was not fooled. "I did not say it was a waste of time, only that I wanted to know if you had evidence. Coming up with theories is one thing. Proving it is something else."

> >Conner shot a look at Scorpio...then nodded and turned back to Malloy.  
> >"I'd have to concur on this one, Commander." she put in. "If as  
> >all this indicates we are dealing with a Romulan/Klingon alliance  
> >of some sort then the Federation is in for even more trouble than  
> >we'd thought and we'd best be ready for it."

"There's more, Commander, if I may," Scorpio added. "Regarding the radiation problem taken in tandem with the situation regarding our foes out here. If the enemy remains in the belt, as we are, then there are two things to consider. Either the enemy is suffering from ill effects to theirs crews as we are beginning to, or they have a way to combat the radiation. If the former is true, we may have an equalizing advantage. if the latter, then perhaps we can learn a lesson from either Klingon or Romulan technology in our own efforts to fight off the radiation's ill effects. Perhaps Mr. McGuire might have some thoughts on that."

"Perhaps," Malloy replied.

"Another possibility, of course, is that the enemy, knowing of the radiation problem, has retreated further away from the system and further out of harm's way," Scorpio suggested. He'd didn't need to add 'which maybe we ought to consider'; that part was understood.

"It seems you are full of ideas, Mr. Scorpio. Anything else?"

"Actually, there is one more thing... if no one minds if I ask the computer another question?" Scorpio asked, rhetorically, considering that he was already turning to the computer.

"Computer," Scorpio said. "Continue under previous security access. Assuming Klingon/Romulan fusion, please calculate likely point or points of origin for said enemy forces within this area."

The computer worked quietly for several seconds, then spit out a list of several dozen known planets between their location and Klingon space.

(response)

> (OOC: GM: does this mean that every strategic point question that Max  
> asked after this just got erased? No matter what Malloy's response is,  
> I'd think that they are all valid matters to raise here...)

(ooc: remember, what i do as gm or "the computer" will not necessarily coincide with the words i put into an npc's or even a stunt double's (sd) mouth. get the proof.)

the singin' one

From Aexcon@concentric.net Sun Oct 6 16:02:50 1996  
Date: Mon, 16 Sep 96 00:24:06 -0500  
From: Aexcon@concentric.net  
Subject: XER: And Then Some Vinegar  
Status: OR

>(ooc: remember, what i do as gm or "the computer" will not necessarily  
>coincide with the words i put into an npc's or even a stunt double's (sd)  
>mouth. get the proof.)

(OOC: Oh, I realize that... but to remain within character, this gives all the more reason for Max to really dislike the fact that a higher ranking officer hardly seems phased with what Scorpio feels is a major breakthrough... You've read his jacket... :) He'll find proof, but he'll swear under his breath the entire time doing it...)

>The computer worked quietly for several seconds, then spit out a list of  
>several dozen known planets between their location and Klingon space.

>

Scorpio took the hard copy and handed it to Commander Malloy. "I grant you, Commander, it's a haystack," he admitted. "However, perhaps with a little help from Mr. Barrier to calculate which of these would be most navigationally likely as points of origin and a little luck, we might be able to narrow it down to a needle or two as to where the enemy comes from. That aside, Sir, I stand by all of my previous recommendations. That is my report, Sir."

(Response Malloy)

"And now, Commander, if I may," Scorpio requested, "I would like permission to adjourn from the Situation Room so that I can continue to further gather the proof that you are asking for."

And in the meantime, he mentally added, don't you dare just sit on this... I don't have the luxury of decking superior officers for acting like idiots and ignoring vital facts available to me at this point... Come on, Malloy, he thought. Prove to me that you're smarter than all that and at least \*consider\* what's sitting right there in front of you...

(Response Malloy)

From RDAVIS62@maine.maine.edu Sun Oct 6 16:02:59 1996  
Date: Mon, 16 Sep 96 07:22:53 EDT  
From: RDAVIS62@maine.maine.edu  
Subject: XER: Neulon  
Status: OR

Neulon says, "Very sound work, however, like us I would assume that any fusion breed would be susceptible to the radiation. I would say it is a separate race, but one that either is an ally or a protectorate of whomever is behind all this. They never did fire upon the klingon cruiser. The klingons are awfully fond of taking a not so technologically superior race and giving them what they need, as long as they ally themselves with the klingons"

From magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us Sun Oct 6 16:03:19 1996  
Date: Mon, 16 Sep 1996 07:54:16 -0400 (EDT)  
From: Deborah Capuano <magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us>  
Subject: Re: XER: Neulon  
Status: OR

> Neulon says, "Very sound work, however, like us I would assume that any fusion  
> breed would be susceptible to the radiation. I would say it is a separate  
> race, but one that either is an ally or a protectorate of whomever is behind  
> all this. They never did fire upon the klingon cruiser. The klingons are  
> awfully fond of taking a not so technologically superior race and giving them  
> what they need, as long as they ally themselves with the klingons"

Conner nodded. "That's certainly in keeping with their track record, as is creating fusions...they've certainly taken enough humans for \*that\* why should it be any less believable that they'd use other races also?"

(reactions/responses anyone)

From magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us Sun Oct 6 16:03:25 1996  
Date: Mon, 16 Sep 1996 07:57:16 -0400 (EDT)  
From: Deborah Capuano <magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us>  
To: aexcon@concentric.net  
Cc: lyre@freenet.tlh.fl.us  
Subject: XER ooc  
Status: OR

Travis..  
this is strictly an OOC question and I'd rather not explain the reason here (though Randye knows it) but what would you say Max's emotional state is right now, summarized in as general terms as possible?

Randye...if you don't mind answering the same question for Malloy...?