

The Prank

ISD II WARRIOR

Sin Squadron Pilot's Briefing Room

2 Days ago.

-Robert, Rando and Hermann, I have gathered you here, today, to transfer my squadron commanding position to Robert, and also for you, Hermann to be assigned as Flight Leader of Flight 3- says the future RA Terrik, with his voice broken by emotion.

-Thank you for your trust, Zekk. We will keep high the traditions of Sin and we will try to give our best for Wing II, and our glorious Warrior- expressed the future CMDR Hogan, also clearly touched by emotion.

-We are going to miss you, Zekk. We had a great year, and had a wonderful time serving under your command. I'm sorry, I can't go on....- said LC Rando also very affected.

- This looks more like a funeral than a promotion to Rear Admiral. We just need the flowers and a coffin- says Hermann with his usual lack of touch.

- He goes away just for one day, to get promoted in the Avenger, and we'll have him back in the Warrior, before we can even notice- he continued, while waving his arms.

Zekk grinned for a moment and replied: -Your lack of sensibility is famous throughout the Fleet, Hermann, but you are right, there is no reason to make this so melodramatic. As soon as I return, I will be asking you people to give out your very best. Now, I must leave. I have to try out my new uniform. I'll see you in a couple of days.

Upon his exit, the mood changed, radically.

-Good performance, you two. I'll keep that in mind in our next card games-, said Hermann pouring himself his tenth cup of coffee for that day.

-Zekk knows us too well, he would have sniffed something if there were no tears. Rando, is everything prepared?- asked Hogan.

-Yes. The corvette will be attacked by some R-41s, that will disable her with their ions on her way home back to the Warrior. As soon as the shields are down, the crew will put Zekk in an escape pod and throw him in space.- answered Rando, on the brink of a laughing fit.

-Good, Hav and 3 of his pilots will proceed with the attack with those R-41s on hangar 6. I've already spoken to the chief mechanic and they are ready, like brand new- added Robert.

-On my side, the rescue is fixed. It did cost a small fortune but good old Vizcacha has the best liquor, and what's more important, the most beautiful exotic dancers in the Sector- Hermann remarked.

-It looks this isn't the first party you people are fixing, huh? You old pirate- suspiciously commented Rando.

-I come from some units in which good amusement was as common as good combat, and come on, no one here is just out of a kindergarden, either- said Hermann while laughing.

-We will give Zekk a nice surprise. Now, back to work. We're not on vacation!- said Hogan, ending the meeting and turning off the lights.

VIP Boarding Room on the SSD Avenger

TODAY

-Well, Zekk. I hope that you have enjoyed the ceremony, and take good care of the Warrior. Congratulations- FA Silvius, gave a pat in the back of the new RA.

-I will give my best. Now, back to my ship. I am eager to start and my Corvette is already waiting.- He waved everybody and boarded quickly on the ship that headed to the Warrior.

An hour later.

The alarms are ringing in full volume and the Corvette is shaken by impacts to the shields.

-Sir!- an officer storms inside the VIP sector. -We are being attacked by unknown ships, our escort detail has vaporized and I have orders to send you home in an escape pod.

-But...

-There is no time to lose, Sir!. Your life is in danger and we have already radioed our position and the pod's transponder will guide the rescue ship to your position.

-What a way to start my command!, thinks Zekk, while entering inside the capsule, which seems to have not been properly sanitized. With a violent jolt, the pod is ejected and starts to drift in space.

Ten minutes later...

-I hope it won't take long for them to locate me, comments Zekk, when suddenly the lights go out.

-Damn!, What the hell? What kind of ship is this? I will send the maintenance chief to hyperspace, as soon as I get back!!!, yells our furious hero almost on a nerve breakdown.

Two hours later...

-I can't bear this smell any longer. I'll make sure the sanitizing department works as it should, he thought...

Suddenly, a deaf thump, another jolt, and the pod is towed to a mysterious ship.

Zekk unholstered his blaster, ready to repel any threats, whatsoever.

The hatch opens, and a Quarren's head pops out and asks: -RA Terrik, are you alright?-

-Yeah! Who the hell are you and how do you know my name?-

-Such a bad temper for the guest of honor of this party. Come, come out of that stinky capsule and I'll explain- while the Quarren extends his hand helping the battered RA to exit the pod.

-I'm Elmer Vizcacha. An old friend of one of your colourful pilots, and I was hired to set up the party for your promotion to commodore.

-Party? What party? One of my pilots? What kind of ship is this?

-YOUR PARTY!! Of course!. Which pilot? A deranged one, recently transferred to your ship. Ah. I forgot to tell you. This is my private yacht, and my dancers and my liquor cellar are all at your disposal, by the courtesy, a succulent courtesy I must add, of your pilots.

They gave me this note for you.

"Dear Commodore. I hope you enjoy your party. Supposedly we have not received any transmissions from your pod, so you have 24 hours of relax and entertainment

We will pick you up and forgive our little prank.

Robert

PS: Remind the Quarren our payment includes 8 crates of premium liquor."