

# *The Incident at Station 23*

A Qattusverse Novel

Written by Chris Moody

Chapter 3

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The light slowly dimmed. He heard a soft buzz that seemed to surround him. He tried to swat the buzzing noise away; however, it just got more persistent. There was a bad taste in his mouth he couldn't place, he wanted to get rid of it, but opening his mouth only allowed more in.

The noise began to separate into distinct patterns. Adam tried to concentrate on one of the sounds to see if he could make any sense of it. He felt his head move forward and his breathing eased.

“Are you with us sir?” asked a young voice.

“We don't have any more time! David, April, grab him and lets go,” another voice barked. He felt something slither around his waist on either side, his arms lifted and placed around something. He felt the tips of his boots drag across the floor.

His brain raced, trying to make sense of everything. *At least the light is gone*, he thought.

He moaned as his foot collided with something hard. He felt himself falling, and his buttocks landed on a soft surface.

“Adam, can you hear me?” a feminine voice asked.

“Deanna, is that you?” he murmured.

Adam opened his eyes. Young Olediem with various fur markings reclined on purple couches while others played with multicolored balls.

“Are we with the Olediem?” he asked in a whisper, as his eyes closed again.

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He opened his eyes. Lights with numbers floated above him. A bright light shined into his eyes.

“Whe....Where am I?” he coughed. As he breathed back in, the room's medicinal clean scent came flooding to him.

“The patient is in medical bay beta five,” replied an artificial voice. The bright light floated away from his face.

“Ouch,” Adam cried as he tried to sit up. “What happened?”

“Patient's shuttle had some issues in docking with the station. Patient breathed in excessive amounts of coolant gas, which caused issues with breathing. Coolant gas has been removed, patient should be recovered with in a clip. To verify brain functionality, please give rank, full name, and serial number.”

“Young ... Commander A...dam Trixar, 0A3...5621-0.523B.”

Adam sighed. “Was there any other injuries from the shuttle?”

“Just one.”

A tear fell from the corner of Adam's eye. He tried to control himself. *Commanders can't cry.*

“Who?”

“The pilot, died due to exposure to vacuum.”

Adam managed to get his breathing under control. His training had taught him there is nothing that can be done about the past, learn from it and move on.

“Am I ready to be released?”

“Patient will be releasable in 30 tics.”

*Not often I get to be in such a comfortable bed... might as well not fight the computer.*

Adam heard a soft, continual beep from across the medical bay and nothing else. Adam started to drum his fingers on the bedspread.

*I should probably report in, even if its remotely.*

“Computer, what is the current check in procedure for military personnel?”

“Current check in procedure is unknown. Current military commander has yet to stipulate what procedure is.”

*That's odd, he thought. Setting new procedure is generally the first thing that happens.*

“Computer, how long has current military commander been on base?”

“Current commander has been on station for almost two clips.”

“Computer, who is the current commander?”

“Current station commander is Young Commander Adam Trixar.”