

Forgotten But Not Lost

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by Kyle Eggleston

Down on the Shuka planet, two Dubor scientists had made themselves at home just outside the Kertuf Mountain Range. Toff and his mate Coff had established a base camp from which they could observe the Shukan people from a safe distance. Their eventual goal was to populate the Shukan home world with Dubor settlements and take over. But those things would take time. Fortunately, patience was a thing the Dubor didn't lack. They had all the patience in the world.

"Do you have those soil samples handy Toff?" Coff asked. "I want to see how our plants and vegetation react to their environment." She was anxious to eat some homegrown food for once. Something they were used to on their home world of Dubor. These ration packs were growing thin and they tasted even worse.

Toff shook his head. If his mate's head weren't attached in two places it would come right off. "I already handed you that data my dear. Please check your research pile."

Coff did as Toff requested. She smiled at finding what she had been looking for. "Ah I see you are correct. My apologies. This should prove to be most useful." She continued on with her research task.

Toff mixed together some spices into his ration pack. It made the taste a bit more palatable. He smiled as he ate the enhanced flavor. "We have been here a month, and you have not allowed yourself to experience what this world has to offer, food wise at least."

Coff scoffed at the thought. "These inhabitants are cattle. Or do you need to be reminded of that. I will not eat the same things they eat. I am not cattle, are you?!"

Toff shook his head. "No of course not dear. I would never classify myself with the likes of them. But they do have some interesting spices to offer if you would only try them." He offered her a portion of his enhanced ration pack. She turned her nose up at it and turned away from him. "Suit yourself." Toff replied. He continued eating his ration pack.

Coff continued her work. As the suns rose up over the mountains, she looked up into the sky. It was an odd thing to see two suns in the sky at once. On Dubor, they could only see one at a time. The Shukan planet usually hid one of the suns from view. She wondered if they would be successful in taking over the planet this time around. The last time, over a hundred

years ago, it didn't quite work out like they had planned. This time they were smarter, they knew what kind of resistance to expect from the local population. She had a feeling things would be quite different this time around. For starters they were starting off slower. They didn't send multiple ships to start settlements, only one to begin with. It seemed to be the logical course of action this time around.

Coff had been also experimenting on the animal life she found, mostly what the cattle thought their own cattle was like. She thought it strange for cattle to eat other animals like themselves, but that is what they did.

As she looked to the sky, Coff thought she saw something as bright as a star appear. It was odd because during the day you normally didn't see stars. It could only mean one thing, Sky Divers must be visiting the station in orbit. The Dubor called visitors from other planets Sky Divers, just like the Shuka called them Strangers From The Sky. She hurried inside the small hut to tell Toff.

"Toff! Toff! Sky Divers have arrived in orbit." Coff said.

Toff didn't look up from his work. "So? And?" He replied. "In case you haven't noticed there *is* a space station in orbit. Of course they're bound to receive visitors from time to time."

Coff continued to look outside, she wondered what the sky people were up to today. She knew they were actually humans, but sky people had a nice ring to it. If they were to share this planet, she wanted to get to know everything there was to know about them and their ways.

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In high orbit above Shuka, Crimson Gamma glistened in the sunlight. An Earth Force Alliance Heavy Cruiser had just dropped out of FTL and into normal space near the station. The cruiser had four engines at the aft, and a large sphere shape at the front. The middle was a long pipe shaped structure. It was over a mile in length.

In C&C Major Jack O'Brien watched the ship come closer. He had never seen that particular configuration before, it was quite impressive. Most heavy cruiser class star ships had two engines tops. He wondered how fast this ship could go. He was guessing it could go faster than any ship he had ever served on.

Kate Monson whistled at the sight of the ship. "She's a beaut! Sir, we're being hailed." O'Brien nodded. "Yes she is. Open a channel."

The main monitor switched to the smiling face of General O'Neil. "Crimson Gamma, this is General O'Neil onboard he Franklin. Request permission to come aboard."

O'Brien smiled back at the general. "Permission granted general." He said.
"Unfortunately I don't think we have a docking port available for you to dock your ship. You'll have to come over by shuttle."

General O'Neil shook his head. "Just teleport me."

Jack frowned remembering the circumstance behind the teleporter. "I'm sorry sir, our teleportation system is currently down. I recommend a shuttle." He insisted on a shuttle, it was safer that way.

O'Neil shrugged. "Alright, prepare a docking port for me. I'm coming over with my first officer."

Kate checked her console. "We have you assigned to docking port six, sir."

"Six, understood." O'Neil said. "Franklin out." The channel closed.

O'Brien looked to Kate. "You're drooling commander." He chuckled at his own joke. Jack couldn't blame her, the flagship of the Earth Force Alliance was something to behold. After the Civil War, the fleet had to be rebuilt. They seemed to be tuning out star ships at an impressive rate these days.

Jack and Kate walked out of C&C to meet the general at the docking port.

The docking port was like a ghost town. No ships were scheduled to dock with the station that day. That was an unusual thing to happen, but it did happen from time to time. Jack didn't mind the peace and quiet. It was a welcome change from the normal hustle and bustle of the busy station.

Approaching the port, Kate and Jack waited for the general and his first officer to appear. The general was usually on time, punctual was his middle name. During the war he was known for meeting his battles head on without hesitation.

Kate tapped her foot against the deck. After her recent run in with her ex husband, she was nervous of anyone coming through customs; even if it was a highly decorated general. It wasn't that she was paranoid, just cautious. She had every right to be cautious, at least she thought she did. If anyone wanted to argue the point, she was ready to go head to head.

Jack understood why Kate was nervous, he couldn't blame her. But this was a general that was visiting the station, not some unknown person. He hoped she would be able to calm down a little so she could greet the general properly.

The doors opened. General O'Neil and his first officer entered the station. He greeted O'Brien with a firm handshake and then shook Kate's hand as well. "Major, commander." O'Neil said. "It's good to see you both again."

O'Brien returned the compliment. "Good to see you too general. I'm sorry you had to come all the way out here just to parade the flag as it were."

O'Neil shook his head. "Not a problem major. From your reports it seems these Dubor need to be put in their place. What a better way than for the flagship to be present. They'll get the message we're here to stay and don't plan on leaving anytime soon."

Jack gestured towards a corridor. "Please come with me, I'm sure you're hungry after such a long journey." The corridor led to the Main Gallery of the station. It was the entertainment hub of the joint. Jack always felt hungry after a long journey from Earth. He didn't know why, but that's just how he felt. He was sure the general felt the same way, and he would be right. "The Fresh Star Restaurant just opened here on the station, I've been meaning to make a visit myself."

General O'Neil smiled. "Sounds good to me. He turned to his first officer, what about you lieutenant?"

The lieutenant nodded. "Yes sir, it does sound good."

Jack was intrigued. It wasn't usual to see a mere lieutenant as first officer of a star ship. Usually officers were given a promotion to at least lieutenant commander if they were going to be second in command of a heavy cruiser. The general was different after all, he didn't always play by the same rule book as the other commanding officers in the fleet. That's what made him unique and a good line officer, and that's why he was given command of the flagship.

Unlike the docking port, the Fresh Star Restaurant was crowded for a Friday morning. At the sight of the major and his company, the hostess waved them in. "Major." She said. "It is good to see you visit our establishment. I have a quiet table reserved for you."

O'Brien bowed slightly. Being commander of the station did carry certain perks with it. They say rank had its privilege, today that was proving to be true.

The hostess looked at the general and a big grin grew on her face. "Mack?!" She said recognizing him. "You dawg, I didn't know you were visiting the station. Why didn't you tell me? Hell, why didn't you call me?"

Mack O'Neil's face flushed bright red. It was true he never did return the hostess's call like he promised to. But that felt like a lifetime ago, before the Civil War broke out. To be fair he didn't know she even worked on the station. When he met her she was a drifter at best, not knowing where she was going or having plans of any kind. It was a one night stand at best.

"Rebekah" O'Neil said. "It's good to see you again. I didn't know you worked here. Seems you've found your groove in the universe."

Rebekah smiled at the general. “Yeah you could say that. A friend owns the restaurant, she offered me a job knowing I was down on my luck. As luck would have it I was available.” She escorted them to a table near the back of the restaurant away from most people. It allowed them some privacy.

“Your waitress will be here shortly.” Rebekah said handing out menus, she winked at O’Neil. Rebekah walked away allowing the group to look over their menus and make brunch choices.

O’Brien looked over the menu, the prices were reasonable. He noted all prices were in Earth Force Alliance Credits, no gold option which was odd for the station. Usually prices were presented in both choices allowing the patron to choose how they would like to pay for their meal. It wasn’t unheard of, just uncommon. But the restaurant was allowed to do business as they liked. There weren’t any rules or regulations against such pricing structures.

O’Neil looked up from his menu to O’Brien. “Major, is it true you have a member of the Dubor race aboard station?”

Jack’s smile dropped, he wondered where this line of questioning was going to go. He hoped it wasn’t headed where he thought it was headed. “Yes” he said “Grilka, she helped me and the ambassadors escape.”

“I see.” O’Neil said. “How have the interrogations gone? I haven’t read any reports regarding them. I assume you are interrogating her.”

Jack set his menu down, he did not like where this line of questioning was going at all. He was quickly losing his appetite. “Well, she has helped us translate her shuttle pod’s systems. We’ve gathered some useful information about how their propulsion systems work, their weapons systems as well.”

O’Neil set his menu down as well. He locked eyes with the major. “And what information has she given you regarding the Dubor leader, Ketish?”

Jack frowned, is this the real reason the general had made a trip to Crimson Gamma? To interrogate him in front of his first officer over brunch? He couldn’t believe the line of questioning, he was appalled. In a way he could understand the questions. The general wanted to know everything there was to know about a possible new threat to the human race. The Dubor wouldn’t stop at Shuka, once they were finished with them they might attack Earth. The major wanted to be ready for whatever came afterwards.

“Well, we haven’t really gotten into Ketish much.” Jack responded. He shared a glance with Kate who averted her gaze. “Just that he killed me on several occasions during my incarceration and she managed to bribe him to stop.”

"I see." The general said. "You think gaining her trust is more important than intelligence gathering is it?" He drew in a long breath. "I understand you don't want to do the hard things major, especially after what she did to help you. But they must be done. I have a very capable officer onboard the Franklin who can gather that information if you are unable to do so."

The line was drawn. Either Jack was willing to be on the right side of that line, or he was going to be arguing his way through until he was forced on the side that the general was on. Jack didn't want to have to make that choice, yet here he was being forced to do so. Everyone knew you don't force compliance on someone in order to gain information from them. You can't expect a person to cooperate when they feel trapped in a corner. He had a plan in place for Grilka, but if that plan wasn't up to the generals expectations; Jack didn't know what to do.

Major O'Brien shook his head. "That won't be necessary general." He said. "I will get you the information you want."

"Good" General O'Neil said. "That's exactly what I want." He picked up his menu again. "Now, how about that Lobster Bisque."

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Down on the planet surface, Coff was digging in a grid like pattern. She was looking for something her scanner picked up that had some familiar energy readings. As Coff dug, she couldn't help but wonder what it was. The scanner couldn't tell her what was buried there, only that it was Dubor in origin. It didn't come as a surprise to find something of Dubor origin on Shuka soil. Her people had inhabited the world for over one hundred years before being driven off by Obshi and his troops. She just didn't know her people had occupied that particular mountain range in the past, Coff thought they had settled somewhere unique.

After digging for a while longer, her shovel hit a hard object. Coff dug around the object, it appeared to be a large stone box. Once enough dirt was removed, Coff used the shovel as a lever to lift up one side of the lid to the box. Lifting the lid out of the way, she could see clearly into the box and its contents.

Coff was amazed. She found a flight recorder, some Dubor armor, parchment scrolls that were all but dissolved, and a sword. Next to the box were the remains of a Dubor soldier. He, or she, wasn't tagged in anyway. There was no way of telling who the person was. Only that they had manged to hide certain artifacts in the dirt for someone like herself to dig up.

The flight recorder had a faint energy reading to it. When she passed her scanner over it, Coff confirmed that was the cause of the reading she had seen earlier. Picking up the recorder, she replaced the energy crystal with a spare she had with her. Once the crystal was inserted, the recorder powered up properly.

“Captain’s log.” The voice of a man long dead said “I don’t know why I was sent to this gods forbidden planet. I’m sure someone has it out for me. We were told to build settlements, well we’ve done that. Now we wait for something to happen. What exactly? I’m not told. But my orders are not to understand only to obey, so obey I will.”

Coff wondered if the voice belonged to the remains she found alongside the box. She bet it was, it only seemed logical that he was protecting the box when he died. Coff listened to more of the log entries. They were all similar, the recordings of an overworked officer who didn’t know or understand why he was on an alien world.

She didn’t understand where the disconnect was. From her understanding, everyone who went to Shuka during the war knew why they were there and what their purpose was. If this record was any indication of how things really were, this long forgotten soldier didn’t have a clue what he was doing there. Coff couldn’t let this information get into the hands of the general public. It went against everything she grew up understanding about their movement.

“Captain’s log. I helped someone today, a Shukan woman. She was out in middle of the road where a sky copter was landing. I shouted for her to get out of the way, but she couldn’t hear me. I ran to her aid and got her out of the way before the sky copter flattened her. Since the incident my own people have been looking at me differently. They have been saying things about me calling me a traitor. This war doesn’t make any sense to me. I just want to go home.”

Another entry of not belonging on Shuka. Coff’s gut reaction was to erase the log entries. She wanted to cover it back up, hide it from the ears of other loyal Dubor citizens. Nothing she was hearing was good or useful for their end goal. If anything it hindered their goal of domination. She had always wondered if there were sympathizers, collaborators for the opposing side; but never imagined she would find evidence of it.

Coff wondered if she should tell Toff about it. It would crush him. In his eyes every Dubor was a loyal Dubor. There was no one standing on the sidelines of the war. Either you were for it or against it, and to his understanding every Dubor knew what they were fighting for and were loyal to the cause. But what if that way of thinking was wrong? She shuddered at the thought and played another entry.

“Captain’s log. We don’t belong here. My government has made a grave mistake and I have to stop them. I can’t explain this to the men under my command. I’ve tried. They don’t want to listen. There’s nothing for them to listen to, just the words of a traitor. I cannot go back home after this war. There is nothing for me to go back to.”

Coff felt a tear roll down her cheek. She was beginning to have doubts about their movement herself. If someone with the rank of captain could have these feelings, what was there to say others didn't feel the same way? They were just silent about it all. Coff had a decision to make. Either submit the evidence to her superiors or keep a lid on it, and she had to make that decision quickly before Toff found out about it.

Removing the energy crystal, Coff smashed the flight recorder against some rocks. She hoped it would damage the unit enough so the data couldn't be retrieved from it. Whoever this captain was, he would be remembered as a brave soldier of the Dubor Empire. Someone who never lost sight of what they had set out to accomplish on the Shukan home world. In her eyes he died a hero, and would be celebrated as such.

Coff gathered the remaining items and took them inside to be cataloged with the rest of the things she had found that day. She was a loyal member of the Dubor race and wouldn't risk tarnishing that reputation.

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Major O'Brien walked down the corridor to Grilka's quarters. He was going over what he would say to her once she opened the door. No matter how he spun it, it just didn't look good for either of them.

As he reached her door and pressed the door chime, Jack winced. Here went nothing.

Grilka answered the door and allowed him entrance. "Please, come in Jack." She said at the sight of the major.

Jack graciously walked inside her quarters and sat down on a bar stool in the kitchen. Grilka joined Jack as she sat next to him.

"I'm not sure how to put this." Jack said. He paused for what felt like minutes. "I guess I'll just come out and say it." He took in a deep breath.

"Okay." Grilka said smiling at him. She wondered what this visit was all about.

"My government wants to know things about Ketish. Things you haven't told us about yet." Jack continued. "Anything you can tell us about how he thinks, the way he acts, would be of great use to my government."

Grilka's smile dropped and turned into a frown. "Oh." She said. Grilka had expected something like this to come along. But she didn't expect Jack to be the one to question her. Grilka figured it would be one of Jack's security team to ask her such questions. To interrogate her as it were. Yet here he was trying to ask the hard questions. Jack was her favorite out of the three she helped escape. There was something about him that was different than the

others. She couldn't put her finger on it, but he was special. She would cooperate with whatever question he had for her. Grilka felt she owed it to him for allowing her to stay there on the station, giving her a place to live, a place to rest.

"Ketish." Grilka started off. "Is one of our most brilliant war masters of the Holy Order. Compared to the rest of us, he is a saint. He is ordained for sainthood when he dies. Ketish is just that important to our movement."

"Your movement." Jack repeated. He knew she meant her people's plans on taking over Shuka. They didn't align with her own thoughts, but she couldn't help but speak of her people as *her* people.

Grilka shook her head. "You know what I mean Jack." She said. "My people are quite evil in their ways. They see any other species as lessor, you know we think of those not of our race as cattle. It is how we were brought up. That's just the way it is."

"Go on." Jack said. "Back to Ketish."

"Yes, Ketish is a new up and coming leader. He wasn't always destined for sainthood. He was common like me once. But then he came here, for some unknown reason. After he left here is when he rose to power. I do not know the circumstances behind that. I just know that's when it happened." She paused, was there something about this place that made leaders out of ordinary men? She brushed it off. That was absurd.

"What is it Ketish wants?" Jack thumbed the counter in front of him. Any insight into the mind of the enemy would be helpful to his government. He just had to get that information from Grilka who seemed to know more than she let on.

"What every dictator wants." Grilka said. "The annihilation of the Shuka race. He wants them wiped from existence." She said it so simply like that's what was really expected of the war Dubor had in store for the Shuka people.

"But" O'Brien countered "If the Shuka are cattle, meat to eat, then destroying them will wipe out Dubor's supply of food. Wouldn't that be counter intuitive of the overall plan?"

Grilka tapped her foot on the bar stool as she thought about the question. The major had a valid point. If Dubor wanted to keep alive and healthy they would need a source of food in order to prosper. She did not have a clear answer for him.

"While that is true," She said cautiously. "I believe the risk outweighs the good things to benefit from it all. The Shuka people might fight back like they did over a century ago. The Dubor cannot accept defeat twice so close together." She nodded accepting her own answer as proof enough to make it feel right. Grilka of course did not condone what the Dubor people were doing by any means, but there was nothing she could do about it. She was an outcast now and didn't hold any power in her government.

"What kind of armaments do your people have." O'Brien asked.

Grilka shrugged. She didn't know much about Dubor defenses. She knew they had them, but that was about it. "Orbital weapons platforms orbit the planet." Grilka said after a moment. "I do not know what they have in way of ships or armed forces. I am sorry major."

O'Brien nodded. Well he knew they had at least one star ship capable of FTL flight, and he could confirm the orbital weapon platforms as he had seen them in action over Dubor's home world. Without further information, he didn't have much to go off of. "That's okay." O'Brien said. "Just thought I'd ask."

Standing up, O'Brien thanked Grilka. "Thank you for your help. It's been enlightening." He said.

Grilka held up a finger. "Remember major" she said "When my people do come, they will come in full force. Your station won't last but a minute of their assault. You will be killed."

O'Brien took a step backwards. "You seem so certain of that." He said. "How can you be so sure?"

"I know my people Jack." Grilka responded. "If you do go up against them, be prepared for a fight to the death. Do not expect anything less than that."

Jack walked towards the door and turned around. "Thank you again Grilka, you've been most helpful." He exited her quarters. At least now Jack had something to tell the general and hopefully get him off his back for a while.

Grilka frowned. When her people do come in force, it was going to be a blood bath. She hoped she wasn't around to see it. Too many horror stories from the war had been passed down through the generations. She hoped another war wasn't possible, but feared there wasn't anything that could be done to stop it.

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Coff brought in the artifacts she uncovered earlier in the day into the small dwelling she and Toff occupied. Toff became excited to see the things he had discovered. He picked up a piece of parchment and carefully unrolled it. The writing on the parchment was in an ancient Shukan dialect, very old. He would have to have the computer's help in deciphering it to learn what it said. He set it aside for now.

Picking up the sword, Toff was amazed at how light it was. It was a formidable weapon back in the day. They didn't use swords anymore, particle weapons were their main form of defense these days. To fight a battle with swords and shields seemed barbaric by today's

standards. He stood in awe of how his people even managed to survive the early years. Then he came upon the damaged flight recorder. Toff examined the recorder and tried to turn it on. As Coff suspected it refused to work properly. He frowned at the uselessness of the device.

“A shame.” He said. “We could have heard one of our own generals talk of their great victory over the Shuka people in the early days of the war.” Toff remarked. “I doubt we will ever hear what is on this device. We will keep it just in case someone can repair it later on.”

“Yes, repair it.” Coff said shyly. She knew fixing the device was out of the question especially after she had damaged it beyond repair. But she wasn’t about to tell Toff what she had done. Certain things had to be kept a secret, even from him.

Toff picked up a small necklace. Attached to it was a medallion. He wondered what it meant. It depicted a man and a woman holding lightning bolts. Toff knew the Shuka people believed in some kind of gods, a lot of it wasn’t known to the casual observer. It was hinted at that each member of the religious government represented one of the gods the Shuka people believed in. Toff didn’t believe in Shuka’s gods, they didn’t matter to him for they were false in his eyes. How could a food source have a god to begin with? He set the necklace aside.

“Is this all you were able to find?” Toff asked. “So far I mean.”

Coff nodded her head. “Yes, that and the remains of a soldier of sorts. His armor is intact, but his body has seen better days.” She added.

Toff smiled at the thought. Of course the body would decay. It was a shame they hadn’t visited Shuka over a hundred years ago, maybe then they could have met the soldier and learned from him. “Bring me the body.” Toff said. “I might be able to extrapolate a holographic representation of the soldier. I want to see what he looked like.” He paused, “This might take me a moment to complete.”

Coff was curious as well what the soldier looked like. She had already heard his voice, she wanted to meet the man. She dared consider him a legend in his own right. To disobey the government, to stand up against them took courage. It took a brave man to do that, and clearly this was one brave man. She stepped out into the night to look at the moons in the sky. Again, Shuka blocked one of the moons from her view on Dubor. It was refreshing to see the other one finally.

As she walked, Coff wondered how the effort was going back home. Were they preparing to send more landing spheres to create new settlements? She couldn’t help but wonder. She hoped they would send another one soon, her mate was fine but she wanted more people to talk to; and the Shuka people were not an option.

Over an hour passed and Toff was still working on that holographic image of the soldier. Coff came in the dwelling to check in on his progress. She sighed as she noticed he wasn't making much progress at all.

"Maybe if I reverse the..." Toff's voice trailed off. He had done everything by the book, entered the DNA pattern into the computer system without problem, and followed the necessary steps to generate a holographic recording of the fallen soldier. But why wasn't it working?

The computer simply stated there was a DNA mismatch somewhere in the process and he had to begin again. Toff had started over six times already. It was starting to get on his nerves. Throwing a piece of paper across the room, Toff scoffed at his lack of success.

Coff cautiously entered the dwelling. It was a modest dwelling made for two people no more. There was a small living area with a kitchen, a bedroom off to the side, and a large workshop where they could do their scientific research. It was home away from home. The temperature on Shuka was too cold for their liking, Toff had started a fire to heat the place up.

"Problems dear?" Coff asked.

Toff pointed at the computer equipment in disgust. "I can't make heads nor tails of it. If you want to try, be my guest!" He stormed out of the dwelling and into the dead of night.

Walking over to Toff's research, she tinkered with the computer mechanism a bit. Everything she tried didn't work either. She too got the mismatch DNA error message Toff was getting. It didn't make sense to her. Coff tried variations of the sequence, maybe the DNA was just too old. She knew the Dubor had evolved over the past hundred or so years, perhaps that had something to do with it. No, that didn't work either.

Picking up a glass of water she drank from it. That's when a thought struck her. "Computer, match against any *non* Dubor species." She said. Hey, it was worth a shot. It was possible the remains she found was Shukan in origin and not that of a Dubor soldier. But if that were the case, why was the Shukan dressed in Dubor armor?

It took the computer over an hour to analyze all of the different possible matches for the many different races in the universe. Coff knew the database was extensive, but she didn't know just how many species the Dubor had managed to travel and meet. It was quite impressive.

"Match found." The computer finally said. "Simulating hologram."

"Toff get in here!" Coff yelled out the door. Toff came running in just as the computer finished its rendering.

Coff dropped her water glass.

There, standing before them was a soldier alright. It wasn't Dubor. It wasn't Shukan. The person standing before them was what appeared to be human.

"How can this be?" Coff said. "Humans weren't known among our people until the last fifty years."

Toff stormed around the dwelling. "Sacrilege." He said. "A human wearing Dubor armor? Impossible! Humans hadn't been to this part of the galaxy yet! This cannot be one of our esteemed soldiers. It is a mistake!"

Coff nodded in agreement. Yet somehow there it stood wearing Dubor armor. Not only did it wear Dubor armor, it wore the Armor of Light. That armor was reserved only for the most high priests. How a *human* rose to such a power on Dubor was mystifying. Yes, it must have been a mistake. The computer was wrong.

Toff recalculated the findings, again the human stood before them, and again he tried and yet again the same human stood before them. It was no mistake. The human had at one point visited the Shuka home world during a serious moment in their history. Humans were a part of it. Who knows what else there was to be found on Shuka.

Coff and Toff stood there with terror in their eyes. What exactly had they uncovered?

The End