The Missile Silo

I chose the title because I am launching a whole bunch of stories. Some of the stories are based on real events that have been embellished with additional fiction and exaggeration. Names and places have been altered. Some of the stories are extensions of shows I like to watch. I enjoy several different genres of show including crime drama, sci-fi, and medical dramas. So, there are a variety of stories. Most of the stories are obvious fictions. Occasionally I will send a story idea to a friend, and I have been told several times I should publish them.

I had a friend once tell me, “The man who can pull the trigger on himself, is the most dangerous man of all.”

“Promise me never tell anybody who you really are, or you’ll never have a decent life.” – Mom, 1961.

Dedication: For the Children.

Enjoy.

Contents

[The Missile Silo 3](#_Toc127035049)

[Abandoned 4](#_Toc127035050)

[Fight Club 5](#_Toc127035051)

[Fight Club 2 7](#_Toc127035052)

[Criminal Minds - The KLM Murder 7](#_Toc127035053)

[Dexter - Mom’s Gone. 9](#_Toc127035054)

[The Safe-House Meeting 10](#_Toc127035055)

[The Presidential Parade 13](#_Toc127035056)

[Memories 14](#_Toc127035057)

[Accused 16](#_Toc127035058)

[Wrong Man 19](#_Toc127035059)

[The Song Bomb 22](#_Toc127035060)

[Switch Blade 26](#_Toc127035061)

[Time Off 27](#_Toc127035062)

[Cold Case of the Crazy Redhead 28](#_Toc127035063)

[Cold Case - The Bridge 29](#_Toc127035064)

[Casualties of War 30](#_Toc127035065)

[Superfuels Super Engine 32](#_Toc127035066)

[Birth of a Mutant 33](#_Toc127035067)

[Abby Sciuto 34](#_Toc127035068)

[Alpha Group 34](#_Toc127035069)

[Time Traveller 35](#_Toc127035070)

[Cerebra the Computer 37](#_Toc127035071)

[Car Crash 37](#_Toc127035072)

[AET – Alien Encounter Team 40](#_Toc127035073)

[AET - First Mission 40](#_Toc127035074)

[AET - Earthquake 41](#_Toc127035075)

[AET – Little Dragons 42](#_Toc127035076)

[AET - Help Me 44](#_Toc127035077)

[AET - Summer Romance 44](#_Toc127035078)

[AET - Breakout 45](#_Toc127035079)

[AET - Subway 47](#_Toc127035080)

[AET - The Diamonello 48](#_Toc127035081)

[AET - G-Fritz Invasion 49](#_Toc127035082)

[Space Buildings 51](#_Toc127035083)

[Primitive Spaceflight 53](#_Toc127035084)

[Met X-Men 53](#_Toc127035085)

[Telepathic Haven 54](#_Toc127035086)

[Frostbite 55](#_Toc127035087)

[Peter's Tomb 56](#_Toc127035088)

[Schoolyard Fight 57](#_Toc127035089)

[Aunt Jean 60](#_Toc127035090)

[Double Blasted 60](#_Toc127035091)

[The Real Phoenix Force 62](#_Toc127035092)

[Water-Melon Woman 63](#_Toc127035093)

[Refrigerator Rob 63](#_Toc127035094)

[un6809 65](#_Toc127035095)

[Adamantium-Orange Process 66](#_Toc127035096)

[Birth of Storm 67](#_Toc127035097)

[KuKai Munroe 68](#_Toc127035098)

[Tangman2 68](#_Toc127035099)

[Kevin Munroe 71](#_Toc127035100)

[Revelations and Racism 75](#_Toc127035101)

[Loregenesis 76](#_Toc127035102)

[Plasma Engineer 76](#_Toc127035103)

[Runaway with Me 77](#_Toc127035104)

[Space-Time Teleporter 77](#_Toc127035105)

[Self Replicating Material 77](#_Toc127035106)

[Star Bomb 78](#_Toc127035107)

[The Emergency Services Test 78](#_Toc127035108)

[Spooked 79](#_Toc127035109)

[The Urge to Fly 79](#_Toc127035110)

[How to Remember Your Name 80](#_Toc127035111)

[Trek - Casey's Apartment 81](#_Toc127035112)

[Trek - Extended Family Meeting 83](#_Toc127035113)

[Trek – Fry Contact 84](#_Toc127035114)

[Galactic Archeology News 88](#_Toc127035115)

[Camera One, The Cat’s Eye 88](#_Toc127035116)

## The Missile Silo

One day when I was a young boy, I was on my way to visiting a friend who lived in a low-income apartment building about eight to ten stories tall. My friend lived on the fifth floor, so I wandered over to an elevator and pressed the up button. It turned out not to work. It was a non-working elevator shaft.

The elevator hadn’t been working for weeks. I got curious as to what was going on with the elevator. And I managed a peek through a partially opened elevator doorway. Almost immediately I was grabbed on the shoulder and told to get lost by an older gentleman with a heavy foreign accent. A gang of darker skinned males with heavy foreign accents were controlling the building. Some of them were armed with guns, and they weren’t allowing anyone near the elevator.

What I got a peek of was a rocket about five stories tall.

I got a hold of an authoritative adult and told them what I saw. They didn’t believe me at first, and questioned how I knew what a rocket was. I was only about five after-all. A police officer in plain-clothes then investigated the building. The army ended up being called in, based on what the police officer reported.

The army ended up tearing down the apartment building. People renting apartments, many of whom were terrified, were dispersed to other apartment buildings.

## Abandoned

For a moment Paul did not understand. His parents seemed to be leaving him behind. They told him to wait where he was while they walked away. Then he realized it was true; it was what they were doing. He cried for a moment, but he understood the reason why. They could not stand to look at him. He was three years old, and his parents did not want to look after him anymore. He pondered on his situation for a moment. It had all begun with the squirrel.

He had been out playing in the local park under the care of his aunt and uncle while they held a picnic. He wandered off some ways to a nearby hedge. The hedge was quite tall, it had not been trimmed for a while. Then something he saw in the hedge caught his eye. It looked a bit like a ball of string. Curious he reached over to it. It was squirrel’s nest. Out popped the squirrel and landed on his shoulder. The squirrel was more than a little excited; it was defending its home.

A fight with the squirrel ensued. It was brutal. The squirrel just would not go away. It jumped from his one shoulder to the other scratching at his neck in the process. He tried to swat the squirrel away, but he wasn’t fast enough. The squirrel was incredibly fast. Finally, he got the idea to use both his arms at the same time. He brought his arms up, successfully swatted the squirrel this time; unfortunately for the squirrel, it ended up in his mouth. He instinctively swallowed hard. Down went the squirrel.

When his older brother Peter found him, he was trying to not to choke and had just a little bit of the squirrel’s tail protruding out his mouth. Peter chuckled: “What’d ya eat?” Peter knew little kids sometimes ate things they shouldn’t. And he suggested pulling it out; he thought it was a piece of fluff. Paul refused to let Peter touch him. The squirrel was still struggling and had bit Paul on the inside of his throat. It was slowly suffocating though, and Paul realized the squirrel would be dead soon. He only had to wait. Paul devoured the squirrel and learned something about life and death. Peter led Paul back to the house.

Peter led Paul to the bathroom whereupon he suggested removing whatever it was that Paul had swallowed. “No leave it alone.” Paul said in a muffled voice. It was dead. “If I pull it out you’ll feel better.” Peter stated. “No, I won’t.” Paul said somewhat irritated at his brother’s attention. Paul realized that Peter did not understand what happened. Peter did not understand death. Paul thinking to educate his older brother, grabbed a pair of scissors from the bathroom drawer and stabbed Peter in the neck. It was so that Peter would understand what it would be like to be dying. Blood sprayed everywhere.

They rushed Peter to the hospital, but by the time the parents had found them it was too late. After that Paul’s mom and dad were very sullen. They would not look at Paul anymore. They had decided it would be best to leave Paul in the care of his aunt and uncle; at least for the time being. They arranged to drop Paul off on an abandoned property. It was a one-way arrangement though that his aunt and uncle did not agree to. There was some arguing and bickering. Ultimately Paul had been dropped off, and nobody picked him up. At the age of three was on his own.

And the storyteller was Paul Manswater.

## Fight Club

His trainer thought he was a real scrapper for a kid. He thought didn’t stand a chance. At least that’s what he figured. His first fight had been to test what he was like as a fighter; he did not make any money from it. He fought a couple of times against suitable opponents, then the stakes went up. His next fight was in a tank of liquid water against an octopus. Odds were approximately 50:1 in favor of the octopus winning. It was not unheard of for a human to win, but was extremely rare, so the odds were set well. His trainer told him he’d have to fight like hell to keep his head above water. The octopus was smart enough to try and drag any opponent under the water and drown them. His best bet was to try and use his feet to interfere with the octopus’s breathing. While holding on with his arms.

He studied the arena while waiting for fight time. It was a large fish tank. The entrance was at the top. The tank was made of thick plexi-glass. It looked like it was about a 10-foot cube. Inside the tank was what looked like a playground set of monkey-bars. The tank was transparent, setup centre-stage for easy viewing from every side. The “arena” was all underwater except for a few rungs of the monkey-bar set at the very top. There would be no way to avoid his opposition. It was amazing the things he’d do to earn a little cash. His income for this fight would be $10,000. Bets on the fight were for much more than that. Of course, it was illegal, but he didn’t have much choice.  Usually, one or the other opponent ended up seriously injured or dead. He’d won his previous fights and didn’t really dwell on the consequences of losing. He needed $30,000 dollars fast, so he’d offered to do three fights. He didn’t realize at the time what his opponents would be like.

As the time for the fight approached, he mulled over his strategy for survival, how would he win? He thought about what his trainer told him and wondered who his trainer was betting on. Almost everybody loses against the octopus, and everybody used the same basic strategy. He decided he was going to try and turn things around. If it worked he might live, if it didn’t work he was bound to die faster.

The crowd was cheering fight! fight! fight! at the ordained time. He listened to the crowd as he climbed the ladder to the top of the tank. He momentarily had the thought that he was going to die, then told himself not to think like that. He entered the tank and the door at the top was closed and locked behind him. There was no escape. He knew what he was going to try and do.

He figured he could hold his breath for 30 to 40 seconds at a time. He was going to face the octopus head-on. He figured his legs were stronger than his arms and he’d be able to hold onto the top rung more securely using his legs and feet. He wanted to be able to see what he was doing during the fight. He figured kicking at the octopus blindly wasn’t going to do him any good.

Several seconds after the tank door was closed above him, the octopus was released from below. The fight was on.

## Fight Club 2

“Go ahead kid, make it look good, I don’t need to win.” The off-duty police officer said with a depressed voice. “I am sorry things didn’t work out.” The kid said apologetically. The police officer did not have a choice. He had been blackmailed into being there. It was the fight club or the end of his career and many other aspects of his life. They’d told him he only had to win one high value fight and he’d be free. He thought if he was lucky he would be pitted against some asshole who deserved it. It turned out the fight club managers had prepared a surprise, a kid. Someone who would test what the officer was made of. The kid knew what he had to do. He had to be fast as hell. One good hard punch to the throat, and the police officer was down.

In the news, a police officer was killed in an after-hours brawl, nobody knowing that he had saved one last life.

## Criminal Minds - The KLM Murder

It was August 3rd, 1962.

I was the KLM murder victim. Kevin Leroy M. I also had a code name, but I have since forgotten it. I was sequestered in a railway car, which is another complete story, and just starting school in September at the age of five. The railway car was quite nice having dining and sleeping facilities and I had it all to myself. It took the killer about a ½ hour to break through a steel door into the railway car where I was. The wait was terrifying. I did not have a means to contact the outside world from inside the railway car. Once inside, after a brief struggle, he used a machete and chopped off my arms and legs, then slit my throat and left me for dead in a garbage pail. He had poured gasoline in the garbage pail and threw a match in to ignite it as a forensic countermeasure. But the gas did not ignite for some reason. He was in a hurry and missed the jugular vein; he left assuming there would be fire. I was found barely alive the next day. Medical personnel worked on me for about 26 hours straight, sewing me all back together. Since I was a child they decided to go the extra distance and they managed to keep me alive. The killer was someone who followed the rail lines, not very well educated. He wanted to prove to people that he knew how to read and so was killing people based on their initials. ABC, BCD, CDE, etc. he had got all the way up to KLM when he killed me. I do not know if he was ever caught. He’d have to be in his 90’s now or older.

And the storyteller was Kevin L. Munroe.

## Dexter - Mom’s Gone.

“I phoned your mom, she’s on her way here. What do you think will happen when she gets here?” He said with a smile. Somehow the killer knew who he was and his parents phone number. He had planned the whole thing Tommy realized. He’d abducted Tommy off the street with the intent of killing someone. He must have studied who they were.

When he saw his mom, Sarah through the window approaching the door Tommy started to worry. He managed to get the door open, and yell at his mom: “Mom, this guy is dangerous in the extreme. Please go get the police.” Victor pulled him back inside the house. Victor had already shown Tommy some other dead bodies in a freezer. Tommy knew his mom would not be able to resolve the situation herself. He could hold out maybe until help arrived. Victor the killer, chuckled. It was just a game to him, which he was enjoying at the moment.

“I am sure it will be all right; I’ll just apologize to the man for having to pick you up and we’ll be on our way.” Sarah responded. She’d ignored her son’s plea for more help. Tommy wondered what story the man had told her. She approached the door. She reached door knocked on the side of it and started to open it further. Then in one quick smooth motion, Victor swung the door open wide, grabbed her wrist, and dragged her inside. In about a second the door was closed, and she was trapped inside. Nobody had seen anything.

Victor laughed, “You should have listened to your son honey.” He stated coldly as he slammed her against the wall. Grabbing her head from behind with his hands, he twisted her head around 270 degrees and snapped her neck and killed her. “See Tommy, that was a break-and-enter and I had to defend myself.” “That was a fun game. My mom did not listen to me either.” He said to Tommy. “Maybe we can play it again sometime.” Tommy was utterly distraught and terrified at the same time. Something the killer got a thrill out of. “Now let’s play a different game.” The killer said.

He led Tommy down the hall to a closet. “Get in” Victor said. Tommy reluctantly obeyed; he didn’t know what else to do. Victor closed the closet door. Tommy noticed an unusual smell. Once Tommy’s eyes adjusted to the dark, he threw up at the sight of another dead kid slouched in the closet. “I see you’ve met your friend.” Victor commented. The kid had been dead quite a while. “You’re going to play the same game this kid did.” Choose the blue pill or the red pill. If it’s the blue pill you die, and I won’t kill anybody else, if it’s the red pill, you live and someone else dies. Victor opened the door and handed Tommy a pair of pills, one red and one blue. Victor had a notebook with markings in it for read or blue. He’d been recording which color pill kids were taking. Tommy thought about it for moment, then realized that Victor was probably lying. He’d kill again no matter what. Then Tommy thought some more, and realized that maybe it wouldn’t matter which pill he took. There was no guarantee that either pill was safe. Tommy took the red pill, realizing he would be forced to take one or other.

When Tommy awoke, Victor was gone. Tommy surmised that Victor had gone out on a hunt for his next victim and to get rid of his mom’s car. It turned out the pill Tommy took wasn’t strong enough, it was a knockout drug; he’d regained consciousness before Victor returned. No doubt Victor wanted to keep the boy so he could torture him some more. Tommy realized he had to act immediately; he might not have much time. All the doors and windows were locked. He needed a key to get out. While searching for a key, Tommy found his mom’s body. She was laid out on a bed; Victor had had more fun with the body. It upset Tommy. Tommy thought to himself, “This guy is not going to win this time.” He found a knife and a bowling ball bag. Tommy very gently cut off his mom’s head. “Sorry mom.” He said quietly. “But you’re not going to go missing, there’s going to be proof, and a funeral and I can’t carry your body.” He put her head in the bowling bag. Tommy managed to find a key to the door. He opened the door and started walking nonchalantly down the street, as if nothing happened. He did not want people noticing; he did not know who he could trust. When he reached a nearby larger street he managed to hail a taxi. Tommy sighed relief when the cab driver offered to take him home. He was out of immediate danger.

Once home, it was all he could do to walk into the house. Everything in his world had changed. He met his dad in the kitchen. In a sorrowful voice he tossed the bowling ball bag on the kitchen table in front of his dad: “Dad, Mom didn’t make it.” Was all he could say in a voice choking up. Tommy then walked away to his room to cry. He couldn’t deal with anything else at the time.

## The Safe-House Meeting

The setting is a small safe house in a quiet community in South-Western Ontario Canada. The venue chosen as being reasonably close to the young boy’s current home. It was only an hour’s drive away. Close enough that the child could be sneaked to the location without his parents knowing about it. The arrangement had been setup by social services in consultation with a security agency.

An arranged meeting was setup between a young boy and his mom. They are talking quietly in the safe house. It was a case of a missing child being reunited with his parents.

Boy: “I don’t know mom. I don’t think I can go back home now.”

Mom: “I’m sure you’ll be able to fit in just fine, don’t worry about it. Now that we’ve found you you’ll be safe.”

The young boy snuggled up to his mother on the couch. He hadn’t seen her in over three years.

Boy: ”Mom, I can barely remember. I was three years ago, and I was only three. I feel like I have two sets of parents now.”

Mom: “I know honey. It will take time.”

Just then there was a rustling sound at the door.

Mom: “Well who is that ? We were not to be disturbed until after five o’clock. It’s only three p.m. You didn’t tell anybody you were coming here did you ?”

Boy: “No. I didn’t even know I was coming until they rushed me into the car.”

The doorknob or lock made a snapping sound. An intruder entered the safe house.

Boy exclaiming: “Mom, he’s got a gun!”

Mom:” Quick into the bedroom.” She threw a vase in the direction of the intruder and ran for the bedroom herself.

“Lock the door, lock the door!”. Mom yelled at her son, who had to get the key, while she held the door shut.

The intruder struggled at the bedroom door for a moment, then stopped.

Mother and son could hear the intruder talking to someone on the telephone.

Mom: “Man this guy is cold; he breaks in then uses the phone ?”

Intruder on the phone: “There’s a kid here too, they’ve locked themselves in the bedroom, what am I supposed to do ? I didn’t agree to kill no kid.” It was the case of the reluctant killer.

Other party: “we gave you a gun, use it. Kill them both.”

By this time mother and son had barricaded the door with a dresser. And were hiding under the bed.

Suddenly, a series of shots rang out. The intruder was trying to shoot at them through the door.

Mom got grazed in the forehead just above the left eye. The boy took a piece of shrapnel in the right eye.

Just when they thought it might be the end. They heard someone else at the door. It was an off-duty police officer who lived next door. She'd heard the shots and came to investigate.

They heard the police officer yell: “Freeze buddy. Drop the weapon!”. Then unfortunately the next thing they heard was the sound of a struggle.

Boy: ” Mom we have to help!”

Mom:” No. We can stay safe locked in the bedroom until help arrives.”

Boy:” What if help doesn’t arrive ?”

Boy: “Do we have any weapons ?”

Mom: “Yes, there’s a gun in my purse.”

Boy: “I’m going to help.”

They heard the police officer yelping in pain. The intruder was a good 20 to 30 pounds heavier, and several inches taller than the police officer. She was outmatched in a one-on-one fight. She yelled, “If you’re going to help you’d better help now!”

Boy: “Freeze mister, let her go!”

The intruder’s jaw dropped, and he stared back in disbelief for a moment. Here was a six-year-old kid pointing a gun at him.

Intruder sweating:” No kid, scram, I’ll let you go, just get out of here. You’ll never use that gun.”

“Shoot him kid!” the police officer yelled.

Boy coldly: “my mom wouldn’t use a gun, but I would.”

Then the gun went off. “Pow!”

The intruder staggered backwards, shot right between the eyes.

Police officer: “ya did good kid.”

Then they heard a moan.

“Oh my god, he’s still alive.”

The intruder mumbled: “I want to confess. I can’t see. I’m dying I think.”

Next came a brief confession from the intruder. Why he was there.

He owed the bank 360,000 dollars, but worse yet he owed the mob over a million dollars (1970 dollars). They agreed to pay off his debt if he agreed to assassinate the woman.

## The Presidential Parade

Tractor beams were in the news the other day. Everybody has their own set of conspiracy theories.

In the early sixties laser and targeting technology existed. As a relatively new technology it was being used to protect the president and others during the parade as one of its first field trials, but something went amiss with the technology. The targeting technology was supposed to be able to identify the source of a gunshot(s), track the bullet(s) and vaporize it with a laser before the bullet(s) could harm anyone. The Americans did not want foreign powers to know that they had high power laser technology with suitable tracking capability; it was kept secret. Of course, today high-powered lasers are a known. A gunshot rang out during the parade, an x-ray laser beam tracking the bullet struck the presidents head causing it to explode. They had to come up with a story to account for the damage done. Only a single bullet having been fired.

## Memories

**Story Synopsis (Spoiler)**

Peter has a flash-back about Agent Johnson.

**Story**

Peter still remembered agent Johnson, and wondered if he was too much of a robot. A VIP had described Peter as one of the coldest little kids she had ever met. Peter got his job as a special agent after rescuing someone and demonstrating good judgement and survival skills.

Peter was doing guard duty at a playground. Hidden under his shirt was a 9-millimeter semi-automatic weapon. Peter was one of the youngest employed bodyguards around, a rare item. He could blend in with kids. He’d been evaluated and given the green light to be an armed bodyguard. Peter was good at something called situational analysis. Today he was guarding another VIP kid about his own age. The playground was almost empty.

A nondescript white van approached. A man got out of the van and proceeded across the playground. Peter noted the van was still running, and the sliding door was wide open. It looked a bit suspicious as if someone were planning a quick getaway.

The man proceeded to Peter’s location in the playground. Whereupon Peter told him to stop and proceed no further. This individual said he was from the RCMP and here to pick up the VIP that Peter was guarding. Peter asked for proof, but the agent said he didn’t have his id on him. He’d been in too much of a hurry to pickup the VIP. Peter told him he was out of luck, he’d been instructed to not allow anybody under any circumstances, no matter who they claimed to be, except the parents to pick up the child. The parents had been introduced to Peter earlier and so he knew who they were. The RCMP agent spoke raising his voice, “We have to go now, it’s urgent, I’ve not time to waste.” Peter said I’m sorry, I’m under strict orders. The agent took a step or two closer, then Peter drew his gun, and said: “Don’t step any closer or I’ll shoot.” The RCMP agent replied: “I’m not wasting time with a kid. Get out of my way.” Then he took two steps closer almost within arm’s reach, and Peter shot him.

Agent Johnson later died at the hospital, from a gunshot wound clean through the heart. Peter found out later he was a for real RCMP agent and really was in a hurry. Peter felt terrible. The agent’s death was investigated, and Peter was exonerated of any wrong doing. But Peter still remembered agent Johnson.

## Accused

**Story Synopsis (Spoiler)**

The protagonist called "Peter" is held captive in an automobile by three antagonists one of which is holding a gun on him. Peter works his way out of the situation.

**Story**

1.       “What was her name ?” Peter asked calmly. Peter didn’t like the situation that was unfolding. He’d just been accused of killing the friend of the young lady sitting beside him. His mind raced with possibilities. He knew he had to remain calm and collected to sort this mess out.

2.       “You asshole, you damn well know what her name was.” His new lady “friend” yelled at him. She was quite upset and distraught with grief is what Peter noted. He had to try and calm her down, so she could think sensibly. Right now, she was completely irrational. But at some point she had managed to decide on a cold, calculated course of action. It wasn’t by accident that Peter ended up in the sedan. It had been a planned meeting on her part. Two men, her hired henchmen, had met Peter in the school hallway and asked to talk to him outside. It was the first indication of something amiss to Peter.

3.       Peter responded: “I honestly don’t know what you’re talking about.” He hoped his response wouldn’t anger her more. Peter wanted to be honest and sincere; his life might depend on it. Peter figured if he could keep her talking she might calm down after a few minutes. Maybe he could work his way out of this.

4.       “You do so know what I’m talking about and you’re going to pay.” the young lady stated with a cold anger.

5.       “So what are you going to do to me ?” Peter asked. He didn’t like what was going on.

6.       “I’m going to kill you and dump your body where no-one will ever find it.” She answered coldly. And with that comment she pulled an old revolver out of her purse and pointed at Peter.

7.       Peter started to sweat a little bit. “You’d be killing an innocent person if you did.” Peter commented. He had to find a way to stretch things out. “At least give me a chance to confess honestly. Since I’m going to die anyways I’ll be honest. But I need more detail on what happened. I could be confused about who died. How do you know that was the only person I killed ?” Peter was trying a tactic of confusion on her, to try and break her train of thought. She was obsessed that he’d killed her friend. He really needed to break that obsession, with any other thought.

8.       The tactic did work a little bit; she was momentarily confused by Peter’s question. “All right pisshead, it was at the dance two weeks ago in Orillia, you stabbed her to death. Asshole. Does that help ?”.

9.       Now Peter wasn’t sure what to do. He’d never been Orillia, and he wasn’t at the dance. He’d heard about another young girl who’d been stabbed to death at a dance, but that was months ago, not two weeks ago. “What day was that exactly ?” Peter asked.

10.   “Thursday, two weeks ago Thursday.” She replied.

11.   Now Peter had some hope, he could pose a strong argument for his case. “Two weeks ago, Thursday, I was at choir practice. Fifty witnesses would say so. “ Maybe he could convince his captor to investigate things more thoroughly before acting.

12.   “I don’t buy it, you killed her I know it.” she stated. She told her henchmen to start driving. But now she was contemplating her planned actions.

13.   Peter could tell what he told her affected her a little bit. She seemed to be calming down slightly, it was something he could work with to try and save his ass. He responded with another question: “So how do you know that I killed your friend ?”

14.   “My friend told me.” She stated.

15.   “So based just on what your friend told you, and no other evidence, you’re going to kill me ?” Peter almost couldn’t believe it. He’d learned to look for hard evidence as a kid, whenever something important was at stake. He knew you couldn’t always rely on what people said. This chick was a little immature, Peter thought. She needed to grow up.

16.   “Yes, my friend would never lie to me.” she replied.

17.   “And friends that never lie.” Peter thought to himself. “And your friend would never be mistaken ?” Peter retorted.

18.   “No. And I’m sure of it, I heard you were a real asshole, and definitely the guy.” was her response. “We’re almost there.” They had travelled far out into the countryside. Miles from anywhere.

19.   Now Peter was worried, she seemed committed to her actions. If she didn’t carry out the murder herself, she might get one of her henchmen to do it. Peter had a last-ditch plan, something to try if all else failed. Based on a story he’d heard from a friend.

20.   “We’re here, stop the car.” She commanded. Her hand, holding the gun on Peter, started to shake. Peter knew what she was trying to do.

21.   Peter said: “You’ll be killing an innocent person you know. That’d be a real murder. How will you undo what you’ve done afterwards ?” Peter was pleading.

22.   She seemed to think about it for a moment, then cocked the trigger.

23.   Peter was sweating. He had to try something. The gun could go off at any moment. How was he going to get out of this one ? A friend had suggested to him that in situations like this, take things into your own hands. Kill yourself before the one holding a gun on you can. That way at least you get to choose how you die. Or maybe live. If you control it, you control the odds of living, his friend had said.

24.   “I…I… “ She was stuttering, and her hand was shaking. Peter guessed she was a killer; she’d have the gumption to kill somebody. But she’d never killed anybody before. It was harder to do than she thought, but she seemed committed.

25.   As fast as he could, Peter grabbed her gun hand, and swung the gun up to the side of his head, there was a loud retort. And as the gun went off Peter could hear her scream “No…. Wait….”.

26.   \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

27.   Peter woke up at the bottom of a well. It’s amazing he didn’t drown he thought, but the well was small, and he’d landed with his head above water. It was amazing he wasn’t dead. It seems his plan worked. The bullet ricocheted off the side of his head. It had only knocked him out and given him a bad concussion. Hopefully his captors assumed he was dead. It seemed so, as they had dumped him down a well. By the time Peter climbed out of the well, and jogged back into town, it was almost daybreak. He’d been carted off school grounds the afternoon before.

28.   Peter showed up at school with a small bandage on the side of his head. Mutant healing factor comes in handy sometimes.

## Wrong Man

“Hi Peter, how are you ?” The RCMP agent asked. Peter didn’t know it was the RCMP yet. The agent had removed Peter from school during music class. The principal motioned that Peter should go with the agent. Peter and the agent had then driven to a nearby office building. Peter responded: “I’m just fine, what’s this about ?” The agent seemed friendly enough. Hi, I’m RCMP agent XXXX. Please take a seat in the interview room. RCMP agent closes door behind himself. Peter notices two guards at the door which makes him nervous. RCMP Agent: “We would like to talk to you about a series of outstanding criminal cases. I’m from the RCMP BAU (behavioural analysis unit), local law enforcement asked us to investigate a suspicious number of deaths in the area. Based on all the information we have and a detailed statistical analysis, we’ve tracked the central point of all the deaths to you and you alone. You and you alone fit our profile of the killer. We studied your background so we know how this could have happened.” Peter’s eyes went wide with shock and surprise. RCMP Agent: “So which is it ? Are you a serial killer or just some sort of a vigilante out for justice ? We noted all the deceased had criminal records, some including violent offences.” The agent continued: “You have one, and only one chance to come clean and potentially save yourself from a death sentence.” Peter started crying. Then he explained. “Sorry, there’s nothing more depressing or degrading than having your fellow man think you are a murderer. You’ve got it wrong, I’m neither a serial killer nor a vigilante. I’m just a guy who’s had a terrible string of bad luck.” RCMP Agent somewhat annoyed with the response: “Really, how’s that ? Explain it to me then. How is it that a guy can be involved in over 20 murders and consider it a string of bad luck ?” The RCMP agent began laying out photos of the deceased on the table. “You call this, and this, and this bad luck ?” The agent laid out more photos. The accused vomited. The accused continued: “I didn’t kill all those people. Just those three there.” And he pointed out the photos. “Those three I also reported to the police myself. They went to trial and were ruled justifiable by a judge.” The RCMP agent looked visibly upset for a moment and excused himself from the room. Nobody had told them that the accused had already reported three of the deaths himself. It didn’t fit with their profile. The suspect, if he was genuine wasn’t fitting the profile of a cold-blooded serial killer. Local law enforcement had included three deaths that had already been processed by the system. An RCMP specialist quickly reworked the statistics noted that if you excluded the three deaths from the case, that the central home location for the killer changed slightly. It was no longer the accused’s home location. It also changed the profile of the killer slightly. A few minutes later the RCMP agent re-entered the interview room. Peter had had time to study the photos. Peter begins talking. “You’ve got both victim and perpetrator files mixed up in this dossier. I’ve been the victim not the perpetrator three times in these files. I was classified as essentially deceased in those two files. Check the date, they happened when I was a kid. Look at the victim info, that’s me.” Peter continued talking, figuring it wouldn’t matter much: “You know you’ve really got about four or five different killers here. The MO for the killings is different. Didn’t anybody notice ? Look at the photos. Six people were beaten to death. Eight people were stabbed and carved up, and another eight people were shot. Three different means of death.” The accused continued on:” Of the six people beaten to death those three were killed with one or two punches by someone tremendously strong (Peter). The other three people were killed by someone not nearly as strong, and with a lot more malice. They were struck and kicked thirty to forty times. Is that a woman’s shoeprint on the corpse there ?” Peter continued: “Of the eight people shot, five people were killed with a shotgun, and three people with a small calibre firearm.” “It looks like all eight people might have been carved up by the same person.” The RCMP agent was momentarily flabbergasted. This was something he hadn’t expected. But as he looked at the crime scene photo’s himself, he realized it was probably true. The RCMP agent excused himself from the room again. A few minutes later he was back. RCMP Agent: “Here’s what it comes down to: it’s still a suspicious number of deaths which seems to be centred around you. But we’re going to let you go for now. We checked out your story about reporting the deaths to the police and found out it was true. Don’t try and leave the area. We thank you for coming in to see us. We obviously have more investigation to do.” The RCMP agent was hiding his anger well. He had just put a probably innocent man through the ringer because of a poor investigation. Something the RCMP doesn’t like to see happen. An RCMP specialist separated out the murders by the MO. It was determined that there was likely a cluster of murderers living within a few blocks of each other. Over the course of several weeks there were several additional arrests made of other suspects. RCMP had been too hasty in trusting local law enforcements analysis of the situation and had not taken the proper amount of time to assess the situation themselves. Local law enforcement had given them a ready-made suspect with a background, and they had only analyzed the location of the deaths without examining the crime scenes themselves.

## The Song Bomb

This story revolves around a handful of characters. There is lots of room to expand on this story. The author was unsure of how to present the story. In its original form it was laid out as a cold-case, the death of a young woman, the author having watched one too many cold-case episodes. All these events occur during the height of the cold war in the 1980’s.

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He was almost done. It would be one of the hi-lites of his life. As an autistic person he had always had difficulties dealing with people and finding work. He had been asked to make a prop bomb for a school play; but he knew he could do better. He had been offered several hundred dollars by the school principal for the prop. A prop bomb was too easy and unchallenging, not suitable for a person of his talents. He decided to make a real bomb in part as a celebration of his 50th birthday. Of course, the real bomb would be disabled without the detonator. The bomb was quite intricately made. It was an extremely powerful ultrasonic device. He calculated it might be as powerful as a small nuclear device. He was proud of it. The detonator was a sonic device itself, when a particular sequence of musical notes was played by the detonator the main bomb would go off. The bomb had a song to it. He thought it was fitting for a musical play.

The school-girl Anna had befriended Henry, the autistic genius a while ago. Now she was curious as to why he wanted part of a musical script. He had not really shown much interest in music in the past. He let it slip that he was building a bomb for the school play. Anna thought he meant the obvious prop bomb, and was surprised when he let it slip that he’d built a real bomb. In a moment she seized the opportunity. She would have her revenge against the prince who had got half her family killed. She told Henry the bomb was worth far more than the few hundred dollars he had received to build a prop. She offered him 10,000 dollars for the device. He said she could have it after the school play was finished.

It was the night after the school play, 10,000 dollars was transferred from Anna’s bank account to the that of the genius. She had no qualms about essentially stealing the gentleman’s device. It was realistically worth far more than what she paid for it, and she knew it.

Her plan was to drop the bomb on the prince’s house in Waterloo; perhaps she did not realize just how powerful the bomb was, but more likely she simply didn’t care. She wanted to obliterate the prince. The earliest it could be done was about a week after the play was over; the airplane pilot needed was not available until that time. She planned to steal an old B17 flying fortress to carry out her mission. She had managed to bribe the pilot to fly the mission offering favors in return. The pilot himself did not know what was really going on. She had told him she planned to sky-dive to her friend’s property.

It had been a long time. Now she was feeling some sense of happiness and thrill that she would be able to carry out her revenge against the prince. Everything was coming together. She had a bomb, a pilot, and a suitable airplane. But it was all to herself. She felt she just had to share with someone. She would tell someone she could trust. She would tell Peter, she felt she could trust him as she knew Peter had his own past troubles; he knew how to keep things secret and he would understand. She arranged to meet with Peter after school behind the maintenance shed.

“What’s up” Peter asked? “Why all the secrecy?” He knew it had to be something big, and something private. Anna had never approached him this way before.

“A covert action. It's about retribution and payback. I am going to get that bastard the prince.” Anna said with an angry voice.

Peter’s eyes went wide for a second as he was overwhelmed with the magnitude of the revelation. He realized she didn’t know it. She didn’t know who he really was. He was the prince. She did not even know who the prince was, yet she blamed all her life’s woes on him. After hearing more details of her plans, he knew he had to stop her; but how exactly. He did not want to lose his friend, and he did not really want to reveal who he was.

“You in she asked? You want to come along?”. Anna queried. Peter paused for a moment, then said “Absolutely. I can’t miss it. Where are you taking off from?”. “Local airfield, 7:00 pm. Don’t be late we won’t be waiting.” Anna responded.

It was 6:45 pm. Peter had gotten to the airfield in time. “Can I have a word with you, in private Anna?” he asked her. “Okay but be quick. In the machine shop.” Anna replied. “I am your friend but, I cannot let you do this.” Peter stated. Anna’s countenance fell. She was obviously disappointed. It wasn’t what she was expecting at all. Almost the opposite of her expectations.

“That’s a 500-pound bomb I saw. Think about the consequences. It would be devastating; in a highly populated area it could kill hundreds or thousands of people. You just cannot do this.” Peter pleaded. Anna got angry, “I can, and I will.” She stated. Peter noted her emotions were all over the map. She’d been depressed, then exuberant, depressed then angry. He wondered if she was on something.

“Think about what you would be doing to the pilot and his friend.” Peter said, concern in his voice. “What happens to them afterwards?” Anna responded: “It’s worth it. They’ll be heroes in some circles.”.

Peter tried, but there just did not seem to be any way of talking her out of it. He was pondering his options. Then the aircrew man yelled: “It’s just about time to go.” Peter was out of time. He was by himself, had not told anyone where he was going. And there was no means of communication nearby. He could not contact anyone.

“So, it’s come down to this has it?” She said with a committed voice. “You’re not stopping me, get out of my way.” Peter grabbed her by the arm. A huge fight ensued involving broken cheeks, jaws, ribs, and wrists. It was a close match but ultimately Peter had won. He had ensured it would not be possible to set the bomb off by getting hold the detonator and swallowing it. She did not see what he did with it; and he hoped they would not be able to find it if he lost.

Peter felt sad. He was sure he’d seriously injured his friend. She was lying unconscious on the floor, possibly out for good.

Now he had time to deal with the aircrew. At first they didn’t believe him, until he showed them the 500-pound bomb in the belly of the aircraft, covered over with tarps. Then they realized what kind of trouble they might be in. “I have to go get fixed up.” Peter said with a slight slur due to his broken jaw. “I am leaving it up to you guys to decide what to do. I lost a friend today. I can’t deal with things right now.”. Peter was physically and emotionally tired.

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In the news there was a new mystery, the body of a teenage woman was found beaten to death near an airfield. But it wasn’t a mystery to everybody. The armed forces had found out. The crewmen had the sense to contact them. They didn’t know how to dispose of a 500-pound bomb.

As a consequence of his action of building a real highly destructive weapon, Henry became a monitored person and had all his tools removed to help ensure he did not do something similar in the future.

Also, in the news in a seemingly unrelated event, not too long a time later, a little-known prince was admitted to hospital with an apparently self-inflicted gunshot wound to the head.

The prince realizing that there are multiple people trying to assassinate him, and that a good part of a city was almost destroyed, despairs and decides to take his own life, rather than see more people killed. He shoots himself in the head.

 The bomb was an ultra-sonic device probably as powerful as a small nuclear device. It was estimated to be powerful enough to destroy several city blocks. The hero feared that had it gone off in a north American city, it might start a war, given the people involved.

## Switch Blade

**Story Synopsis (Spoiler)**

The protagonist called "Paul" is attacked by two antagonists wielding switchblades in a washroom. It's a story about the power of a bad reputation, and being senselessly committed to one's actions.

**Story**

Two young women armed with switchblades lay in wait in the men’s washroom. As Paul entered the washroom he noted that there seemed to be someone else already present. Strange as the washroom lights were out. He flicked the lights on. To his surprise he realized it was a young lady. For a moment he fantasized about clandestine meetings with attractive young women but then Paul got a glimpse of a knife. He saw it just in time before it hit its mark. He grabbed the young lady’s wrist as she swung her arm, and slammed it against the steel door of a washroom stall to disarm her. Still holding onto her wrist, he then spun her around between himself and a second assailant, just as a second assailant swung a blade. Paul began yelling for help immediately. He didn’t think there was a way he could hold off two assailants armed with knives for very long. The second assailant took another a swing at Paul missed and instead sliced open her friend’s abdomen. Blood sprayed everywhere.

Paul wondered if anyone heard his cries for help, it seemed to take an eternity. He thought his prayers were answered a few moments later when a large security agent rushed into the washroom. Unfortunately, the security agent was temporarily misled by the screams of a young lady. As a ploy, she had screamed for help when she saw the security agent enter the room. Her leather body armour was covered in blood, and she was holding a knife. The security agent immediately punched Paul’s light’s out. Paul had been trying to hide from his assailants behind a wash basin, hoping to be able to make a run for the door. Paul’s last thoughts before passing out were if he would survive the night. Paul was surprised to find himself regaining consciousness in the washroom a few minutes later, just before medics arrived. Security agents had things under control by that time.

Paul had used the one assailant as a body shield against the other. Her friend stabbed the body shield to death, stabbing her about 20 times or so, trying to stab her target. All the time Paul was trying to talk her out of it, and yelling for help. The security agent later apologized to the young man after he found out the attack was the other way around. The reason the one young lady gave for attacking Paul was that she thought he had killed her friend a short time before, so she wanted to get even. She had relied on hearsay to pick target to vent her revenge on. Paul had a bad reputation for being a violent person; he wasn’t exceptionally violent; he was just a survivor. Paul tried to convince her that she had it wrong, by telling her he could prove it wasn’t himself.  But she wouldn’t listen. She’d committed to a course of action, and kept trying to stab Paul, disregarding the fact her friend was in serious need of medical attention. She killed her friend in the process. At the police station, the young lady eventually confessed to trying to kill Paul.

## Time Off

 Paul needed a break from his super-hero life. Daily dealings with villainous characters was dragging him down and threatening to give him a case of PTSD, so he decided to go bowling. Nothing ever happens at a bowling alley he thought to himself, and he looked forward to a relaxing evening. After a brief warmup which involved throwing a few gutter-balls he started to get his swing just right. He took two steps forwards towards the line at the start of the lane, swung the ball backwards, then forwards, and just as he was about to release the ball from his grasp, a large insect went whizzing past the left side of his head. He could just barely make out a cylindrical shape to the insect as it made a buzzing noise going past his head. It broke his concentration, but he still managed to take out two pins on right side for five points. Then he realized his ear was stinging. Gee, did that sucker bite me ? He thought to himself, then touched his ear. He thought it was a dragon fly, they don’t bite. He was shocked to notice blood on his fingertips. Wow that was a nasty bite. He thought. He was about to go to the bathroom to check his ear out when he heard another zinging sound and thought he saw something fly past the left side of his head again as he turned around towards the washroom. What the heck? He thought to himself is that woman putting a pistol in her purse. Now the insects made some sense to him; they were bullets. “Hey!” he yelled at the woman and took two steps forward. She turned and ran quickly out the door. Then he felt bit foolish as he realized it was probably just her cell telephone or makeup she was putting in her purse, and he had scared her. There was a way to find out, however. He could look for the bullets. Then he thought to himself this is just the kind of thing that is PTSD symptoms. A bug flies past and you think it’s bullets. It’s a good thing he was taking time off. He decided to take more time off.

## Cold Case of the Crazy Redhead

He had been gone only a few minutes. He walked part way to the store, then realized he didn’t have his wallet with him. So, he turned around and walked back. As he approached the cottage he could hear yelling and screaming from inside. Something was amiss.

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“I’m god here.” “I’m six times normal strength, and I’m going to do to these boys what I please.” Yelled the young woman who was now standing in the doorway. “Nobody’s going to stop me, certainly not you. Get in my way and I’ll kill you too.”. Then she lunged at him. Apparently she decided to act to eliminate a problem. He surmised very quickly that she was probably a serial rapist who hunted campgrounds for young boys to prey on. He’d heard about the individual on the news.

He moved so fast that she didn’t even perceive him moving. He side-stepped her attack and struck her fast and hard in the forehead using his fist. The concussive force combined with her forward motion, fractured her skull, and broke her neck. He hadn’t meant to do that. “I’m 20 times stronger than normal when I get upset, you bitch.” He commented dejectedly. He had only meant to knock her out, given perhaps only a single opportunity to do so. So, he didn’t pull his punch as much as he normally would.

He picked up her body and carried it to a nearby abandoned fridge. It was one of those fridges that was extremely old and only opened from the outside. There were tools in the fridge so one could get out if one took the time to think about it. But you had to be clam cool and collected. Not a hot head hyped up on drugs. He didn’t want her causing more problems if she came to. On his way to the fridge the neighbour saw him carrying her body. “Everything okay ?” The neighbour asked. He responded with “yep, just putting someone in the penalty box for bad behaviour.” Given all the yelling and screaming he heard when he approached the cottage he imagined that maybe the neighbour called the police already.

He could worry about contacting the authorities in a few minutes after he checked on the boys.

A few minutes later a young man walked up to the cottage. “Have you seen my girlfriend ?” He asked. “We were supposed to meet up the road a bit and she didn’t show.”

Thinking that there was something fishy about the situation he responded, “I haven’t seen her around.”. He surmised that this guy was the girl’s look-out and possibly accomplice. It’s why she wasn’t caught sooner; she had help. He wasn’t going to tell him anything until he could get a hold of the police.

The young man sucker punched him. “You asshole, you know where she is.” he yelled. Then he got amnesia and really couldn’t tell the young man a thing. It was literally years before he remembered anything about it.

## Cold Case - The Bridge

He looked down at her broken body and felt bad. Nobody deserved to die, all life was sacred. He had unintentionally flipped her off the bridge while fighting to survive. Everyone on the bridge heard her yelling and saw what happened. She had threatened to kill everyone on the bridge if they revealed who she was and tried to use him as an example. She had grabbed his belt and lifted him onto the railing and tried to push him over all-in-one motion, but he caught her shoulder and forced himself back onto the bridge. Unfortunately, she flipped over the railing and smacked into the concrete about 40 feet below with a large cracking sound.

A group of friends had brought her to the bridge, her favorite place, where they thought she would be calm. With a good bit of teenage sleuthing, the group had uncovered who the serial killer was who killed several of their friends. She confessed to them that she had killed over 20 people. The group wanted an open public place thinking that it would be no trouble. Foolishly they thought they could convince her to turn herself in, and it would be a lot better for her if she did. Otherwise, they were going to go to the police. Nobody expected her to try and kill someone right in front of them.

“Are we good?” He asked. Everyone nodded okay. Nobody wanted to have to tell her family and friends that she was a serial killer. Everybody thought she was a nice decent person. Its why law enforcement couldn’t find her. He believes it was left as a mystery; he’d left it up to the other people on the bridge to report it. Mysteriously, the serial kills stopped with her death.

## Casualties of War

The year was 1954, and I was about 13 years old. The Korean war had ended just last summer. Social services allowed me to live by myself since I had the economic means, and I was mature for my age. My uncle agreed to keep tabs on me. As a teenager I was worth about 2 million, inherited from my parents who were deceased. My mother had died during childbirth and my dad who I lived with for a while died as a soldier on duty during the war. I was living with my uncle; we were not fond of each other and as soon as I could move out I did. I decided to purchase a small house on the main street in Mithaven. I was a bit of a loner and decided I didn’t want to go to school. Social services allowed me to hire a private tutor / assistant for my schooling and housekeeping. I hired a beautiful young Korean woman who was about 20. I bought a new car planning on learning how to drive, and gave her a set of keys to allow her to use it. Not very many people in town had a car especially a new one and that led to some jealousy. Several people in town had their noses out of joint at the fact that I’d hired someone with a Korean heritage as a tutor. Mithaven was a small town west of Chaseford, and home to a nearby sizeable army training base. Historically the base had been present since frontier times. Centrally located to allow minimal transit time for troops to travel in any direction.

Ivan didn’t know what to do with himself. He’d been honorably discharged from the army as unfit for duty as the war was ending. Ivan was a young man suffering from PTSD acquired during his tour in Korea during the war. On his last couple of missions, he’d either frozen up or lashed out violently and unexpectantly; he was done as a soldier. He’d planned on making the army a career and now that wasn’t possible. After about a year of obtaining then losing odd jobs due to anger issues he thought he finally may have found another occupation: insurance sales. The work hours were more flexible, he could schedule his own appointments or go door to door as a foot salesman as desired. He had only to meet his monthly quota in sales. How he did that was largely up to him. Then his wife left him.

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Ivan and I were on an unfortunate collision course. As a young insurance agent Ivan kept pestering me to buy home and car insurance and I kept refusing to. I kept telling him I didn’t need it as I was young, didn’t have anyone depending on me, and I could afford to replace anything that broke. That infuriated him. He could see that I had a lot of money and yet wouldn’t spend a dime on insurance. One day after school my tutor was teaching me how to drive the car and Ivan showed up. He was angry already. When he saw who my tutor was his eyes went funny. He grabbed the tutor out of the driver’s side of the car and tossed her in the back. He then took a knife and sliced her open, eviscerated her and tossed her innards on the front seat of the car beside me. Afraid he was going to kill me too, I thought to get him talking and calmed down. I asked him why he did that, and all he said was ‘that’s what you were really after isn’t it? That’s why you need insurance.” Ivan was promptly arrested by the police and confessed to the crime. Apparently he’d been in quite a bit of distress and unable to control his actions.

Since then, I buy insurance when warranted.

And the storyteller was Peter Fingh.

## Cold Case - Superfuels Super Engine

The story begins in the late sixties and progresses to the current day. An investigator is hired to find out what happened to a Superfuels company engineering team.

Ralph didn’t get a long well with most people. Although incredibly intelligent he preferred to work in the background doing menial labour. A breakthrough moment for Ralph occurred when working as a box boy at Superfuels. He be-friended one the engineers who after a short time realized that Ralph knew a lot about engines and chemistry. Ralph had learned the stuff on his own without the benefit of higher education. Ralph did not have any official qualifications, but his engineer friend knew he was as good as any engineering grad. It was a win-win for Superfuels who got a decent engineer for ridiculously low wages; and for Ralph who improved his income and got to work on things he loved. Ralph had got hired as a part-time associate engineer. He couldn’t work full time because of his disposition towards people. Superfuels had several engineering teams doing what the company was founded for, to develop a super-fuel. Along with the super-fuel a super-engine was developed for testing. The goal was to develop super-fuel for ordinary combustion engines. An engineering team spent too much time developing the super-engine which wasn’t really the company’s goal. Senior management threatened to shut down the engineering team if they didn’t get back on track. The team developed a super-fuel for a super-engine which was deemed not within the company’s goals. The super-fuel was a non-product since it could only be used by the super-engine.

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“I don’t know what to say about what we did over the last two years.” The engineer said tears welling up in his eyes. “We may have killed ten thousand or more people, if not today, then sometime in the future in a horrible manner. What are we going to do about it ?” He asked his team members. The engineer had discovered they had seriously polluted the local water supply. Six members of a Superfuels engineering team were all found dead on the same day, apparently a group suicide. They were responsible for developing the world’s most powerful internal combustion engine. The engine is missing and all engineering documentation on it was destroyed. The engine itself was amazing. The core of the engine was only about the size of a water-bottle, and put out as much as 10 thousand horsepower. It had diamond capped pistons. The engine was small, lightweight and extremely powerful. Perfect for aerospace use. It was incorporated into an award-winning speedboat as a testbed for the engine. The diamond capped pistons were discovered accidently when burning fuel at high temperature and pressure. The combustion of fuel combined with the engines working to generate diamond residue on the piston cap. When cleaning a proto-type engine an engineer discovered that some of the residue was in the form of tiny diamonds. What made the engine so powerful was microbursts of nuclear fission were occurring during the burning of fuel. The whole engine had to be heated to the melting point of tin, as it used a liquid tin formula for the fuel. It was discovered after several speedboat races that the engine was highly polluting. It left radioactive tin waste in the river. This would affect the health of hundreds of thousands of residents for thousands of years to come. Superfuels super engine was super polluting. Given that the engine was so revolutionary, the engineers feared that someone would attempt to make use of it regardless of the environmental impact. They decided that the engine and all documentation should be destroyed and all knowledge of the engine, including what they themselves knew should go missing. The Superfuels team left behind subtle clues. As residue built up on the piston heads, it was hacksawed off. The piston heads were about 1cm in diameter. The resulting piece which was hacked off looked like a tarnished penny with little diamonds embedded in it. One of the guys thought it looked like some sort of medal and attached a coloured band to them. Being pleased with themselves they shared the little medallions amongst themselves. Each time they cleaned the engine they managed to make several hundred dollars worth of medallions which they smuggled out of the research facility. It was a rainy-day fund for some members of the team.

## Birth of a Mutant

Ralph was a happily married man with two young sons – James and Charles. Ralph’s family was poor, and they had difficulty keeping the heat on during the winter. Although Ralph had no formal training he was a brilliant amateur physicist. He liked to build things and this winter he’d built his own heater for the house. Ralph liked to keep warm during the cold Canadian winters. It was the early 1950’s and he was applying recently discovered nuclear physics theory. Ralph had managed to build a small nuclear reactor without respecting the potential dangers and not knowing what they may be. Still, his furnace reactor worked, and it certainly kept the house warm. People asked him about the glowing packages from the east-coast. One day Charles, the younger son, decided to turn on the reactor himself. Charles felt he was slowly freezing inside and felt he really needed relief with heat. His dad wasn’t around to turn the furnace on, and they were out of wood for the old wood stove. He dumped a little fuel brick on the bottom plate of the reactor and lit it on fire. Something he’d seen his father do. At first there weren’t any problems. The reactor heated up and began warming the house. But then he noticed that the reactor was too hot. He’d done something wrong. When James got home sparks were flying everywhere. The reactor in the basement was pulsating a bright blue white, it was overloading. One corner of the room had caught fire. Smoke rising from the one corner of the house had caused James to race home as fast as he could. There was only one thing James could do to stop the runaway reaction, use his own body to dampen the reaction. He jumped on the furnace.

## Abby Sciuto

My original name wasn’t Peter. It was Abby Sciuto. But me and my friend agreed to swap names while in foster care. I was found as a newborn baby at the University of Toronto outside of the science lab. The nun who found me wrapped in a pink blanket did not check for gender carefully enough and named me ‘Abby Sciuto’. The Sciuto name standing for outside of the science lab at U of T. O. A similar thing happened to my friend. She got named Peter shortly after birth. When we met we became friends almost right away, having chuckles over our names. We both looked a little different and because of the names and the fact that we hung out together, people got us confused on more than one occasion. So, we decided to swap names. Nobody knew who our birth parents were anyways. In fact, it was rumoured that I was a science experiment gone awry because of how I was found. I have since found out I have some mild mutant abilities. I seem to be able to heal faster and better than average. I have some super-speed capability.

## Alpha Group

Nobody knows what happened to Alpha Group. Alpha Group were the first time-travellers on Earth. They were from a previous industrial age millions of years ago. They travelled in time, then they disappeared not to be found anywhere in any time-stream.

## Time Traveller

In an alternate timeline, I was a mission specialist for Canadian armed forces time-travel division. Canadians developed timetravel in response to the space-race. Convinced the country would not be able to compete in the spacerace with the likes of the U.S. and Soviet Unions, Canadians decided to invest heavily in time travel while the other large players were investing in space-travel. Perhaps the other bigger parties were already aware of lack of value in being able to travel in time. I went on over 80 missions in time. Towards the end of my career, I kept refusing to go on missions. I reached the point where I could not face another mission. It was difficult to find people who would be willing to go on missions once they had been briefed on what a mission like. As a result of all the missions I had been on, I recommended that no more than six missions should be attempted by anyone. By the time one reached the fifth or sixth mission their brain felt like putty. There is a kind on insanity that grows the more time-travel one does. Time travel was too hard on the human soul. Human beings were not meant to travel in time and travelling in time took a piece of your humanity away. Some of the effects of time travel are depicted in movies. Travel to the past and you might find out when you return to the future that all your family and friends are not present in it. It could be as bad as experiencing the effect of everybody you ever knew died. It was heart-wrenching every time. Later with feed back from other mission specialists the recommendation was changed to just three missions. Finally, the recommendation was changed to zero missions. After a couple of decades of time travel missions, it was found that there was no benefit to being able to travel in time, and it was extremely hard on the personal. The time travel division was shut down. In fact, it was determined that time-travel had potentially a detrimental effect in strategic terms from the perspective of armed forces. It cost significant manpower and resources to do time-travel and there was no perceived benefit. Strategically it was better to re-assign the resources used for time-travel to other uses. A case-by-case analysis of all the missions undertaken was done. In all cases it would likely have been better if resources were applied to non-time travel missions. Hence the little white lie. “Time travel is impossible.” It is to prevent the ignorant from attempting feats that are always detrimental to the individuals involved. It is certainly possible, but experience shows that there is little reason to do it. Better still if people can’t do it because no-ones built a time machine. Label it as impossible and the serious entrepreneurs won’t waste their time and resources attempting it. Label it as impossible and the number of people who have to be rescued from time-travel accidents is minimized. Last I head there was still some time-travel capability locked away in bunkers, reserved primarily in case “rescue” missions are needed.

## Cerebra the Computer

One day as a teenager while sitting in the library designing an 8080 computer the principal saw me working away industriously and asked me what I was working on. I described it to him. A few days later I met someone from the army to talk about computers. The principal had contacted his army buddy and set things in motion. I ended up with an interview for a job to produce a computer for the army. After the interview I got selected to design and build a computer for the army. I had a budget of about $250,000 (1980) dollars, which had to pay for labour and other constructions costs. I do not want to say too much about it, other than to say it ended up looking like the Cerebro computer of the movies. After all movies often use real-life like props, someone had seen something. Spherical with a platform in the middle. Partially mechanical and partially electronic. This was over 40 years ago. It got ranked as the army’s #6 computer.

After the project was over, on the way back home to the parents with my new girlfriend I got into an automobile accident and my girl-friend died. She was trapped in the automobile which caught fire and exploded. I passed out from the stress of trying to get her free. Then running to the side of the road to get help. According to the medical staff I was dead. But in the hospital I got up and then travelled back to my parent’s place. I did not tell them what happened.

So, my memory of the project is bitter-sweet.

A couple of years ago a big guy dropped off a piece of electronic equipment at my parent’s place. My dad was not sure what it was, but I recognized it. It was a piece of the computer. Perhaps a way of saying it was now obsolete and no longer in use.

## Car Crash

"Look out !" Claire yelled as Peter was driving along the 401. A car behind them in the next lane travelling at a high rate of speed was swerving into their lane, about to cause a crash. The driver was driving reckless and fast, the reckless driver had pulled over into the slower lane to avoid rear-ending the car in front of him in his lane. Unfortunately, there wasn't quite enough room on the highway for him to pull over. He cut Peter's car off. Peter quickly swerved the car onto the gravel while braking the vehicle at the same time to avoid a collision. The car swerved onto the loose gravel at the side of the road. Not catching properly on the loose gravel and travelling at a high speed, the car spun out of control into the ditch. Peter regained some measure of control over the vehicle and ended up in a farm field after driving through a fence.

As the car came to a stop Peter struck the steering wheel with his hands. "Shit! What an asshole!" Peter yelled in frustration. "We're lucky to be alive honey." Peter remarked to his new wife Claire. He could see in the read-view mirror that a second car that had been following them had also swerved into the ditch to avoid rear-ending them. Peter had to apply the brakes fast and the second car had been travelling too closely. People in the second car looked alright.

It was supposed to be a super surprise for his parents. Since the last time Peter had seen his parents, he'd gotten married and found more or less permanent employment as an army consultant. He hadn't seen his parents in almost a year. They were on their way to his parent's place with a small infant, the biggest surprise.

Peter noted as he opened the door to get out that the frame of the car was bent in somewhat of a 'V' shape. It had received quite a bump travelling through the ditch.

"I'm stuck, I can't get out !" Clair yelled. Clair fumbled with the seat belt. "The door's jammed and my leg is stuck. Check the baby".

The infant was in a specially constructed basket on the floor of the car just in front of the backseat. Peter checked the infant's situation. The baby was crying, that was a good indication, but the baby' basket was really stuck between the front and back seats. When loaded into the car it had just barely fit. With the car frame bent the basket was hopelessly struck. It was a special insulated basket with a lid on it, it had been designed for premature babies. It had been designed to regulate temperature.

"Hold on honey. The frame of the car's bent, and the baby's stuck at the moment." Peter reported. "I'm going to try bending the car frame back into shape." Peter then proceeded to place his hands at the top of the passenger's side door and lifted upwards. With sweat pouring off his forehead and a metallic groan from the aluminium frame bending Peter was able to bend the frame of the car. Yes, Peter was super-strong.

"My leg's free now." Claire yelled. Peter stepped back from the car and passed out. "Clair I don't feel...." Thunk.

A small fire had started under the car due to a gas leak.

With a good shove and a kick Clair was able to get the car door open at her side of the vehicle. She could get out now.

Clair saw her husband pass out. She knew he had been alright after the crash, and suspected he had just over-exerted himself bending the car. In any case he was breathing. Clair dragged her husband further from the car which had caught on fire. Then she went back for the baby.

Clair was yelling. "I can't get it out !" Peter awoke hearing his wife yelling. The baby was still stuck in the basket on the back floor of the car. Clair could neither get the baby basket open, nor could she remove it from the car.

There was a flame burning on the underside of the car.

"Clair, the baby will be alright. We need tools to free it. Come-on let's go flag down a vehicle." Surprisingly to Peter no-one else was on scene yet. He realized he couldn't have been unconscious for very long. He wanted to get Clair away from the vehicle which had caught fire.

"Clair yelled back - No ! I'm not leaving the baby. Come-on and help me get the basket un-stuck."

Rather than argue with his wife about what to do, the Peter proceeded back to the road to flag down a vehicle. He'd already tried to free the baby and he couldn't. He knew how stuck baby Gen was and the basket would probably hold up against flames for a ½ hour or more.

Peter proceeded to jump up and down and wave his hands at the side of the road in order to try attracting the attention of someone willing to help. He was a couple of hundred meters from the car when he heard a loud thud. He turned to look in the direction of the thud. It was the car. It had exploded. "No!" Peter cried. Then he heard a second loud thud, this one coming from his chest. Peter collapsed to the ground at the side of the road.

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He awoke in an ambulance. He didn't know how long he'd been out.

The paramedic said he'd collapsed at the side of the highway with a heart-attack.

Peter couldn't remember what he'd been doing. In fact, he didn't seem to be able to remember anything. He had amnesia.

## AET – Alien Encounter Team

The AET got its name as a team assigned to deal with alien encounters. It is rumoured that the name was shuffled from the word ‘eat’ and members of the team had to be willing to be eaten by aliens. Members were trained to expect the unexpected. The author had access to several historic tales during training.

“If there was a place on Earth where you would try to land your vehicle in an emergency where would it be?” The instructor asked. Most people were not sure how to respond but some people did come up with good answers. “How about right here? Right smack in the middle of a large amount of fresh water.” The instructor pointed on a map. If you were to need water for fuel, it might not be too bad.

## AET - First Mission

One day while exploring the countryside, I came across a large previously unexplored cavern located on a hillside. Eventually the cavern got reported to the army, and the army decided to form an exploration team. I got invited to be a team member since I knew where the cavern was. At a minimum I had to be one to lead them to it.

It was quite a shock to realize while exploring the cavern, that it was a man-made construct; or rather an alien made construct. We realized it was a manufactured vessel only minutes after entering the cavern. Inside the cavern was large and cylindrical with just a few stalactites and stalagmites protruding into the cavern where the hull had eroded away.

The spacecraft was cigar shaped and made from a copper alloy. It was largely intact. At one end of the spacecraft was a pilot's seat for an enormous alien and what appeared to be a radio-telescope (navigation device) of some sort. In line with the viewer part of the radio telescope was a large hole in the alien’s chest. Feedback from the telescope had been burned into the alien. Probably due to an unexpected supernova observation.

Strewn about the floor of the cavern were strange cabbages. The same cabbages were also growing outside on the hillside.

The vessel was estimated to have crash landed about 200,000 years old by radio-carbon dating.

It was assessed as not being a threat since the area had been exposed to the cabbages and vessel for about a quarter million years already. Contamination was already thorough and harmless. To ensure the safety of people who might find the spacecraft, the army cemented the entrance shut with several feet of reinforced concrete, then camouflaged it.

A few years later, I got a kick out of watching the movie: Alien.

## AET - Earthquake

The child told the doctor he had magical powers and could cause earthquakes. At first the doctor didn’t believe him, but then he demonstrated to the doctor, and an earthquake really happened.

“It’s like this.” The child said. He yelled at the top of his lungs spinning around in circles, “I want my mommy!”. Then the earth began to rumble. A small kilometer long crack appeared down the centre of the main street of the town. The doctor yelled at him: “Stop!”. The doctor was dumbfounded, he’d never seen anything like it before in his life.

It turns out the child had discovered while outside with his dad, the key command which sounded a lot like “I want my mommy!” required to open a set of underground hanger doors. The hanger door was about a kilometer wide and located under the centre of the main street of the town. The town had been built around an old river valley. Located under the old river valley was a million-year-old underground aircraft hanger. The hanger door mechanism still responded to the correct acoustic signal for open and close. The door hydraulics were powerful enough to cause an earthquake sensation as they forced open the door with millions of tons of rock and other debris on top of them.

An army team carved out a tunnel to access the old hanger, went in and disabled the mechanism used to open and close the doors. On the surface the road was closed and “under construction” while the army had the hanger doors strapped and welded shut. It was too big of a hanger to fill and deemed stable.

As explored by the AET, there were the remains of several old “airplanes” left in the hanger. The airplanes were designed for people much larger than normal.

## AET – Little Dragons

AET Debrief:

The “cube” was about six meters feet high, 30 meters wide, 100 meters long. It descended through the atmosphere rapidly; the parachutes weren’t quite large enough. The Earth’s atmosphere was just a tad to thin for the vehicle’s design. Just before touchdown, large wheels were extended from wheel bays built into the sides of the vehicle. On touchdown two of the transaxles broke from the force of the touchdown, and two of the wheels exploded. It was a sixteen wheeled vehicle. The vehicle touched down at about 40 Mph. It weighed tons.

The vehicle was full of refugees from a war-stricken planet. With their helmets on the aliens looked like tiny dragons. Hoses leading backwards from the face to tanks of gas at the rear. The little dragon’s comfortable room temperature was 88 degrees Celsius; almost boiling hot.

 The vehicle was two stories high, with two-meter ceilings. The aliens themselves were only about a meter and a half tall and weighed as much as 55 kilograms. Most of the aliens were dead at the time of landing.

 According to the aliens, 200 million years ago, when the Earth was quite warm, they had a colony on Earth. The aliens decided to try returning to Earth in a move of desperation, having found the Earth on a very old star map.

The Earth is freezing cold to them now, essentially uninhabitable by them. They were not prepared for that.

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“ So how do we explain this one ?” The base commander asked. It was an interesting question when one realizes the base commander needed more than one explanation.

As a situation, the aliens had managed to drive their damaged vehicle along a small river to the outskirts of a small town.

 “It’s an armed forces giant armoured car test vehicle. The testing failed.” “We bury the vehicle.” Was the suggestion made.

The vehicle itself is slightly interesting. Made of a thin high-density uranium alloy. The technology level of the vehicle was about 1970’s technology. It was a great boon for army tech’s when it crash landed in the 1950’s. But we could build a better vehicle using today’s technology if we needed to.  There was a row of computer terminals in the vehicle complete with CRT tubes with monochrome displays – red in color. On one terminal a youth had been playing a video game when the vehicle crashed. It had caused a momentary panic when first discovered. The initial surveyor thought it was a command station for missile control. Until someone pointed out it was just the asteroids video game. Most of the occupants died on impact. The few remaining occupants eventually died from a variety of reasons. Although damaged, the vehicle was still operational. It may still be operational today if fuelled up, but it’s buried in a hillside now.

The army destroyed the antenna array and radio transmitter of the vehicle. They were worried about outside contact.

First contact with the aliens was made by the army’s Xena warrior. The “Xena warrior” was her code name. She was a seven-foot tall athletically built warrior. She had been conscripted into the army because of her size and strength. She was rated the army’s number three go to person in terms of strength. It was a bit of scene when the aliens first came out of the vehicle. The Xena warrior had been armed with a sword, and the aliens in their suits looked like little flying dragons. It could have been out of a fantasy novel.

Somewhere in a small town in south-western Ontario there is now a small monument erected to mark the burial site of the alien’s vehicle. Likely the end of the species.

## AET - Help Me

“The Battlestar is in urgent need of repairs!” Several LEDs were flashing, and the message could barely be heard echoing from the computer rack. One could well imagine an emergency klaxon bellowing throughout the battle-star. “Engines are offline ! life support is offline ! Technicians are needed immediately.” The computer wailed away.

Lying in a small crater in the parking lot was what looked like a computer rack. The store manager had found it early in the morning, and reported it to the police. The police then called the army, and the AET was sent in to investigate. Fortunately, the store manager had not paid too much attention to it, and had not heard the barely audible emissions from the computer. He’d assumed it was tech gear that had fallen off a transport truck.

Upon seeing and hearing the computer rack, I concluded it really was a master computer from a battle-star. The computer thought that it was still in the battle-star and still in space. It had become isolated from the battle-star and all it’s I/O was trashed. It was an artificially intelligent system and I spent about five minutes convincing it that the battle-star was no longer in space, and far beyond repair. The amazing thing is that the computer was conversing in English.

The evening before had been a spectacular meteor shower, with several small meteorites fallen to earth. In a farmer’s field about a half mile away was found a meteorite resembling a melted nozzle of some sort.

The computer rack was loaded onto the back of a pickup truck, and sent to a retired professor at the U of T. for study / safe keeping.

The technology was some sort of gold / copper based three-dimensional circuitry.

## AET - Summer Romance

The case of summer’s night romance between a Klingon male and an Earthwoman.

This guy (a Klingon) would park his orbital fighter craft just on the outskirts of town a short distance away from a local bar he liked to visit. The fighter craft was cloaked; but someone found it and reported it to the RCMP. As an air-force consultant I got called in to look at the vehicle. If possible we decided to move the vehicle (through diplomatic means, we obtained permission from the local Klingon commander to do so.). I managed to enter the vehicle and fly it about ½ mile further away from town. The Klingon male was allowed to ‘sweat a little bit’ about the fact his fighter craft had been stolen. The Klingon male was later confronted and asked to desist in his behaviour of visiting the local bar. He was not even supposed to be on Earth. When interviewed the Klingon said he didn’t think anybody from Earth would be able to board much less fly his fighter vehicle.

## AET - Breakout

**Story Synopsis (Spoiler)**

AET is called in to investigate a prison escape.

**Story**

Occasionally AET doesn't just explore and encounter, but is also called in to investigate other unusual situations as part of cross-team training. One such circumstance was the disappearance of General Pasquali a high-profile prisoner.

An agent code named "Hercules" may well have been the strongest man on the planet. At a towering 6'9" and about 300 pounds of lean muscle. Hercules was a dwarf and a black man. The author, also being one of the strongest men on the planet, was just under 6' tall and about 200 pounds of lean muscle and also a dwarf, but Caucasoid. The team of 10 strong people had been assembled at the suggestion of the AET. The team had been assembled as part of a demonstration for General "Hammond". And as part of a strong-man contest. Killing two birds with one stone. The general had wondered if it was possible that an opposing general being held prisoner had managed to escape by forcing his way out of a prison when left unguarded. Given the quality and number of the guards on duty, all excellent soldiers and service men, the general felt it was unlikely that the prisoner had inside help. And yet the prisoner had seemingly vanished without a trace. The prisoner's strange disappearance was forwarded to be investigated by the AET. So, the strong man team had been assembled to demonstrate the viability of the prisoner escaping on his own. The jail had been thoroughly examined. There were no tunnels or tooling marks in the cell.

The author was the first to be imprisoned as a test. "Okay now let's see you breakout of this jail soldier." General Hammond ordered.

The author braced his feet at the bottom of the jail cell, and with two hands pulled at one of the bars the jail was made from. For a moment nothing happened. Then sweat started pouring from the author's forehead. With a muffled yell the author managed to pull one of the jail-cell bars to the side. Then the author took a break for a minute or two, and repeated the procedure with a second bar, pulling it in the opposite direction. With both bars bent apart the author was able to squeeze through the opening between the bars.

"That's just about the max I could do general. It's about 10,000 pounds of force to bend the bars." The author stated.

The author then proceeded to bend the bars back into place for the next contestant.

Hercules was the next person to be placed in the prison. Grabbing a different set of bars, with one bar in each hand, with a muffled yell, he pulled the prison bars apart across his chest.

"He's right general." Hercules remarked. "It's about 10,000 to 12,000 pounds of force to bend the bars." Hercules then stepped aside for the next contestant.

None of the other strong men were able to bend the prison bars enough to be able to escape.

"He would have to be one of the strongest men on the planet, general." Was the author's conclusion. The general didn't think that it was very likely, but perhaps not impossible. The prisoner one 'General Pasquali' was being held for war crimes and had escaped. Pasquali was not a small man, being about 6'2" in height and well built. He had not been noted for unusual strength before.

"So, a really, really strong man, desperate to escape might have been able to all on his own." General Hammond was commenting to himself. It didn't sound like he'd convinced himself. "Thank-you gentlemen for the demonstration." The general also now had a better idea why certain team members were difficult to get a hold of for missions.

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About a month later, the author's curiosity about the prison escape was sated. Apparently General Hammond, not convinced the prisoner could have broken out all on his own, ordered the re-evaluation of personnel and the prison breakout. It was eventually discovered that the prisoner did in fact have inside help in breaking out. He had managed to bribe one the guards.

The army also sued the manufacturer of the jail for poor construction. The jail bars were supposed to be able to withstand 100,000 pounds of force before bending. They were 10 times weaker than they were supposed to be.

## AET - Subway

**Story Synopsis (Spoiler)**

AET is called in to investigate an extra subway.

**Story**

One hears strange stories from time to time about the things that go on under a city. Are there really alligators in the sewers ?

The engineer who reported the extra subway tunnel was quite nervous. He had seen too much. He knew enough to recognize potentially what he was looking at, and it was mind-boggling. A subway was under construction in a growing city and the construction acted as a cover for something else. First the police got contacted, then the army, and the AET. AET investigated the extra subway tunnel revealing some interesting findings.

The tunnel was inclined at an angle of about 15 degrees. The tunnel was almost cylindrical, deviating from a cylinder shape only to allow for two rails to support some sort of vehicle. It ran in a straight line along an east-west axis. The tunnel ended at a hillside about a kilometer outside of the city. The entrance was hidden by some shrubbery and a tarp, and was located on fenced-in private property. An additional concern was what was found inside the tunnel.

At the lower end of the subway tunnel were several "subway" cars linked together. The cars appeared to be made of an extremely strong lightweight aluminium alloy. The cars were almost cylindrical in shape. The lead car had a bullet-nose shape to it. They were all streamlined for high-speed. There was a cowling around the lead edge of the cars that formed a seal with the tunnel. Inside the lead subway car there were a set of what appeared to be aeronautical flight controls. A strange set of controls for what was supposed to be a subway train. The trailing car was what appeared to be some sort of a rocket engine. When looked at as a whole it was obviously not a subway, it was an orbital launch platform. The "subway" ran along an east-west axis to use the rotation of the earth to provide additional boost.

A small amount of uranium based nuclear fuel was found at the site. The launch platform appeared to be about 90% complete and was apparently abandoned for some reason. Perhaps they had too much trouble getting fuel for the project.

AET specialists dismantled and warehoused some of the stranger equipment, leaving behind only what appeared to be a non-standard subway train. The train was salvaged by the army, and the empty cars sold as scrap aluminum. Then the entire subway tunnel was filled with cement to ensure an end to that project.

## AET - The Diamonello

Star-Fleet’s recent contest with the crystalline entity has reminded the author of his own encounter with a crystalline entity as part of the AET.

There is a precedent for Start-Fleet’s study of the crystalline entity. Another type of crystalline entity was encountered on Earth in the 20th century. Existence of this crystalline entity has been kept secret to protect it, and people.

AET was called to investigate a cavern discovered by a vacationing spelunker. He noted unusual and disorienting optical displays refracted from crystals in the cavern.

Apparently the Earth has its own crystalline entity in the form of intelligent diamonds called the Diamonello by the author. Found somewhere in the Rocky Mountains, in an underground cave where there is little light, is a growing organism which is based on an impure diamond lattice. It was discovered that this organism was both alive and intelligent. Unlike DNA based life-forms, the Diamonello are made up of carbon crystals (diamonds). It is a carbon-based life-form although an unusual one. Upon entering the cave and shining a light, the Diamonello can rearrange the light from the flashlight into an intelligent display which is projected onto the cave wall. It is possible to communicate with the Diamonello using visual images. The Diamonello is highly intelligent, covering several acres of underground cavern floor. The Diamonello is billions of years old, and grows at a glacial rate.

## AET - G-Fritz Invasion

It was a dark and stormy night on Lake Superior and the Fritz was in Canadian waters. The G-Fritz was a large multi-purpose freighter designed as a great-lakes, St. Lawrence Seaway, ocean going vessel. It had an operating crew of thirty.

During a winter storm, coast guard ports received an emergency distress call from the G-Fritz:

“Mayday, may-day. This is the captain of the G-Fritz. We’ve been boarded by some kind of machinery and are under attack. We don’t know how long we can hold out. We need immediate assistance.”

 Towards the rear of the ship a large cubically shaped object had crash-landed on the deck. The cube was sunken part-way into the deck of the ship. A doorway opened and out of this cube shape unloaded about a half-dozen androids. The androids looked like power-fork-lift suits. They had legs and arms and bodies. They were several times the size of a human being.

 A couple of minutes after the androids landed, a crewmember radioed the captain that some kind of fork-lift machinery was on the loose. When asked to provide more details the crewmember responded that the fork-lift seemed to have a mind of its own. The captain under the impression it was just a fork-lift, ordered the crewmember to shut it down. Moments later screams could be heard as the crewmember was torn to pieces.

 Using a shotgun and several small firearms, and axes, the crew managed to disable one of the androids, but the crew losses were heavy.

Canadian air-force did recon on the situation. They reported back that there were several small fires on the vessel, and a large cube at the rear of the vessel. There appeared to be some sort of mobile artillery on the vessel.

The next thing that happened was that the air-force was ordered to blast anything moving to smithereens and to sink the G-Fritz. A squadron of fighter-bombers was dispatched to do the dirty work.

 Several weeks later, a navy salvage operation was complete.

Aftermath - Back at the lab:

 The technical genius elaborated on the situation.

     "It was an attempt by an alien race to invade."

“This is all technology that we have today. We could build one of these things ourselves. The only problem is the software, the software is ferociously complex. Hardware wise, the brains are just a network of about sixty to eighty, eight-bit processors. The processors are only about as complex as a 6502.”

 “The actual android bodies aren’t any more complex than a fork-lift. They’re made from high-strength steel, and powered with hydraulics.”

 Basically, we got invaded by stuff that we could manufacture today if we wanted to, 1970’s technology. We don’t have anything to learn from these things, except perhaps from the software. All the invasion materials are technically useless to us.

 Strategy Analysis:

            The invasion was a “long-shot”, low success rate type of invasion. It was done under cloud cover and in the winter. Basically, a sneak attack type of invasion. If the androids had been able to take out the ships radio, it could have been a week or more before they were detected. Who knows what they may have been able to do, if given more time. They picked a large vessel in an isolated area, a vessel which had a wide variety of resources onboard.

## Space Buildings

Author's note: I heard the gist of this story from an “Italian” friend. I found it a bit comical. The story really needs to be expanded upon.

**Story Synopsis (Spoiler)**

Basically, they (the people of the story) built their apartment buildings as good as spacecraft. It’s the evolution of the best housing possible. The buildings have superb environmental controls including waste recycling.

Landlords collect all the people who can’t pay their debts into the same building. Once the whole building is full of people who owe more money than they can ever pay, then the building is launched into space as a spacecraft. No warning is given to the building occupants. The building typically crashes down on a primitive planet where there are no modern services. The people in the building are left to fend for themselves on a new world. Landlords write off the cost of the loss of the building as a space exploration expense.

**Various Scenes:**

Scene:

There's a discovery in a farmer's field. Buried under about 20 feet of mud is the remains of an apartment building. The apartment building is dated to have been buried thousands of years ago. The building is full of the remains of dead bodies.

Scene:

Building occupants are wondering why there is such sophisticated radio and computer equipment in the building. It seems to be overkill for the average apartment building and some of the equipment doesn't seem to serve any obvious purpose. One of the tenants asks: "Have you ever seen the sub-basement ?"

Scene:

CSA takes an interest in a near earth orbit cluster of asteroids.  The asteroids appear to be rectangular in shape with regular craters. It looks like the asteroids might crash down somewhere in the Canadian mid-west.

Scene:

The launch of a building is played up in the news as a massive explosion and fire. It's claimed that the building was completely destroyed, but several witnesses claim they saw the building shoot up into the sky.

Scene:

Alan, a young lad who is highly religious is studying the bible, when he hears a loud rumble, and the building begins to shake. Alan has never been able to keep his bills up to date, and thought he finally found the ideal place to reside; a nice building where the rent was dirt cheap.

Scene:

A building is entering the Earth's atmosphere and automatic deployment of the parachute has failed. The buildings occupants scramble to deploy the parachute manually before the building crashes into the ground.

Scene:

A small group of the building's occupants have taken up studying the building as a spacecraft as a cause. They are attempting to learn everything they can about the workings of the building and its destination.

## Primitive Spaceflight

It got cold in the winter. Cold enough to freeze a nearby lake. Local villagers had discovered a convenient way to keep warm in the winter by mining locally available “magic” rocks. The magic rocks seemed to enhance the warmth of the local fire-pit. One could feel warm an exceptional distance from the fire-pit when it contained the magic rocks.

For generations the village folks had mined weird glowing green rocks, an amalgam containing uranium and other minerals. They would take the rocks and dump them in the middle of the village where there was a large campfire eternally aflame. The molten rocks from the campfire would seep into the ground piling up in an underground chamber directly below the centre of the village.

One day, after generations had used the fire pit, there was a massive explosion underground. The uranium seeping into the ground from the molten rocks ignited in an atomic explosion. The shape of the underground chamber focused most of the explosive force downwards. The explosion lifted the entire village into the air where it was eventually propelled almost into orbit by the burning uranium. As the uranium powered “rocket” burned itself out, the village came back down and landed in a different part of the continent.

Tribal elders were astounded and excited by the event. They realized they may have a way of reaching the stars in the night sky.

## Met X-Men

**Author’s Note**

The X-Men have a special significance to me. I learned of the real “x-men” before I learned about the comic. One day in my wanderings as a child I found the “x-men’s” lair in the basement of an office building. Of course, I didn’t know it was the x-men’s lair until after I snuck inside. The elevator to the basement was guarded by a keypad. Using a small telescope and standing a distance away, I watched as someone keyed in the passcode. My curiosity got the better of me. About five minutes later I ran over to the door and keyed in the passcode I had seen. The passcode worked and I entered the elevator. The elevator took me to the basement where there was a hallway with rooms. After sneaking around for a few minutes, I decided to leave. However, I had to hide in the bathroom for fear of being discovered, for there were people in the hallway to the elevator. After about five to ten minutes hiding, there was a knock on the bathroom door. And someone said I could come out now. It turned out to be “Jean-Grey”. I met both “Jean” and “Wolverine” that day. They gave a simple explanation of what the place was. It was part of the department of defense, an urban defense team where they assigned code names to team members, so people didn’t have to use their real names. I was promptly escorted out of the x-men’s lair. The x-men I met didn’t have super-powers, they were just department of defense folks who were presumably specially trained. But I got a lasting impression from that encounter. Years later I discovered the “X-men” comic book in a bookstore and was astounded that they used the same names as the people who I’d met years before.

## Telepathic Haven

By Peter X.

 First, a couple of facts about telepaths that will aid in understanding why the haven building was built.

 1)      The vast majority of telepaths have low IQ’s (below average) when tested in isolation (telepathic abilities nullified). Thus, they have difficulty performing day to day activities (making decisions) that involve only themselves. This low IQ is masked by the unconscious use of telepathy. Most telepaths come across as being highly intelligent because they can “borrow” from others around them.

2)      Telepathic people are often extremely depressed. They are constantly bombarded with far more of the negative rather than the positive aspects of life. They also have the burden of knowing things about others and the world around them that would be better kept private.

I have some telepathic ability myself, and at first I planned to build an isolation area for myself. A place where I could be free of the thoughts of others. Then I got a less selfish idea of creating a haven for telepaths; since I was incredibly wealthy and had the financial resources to do so.

I managed to get built a modern small eight-story, 30-unit apartment building, surrounded by several layers of telepathic shielding. Part of the telepathic shielding consisted of two layers of iron signal devouring rods arranged in a grid around the building, including over the roof. With the iron devouring rods surrounding the building in a grid, it looked like scaffolding to many people and gave the building an unfinished look. I received numerous notifications from the city about completing the construction of the building, long after construction was complete.

Several renown telepaths moved into the building while it was still under construction. Including for example Emma Frost. Within a few months the building was full. I didn’t realize that there were so many powerful telepaths. To rent an apartment in the building one had to be a telepathic person.

After running the building quite successfully for several years, sadly the army dismantled the telepathic shielding. By that point in time the building had begun to become a symbol of a haven for telepaths. The army claimed there was a shortage of materials, and the telepathic shielding materials were removed. Shortly following all the telepaths moved out to better locations. With the major feature of the building removed, I decided to sell the building at a small loss. Several years later I found out the building had been taken over by a drug lord. A sad ending to what had been a safe haven.

In retrospect, the building may have been a bad idea, and it was a good thing that the army removed the shielding. The area was becoming almost like a segregated population of telepaths. Segregation of populations generally being regarded as a poor idea.

And the storyteller was Peter Xavier

## Frostbite

Ever wonder about the long white gloves and thigh high boots Emma Frost wears? There is some basis for the appearance. When Emma was much younger, one night she dressed in a naughty white-lace outfit and waited for her lover to appear in a small secluse park. Her lover was late, and Emma fell fast asleep on a park bench. She didn’t realize that the weather forecast called for extremely cold conditions that evening. She was found by a passer-by unconscious and dying from hypothermia. Her lover never appeared. Emma was hospitalized with severe frostbite. She lost most of the skin off her arms and legs as a result. Rather than become an amputee, a wealthy friend paid for her to have specialized medical care in the form of artificial skin replacement until she recovered. The skin replacement was a bright white in color, and she had to wear it for months while she recovered. It became a recognizable feature of hers almost a part of her personality. She decided to wear white gloves and boots as a reminder of the times.

How do I know this? And the storyteller was Robert Frost.

## Peter's Tomb

**Story Synopsis (Spoiler)**

The Howlett's family secret hiding place.

**Story**

The family mansion was built on a secret that only true family members knew. Nobody spoke about it; keeping it a secret for the kids to find out. On the Howlett’s family estate the mansion was built directly over a large cavern. There is a secret entrance and short tunnel from the basement to a hidden cavern below. The cavern served multiple purposes. It was a natural storm shelter. It made a reasonable storage cellar. It was also used as a burial crypt. In the Howlett family they had difficulty determining whether or not they were dead; more so than most folks. So, when family members appeared to be dead, the seriously injured were laid to rest on stone beds carved into the side of the cavern. On rare occasions the ‘dead bodies’ would be found up and wandering about on the road to recovery days later. If it looked like the bodies started to decay after a few days, then they would be treated as deceased and buried. The problem with super-healing types is just how much punishment can their bodies take before the ability to heal themselves is too broken to keep them alive. And how does one know when a super-healer is dead ?

It is said that one can tell who is a Howlett and who is a Creed based on which entrance to the cavern they use the first time they find it. Carved into the rock over the entrances is the letter ‘H’ for Howlett or the letter ‘C’ for Creed.

 Peter’s Tomb

 Peter is Logan’s nephew who was born about 1900 (sometime before the first world war). As a child Peter was always ill. He was ill so often and seemingly on the brink of death so often that his parents built him a small tomb in the cavern to rest in. There was a sad family assumption that Peter would probably be dead soon; there were no hopes that he would make it through his childhood. Sometimes Peter could be seen lying in his tomb, soaked in sweat from illness. Peter was undersized for his age and considered to be the runt of the litter. Abnormal for the Howlett family, Peter did not seem to have any super healing factor. In fact he seemed to heal more slowly than most people would. A common cold would often put Peter in his tomb for a month while he struggled to recover.

 Then one night Peter finally died, after losing a battle with the common cold. The night Peter died was a full moon. At the moment of Peter’s death a powerful wind struck up and the moon clouded over for a moment. It looked like it might storm, then the weather cleared up just as suddenly as it darkened. A short mournful howl could be heard; Logan’s brother showing the faintest semblance of humanity at the death of his son.

 Peter whispered his last words: “And with a kiss I die.” And his mouth formed a small kiss; kissing the air. Peter had stopped sweating, he wasn’t breathing, there was no heart-beat. Peter’s body had grown cold. As cold as the surroundings of his tomb. A local doctor confirmed and pronounced Peter deceased about two days after his family thought he was. Peter’s body was buried in a cemetery near a school, in the shade of a tree, as he requested. A tombstone marked the burial site: Peter Howlett, deceased 1908.

 Most mutations are detrimental to a person’s health. One of Peter’s mutations was almost the opposite to what other family members had. He seemed to have a slow healing factor.

## Schoolyard Fight

He was crying so hard he couldn’t see. He yelled ‘I need help now! I can’t move.” He was paralyzed with anger. He didn’t want it to be this way, but he knew what would happen. Peter was seven years old, a good foot shorter and about 20 to 30 pounds lighter than his opponent.

Suddenly Peter’s anger exploded. There was a popping sound as his uppercut connected with the drug dealer’s chin. Blood gushed out everywhere. The dealer’s body propelled backwards about five feet, began to chicken-walk, arms swinging wildly, as the head flew across the schoolyard, and came to rest in the middle of the schoolyard. Peter had thrown a punch hard enough to decapitate someone.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

The detective inquired further. “You mean somebody was decapitated in a school yard during recess, and nobody saw anything ? Nobody knows who did it ? It must have taken quite a brute.”

Peter was thinking back to what led to this. The drug dealer had kept pushing him around, the dealer punched him about three times. Peter was content to sit and read a book, and to try and ignore the dealer’s dealings. Everybody else seemed to be able to. Peter tried to negotiate with the dealer for some peace in his life. But there was no negotiating.

Dealer:

“I own the whole school yard. There’s no piece of it that I don’t own, and I’ll do whatever I want to where-ever I want to.”

Peter, trying to negotiate:

“If I see it, I’ll report it. I can’t stand to see a fifteen-year-old beating up five-year-old kids. Show me a spot to sit with a pleasant view, and I won’t interfere with your business again.”

Dealer (laughing and making fun of Peter):

“There’s nothing you can do about it. I own the schoolyard, and I don’t take commands from a little snot like you. I’ll do as I please.”

As the nice police officer put it: All he was a drug dealer and a bully who beat up on kids who didn’t pay. Peter took his life away. Do you really think that Peter was a better person ? The police officer wanted to leave Peter with something to think about.

Rumours went around the schoolyard. Peter had been seen ‘smoking hot’. Some kids remarked that they literally saw smoke rising from Peter’s body. Nobody went near Peter for the rest of the schoolyear.

The new drug dealer was much more discreet and less obvious.

## Aunt Jean

**Story Synopsis (Spoiler)**

Jean evaluates Peter for telepathy.

**Story**

For a while it had been pleasant. Monthly visits from his ‘aunt’ Jean helped socialize the boy. She would sit and talk to him for 10 to 15 minutes. But over time his aunt Jean became more demanding. She kept testing his ability to think and Peter started to find it offensive. According to his foster parents, ‘aunt’ Jean Grey was a special person. Peter had demonstrated at an early age that he could tell what people were thinking; he had been somewhat rude about it several times. Eventually professor X heard about the boy’s ability and became concerned that Peter might just be a telepath. Nobody was sure exactly what Peter’s lineage was, but he had been confirmed as a relative of Wolverine, most likely his nephew. The professor asked Jean to interview the boy for telepathic ability. It was unusual for a small child to have such telepathic ability, and the professor and Jean were worried about the phoenix syndrome. If a child was a powerful telepath, what would they be like as they got older? After a few visits Jean concluded that the boy didn’t have any telepathic ability. He seemed to be exceptionally intelligent, and perhaps as a result an excellent guesser as to what people were thinking.

Jean’s last visit with Peter didn’t go well. She’d decided to tell him a little bit about telepathy and then asked if she could read his mind. At first he agreed to it. So, then Jean placed her hands close around Peter’s head and began concentrating on reading his mind. Peter could feel Jean’s presence in his mind then asked her to stop. She said: ‘I only need a moment more, I know it feels a bit funny, but I’m not going to hurt you.’ Then Peter popped Jean one on the nose and said: “stop right now.” He didn’t like the sensation of someone reading his thoughts at all. After that, Aunt Jean didn’t visit anymore. She and the professor both concluded Peter didn’t have any telepathic ability; They thought Peter might be a little feral and he seemed to have a short attention span.

## Double Blasted

Peter contemplated what he was going to do; what his intentions really were. As usual he was becoming introspective, a result of a long boring journey to the institute. Ever since he discovered he was related to Wolverine he’d had trouble keeping his curiosity at bay. Who was the fella ? After asking around a bit, he figured the best thing to do was some research at the Xavier institute. While at the institute Peter offered to speak to the children.

Peter began his speech:”

Hi, my name is Peter. I recently found out via a genetic study that Logan Howlett, more familiar to some as Wolverine,  is likely my uncle. I am unlike my uncle in many ways, and alike in a few. I’m not a feral person; I don’t have claws or fangs. I’ve been gifted with an abnormal healing factor. I also have the ability to perform magic. I came here today to get a sense of my uncle’s life. I’d like to talk to you today about survival – the secret is: don’t give up.

I’ve survived two nuclear explosions:

The first nuclear explosion was set-off in a small town by the Canadian government as a response to a viral threat. They had a case of a severe previously unknown virus that was killing everyone within minutes. The government thought it best to “sanitize” the town by dropping a nuclear warhead on it.  A lot of good souls died that day to protect the rest of the world. Today all that remains of the town is a small shallow lake in an area marked on the map as a nature preserve. I was standing on the roof of an apartment building that was the target area for the nuclear missile. The nuke went off within a few feet of my position. I can remember screaming in pain as my body tried to reassemble itself while I flew through the upper atmosphere. I was literally blasted right into space. I landed in the great lakes hundreds of miles away from the blast site. I was found by fishermen and taken to a local hospital to recover from severe burns. It was many years before I was able to recall what had happened.

The second nuclear explosion was the result of an accident during the construction of a subway. The subway had been constructed too close to a secret underground armoury. A friend of mine was playing with a nail gun in the construction site. After she fired off a few rounds, she fired a round right through the subway wall, into the secret armoury. This set off one of the small nuclear warheads stored in the armoury. I was hundreds of meters away from the blast when it went off. The blast travelled down the subway tunnel and propelled subway cars right out the end of the tunnel, which acted like a ramp. A subway car was found in a farmer’s field miles away from the blast. I regained consciousness next to the subway car.

Point is one doesn’t know what one can survive until they survive it.”

## The Real Phoenix Force

The author feels impelled to write about the real phoenix having read about the phoenix force in the X-men comics and seen it portrayed in the movies. The phoenix force is greatly exaggerated. The phoenix is part of the history of the early earth and real events now long forgotten have forged folklore.

Long ago the phoenix (phoenix in the plural sense) visited the Earth with disastrous effects. The Phoenix is literally a firebird their bodies made up largely of flame. They are quite large perhaps 30 feet tall, and highly intelligent. And the Earth was one place that they could potentially live. Unfortunately, the phoenix communicates through planetary distances with high power psionics. When they came to Earth and tried to communicate with people the psionics killed everyone for miles around. A number of people particularly in the military at the time felt the phoenix birds were trying to invade the Earth. The viewpoint at the time was that the phoenix was an unintelligent invasive species from space. So, the military went about designing “phoenix-proof” suits that would allow personnel to approach the phoenix to kill them. One scientist didn’t believe the phoenix were properly classified by the military. In particular, he felt they may be a highly intelligent species. Not actually on a mission to take over the earth, instead he believed they were simply trying to communicate. The scientist built a phoenix compatible suit, that would allow one to approach closely and communicate psionically with the phoenix. The phoenix suit was roughly the same size as the phoenix, had a psionic amplifier on it, and could withstand the hundreds of degrees temperature close to a phoenix.

The scientist managed to convince the military personnel to allow him the opportunity to try and communicate intelligently with the phoenix. Timing came right down to the wire. The scientist was able to communicate with the phoenix at the last moment before the military would start a war. Part of the problem was that the phoenix was far more intelligent than men are. Men were unable to comprehend what the phoenix was trying to communicate. In the last moments before a war started however men and the phoenix were finally able to communicate. The phoenix realizing there was some intelligence to man, agreed not to populate the planet, and to leave it to the men. The scientist’s family was gifted by the phoenix with some psionic ability, should it ever be needed in the future.

In the folklore the phoenix force is an uber-powerful force. It harkens back to a fearful time when men may have been wiped out. In reality, it was just high-powered psionics that scared the living daylights out of men a long, long time ago.

## Water-Melon Woman

**Story Synopsis (Spoiler)**

Peter turns his girlfriend into a watermelon.

**Story**

With a “\*puf\*” she had turned into a watermelon. Literally. It seemed funny to Peter now, but at the time it was quite shocking. Peter had been arguing with his girlfriend. He pointed his finger and yelled at her: “You’re nothing but a watermelon”. And so, it was. Peter learned the hard way he could unintentionally perform feats of matter transmutation when he was extremely upset. It was one of a few times while he was growing up that Peter had to call upon ‘the magic people’ to help him. He’d been told to never contact them unless it was a real emergency. In this case Peter had no idea how to transform his friend back into a real person. The magic people told him to place the watermelon that his girlfriend had turned into, with a group of regular watermelons. The idea was that maybe a concentration of watermelons would dissipate the transmutation. So, Peter took the watermelon to the local grocery store and placed it on top of a pile of watermelons. It was the first place Peter could think of to find a large number of water-melons. A short time later there was a calamity in the store. A young man shopping for watermelons had picked up the one Peter left. Upon choosing the watermelon, it turned back into Peter’s girlfriend; she was naked. The storekeeper saw her naked on top of the watermelon pile with a young man looming over her and promptly called the police.

## Refrigerator Rob

A friend of the author started calling him Refrigerator Rob at one point because he knew the author had been frozen in a fridge a couple of times. This story ties into the Abby Sciuto story.

**Story Synopsis (Spoiler)**

Patricia steals a refrigerator containing a frozen infant. She is forced to look after the infant to hide her secrets.

**Story**

Patty wanted a refrigerator for her small apartment, but she couldn’t afford to purchase one. Being somewhat of a thief she decided to steal one. A friend of hers had mentioned an old unused refrigerator sitting in a science lab. “Nobody would miss it.” is what her friend Zoë had said. It was a small bar type refrigerator. Patty decided to steal the refrigerator from the science lab. It was easy for her to sweet-talk a couple of musclemen into moving the fridge for her. Her friend had told her that the fridge was empty. But it wasn’t. Now she faced quite a predicament. Inside the refrigerator was a frozen infant. Apparently nobody looked inside the fridge before it was moved. What would she do with the infant ?

Patty decided she would think about what to do tomorrow after she got a good night’s rest. It was late in the afternoon and Patty was tired. Patty had gotten up early in the morning to steal the fridge before going to work. Patty worked as a cashier at a local department store, in the evenings she attended college; she was just eighteen. Patty was really procrastinating and denying the reality of the situation. It never occurred to Patty that the frozen infant might have something to do with science and be valuable to someone. Patty wasn’t the brightest girl around.

She awoke with a shock, in the morning to the sound of an infant crying, and her landlord pounding on the door. At first she thought it was the T.V. set, but the T.V. set was playing Star-Trek. She’d fallen asleep with the T.V. on. The year was 1967 and Star-Trek was a relatively new T.V. show. The T.V. was a small 9” T.V. black and white set that she’d managed to steal. The fridge door had swung open, and the contents of the fridge thawed overnight. Patty hadn’t thought to plug the fridge in. There was a pool of water on the apartment floor. Her landlord was banging on the apartment door and yelling: “Is that a kid I hear ?”. Thinking quickly Patty responded: “No, it’s just the T.V. set. I’ll turn it down.”. Patty slammed the door of the fridge shut to quell the sound of the infant and turned down the volume on T.V. Her landlord walked away. Later Patty decided to leave the kid in a basket at the university.

## un6809

**Story Synopsis (Spoiler)**

Computing on alien worlds. The author was amazed to discover that computing on alien worlds is remarkably similar to that on Earth. Even the instruction sets are remarkably similar.

**Story**

A snippet about the author's stint as an U.N. Earth Ambassador (planetary level foreign exchange student).

The author was an U.N. ambassador for the planet Earth in an alternate timeline. Understanding how time-lines work is outside the scope of this report, suffice it to say that he was returned to Earth less than one Earth Day after he was exchanged with a student on another world for about a year. The author was approached by someone from the U.N. as being representative of a more-or-less average Earth student.

Using Stargate-like technology the author was able to visit a number of other planets as an ambassador. The number of planets habited by intelligent life considered worth visiting by Earthmen was about a dozen. The planets were selected from a database built up of planets habited by intelligent races. The vast majority of planets were considered not worth investigating as they had little in common with the Earth. There were several thousand planets inhabited by intelligent species within the galaxy. The database was given to the U.N. once the Earth had been discovered by another world. Geniuses at the U.N. then selected what they considered would be planets were there might be some mutual benefit to contacting.

On the one planet the author visited, he was able to attend a college level school for about a year. Being interested in computers the author decided to try snooping around a bit. On a planetary basis, they had standardized most of their processing requirements around a 6809 like processor with some integrated peripheral devices. The author believes it was a nine-bit version with access to 256k memory. It ran at something like 20 MHz. Everything was networked. Seeing that the technology was not far removed from what was available on Earth at the time, the author got curious as to why an apparently more technology advanced society would choose such a low level of computing. A number of reasons were given. One of the important reasons given was that it was a lowest common denominator that they could provide for virtually everyone with access to basic computer services. It was simple to maintain, inexpensive, robust, and secure. It was almost strictly text based. A number of considerations had led the people there to choose a simple low-cost monochrome text-based system. The author believes the planet was slightly smaller than Earth, and in a somewhat later stage of development. They had chosen not to waste too many resources on computing. There were also pollution concerns.

The author ended up being arrested and detained for fighting in school. He does not remember anything about it except that someone started a fight with one of his school-friends and somehow got involved.

Overall, the planet seemed similar to Earth, and it was a bit like being a foreign exchange student on Earth.

## Adamantium-Orange Process

There are seven levels of indestructibility of adamantium. The different destructibility levels are arrived at by using different isotopes of the metal involved, of which there are seven. Adamantium silver fused to Wolverine’s bones is completely indestructible. On the other hand, adamantium orange can be cut with extremely high-powered lasers, and destroyed in powerful nuclear blasts. There is no known way to destroy adamantium silver.

The Canadian government while reviewing the adamantium process used on Wolverine found the results to be too indestructible. The process resulted in a weaponized person who was uncontrollable, but also unconfinable or restrain able. With indestructible claws, there were very few ways of restraining the Wolverine. The government decided to pursue a less durable alloy of adamantium for its own future use; the objective being more easily managed weapons and materials. Indestructible materials are far less useful than destructible ones. The alloy chosen was Adamantium Orange, a metallic orange in colour.

The process used to fuse adamantium orange to the subject’s bones was completely different than that used on Wolverine. Instead of an injection process, the liquid adamantium orange was delivered via pills taken orally. The adamantium orange delivery process was an even more difficult technical feat than the injection process. Made possible with advancements in nanotechnologies. Like the silver alloy, the orange alloy must be kept liquid, once it’s hardened it’s virtually indestructible. The pills are kept in an oven to keep the adamantium orange hot. The pills consist of an exterior hull made from super-insulating foam similar to that used on the space-shuttle. In a year long process, pills are swallowed (with a cooling agent) daily, and the adamantium orange slowly builds up in the bone structure. Part of the process involves creating a digital map of the person’s bone structure. Copies of this map are then built into every pill. Pills are based on nanotechnologies and have their own rudimentary computer and navigation systems. To aid in the process, a low power radio beacon suit is worn by the subject, while ingesting pills. The pills locate their target area relative to the radio beacons combined with the skeletal map information contained in each pill.

 The process remains quite painful, with hot liquid adamantium being applied to bone surfaces; however, it is much more manageable than the original adamantium bonding process, as the process is piece-meal year-long.

## Birth of Storm

**Synopsis**

This is an origins story for the Storm character.

**Story**

When Lord Wagner was younger he used to wander around a lot. His wanderings took him to Africa at one point. One day while walking through the jungle, he met a group of soldiers. He called out a friendly “Hello” then noticed something hanging from a tree, several meters off the ground. “She’s a weather demon, sentenced to be tortured to death.” A guard said. “We hung her upside down from this tree weeks ago. What do you think ?” From a distance Lord Wagner thought there might be something special about what was hanging from the tree. The color of the hair and the remnants of the garments gave something away. It was possibly an African princess he surmised. Most likely dead African princess. She was somebody’s daughter he was sure. He looked closely at the corpse hanging from the tree. It had been severely beaten, perhaps stoned, and cut. There were flies flying around it. Standing quite close to the corpse, he heard the faintest of voices utter about three words from the body of what he thought was a corpse. “My body” then “freedom”. It took him a moment to fathom that this woman was still trying to offer herself for her freedom. The state she was in, her body wasn’t worth anything to anyone anymore. He whispered back to her: “No. A child.”. He wasn’t serious, but he wanted to give her a goal to live for. Her eyes rolled up and she passed out. It was an impossible demand. Unfortunately to her, he wasn’t willing to take a high risk without a high reward. Turning back to the guard he replied, “I think you guys know how to torture someone well. Is she still alive, it doesn’t look like it, does it ?” The guard checked her condition. “She dies tomorrow probably.” The guard stated with an experienced voice. Lord Wagner didn’t doubt it. The lord queried: “I’ve been in the jungle for weeks, with no woman around. I could use a plaything for a day. Would you mind if I purchase the body from you. I have a gold watch to offer.” He had to be careful to act as though she meant very little to him. All the guards started laughing at him then. “Is that the best the white man can get ?” “You’re a fool who wastes your watch. She’s as good as dead already. She won’t last a day. You can have her.” Lord Wagner carried her body away over his shoulder, off into the jungle. She died about a year later during childbirth. She had never really recovered very well from her ordeal. They had been travelling together through Africa throughout the year. Lord Wagner forgets what happened to the infant. It was another unfortunate incident of life.

And the storyteller was Lord Wagner.

## KuKai Munroe

KuKai Munroe is Ororo’s cousin who has much the same background as Ororo. Kukai was also orphaned at a young age, and was found living in southwestern-Ontario. Her mother died in the African jungle just 10 days after KuKai was born. Kukai’s father moved them to Canada from Africa. Her father died in an automobile accident on the 401, leaving Kukai orphaned at a young age. An Alpha flight team member found Kukai wandering around Toronto while investigating abnormal weather patterns.

Kukai Munroe isn’t quite as powerful or skilled a weather goddess as Ororo, but she packs her own punch.

## Tangman2

Story starters for a book about an alternate form of man evolving from an orangutan like primate.

1,000,000 Years Ago. The history of our people begins about 1,000,000 years ago on evolution island. “Evolution Island” was discovered in the 1960’s in the Saint Lawrence Seaway by amateur archeologists. At first they did not realize what they had discovered. The first finding was a stone wall on the island than ran alongside a foot path. One day an archeologist got curious as the age of the wall since it was known to have existed before European settlers inhabited the area. Dating the stone wall revealed a date which didn’t make sense at the time and was assumed to be incorrect. The stone wall was dated to about 100,000 years ago. Later foraging and digs at the site revealed other artifacts and remains. Some of them dated up to 1,000,000 years old. Evolution Island’s existence was kept secret because it contradicts the idea that man evolved exclusively in Africa then migrated outwards. Evolution Island is deemed an anomality by most of those who know about it. A splinter group of evolution that died out. The human remains on the island don’t correspond to the fossil records found elsewhere. The oldest fossil remains correspond most closely with an orangutan. The author refers to this group of primates as homo-tan. About a 1,000,000 years ago a band of primates discovered “evolution island” in the Saint Lawrence Seaway. By inhabiting the island, they were subjected to forces nearly ideal for evolution. The island is alternately cut-off from and connected to the mainland by the seaways yearly flooding and freezing. They understood the value of the island in terms of safety and security from predators. For roughly six months of the year primates on the island were free to dominate, unchallenged by other animals such as bears or wolves. The primates evolved to understand the yearly cycles. They began to do things like build fortifications while they had exclusive access to the island, in preparation for times when they wouldn’t. They became an animal capable of planning with some foresight of the future. Lightning Effect The reader may wonder about the source of information for this chapter. “How does he know this ?” The answer is genetic memory. I can “remember” Loose-Fur. I am a genetic descendant of Loose-Fur. All the tang-men with a pure enough blood have genetic memories. Loose-Fur was one of the first individuals with a name and a sense of identity. Genetic memory records brief moments of existence, almost always something extremely stressful for the individual. 200,000 years ago, the first homo-tan with a name finally wins the war against the wolves. The homotan’s name was Loose-Fur because his fur kept falling out. He was hairless compared to his peers. Homotans have taken over most of southern Ontario and Quebec along the Saint Lawrence seaway as a result of defeating the wolves. Because he was basically furless compared to the rest of the people of the time, he began wearing wolf pelts to keep warm and show his prowess at dealing with the wolves. One of the first members of the species to wear a form of clothing. He had a helmet made of a wolf’s skull and a spear tipped with a sharp rock. He was a massive muscle bound individual much taller and stronger than his peers of the time. He took to leading troops against the wolves which dominated Ontario and Quebec at the time. It was a vicious and bloody undertaking. Armed with only simple spears, rocks, and knives carved from wood they slowly took out the wolf clans one by one. In times before 200,000 years ago wolf clans ruled the countryside. Not like the wolves of today, but larger, stronger and smarter. The war with the wolves ended on a stormy day in the fall when many of the trees had lost their leaves. Loose-Fur stood on a small hill. As Loose-Fur killed the last wolf-pack leader he raised his spear into the sky and roared. By co-incidence there was a bolt of lightning and thunder at the same time. The remaining wolves were terrified of this action and retreated from the lands of southern Ontario. The Castle “Do you remember the castle ?” My mother asked me one day as a teen-ager. She wanted to see if I’d inherited the trait of genetic memories. I said “Yes”. But she demanded I prove it to her. The castle made a good determination of genetic memory as many with the memories could remember the castle. The castle was a foreboding dark colour. Made from black granite. One simply knew what it was like and where it was. We undertook to voyage to where the castle was located. I was to lead the way, guided only by my genetic memories of it. She already knew where the castle used to be, known to her by her own genetic memories, and would not provide any hint to me at all. The castle was located towards south central Ontario. We started our voyage from a village to the south. To reach the location of the castle we had to travel approximately 50 km. The location was the castle of the first “kings” of Ontario. I use the word king as a euphemism for the leader of the group. The castle was first built over 2,000 years ago at a central site over a large network of caverns. The cavern network served as a winter shelter. In fact, the caverns served as winter shelter long before the castle was built. Perhaps even dating back to the time of Loose-Fur. The castle was a focal point for access to the caverns. Once we reached the location of castle I told my mother that not only could I remember the castle, but I could also remember the crypts. Crypts of the ancient kings were located in the caverns under the castle. The crypts dated to long before the castle was built. The crypts were simply carved out of the walls, then sealed with mortar. Although the castle was no longer standing, there were not even in fact visible traces of the castle left, I was able to lead our little group to an entranceway of the cavern system. The tomb of Loose-Fur. I led the group through the underground cavern system to where the crypt of the ancient kings was located. Along one wall of the crypt was a sketch of a wolf’s head with a spear beside it. I knew what it meant. It was the location of Loose-Furs burial site. We broke through the crypt wall at that location and found the tomb of Loose-Fur. There was the skeleton of an ancient man. Stuck in the floor was the remains of a spear, a large diamond hanging off the one end. The diamond has since been called Loose- Fur’s Diamond. The un-cut diamond is quite large and a pale blue in color. The rightful king of the land is given a scepter that holds the diamond at one end. Secrecy How could a group of people go undetected ? When the first European settlers started to settle the land hundreds of years ago, they were surprised to find out how settled it was already. There were already several European style farms dotting the countryside. It didn’t occur to them the farm inhabitants weren’t in fact Europeans but rather native Canadians, tang-men. By the time the Europeans arrived the tang-men looked almost the same as any other group of people of European descent. They lived much the same way. In recent years there have been discoveries of skeletal remains of what are believed to be people of European descent that are thousands of years old. A closer genetic study of the remains would reveal that they are not actually of European descent, but are rather another form of man who lived in North America

## Kevin Munroe

Kevin was a runaway from the eastern coast of Canada. Disqualified from being rated the best Canadian fighter pilot during a contest, when it was found out he didn’t pass genetic testing for humanity, Kevin is abnormally strong, fast, and agile; he’s also part bird. He’s capable of flying flight manoeuvres that are impossible for a human being to survive. He got conscripted into the Canadian air-force as a teen-ager after demonstrating outstanding flying ability. When found to be too inhuman, he got put on a reserve list and was not allowed active duty, excepting “special occasions”. He remains one of the Canadian air-force’s secret assets. Kevin acts as a flight-team pilot on secret missions.

Kevin is not actually a mutant as he is not a carrier of the mutant X gene. However, he has manifested characteristics like a mutant, and been subjected to anti-mutant persecution.

**About 1962 the east coast of Canada.**

The infant screamed in pain, it felt as though his entire body was on fire. The DNA in every cell of his tiny two-year-old body was being altered, and the chemistry was generating a lot of heat. He’d caught the bird-flu somehow. Most likely a result of poor living conditions near the nesting grounds of seabirds. It was a version of the virus with the ability to transcribe genetic information between hosts - a mutanegenic virus. In this case bird DNA was being combined with human DNA. Rather than reject the infected cells, his tiny body was accepting the virally infected cells as part of his own body. He had a deathly fever for two weeks straight, but then one day his fever broke, and he began to recuperate. The odds of this type of thing happening and the individual surviving are extremely remote. Tiny feathers sprouted on his scalp where his hair had fallen out.

 He’d been born the son of a local fisherman. They were dirt poor, or rather stone poor; there wasn’t even any dirt to grow food with. They lived in the summer in a lean-to on the rock covered beach. In the winter they rented part of a boathouse to live in. When he was four, Kevin decided he’d had enough of the ‘bad life’ and decided to run away. He figured anyplace could be better than the place he was currently.

**1967 London Ontario**

In 1966 Kevin had been found running around or rather flying around southwestern Ontario. For a short while he’d been housed in a special “hospital” where there were people who were “less than human”. After the doctors and staff got to know Kevin, they realized he was more or less just an ordinary little boy with a hair problem. His condition in some ways was not unlike hyper-trichosis. They decided to allow him out of the hospital with a guardian. His guardian, Sergei, was a tough war veteran.

Sergei figured the safest place for the kid was inside a large reinforced steel container. Someone came up with the idea of using a caboose for housing, so that the housing itself could be moved quickly if need be. Kevin didn’t mind the idea. He finally had a home of his own now. After living for a few months in the caboose Kevin was told by a social worker that he’d have to attend school. They decided to place Kevin in grade one. There were a couple of “extra” rules that Kevin had to follow to attend school. 1) wear a wig to hide his feathered head, 2) wear a jacket to hide his feathered arms, 3) don’t tell anybody at all where he was living.

**September 1968, a public school in London Ontario**

It was grade one school, just before classes started when Kevin had gotten into an argument. “I can too fly!” Kevin exclaimed. He’d gotten into an argument somehow with another student, about people’s ability to fly. As a homework assignment, the teacher had asked the pupils to come up with a list of ways that people can move around. Kevin who was almost six, assumed that there were some other people like himself, who could fly. Kevin, somewhat agitated, decided to prove it to the other student. He stood on top of a desk and removed his jacket. His guardian had told him never to remove his jacket, but Kevin was too upset to follow the rules. Kevin flapped his feathered arms as fast as he could, which was amazingly fast, then stepped off the desk and flew around the classroom. Just then the teacher walked into the room. “My God!” she exclaimed seeing a flying child. “Sit down right now !” Kevin sat down and put his jacket back on. He looked at the student he was arguing with and stated: “told you so.” To the student he’d been arguing with. Most of the students and teacher were in a state of mild shock at seeing a flying child. “You‘re coming with me to the office right now young man. Kid’s flying around classrooms is not an acceptable behaviour.” The teacher led her pupil down to the office.

Rumours surfaced about a flying child. The R.C.M.P. investigated the rumours and interviewed several people. Rumours were suppressed by the R.C.M.P. Canada’s intelligence agency at the time. The teacher, who refused to deny she’d seen a flying boy, was forced to take a leave of absence from the school. Everybody thought she was nuts.

Kevin’s actions probably led to one of the most unfortunate events of his life.

**1979,**

In his third year of high-school, Kevin started to wonder what he would do for a living. He had applied to the "Xavier Institute" as a place to continue his education at. He figured he would get into the institute without too much trouble given his current situation and history. It was a small shock to him then as he read the letter from the institute: "We regret to inform you that you have not been accepted into the school." Kevin already had a plan 'B' in case he couldn't get into the post secondary education he was after: the air force.

**1979, an airforce training base**

Kevin had some sense of duty to his country, so he decided to try out for the air-force. He had already taken up flying lessons with a local instructor, and found it 'easy'. Being able to fly just felt natural to Kevin and he was an ace student.

One of the tests for potential air-force pilots was the centrifuge. If one didn't have good centrifuge results one couldn't be a pilot. Most people press the stop button for the centrifuge somewhere between two and three G's of acceleration. In Kevin's case he managed a staggering 29 G's of acceleration before he hit the kill switch. He had been determined to demonstrate his physical appropriateness as a pilot. Kevin managed to pass the centrifuge test with a classified secret score.

Kevin did well on his other aptitude testing and was accepted as a candidate into the Canadian Air-Force.

**1982, flight contest aftermath**

- imagine a contest taking place where flight manoeuvres are performed, and dummy targets are shot and bombed.

"What I'm saying is I'm the best there is." The pilot continued his complaint. "I should have won the contest." "That kid must have been hyped-up on drugs or something in order to be able to fly that way. It was inhuman." "I want him tested for drugs or other means of cheating." The pilot had gotten a perfect score in the contest, and still lost as Kevin had also gotten a perfect score but in less time.

The air-force kernel overseeing the contest agreed with the pilot. The kid had flown too well. Part of the reasons for contests was to weed out people with unusual ability.

"Kevin, I want you to report to the infirmary for drug testing." the kernel ordered.

The next day the nurse reported back to the kernel blood test results : "There's a problem with his blood work." "It's not actually human blood. Close but no cigar." "Tested negative for mutant X genetic factors however."

Kevin had a bad feeling about what was about to happen. He was counting on being an air-force pilot for a living, if he couldn't do that he didn't know what he would do next. He'd been ordered to meet with Kernel Flakkenhead about his prospects in the air-force.

Kernel Flakkenhead continued: "The problem with aircraft isn't that a better airplane can't be built, it's that no-one can pilot the better plane. For instance, it was possible to construct an aircraft capable of 40G accelerations during flight manoeuvres, but the high G forces would kill any occupants. This project " The kernel waved his hand over to one side of the hangar " was deemed a complete waste of taxpayer dollars, and shelved. It's what happens when you give the tech guys the freedom to come up with whatever they can produce." "It's the aircraft capable of 40G accelerations among other things.".

"You, my boy" The Kernel was referring to Kevin "are one of a small number of people that can actually make good use of the aircraft.".

## Revelations and Racism

A short story.

Peter Whales was an albino born to a black couple who were quite dark skinned and originally from Africa. The couple had a son named Peter after moving to Canada. The father refused to accept Peter as his own, even after multiple independently done paternity tests proved Peter was. When Peter was two, the father forced Peter out of the home, an apartment, claiming he could not stand to look at the child. Peter was picked up by social services and placed with a young Caucasian woman Ms. Whales, who lived in another apartment in the same building. This was done to allow Peter to see his sister who was a year or two older, and not an albino. Peter would sometimes play with his sister, and get to see his biological mother. But this arrangement was unacceptable to the father. One day the father threatened to kill Peter if he ever came near them again. The very next day a young boy who looked almost identical to Peter was found dead in the hall near the apartment. Then Peter decided to run away. Run away at the age of three. Everybody thought that it was Peter that died. Ms. Whales, grief stricken moved away to a small town. Coincidently it happened to be the same town Peter eventually ended up in via social services.

And the storyteller was Peter Whales.

## Loregenesis

**Story Premise**

In ancient times aliens modified human DNA to respond to a book. Reading the book enabled mutations in the human genome to become active. The process called Loregenesis takes place over many years. The book must be read slowly over many years. Unlike Terrigenesis where individuals undergo transformation all at once, Loregenesis transformation is slow and evolving. As more of the book is read, the individual becomes more evolved, but transformations also become more difficult. Successfully reading the entire book is said to give individuals God-like power.

The race is on to find and read the book.

It is said the book contains 10,000 pages and cannot be read in less than 20 years. Typical approach is to read one page per day. Most people give up reading the book long before the finish due to the difficulty of the transformations. Also, if the book is read too fast the current genetic transformation becomes final. It is not possible to transform further making it pointless to read the remainder of the book. The language of the book is also connected to the level of transformation. The book becomes unintelligible to individuals who have not transformed to the appropriate level.

Other bio-organisms also exposed to the book undergo transformations, which allows them to then read further into the book.

Someone publishes the first 100 pages of the book and many people reading it undergo minor genetic transformations. A change in eye or hair color, or longer fingernails.

The shield team must uncover the cause of a large number of people undergoing transformations, which is traced back to the book.

## Plasma Engineer

Yes, I have relatives on alien planets.

My one son is a plasma engineer on an alien planet. We knew he was different the day he was born. The sparkly blue color was a dead giveaway. Shortly after he was born, we turned him over to star-fleet, because we couldn’t look after him properly.

It was found out when he was an infant that he could withstand amazing amounts of radiation. Unfortunately, good plasma engineers are a rare item, and he ended up being shipped off to another world. Quite distant from where we are.

In a semi-jesting fashion, he offered to send me a one ton, yes a one ton, block of gold to help with my finances. He said they produce gold by the kiloton using plasma physics where he works, and they don’t usually deal with such a small quantity as a ton. Gold is a relatively inexpensive material where he lives compared to some of the exotic forms of matter that they produce. Unfortunately, it turned out there wasn’t an efficient way to get it to the surface on Earth. He was just going to drop it off from space and let it crash to the ground, using a suitable trajectory and gravity to do the work. But we calculated that it would explode in the upper atmosphere. There wasn’t a way to ship the gold to the surface without a significant amount of it being wasted. Anyways, I told him I didn’t really need the gold, my finances were okay.

I got reminded of this story reading about the large mineral laden asteroid recently detected in the news.

## Runaway with Me

Runaway with me. That’s what I told my girlfriend to do. She decided to ignore me and continue watching the TV. I warned her what would likely happen. Outside was a gang of about eight people that she pissed off. And they were headed our way. I saw them outside of the window from our apartment.

No matter how much I begged her to come with me, she wouldn’t. Her favorite TV show was on. I ran. Later in the news I found out she’d been beaten to death. Police could not get there fast enough.

## Space-Time Teleporter

One of the cool things you can do as a space-time teleporter is sleep in, again and again. When that alarm clock goes off, just teleport backwards in time an hour or two for some additional sleep.

## Self Replicating Material

Did you hear the one about the technician who created a self-replicating material ? It still replicates non-stop to this day. It destroyed an entire planet, replicating in all directions, until there was so much of it that the force of gravity caused it to curve in on itself. Now it looks like a giant pink ball that continues to grow in space.

## Trek - Star Bomb

Someone yelled “bomb” just before it went off. It was a ritual exclamation, part of an undertaking of the Vulcans. Periodically over the past 5,000 years a small white dwarf star about to extinguish was bombed back to light. Bombing the star temporarily restored its capacity for nuclear reaction. The problem was first discovered by and delt with by the Vulcans. A nearby habitable planet had evolved intelligent life in the late stages of the star’s existence. The star’s light wasn’t very strong, and it was somewhat unstable. The survival of the people on the planet depended on the star being periodically bombed back to light.

The Vulcan “project” was in the process of being handed over to Star-Fleet. It was felt that Star-Fleet’s prospects as a long-term organization caring for the fledgling civilization was better than the Vulcans. Star-fleet had more resources at its disposal.

Unfortunately, during the last bomb event, the star failed to re-ignite. Star-fleet personnel calculate that no amount of bombing the star will bring it back to light again.

A small crowd of people having a massive celebration in villages on the planet’s surface. All they know is that periodically the sun goes out, but a short time later it begins shining again. There are all kinds of doomsday cults on the planet centred around the star going out.

## The Emergency Services Test

This falls under the category of crazy things you do as a teenager.

When I was a teenager at one point I needed some orthopedics done to my face and skull. It turned out a blunt force needed to be applied at the front of the skull to correct things. I was told that I could undergo a procedure that used a mallet or a bean bag gun. I was told I could be sedated, but it would be a lot better if I wasn’t. I pondered upon this for a couple of days, unsure what I wanted to do. Then, I and a couple of teenage cohorts got the idea of testing emergency responses in the community. We got appropriate approval from the proper authorities to run a test.

At a predetermined location, my one friend began swearing and yelling obscenities at me, and I yelled back, while my other friend began timing and recording everything. It was a complete act, but only a handful of people knew that. After swearing for a few seconds friend number one pulled out a 44-calibre pistol loaded with a bean bag and shot me in the head from several yards away. It caused quite a commotion. Police and ambulance were on scene in favorable response times. Police were on the lookout for a young lady carrying a 44 pistol. A short time later everyone was informed of the test and the search for an assailant carrying a firearm cancelled. My skull issue had been fixed.

## Spooked

Where were you on November 9th, 1965? From what I remember I was standing on a street corner with my mom waiting for a bus. I was about four years old. When the bus arrived, it parked for a moment, and I ran out in front of it to look underneath. Childhood curiosity. My mom scolded me immediately and warned me if I did not get out of the way and return to where she was standing something bad would happen. As I looked over at mom, all the lights all over the city suddenly went out. Boy, was I spooked.

## The Urge to Fly

The small dark coloured bird sat on the edge of the window at the end of the hall in the apartment building. R had been playing tag with his little friend, when he decided to try and catch the bird. He thought it was a Finch bird and he wanted to show it to his friend. Jogging up to the bird, he reached over to grasp it, but the bird took off and flew a few steps away towards a ledge. Thinking he could still reach it, he leaned out the window, reached out towards it, lost his balance, and promptly fell out the window. His little friend had seen him standing at the end of the hall, seeing that he was out of steam, she decided to run up to him and tag him. She jumped out the window behind him, thinking he was trying to escape from being tagged. He awoke a couple of minutes later. He was lying face first in the mud. An automatic sprinkler had been watering the lawn, so the turf was somewhat soft and had absorbed some of the impact. The force of the impact had shattered his face, broke both arms, both legs, and several ribs. He was in a bad way. Lying face down on the ground, he felt something tickling his back. It was the little dark coloured bird he had been trying to catch. For a moment he thought he was dead. A sound off towards the side caught his attention. Someone was calling his name. It was his little friend asking if he would like to try it again. Dumbfounded he looked towards her and asked if she was all right. She said she was fine. He asked where she was from, and she replied, “I’m from Switzerland”. She then said she didn’t realize it was so much fun to jump out of buildings, she said she was going to try jumping from the eighth floor. He yelled ‘don’t do that’ and tried to grab her leg as she trotted off for the next attempt. That was the last he ever saw of her. Groaning in pain at first, he got himself up and stood up. Looking at his reflection in a nearby window, he thought what a mess of himself. Then he noticed he was about an inch or so shorter, and thought that was funny. Being more than a little bit groggy, he forgot who he was exactly or why he was there. He started to wander around a bit. Someone who had seen him lying on the ground out of the corner of their eye came over to see if he was all right. Not remembering what had happened, he said he was fine and was just out playing. After wandering a bit more he came across a gravel parking lot. A beat-up old pickup truck zoomed past him and abruptly stopped in a parking space. Having stopped so suddenly, the truck backfired with a loud bang, and a huge plum of black oily smoke coated him. He was now covered in mud, blood, and oil. Being irritated he yelled ‘hey watch it xxx’. A young man jumped out of the truck, exclaiming ‘omg, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to run into you with my truck. I must have had too much to drink at the party last night. I’m xxxxx’. R assured him that he had not in fact run into me with his truck. Then being worried about being a small kid not knowing where he was, who he was, or what he was going to do, he just said ‘I’m a midget, I’m really 16’. I was at the same party last night too, and got a bit wasted. Can you give me a lift down-town ?” He could only remember a handful of things. The number ‘five’ (he had been playing on the fifth floor). His first name began with the letter ‘R’. He was sure he had relatives in London, and the name ‘Finch’.

## How to Remember Your Name

One day locked up in a prison cell, I was bored and got to talking to my neighbour in the next cell. He was being transferred to death row, and his current cell was only temporary for a day. I found out he had been in a great many fights. One too many for his well being. And I had one important question to ask him: “How do you remember your name? I got into a bad fight the other day and almost forgot who I was.” He responded: “First remember your initials. What are your initials?” I gave him my initials “KFR”. He said first quietly then with an enthusiastic yell: “That’s an easy one to remember. Kill the F\*\*ckeRs! Use an acronym and a catch phrase for your initials.” So that is how I remember that I am Kevin F. Roberts. I began to wonder about the merits of my conversation with my neighbour, Victor, and decided to shut up.

## Trek - Casey's Apartment

My mom’s space yacht could hold 15 to 20 people onboard comfortably, but that ill-fated day there was just me and my mom onboard. I can’t remember exactly where we were headed but we didn’t end up where we planned. The yacht was really intended for local spaceflight’s although it was large enough to have a small warp core onboard for longer journeys. The yacht was just that, it was designed to land on a planetary surface on water and be used like a yacht.

Enroute we encountered a small borg scout ship. The borg immediately began an assault on the yacht with the typical borg ‘we will assimilate you’ message. It was a hopeless battle as the yacht had no real weaponry on it. And defenses were typical shields of a small spacecraft. At first detection of the borg craft, my mom got us strapped into seats and told me to hang on. As the yacht was small and fast she, was going to try and out-manoeuvre the borg's craft. Mom was an excellent pilot. The inertial dampers were having trouble handling the rapid movements of the yacht. The yacht was being buffeted by near misses from the borg's assault cannon.

No matter what we tried we didn't seem to be able to escape the borg. Finally, when shields were down to 18% mom with tears in her eyes told me what she was going to do: overload the reactor and ram the borg. Apparently, no matter what, we didn't want to be assimilated by the borg. Mom detached the piloting tablet from the console and took it with her to the warp core. She continued to fly the yacht. The warp core was in the centre of the vessel.

The amorphous polymer door slid to the side revealing the reactor. "Mr. Fusion" was labelled on the side of the reactor. The manual for the reactor touted the reactor's safety record. "Guaranteed not to overload." The reactor had been designed for small scale civilian use. As such it was almost fool proof. The reactor and warp core combination had been elegantly done. The engineers had used tricks not suitable for larger vessels to scale down the size of the warp core. Maintenance on the combination was usually done by ejecting it through the hull floor. But there was an emergency access panel when the core was in place. There was only one option available with the access panel removed: turn off the fusion reactor and shutdown the warp core. Casey swore. There didn't appear to be a way to overload the reactor it had been too well engineered. There was no self-destruct. There was only one thing left to do.

In a typical dumb blonde move my mom crashed her yacht into one corner of a borg scout ship. The idea had been to take out the borg vessel by detonating the warp core of the yacht on impact. Only things didn’t go as planned. The warp core fizzled out without exploding and we were trapped in the borg vessel, onboard the yacht which amazingly survived mostly intact. The borg, no longer being able to sense the vessel externally, ceased hostilities. To the borg it looked like the ship suddenly vanished. For some reason the borg were unable to determine what happened to the yacht. It was a small borg vessel and may have been due to the lack of interior sensors. The borg vessel then resumed its scouting expedition with us onboard.

Being onboard the borg vessel was interesting. Mom checked it out first, where it was safe to go and where it wasn’t. The borg simply ignored us for the most part. We had crashed into an unimportant part of the vessel, and the borg didn’t deem it worth fixing. We travelled around for about a year from one part of the galaxy to another onboard the borg spacecraft. Until one day we finally came close enough to a star base to use a transporter to transport out. Boy where they surprised at the star-base when two individuals suddenly appeared from apparently no-where.

My mom, being an entrepreneur, advertised the crashed yacht as an exclusive high-priced apartment onboard a borg-spacecraft.  The trick was to detect when the borg vessel would be close enough to a star base to transport back onboard. The "apartment" rented to a few unscrupulous types trying to avoid the law and willing to risk an encounter with the borg.

## Trek - Extended Family Meeting

What if your family had travelled the stars long ago? Excerpt from a Star Trek story I was writing.

Important family meeting was all it said. T’pluluk a young Vulcan woman had her doubts about attending but it seemed the logical, reasonable thing to do. It might be a once in a lifetime opportunity. Opportunities to meet her other siblings and relatives were rare indeed. She knew she was part of a large extended family, but did not comprehend just how large until she saw the meeting chamber. It looked like a massive federation of planets meeting, except that there was perhaps an even more diverse group of aliens. She had a momentary epiphany and almost passed out as she realized what was going on. She wondered how it had been arranged given that some of those in attendance were at war with one another.

Hundreds ? were attending.

Larger aliens were seated towards the rear. Smaller ones towards the front. Seating was arranged in groups of aliens from the same species representing different delegations. The seating was also arranged so that peoples with similar beliefs were closest together. It had been laid out to minimize the chances of people being offended.

Glancing around T’pluluk noticed there were three or four large arachnids wearing battle gear along with several other not wearing gear at the upper right of the chamber. Below that there was a contingent of Klingon’s. There seemed to be at least one representative of each major species in the galaxy visible if one included the displays of other quadrants. It was a bit overwhelming.

In a semi-circle around the podium were several chambers for aquatic life-forms. T’pluluk could make out four giant quid and two giant octopi. Above the aquatic chambers was a curved display broken into four sections. Each section displayed one of the four chamber rooms being used for the meeting, including the one she was in. There was a chamber room representing each quadrant of the galaxy.

T’pluluk was seated towards the middle of the chamber next to her cousin who was also Vulcan. Nearby there were a small group of humans, below that a small group of Vampre.

T’pluluk like many others was astounded to realize she was genetically related to such a wide group of individuals. Her parents had given her some warning, as they had attended a similar event in their youth. Apparently such a meeting took place once every 50 to 100 years. But this event was supposed to be particularly special.

## Trek – Fry Contact

I wrote this short story as an entry for a contest.

**Location: Jet aircraft flying at the edge of space**

The pilot was close to the theoretical altitude limit of his jet-aircraft when he thought he spotted something nearby. The aircraft was a technical feat circa 1950’s technology, the latest available on the planet. He decided to push the limits of his vehicle to get a closer look. The reality was that the extreme altitude was pushing the pilot’s limit, and he began hallucinating.

**Location: Main Bridge Starship - View screen**

The starship NCC-XXXX was a medical supply ship on a routine mission. On the view-screen was a small aircraft.

The small aircraft bounced and skipped on the surface of the atmosphere. The aircraft wasn’t designed for spaceflight, but it had reached the edge of space. The aircraft started glowing red hot after a few minutes. On the bridge of the NCC-XXXX the crew was becoming quite upset.

“He isn’t going to make it sir. He’s frying. ” The first officer reported to the captain. “What should we do ?”. The flights quandary had become the focus of the crew’s attention when it was picked up on the scanner. A small red dot bounced around onscreen next to the blue-green planet. The first officer thought he already knew what they were supposed to do according to official policy: nothing.

The problem was that it was a society on the verge of discovering spaceflight; the federation and aliens in general were unknown to them. New ideas and new awareness were abounding for their society. This wasn’t supposed to be a contact mission, but a brief reconnaissance one. The Federation had moved its viewing posts off the planet some decades ago, when it was obvious that the society was progressing rapidly, and may soon be able to detect outposts. In place of the outposts, they had left a cloaked spy satellite high in orbit. A periodic mission for a starship was to ensure the spy satellite was working correctly, and pick up data from it. The Federation had been spying on the Earth-like civilization for almost 100 years.

But today the civilization was close to being in direct contact with Star-Fleet. Official first contact often came when a civilization could meet Star-Fleet on its own terms. Real meaningful contact came when two sides were somewhat similar. A major feature of similarities being technological prowess. Technology isn’t fearsome when you can understand it, and build it yourself. Star-Fleet’s policies were designed to ensure the best outcome from a contact. The prime directive prevents interference with the internal development of a civilization. That usually meant a meeting if the civilization has developed warp technologies, and not sooner. [[1]](#footnote-1)

**Airplane:**

The pilot was cycling the jet engines on and off, trying to force the aircraft further down into the atmosphere where it would be easier to fly. The rotational inertia of the aircraft from the planet was trying to throw the aircraft into space. The heat of the upper atmosphere combined with the air friction was melting the pilot’s airplane. The flight controls were failing. The pilot was one of the first people to discover problems associated with getting off and back onto the planet. The information would be invaluable if he were to survive.

**Main Bridge:**

“Sir what should we do ?” The first officer repeated.

“Take a shuttlecraft and tractor that plane onboard. It’ll be too difficult to get a transporter lock on the fellow. Hurry we don’t have much time.” The captain ordered. “Have Dr. Krusher waiting in the shuttle-bay for a severe burn victim(s).”

**Airplane:**

The pilot couldn’t believe it, the aircraft suddenly seemed to be easier to maneuver. The thermostat showed a decrease in temperature. Then the pilot saw something else he couldn’t believe. There was a strange glow around his airplane, coming from another vehicle some distance away. He knew he must be hallucinating, on the verge of death.

**Shuttle:**

On the shuttle personnel made a quick decision to fire on the pilot’s aircraft engines to disable them. The pilot was still trying to fly his aircraft even though it was caught in a tractor beam. It wasn’t helping the situation and they had no way to communicate with him.

**Shuttle Bay:**

The shuttle successfully managed to tractor the aircraft to the shuttle bay. The airplane was smoking hot and on fire in various places. A painted emblem on the side of the fuselage burned like some sort of demonic omen.

The plane had a high-powered cabin cooler onboard. And the pilot was wearing a thermal suit. His suit and cabin cooler saved him. The outside of the aircraft had reached thousands of degrees in temperature. It was scorched and melted all over. Star-Fleet hanger deck personnel had to spray the airplane with a cooling foam[[2]](#footnote-2) before they could try and get inside. Several Star-Fleet personnel had minor burns incurred trying to remove the pilot from the aircraft.

**Ready Room:**

The captain’s ready room was in an uproar. Not everybody agreed with the captain’s approach of trying to save the pilot. Several different crew members commented in succession.

“How’s he getting back to the surface ? He obviously can’t fly that wreck of a plane back down. How are we going to handle the situation now, captain ? Drop him in a basket and claim that storks rescued him ?”

“We must give him more details of what happened, and what Star-Fleet is about. Otherwise, do you really want him believing that angels rescued him, and not Star-Fleet ?”

“What can we expect him to say ?”

“In any case we have to try to set his perspectives into a positive light.”

**Medical Bay:**

The pilot’s air supply mask had melted onto his face. With his helmet and air-supply hose he looked like some kind of elephantine alien. The Dr. Krusher decided to cut a hole in the air-supply hose to allow fresh atmosphere to reach the individual, rather than trying to remove mask right away. Removing the mask too quickly might peel away his face.

The doctor carefully cut away part of the pilot’s air suit, and was shocked with what she saw.

“Oh my God, he’s been boiled in his own sweat.” “He’s got third and fourth degree burns all over his body.” There were rings of purple and orange patches all over his body. The pilot’s air suit had acted to trap water, when the temperature passed the boiling point the water started boiling. “His hands are a write-off. He’ll need new fingers at least.”

According to the thermostat the cockpit hit a peak temperature of 452 degrees. While his skin was boiled his internal organs were dried out. Every ounce of fluid in the pilot’s body had gone into sweat to try and cool him down. The pilot didn’t have an ounce of water left in him. He’s almost completely dried out internally to the point of being mummified.

The doctor hooked up an IV with a saline solution in it to restore the pilot’s water. Then they moved him to an isolation chamber. If he lived he wouldn’t look pretty.

Dr. Krusher began growing skin-grafts along with fingers for the pilot. He would need a new skin to survive.

**Epilogue:**

After several weeks of care the pilot had recuperated, he was left with circular scars where his skin had boiled.

The captain decided to write a letter of confidence to the president appealing to keep Star-Fleet’s existence a secret for the present time. He gave the letter along with a button from a Star-Fleet uniform to the pilot. When the pilot had recovered enough the pilot was taken back to the surface at night, under cloak, via shuttlecraft.

The official story on the planet’s surface was that the pilot’s aircraft malfunctioned, and he ejected from the plane. He had managed to survive in the wilderness for several weeks. Only a handful of people knew the real story.

## Galactic Archeology News

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Somewhere on a small planet located in a warehouse style room, no-one knows where, is an old galactic database server. It contains every piece of information on the galaxy at that time. It was a backup server. Used just before the fall of the previous galactic empire, 2 billion years ago. During the fall of the last empire, all the galactic database servers became severed from the network, and they were. All assumed to be destroyed. No-one has ever found one in any condition to be useful.

For the most part there is just a burned-out relic, and pile of slag where one has been found; barely recognizable for what it was. There has only ever been a handful found.

Some years ago, a technician working on personal project, found what appeared to be an intelligent signal, emanating from a particular region in space. After years of research the technician managed to decode a message from the signal:

"Server needs servicing."

He couldn't believe it himself that it was a very old database server, signalling a malfunction. No-one had used those codes(or anything similar) in millions of years (according to the server). Nobody could find a record of any kind of any server in the area. After some head-scratching and discussion with one or two other people, someone suggested it might be one of the old galactic database servers. A find that would be totally unbelievable if true; one wouldn't even expect to find a server in recognizable condition, let alone working.

## Camera One, The Cat’s Eye

This story is an extended description of events taking place on the Cat’s Meow. A ship that was from time to time parked off the eastern coast of Canada, Halifax harbour. Ralph saw the ship sometimes when he was procuring fuel pellets for his reactor. The Cat’s Meow had fired warning shots on Ralph’s own boat several times over the years. One time the shot almost hit the nuclear fuel which would have caused an explosion; but Ralph was lucky. Ralph knew of Thomas Inch.

Thomas Inch a light-colored black person,

in the early 1900’s developed the world’s first full-colour motion picture camera. Thomas took the camera to the Cat’s Meow to demonstrate it for William Hurst in 1924. He was seeking financing to further develop the camera. For the time the camera was beyond state-of-art. Unfortunately, the design of the camera and film was lost to time due to the serious “accident” that befell Thomas.

How do I know this? I was there. One of the call girls invited to the party had a son, me, by William Hurst and she thought William would like to see his son even though inviting kids to the adult-only party was strictly forbidden. Mom managed to sneak me onboard and I stayed in her cabin with her until the evening dinner party.

Mom eventually told William about me, and I got invited to sit next to Hurst at the dinner party. He was thrilled to see me, even though the rules had been broken. He said I could stay if I stayed in the cabin. They were not going into port just to drop me off. He wanted the party to continue.

Onboard for a while, were two polish men whose specialty was catching a cannon ball fired from a small cannon. The cannon was attached to the deck of the Cat’s Meow for a demonstration. I got involved in the demonstration bragging that I could do the same thing after seeing it done. At first people refused to let me demonstrate that I could do it, but after I begged a bit, one of the patron’s said: “Come on, let the boy give it a try.” And it was agreed for a demonstration the next evening.

When the next evening arrived, the demonstration was setup. However, there was an issue with it. Gunpowder got packed into the cannon twice by mistake; normally they cut the amount of gunpowder to limit the force projecting the cannon ball. However, this time two different people had setup the powder for the cannon, not realizing it was already setup, making the shot twice as powerful as it was supposed to be. When the cannon was fired, I just barely caught the cannon ball; it knocked me back on the deck about three or four meters, and left me with a large welt on the stomach. Patrons were upset. I could just barely move, suffering internal bruises. Hurst decided to change the boat’s course to get me medical treatment on shore; but it was not an emergency.

There was more than one bad thing happening at the same time. Hurst saw woman #1 crying carrying a gun and told her immediately to put it away. Guns were not allowed onboard during the party. “I am going to kill that bastard.” The woman said. Then Hurst realized that the woman’s husband had been cheating on her at the party. Something else that was strictly forbidden.

Sitting on the stairs between decks was Thomas Inch, talking to one of the women. When woman #1 saw them sitting on the stairs she drew the gun and pointed it at Thomas as if to shoot. But then she lowered the gun; because she realized she’d made a mistake. She’d confused Thomas with her husband. They both looked the same when viewed from the rear, they both had dark black hair cut the same way, and both were wearing similar clothing. She could only see him from behind. She was above and behind him on the steps. Unfortunately, Hurst, upset because she’d been so upset and following her around, grabbed her wrist, raised the gun, and pulled the trigger, saying: “You’re supposed to do that, you don’t let him get away with it.” Thinking the woman had chickened-out. Hurst did not realize it was not the correct person to seek revenge on. Hurst himself had suffered emotional abuse at the hands of women, and he had over sympathized with woman #1. Feeling too much of her pain. I had been watching things unravel from the doorway of the cabin which was near the stairs.

Thomas ended up with a gunshot wound to the back of the head. It was a small calibre gun.

When Hurst realized his mistake he was devastated. With Thomas being seriously injured Hurst sought to get Thomas the best medical treatment he could as fast as he could. He decided to put into port right away even though there was a doctor on-board. He arranged for ambulances to be ready to accept patients as soon as they docked. All kinds of rumours began. Thomas had been seriously injured but he ended up living. He recovered after a lengthy period. Nobody died, and there was no real coverup by Hurst; he just didn’t advertise what had happened. Thomas, feeling bitter at events decided not to promote his camera further and wouldn’t deal with Hurst again.

As to myself, people accidently forgot about me. The doctor had placed me in a small bar fridge, a trick that was supposed to help my injury by keeping it cool until medical attention could be provided at port. Unfortunately, it was forgotten, and I ended up frozen solid. I did not get found until the boat Cats’ Meow got sold. Nobody had accessed the small bar fridge in the time following the party. The bar fridge had been sold to a university. Eventually though, I was found and thawed. It is a case that was of interest during the space race when people wondered if someone could be frozen. Once thawed, I found out I had a cousin called Patty; but that’s another story.

And the storyteller was William Hurst Junior.

1. This isn’t Star-Fleets policy but one of the many myths about Star-Fleet. The real policy is to get involved with governments as soon as a habitable planet with intelligent life is found. Star-Fleet’s exploration policy is an attempt to find and interact with habitable worlds as soon as possible. Star-Fleet leaves it up to governments on the planet’s surface as to whether or not Star-Fleet’s existence is generally known. [↑](#footnote-ref-1)
2. Cooling foam is cool stuff. It traps heat inside the foam as it hardens into something resembling space shuttle foam. The surface of the foam is cool, but one has to wait until it’s hardened. [↑](#footnote-ref-2)