It was an arbitrary time of day, on the bridge (actually all parts) of the Galactic Starship Spazezark, as Commander Blay Ben Zeppel slammed his armored fist down on the flight console, and, grimacing through his foggy helmet bubble, robotically bellowed, “Somebody get me a Writer! Class-B or higher!”.

Six Bridge Underlings – affectionately known as ‘Bridgelings’ by the full-time crew – scurried in various directions, each one in hopes of stumbling over a Writer of some kind at random, before the other Bridgelings could find one first. Ignoring the commotion, The Spazezark’s 2nd Commander promptly produced his backup Writer (Class-F, chrome-plated) from a sleeve holster, and deftly delivered it into the waiting armored other palm of his Immediate Commander. Cocking an eyebrow – probably, his helmet bubble was very foggy - at the high-definition main ViewPort, which displayed their predicament in rather spectacular detail, he hissed sharply and not unworriedly through his modified bubble vents, “Sir, we still seem to be crashing into the Suns. I don’t think that last plan worked. Like, at all. And who are you planning to write to, right *now*? ”

The two Zepellan Commanders clutched their grippy console safety handles as the deck pitched leeways and sparks flew from various sultry, curved interior surfaces of the Bridge, the flight crew busily making grabs at unharnessed Bridgulings as they went tumbling about. Alarming noises were sounding warnings at various volumes and pitches. “No time for that, Murph”, Commander Zeppel shot back, in a rugged and artificially hollowed voice – we need those Star Rotors spun up, and fast. What’s keeping Engineering, TheDammit?”.

Second Commander Murph Pop Lolloi twisted his modified helmet bubble as best he could toward the Commander, while still maintaining his grip on both grippy handles, pausing an uncharacteristic moment before giving the Commander the hard news.

“They’ve called a meeting, Ben, all seven or eight of them.”

The two Zeppellan Astronaut Commanders stared at one another – most likely, the helmet bubbles were getting foggier by the short moment - as the full gravity of the situation descended upon them. The Flexelene orbs surrounding their soft, furry heads were foggier even than a moment before, due to condensation [which happens in space, Maeve. Look it up].

Commander Zeppel – Ben to his truest friends – hauled a brightly coloured Emergency Adhesive Class-D SketchPad – his very last one - from a sleeve pouch and slapped it hard to his Second Commander’s vacuum-armored chrome Astrosuit chest-plate, so it would survive to be read after he kicked the Second Commander out the airlock when the officer wasn’t looking. “This can’t be good, Murph” he said flatly, not attempting to make eye contact anymore, through the cloying mist now completely covering their visor shields. Sparking up the Writer with a final, grim gaze at the twin Suns, he began rapidly scrawling his final Commander’s log on the shell of his Sub-Commander’s suit…

To be continued!

Well maybe if you stopped looking for problems for a minute, you’d stop finding them. C’mon, we got other work to do.

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