

The Incident at Station 23

A Qattusverse Novel

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Chapter 4

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“Computer is this where my brother is,” asked Deanna. She stood in front of a door that had a large number 5 on it.

“Affirmative. This is where Young Commander Adam Trixar is currently located. Does Deanna Trixar wish to enter?”

“Yes, I do.” A few moments later, the doors opened.

As Deanna looked around the room, she saw her brother's uniform folded on a chair.

“Are you awake,” she asked quietly as she approached his bed.

Adam turned his head to look at her, and smiled.

“Yes ... I'm ... awake,” he said, coughing.

As tears fell from her eyes, she grabbed Adam's hand and brought it to her face.

“I was so scared ... I thought you had died,” she sobbed.

“Please don't cry I wouldn't leave you like that Deanna,” he murmured. He exhaled slowly, collecting his thoughts.

“Computer, am I ready to be released,” Adam said in a commanding voice.

“Patient is ready to be released.” The restraints vanished.

He rolled to the right side of the bed, as the sheets flew to the left.

Wow, I'm more tan than he is, she thought while squinting at the reflection of medical lights off his pale body.

Both of his hands flew to his crotch. He blushed to the middle of his chest.

“Um...have you seen my uniform?”

Deanna stifled a laugh. “It's on the chair over there.”

Bent over, he hobbled to the chair, and quickly slipped into his uniform with his back to his

sister.

As he closed the collar to his uniform, his signet badge changed from the dull gray of inactivity, to the bright red of a young commander, and finally, the blue of a commander in charge of the station.

“Station now recognizes Commander Adam Trixar as military commander of Station Oliem-23.” The computer's voice echoed through out the deck.

“You always wanted this bro. Now is your time to shine,” Deanna said.

“Where is everyone?”

“They are up on the relaxation deck. Many of the decks were non functional when we arrived here.”

“Lets go join them,” Adam said.

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The door slid open. Deanna and Adam walked in to the Olediem Resting Room. Most of the younger Oligarcys played various games with the younger Olediem children.

“Do any of the Olediem seem to be in charge,” Adam whispered to Deanna.

“The black furred one with white tips on ears and paws seems to be the most in charge, or at least all of the other Olediem look up to him.”

Adam prostrated himself in front of Shen.

“Rise ... and follow me Oligarcy.”

Adam stood, and followed Shen off to a corner where they could speak with out anyone else hearing them.

They certainly have the easy life, Deanna thought looking at the Olediem lounging about on the couches laughing and singing while others were playing.

After a few moments talking to Shen, Adam barked, “Sam ... gather squads two and four. We

are going on a scouting mission.”

After Adam and the troops left, Shen walked up to Deanna.

“So what do they call you,” Shen asked.

“I’m Deanna Trixar ... sir,” she replied trying to keep a serious face and keep her eyes on his triangle shaped face.

“Please no reason to be so formal. There are no grups here to enforce all of the societal rules,” Shen said with a large smile on his face.