

All Aboard Dilemma I

By : **Stormbird Throneshaker**

1986 A.D. the dilemma begins for those inhabitants of the planet Earth that have been chosen to save it from an alien race called the Zaleens. The crew aboard the Dorion Adriakar (Orion) have one year to prepare the earthling recruits before they return to battle for a planet they could have taken upon their arrival. They had no idea just who they were messing with. Robert Jackson traveled around on the weekends with his wife Patricia and their two children, Eric and Amber. They would pile into the old sixty four chevy and Robert would drive them all over the state of Wisconsin and into the surrounding states as well, for going to the state parks and tourist attractions together was the highlight of their planned time together on the weekends. Well this weekend would be a little different than the others and would last a bit longer than a day out of the house or state. They never had in their wildest dreams ever thought of traveling into space as a family together. On this friday night in September of nineteen eighty six, their weekend plans would be changed for them.



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Chapter 1: All Aboard

All Aboard

Dilemma I

by Stormbird Throneshaker

Robert Jackson traveled around on the weekends with his wife Patricia, and their two children, Eric and Amber. They would pile into the old sixty-four chevy and Robert would drive them all over the state of Wisconsin and into the surrounding states as well, for going to the state parks and tourist attractions together was the highlight of their planned time together on the weekends. Well, this weekend would be a little different than the others and would last a bit longer than a day out of the house or state. They never had in their wildest dreams ever thought of traveling into space as a family together. On this Friday night in September of nineteen eighty six, their weekend plans would be changed for them.

"You're telling me that you want me to be the captain of this starship from another world?" I said as I took a seat in front of an alien that reminded me of an Andorion from Star Trek.

"Yes, Robert Jackson, from the world you call Earth." he or it answered as I gazed about the room nervously and scared out of my wits while feeling a strange object in my left ear. "You're crazy and out of your mind, I'm no starship captain!"

"Jackson, in order to save yourself and your world, you will be the commander of this vessel, and please do not remove the translator from your ear!" he told me as he stood.

"Just you wait a minute here, what do you mean, save myself and my world?" I asked as I gazed up at the alien while lowering my left arm.

"Yours is not the only world destined for dominance or destruction, depending upon one of only two answers given, not only from you yourself, but from your worlds highest leaders in command. There are others aboard this ship whose worlds have already been dominated or completely annihilated." he explained.

"Where's the original captain of this vessel that I'm on?" I asked as I pondered my question.

"She's dead, murdered by the aliens that destroyed her world and it's star ships, save the one that you are now aboard". he answered as he gazed upon me with one of his weird looking eyebrows raised.

"What about her second in command?" I asked as the oval door to the room zipped open and one of my best friends, Donald April was escorted in by two more strange looking aliens.

"Admiral, here's the other earthling that you have requested to see." said one of them, as Donald walked over and stood by my chair.

"Thank you, and that will be all for now, Lieutenants Tholari and Lumada." replied the alien that they had called an admiral.

After they had left I gazed up at Donald and he back down at me.

"I know that I'm having a bad dream if you're in it, Jackson!" he bellowed out.

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"Dream, I seriously doubt that we're dreaming, Donald." I said as the two of us turned our gazes back to the alien admiral.

"Are you Donald Sherman April?" he asked as Donald also gazed about the room as I had earlier.

Ah yes, I guess I still am." Donald answered as the alien extended it's arm out to shake hands with him, but he just stood there unmoving and unresponsive.

"Jackson, April, your world will be invaded in one of your earthen years by a race from another part of our galaxy. They have claimed at least thirteen solar systems thus far and a portion of the survivors are aboard this ship while the others are being held in cells aboard the attacking vessels." he explained to us.

"Still, where's this ships second in command." I asked once again.

"Dead, along with the captain. We do have a few commanders from the other worlds, but none are qualified enough to be---

"And if you should just so happen to say that I am, you're further out there in deep space than---

"Qualified for what Jackson?" Donald asked, gazing over at me as I arose up and out of my chair.

"He or it wants me to command this starship that we're supposedly on, believe it or not." I answered and watched his eyes open wide.

"I don't, good lord what a dream I'm . . . dream heck, a nightmare, I'm actually having a nightmare!" Donald thundered as he fell into the chair that I had just vacated.

"It will be if this admiral fruitcake makes me the captain of this ship." I replied while placing my right hand on the back of April's chair.

"How did we get here, and how is it that we are able to understand one another?" Donald asked as he gazed up at the alien.

"You were all transported here while you were still asleep by our molecular transporters, and as to your other question, we had language aid translators placed into your left ears." he explained to us as Donald reached up with his left hand to feel the device.

"So, we've been abducted aboard a u.f.o. and you want me to play it's captain and save the earth from destruction---

"Not play the part of a captain, you will be the captain of this vessel and April shall be it's second in command!" the alien stormed.

"Why don't you just send us all back home and you can get your head examined!" I thundered back as I stared him straight in the eyes.

"Because Jackson, according to Delindrian prophecy, you're the One." he replied calmly as Donald's and my very own eyebrows shot upwards.

"According to what, I'm a what?" I asked as Donald placed his right hand on my left arm.

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"Don't worry Jackson, this is just a dream, and I know what caused it." he said.

"For your information Mister April, you're not dreaming, nor are any of the other inhabitants, that we've selected from your world, in a dream state." the alien said as he sat back down in his chair behind his desk.

Chapter 2: You're The One

"According to the prophesies of a Delindrian prophet and scholar, long since dead, this is the world from which all of our worlds would find their saviour from the Zaleens that want to subdue and rule our galaxy." the alien with the antennas for ears explained to us in a serious tone of voice.

"You're a little late in arriving here if you want the saviour in the flesh." I replied. "He was hung upon a wooden cross almost two thousand years ago."

"I'm not referring to or talking about the Son of the Supreme Presence." he told me.

"You know about the Son of God?" Donald asked as he leaned forward in his chair.

The Son of the Supreme Presence in the universe is known by all the inhabitants in our galaxy, April, Jackson." he informed us as we sat there momentarily stunned.

"Well, I'm not him if that's---

"No, you're not the Creator, you're the one that is to save the worlds here, in our galaxy, from the Zaleens." he further informed me.

"Sure I am." I replied. "Now, if you'll just send us home maybe we can find you a physician that you can talk---

"Jackson, April, whether or not you are apt to believe us, we are at war, and shortly your world will be included in our galactic war of survival!" the admiral said, having raised his voice.

"According to our prophets, and since you are familiar with the Son of God, or the Supreme Presence, our world is to be destroyed and renewed by the Creator himself, not these Zaleens that you're---

"Jackson, think with your mind and not with your mouth!" the irate alien admiral thundered as he stood up from his chair.

"Oh but I am!" I thundered back. "I'm thinking about how far gone your mind is and how so unbelievable this all sounds coming from your mouth!"

The expression on the aliens face looked sadly as if it had changed to one of utter worry and dismay.

"Perhaps I should begin anew." he told us. "I am Admiral Kondulon Mazanurra from the planet Uorexua, a member world of the United Galactic Consortium of Inhabited Worlds and the last defensive unit against the Zaleens." the admiral explained as we halfway listened.

"Huh, the United Federations kind of thing." I said as I gazed at the picture of an alien world above the couch that sat by the oval entry door.

"The United Federation of Planets, Jackson." Donald replied.

"There is much that must be done to prepare yourselves aboard this ship and your world below it, and we must not waste the time." Admiral Mazanurra told us.

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"And should we decline or refuse to play along and or go along with this---

"You would forfeit your world and all who dwell upon it, Mister April, Jackson?" the admiral asked angrily as he glared at the both of us.

"Just how do we know that all this isn't---

"You will be provided with all the information necessary for you to either complete successfully or fail miserably in your mission, gentlemen." he explained as he stood once more.

"I suppose that you've made first . . . second contact with our world leaders and they're all hunky-dory with the fact that you've taken a handful of our worlds inhabitants to go and fight in this star wars of yours?" Donald April asked as he too stood upon his feet.

"More than a handful, Commander April." Mazanurra answered.

"Yeah right, Commander!" Donald said as the Uorexuan stepped out from behind his desk and motioned for us to follow him into a corridor.

"Our family and friends back home on the planets surface, do they know where we are at the moment or are---

"No, not at this present time, but soon, everyone on your planet will know of the importance of your mission, Captain Jackson." the Admiral replied as we walked the corridor, that at this moment was void of anyone else but the three of us as we neared an elevator and boarded it.

"Jackson, want to know what's causing my nightmare?" Donald asked as the elevator or lift began moving.

"We aren't dreaming Donald, things seem to real for us to be dreaming." I told him.

"So, what's the name of your . . . I mean, our ship, Admiral Madsnarer?" Donald asked as the elevator came to a stop and the oval door opened before we exited into a busy corridor of a great many different species of aliens and earthlings, or I supposed them to be earthlings.

"Why I thought that the both of you would have guessed that by now." the admiral answered. "And it's Mazanurra, Commander April."

"Maybe you should refresh our memories, Admiral, because I for one haven't the slightest idea in the least---

"April, Jackson, many years ago, ten of your earthen years to be factual, or exact, a telepathic message was sent over a great distance to all the worlds in our galaxy from Uorexua's sister world Zanaria." Mazanurra began to enlighten us as we stood in the corridor together. "If your minds were receptive . . . I would ask that the both of you take the liberty to look about this ship, that it may be enough to stimulate your memories."

A short while later we stood before a large oval airlock portal that parted open slowly before us and we walked through two more great oval doors to enter into a rain forest with a blue green colored grass beneath our feet. We saw countless varieties of shrubs, flowers, trees, stone inlaid glow globular lit pathways and one of three overhead monorail tramways. Further above the trees was a large cylindrical tube adorned with high intensity lights running the entire span of the forest.

Donald and I turned towards each other and the both of us said at the very same time.

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"I think I'm gonna be sick." we said after viewing the tops of trees, way above the tube at almost a mile away, or so it seemed.

"Do the two of you have any idea as to were the both of you are at this time?" Mazanurra asked , as his eyes gazed upon the both of us.

"Yes, in the twilight zone!" April answered as he upchucked behind a bush.

"Not to forget the outer limits too!" I said, having joined him behind the bush.

Chapter 3: The Pizza Done It

"I don't know how the two of you pulled this off, but is this place for real or . . . Donald, Robert, are the two of you alright?" asked Alexander Scott as he stood by the bush that April and I were trying to use for cover.

"Sure, I'm just fine." April said sarcastically as he arose. "I like throwing up all over myself whenever the notion strikes me to do so, Alex."

I fell over into the grass at Donald's feet and burst out laughing while the admiral stood there unimpressed by our lack of maturity.

"It's not funny Jackson, not in the least bit is it even remotely funny!" April stormed at me while I laughed so hard, tears were streaming down my face.

"Whenever I wake up in the morning, this nightmare will be over, I hope, because it just keeps on getting worse by the minute." he added as Alex helped me up from the ground.

"I thought so, it is you guys, isn't it?" Scott asked as I reached in my back pocket for my handkerchief.

"You look rather a mess Commander April." Admiral Mazanurra said as he walked over to Donald and passed him a handkerchief from a hidden pocket on his person.

"Thanks Admiral Mayonnaise, I've misplaced mine." Donald replied before wiping his mouth.

"Hey guys, where in heavens name are we any . . . what's that, it, him!" exclaimed Donald's wife Marsha as she emerged nervously shaken, from behind a boulder with her two sons, Andrew and Benjamin.

"If I'm right Marsha, and of course I'm never wrong, we're---

"Oooh Donald, are you sick?" Marsha April asked as she noticed her husband at point blank range.

"I was, but it just sort of left me by mouth all of the sudden, and if it doesn't come up again, I'll be fine." Donald answered his wife. "Especially when I wake up in the morning to find that I was only having a nightmare due to the pizza that I ate earlier before going to bed."

"Donald, no pizza is going to cause this to happen to all of us here." Alex replied as he gazed around at the scenery. "At least I don't think that it---

"Honey, you were going to tell me where we were before I . . . you missed a spot." she said as she took the handkerchief.

"Oh yeah babe, I was going to tell you, that is, If I'm right, we're on the Orion, but that's impossible, and that's how I know . . . that I'm just . . . dreaming." he explained as she wiped her husband's face with the handkerchief.

"Yes, the terran name that you have christened our ship, the Dorion Adriakar with, Commander April." the admiral replied as his eyes swept over each and every one of us. "I see that your memory is beginning to serve you well."

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"And just what was it you called this ship, Admiral, the Dorito Avatar, or something like that?" April asked as he stared at the Uorexuan.

"The Dor . . . ion Ad . . . ria . . . kar, Commander." the admiral answered slowly. "This ship is from the world known to us as the planet Delindria."

"No, I don't believe a word of this crap!" Donald blasted off. "Jay and I . . . I mean Jackson and I thought this ship up and drew pictures of it while we were still . . . it's the pizza working on me, I know it is!"

"Is it Commander April?" Mazanurra asked as he swept his right hand from left to right.

"What's with the commander stuff?" Marsha April asked as she stepped up and into the alien's face with her very own.

"And I'm not a captain either!" I thundered as Alex and the children listened.

"You will all have a rank and a position on this vessel as the time goes by." he answered. "In your quarters, each and every one of you shall find a video communications unit, or vid com as we call it. Each vid com will be supplied with a number of disks, similar to the one that I now hold in my right hand. Pay close attention to the color of each disk, for on them you will find the answers that you seek. Above all and everything else, those whom you are leaving behind on your home world will be depending on just how successful you should become as you follow the commands of the One."

"Why not transport us back home and then have the military forces on Earth deal with---

"To release the Dorion Adriakar to the might of your military forces---

"Orion, Admiral Manure!" Donald stomped madly. "This ship is . . . is a nightmare!"

"Do not interrupt me again, Commander April, or you may find yourself waking up in the morning in the brig!" Mazanurra snapped at him very sternly. "And my name is Mazanurra!"

"Alright, we've got the mascara part down pat, but what about the commander stuff?" Marsha April asked as she gazed down at Andrew and Ben while the admiral rolled his alien eyes at her.

"Missis April, there are those of you that shall obtain a military rank, though however none of you shall represent any earthen military force while stationed here aboard the Dor . . . Orion." the admiral explained to her while gazing over at her husband.

"Then if I may ask, Admiral, what military are we going to be a part of?" Alexander Scott asked as he hoisted himself atop a nearby boulder and sat down upon it.

"The United Galactic Consortium Space Command, Commander Scott." Mazanurra answered.

"It is my own personal opinion that your world would use the . . . Orion to destroy itself first before it would think of destroying an alien enemy from another world."

"I'm glad that that's your own personal opinion if not our own." I said as I took a seat on the grassy ground beneath my feet.

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"Well, we aren't trained or qualified and ready to take on any alien threat to the planet Earth or to any life sustaining planet in our galaxy for that matter." Donald informed the Uorexuan as I tried to fathom all of what had transpired since my abduction while worrying about Patricia, and the children. Now, I had not only them to worry about, and to take care of, it looked as if I would be worrying about and taking care of the entire galaxy, but not without a little help from my friends.

"We know what we are doing by letting you and the other earthlings take command of this ship." the admiral said as he stood there like a statue in front of us.

"Well, I'm glad that you do, Admiral, because as sure as I'm sitting here, I'm not so optimistic about the idea." I told him in all honesty.

"Perhaps after resting in your quarters you will be more refreshed and alert enough to review the red colored disk until you are, Captain Jackson!" Mazanurra replied, heatedly.

"Yeah, Robert, I've got to go and get cleaned up and so do you." April told me as he helped me up upon my feet. "Lord, I hope and pray that my alarm clock goes off soon, cause once I'm awake I'm making a vow to never eat another pizza for as long as I live."

"Aaah this little horror show has gone on for just a bit long don't you think, Donald, Robert, Alex!" Marsha April stormed at us. "I don't know how the three of you managed to get us into this haunted house, and how did you get . . . us . . . here . . . with out our . . . knowing about--"

"Marsha, we didn't have anything to do with any of this" I replied as the three of us shook our heads no.

"You mean to tell me that . . . we're . . . really . . . up here . . . on a . . . on a . . . space ship?" she asked as the three of us shook our heads yes as Donald's son Martin came roller blading down the pathway with some newfound alien friends on some pretty outrageous looking skates.

"Hi dad, everyone." said Donald's son by his first marriage as he sat on the ground to remove his blades, along with his friends. "This place is really rad for roller blades, but how did we wind up here, where ever here is?"

"Pizza son, it was the pizza." Donald answered his son as he gazed upon the motley crew. "Had to be, couldn't have been any thing else."

"Ill have security escort you all to your quarters." Admiral Mazanurra said before motioning for a nearby alien guard to come over.

"I want to go home Donald." Marsha said as she clung to her husband while Andrew and Ben visited with Martin.

"You're not the only one Marsha." Alex Scott said as he lowered himself from the boulder.

I now sat on an alien commode in our quarters and stared at the oval bathroom door. This dream has got to come to an end and soon or else I've died and went to hell.

I could visualize the news paper headlines about me now as I sat there, seeing in bold print, man killed by a pizza. Of all the things to have to die from.

"Goodness Donald, you went and threw up all over yourself." my wife said as the oval door opened and she passed me a wash cloth.

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"You would too if you were having the same dream as I am right now, Marsha." I told my nightmare wife as I stood up and wondered how one flushed an alien toilet as it commenced to flushing of it's own accord scaring the daylights out of me.

"Donald, I doubt very seriously, that we are dreaming." she told me as I stepped into what had better be a shower stall and not a transporter. But hey, in a nightmare, I wouldn't be a bit suprised, so, I thought to myself, self, pinch yourself really hard to find out if it hurts, and guess what happened before I could do so?

"Donald honey, I pinched myself, and it hurts!" she yelled to me from the other room. "So, I'm not dreaming."

Not to be outdone by a nightmare wife, I pinched myself.

"Darn, darn, darn, it does hurt when you pinch yourself in a dream." I yelled, just before the hot water jets hit me square in the chest. "Hot, hot, hot damn waaaaaaterrrrr!" I screamed as I fumbled to find the cold water control.

Chapter 4: What Did You Say?

I stood before an oval door in a corridor on deck . . . oh what difference did it make any way at this time of the night, because I was bushed and I wanted to make sure that Patricia and the children were safe and secure before I called it a night for however long that lasted on this alien ship. The door to my quarters zipped open and I stepped inside to find myself in almost total darkness.

"Alright, it would be nice if I had a little bit of light to see by!" I said aloud as my eyes adjusted to the dark.

"Level, Captain?" said an unseen person hidden there in the dark.

"Who's there?" I asked as I tried to make out each shape in the room.

"There's no one in your quarters, Captain." the person answered as I nearly tripped over a chair.

"Then who the devil said that, if there's no one in my quarters?" I asked as I stood by the chair while noticing the twinkling lights that were emanating from the wall.

"I did, Captain Jack---

"Can the Captain Jackson crap and come on out and show yourself, right now!" I ordered, as I expected someone or some thing to come out of their hiding place and jump me. "Where are you hiding?"

"I'm not hiding, Captain, nor am I able to come out and show myself." the voice informed me. "I am not an android or robot, or a galaxian of any known or unknown spe---

"Okay, then what are you?" I asked as my eyes darted from wall to wall.

"I am Issac, the Dorion Adriakar's internal ships systems analytical computer---

"Lights to a moderate level then, Issac." I ordered while waiting for my command to be enacted before I began my search of the bedroom areas of my living unit for my wife and children, and, to no avail.

"Issac, where's my wife Patricia, and our children, Eric and Amber?" I asked into the air of the living room and shortly thereafter a flat screened television on the wall above a large desk activated automatically.

"Robert, I've got Patricia and the children here in the medical unit." said the voice of, and an image of, Doctor Barbara Jane Henderson from Milwaukee Wisconsin being transmitted from the wall unit.

"Are they alright Doctor Henderson?" I asked, filled with an unquenched concern and deep worry for my family as I leaned over the desk and gazed into the vid com unit.

"I had to sedate her, Robert, but the children are fine and being taken care of." Henderson explained. "She and the children were found on one of the viewdecks and---

"I'm coming to the medical unit right---

"Robert, I wouldn't advise that right now, but I will suggest that you get some sleep." she told me. "They're resting in my care and you have nothing to worry ab---

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"Nothing to worry about Doctor, nothing to worry about!" I thundered at her while also noticing that she was twirling her car keys nervously in her right hand. "Better toss those car keys in a desk drawer, Doc, you won't be needing them out here."

"They're serving their purpose right now, Robert she replied.

"Sorry for the outburst, Doctor." I told her. "Take care of them Barbara, and yourself as well, and don't hesitate to reach me as soon as they're able to see me."

"I promise." she said as the screen blackened and the transmission ended and I found myself in what was to become my home away from home staring sleepily into a blank vid screen monitor. Surely this was just a dream I was having, like Donald kept telling us, wasn't it? I mean yes, Patricia and I took Eric and Amber to Marsha and Donald April's home for a pizza party, and Alex was there as well. I arose from my chair and headed for my bedroom and gazed at myself in a mirror above a set of drawers.

"Captain, huh, what a joke, me, a space ship captain." I said to my image in the mirror before getting myself ready for bed.

"Inauctu so bevratum." the alien female said as she stood there leaning over me, while shaking me awake.

"Huh, what did you say?" I asked, as I rolled over and searched for the translator that had fallen from my left ear.

"Inauctu so overslept, Captain." she said as I checked the device to make sure that it was seated properly in my ear while she took a seat at the foot of my bed.

"I got the overslept part alright but the inact two so part, I didn't quite catch." I said having pulled the covers up and around my neck.

"I said that you have overslept, sir." she replied.

"Oh, are you my alarm clock now?" I asked as I noticed her likeness to the admiral.

"I am your yeoman, Captain." she answered. "My name is Zaella Zaranazi, from the planet Uorexua."

"How long have I been asleep, Yeoman Zara-whatever?" I asked as I noticed my wrist watch was missing.

"I haven't any idea sir, when did you retire?" she asked me as she sat there emotionless.

"Well, most of my friends might tell you that it was when I graduated from kindergarten, but you probably have no idea what I'm talking about." I answered her. "I don't remember working to hard after that."

"What time was it when you went to bed, Captain?" she ask before cracking a grand canyon smile.

"Night time, Yeoman, only not enough of it!" I growled, and watched as her smile disappeared. "Sorry, Yeoman, I guess that I'm not dreaming after all, am I?"

"I'm afraid not, sir." she answered as she gazed at me.

"I could use a time piece, that is if you have such a commodit---

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"Like this one, Captain?" she asked as she extended her right arm and gave me my first ever look at a universal vid com wrist watch.

"Nice watch, Yeoman." I answered as she took her arm back and placed it in her lap.

"It's a combination universal chronograph and video communication device." she explained to me before she stood up from the bed. "You have much to learn before the battle that is coming."

"Sayeela, sit back down if you would, and enlighten me about this oncoming battle that we're about to become involved in." I asked as I sat up in bed with the blanket still clutched about my neck.

"Well, Captain, to begin, galaxians entered our solar systems and gave us two choices, the first choice being an unconditional surrender of each world and it's inhabitants to suffer from complete dominance and slavery, or the second choice being the annihilation of each world and it's inhabitants to suffer from complete destruction and captivity." the Uorexuan explained as she sat back down on the foot of the bed.

"These galaxians as you called them, they keep your worlds and you serve them til you die, or else they destroy your worlds and you become their prisoners until---

"Yes, Captain." she replied, having interrupted me before I could say, until they had no further need of you.

"My parents, brothers, and sisters, except for one sister, and all of my relatives, except for my Uncle Kondulon, were murdered." she told me, now on the verge of tears, letting me know that she was indeed capable of emotions after all, but hell, who wouldn't be an emotional mess after the horrendous ordeals that they had been through.

"I and my sister and uncle were on Zanaria at the time." my yeoman continued with her explanation. "The Zaleens destroyed Uorexua, Andulon, Delindria, Perinna, Sanarta, Talmurra, and Uda Thane. Zanaria was able to raise a planetary shield, but not before my capture. We saw other worlds fall prey to the destruction wrought upon them by the Zaleens that have sent us ahead of themselves, to your world, to warn and to prepare you to do battle with them, when they arrive."

"So, we're all in this proverbial boat together." I said as I gazed about my bedroom unit.

"Proverbial boat, Captain?" she asked as her eyes also gazed about the room. "Should you be unable to save your world as well as our people as was prophesied, then it will be added to the list of those inhabited worlds that are no longer inhabi---

"I still don't believe that your prophesy is referring to me Sara . . . nessie!" I stormed as she made an attempt to take my right hand into her left hand and decided that it was best to withdraw it.

"My uncle believes it, Captain!" she thundered back at me as she bolted up and off of my bed.

"Yeoman, out, and that's an order!" I said as I sat there steaming. "Get me one of those watches and locate Donald April, and Alexander Scott, and tell them to meet with me and your uncle in my ready room."

"Yes, Captain." she answered as she tore out of my bedroom. "On my way, sirrrrrr!" she growled.

"Damn." I said as I was left alone to shower and shave and put on the uniform that had mysteriously been laid out for me on the bed.

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"Issac, am I alone in my quarters?" I asked as I peaked around the oval doorway between my bed chamber and the living area.

"Yes, Captain, you are alone." the ships computer answered as I shrugged and returned to the bed and continued to get dressed. "Incoming communication on vid com, sir."

"Jackson, hey Jay, Robert, are you up yet?" said the voice of my best friend as the screen came to life above my desk in the front living room. "This is Donald, how about getting something to eat on this tub before we meet with you and Admiral Mahogany in your ready room?"

"I'm here Donald." I said as I hurried to the desk so that he could see me as I sat there slipping my shoes onto my feet.

"I'm a little empty you know." he said as he stepped back and took to patting his stomach.

"I was feeling hungry myself until I saw your belly." I told him as I stood there gazing at his red sunburned stomach on the screen. "Did you over do it in a tanning bed or fall into a toaster some---

"You don't even want to go there, Jackson." he answered, just as quick as he pulled his uniform top down to cover up the fact that he had gotten scalded in his shower.

"Alright then, let's meet at the vid com tower in the corridor and have Issac print us a---

"Ohhh, he scared the shit out of me too!" April thundered before he ended the transmission.

"See you in the corridor." I said to the blank screen.

The oval door to my living unit zipped open as I neared it and closed behind me as I exited into the busy corridor. Other doors slid opened and closed and I saw Donald and his family leaving their living unit as well as Alex Scott from his. Then to my utter surprise, a hand shot out from the crowded corridor and grabbed me by my collar, hoisting me up and off of the decking beneath my feet. I had the breath knocked out of me as I found myself slammed hard against the wall behind me.

"Okay Bro, I want to know where the hell I am and how in tarnations did the wife and children and I, myself, get here!" boomed the voice of my brother David, as he pinned me up against the wall with an iron grip. "Where ever here just so happens to be?"

"Hi David, and how are you today?" asked Donald April as he came to stand by my brother, which in this case happened to be the wrong thing to have done. My brother reached out with his other hand and Donald shared a place on the wall next to me.

"Apparently, he's not in a very good mood is he, Jay?" Donald asked as he turned his head so that he could see very clearly, that I was in the same predicament as he.

"No shit!" I replied nervously.

"I knew that April must have had a part in this some how, somewhere along the way!" David growled angrily. "You two connive things together!"

"Well big brother, if you would kindly lower the two of us connivers back down to the deck beneath us, we'll try our hardest to explain to you what we've been trying our hardest to find out for ourselves.!" I said as I blew

up in his face.

"Yes, we . . . will try." Donald said a little more calmly as Alex Scott moved into our view and gave David a hateful look.

"He your friend too?" David asked, if one could call it asking, because it seemed to me as more of a demand to want to know than it was a question.

"Yes." April managed to squeek out.

"Wrong right answer!" my brother said as he dropped Donald and I to the deck flooring and made a grab for Alex.

"David Crockett Jackson, back off right now!" I thundered, almost gagging as my right hand shot upwards to my sore throat.

"David, no one knows to any great extent as to how or why we've wound up here." Alex Scott explained to my irate and younger brother as he prepared himself to tangle with David Jackson should he be forced to do so. I was now back up on the wall as both Donald and Alex stood there watching.

"Okay again, big brother, just you and me!" David spat out. "The two of us have gotta have a little talk, you and I!"

My brother held me as steady as steel on the wall and I had to think of something to get myself out of this mess.

"Are you hungry David?" I asked, now trying to appeal to his stomach if not to his brain.

"Humm, yeah, now that you mention it, yeah I am." he answered as I crashed to the floor, thanking God that at least David's stomach was co-operating with me.

"I can wait to pound on somebodys head after I've eaten." he said.

Chapter 5: What Did It Say?

"If everyone will follow Donald and myself to that vid com tower over there, I'll get us some directions." I said as I managed to get myself up from the corridor deck and on to my feet.

"Why don't you ask one of these things!" David Jackson blared as he picked up a poor defenseless little creature that was trying to make it's way down the corridor.

"Glart moy wadon sek nad!" the alien croaked as it's hand shot out like a bolt of lightening to choke my brother.

"What did it say, hurry up somebody?" asked David as he began shaking the not so defenseless little creature. "Tell me?"

"It said, put me down right now." Donald answered as he translated for one of the crew members on the ship.

"Oh, well, in that case, if it will release my throat, I might be nice enough to put whatever it is, down." David said as his face began to lose a bit of color.

Naturally of course, David's wife, also known as, my sister in law, Janice, commenced to pounding on the poor thing's back and Alex stepped between them and forcefully removed the alien from David and sat it down on the deck. It then proceeded to kick my brother in his knee caps. David grabbed the being once more by the scruff of it's neck and shoved it up on the wall. I felt for it, having been on that very same wall myself.

"Kavan, wat inauctu toc sevor glart moy wadon sek nad, va murred!" it said heatedly to David and I myself.

"Now do what, twerp?" my brother thundered as he gazed over at Donald for an answer.

"You seem to understand this fur ball, April!" he stormed. "Tell me what it said!"

"David, I guess you don't have one of these." I said as I removed the hearing aid language translator from my left ear and placed it in my brothers left hand while he held the crew member with his right hand, rock solid against the wall.

"David, put him down very gently and make some kind of an apology or else he will have you thrown in the brig!" Alex ordered as he withdrew what appeared to be a weapon from some hidden place on his person.

"Okee dokee, so I stick this here thingy in my ear and---

"And you'll be able to understand everyone aboard this ship." Donald broke in to explain as he gazed upon the weapon that Alex held on David.

"Okay Toto, I'm sorry for having messed up your morning, but somebody has got a lot of splaining to do, Lucy!" David roared. "Because me, and the wife and kids found out that we're not in Kansas anymore, Dorothy!"

"Getting beamed aboard the Enterprise without my consent is not something that I would normally do at . . . twelve fifty-six in the afternoon!" he said after having looked at the time on his watch as he put the alien back on it's feet

All Aboard Dilemma I

Alex Scott moved quickly between David and our fellow crew member.

"Robert, tell King Kong to put his toy pistol away and I may try to be on my best behavior!" my brother ordered as he lowered his hands to his side.

"I'd keep it on him, Alex." Donald said as Yeoman Zaranazi walked up to me from out of the crowd in the corridor and placed a vid com watch in my right hand. "David is not to be trusted until we know differently."

"Thank you, Yeoman." I said as I strapped the watch to my left wrist.

"Natu pron, Kavan, ren." she replied as she glanced at David Jackson, who along with his wife and children, stood there with their mouths wide open.

"I take it that you and the children have your translators?" I asked my sister in law as she still stood there statue like before finally shaking her head yes.

"Yeoman So . . . nosey, I'm unable to understand you right now." I said as I turned my head so that she would see that I didn't have my translator.

"She ahhh, said, no problem, Captain, sir." David said as he lightly tapped my translator that was now in his left ear. "Captain, of who, what, when, where, why, and, how come!"

"I knew it, by golly, I just knew that you, and Donald, and the gorilla here, was in on this little charade!" my brother said as he heated back up and began looing up and down the corridor like a wild man. "Okay Hercules, you can put the gun away and bring out Allen Funt. He did a great job of hiding those cameras. This was good, a really good show, but . . . how . . . did . . . we ... get . . . here?"

David Jackson, born late in fifty-eight, was stumped as he fell into step with Donald April, once we began moving down the corridor in the opposite direction of the alien that tangled with my brother.

"You and my brother do this very often?" he asked Donald, in a more subtile tone of voice.

"Ah hum, do what very often, Dave?" Donald asked as he glanced up at him.

"You know, drug your relatives and friends and drag them to your play house to pretend that everyones on a space ship?" he asked, glancing down at Donald. "I mean, even the little midget in the dog suit done a wiz bang job."

"I wish that it was that plain and simple, but---

"Ohhhhhh, so you really do take off and leave Earth and take joy trips to other planets and stuff . . . like . . . that?" he asked.

"No, David, this isn't my normal type of dream." Donald answered as we neared a vid com tower and not the one further back down the corridor.

"So, you think that your asleep, and are just dreaming this crap up, huh?" David asked as his temper flaired again.

"Maybe I am, and maybe I'm not so quiet for certain." Donald answered. "But, I do know of one thing for a certainty."

All Aboard Dilemma I

"And ah, what would that one thing be?" my brother asked, and I, almost for a certainty, knew what Donald was going to tell him.

"I'm never gonna eat another pizza from Domino's ever again, dead or alive." he answered. "That's how, and why, you're all here in my nightmare, together."

"No kidding, I'd of never guessed it, that is, if you hadn't of told me." David said as his eyebrows raised and he ran his index finger around his right ear a few times before pointing to my best friend who hadn't seen him, because he was busy at the vid com tower.

"I hope that it's a nightmare." April said while fidgeting with the touch screen on the vid com unit. "What could possibly be any worse than a nightmare?"

"The real thing." his wife Marsha answered, and he turned to face her long enough to give her a smug look before turning back to what he was doing.

"Issac, this is, I would assume, Commander April, of the Orion." he said as he faced the screen.

"Yes, Commander April, how may I be of assistance to you?" said the ship's computer.

"What I want, is a print out of the nearest place, from this point, to stuff our faces." he answered as he waited, along with the rest of us.

"Donald, it might not know what you mean by the term, stuff our faces." Marsha April told her husband as she leaned on his left shoulder.

"Your face looks as if it is filled out---

"Yes, yes, yes, eat, consume food, Issac!" Donald stormed at the computer.

"I do not require food to---

"Us . . . dag . . . nab it!" he blasted. "I want to eat and consume---

"Directions being printed, Commander." the computer said.

"Good, great, and ohhh, make sure that it's somewhere without pizza." April added as my brother made goofy faces behind Donald's back.

"Pizza, Commander?" Issac asked. "Pizza does not compute."

"Brother Issac, have you ever got that right." Donald replied as Marsha reached over with her right hand and tore the print out, from the tower.

"I can, in no way, be your broth---

"Issac, that will be all." Marsha said as the two of them turned around to face us.

"Really Donald, this thing about pizza has gotten way out of hand!" she said as she looked the map over. "I ate some, and I haven't suffered any ill effects."

All Aboard Dilemma I

"Ohhh yeah, a nightmare wife would tell her husband that she---

"Ouch Marsha, you stomped on my foot!" he said in a bit of pain as we all waited for what would transpire next. "Call me a nightmare wife will you."

"Well look where your at woman!" Donald roared as he leaned on the vid com tower with his left shoe off, massaging his foot. "We aren't in Disney Land!"

"Okay everyone, which way to the yellow brick road diner in this nut house?" David asked. "Let's find lunch or else my right fist is going to be finding a head to thump!"

"David, did anyone at all on this ship---

"The Love Boat, that's what show we're---

"Did any . . . one . . . on this ship inform you about how you got here and why?" I asked my brother as we followed the others.

"They, or it tried to tell us, but my husband, being Mister Macho, clobbered the poor thing and stuffed it in our closet." Janice Jackson informed me while glancing up at her husband as Donald came hobbling along on his sore foot.

"It was a good fight too." piped up my nephew, David Jonah.

"Hush D.J.!" his mother thundered.

"In your closet?" Donald asked as we walked down another crowded corridor.

"If they were able to escape, they've probably gone for help, along with the other crew member that you pounced." Alexander Scott said from behind us.

I now knew where we were as we began passing through the triple oval air lock doors that led into the round jungle forest.

"Good heavens!" Janice yelled at the sight before her eyes.

"Yep, the Emerald Castle restaurant must be up ahead on this path Dorothy." David said as he gazed up at the tress way above the light tube, that we would learn later on to be, the central core of the ship.

"Maybe we're in Wonder Land instead of Disney Land, Alice." David said to his wife.

"Shut up Ralph!" she blaired.

"Wrong show, this ain't the Honey Mooners!" he stormed.

"I'll vouch for that." Marsha April said as she glared at her husband.

Chapter 6: Kill Him Alex!

After traveling upon the stone inlaid foot paths and passing by different pieces of fellow galaxians from the thirteen or more solar systems that shared the ship with us, we finally wound up at our destination..

"This place is built right over the the river stream." Janice Jackson said as we took our seats at a table by a long oval bay window that over looked a small water fall below us.

"Yeah, nice view!" my brother David replied as he squeezed me up against the window as he sat down.

"David Crockett Jackson, I've taken just about all of the crap that I'm going to take off of you today, so---

"Are we going to start this bickering again, in front of our children and everybody else here!" Donald April belted out as he sat across the table from us, as I forced my brother to move over with my body.

"Alrighty then, Cro . . . magnon, I mean, Commander April, I'll leave him alone for now." David said as he punched me in the right arm. "That is if someone, body, or thing, tells me where in the sam hell we are!"

"I swear David, if you don't stop this---

"Hey, boy am I ever glad to see you guys." said a very familiar voice from behind me as I turned to make sure that it was who I thought it was, but before I could say a word, Donald yelled out.

"Kill him, Alex!"

"Do what!" my brother James Bowie Jackson stormed out as he took a seat at our table. "Where in the dickens are we anyway?"

"Just what in, our out of the garden, was in that pizza that you delivered yesterday evening, James?" Donald asked as he glared hatefully down the length of our table at my brother.

"You should know, Donald." James answered. "You ordered it the way you wanted it. And what's that have to do with where we are, anyhow?"

"You would ask---

"A lot!" Donald thundered as he stood up from his seat. "That's why you're here, in my nightmare now!"

"Huh, have you flipped your lid and lost a marble?" James asked as he gazed back at Donald. "Anyways, I didn't fix your pizza, I just delivered it to you, and on time too."

"Robert, it was your idea to have that pizza party at my house, wasn't it?" Donald said as he turned his gaze towards me while everyone at the table watched and listened, and snickered.

"Alex, kill Robert instead!"

"Here, let me help!" my brother David said as he commenced to choke me while the Uorexuan Admiral stood at the foot of the table, unannounced, and slid a hearing aid translator down the length of the table til it stopped directly in front of me. David then let go of me and I hurriedly placed the device into my left ear, because I didn't want to miss out on the words that the very observant Admiral had to say to us.

All Aboard Dilemma I

"I've been observing, as well as listening to, each, and everyone of you, and not only at this table." Kondulon Mazanurra said as he held both of his hands folded in front of himself. "If this is the way, that the human race of galaxians, from the planet Earth, treats one another, then I dare say, that the Zaleens will have nothing to worry about, when it comes to entertainment from their slaves, on your world, under their domination."

"Hey, look everybody, an albino Martian." my brother David said as he stood up from the table. "Why aren't you green?"

"Ah yes, Lieutenant Commander, David Crockett Jackson, of the security division aboard the Dori . . . Orion." Mazanurra said as he glanced over at David who fell back in his seat.

"What did the antenna head say, Robert?" he asked me, now looking at a loss for anything sarcastic to reply back to the admiral.

"Here, let me check your translator." I said as I made an attempt to see if it needed adjustment, not that I would know how, and David slapped my left hand away from his ear.

"No, there's nothing wrong with the damn thing!" David growled. "I just want to know if I heard the Martian right!"

"First of all Lieutenant Jackson, I am not a Martian, I am a Uorexuan." the admiral explained. "And secondly, I want everyone from Earth that's here in this galley right now, to take heed, and pay close attention to what I am about to tell you. Once you are through with your meals you will go to your quarters, and remain there, as all other areas of the ship will be off limits to you, until you have reviewed the red vid com disk, that at this time, is on the desk below each vid com monitor in your living units. Failure to comply will result in your spending the rest of your time on this ship in the brig, do I make myself clear on the matter David Jackson?"

"Tell me this, Admiral from Uranus, where in the hell are we, and when do we get to go home!" David roared as he picked up a roll and made his move towards the admiral while a group of beings, like the one that he had wrestled earlier, had gathered together on the other side of the galley. "Funs over, and the show has ended, Blondie!"

The crew member, that my brother had fought with, raised it's hand and pointed in our direction. They then decided, as a group, to walk across the room, in our direction and we all tensed up for our first bar room brawl aboard a starship.

"You, the big ugly one!" belched our fellow ship mate as David stuffed the roll into his mouth and reached out for the admiral's neck only to have his right hand smacked away from the admiral by the being from another world.

"U agin!" my brother said while chewing his mouth full of bread. "Wha u wan is ime?"

"Slorpan Sliver, our fight isn't over, Thrug Shalurtling!" the not so poor, nor defenseless little creature snapped back.

"Uh, wad he say?" David asked as he reached for the fur ball as he had called it. "I got the fight ain't over part though."

"Commander Adeez!" Mazanurra blaired loudly. "Lieutenant Jackson, cease your hostilities towards one another right now, or else you can both spend the rest of your time, on this vessel, in the brig, starting immediatly. Do the two of you understand me, Perinnan, Terran?"

All Aboard Dilemma I

"For now Admiral, yesss!" said Commander Adeez as he stared hatefully up at my brother David. "We will allow the Slorpan Sliver to live, for as long as he never crosses my path again, for if he does, he will be one less Thrug Shalurtling that the Zaleens, and I myself, have to worry about!"

"I am afraid Jalep, that this will not be possible, while the two of you both remain, aboard this ship, together." the admiral replied.

"No problem, Admiral." David said as he stared at Jalep Adeez with the same loving kindness as was shown to himself. "I'm ready for my dessert, and this Purnan looks mighty appetising. I could finish it off in one or two bites at the most . . . grrrrr!"

"Jalep Adeez backed off a few paces and I thought that he was preparing to make a flying leap to my brothers throat, but he stood his ground and continued to glare hatefully at David Jackson.

"That's right, I eat Purnan Peanut Brains for dessert!" David spat back at the Perinnan.

"Slorpan Sliver, Thrug Shalurtling!" thundered the Perinnan as it spun on it's heels and shoved itself through the mass of fellow Perinnans and galaxians gathered at the Round River Galley. "We shall surely meet again, and alone perhaps."

"Who was that pip squeek, Admiral?" my brother asked as he walked over to retake his seat at our table.

"That pip squeek that you are referring to, is Commander Jalep Adeez, the chief commander of the security division aboard the Orion." Mazanurra explained. "And, is also your commanding officer."

David could handle his liquor to the last man standing, but upon hearing this, he hit the floor and had passed out stone cold. Mazanurra very calmly walked over to our table and grabbed up a glass of cold liquid and poured it in my brother's face, bringing him back around to reality.

"You alright brother?" our brother James asked as he reached down to help David up from the floor. "You don't look so good."

"I'll take care of Commander Adeez, and hopefully the rest of you can enjoy your meals without any more outburst of violence." the admiral said to us. "Afterwards, return directly to your quarters until further notification from me."

Admiral Mazanurra exited the galley without another word said, and David and James returned to take their seats with us at the table. I pressed a button on the table and a touch screen menu arose in front of me with a complete food index for every spieces aboard the ship. Naturally I chose the earthen cuisine which had been added shortly after the arrival of culinary chefs from all seven continents on the planet Earth, and not only that, it was written in english. David's appetite had diminished somewhat as he sat there with out uttering a single word for the rest of our time in the galley. No one dared bicker back and forth or start or join in a fight started by anyone else in the galley. It was now deathly quiet here after the little face-off between David and the chief of security. There wasn't even any music from any world at all being played in the galley on the over head speakers, if that's what they were. I turned around in my seat to face the table behind me and sought out and found my yeoman after finishing my meal.

"Captain Robert Andrew Jackson, and Commander Donald Sherman April, please be advised at this time, that you are to report to the bridge at seventeen hundred hours, earthen standard time, Admiral Kondulon Mazanurra, out." said the voice on those over head speakers.

Chapter 7: May I Ask

"Well Yeoman Zaranazi, are we ready to go?" I asked as I stood up from the table and prepared to head back to my quarters as was ordered by Admiral Mazanurra.

"Robert, I'm coming with you." David said as he arose from the table. "Janice, take the kids and go back to our quarters, my brother and I have got to talk. And don't worry, I won't be long."

"No fighting or fussing and complaining?" I asked as I left the galley along with David, Zaella, and the others. I wanted to hurry back to my quarters and contact Doctor Henderson and check up on my family in the med unit before I viewed any red disk.

"Nah, not now any way." David answered as we all walked across the bridge and entered onto the path that led us here.

"See you on the command bridge, Donald." I said as he readied to pass by with Marsha, Andrew, and Ben. "Where's Martin?"

"Around here somewhere." Donald answered. "He probably knows this part of the ship better than any of us."

"See you guys later." Jim said as he rushed past us.

"Darla and Summer with you?" I asked.

"Yeah, that's why I'm in a hurry." he said as he disappeared up ahead. "I think she went to see Patricia."

"Looks like you're going to have your hands full now with the Perinnan security chief." I said as David and I walked side by side and I checked the time on my vid com watch. Yeoman Zaranazi tagged along behind us with her hands folded behind her back.

"Heck, I never had the slightest idea that that little twerp was going to be my superior officer or . . . Robert, tell me, where are we for real?" my brother asked as we continued down another pathway.

"We are aboard an alien space vessel from one of thirteen destroyed or dominated worlds." I explained to the best of my knowledge. "We have one year to prepare ourselves and take this ship into a battle against an invading race and try above and beyond all and everything else, not to become the fourteenth world to fall."

"Commander Jackson, when you play your red disk in your living unit, you will know, even if you do not completely understand." Zaranazi said as she walked up beside and cut in front of the two of us, stopping us in our tracks.

"Who are you?" David asked.

"I am Yeoman Zaella Zaranazi, from the planet Uorexua which no longer exists, because of the Zaleens." she explained to my brother with tears in her eyes.

"According to the admiral and his niece here, ours is to be the next world on the Zaleens list for extermination." I said as I dug for, and passed her, my handkerchief. "That's why we are here to prevent, that is we are able, the destruction of our home world."

All Aboard Dilemma I

"So we've been drafted . . . abducted, or whatever else, aboard this space ark to save the Earth and our own bacon from an alien attack force." David replied as he folded his hands behind his back.

"The admiral believes that we are our worlds only hope for the continuation of life in our solar system." I said before he took me by the right arm with his right hand.

"I don't like any of this brother." David said as we stood by the airlock portal that would lead us from the sciences section to the command section of the Orion. "Something just isn't clicking right because we sure as hell aren't the military or freedom fighters or---

"I know, lets find out what we can decipher from viewing our red disks in our quarters and we'll take the next step from that point onward." I replied as we entered into a busy corridor.

"Yeoman, may I ask you what a Slopan Sliver and a Thrug Sherbet is?" my brother asked.

"A Slorpan Sliver and a Thrug Shalurt are . . . or were horrendously fanged creatures that once lived in the worst of filth and slime or garbage in the swamps and bogs of the planet Perrina." Zaella Zaranazi answered.

"I think I've been called a pig, more or less!" David stormed madly.

"David, I've got a little over three hours before I have to report to the command bridge on this ship, so, we had best get to our quarters while time is still on our side." I told him.

"Yeah, see you around bro." he replied as he moved on down the corridor to find the security section.

Chapter 8: On The Bridge

After contacting med bay and finding that Patricia was asleep, and resting well, and that the children were in capable hands, I then placed the red vid com disk into the player and sat back in my chair, and along with my yeoman who sat in a chair next to mine, we waited for the show to begin. Within seconds we were watching the Zaleens travel from one inhabited world to another taking the planets by peaceful surrender, or in all out bloody and devastating battles. Any resistance at all was met with death and obliteration as their punishment for disobedience. As worlds were blown apart, the lucky ones, or the survivors, got to watch from viewport windows in their cells aboard the Zaleen battle ships. Home worlds were all wiped completely out of existence because they refused to give in to their invaders. One alien vessel from a previously lost battle was sent to the next inhabited world, such as the Dorion Adriakar had been sent to Earth, prior to the Zaleen invasion forces showing up in their solar systems. Why not just show up and claim your next world win, lose, or draw, and forego the preliminaries? My only conclusion was that we were being monitored in some way, manner, and or fashion, for our strengths and weaknesses, but why, they never lost regardless of the outcome. So, why in the hell would they want to take the time to toy with us, and train us, to fight a losing battle against them? Why the waste of time? David was right, about something not being right.

"Zaranazi, I've seen about as much of this red disk as I want to see in one day." I said as I stood in order to shut it down. "Enough of it, that is, to know that we'll either surrender peacefully to the Zaleens and become servants, or---

"Are you ready to go to the command bridge, Captain?" she asked.

"Why not." I answered as I shut down my vid com unit, and walked towards the oval entry door of my living unit and out into the busy corridor, while a short time later the oval elevator lift door zipped open and I stepped out and onto the upper deck of the Orion's massive bridge with Yeoman Zaranazi on my heels.

"Your late, Captain." Donald April said as Zaranazi and I joined him on the lower deck.

"Really now, me, late." I replied as I glanced briefly at my vid com watch. "Well, here we are, for better or for worse, Commander."

"Did you have to say or for worse." April replied as we began a tour of each station on the inner bridge. "I believe that I would enjoy our little adventure if not for the or for worse part."

The oval lift door parted and another of our earthly friends, who we hadn't had contact with in at least a thousand moons and a few minutes and half a life time, or so it seemed, stepped off of the lift and onto the upper deck of the bridge and froze, as if she had seen the devil, face to face while Zaranazi had decided to wander about the bridge.

"Laura, welcome aboard the Orion." Donald said in greeting as the two of us walked over to a set of steps that led from the lower to the upper portion of the bridge.

"I thought that it was hell, but if you want to call it the Orion, that will . . . how did we get---

"Sis, did you happen, by any chance what so ever, have a chance to look at the red vid com disk in your quarters?" I asked as she stood there, unmoving.

"If you mean the red d.v.d. , oh yeah, I sure did, and that's why I want to go home and dig a deep hole and bury myself in it till it's all over. Please tell me that this is just a very bad dream or a night---

All Aboard Dilemma I

"Don't say nightmare, or else Donald will tell you that it's all happening because of a pizza that we ate." I told her as Donald just shrugged his shoulders.

"If we aren't having a nightmare, we can kiss our . . . selves goodbye." April told her as the lift doors parted yet again to allow another old friend entry onto the bridge.

"Helmsman, they said, you're going to pilot this ship, they said!" said Steven Allen Davis, aloud, and to himself, as he stepped onto the bridge, bumping into Laura Andrews.

"Oh shit, aliens that look like old friends from my high school days. Damn, what a hangover I'm having. Lord, I swear, if you'll let me wake up in the morning in my own bed, I'll never take another drink again, cross my heart and fingers and all that other hope to die---

"Hello, Stephus." Donald said as he interrupted our friend.

"Oh no, it even sounds like April, and it even called me Stephus." Davis rattled on.

"Still don't know where you're going, do you Steve?" Laura asked as she moved a step or two away from him so that she could size him up.

"I'm in hell!" Steve cried out upon seeing who he had bumped into. "Hell has found me for sure!"

"What was in that last drink I had that killed me?" Davis asked as he sat down on the steps between the upper and lower deck of the bridge. "And why me?"

"Laura, what position did they pin on you?" I asked as I gazed down at Steve, noticing that he held his face with both hands while his elbows rested on his knees.

"Communications Officer." Laura answered as she stepped down to the lower deck, toeing Steve with her right foot. "But I think that I'd make a better helmsman than Steve."

"Are you guys really April, Jackson, and Laura, Laura . . . whatever your last name is now?" Davis asked as he gazed up at us.

"Yes, it's us Stephus." Donald answered. "And something tells me that you may not have had a chance to see the red disk that---

"Oh I saw the damn thing alright." Davis replied. "Talk about a sobering and make you want to get drunk again experience of waking up in your bed and having an alien from Lost In Space staring down into your face. It would have made Doctor Smith proud to have heard my screams of unholy terror."

"I don't doubt it." Laura replied as she gazed down at him.

"Okay, where the devil am I supposed to sit on this ship of the damned?" Davis said as he lifted his head.

"Over there, and Steve, don't touch anything yet!" Donald answered as he pointed with his right hand to the helm station.

"We're as good as dead if he's driving Donald's nightmare." Laura said as she looked for her station on the bridge.

All Aboard Dilemma I

"No pizza or liquor is that good, or that bad to have---

"Robert, Donald, sorry for the interruption, but I think that we've got a grand scale problem that none of us are going to be able to alleviate." Alexander William Scott said as the oval lift door parted. and he, along with two other non terran beings, stepped off of the lift and onto the command bridge. One of them walked over to the helm station while the other one went to the communications station. Alex came and joined us as we stood near the steps.

"This is going to be one fix or tight spot that will take everyone of us---

"Straight to hell!" Steven Davis thundered as he staggered to the helm station, falling into his chair.

"Is that Davis?" Alex asked.

"Yes, what's left of him." Laura Andrews replied as she took her seat on the bridge.

Davis just waved back at Alex and nodded before looking down at his console while the alien crew member pointed out something to him.

"If what we've seen on our red disk, and what the admiral has told us is indeed the truth or actual fact, then our own home world is in for a very rude awakening, especially if we are unable to fulfill our duties and come out of this alive." Alex said, explaining what we already knew to be the truth of the matter.

"Then you don't believe that I'm dreaming all of this, or all of us, up?" Donald asked as he leaned over and onto the railing that circumferenced the bridge.

"I would like to know for sure, but may the Lord help us all if it's not a nightmare." Alex answered as the admiral came in onto the bridge and gazed over to find his niece, sitting at the sciences station, quietly observing us.

Chapter 9: Proving A Point

"Donald, Alex, I pray that our galaxian crew members know exactly what they're doing, by making me their captain. It should have been your position, Donald." I said as I glanced over at the admiral, who happened to be looking directly over at us.

"Thanks, but no, Captain." Donald April replied. "At any other time, other than now, I might agree whole heartedly with you Robert, but I feel more at ease manning the sciences computer station."

"I understand." I said as I turned to Alex Scott. "And what about you Alex?"

"Me, a captain?" Alex asked as he slapped me on the back. "I'm the weapons and defense engineer, and it'll take the likes of me to contend with the likes of your brother David, should he go on the rampage again."

"I can see your point too." I replied, as the being who stood at the communications station had a view of the Earth, up on the four vid screens above the outer bridge stations.

"Why's the admiral just standing there like a wooden indian---

"Admiral on the bridge!" April yelled out as he snapped to attention along with Alex, the others and myself, that is, everyone but Steven Davis.

"So what, do you have to yell?" Steve yelled back at us as he turned in his seat. "I've got a splitting headache the size of . . . who the hell is that!"

"At ease everyone." the admiral ordered before walking down the three steps to the lower deck of the bridge and striding over to where we stood. "As you were."

"Admiral, has any of our world leaders seen the red vid com disk that we've been introduced to in our quarters?" I asked as I stood before him.

"Before they do Captain, I need to know what's going on in your mind?" he asked.

"My own personal opinion is that we don't have a third option to tell the Zaleens to go away and leave us the hell alone." I answered. "Understand me Admiral, when I say that I fail to understand, why our enemy just doesn't show up unannounced and take possession of our world without giving us any warning. That is what I am having a major problem under---

"Well, I'm in no damn hurry for them to come any sooner!" Commander April stormed at me. "If that's what you're---

"Admiral, let me get this ironed out for all of us here." I said overlooking Donald's outburst. "You have beaten the Zaleens here by one earthen year, to warn us, if not to prepare us, for a war that we'll not win, in an uncertain future, alive as servants on Earth, or somewheres else, wishing that we were dead, as slaves, because our home world got blown to smithereens. Not a very pretty picture, either way you want to paint it."

"Admiral, I can't see the Orion going up against a fleet of Zaleen battle ships coming at us from all different directions, for one of them alone, by itself, would be efficient enough, to destroy us." Commander Scott replied.

All Aboard Dilemma I

"So, is there something else that you're withholding from us, Admiral Malaria, sir." Commander April added.

"You may as well draw me a detailed map of this damn thing, because two minutes from now I'll have forgotten everything!" Lieutenant Steven Davis thundered at his alien instructor.

"I hope that your insurance is paid up to date on this ship if he's going to be our fly boy." Lieutenant Laura Andrews said from her station.

"Sweetie, after I get the hang of this, I'll be able to fly around the rings of Saturn." Davis replied from the helm.

I'm not your sweetie, and if you so much as---

"We're going to get along really swell as a team Admiral." April said as he watched Steve turn back to his console while waving us off. "My, what a pizza."

"Let me assure you, Commander April, that what you consumed the night of your being brought here, has in no way altered your mind, nor it's ability to function properly, as it should." the admiral replied. "All of this . . .

Mazanurra stopped short and stomped his right foot down hard on the deck floor before he gave Donald a hard shove throwing him into Alex who along with Donald knocked me over and we all tumbled like dominos to the deck flooring.

. . . is very very real, earthlings!"

Steven Davis came quickly to his feet and shoved his instructor out of the way before springing up and over the helm station to leap onto the admiral, who swatted him away as if he were a fly. Alex tried the same tactic from Mazanurra's backside and was tossed off with a flip.

"Alex, Steve, enough already!" I ordered as Donald and I helped one another to our feet. "The admiral was trying to prove a point, or so I think."

Catching the admiral and all of us off guard, Donald tackled Mazanurra like a freight train plowing an animal off of its tracks, and bowled him off of his feet and he landed flat on his back with a hard thump as Donald rolled over the top of him like a bowling ball that had struck it's pin dead on.

"Donald, that little skirmish that we got into earlier today with David when he slamed us up onto the corridor wall outside of our quarters, should have woke us up and told us something!" I thundered.

"It did, I just needed the exercise." Donald said as he now knelt out of breath beside Steven Davis who still lay flat on his back.

"You okay Steve?" Donald asked as he helped Steven Davis to sit upright.

"Don't know for sure, I think so." Davis answered. "Boy does that Martian ever pack a punch like Laura."

"You're pushing it Steve!" Laura growled as she arose from her seat while the admiral got back upon his feet.

"I don't believe that he's hurt to bad, gentlemen." Admiral Mazanurra said as he extended his hand to Steve and he pulled him to his feet as if it were effortless. "And the name is Mazanurra, Commander April."

All Aboard Dilemma I

"Well, Robert, Donald, Alex, Laura, how the heck are you?" Davis said nervously. "It's been an awful long time."

"Awful is right, Lieutenant Davis." I said. "Considering the fact that we're a bunch of misfits abducted aboard an alien space ship on our one way trip into oblivion."

"Howdy, Donny Boy, how's it going man?" Davis asked before he passed out cold on the deck.

"This is going to be one hell of a vacation." April said. "I can see that right now."

"Well, Admiral, what's next?" I asked as I stood facing him."

"Your ready room, Captain." the admiral answered. "Instructors are waiting patiently for the rest of you at your stations, and Andrews, call for a medic, and Lieutenant Javreen, to come to the bridge."

Chapter 10: First Lesson

"Ah, Slorpan Sliver, I see that you've finally decided to report to me for your first training session!" thundered the security chief, Commander Jalep Adeez, who was sitting behind his desk in the security unit.

"You may be my commanding officer, alien twerp, but you and I are gonna get one thing straight! David Jackson said as he leaned over the desk and gazed down at Jalep Adeez.

"I can whip the crap outta you any day of the week, month, or year, got that, carp face?" thundered David Jackson, as he shoved his finger into the alien's face.

"Earthman, you do show promise and have great potential. I'm going to mold you into a first rate security officer." said Jalep, now standing and gazing up at my brother.

"Look here piglet, is everything that my brother told me about this flying carpet with it's Mickey Mouse crew and why your all here, true?" David asked, shoving the commander back down in his seat.

"Your brother, I presume, is going to be the captain aboard this ship?" asked the alien security chief, standing up once again.

"Yeah, the Wizard of Oz. What a joke on us all. Some ignorant alien fool critter off of his rocket made my brother a star ship captain!" David thundered, once more shoving the Perinnan back down in his chair.

"Anyway, ferret weasel, is what he told me the truth?" he blurted out, slamming his fist on Adeez's desk.

"What did he tell you, Thrug Shalurtling?" asked the commander as he stood one more time.

"Looks like your headed for another fight!" David thundered. "Call me a pig will you!"

"I found out what a Slorpan Slimer and a Thrug Sherbet was, you baboon!" David said, as he moved nearer to Jalep Adeez's desk.

"That's Sliver and Shalurtling, earth ... man!" the security cheif said

"Whatever, I don't like being referred to as a pig in a slop pen, creep!" David continued as he grabbed the commander and pinned him to the wall behind his chair.

"There's something that I don't like about you alien, and I'm gonna find out why I don't. I don't believe all the bull crap that I've heard or seen so far, so you had better be doing some serious talking if you value your life, peanut brain!" said David as he tightened his grip.

"Is .ard .o .alk .hen .ome .ody is .hoking ..u .o .eath." said the Perrinan as his face was deepening in color.

"Sounds alien to me, speak English." David told the poor creature as it hung suspended in his death grip.

From out of nowhere a club like weapon came crashing down quickly over David Jackson's head, felling him to the floor as he still clutched the little Perrinan by its neck. The club should have knocked David unconscious but David's head was thicker than the club, which shattered.

All Aboard Dilemma I

"That done did it, now you've went and made me mad, so if your gonna mess with the best, your gonna have to suffer like the rest!" he told him just before the fight broke out.

On the Orion's twelve outer pylon view decks, any one could come there and be able to see out and into space from the large oval windows that spaned the pylons entire length on both sides on any of the four decks that they may be on at any certain time of the day or night shifts aboard the ship. Robert and Patricia Jackson's two children, five year old Eric, and four year old Amberle, along with their Uorexuan care taker had entered on to one of the view decks.

"When are you going to take us to the hospital to see mommy?" Eric asked while his sister walked over to one of the windows and gazed out at the Earth down below.

"It's called Med Bay, Eric." answered their alien baby sitter.

"Where's daddy?" Amberle asked as she turned from the window to face the female Uorexuan.

"He may be on the command bridge right now, Amberle. Do you know what a command bridge is?"

"Does it cross a river?" Amberle asked as Eric stood by one of the windows gazing out at the moon.

"No, it does not cross a river."

In another place aboard the Orion, David Jackson's wife, twenty seven year old Janice was being informed of her new profession.

"I'm going to be doing what?" Janice Jackson asked, surprised to have been told what her duties would be aboard the ship as the Talmurran female swiveled her chair around so that they were face to face

"I've told you once already, you shall be an educator, teaching the children aboard the Dorion Adriakar about your world and it's histories." the Talmurran answered her for the second time. "I'm beginning to think that perhaps I've made a serious mistake in having chosen you."

"I don't believe that I'll be staying here for very much longer, whoever or whatever you are!" David Jackson's wife thundered.

You would leave your mate and children behind---

"Hey, he'll find a way to get us all home!" Janice Jackson boomed aloud.

"Janice, even if you should choose to return to your home world, and we will give each and every one of you here that option, the Zaleens may destroy it." her captor or saviour replied.

In the Captain's Ready Room, Robert Jackson was having his long awaited meeting with Admiral Mazanurra.

"Admiral, my wife is in your medical section aboard this ship and my two children, Eric and Amberle, are hopefully being taken care of, while I try and make sense out of our current situation. I would like to be able to visit with them as soon as it is possible to do so, sir." I said as I sat in my chair behind the captain's desk while Mazanurra stood in front of it.

"In due time Captain, I will check in with the medical staff myself as to her health and welfare." the admiral replied as he took the liberty to sit in the chair in front of my desk.

All Aboard Dilemma I

"I should hope that in due time, means soon, Admiral." I said. "I haven't seen my wife nor our children since you brought us aboard your ship."

"And for this, I am truly sorry, Captain Jackson, but there are some things that we must take into consider---

"Security alert! Security alert!" said the voice and image on the vid com screen that arose from the top of my desk. "Security to Security! We have a problem down here! Admiral Mazanurra, Captain Jackson, can you come down here to Security?" asked the voice.

"On our way." answered the admiral over his vid com watch.

"Your brother David, Captain?" asked the admiral as he stood up from his chair and made haste for the security section.

"It would be a good bet, sir." I answered as I came around from behind my desk and raced out into the busy corridor and bumped into my yeoman, Zaella Zaranazi."

"Yeoman, follow me, and the Admiral." I ordered.

It seemed like it took us an eternity to get from the officers deck to the security section of the ship, but once we had arrived there we got the surprise of our lives.

My brother David lay on a stretcher on the carpeted floor along side Commander Adeez and another alien security officer.

"Hey bro, Captain, they finally managed to get the . . . best of me." David said as he lay there wincing in pain. "But not before I taught these aliens a thing or two."

Jalep Adeez gazed up at the admiral and rather painfully tried to articulate his side of the story.

"Admiral Masnur, if all my overcoats had as much fight as your Earffing, then we've nothing to worry about, sir." he said, grimacing in severe pain while spitting out a bloody fang.

"He's exceptionally good." said the alien security officer who lay there beside them.

"It took five of us to get him off of Commander Adeez and Lieutenant Lumada." said one of the more fortunate ones as Jalep Adeez turned to my brother and placed his left hand on David's right shoulder.

"First lesson and training session over, Loot Manner, Jackson." he said as he spit up blood.

"I still don't like you for some . . . reason." David said as Commander Jalep Adeez passed out just before medics began hoisting them up from the floor. "I guess I must have passed my first test."

"Get a cleanup detail down here, Lieutenant Tholari." ordered the admiral as he turned to exit the security section.

"Yes sir, Admiral." said security officer Lekton Tholari, from the planet Sanarta.

"Your brother knows how to fight rather well, Captain Jackson." Mazanurra said as he stepped around the overturned desk of Jalep Adeez.

All Aboard Dilemma I

"He hasn't lost his touch, Admiral." I said as I gazed upon the over turned furniture, broken glass, and the few heads that got thumped by my brother.

"Zaranazi, let's leave this mess to those who are better qualified at cleaning it up, unless you want to lend a--

"Just looking, Captain, just looking." she replied as she turned about and exited the disaster zone.

"It's twenty hundred hours, Terran solar time, Captain." the admiral said as he turned to face me in the corridor.

"The next shift is coming on duty." my yeoman replied as we began to move on down the busy corridor as a cleanup crew passed us by.

"You're all relieved to take any liberties aboard this ship that you and your friends deem it necessary for you to take, in order that you may acquaint your selves further with this vessel." the admiral told them.

"Thank you Admiral." I replied as he continued on down the corridor while shaking his head in disgust at the way things had been going so far.

"Yeoman Zaranazi, you don't talk much, do you?" I said as I passed her my transcribe pad. "I hardly know that your around at times."

"I am more of an observer and a listener, Captain." she replied as I neared a vid com tower.

"I don't doubt it Zaranazi, so where might I make an inquiry about my children, Eric, and Amberle?" I asked my yeoman as she stood beside the communications tower.

"Ask the ships computer, Issac, and he will provide you with the information that you seek, Captain, sir." she answered.

Chapter 11: Candice Jackson

After getting the information that I needed from Issac, Zaranazi and I proceeded on our way to find Eric and Amberle. It wasn't long however before the two of us ran into James, Darla, and Summer.

"Hey Robert, Zebra Nosey, over here!" yelled my twenty six year old brother Jim, who was walking casually down one of the ships corridors with his wife twenty seven year old Darla, and their seven year old daughter, Summer

"It's Zaranazi." Zaella said correcting my brother.

"Still sounds like some kind of nasal condition to---

"Jim, Darla, want to join Yeoman Zaranazi and myself?" I said. "We are going after Eric and Amberle and after that it's on to the med section to visit with Patricia."

"That's where were headed ourselves." Darla replied. "Sure, we'll tag along with you."

"Zaranazi, I have a question to ask you about something that has been worrying me." I said as I gazed down at my neice.

"And what would your question be Captain, sir?" my yeoman asked, as Jim, Darla, and Summer listened.

"Yes, Yeoman, it's about the children aboard this ship?" I began. "The Orion's not going to be a very safe haven for them once we engage the Zaleens in an all out space battle."

"Neither were the planets safe that they all called home, Captain." she answered.

It's a crying shame that neither side that fights against one another gives thought to their children and how any battle will affect them, before they decide to kill one another off. "Some great role models that we are to our children. The dead that fought to have, have lost all, and those that are still alive have to clean up the mess and suffer to fight again another day. Why do we not try to live in and at peace with one another in harmony?" I asked, as Zaranazi gazed up at me in deep thought.

"Captain, when we encounter the Zaleens, they will care for nothing, for they believe that with the passing of time, they will be the only life left in this galaxy." Zaranazi explained.

"And we just happen to be next in line for extermination." my brother James uttered, as he picked a wrapper up from the corridor deck. "Our children aren't safe any where."

"Now, Captain, do you understand why we have come to Earth to seek you out?" Zaella asked, as she looked me straight in the eyes.

"If it's for experience in commanding a star ship, no. If it's because I care about my family, relatives, friends, both from earth and elsewhere, yes, but caring does not qualify me to command this ship or to give orders to kill another soul without justification." I said as we moved along in the corridor.

"And when do you determine that the killing of another soul is justifiable, Captain?" my yeoman asked.

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"Whenever the Zaleens want to take our childrens lives and futures away from them, and that includes our home worlds." I answered. "I still believe that you've made a mistake in choosing me for---

"That poses a problem, Captain, you do not have faith and you do not believe in your self." Zaranazi replied.

"How's Patricia, Robert, or I mean---

"I know what you mean, Darla." I answered as we passed by our fellow galaxians in the corridors leading us to the medical facilities aboard the Orion. "The last account that I recieved was that she was still out of it."

"I know that I'd want to be right now. She's probably much better off being out of it, come to think of it. I would hate to think what would be going through her mind at a time like this." Darla replied.

"Lets just face the facts as they are, we're all in deep doo doo up to our knee caps." my brother Jim said as he handed the wrapper back to the alien that dropped it.

"You drop something?" he asked the Sanartan.

"Don't tell me that you touched it, earthling?" the Sanartan asked in return as we made a sudden stop in the corridor.

"Yes, why, is there something wrong with my having picked it up?" Jim asked with a worried look on his face.

"No, not at all, I just wanted to see the reaction that you would give me." the Sanartan answered and began to laugh. "I'm Doctor Seladan Sarn, at your---

"Doctor, there will be no littering on this ship. Use a waste receptacle!" James thundered.

"That's an order!" I said, before the Sanartan physician should happen to want to drop it again.

"Yes sir, Captain, I was just checking his phys---

"Excuse me, I'm sor . . . Candice, it is you, James, it's Candy!" I said excitedly after having bumped into our twenty one year old sister.

"Robert, James, Darla, Summer, man am I ever glad to see somebody that I know here in this mad house of freaks." Candy asked with tears in her eyes. I pulled out my handkerchief and passed it to her. "Thanks, where the fu . . . oh, I mean where the hell are we, and are you guys dressed up for a party or something?"

"Sis, where have you been hiding?" I asked, as she stood there wiping her eyes.

"Hiding, yeah, I've been in hiding alright." Candy answered, as she passed my handkerchief back to me. "This place scares the sh . . . sorry, hell out of me."

"No sis, you keep it, I'll get another one, and tell me something?" I asked.

"What do you want to know." she replied as she stood there with us.

"You mean to tell us that you've been in hiding all this time and have no idea where you are?" I asked.

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"Yeah, I've been in hiding, and no, I don't know where the fu . . . hell I am, so tell me, if it's not going to be too hard to believe." she answered and I grabbed her by the shoulders.

Come along with us, because if Patricia's awake then she'll want to know too." I told her as I let go. Let's be moving a little quicker I've got to find Eric and Amberle before their bed time."

Finally, after locating Eric and Amberle, we made it to the med bay area and all of us stood just outside Patricia's room in the corridor.

"Yeoman, stay out here until I call for you, I'm not sure as to what kind of reaction Patricia would have at seeing you with us right now." I ordered before entering my wife's room with James, Darla, Summer, Eric, Amberle, and Candice.

"Hi honey, how are---

"Robert, where am I?" she asked right off the bat. "And why are you, Jim, Darla, and the children, all dressed the same, except for Candice?"

"I'm just a party pooper." Candice said as she walked past the foot of Patricia's bed and dropped herself into a chair while Eric and Amberle found places to sit on both sides of their mother's bed.

"How are you feeling?" I asked as I bent over to brush a loose hair from her face with my right hand. Patricia's green eyes darted about the room, gazing at each and every one of us before she spoke again.

"I ... I ... I guess I'm feeling okay, just a little disoriented, that all." she replied as she gazed up at me. "Wow, what a crazy amusement park ride the children and I were---

"Mommy, we're on a space ship." Eric said as he lay his head on his mother's left arm.

"Yeah mommy, a real space ship." Amberle added.

"Robert, where . . . are . . . we?" Patricia asked nervously as her heart went to racing.

"We're all here with you Pat." Darla said, as she sat down on the bed and took Patricia's right hand in hers.

"Where's here at, Robert Andrew?" she asked, really wanting a truthful answer from me and James decided to give it to her.

"Well, it's not the hospital." Jim answered for me. "At least not the one back home on Earth any way."

"Not . . . on . . . Earth, Robert Edward Lee Andrew Jackson, where are we?" she asked having used my full birth given name, letting me know that I was in a heap of trouble.

"Patricia, we are on a real space ship in the orbit of Earth under clo---

"For real Robert, you and my brother Donald need to grow up." she said as she managed to sit up straight in bed.

"Has any one here informed you as to where you're---

"No, and I'm scared." she answered.

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"You're not the only one that's scared, Patricia." Candy replied as she stood up from her seat and began pacing the floor.

"Have you seen any unhuman looking doctors or nurses since you've been here?" James asked as he placed his right hand on my left shoulder. "Like they're all dressed up for Halloween or a costume par---

"No, I haven't, just Doctor Henderson as usual." Patricia answered as I sat down on the edge of her bed.

"She's scary enough." James said.

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