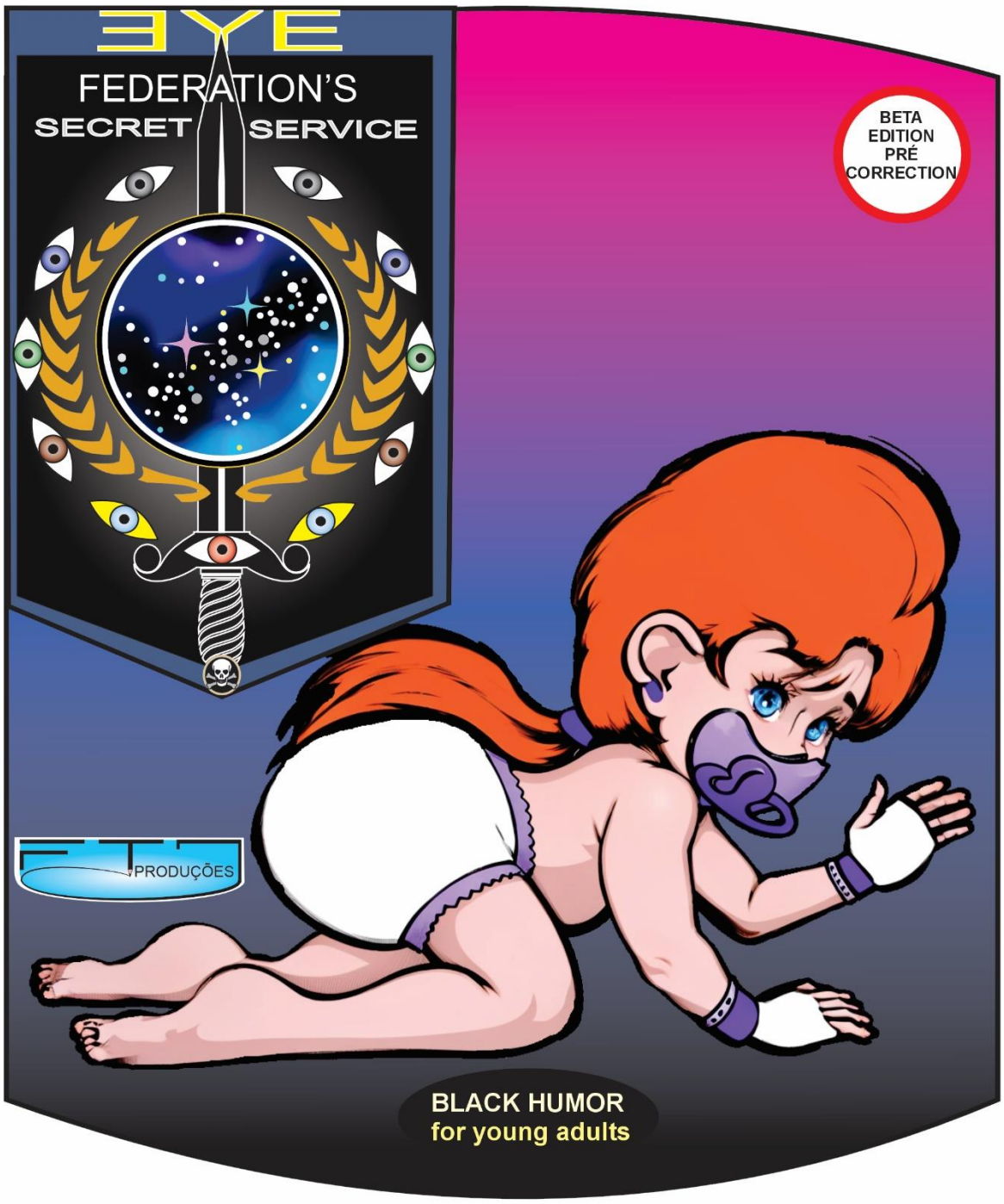
FERNANDO ZÉCA's

APOCRYPHAL PARODIES

EPIC LITERARY FANFICTION REVERENCING SOME OF THE BEST AND MOST POPULAR WORKS OF SCIENCE FICTION



PRE-INTRODUCTORY NOTES

Any resemblance to events, names, personalities or locations of this or other parallel universes is mere coincidence.

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This work was produced spontaneously, with the aim of giving a biography to the avatar I use in the game STAR TREK ONLINE named FERNANDO ZECA CORINTHIANO, in scenarios where some of the most popular Science Fiction productions could be honored.

I started writing a short story of a few pages, and later other ideas came to me that I added to the initial one until I reached the result in your hands, edited to relieve stress, and amuse my readers

I conclude by asking apologies for any inconsistencies between the texts, studies and drawings of my authorship, this is not the definitive version.

AUTOR FERNANDO ZECA CORINTHIANO

THANK YOU FOR YOUR TRUST and PRESTIGE UNTILL NOW.



APOCRYPHAL PARAODIES

PROLOGUE

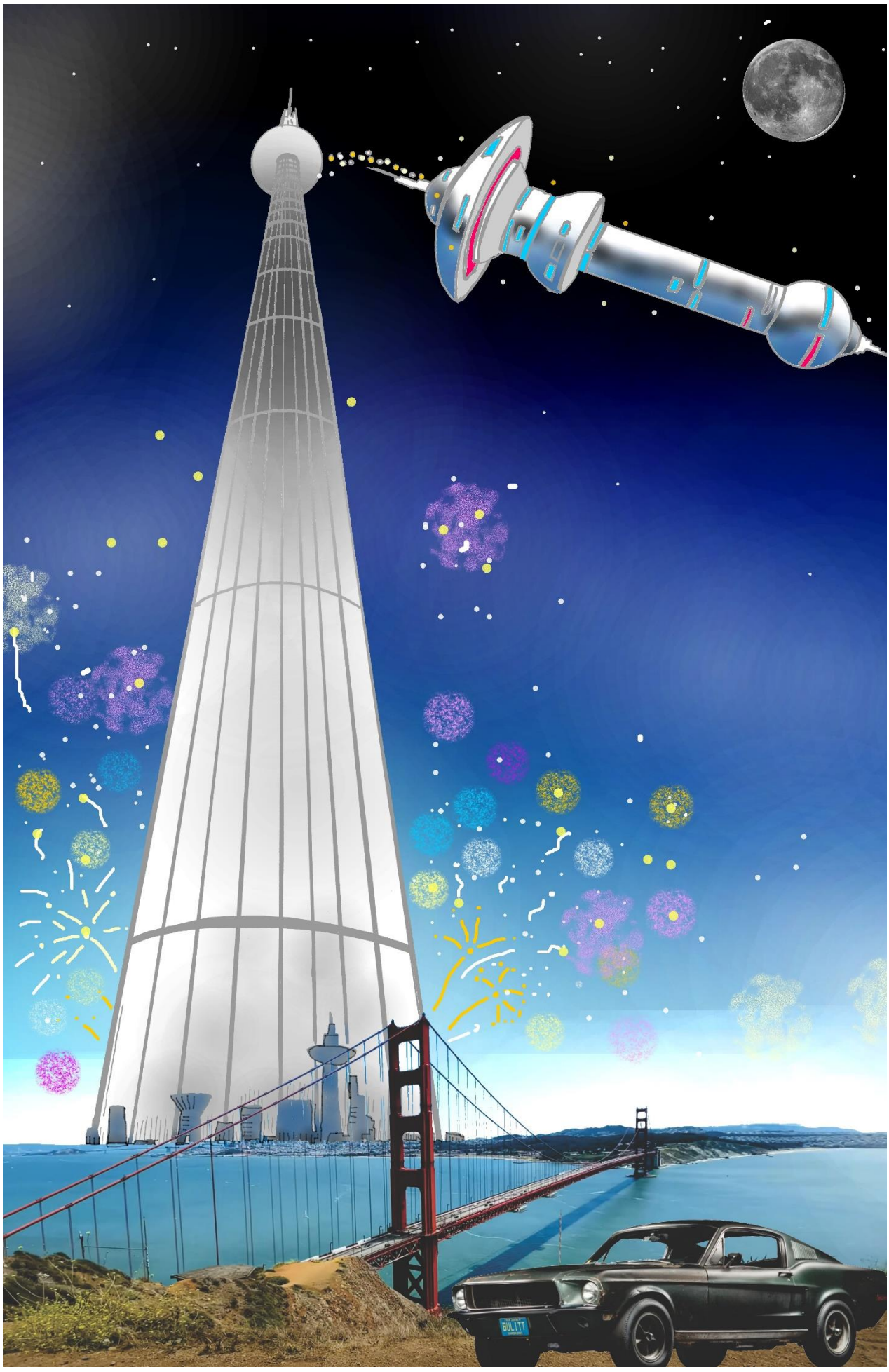
In the deep darkness, Kali, Goddess of destruction and renewal, prepares to further propel the violent wheel that will transform all life in the universe, and as a result of these terrifying events, pain, death, hatred, and violence will be inevitable.

Concomitantly with the impulse that will give such pandemonium, one of the several arms of the divinity, working in synchrony with other members of the body, extended itself through fantastic domains, leading to a human couple who were at the height of their love, a powerful and very well prepared seed that would develop in the fruit of that union, to fulfill its own destiny in the future, watching over the survival of the remaining order, destroying the enemies that hinder the peace, which in the future will be threatened and successively reformed, until the end of all time.

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BULLITT

INTRODUCTION

2192

ANNEX SECTION in the PRESIDENTIAL OFFICE of the FEDERATION of UNITED PLANETS
SAO FRANCISCO – CALIFORNIA

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That night, the already bright city sparkled even more, due to the festivities, resulting from the change of the Presidency, of the Federation of United Planets, whose powers would be passed from the hands of the current president, one of the Founders of the Institution, to his Successor.

In front of the living room window, the future former president Johnatan Archer was finally able to contemplate the landscape, after separating a few personal belongings that he would take away with him, since, in thirteen minutes, from zero hour, his government would end.

Only at that moment, after much work, would he finally relax to reflect, and make a general balance of his legacy, in which the United Federation of Planets (an alliance between races from different planetary systems, which increased its sphere of power throughout the galaxy.

This conquest, which did not come effortlessly through a complicated, thorny path and, totally different from the predictions in the manuals and regulations in which many infallible plans failed, charging high for the attempts.

However, in this period the principles that would guide the future work of expanding and maintaining the ideals of the Federation were established throughout the galaxy. Something that, from then on, President Archer himself would no longer be directly involved.

Even if, much more, he could have done, or fewer decisions, left to the successor to decide, now there was the feeling of accomplishment.

Mistakes and successes would be corrected, or perpetuated, by the next administrations...

Even so, President Archer would miss that pleasant air-conditioned, clean and well-organized environment where he worked for a long time without even enjoying the luxuries available in the various annexed sections of the Presidential Office, so that, even his diet, during this period, was extremely regulated, not even allowing the ingestion of alcoholic beverages, whether legal or not.

His belongings were on the table, ready to be dispatched, thus already freeing up that section of the Cabinet for the next President.

Among the items: the bottle of Brazilian Cachaça from Minas, which he had received from a friend, and was still sealed.

He knew that just one sup of the drink was capable of changing the moods of the connoisseur, so he did not taste it, even so as not to lose the clarity of command, which he considered indispensable for the performance of the functions in the presidential office, thus reserving it for a special moment that he could finally relax.



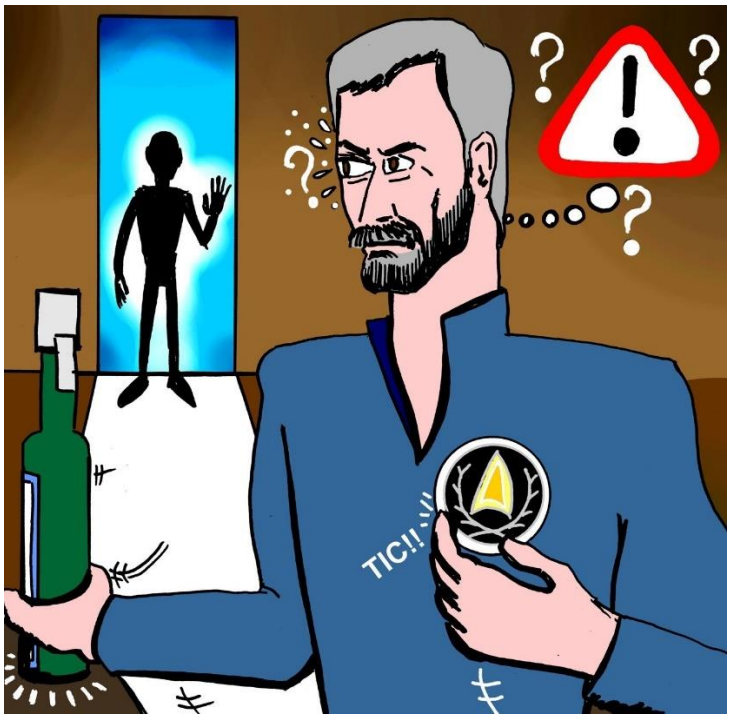
Such an opportunity would take place exactly after midnight, when he would no longer have powers for any act as President of the Federation of United Planets.

From then on, he would only participate in a few more

formalities, to finally enjoy quietly, the well-deserved and long-awaited retirement alongside his closest family.

Smiling, he picked up the transparent bottle with the golden drop and, as he was about to break the paper seal on its cap, he heard a familiar voice:

-John...



The smiling presidential countenance was quickly undone, and turned into a grimace of few friends. In front of his desk was an old acquaintance: Daniels.

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President Archer's face showed concern.

When Daniels appeared, he brought with him big problems.

So complicated that he always brought solutions from the future, to avoid complications even before started.

Yes! Daniels is a time traveler, and the President had not yet become accustomed to his sudden and unexpected arrivals, so much so that, with a cantankerous facial expression, he asked:

-What brings you here, Daniels? Is there a new time war threatening the future of the galaxy?

-Not this time, John. Nothing so imminent.

The still President, activated the yellow alert, on the communicator installed on the badge attached to his jacket, but nothing happened.

Tense, John looked around to see that there was no one left in the office, and, incredibly, the security cameras were disabled!

Appearing calm, the President pretended to ignore the problem.

-Daniels! I'm leaving the post. If you came here because of some future or present problem of the Federation, you will have to wait, to decide with the President who will succeed me soon. Now, my duty is with retirement..."

-Don't worry John. You will enjoy it quietly, but something must be done before passing powers to your successor.

The President's facial expression became heavy and dark:

-Daniels! I think your clock is late! I don't have much more than a few minutes at the post. What could I do now?

-A lot, John.

"You can still leave ready, a strong shield that will ensure the survival of the Federation for centuries."

-This is not urgent, Daniels, the next President does this to you...



-No John! The signature of your successors in this matter will not have the same impact as that of one of the Founders...

-Signature?

Johnatan Archer felt a chill, even colder than the previous times Daniels mysteriously appeared to him.

-And as you'll see, it's nothing that's going to put your life at risk, John.

-That's not what worries me now. What will my signature be used for, Daniels?

The unexpected visitor smiled and asked:

-Do you remember Lieutenant Commander Elizabeth Bondmader's request?

-Of course I do, Daniels.

"Who forgets a brilliant woman who will certainly be valuable in the high command? She really has a lot of preparation."

The President smiled and said:

-Daniels: Believe it or not, I know what you're talking about because I've done my homework and checked everything that came across my desk, including these suggestions.



"Bete is a very talented young woman, with ideas that certainly... ONE DAY WILL BE IMPLEMENTED... But not by me because I just finished my services."

Archer was adamant even though he knew that the man in front of him was in fact

Daniels, after all, the subject they talked about was TOP SECRET.

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Only the President and Elizabeth herself were aware of what it was about.

-This case is for my successor because the request involves many credits, and the Council has to deliberate on the matter."

-John! The idea of the Lieutenant must be implemented immediately! Before the next President takes charge.

President Archer became angry and pounded his own table with his fist.

-Daniels! But that involves a lot of credits!"

"Where do you think I'm going to get resources to open this new spy agency? Basically, that's what Bete's idea is all about."

"In addition, Star Fleet and the Federation already have their own departments for their purposes. What I don't lack in my head is people gossiping."

-John! Her idea refers to an exclusive and independent Agency with powers acting for the Fleet and even more for the Federation itself, always when necessary. It's not gossip.

"You will only guarantee for the creation of this one, some credits that will temporarily ensure its existence until it can fund its own missions, and, through that, obtain more resources to do its services in the shadows, without any political interference, or even Presidential, if it is compromised in the future."

-We already have institutions ready for these tasks, Daniels.

-Not with this degree of independence and secrecy John!

"Nor with powers to take responsibility for covert actions and operations that would contradict the fundamental precepts of the Federation itself."

The President turned pale when he heard that...

-Responsibilities? On me??? What are you talking about, Daniels?

-The Federation will not survive for long in the cosmic power game between the great galactic forces, if it does not have hidden up in its sleeves some jokers and Aces that operate outside the manuals and rules.

"It is on these hidden letters that the survival of the Federation in the future will depend."

"And as only playing honorably you do not guarantee victory for long; This security measure must be implemented immediately."

"If it is not now, it may never be, since other leaders will certainly distort the objective of the initial proposal, distorting it to something different."

"The political environment and the chains of command in the Federation are contaminated and infiltrated by foreign elements, John. There is no time to lose.

The President widened his eyes, but kept his countenance firm.

-Daniels. I can't.

"This requires credits that the coffers do not have."

"And something like that, it has to be controlled, otherwise it's going to become a mess."

Daniels approached the President's table, and, above the shiny top of it, made a gesture with the palm of his hand, soon after, a bright three-dimensional map was projected, containing several colored elements.

The President, with trained eyes, soon analyzed all that information in front of him:

-Damn Daniels! I read her ideas that even involve confiscation of assets of the enemies of Federation without any legal process! This parallel secret agency will soon be more powerful than Starfleet itself!"

"And if badly managed, in the future, it will be a blackmail center capable of changing history and the axis of galactic powers"

-Indeed, but she will be at the service of the Federation and its ideals, John!

"If you don't do something now, the enemies will do it soon."

"Therefore, the implementation of Elizabeth's request has to be done now, and with YOUR signature!"

-Damn Daniels! That is for the next President! Let him solve it! Let me finish my term in peace! I got tired of signing last-minute paperwork with no explanations and full of responsibilities that fall on my back."

-John! You can't let your successor define this matter. That's why I'm here!"

The President did not seem convinced.

With a closed face, he looked at all that information in front of him...

-Daniels! I know you took a trip, let's put it this way... Long... But it would be better to leave this matter for the next council to decide..."

-It will be too late, John. Elizabeth must start her work immediately, and discreetly."

The President looked at that projection on his desk with extreme seriousness.

-Daniels! What are you asking me?

"This business is going to cost trillions of credits... I don't want the taxpayer paying this..."

-In the future, none of these costs will come directly from the Federation, John.

"Lieutenant's plans already provide for the Agency's financial independence in no more than fifteen days of operationalization. "

"Just give Elizabeth the means to implement the necessary actions" ...

While listening, the President interacted with the projection by analyzing some legislative aspects laid out there...

-Too much power in the hands of few people, Daniels...

Jonathan Archer sat down in the armchair, pressed buttons on the keyboard installed there.

Then Lieutenant Elizabeth's request was designed as well.

The President, once again, analyzed it in detail and coldly

-I know it's not a bad idea, Daniels. It has its merits, and even weights and measures, yet it is a very powerful instrument in hands that... If they are not the right ones..."

-John... Elizabeth Bondmader is a faithful and trustworthy person.

-Agree! That is not in question. I know her well. Warrior Lieutenant and Joust!

"But it goes beyond her... It's a project of generations..."

-John! I came from your future to, once again, ask you to trust me, and, especially, in her request...

"This business, if it goes wrong, can end the whole dream of a fair and honest Federation, leaving no stone unturned."

-John! The Federation will soon be in danger if you miss this chance to do what's right.

The President understood that that request at some point in the future, rightly or wrongly, would be carried out, even because it was a new administrative model of a secret service agency, so he based himself on his personal experience and knowledge on the subject to make several considerations and points right there in the request and then, with a grimace, sign and dispatch...

It was the last executive act of the Archer Presidency in the Federation of United Planets.

From then on, he would only fulfill a few formalities already scheduled.

Thus, this act was successfully concluded, the projections were extinguished, and the room of the Annex Section of the Presidential Office was a little darker than it was before.

Daniels was no longer there, and the clock finally struck midnight.

A new day was coming, and with it, Jonathan Archer pondered whether his last act had, in fact, been right, as Daniels had promised him.

He ended up forgetting the bottle of Brazilian cachaça that he was about to open to taste and celebrate the end of his service.

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THE RETURN OF THOSE WHO DID NOT GO



Jumping forward eventually requires turning back a few steps to adapt to the moment and take the proper impulse, before concretely advancing.

With such a pretext...

WE WILL RETURN A FEW DECADES BEFORE THE DATE in which the previous chapter took place, positioning this reading, at a point, that allows us to contemplate, the distant planet ALLORAX, located in the vicinity, of the extraplanetary domains, from the still arrogant and powerful ROMULAN EMPIRE, a complex state of many facets, in particular, that of illegal interventionism completely devoid of any ethical-moral principle.

With such proximity in the vicinity, it makes no difference whether ALORAX was outside or within the official Romulan imperialist perimeter, so that there were violent interventions conveniently ignored by the high galactic leaders, although their effects were perceptible even to a blind man...

The Romulans disturbed ALLORAX out of cruelty, for the red planet's oceans were wild, its vast continents filled with dreaded wild forests, and stormy deserts where preparedness was indispensable for survival.

Thus, in this chaotic scenario, powers from different spheres converge to act, competing while the Aloraxian people fight bravely with the little they have, defending their own dignity.

The cities that were lucky in the face of so many unpleasantnesses, became the focus of the resistance of the few selfless heroes who, despite the suffering, fought every day, a different enemy imposed by fate.

Normal life, only in the thriving megalopolises protected by gigantic transparent domes, which defended according to their location, their super-cities, from threatening external environments.

In some cases, even wild forests so fearsome that they alone served as a cruel defense against any invaders who ventured into an unprepared assault.

Other cases, there were only slums, where those excluded from the system lived.

Also outside the colossal Aloroxian transparent domes, there were population concentrations in the midst of areas of total deprivation.

In one of them: in Nova Ciméria, another megalopolis, but this one, at the moment, partially destroyed by successive Romulan attacks, more specifically in the region where the RED SECTOR A neighborhood used to be, in the midst of the rubble of the place another

unusual fact occurs.

Without any explanation, after a blinding glow, a whitish spot of uncertain shapes appears in the air, just above the ground.

Gradually, its contours are defined until it forms a white door, erect in that catastrophic scenario, as a piece of art on display.

Then, a sound in this indicated that it was being unlocked.

The handle turned with the door opening the way, from which a humanoid emerged, with blue skin, white hair, wearing a modern costume

The big guy looked around, and his facial expression soon showed dissatisfaction with that place devoid of any comfort.

Without wasting time, he turned on his heels trying to get back the way he had come from. He almost succeeded... Involuntarily, he bumped head-on with another humanoid that came out the same door, this one, bigger and even stronger.

-Damn Azulão! Get out of the way! - Complained in a mocking tone, the second newcomer, who had also just passed through the threshold of the strange bright door.

The appearance of this other newcomer was frightening.

Long hair, bearded, dark skin and moody facial expression.

He was also wearing clothes like those of the first blue-skinned newcomer...

-Karrow! - shouted Azulão. – Zéca brought us into trouble!

-Again? - Asked Karrow...

Another humanoid also passed through the door. This one, a short bald man, who also wore the same uniform as the other two, in addition to round sunglasses.

-What fucking place is this, Zéca?!?! - Azulão asked, with a suffering expression, addressing the newly arrived short.

-I don't know where we are either. - Replied Zéca with the typical expression of a misunderstood dog just thrown out of a moving truck.

-Then we better go back. - Suggested Azulão, as he looked around. "This place smells pure trouble.

-You're right, Azulão. We better go back! Karrow agreed suspiciously.

However, as soon as the two turned around, the door mysteriously disappeared, leaving the three there, with no possibility of returning through the passage which they had just arrived.

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-The way back is now blocked. - Karrow, the giant, with the face of few friends, dryly noted.

-What's up Zéca? It was you who got us into this...

-Check the TRICORDER I gave you. - Zeca replied to Azulão. - What is he indicating?

[...**AUTHOR'S NOTE**: **TRICORDER** *is a tool from the STAR TREK universe, used to scan an area or place of interest obtaining information that will be compared with its computerized data center to issue reports, studies and analyses...*]

-This crap here only shows arrows with one direction.

-Then everything is ok. - Confirmed the bald short. If it shows anything, it is this indication that we should follow.

Azulão also made a visible expression of doubt, now, in relation to the device:

-I've never seen this tricorder model, can you explain how it works?"

-No, but trust me." - Zeca said.

-This one hurt even in my ears. Karrow whimpered, with a face of pain. – I lost count of the thousands of times I heard this singing...

-Just like me... – Agreed Azulão.

-Calm down, gentlemen! You are crying with full belly...

-Here comes the crying again. Karrow protested. – There is so much lamentation that even the bravest warriors do not stand up listening to Zéca...

Azulão took pills from his pocket, swallowed some and gave others to Karrow.

-Take some testosterone, because at our age, we are easily moved by Zeca's complaints...

-Thank you. - Karrow said, picking up and swallowing the medication.

-You are messing with me. - Lamented Zéca. "I have confidence in this device because I've used one like it before, and I know what I'm talking about. Sleep on my noise."

"Sleep on my noise..." Karrow imitated, Zeca's speech in a chanted voice

-And to believe that my kind and charitable heart is once again being rolled up by the mess that this Zéca puts us in...

-Don't even tell me, comrade...

-Ahh.. C'mon guys… - Complained Zéca. "Let's go ahead and stop mocking me."

Resigned and with no alternatives, the three advanced in the indicated direction...

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Under the guidance of the tricorder, the tranquility of the walk lasted until they entered the desert sand, through which they were supposed to follow, where they were greeted by a hail of lightning coming from different directions, which decimated everything around, forcing them to take shelter among rubble and irregularities in the terrain.

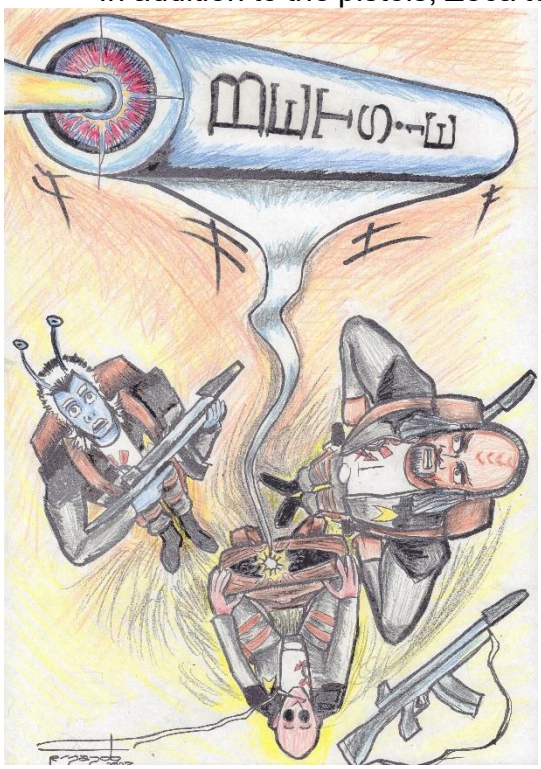
-Hey Zeca! We did everything right and this tricorder just got us into trouble.

-So it's working well, because that's what it does perfectly.

-Dam it Zéca! - Lamented Azulão, between the insults and the explosions. - Where did you get this crap?

The answer did not come right away, because the three soon drew their weapons, to respond to the artillery salute they received without any warning.

In addition to the pistols, Zéca took from his backpack, a cylinder, 40 centimeters long by 12 centimeters thick. On the body of the latter, he pressed a button that lit up small red LEDs. Then he said:



-I got a "Betsye" - (nickname given by the military to that artifact, which was actually a weapon).

Betsye jumped out of Zeca's hands, to float in an open space above the trio, while on its body, a white dot of 3 centimeters lit up at the end pointed where the rays popping up around her.

-Fire! - Said Zéca.

Then a hail of white lightning came out of Betsye.

The devastating and deadly effect of such shots led to hellish conditions, which was already chaotic, silencing the enemy attack in less than half a minute.

Betsye's shooting also stopped.

The air was filled with the smell of burning and the flying weapon slowly returned to the hands of the bald short.

-Betsye continues to maintain the tradition. - Said Zéca patting the cylinder.

-This model is recent. - Commented Azulão looking at the gun.

-Yes! It is a novelty on the market that does not heat up the battery even after ten hours of non-stop shooting. You can put your hand in and check..."

-If you brought a "Betsye" it's because you already knew things would heat up, right Zéca? - Karrow complained...

-Actually, I didn't bring just one, but three!

-Look at that! See? Karrow whimpered in a lower voice...

-You know I always go out armed...

-Damn, Zéca... But three Bethsyes?? Each of these alone is capable of decimating an entire army in seconds.

-One for each of us, brother... Calm. - Zeca justified himself smiling.

-OK... OK.... This excuse is very convincing... I'll believe it.

"And what else have you hidden and know about this tour, which so far has only given us headaches?"

-Like all the other robberies that Zéca puts us....

-Look... I didn't hide anything. - Replied the bald man. - Everything was very busy...

"We barely had time to talk."

-Nobody is denying that... -Karrow pondered. - Things actually happened fast

because you, after a long time gone, call in desperation kicking, asking for urgent help.

"And the worst thing is that, ME, the idiot on duty, and the unsuspecting Azulão fall, like the usual ducklings, into this mess that you get us into..."

"Shame on me, because, I should have learned it the first time."

Azulão interrupted Karrov's tearful crying by asking:

-Zéca! Do you know where we are?

-No! Why???

-@#$%@*&!!!! (unprintable Klingon swearing) – Karrow cursed at his dark skin already very reddish, - "Fuck Zéca! Once again you put us in the mess without knowing where we ended up???"

"How did I fall AGAIN into this kind of conversation???"

"How could I be so dumb once again?!?!?"

-Karrow! Calm! You're turning red!

-Have you been taking your medicines?" - Asked Zéca, seriously, seeming to ignore any possible danger coming from the Klingon comrade, already a little nervous...

Karrow massaged the temples with the fingertips of both hands.
Then he scratched his tear strengths, took a deep breath and asked

-Azulão: Do you know where we are??"

-I'm even afraid to speak, Karrow. I think you're going to get mad and I don't want to see you feeling sick... You're turning red there, dude... My fear is to turn green..."

-Green sucks! - Fernando Zéca Corinthiano agreed. - It's like reaching the end of the world without ever having won the FIFA World Cup.

-Oh my Kahless!" complained the Klingon, with a serious air. "An Andorian afraid...

"So the thing must be serious... Speak up right away..."

-Are you ready???

-Speak up, damn it!

-It's not just where we are, it's also "when"...

This time, the silent pause was long-lasting, until Azulão continued...

-By the tricorder I brought, and it works better than this crap signal you gave me, Zeca, we went back in time, and we are on the planet ALLORAX, which ALMOST ended up being hit by the same Supernova that, in 2387, fulminated Romulus.

-Zéca, explain the history of this door. Karrow asked in a low voice... "Where did it bring us?"

-OK... OK... I'll explain: it all started with a dream I had...

As soon as he finished this sentence, Karrow and Azulão's eyes crossed widely.

-Dream...

-Yes, I dreamed with Marge and...

-Did you dream about Marge?

-Damn, Zéca, it's been more than fifty years since you saw Marge...

-She was the love of youth... After her, you got married and even had a couple of children...

Karrow looked at the apocalyptic scenario that surrounded them, whining...

-You always stick us in the robberies, hem Zéca... And now, this... Because of a love of youth?

-Marge is in another at this time, Zéca. Nor should she remember you anymore. She's old, if she's alive."

-Damn Zéca! Fuck! The women no longer fall for your conversation, and now you are dreaming about the past, shoving it into robberies, we poor wretches, who are your last comrades to put up with you.

-Not quite, guys. - Zéca tried to justify himself. - Something happened. She is different... She's in another one...

-Of course She's in another Zéca... Woman's like that... You let it slip and you don't

admit it! Now, after being old, he stays there peeling the stub with the old cock while dreaming about the past.

-Let him explain, Azulão. Let's listen to what will be the rant with which he will wrap us trying to justify another cold one we fall into.

Azulão made a face that even seemed good-natured.

-You order Karrow...

-I had a dream about Marge... – Zéca started again...

-Not that part... Advance the story that the last chapter I already know...



-Very well! She showed up telling me that Bete would be in serious danger and that the three of us had to help her.

-Do you see Karrow? He surely still smoking those illegal crap...

"Then he goes to sleep, has a spicy dream, wakes up with a dirty and wet dick, thinking he is the sexual bald shaman of magical powers."

Karrow was not for jokes and kept his serious gaze fixed on Zéca, who continued talking...

-Damn it, Azulão! Give a break! I don't make anything even in my dreams anymore!

-The old crying fox now comes to play the poor guy trying to escape the just reprimand.

-It's not crying! I'm not nostalgic for the past.

-Then explain what's going on.

-OK... OK... I did talk to Marge, and she was very clear about Bete being in danger.

-You talked to her in a dream, Zéca.

-Yes, but when I woke up, I had next to the bed, this tricorder, our equipment and even the contacts to call you. And don't ask me how it all came about there."

-I even looked for traces that indicated the occurrence of some possible teleportation, which had taken it all inside, but I found nothing."

Karrow scratched his beard...

-Hmmm... When it comes from Marge, I don't doubt anything... Nobody knew my contact number, Zéca...

-It was Marge who gave it ... Don't look at me. Your contact that I have is our exclusive emergency and not through this one that I called you.

-Oh! Marge..." continued Karrow scratching his beard. – She always ends up implicated in the confusions you make, Zéca.

"You don't even have the nerve to change stories. You know those kids who blame

others for everything that goes wrong?? You, my man!

-That I know. - Replied Azulão, barely containing his own smile. - I was the poor victim who was blamed for everything that guys like Zéca were up to. Poor me...

-Until he entered the Starfleet Academy and began to return on his classmates all the annoyance he suffered in childhood. - Retorted the bald Corinthiano - I remember this story because I was there.

-Quiet you two! - Karrow shouted. - Someone here has to think.

-Let's let our Klingon philosopher sort it out." - Scorned Zéca.

"The only Klingon I had for this occasion was the democratic pacifist on duty in the class..." - Certainly, in the midst of this war scenario, he will solve the problems.

-It could be worse if Karrow was a gun disarmament's.

-Never disarm! Never a democrat! I maintain my republican convictions. - Karrow shouted, who continued. – Back to business: You said we've gone back in time, Azulão...

-Yes.

-And that we are on a planet close to Romulus, that, in the future of this time in which we find ourselves... WILL BE DESTROYED.

-Exact...

-How much time do we have here?

-The cataclysm to which I referred will take a long time to occur, but what worries me is in this unpredictable environment, our chances are lower..."

Karrow looked at Zéca...

-The oldest, irresponsible and stuttering here is you. - Said the Klingon with a serious air. - It would be disrespectful to your post not to consult your invaluable experience.

"What do you, who got us into this mess, recommend?"

Zéca scratched the cheeks of his varnished face, and suggested:

-We continue in the direction indicated by the device...

-Yes... - Karrow agreed. - As if we had better options left...

-Trust me. - Zeca reassured. - Leave it to me and listen to what I say that I know I'm doing...

-And again we are forced to listen to the old refrain... - Azulão whined with a face of suffering... - Are you sure?

-I'm not sure of anything, friends.

"I may be right as well as wrong, but we have to follow the path that remains."

And at that moment, Azulão noticed something different: His Andorian antennae waved, when they detected distant vibrations in the air coming from running engines.

Soon the sound was evident, even to human ears.

It didn't take long for everyone there to direct their gaze to the direction where the snoring was coming from, so the trio saw several vehicles in the shape of arrowheads, running through the sands while producing an immense cloud of dust, after having left a cave in the vicinity.

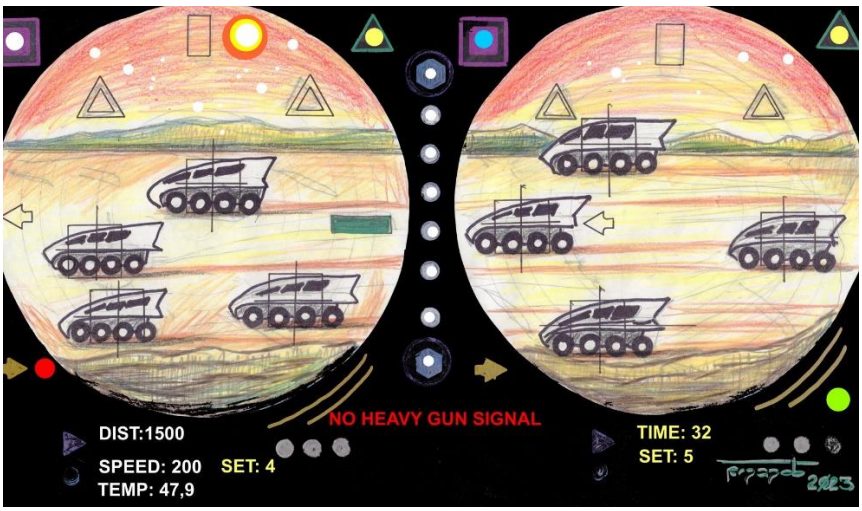
-Surely this motorized group must also have served as targets for the snipers who tried to destroy us...

"Now they are leaving this hellish place..."

-Fulminating the shooters who disturbed us, we also saved this group there, but we are here on foot... - Complained Zéca.

-Let's go ahead. Karrow said. - We have no time to lose.

So they continued!



***

They walked for hours, without haste, alternating positions, each one, at some point, in the rear, in the lead, or in the center of the formation.

They consulted their equipment, in particular, Zéca's tricorder in the hands of Azulão, and when they did not exchange signs or mockery among themselves, they fell silent advancing.

They continued like this until the middle of the night, thanks to night vision goggles, energy supplements, which did not let them get tired, and also because, according to the indications, the final goal was near.

They continued like this, until finally they reached a camp, formed by the same vehicles that some time before, they had seen escaping from the bombing zone, and now, they were parked, forming a large circle.



Azulão consulted the conventional tricorder and analyzed the situation:

-The perimeter is not protected by any defensive field.

"There are no security guards on guard... Nothing watching the vehicles in the middle of this nothing..."

-Quite poetic, but, in fact: This group seems careless, or worried about something that we are not noticing... - Pondered Zéca.

Already entering that vehicle camp, the trio came across the lady who was beating a broom on a rug hanging from the rope tied between two vehicles.

She caught sight of the strangers, and yet continued, so the three of them gave her a brief nod and advanced as if they were acquaintances.

Further on, already in the camp, they were surprised by a vibrant gathering of quiet and cheerful people around the large fire where they drank and ate without any concern for

the unprotected position in which they found themselves, right in the middle of a desert and threatening environment.

-The class drank a lot of Trania. Karrow said. - Look at that.

He bent down and picked up an emptied bottle that was on the floor.

Zeca came closer, and watched as Karrow continued:

-And it's not just any Trania. This one chills even the Krolouseian tigers..."

"The gang must be hallucinating with this business..."

-Did you leave a war zone and stop here to get drunk? How strange...

-You smell like a wedding or some kind of party... - Azulão suspected.

-Wedding, Bluebird?!? You only think about partying!

-No! - Azulão tried to justify himself. - It seems that there is really something like this in the air...

The Andorian was uncomfortable: the atmosphere was festive, but he sensed threats....



His antennaes moved nervously looking for something.

Zéca approached him and asked:

-When was the last time you cleaned those antennas, Azulão?

"What's going on?"

Azulão looked at Zeca, then placed his thumbs and index fingers at the bases of his antennaes, squeezed them and stretched them upwards.

From the holes at the ends of these, light yellow secretions were splashed.

Azulão even made a facial expression of pleasure, after cleaning...

-So? - asked Fernando Zéca.

The Andorian turned up his nose in the air...

From his face, something was not to his liking.

-This here smells bad...

-Say something we don't know. - Karrow complained.

-What are you noticing there, Blue? - Insisted Zéca...

-The bad smell... It's getting bigger and bigger...

-I'm not feeling anything. - Said Zéca.

-The smoke you burn has destroyed your sense of smell. Karrow said. - But I'm not smelling anything either.

-It's a bad smell suliban! - Said Blue. - There are a lot of them around...

***

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano wasted no time.

He quickly took the 3 Betsye guns out of his backpack and, as soon as they were activated, soon rose about fifty meters above the ground, each one pointing its artillery in different directions, with green lights at its ends, indicating readiness to produce a storm of destructive lightning, capable of warding off various threats.

Then, the little guy drew and unlocked his own rifle with Karrow and Azulão also putting up guns in hand.

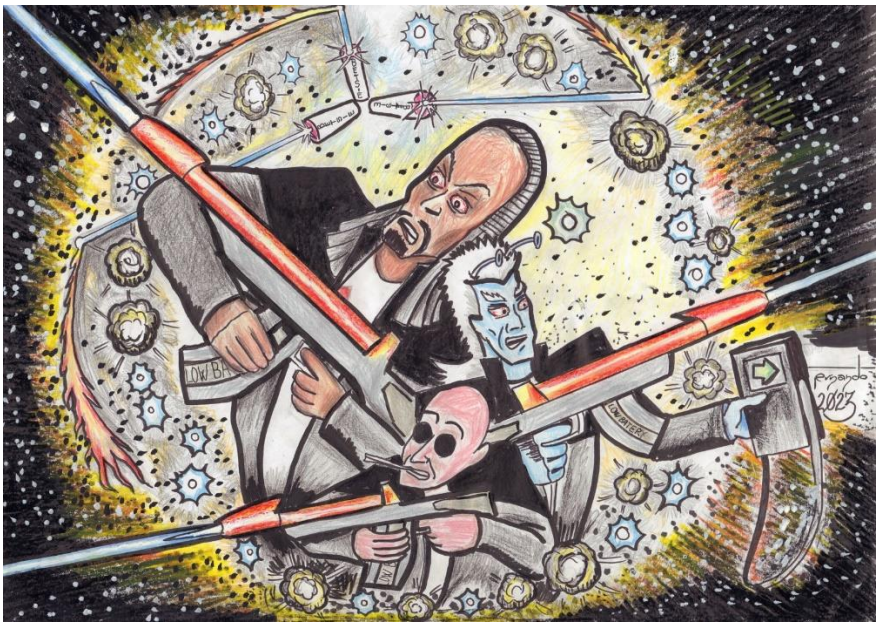
Although the movements were mathematically and synchronizedly calculated, Azulão seemed a little unfocused since his Andorian perceptions foresaw threats, differently than humans or Klingons.

-Danger is imminent, gentlemen. - Said Azulão while scratching his temples.

As soon as he finished uttering these words, drones appeared above the large vehicles firing at the people who were there.

A true terrorist attack, because the shots were fired at random, against drunken people, who were barely able to run.

The impetus of this aggressive action did not last long, as it was soon repelled by the defense of the three veterans, who disputed among themselves who still had the deadliest shot...



Sheltered in the irregularities of the ground, the trio resisted bravely until the end of the attack, however, to get up, even because of their age, they helped each other, joining efforts first with one of them kneeling, then helping the others to get up, and finally, all together supporting each other until they were on their feet.



At the end, the trio shared effusive greetings.

-Like in the old days, gentlemen. - Zéca breathed breathlessly...

And they beat closed fist against closed fist.

-Like in the old days! Karrow exclaimed.

Azulão also threw his punches, but he looked around with an expression of doubt, a smile that was not as effusive as that of his comrades and with his antennae moving non-stop...

Unaware of the dangers of the situation, the camp crew, drunk with Trania, had fun as if they were in a highly interactive 5D cinema, watching a harmless festival of popping lightning, explode with a lot of noise.

Azulão soon made another face, indicating the arrival of more problems.

-I sense danger... The worst is yet to come!"

That said, he turned with a motion in which he raised his gun, pointing it in a direction with seemingly nothing to target, and fired.

In milliseconds, a bluish ray came out of the barrel of the gun, and soon its course was interrupted by some kind of threat, previously invisible to human eyes, which, when struck by the lightning, became perceptible in the form of a light spot.

The silhouette revealed showed a humanoid figure that soon tried to dodge the subsequent attacks...

However, in less than two seconds it didn't take long for other shots from Zéca and Karrow to also hit the aggressor, who fell dead.

It was a suliban.

-This is just the first. - Said Azulão. - Others will come.

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-What a joy! - Grumbled Zéca in a low voice.

After a brief examination of the Suliban corpse, Karrow concluded.

-The green skin and red clothes are indications of being from the Cabal. -Explained.

-Cabal agents? Bete hates this group of terrorists. – Reminded Zéca. – They are very dangerous. How could our day get worse with these guys?

-Calm down, Zéca! Don't get heart attack with tension! - Warned Azulão. - You spend the whole day smoking, and when problems appear, you get irritated and feel sick.

-The nurse said he had a stroke when she went braless. - Karrow informed with a straight face.

-Oh! Now we have a Klingon joker! - Complained Zeca.

-Have you been admitted again to the nursing home for young people of yesteryear? - Asked Blue, not knowing whether to laugh or cry because of the unoptimistic premonitions he had...

-Actually I went there to get inspired, before writing the next book...

-This nonsense doesn't stick anymore, Zéca. - Cut Azulão. - I heard that your daughter hospitalized you because she was tired of you complaining and smoking non-stop inside the house.

-This old man doesn't help at all and gets in the way of those who do something

useful.

-HEY Zeca... Is that why you dragged us into this mess?

-I'll repeat, you jokers: Marge said we're on an important mission...

-MARGE?!?! - Karrov thundered. - Again this conversation? Let's get back to business...

No sooner had the Klingon finished uttering its complaints, and several explosions near the group of veterans, bouncing like rubber balls each to a different side.

-They have arrived! - Shouted Azulão.

The trio barely took shelter, and a rain of deadly rays increased, forcing them to take out of their pockets, magnified vision glasses to see the attackers.

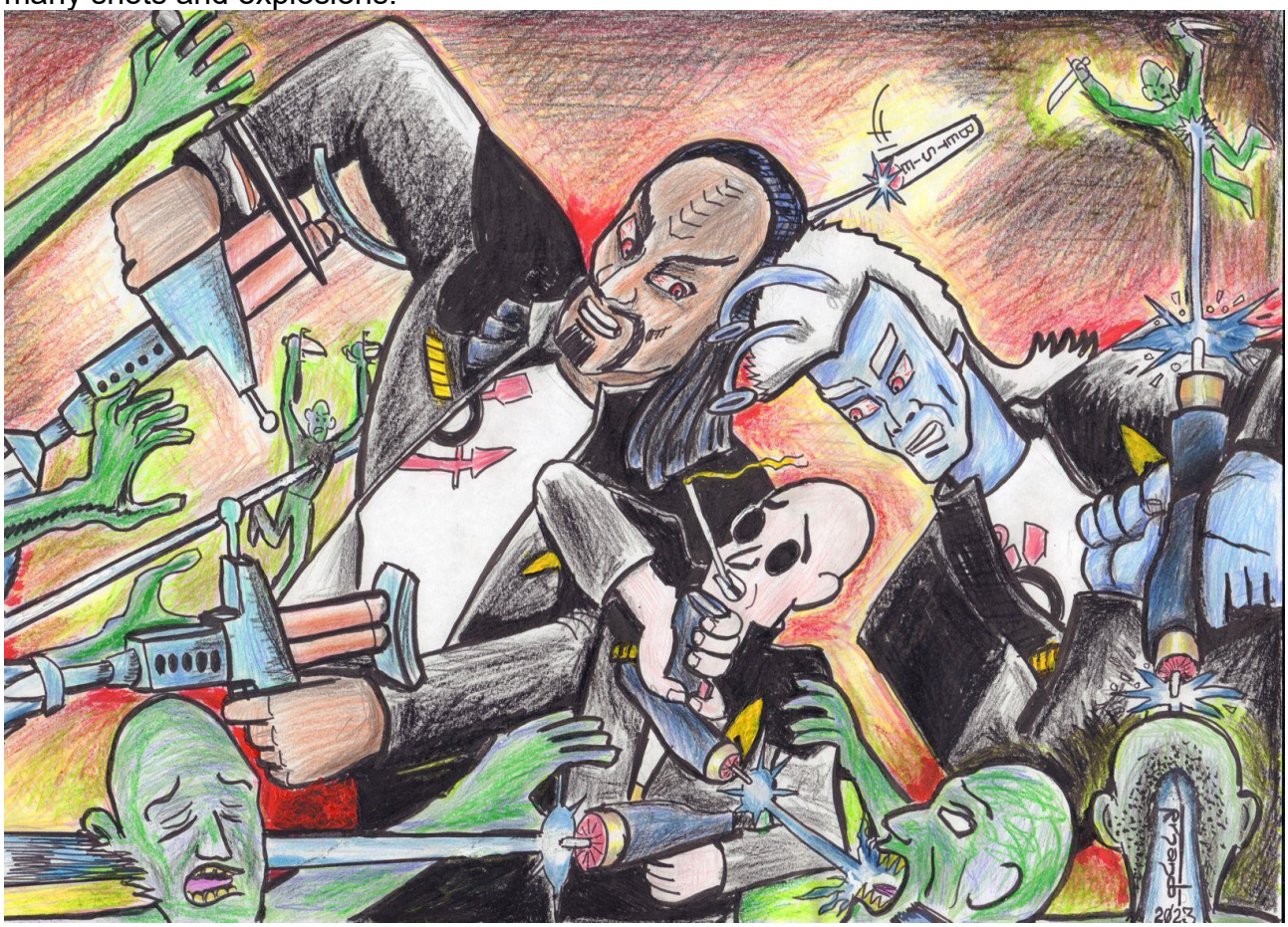
-There they are. - Said Azulão through the intercom.

The trio soon envisioned an army of Sulibans advancing aggressively, encouraged by the belief that their movements were invisible in the darkness.

Fernando Zéca barely had time to order:

-FIRE.

From above, the three Betsies immediately spat white lightning, remorselessly destroying entire hordes that fell before fulfilling their murderous designs, also raising the temperature outside the circular formation of vehicles, with night turning into day due to so many shots and explosions.



The most incredible thing of all was that only the three veterans cared about the attack, since the members of the caravan watched the clashes, as if none of it could hit them. And the most extraordinary thing is that nothing actually hit them.

There was even the old lady in the rocking chair, smoking a pipe, who pointed to the scenery, giving guesses as if she were a battle general or a coach of the game.

From above, the successive firing of the cylinders killed Suliban like flies. So many were the enemy dead because of the work of the deadly weapons, that their bodies formed a first wall of defense, albeit imperfect, for the caravan stationed there.

Half an hour into fierce combat later, this equipment surprisingly overheated and shut down.

The three veterans, from their positions, even in the face of unexpected misfortune, did not resign themselves and continued the fierce resistance.

From the barrels of their guns, many deadly rays hit the aggressor, causing them irreparable damage, however, at a certain point, the batteries were running out.

First that of Karrow, who was more impetuous on the trigger.

Even so, the Klingon did not diminish his bravery by pulling out a BATLETH that he always carried attached to his backpack and continued fighting wildly.

Then it was the turn of Azulão, who also had problems with the batteries, but, without resigning, as a good fighter that he was, he took out an old machete carried as part of his personal weapons and continued fighting with greater aggressiveness.

Finally, it was the turn of Fernando Zéca's pistol batteries to run out.

The bald, pot-bellied and short old man had never been a good fighter in hand-to-hand, or even with bladed weapons like his battle companions.

He had an axe with him that he even knew how to handle as a tool, or, possibly, do some acrobatic shenanigans.

However, if he had the cold blood to be a deadly first-line shooter, he felt unable to have the necessary aggressiveness, efficiency and technique with his bare hands, or even armed with a bladed weapon, even against ants and mosquitoes.

Such skills, even due to the physical complexion of Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, were not part of his hall of skills or his nature, who preferred to fight with a wide advantage of highly technological weaponry rather than sweat blood in violent combats.

But not everything in life is the way Zeca wanted it to be, and so, he also had to pull out the blade that came in a small, high-tech 2000-function pocket-knife that he usually carried with him.

A versatile instrument that in that situation was useless, due to depleted batteries, small blades and, even because of its age, it got stuck during handling.

While Fernando Zéca fought with such a bad tool, two grotesque and menacing Suliban warriors advanced, surrounding him, one on each side, wielding wooden sticks.

With no energy in the firearms, Zéca threw his unloaded pistol, hitting the forehead of one of the attackers with it, while the other continued towards him, ready to deliver him some fatal blow.

Fernando Zéca dodged, escaping with his useless pocket-knife at the ready, which then, in the first attack, broke when attacking the enemy's chest.

The crude weapon, at least, gave the protagonist some more time to live...

With death certain and near, he fled from another very dangerous blow from the attacker, and ran desperate to save himself.

Unprepared, he was even more frightened when a giant, pink-skinned, very strong guy, and more than 2 meters tall, passed quickly by his side screaming wildly.

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The scream came from a hairy man, who, brandishing a huge sword, decimated the rest of the Sulibam infantry, saving Fernando Zéca.

Seeing the impetus of the guy, even Karrow, who was already exhausted, cheered up, and went out distributing even more blows, with redoubled impetus.

The excitement was increasing more and Azulão remembered that he still had hypospray cylinders with him, which, once injected through the skin, increased the strength and endurance of those who received his doses.

Without wasting time, he took out of his backpack, three tubes available there, with

that medication and one of them used to apply the first dose, in his own arm.

After a short, low wheeze, he felt the powerful energy running through his veins, which instantly strengthened him.

He then threw one of the remaining cylinders in the direction of Karrow, who grabbed him in mid-flight, immediately, injecting himself with the dose of that fortifying medication.

Azulão applied the last hypospray on Fernando Zéca, already exhausted with so much fighting.

The paleness of the skin and the distant air of the bald old man indicated that he could hardly even reason properly, but, after the application given, the effect proved to be invigorating, even if somewhat slow for emergence.

In any case, Fernando Zéca's head slowly started working again, reminding him that there was still a cigar kept in his pocket.

Without wasting time, the bald short man pulled out the smoke and immediately lit it.

Given the first few puffs, a change occurred in the moods with his energies being immediately restored. After more puffs, the veteran gradually returned to the usual way of working in those situations, and even his size seemed to increase and his body posture improved.

However, the smoke that his cigar generated, soon attracted enemy fire, which, with a hail of shots, destroyed everything around the smoker, without, however, hitting him.

-With a billion lightning and thunder. - cursed Fernando Zéca. - These guys are shooting at us...

-Damn Zéca! But what did you want? That they would give us flowers? - asked Azulão angrily. - Take shelter!

Following the recommendation, Fernando Zéca ran behind a nearby rock where he collected stones from the ground to throw at the heads of his opponents.

In this way the veteran combatants persisted the fight with dignity until they achieved victory, in another battle, which the experts would consider lost.

The losses of the dead aggressors brought profits to local vultures, crows and dangerous birds that descended from the skies, eager to dispute and feast on the cadaverous fetid flesh of the defeated.

After so much violence and waste of blood, came the tranquility of the silent environment in which the victors who miraculously managed to placate the fearsome attack without any scratch, gathered exchanging effusive greetings.

Karrov saluted the man who had joined the victorious resistance.



-I'm Karrov. Admiral of the Federation of United Planets. Thanks for the help.

The greeting was reciprocated with a handshake, and the new ally identified himself:

-I am Conan, leader of this caravan.

-I think some time ago we saw you coming out of a cave. - Said the Klingon. - We are not right with so much dust in the midst of the rapid movement of vehicles"

-Yes. It was us.

"We left the cave, but soon stopped, because my wife was not in a condition to continue the trip."

-Without conditions how? Does she need a doctor?

-Well... She...

-If that's the case, I can be helpful. - Interrupted Azulão. - I served a long time, as a Doctor, in the old ships commanded by this bald man." - Clarified the Andorian, pointing to Zéca.

-He was in fact my first officer. - Confirmed Fernando. - He even solved the problems when he didn't complain.

-Well, Zéca! You were the one who was always bored and got us into trouble. Just as he continues to do today.

-I only followed orders, just like any YES MAN MINION in the service of State waiting for retirement.

-Did you follow orders? - Karrow asked. – If you did it sometime always did the service in some particularly dubious way, which in fact, has not changed anything to this day.

"You have always been far from being a mere YES MAN MINION following orders."

-A doctor would come in handy..." Conan interrupted.

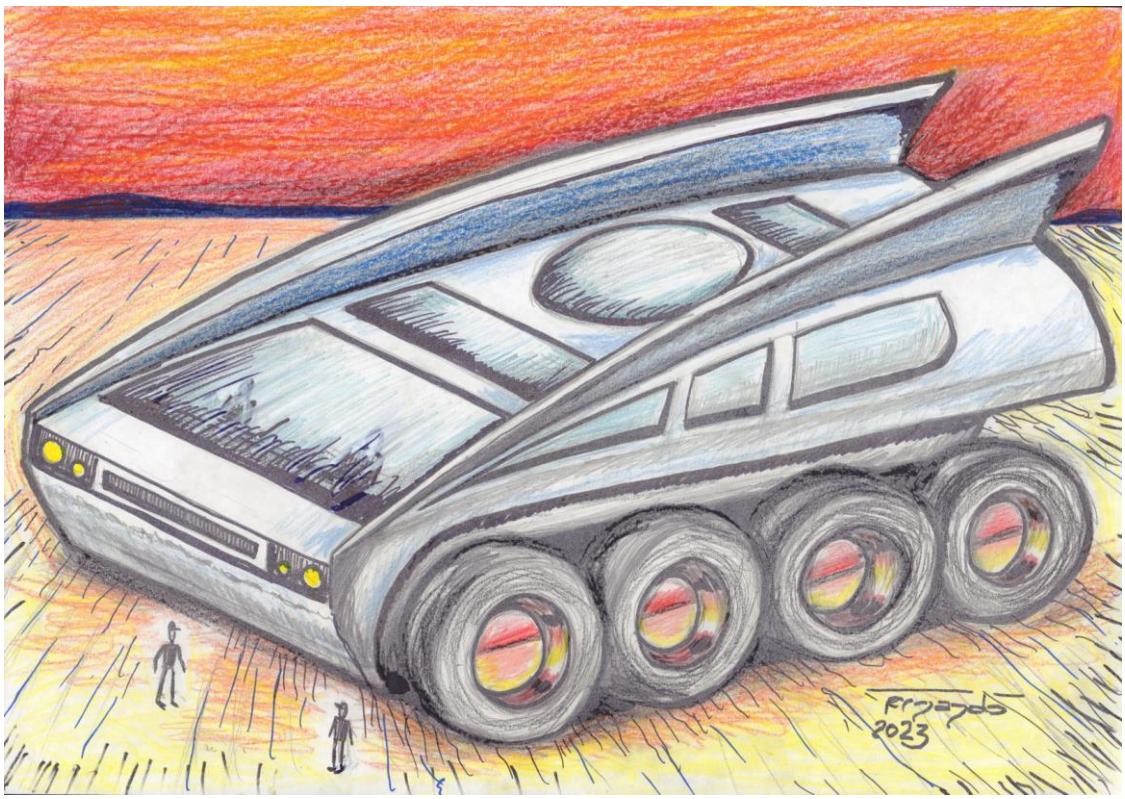
Then there was a brief silence, which was broken by the afflicted husband.

-If you can examine my wife, I would appreciate it..."

-YES! Surely! Right now. - Azulão volunteered. - Casually, I brought my medical equipment with me in my backpack.

Conan then pointed to one of the vehicles that formed the circle, and they all followed in that direction...

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Silently they advanced, passing near travelers visibly intoxicated with Trania who, even with the strong and nauseating smell left by the fighting, did not worry about anything but drinking, maintaining a good mood and experiencing strong emotions up close, like someone who goes to the 5D cinema with a crazy head due to the use of legal drugs or not....

Luckily, no one there was hurt, only the suliban aggressors..

Even so, in the face of a surreal picture, Zéca had one of his inspired nonsenses:

-I remembered the story of the cicada and the ant, in which, while the first sang, the second only listened.

-This should be the new edited version. – Azulão hurried to correct him.

Zéca realized that he had made a mistake in something and tried to go back to rectify himself, but he didn't have time...

-In fact, Zéca, the ant listens, but working... - Noticed Azulão

-In the end, my friend. - Zéca tried to repair himself, trying to come out on top in the conversation. - The moral of the story is that both jobs are important for collectivity.

"If the cicada doesn't sing, the ant doesn't work happily."

-This version is different from the one I was taught in Andoria. - Corrected Azulão again.

-Oh yes? - Asked the bald man angrily...

-The moral of the story, there is that the cicada, in addition to singing badly, did not make a reservation for the winter, so when the season changes, it dies of hunger due to lack of precaution.

Azulão paused silently and concluded:

-The ant also died, but of pain in the ear.

-I didn't know that the ants have ears... - Zeca replied.

-The Andorians do.

Fortunately, they soon reached the bed of the vehicle where Conan's wife was, so Fernando Zéca did not present his companions with any more of his highly philosophical reflections.

The quartet entered the space that was being improvised as a room for Conan's wife, who was lying on her bed, with two companions next to her.

His wife was beautiful.

Red hair, green eyes, very sensual and about to enter the delivery service.

-What is your name? - asked Azulão.

-My name is Sonja.



The Andorian assessed the patient's condition and, once he understood the situation, he went to work extremely quickly. His experience in medical emergencies taught him what to do in cases of this kind, so in a few moments, he cleaned and organized a work area in the best possible way.

He then took out the medical kit he was carrying:

A metal cylinder with approximately 12 centimeters in diameter, by equal size in height, and positioned it next to where the beautiful Sonja was lying.

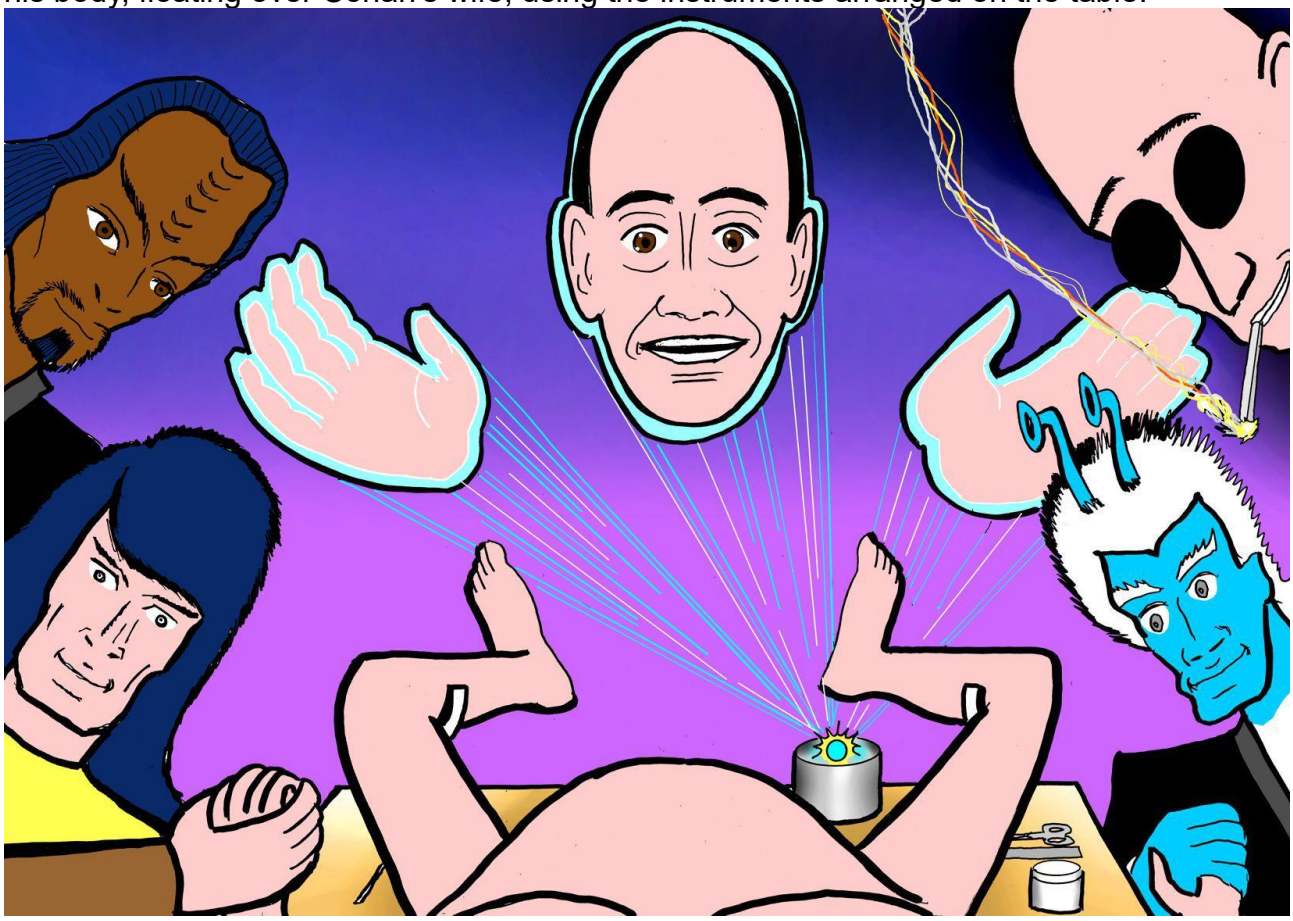
He unscrewed the lid from this apparatus, and activated a key.

Soon, from there, the three-dimensional image of a humanoid doctor, in the starfleet's white uniform, was projected:

-Hello! Please specify the nature of your medical need.

-Patient is going into labor. - Said Blue.

The holographic doctor projected into the air by the cylinder, now had only parts of his body, floating over Conan's wife, using the instruments arranged on the table.



Thus, without wasting time, he began the delivery service in an unusual way.

-Hands.

As the artificially created doctor gave commands, new tools appeared, or actions could go ahead automatically without his direct intervention.

In this case, when he said the word "hands", soon another pair of hands appeared helping the work.

Azulão just watched everything, checking the data of the patient and the child who was about to be born.

Time flew by and soon, without major setbacks, a girl with portentous red hair, full of health, arrived in that world, who was already coming out of her mother, with a screaming cry at full power.

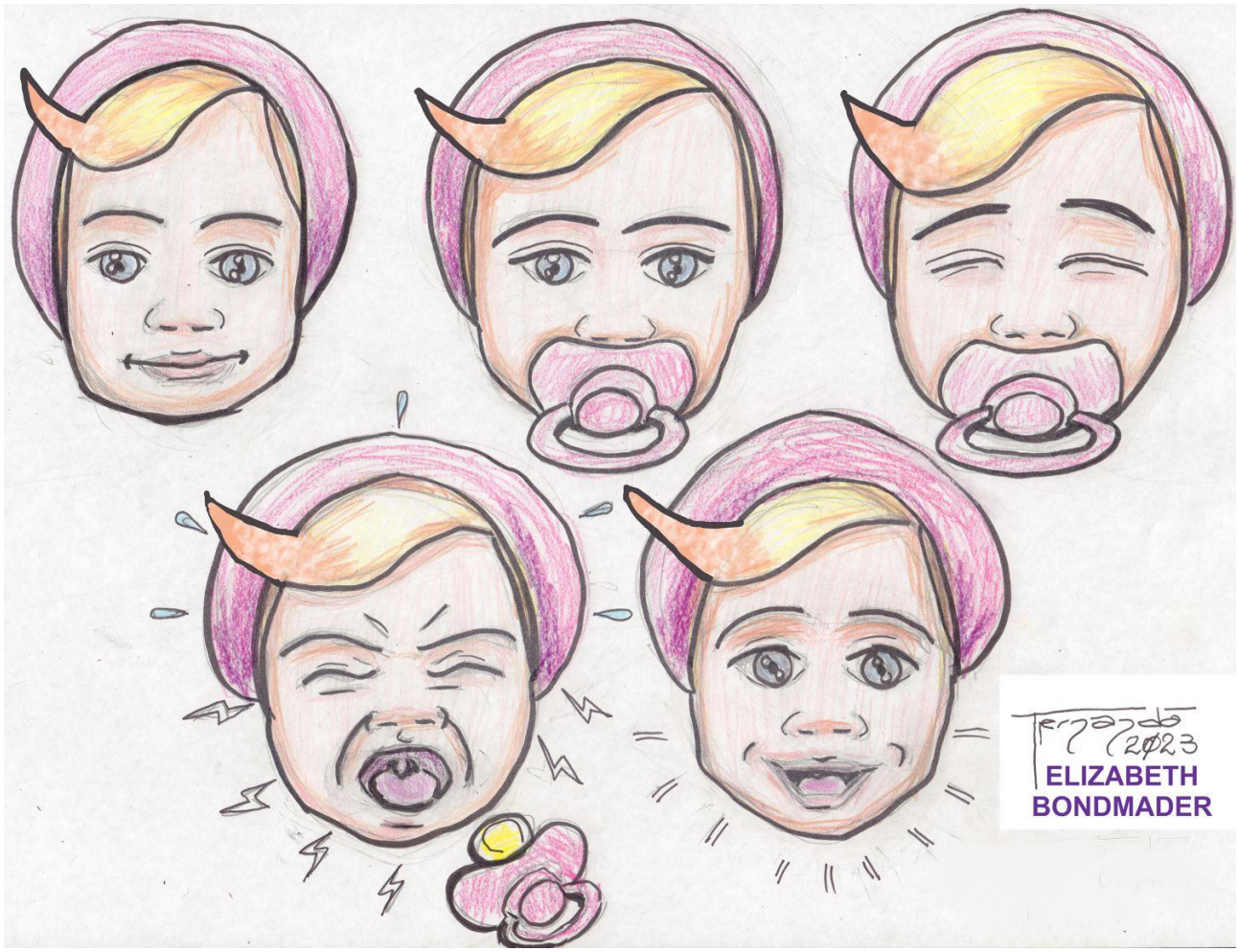
The umbilical cord, and the newborn underwent quick cleaning with the doctor then showing the child to Sonja.

-Congratulations! What will her name be?

Sonja opened a beautiful smile, illuminated by her bright eyes, saying:

-My daughter will be called Elizabeth Bondmader.

***



The doctor handed the child to the stunned Azulão and, before disappearing, instructed him:

-She must now rest. You know the procedure.

If the child was already crying hard, as soon as he was handed over to our Andorian, she began to rage even more intensely.

By this time the holographic doctor had already turned himself off.

Azulão tried to relate it to the cylindrical apparatus itself, but got no answer.

That's when he had one of his big ideas: he delivered the newborn Elizabeth, Bondmader to Karrow.

The fearless Klingon Admiral did not know what to do, faced with the unprecedented task.

-It's yours, buddy. - Said the Andorian.

Curiously, at the first contact with the valiant Klingon warrior, the little girl immediately calmed down, stopping grumbling.

That was enough to activate in him, the paternal way that soon made him find a pacifier to reassure the baby.

-Calm down boss! Calm! It is not the case that you get nervous!

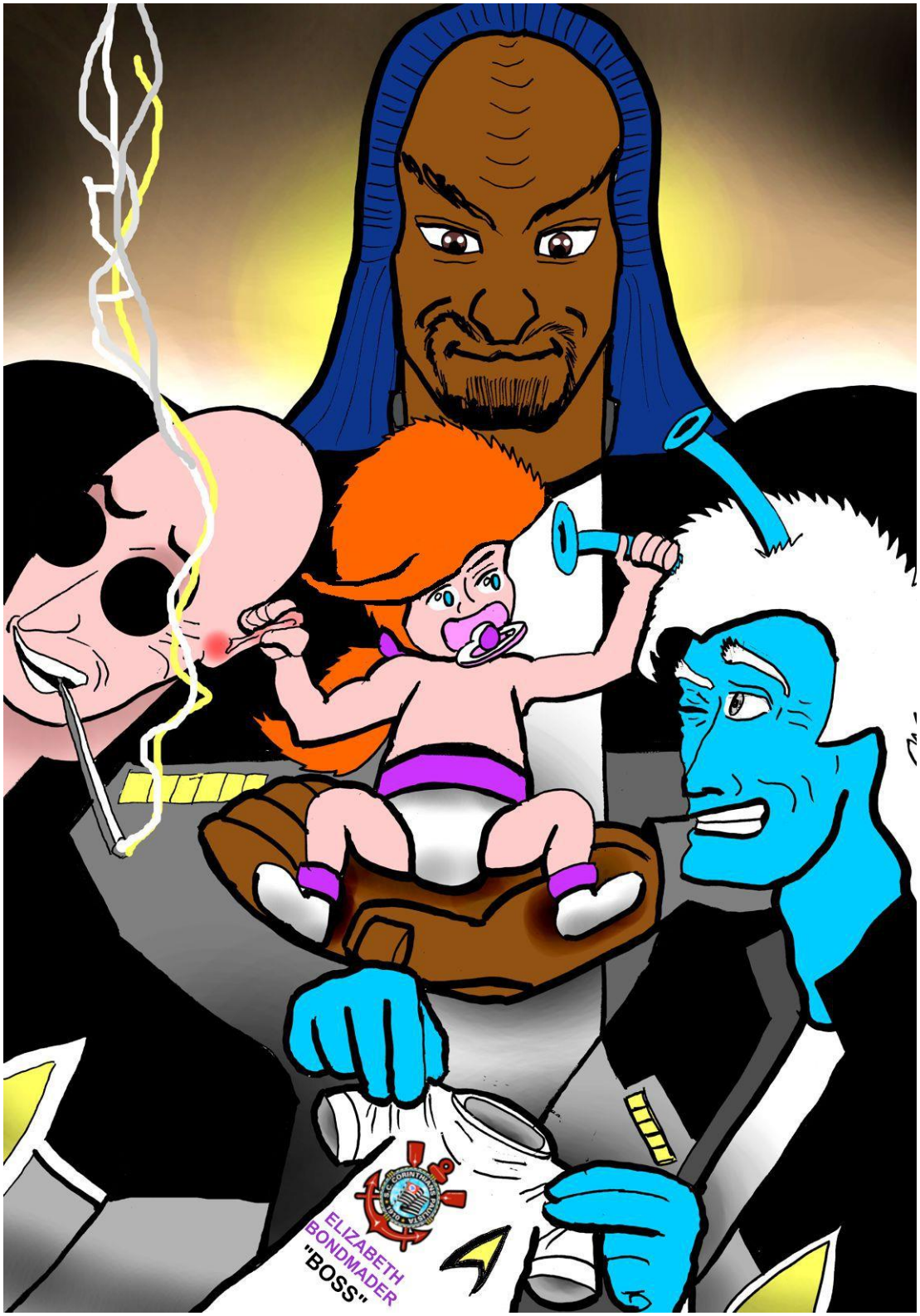
As soon as she heard those words, little Elizabeth stopped her expressions of nonconformity, calming down.

This fact did not go unnoticed by Fernando Zéca, who laughed.

-Blessed Klingon! He is always the one who reassures the boss!

Azulão looked at his comrades asking:
-Is this Elizabete really our Bete?
The three looked at each other and answered in unison:
-Yes! That's our future boss, Bete.

***



Azulão ran his finger on the tip of the boss's nose, who soon grimaced...
-Of course it's her.

"Look how she does when you get close to her... - Said Zéca. - She already knows that you will arrive with some trouble."

-But I didn't do anything. - Lamented the Andorian. - And it is you more than anyone who gets a headache for her to solve.

-Quiet you two. The boss wants to sleep. - Karrol warned...

-Calm down Karrow, you don't have to be mad, buddy. - Said Zéca.

-Karrow doesn't want the boss angry...

-Me neither! I have to secure some points with her now, to get rid of the scolding in the future.

Karrow was trying to lullaby little Elizabeth:

-It won't do any good Zéca. - Klingon protested. - You won't get any points with me or with her.

"Even holding the boss now. I haven't forgotten the mess that we get into all the time on your own. I may not be very smart for getting tangled up in all the mess you put us in, but I won't forget this craziness here anytime soon..."

Azulão scratched his chin as he admired the little hairy Elizabeth...

-It's even crazier for Zéca to say that he dreamed of Marge and ...?

-Come on, Azulão???? Gee, my brother! - Interrupted Zéca protesting. - I already said it's true....

-Silence you both. The boss goes to sleep.

And there was no other way! Little Elizabeth closed her eyes, asleep and Klingon handed her to her father who listened to all that conversation, without understanding nothing.

In fact, right there, no one was having a complete understanding of anything!

Even Zéca, who called his friends for that journey, few explanations and proofs about his motives, had to give, except the strange tricorder, and the implausible story of an old ex-girlfriend, who reappeared out of nowhere, entrusting him with such an unusual mission.

But that was no problem for the three friends, who even complaining incessantly, would never stop helping each other, whatever the circumstance.

If any of them needed it, the others always came to the rescue, even having to face a trip through time to watch the birth of the future boss.

In fact, the event was in itself epic enough to leave anyone in awe.

Fernando remembered the spare box of cigars he had in his backpack.

That situation was ideal for smoking those pures, so Zéca would distribute some cigarettes among the presents and go himself, put his thoughts in order, outside the vehicle adapted as a maternity hospital, whose size and accommodations were similar to those of a two-story house.



He sat in front of a fire that was already burning, struck a match, lit it and enjoyed his cigar.

He found next to him, a closed and sealed bottle of that famous Tranya mentioned by Karrow.

Without being asked, he took advantage of the opportunity, opened it and drank a few sips from it.

At first, he felt nothing.

He decided to take another beating...

He still didn't feel anything...

He drank one more, and even took a few puffs on his cigar.

He stood up and after walking for a few minutes, he realized that his legs no longer obeyed him with the reality around him changing drastically...

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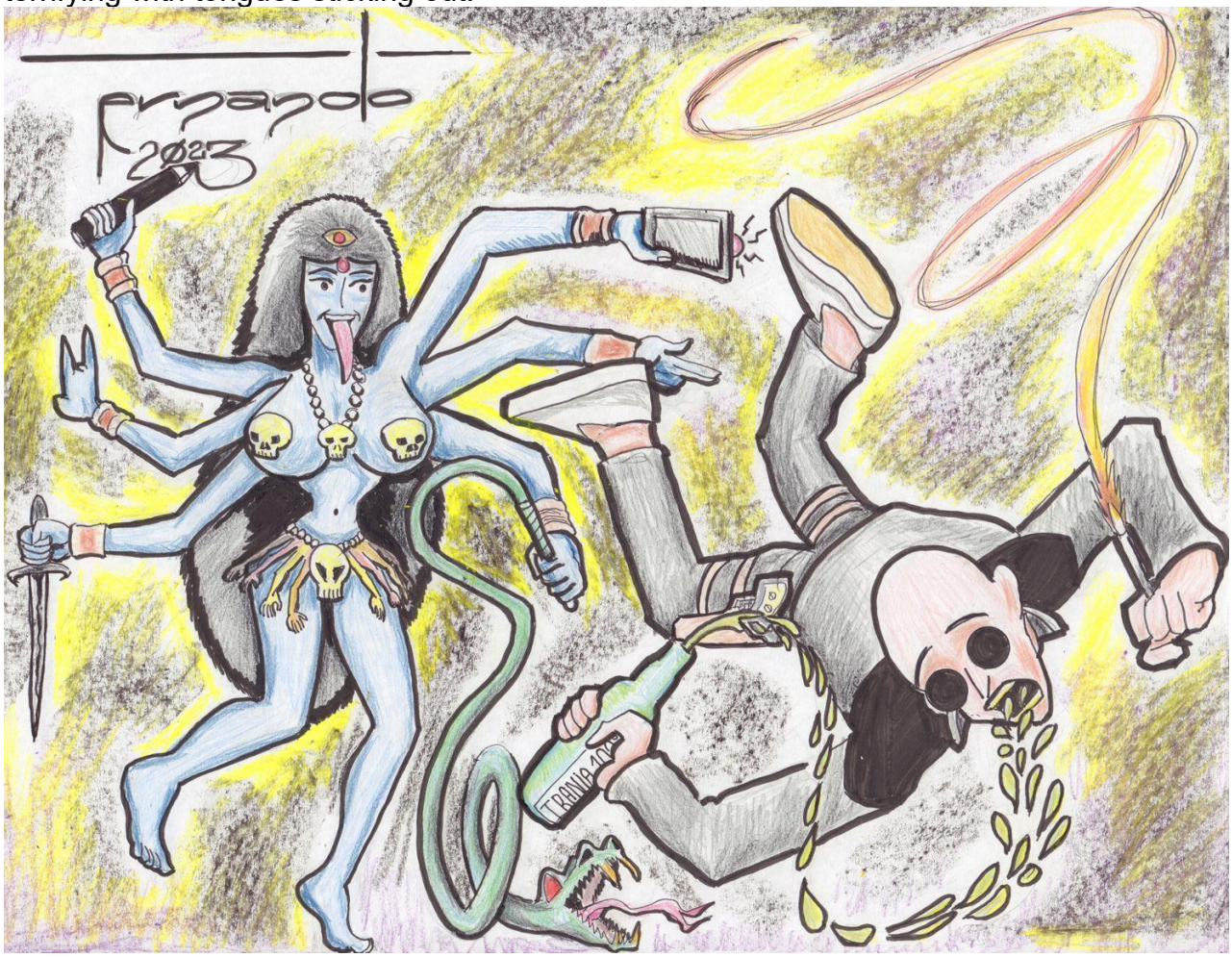
A large bluish spot formed on the horizon that, as if by magic, split into several humanoid shapes of the same color, black hair and prominent eyes.

One stood out more than the others. It was feminine. And gigantic!

The smaller forms began to play flutes while the larger one stamped its feet on the ground, producing with each step, the sound of a thundering drum.

Fernando Zéca's ears almost burst due to the volume of the music.

His eyes watered, dazzled by the sight of the blue dancer with several arms and legs who, in a brief glimpse of his face, revealed a tranquil unparalleled beauty that only a divinity would maintain in the midst of such an explosive scenario, but who, from another angle, also figured simultaneously in the same head a dark and monstrous expression, with wide eyes, terrifying with tongues sticking out.



Such a strange dancer was adorned by a necklace of skulls, wore a short belt made of human arms, and was also made up with blood stains on her hands, face and body.

Under her feet, to the sound of each step, snakes and demons swarmed in an apocalyptic orchestra. Such a divine dancer destroyed, at the same time that, from her countless hands, from apparatus held, flowed brilliant energy, reviving and fortifying everything.

For a few moments, the time of which could not be determined, Zéca admired that sinister and enchanting ballet until he accessed a distant memory of his, which associated that figure with that of Kali, the fearsome and powerful Hindu Goddess of destruction

At that moment then, from one moment to the next, all that sonorous rumble suddenly fell silent, and even the explosive ballet was paralyzed.

The powerful dancer turned to her spectator, already stunned by the smoke and the Thrania, and in a thunderous voice said to him loudly:

-Do not try to understand reasons because you and others are not capable of so much. Just protect my little fury.

At that moment, in Fernando Zéca's mind came the image of the Elizabeth Bondmader of his past, who had once been his best boss, while the divinity continued:

-From my protégé, your mediocre Federation of United Planets will depend countless occasions to continue strutting ridiculous pacifist "virtues" out into the galaxy of your future."

"Do not dare to ignore my words, even if your infinite stupidity prevents you from understanding the meaning of what I have told you. My order is for you and the other two stooges who came with you! You are less than pawns in a much bigger game."

Then, everything around Fernando Zéca Corinthiano darkened, and silence came.

***

In the midst of the deep darkness without sound, Fernando Zéca concluded that: the small fury to be protected, was really the little Elizabeth Bondmader, who, in this period would still have a future, in which she would command the fearsome E.Y.E. (Federation’s Secret Service), with incomparable preparation, absolute severity and iron hand.

Because of her relentless determination, in search for Justice, and even an undisguised thirst for revenge, she would be called "the fourth fury", in reference to the Greek deities, determined and intolerant in the application of their punishments.

Cranky and nervous as she is, little Bete in the future would be a workaholic feared inside and outside the galaxy for her boundless devotion to the Federation's security and its ideals.

But to do so, the little baby would still have to survive the terrifying forces that threatened her life.

***

Blinding light hurting the eyes...

Little by little a sound mass became more audible...

When the noise seemed to explode his thoughts, he divided and identified each sound until he recognized voices.

His vision finally improved, his focus adjusted, and Fernando Zéca realized that Azulão was in front of him, giving him a checkup by passing some of the medical instruments near his temple.

-Damn Zéca! You exaggerated the mixture of Trania with your cigars and you are feeling sick. It was just a little while before you went from this to the best.

-Was it that bad? - asked Zéca, with a fearful air.

Azulão looked away in another direction and replied firmly:

-You are no longer young enough to commit this type of abuse!

-That in fact, I know. - Confirmed Fernando Zéca. -You are right, my friend... I crossed the line, but it was for a good cause..."

-Good cause? How so? - Asked the stunned Andorian. - Have you had a bad time putting your own life at risk and are you coming to tell me about a good cause? What is it about now?

-I think I had a very strong premonition during my hangover.

-Another of your famous hallucinations watered by drug cocktails with alcohol?

-Look...

-Sit down, there comes story... - Karrov said, until then listening in silence.

-It's not science fiction! I'm telling the truth... - Zéca protested

-This Thrânia is really good Karrov. - Interrupted Azulão. – Hallucinated the old man!

-Absolutely. - The Klingon agreed, barely able to hide a sarcastic smile. - But, out of curiosity, I'm willing to hear what Trania and the smoke did to his head...

-So be it! For the purposes of contributing to science, let's pay for the sins by listening to the nonsense that went through this bald head after this crazy cocktail. - Said the Andorian. - We will certainly have experimentation reports to alert other unsuspecting people to celebrate the important dates with greater prudence.

-Look... - Fernando Zéca began...

Only then did the Andorian and the Klingon listen, with an air of extreme concentration.

-Look... - Repeated Fernando Zéca. - We have to help Elizabeth.

-Was that your big revelation? Karrov asked.

-Yes.

-Well, that's exactly what we were going to talk to you about, right after Bete was born. - complained Azulão. - But you went out handing out cigars and ran away to smoke..."

-It is a historic moment, this one we witnessed.

-Yes. Indeed. But we really have to get out of here. - Karrov said. - We may be attacked again.

-This probability is really high. - Agreed Zéca. - The ideal would be to go to a safe region.

-How obvious. Karrov commented. - But seriously: Conan told us they were going to a place called Orange Olympic City.

-It was then that your tricorder started working again, indicating a new direction. - Said Azulão, who showed the artifact, with the light on.

-Which direction is Orange Olimpic City facing?

-In the same way that this tricky tricorder is showing. - replied Azulão.

-So, we certainly won't make a mistake heading to Orange Olimpic City. - Said Zéca. "When can we leave? Here we are still very exposed...

-There's only one problem. - Karrov said.

-What is it?

-There are two drivers left to drive these vehicles.

-And those who were driving?

-They are too drunk.

Fernando Zéca looked at those immense eight-wheeled colossal machines and said:

-My pilot's license has expired, but, as we go back in time, I think that now it may be valid again.

-Your pilot's license is worth nothing anywhere, but we all know that this will not be an impediment for you to drive such a big car.

-Indeed! - Zéca agreed with Azulão. - And I am sure that your extreme confidence in my driving is so great that you will help me with your navigation.

-Indeed! No problem. - Accepted the invitation Azulão. - Someone has to clean the

sh*t you're going to do while driving... Like in the old days!"

-Like in the old days… And you, Karrov?" - asked Fernando Zéca.

-Fucking hell like the old days! I look ahead and don't want to know about the old stuff. I am enough for myself as a relic in an old collection."

"I'm going to drive the other vehicle, and if it's to reminisce about the old days, I'll follow behind you to make sure you don't mess up along the way."

-Don't blame me, Karrow, the one who spends time in the bathroom is Zéca. He has 3 diarrheas a day, not mentioning the shit he do in his bad works!

-It is in the bathroom that I do my readings and reflections... Don't bother me you both. - Zéca snorted concluding: - Yes... It seems that the "BANDO de LOCOS" is back in action again.

"Like in the old days..." Karrov agreed. - As for the part of the "BANDO de LOCOS" that is not scattered, the one that is here, continues, active and firm...

-Firm?

-Firm as jelly in hot sand.

***



Shortly after, the preparations for the caravan's advance were ready.

Fernando Zéca would pilot, and Azulão navigate, the vehicle leading the convoy.

Karrov drived the second, where Elizabeth's family was transported.

Already accommodated in his pilot's seat, Zéca analyzed the instruments and controls, concluding that: driving in that case would require a lot of patience since the path would be bumpy.

In navigation, Azulão checked the route, the relief conditions and other calculations.

The Andorian knew that, Fernando Zéca without his help, would lose the stumps of hair still arranged in his baldness, passing nervously.

-Everything is ready here, Zéca.

-Aligned systems?

-Aligned and perfect systems. - Confirmed Azulão. – All set! I already said.

The engines roared and each of those 8-wheeled monsters moved slowly forming a convoy on its way to Orange Olympic City, one of the megalopolises covered by colossal transparent domes, where things still worked on that planet, with the economy, communications and even a wide network of teleportations active, for spaceships eventually present in orbit.

As the monstrous vehicles picked up speed, they lined up one behind the other, forming a gigantic worm.



The distance between each of them was minimal, just to allow some mobility in the face of probable unforeseen events.

In addition to the monstrous roar of the engines, that formation raised a cloud of dust that only tended to increase

-Anything ahead, Azulão?

-Everything is clean. I already told you that if any problem arises I will let you know. Drive there.

Through the thick windows of transparent aluminum, Fernando Zéca checked the

scenery running at high speed, and the information arranged on the glass.

The "worm" formed by the vehicles running together, advanced faster, even to escape any possible attack.

Suddenly, the noise and vibrations ceased.

-What's the situation back there, Karrov? Azulão asked through the communicator.

-Here everything is in order.

Zéca turned to the Andorian, and pointed to a button on the console, where there was a transparent protective cover.

-Are you really going to activate this business, Zéca?

Fernando Zéca with one hand pointed to the clock, indicating his concern with time, and, with the other, made a positive sign.

-OK! - Said the Andorian, who, without blinking, lifted the protective cover of the aforementioned button and pressed it.

***

The jolt came!

Everyone was sandwiched in their seats.

Even on her mother's lap, little Elizabeth grumbled a little, but soon became accustomed to that brief discomfort.



The trio protagonist of these lines perhaps even said that this would be a sign of the temperament of the little one, whose future was being protected.

Thus, the "motorized worm" advanced, even faster.

In the cockpit where Zéca and Azulão were, an unforeseen glow appeared on the dashboard, confusing the navigator...

-I don't know what it is... It appeared there now. – Said Azulão

-Blimey!. Surely some problem... Absolutely!

The next instant, the unexpected noise of a strong impact startled the duo!

The sound came directly from the front windshield of the vehicle, where there was a green humanoid, crushed, which had just been run over.

-It's a suliban. - Informed Azulão, while the windshield wiper removed the dirt and the stunned navigator pointed to the monitor, where dozens of other bright spots like the first began to appear.

-DAM IT. HELL!- Zeca cursed! - We will keep accelerating. Whatever happens...

-You rule! - Said Azulão. - Any concerns?

-I ended up not talking about the vision I had.

"There was a deity in her, I don't understand much about the subject, but I think it was Kali, the Goddess who destroys demonic forces who insisted on our duty to protect Beth."

"She almost threatened us to do so."

-Did She threaten us? Did I also appear in your dream?

-You didn't appear in my dream because I don't dream of males. Only with beautiful women.

"But this Goddess I dreamed of..."

"Well, She sent a threat to the three of us..."

-Are you kidding??? I didn't even need to be threaten. I defend the boss with whatever I have in my hand, whatever the cost.

-Me even more, even so, the warning came to the three of us. We have to protect Bete.

-As if, until now, we had never done anything for her.

-Of course we did! But I think the warning comes with the intention of putting us on alert for other threats to come.

-More Sulibans? - Asked Azulão pointing to the last pieces still not cleaned of the dead crushed on the windshield.

-Probably.

"The Cabal sulibans have always hated Beth because she was able to thwart with the greatest ease all the infallible plans they had devised against the United Federation of Planets."

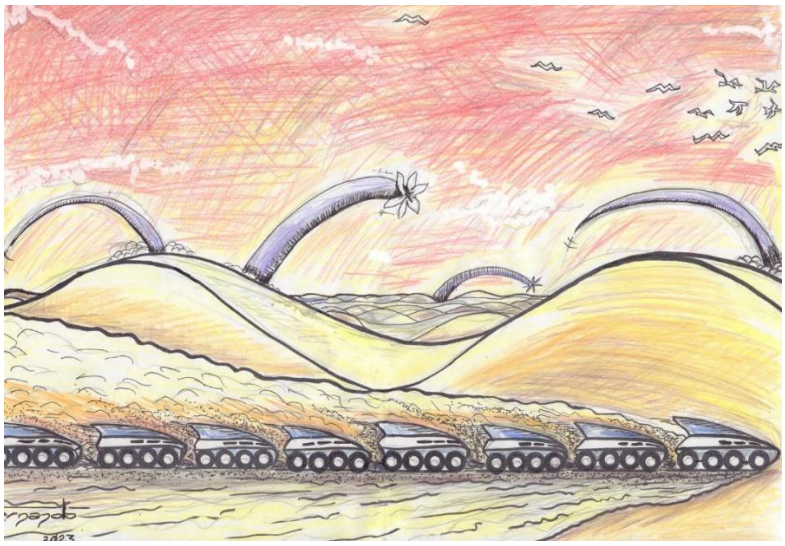
-The boss was born with such preparation, Zeca. You know better than all of us...

-I won't say anything else, Azulão. Or rather; I will say two things:"

"The first is that we proved that the story of Bete being born with the famous preparation of hers that I myself don't even know what it is."

"Secondly: We get old and even with bad eyes, we don't stop being amazed by what time shows us, something that only proves how funny life is."

***



The memories of the past and the philosophical reflections could continue indefinitely, until, once again, the path was obstructed by sulibans who appeared to have the same fate as the other, already run over.

Still, the threatening types continued to appear, by the dozens, on a route that had already been verified and should have been cleared.

-I'm getting a call. - Azulão.

-Put it on the main screen.

On the console's largest monitor, the image of a suliban appeared, with its characteristic greenish reptilian skin.

He wasted no time with introductions, and went straight to the point:

-Give Elizabeth Bondmader, and save us trouble. I give you my word, that having fulfilled my terms, I will allow you to go on your way without annoyance.

-Your word is worth less than the water in my spit. - Replied Fernando Zéca, who then ended the contact.

-Your cigars are making you nervous. - Commented Azulão.

Zéca looked at the smoke and said:

-It's not the cigars. These are the Sulibans. I never liked this Cabal group...

-Nobody likes them.

-It would be good for us to activate the "Betsye" cannons that I brought. Were you able to fix them as I asked you, Azulão?"

-Yes. On the roof of our vehicle. Do you want to launch them now, as an air escort?"

-Please.

Activated the command on one of the monitors, from the outside of the vehicle, the three powerful weapons jumped to the air, spitting destructive rays were raised.

Floating above the "worm" leader vehicle, that weaponry accompanied the convoy from above, protecting and ensuring its advance.

Such a safeguard soon proved to be correct, since new hordes of the Suliban infantry followed even more violent and aggressive, even armed with vehicles, land and flying.

In any case, the mad race continued unrestrained, with the "worm" mercilessly slaughtering whatever stood in its way.

***

And then came the most worrying stretch of the route: the Sea of Dunes.

Not that a murderous army of Suliban alone was not a worthy enough concern for the peace-lovers.

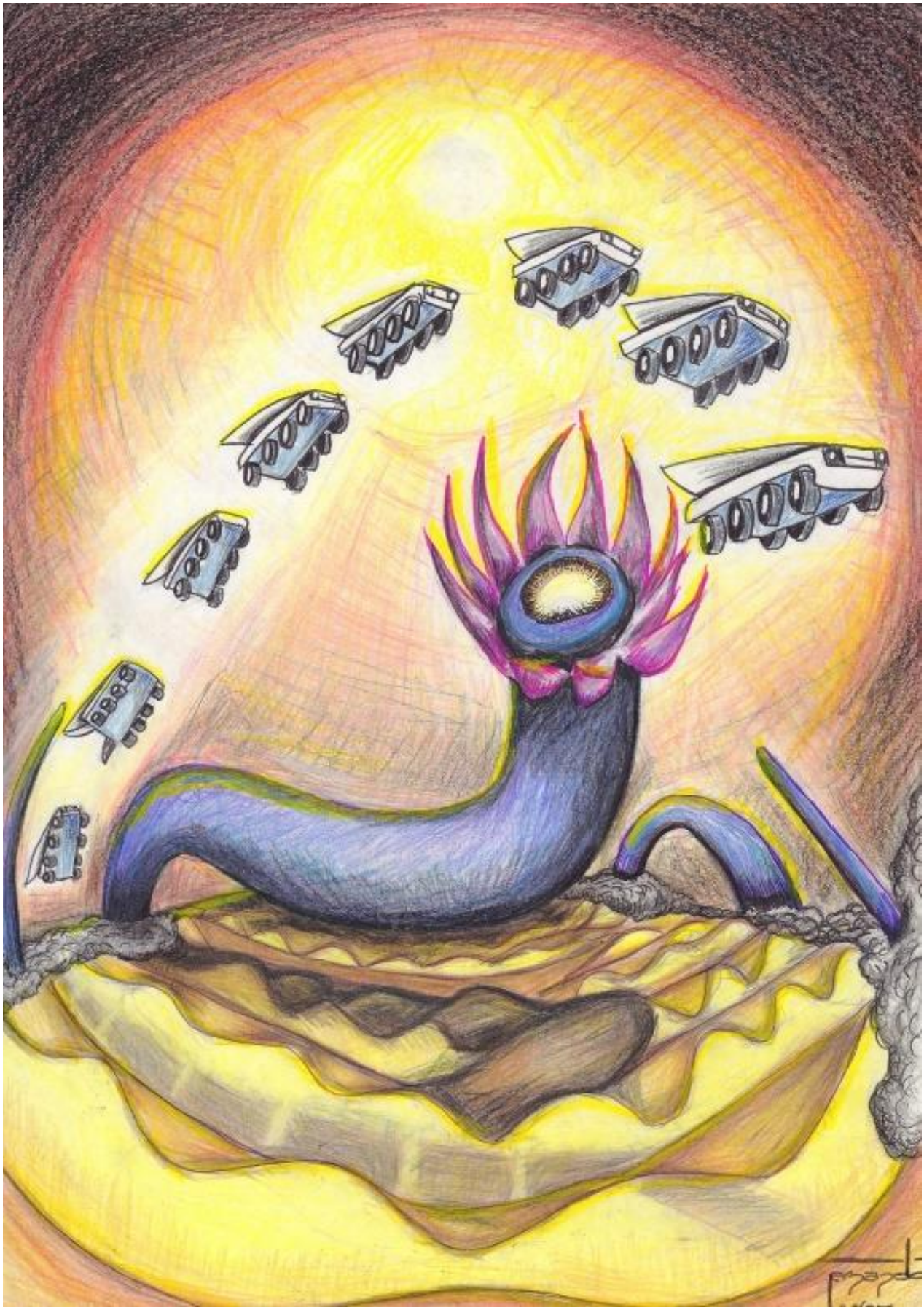
The frustrated offensive, which wasted thousands of lives of the attackers themselves, posed little danger to the caravan that now expected to be fleeing from the pot to fall directly into the fires of hell.

If the region was already poorly frequented by beasts and animals of all kinds that hid there, to make matters worse, the desert environment in the Sea of Dunes was full of traps.

Its sands whipped by buffeting winds, and the scorching daytime temperatures, could quickly ruin any high-tech equipment that was not prepared to overcome local challenges.

Despite so many dangers and threats, the "worm" of vehicles, and the Sulibans, continued to fight each other in a crazy race, advancing together, directly to the Sea of Dunes, as if there was no concern to be considered...

And suddenly, about twenty meters from the left side of the train, there was a great explosion of sand, from which came a gigantic worm of colossal dimensions, which, by the trajectory of its movement, gave the impression of looking for something in the clouds, until, at a certain moment, when it seemed that its ascent would never end, it began to plummet from the heights.



Nothing could be done, at that unpredictable moment, except to continue accelerating everything that the engines of the train could give, even without knowing if it would be hit by the fall of the colossal creature.

The suspense was not eternal.

No vehicle in the convoy suffered any damage, going at full speed towards its destination.

The same could not be said of the Cabal's Sulibans, who tried to stop the vehicles.

They were decimated by the thousands by the crushing fall that hit them hard.

The threats were not over.

The worm followed the train at speed, and others of its kind, as frighteningly colossal as the first, infested the horizon, eventually even forming, with their own bodies, gigantic shadowy arches.

Fernando Zéca also accelerated, pushing to the maximum, the engines that roared at full power, while Azulão, in the navigation chair, speculated:

-It seems to me that these worms can advance faster than we do.

Fernando Zéca was worried about the information...

-Brother, from here I have nothing more to accelerate. Not even throwing a bag of tools over the throttle.

-No need, Zéca. It seems to me that in fact, these creatures are helping us to get out of the Sea of Dunes.

The pilot observed the monitors and indicators with redoubled attention, concluding:

-Indeed... The sands don't allow for perfect monitoring of our sensors, and these giant worms seem to actually lead us to the shortest exit.

-Notice that none are in our way... - Pointed the navigator.

Fernando Zéca believed in the supernaturality occurring in front of the nose, even with his scientific side questioning...

Of the communicator, Karrow gave his opinion on that topic:

-I don't doubt that it's the boss's thing. Remember that she uses her preparation, even to telepathically "talk" to all kinds of strange animals or creatures...

Fernando, Zéca, Corinthiano and Azulão, were thoughtful, because they themselves had already witnessed the extraordinary talents of their future boss.

No one could explain it, but such preparation was really strong in her.

-And how is the boss, Karrow?

-Nothing has changed. She calmed down after the confusion began.

"She just took the bottle and is sleeping."

***



Finally, the reigning tension ended after the train left the Sea of Dunes.

-Now is the last stretch... We have a little problem." - Warned Azulão, when checking the dials.

-Is the battery consumption high?

-In this speed you are going, we may not be able to get there.

-If I reduce it we can end up cooked under the sun...

-I know.

-I'll try an appeal here...

Fernando Zéca turned off the cooling of the cockpits in all vehicles, except for the one in Elizabeth.

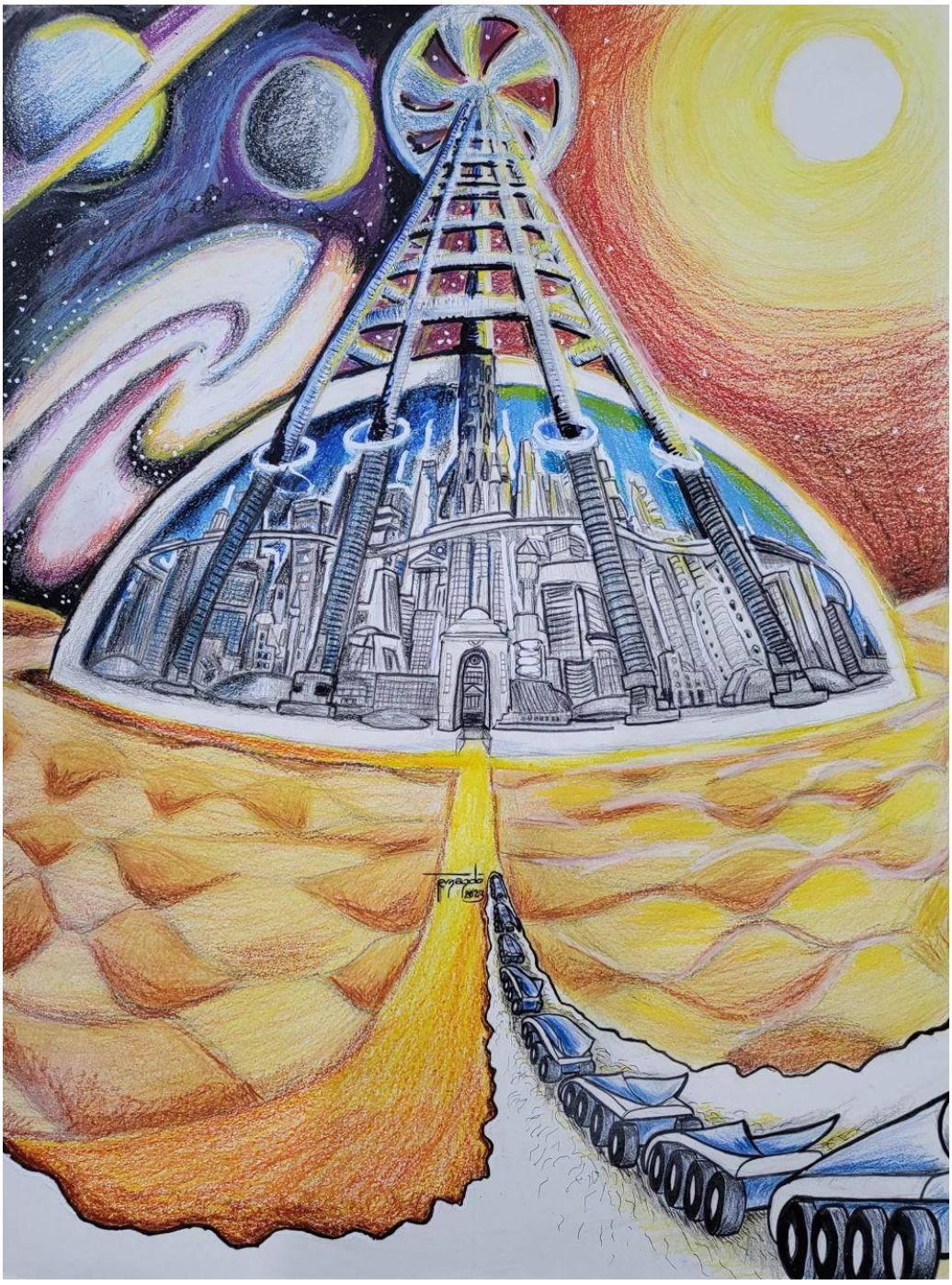
-Karrov will be furious! His cabin will be the only one to be refrigerated.

-He will have to resign himself to not participating in the necessary affliction until the end of the mission.

-Karrow is a true Corinthian sufferer, but, in this case, he, and especially Bete, will get to destiny in good health and shape.

"The batteries in his vehicle will consume more, but with what we save in others we prorate to cover the expense of his car. – Azulão calculated. – We all will arrive there, but at the limit.

***



Almost everything went wrong!

The energy was sufficient for the arrival, however, the final path, which gave access to the dome of Orange Olympic City, changed, since the entrance the Megalopolis was blocked and the convoy had to run a little more.

However, once inside, things improved a lot, because of the air conditioning.

Elizabeth and her family were finally taken to a modern hospital, where they received greater attention.

Fernando Zéca, Karrov and Azulão after all, had the feeling of mission accomplished.

-I don't know if I'm going outside to smoke some cigars or if I eat something in the cafeteria.

-Most likely you will do both. - Karrov said.

Azulão took something from the backpack he was carrying.

It was the tricorder that worked as a navigator for the protagonists of these lines.

A light on it was flashing, indicating a new direction for the trio to follow.

-Oh no... Will we have more problems ahead?

Suddenly, a white mist with blinding brilliance surrounded the three of them, engulfing everything around.

When it dissipated, in front of the trio, there was a white door, just like the one that had brought them before, for the time in which they met.

-I think we don't have much choice now. - Said Zéca.

-But... We will leave Just like that? - asked Azulão. "Not even a farewell?"

The door opened showing the destination beyond its thresholds.

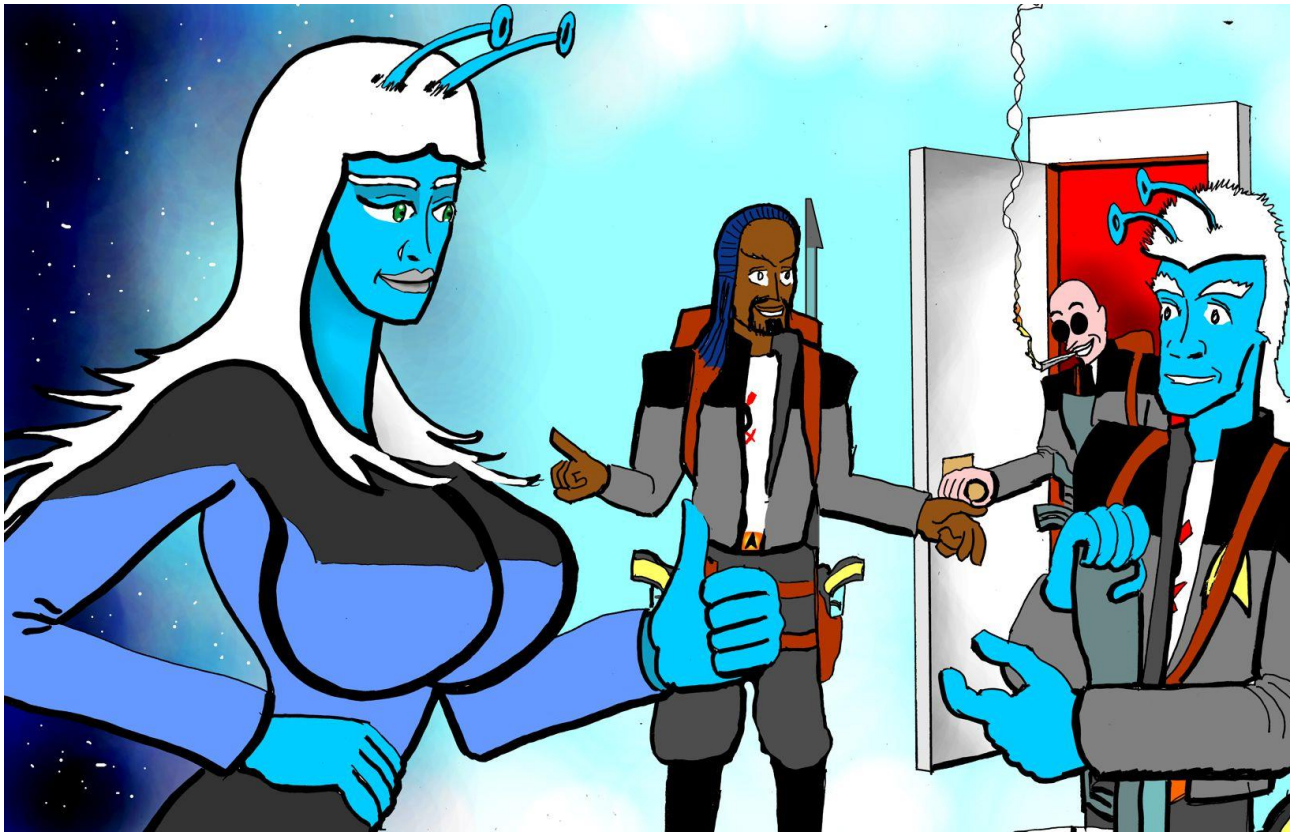
Whatever was there, it was a mystery...

-It's time for us to leave. Our participation here is over. - Said old Zéca.

Without further words, Karrow and Azulão advanced to the other side of the door, in which they were followed by the glasses-smoking bald man who, in her mocking way, still complained:

-If there is nothing else to go wrong, the conclusion will certainly be good.

***



Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, Azulão and Karrov, crossed the door, and soon after, they found themselves in a totally different place and time.

They returned to the future, from which they had departed, before making that extraordinary journey.

As soon as they recognized the familiar environment, even so, they could hardly breathe a sigh of relief because they had another surprise:

-Marge! - Exclaimed in unison, the trio surprised by that unexpected presence...

The beautiful Andorian woman, tall and very sexy, wearing the uniform of a starfleet cadet, was waiting for them with a huge smile.

-More than half a century that I haven't seen her and she hasn't even changed the rank.

-The same young Lieutenant Healer as before...

-Marge? What is the cream that you put on your skin, girl???Time can not beat you.

-She doesn’t age.

-Oh! That's a secret.... - Marge said laughing right away.

The three hugged her effusively.

-That damn bald man said that you had planned all this, but of course I didn't believe him.

-Believe me! He didn't lie. - Smiled Marge.

-Zeca didn't lie this time. Karrov shouted. - "Marge: tell us your secret. Don't you age?

-I don't age, Karrov. - She replied.

The three were even more surprised.

Marge then tied up with Zeca on a sofa and, right there, she began to kiss and hug the surprised old bald man.

The Klingon and the Andorian frowned:

-Hey! This is disgusting.

-I don't know how she does it.

"Marge can only be a kind of sanctified demigoddess to love Zéca so much."

-It's a lot of generosity from her.

"This perverted bald man doesn't deserve such a wonderful Andorian, but I won't get in the way and let them both move on to the happy ending."

-Wait for me. I'll go for it with you, Karrov. Soon, the duo will be drifting into pornography, and that's not the motto of our story."

"Let's see the Corinthians game that still has time to arrive before the end of the match."

-See you guys. - Azulão and Karrov said goodbye and left the duo alone entertained in something much higher than the mere carnal act of sexual pleasure.

But this understanding, the dear reader, will have better, making the supreme effort to remain attentive to the next lines of the APOCRYPHAL PARODIAS that will soon arrive in the second part of this work that... YES!

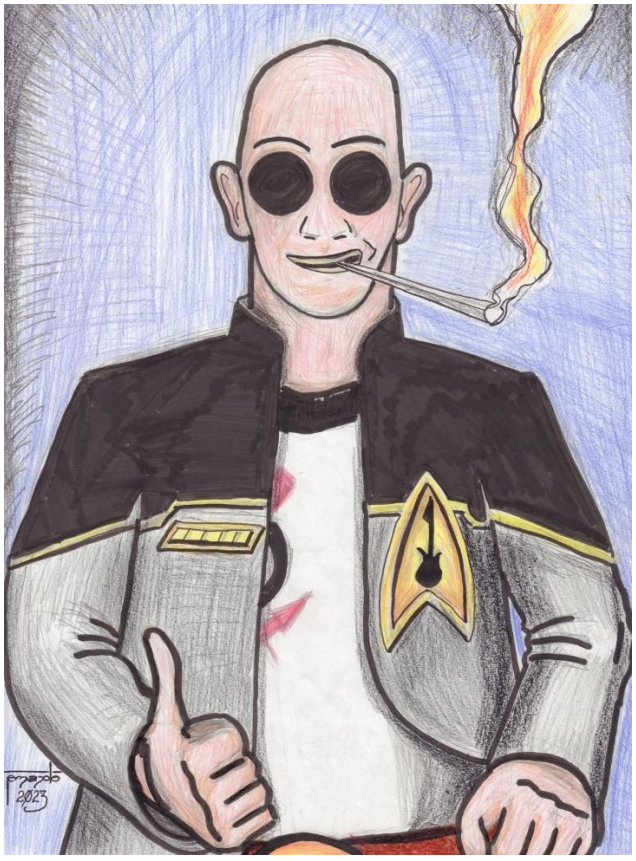
...CONTINUES!

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2023

LITLE GREEN BALL MASTER

There they called him LITLE GREEN BALL MASTER.

It wasn't his name, but the appearance made the children he coached choose this nickname because it was small and green. And as no one complained, the nickname stuck.

Diligent warrior that he was, the Master trained daily with rigor and diligence, arriving so tired at the end of the day, that he often immediately went to bed and slept until he could no longer do so.

Even though he was still fatigued, the Master's instincts were always attentive to what was happening around him, detecting subtle movements in the shadows, denouncing unexpected visits he received from his youngest disciple, only 4 years old.

-Bete! My favorite snooper! You do not let any secret go unnoticed.... What did you come to investigate on my computer this time?

Out of the darkness in that space came little Elizabeth Bondmader holding the Master's tablet.

-Nothing, Master! - Answered the little girl of four, with long red hair and eyes that tended from a bright blue to green.

-But Elizabeth: what is it that you are holding, my dear?

-Your computer...

-So, on my computer, messing with you were... You have being something investigating?

-Not yet...- She replied sweetly. - I was going to check it as soon as you slept.

-But Bete, don't you have yours? Nowadays all children has at least one...

-It's just that...

-Did your mother put a new password on your computer?

-Yes, she did...

-So what is it that your mother doesn't want you to watch?

"Are the shows with idiots talking trash?"

-Oh! These too, Master...

-But what worse than that could be, for the mother not let her daughter see? - Asked the Master with a suspicious looking at the child, while scratching his own chin. – Would be the fight shows that you are entertaining yourself with?

Little Beth widened her eyes, as if she had been caught in some mischief.



-Bete! Are you seeing those insect fights again? They go to the death! To watch these things you are not so strong.

-Yes, I am! -She replied continuing. - I watch everything without closing my eyes...

-Bete! These fights are violent and without rules.

-I know, Master. But I have to be tough. You said it.

-But not to watch this kind of combat... - Complained Master Green Ball.

Beth said nothing.

-Your mother told me that you killed a giant rat by yourself...

-It invaded the pantry and was going to finish our food. I cornered and killed it with a single club. It was fast.

-The rat didn't feel anything?

-Nothing Master! It was just a beating. Very fast.

LITTLE Green Ball MASTER kindly took the girl's computer.

-You have to go back to your mother. You should have been asleep by now.

Little Bete looked away from the Master. She didn't want to know about sleeping.

-Bete! You have to go back to your mother. Let me call her...

-Master! And this business? Is it working right?

Bete took a cylindrical object about forty centimeters long by five centimeters in diameter, made some acrobatic movements with it, and suddenly, from one of its extremities, a bright blue ray of light came out accompanied by a distinct sound.

The noise of the activation from that kind of sword, woke up with a fright someone who was sleeping there, in another room nearby.

-Calm down, Astrobaldo. It's Bete snooping AGAIN. That's all..."

The newcomer stared open-mouthed at the shiny weapon in the girl's hands.

-Bete. The Astrobaldo will take you back home. It's time to sleep.

-But I wanted to train...

-Bete. We need to rest, and Astrobaldo who is your instructor and my best student will take you home safely.



-OK Master...

The giant Astrobaldo rose to lead the little disciple to his family without wasting time, to which LITTLE GREEN BALL MASTER added:

-Astrobald: Ask Conan to send her to rest. She has been training too much for the belt exam that will only be on the weekend, even though she knows more than enough to be approved.

-AYE AYE! Right Now Master! On the way…

Half an hour later, Astrobaldo returned to the dormitory of LITTLE GREEN BALL MASTER, who was meditating with his eyes closed:

-Master! Little Bete can light the lightsaber, even without having midchlorians in her bloodstream.

"She already controls the force, better than many of us. How she do it?"

-Teaching her, you will understand, Astrobaldo. Bete really has a lot of preparation.

***

THE INNER ANIMAL

It took a few months for Litle Green Ball Master to appoint Master, the young Astrobaldo who, until then, had always been his best, strongest, most faithful, and intelligent student.

Thus, as Master, the young and talented Astrobaldo, would take over all the students of Litle Green Ball Master who went on a trip to a parallel dimension, where he would train other warriors, against a fearsome Evil Empire that tyrannized there.

Before the departure and final farewells, Litle Green Ball Master asked the Young Astrobaldo Master, for special attention on Bete, who even though she did not directly control the force, had the potential to dominate other spheres of equivalent powers, or even more challenging.

Soon after this conversation, the esteemed Master of Masters vanished into thin air, teleporting itself far away.

The classes and training then continued, with Elizabeth always demonstrating performance beyond what was required, mastering everything she had been taught at the age of 9.

Later in time, when she turned 20, Mestre Astrobaldo would start to demand from his most committed student, new modalities of study.

On this date, during a walk through a dense forest, Astrobaldo pointed to an entrance that accessed the dense and fearsome forest.

-I talked to your parents and they authorized me, if you want, to take the test in which you will discover your inner animal.

He then handed Elizabeth a backpack, containing a canteen of water, a 2000 function Star fleet Swiss Army knife, an axe, a phaser pistol, a laptop, a sleeping bag, toilet paper, and cans with some meals.

-I am going! - She said without hesitation, adjusting herself in her backpack and, advancing to the dark entrance, quickly saying goodbye to the Master.

***



Elizabeth followed a trail through the grove that narrowed as she advanced.

When she looked back, no longer saw the entrance, nor Master Astrobaldo.

Now she was alone in the middle of the woods. And continued advancing, even with few elements to indicate its location.

The forest itself was full of sinister sounds such as mosquitoes flying near the ears, ghastly roars, hoots of owls and other birds of prey that also took their chances there.

She noticed a group of crows perched on a branch watching something...

Bete went to check and noticed the scene that interested them: a fox was trying to escape from hunting dogs and even deceived them, hid, but always ended up being found, until, at a certain moment, was surrounded, torn to pieces and finally killed in a humiliating way, making all the rush useless.

None of these was the animal Elizabeth was looking for as an inner spiritual guide, then another event caught her attention: a life-and-death struggle.

Not as dramatic as the fox theater, but equally exciting.

Two praying mantises, positioned one in front of the other, were preparing to fight.

One green, larger, and the other much smaller, silver with red eyes and black limbs.

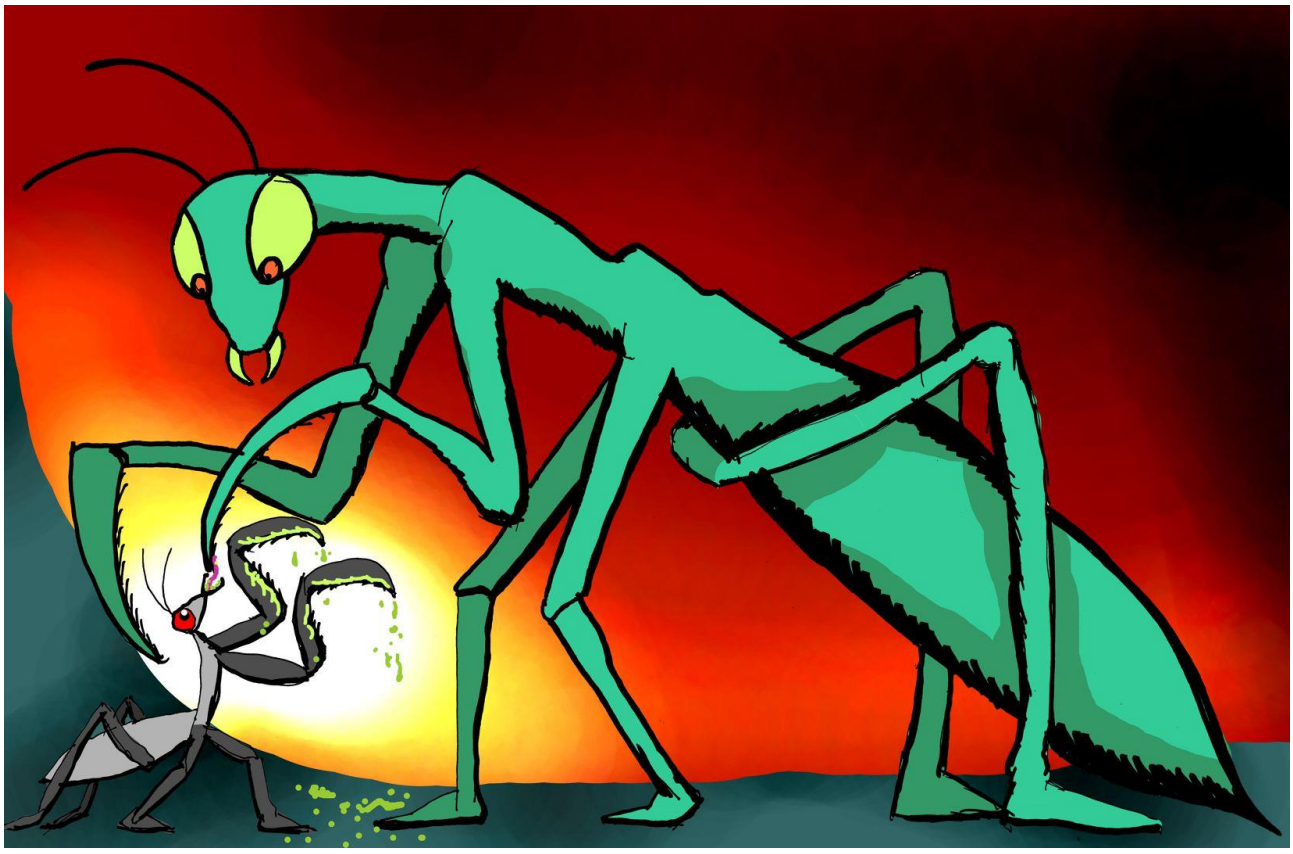
Without wasting time, the great soon advanced on the second, in what would be a deadly blow, however, the smaller bent down to attack lower part of the aggressor, sticking his pincers there in a quick and deadly counterattack that incapacitated the opponent.

Thus, the minor stuck his own head inside the pitted belly devouring the viscera of the still dying adversary.

Elizabeth attended the ghastly banquet and soon understood that this was her inner animal.

When she realized she had found what she was looking for, the little silver praying mantis jumped on her shoulder, showing interest in establishing a friendship, which would not only accompany Bete on her way back home, but also in other adventures.

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Astrobaldo was astonished when Elizabeth soon returned with the silver praying mantis on her shoulder, and that, she introduced him as a new friend: Durcon Baldarien.

-But Bete: how do you know that this is really his name?

-Durcon's thought is clear and objective, Master. I can see it.

"He is not evil and acts according to nature itself in a purest state."

Once again, Astrobaldo was surprised by the disciple, who, according to the situation, also had, among her many preparations and attributes: telepathic perceptions.

Even endowed with incredible talents in various forms of armed or non-armed fighting, Elizabeth Bondmader still improved her knowledge by observing the Praying Mantis, who often got into deadly duels against other dangerous opponents, which forced her to give some survival tips to the repeat offender

So in a short time, under the constant attention of Bete, this friend developed quickly and extraordinarily, even because of an almost infinite appetite that, even so, kept him skinny, reaching one meter and eighty in height.

After becoming a fighter who didn't lose to bears or tigers, he was forced to go his own way.

Mestre Astrobaldo was curious about the unexpected departure, but Beth soon explained:

-The invincible Durkon was defeated by love and married to start a family, and is now a busy dad with many responsibilities.

"Soon he will return with a lot of children to train."

***



JUST ANOTHER SIGHTSEEING TOUR...



On a splendid ship, the "ALLORAXIAN SMAUG", while cruising through seas that bathed the coasts of the Alloraxian continent where she lived, unlike the beauties of her age, who took advantage of the occasion to get boyfriends, or show off their feminine gifts and talents, Elizabeth Bondmader was concerned with her training.

Every day, even during the trip, she practiced something, never being satisfied with what she failed to do.

On one of these occasions, inside his own suite, he decided to use for training, a sword that he carried with her, but which actually belonged to his father.

Old Conan, knowing that the dear "little daughter", on her walk, would visit several STORES, (as befits ALL women of any age) took the opportunity to place his orders, among these, the blade that Elizabeth Bondmader, now tested in training.

The weapon was heavy, wide, with a good finish, but which, in Bete's own opinion, seemed too fragile for someone like her father.

She herself had already tested other swords of him and knew that this one would be very light, however, she continued to risk some quick movements and, so far, she did not do badly.

She went for something different and tried cutting paper with it.

With a single blow, she carried out the experiment on a sheet, but the result did not convince her, since, if Elizabeth demanded a perfection greater than the maximum possible, imagine then, in a weapon for her father... In this case, only the best!

Still, Beth looked at the blade, not seeing in it something that old Conan used in his training, much less to trim his own beard, so she decided to do an energetic resonance test on the weapon.

For almost half an hour, she meditated and did breathing exercises, accumulating powerful energy that he controlled due to his intense training and preparations.

When this "force" was about to overflow out of his body, she brandished the sword in

two or three circular movements, glowing the tool, which finally, after another vigorous blow in the air, shattered into a thousand pieces.

Elizabeth's beautiful face contorted into a grimace of disagreement at that crap on which she had squandered her father's credits.



There was no way to recover the loss.

It remained for Beth to buy another new weapon for the old Conan. But where?

On that magnificent boat, there should be a "CONCIERGE" to guide her on how to solve problems in one of the many shops in the mall at ALLORAXIAN SMAUG.

Without wasting time, Bete activated the communicator in her cabin and called the service, which was quickly answered.

And very well attended.

As soon as she finished her report, they immediately came up with a SOLUTION:

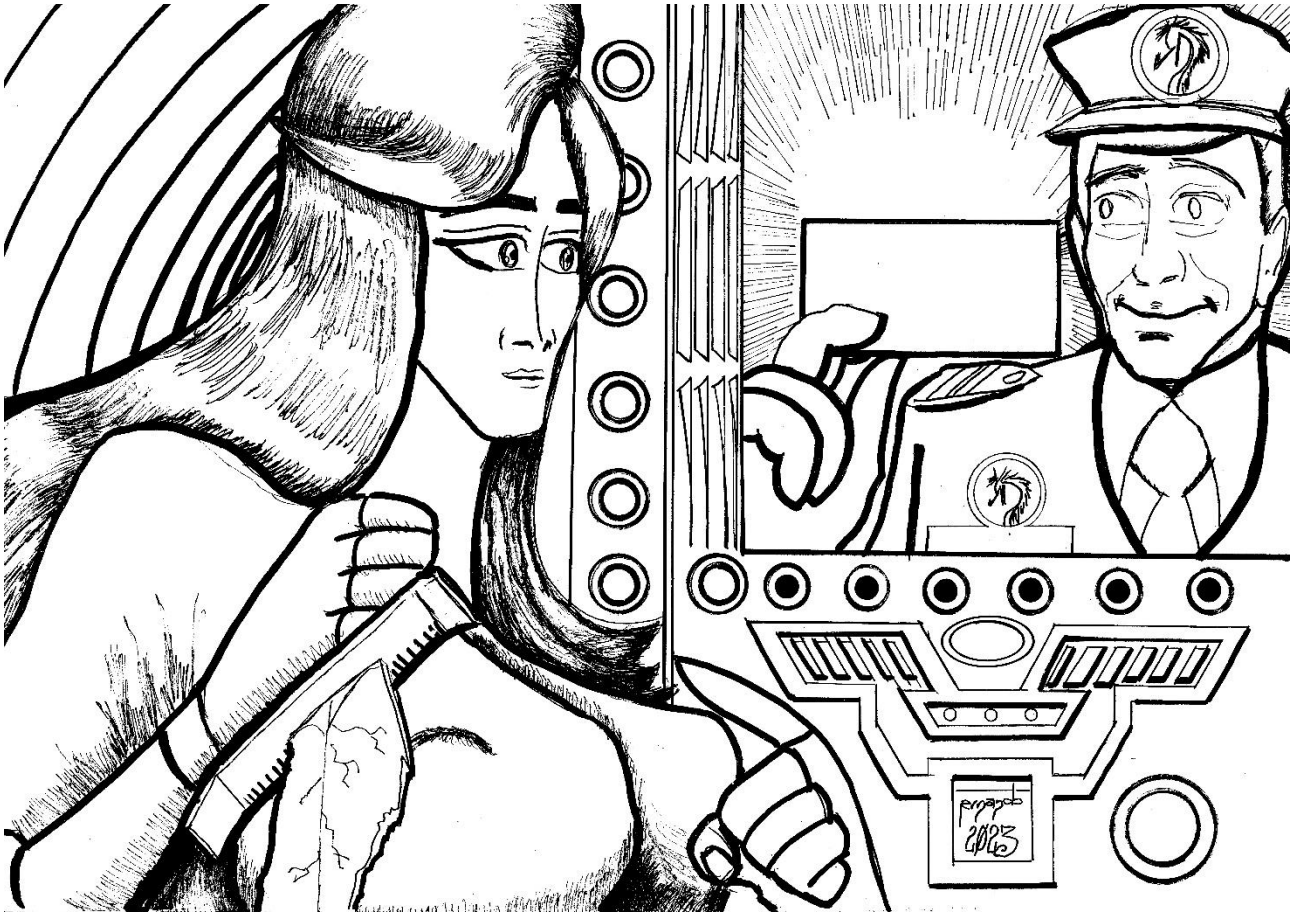
-Mrs. Elizabeth: Luck is on your side.

"On this very trip, it is the privilege of ALLORAXIAN SMAUG to have an old travel companion of ours on board: Mr. HEPH VULKAN.

-How?

"HEPH VULKAN??? Where did this name come from?" – She thought.

-Mr. HEPH come from a family of gunsmiths and I am sure he will provide you with excellent help. By the way: he's not far from your cabin."



"Just take the elevator, go to the thirteenth floor and, there, look for cabin 666."

Elizabeth, even though she was very knowledgeable, did not pay attention to the issue of numerology that was subtly presented to her, so much so that, as soon as she heard the recommendation, she thanked him and went to look for Mr. HEPH VULKAN.



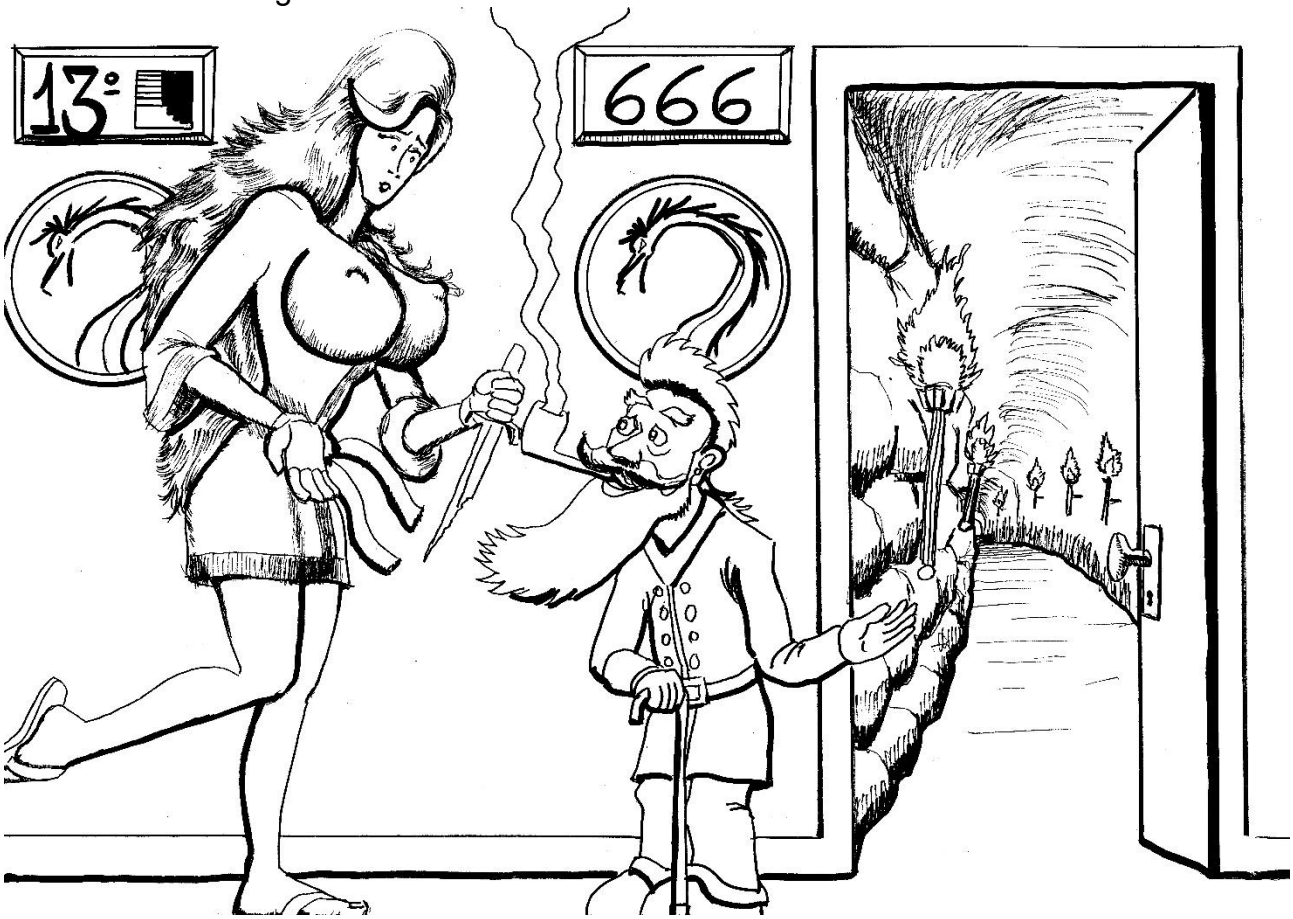
She left her cabin, and, at the end of the corridor, soon found the elevator, where, on the internal panel, pressed the available number 13, following without any shock to the requested floor where everything was absolutely calm and normal.

After a brief walk, Bete arrived at cabin 666, pressed the bell and was immediately attended to.

The door opened and a bearded man appeared, old, a pipe-bearer, wearing a red overcoat, black pijamas, felt slippers and leaning on a cane.

-Wel... Well… Well… What do we have here… - He volunteered, widening his eyes and opening a smile, when he saw the young, beautiful and very friendly redhead knocking on his door.

-I am Looking for mr. HEPH VULKAN...



-It's me... - He confirmed, opening up his satisfaction with the visit of that stunning beauty. - To what do I owe the honor?

-My name is Elizabeth Bondmader. She presented herself with the stump of the blade that had been left in her hands. - I apologize for interrupting your rest, but I need a new sword to replace the one I broke.

" The concierge suggested me to look for you to help with this unforeseen event."

-This concierge did very well, Miss Bondmader. - HEPH said with his eyes wide at Bete's powerful and robust cleavage. - I'm going to tip him because I was here in a bad mood and just your presence here made the day better, so it's my honor to help you not to go out unarmed amid the dangers of modern life.

" Come in, please."

Elizabeth accepted the invitation with a smile, and moved forward surprised for a few fractions of a second.

Only this short time, because her ingenious cleverness, thought she had understood the explanation of a trick, in which, beside HEPH, she found herself inside a narrow cavernous corridor dimly lit by torches attached to the wall.

Then she soon understood that such an environment, in fact, would only be an

immersive three-dimensional projection, which would allow her to interact naturally, as if, in such a different place, she actually would be.

By such a sinister path the pair went to a kind of hall in the center of which there was a gigantic oven with pots of molten white metal, burning steaming inside.

There, the temperature was obviously hot, impressing Bete with so many details that the supposed holographic simulation generated, demonstrating a high standard of quality that did not miss anything.

HEPH, with his cane, pointed to the monitor on one of the walls of the place showing the drawing of a sword with a blade similar to the one broken when before, it had still been whole.

-What about? - asked the old man.

-It could be that one. How much do I pay you to replace the broken one?

-Swords are irreplaceable. Each one has its own story.

"And with me, you don't have to worry about any costs."

"Yours will have a special grip with various accessories and will never break, it will be the strongest and wildest that has ever been seen in all history."

“Bete you are good and pay nothing for me.”

-But I don't want it for free and...

Heph let out a whistle between his teeth as if telling Beth to be quiet, but she, talkative as she was, even though she understood the message, said:

-Okay, so I thank you, the way you're talking, it'll be just what I need.

Thus, Elizabeth breathed a sigh of relief, since she would be resolved with her father.

She wouldn't deliver, precisely to him, a piece of crap softer than an old woman's tongue.

Heph pressed a button on the screen, and on the nearby table, a ray cannon drew with glowing lines, a beautiful and intricate sword.

A few seconds later, the artistic production was completed and everything around it vaporized into white mist, leaving only the black sword, already ready, suspended in the air.

Its handle resembled an ear of corn divided into several rows and columns, containing rings of grains with letters, numbers and other strange characters written there.

The shiny black blade was decorated with designs traced in gold and silver lines of various thicknesses.

Joining the handle to this blade was the ellipse, in the interior of which shone the image of a burning eye from which came a pulsating reddish glow, giving the weapon the sinister appearance of something forged in some furnace of hell.

Even with such an unusual appearance, Bete thought that the weapon would please her father, since he was a guy close to that kind of extravagant heavy metal demonic art.

Thus, the transparent lid of the printer opened.

A robotic arm came from the top of the room, took the sword and approached Bete.

-Take it. - Heph said.

When he was about to hold the sword, the robotic arm quickly made the blade touch the palm of Bete's hand, taking out a drop of blood that came into contact with its metal, thus ceasing the shine on the weapon.

Our protagonist then felt a surprising and unexpected communion with the sword.

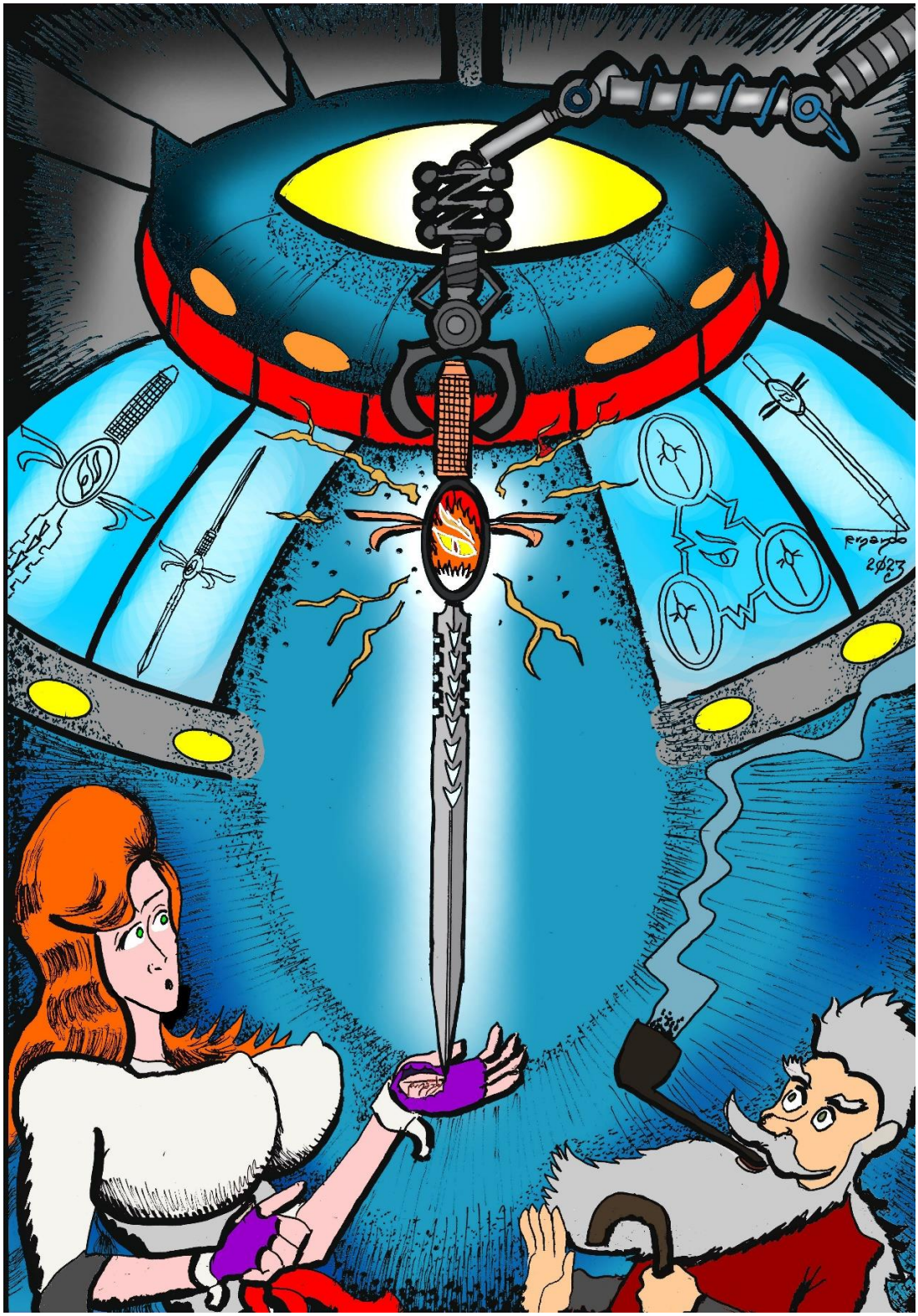
-Forgive the cut, but you don't have to be scared. - Apologized the old Master. - It is a necessary routine for those who receive this type of weaponry.

And when Heph said the word weaponry, it seemed to give the impression that this sword was capable of doing much more than simply sharpening pencils, peeling fruit, or cutting papers.

For Beth, it was irrelevant whether it was a thousand or a thousand and one, the uses of the sword. What she wanted was for her father to be satisfied.

With the still hot gun in hand, tightly squeezing the curious handle, the young woman

made some fencing moves that cut through the air with a strong almost singing musical whistle.



The eye inside the ring on the sword guard shone brightly and then, something extraordinary happened: the fulfillment of the blade changed from black to silve, and gold finally coming to black again.

Then, it was then Beth's eyes, which shone red, giving her the understanding, thanks to her preparation and constant training, of some more of the fantastic possibilities she could have.

This one not only changed in size, but also in shape, and below the hilt where Beth held it, as opposed to the first, another blade of varying size was formed, with a black

protective shell, enveloping the handle while the demonic eye released bright rays.

In fact, that was not a mere decorative artifact.

-Thank you very much. I don't even know how to pay you back. How much is the service?

-You don't have to pay anything, Elizabeth Bondmader. Heph smiled. "Don't insist."

"Consider this, a tool given by an esteemed friend of your defense."

Elizabeth was surprised, for even in Allorax, it is difficult to find people who work like this selflessly.

-I can make more exotic weapons. Heph said.

"But this one, for now, will serve you, because you will spend a lot of time training until you master it."

"In any case, my dearest Elizabeth Bondmader, stay with my contact for when you need something more incremental, at that moment, I will be at your disposal!"

Saying that, Heph handed over a paper the size of a business card, with his name and some numbers written on it.

Elizabeth thanked him, put the card on her pocket, and, turning to the gun, asked:

-What is this eye on the sword? Are these rays that it0 release, dangerous?

-Indeed, Elizabeth. The eye on the sword concentrates powerful forces.

"He was torn from a demon and then transformed into a living creature infused with the sword, whose power will now be at yours and his command."

Bete heard these words, but she did not absorb that information properly because she was not interested in having the gun for herself.

The true understanding of Heph's words she would only have many years later, but that is another story. Hence, whether it was belief or not, that fabulous conversation, what she really wanted was to resolve the pending issue with her father, who would certainly keep the order in his private collection, even for the excellence of the finish.

In any case, old Heph then held the sword and placed it in a scabbard with a belt, which he then gladly handed to Beth with a wide smile, taking the opportunity to give her a brief and tight hug, since, by coincidence or not, soon after, the temperature inside began to rise rapidly.

Elizabeth, not being a friend of warmth, realized that she would soon be uncomfortable.

-Now you must go back. - Heph said. - It's time for my sauna and I don't want you to get sick, because soon here it will be hellish heat.

The beautiful redhead didn't even waste any more time.

Once again she hugged the happy and smiling Heph while thanking her non-stop, then ran back to her accommodation with a new toy to have fun until she gave it to her father.

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The old and smiling Heph, however, did not stay alone for long.

Suddenly, the sound of drums and flutes spread throughout the room.

There, colored lights increased the intensity of the lighting.

From the midst of so much brightness that it was even blinding, a woman with blue skin and black hair appeared, dancing.

She wore a girdle of severed human limbs and a necklace of heads.

She was not ugly, but she made a dreadful face, sticking out her tongue.

And she herself also had several arms and legs that made hypnotic movements.

Heph Vulkan was not surprised by the visit. He even smiled.

Then the dancer ceased to move, causing additional arms and legs to disappear, the tongue sticking out and the grimace replaced by a beautiful smile.

-Kali my friend... What a pleasure to have you here...

-It is my pleasure to visit you. The last time we met you still didn't use the name HEPH...

-Your memory is excellent Milady. As you know, from time to time I am forced to make changes, since the weapons I manufacture eventually bring me enemies of those who suffer from them...

"But that doesn't stop me from meeting special requests from those I like and respect; so, for you, my dear friend Kali, I did exactly what you asked me to do and I'll tell you in advance: Bete's sword has all kinds of offensive and defensive resources."

"She'll spend some twenty years learning all your secrets..."

-Bete is prepared and learns fast Heph! - Kali said.- She will be my well-armed fury that will transform this and other universes, avoiding kingdoms or empires of false divinities, no matter how powerful they think they are. Wait and see..."

-I don't doubt your words, friend, that's why I did the best I could.

-You did very well, Heph....



***

In the hallway, out of that heat, Beth felt better with the air and temperature, more acceptable.

She took the elevator and went to her cabin, where rested and later tested the blade which would be given to her father.

She took it out of its scabbard and after performing a few movements realized that the swing of that sword was much higher than the other.

Bete tested the cut and was amazed by the yarn and the precision.

If old Conan didn't like the sword, Elizabeth would keep it to herself.

In addition, she spent the rest of the trip testing in her cabin the possibilities that the various combinations of letters and numbers marked on the rings that turned on the handle of the sword provided.

Before leaving the ship, Elizabeth Bondmader wanted to repay the Concierge who

had helped her solve her problem by giving a "tip".

Once again, through the intercom, she accessed the ship's information service, explained in detail her intentions, but got an answer that put her intrigued:

-Our crew does not have any concierge working on the boat.

"Below the Captain, only the Comander is authorized to solve problems on board."

"And at that time when you say you were attended by someone who introduced herself as the vessel's concierge, the Commander was in a meeting with the engineering team."

"Therefore I cannot nominate anyone to receive your gratuity..."

Beth was surprised, but did not prolong the conversation, since she would save the credits which would be given as a tip, besides, that misunderstanding of information occurred for some reason that she now did not see and did not have time for it.

However, Bete ended up disconcerted by what she learned next:

-This vessel does not have 13th floor, and even less cabin number 666.

***

That mysterious story, Elizabeth could not leave unchecked.

With a jump, she ran out of her cabin and headed for the elevator that had supposedly taken her to the thirteenth. walk.

She entered inside, but found that now, on the control panel, there was no longer any button with the number thirteen.

Bete then tried to find the thirteenth floor, through the stairs and, even though she went through them several times in their entirety, did not found any floor that was minimally similar to the one she had been.

Bete returned to her cabin, and there lay her belongings, the mysterious sword, sheathed, ready to be taken home.

***

The countenance of Elizabeth's father was one of pure contentment.

Without any effort, with that sword, he cut papers, and fabrics.

-It's magnificent... Perfect...

Conan made a few more quick movements and poses with the weapon...

-No comparison!

He then put it in its scabbard.

-My love! Now pass me the sword you said you broke.

Elizabeth grimaced and obeyed, handing over to her father what was left of the broken blade.

Conan looked at the blade, and with a broad smile stretched the strands of his mustache and beard.

If before, handling the new weapon, he showed satisfaction, now, just observing the result of his daughter's experiments, he contained no expressions of happiness.

-Darling! I want this one. Conan said, pointing to the broken stump under his daughter's astonished gaze.

He put the stump on the table and went back to handling the sword that Bete had won.

He tried to spin the rings around the handle that contained carved letters and numbers.

He did not get any results.

He handed the sword to Beth saying:

-Rotate these rings around the handle.

She tried and succeeded, as if her simple touch had unlocked some internal safety mechanism.

-Oh! As I expected...- Said old Conan scratching his thick gray beard.

Then he continued:

-My dear: this weapon you brought is very powerful."

"You can keep her, my love. She's not for me."

-But what about you? Will you be left with nothing?

Conan let out a laugh and said.

-Don't bother! Sword for training I soon get another one.

"The one I ordered from you, and you unwittingly ended up breaking, was just for decorative purposes."

-Oh! Okay, dad, so let me throw away that worthless junkyard stump I broke. - Elizabeth said pointing to the shattered sword.

-No value to you. - His father blushed. - For me, it is the trophy that my daughter gave me by demonstrating her own strength, preparation and dexterity in handling weapons.

-But dad, if your swords are only for training...

"When you need something for defense, what are you going to use?"

-Recently I embarked on the fashion of modern heroes and I'm using ray guns. After all: in today's combat, who will have time to draw wild swords and fight?

Smiling, old Conan winked at his daughter and continued...

-Also, my dear, I don't think you noticed, but this weapon is customized especially for YOU.

-How?!?

-Bete... You told me that you cut your hand with the blade of the sword, right after it was produced, right?

-Yes.

-Hmmm....

"Look, my little daughter... You have a collector's item in your hands!

"Something that many people spend their lives looking for and die without finding.

Elizabeth was silent, looking at her father with an air of startle...

-Don't worry, little daughter. You have not been deceived. This weapon really is very good.

"In fact, it is exceptional and among specialists it is considered a "LIGHTNING SWORD", hence it requires dexterity and unparalleled preparation from those who use it."

"You'll have to study all these combinations to understand what this weapon is capable of without messing around...

-No problem. A manual with instructions for its use came with it.

"Trust me, Dad. Soon I will understand how it all works. Thank you."

Having said that, Bete took the blade and quickly left the sight of old Conan who, with a suspicious air, looked at his cheeky daughter murmuring.

-Be careful not to hurt yourself...

-Don't worry, Dad. - She replied, already from a distance. - Everything will be fine.

***

In the days that followed, Bete studied the manual, and made many tests with the sword.

For his part, Conan followed his daughter's progress from afar, which followed with shocks since it was not a few times that from her room, while she was engaged in her training, he heard pops, noises of breaking objects, not to mention flashes of light and frequent smell of burnt things.

Whenever the careful father expressed any concern, the daughter immediately

calmed him down by repeating it.

-Everything is under control, Dad. You can rest assured.

And so life went on until one day, during the game of his favorite team, he ended up dozing off next to the old radio set, because his team (the same as Bete) was finally winning a match!

Conan was so happy and relaxed with the news that he even closed his eyes and fell asleep.

And in this brief nap, he dreamed that his team had won great classics again, returning to the table of the greatest and most important champions in history.

He felt a fan's pride that many years ago, in fact, he lacked.

And with this joyful feeling, he woke up to the harsh reality in which he looked at the score of the game, realizing that the opponent had managed to tie the match, thus taking away a very important victory for the positioning in the championship table.

But as the wise man has already said:

"If a little misfortune is nonsense, the team that falls through the tables is insignificant."

Thus, it was in the derailment of this train of joy that old Conan, with his eyes still squeezed by the nap, was startled by the very powerful bang that came from his daughter's room.

-ELIZABETH BONDMADER! - Shouted the father, now with a scared face, jumping from the couch to enter Beth's room, almost tearing the door off the doorframe.

He found his daughter sitting in front of the bench where she was sharpening her weapons, holding the sword, which had certainly triggered some of its most disturbing combinations.

Beth and everything around her were singed with black soot, as if something had exploded in her face, but she still tried to calm the situation:

-It's okay Dad... It was just a...



Conan soon realized that this mess was due to some explosive combination of the sword, and he snatched it from his dazed daughter's hands as if he were reaching for his cell phone in the middle of some gossip session.

However, even so, Beth did not give up:

-But Dad... Look...

-“Look" up on me Elizabeth Bondmader?

"Do you want to use your father's tricks against himself? Bold girl..."

"I don't want this sword causing you trouble anymore."

-But Dad, it was no big deal...

Conan didn't know if he was more annoyed by the scare he had with his daughter up to no good, or if by his team's performance that was once again simply humiliating.

Determined, he went to the garden of the house where there was, a rock of alloraxian material, capable of rivaling in hardness with the best steels from the planet Earth, and without hesitation, he threw his sword against it, unloading his anger in a throw that, being so successful, penetrated with enormous force the hard stone in the garden, remaining there embedded even, emitting a slight reddish glow.

It wouldn't be any brute force that could get the sword out of there...

Faced with the situation, Conan even remembered the episode THE SWORD WAS THE STONE, in which the crown of England was given to a young Arthur who unscrewed the legendary sword EXCALIBUR that was embedded in an anvil.

Faced with his feat hardly equaled, Conan turned to his astonished daughter, saying, without hiding the smile behind his thick beard:

-Only someone stronger than me, or, a few thousand hours applying lubricating spray there, to pull your sword out of the stone."

"Now I can rest easy with you away from this crap."

"Go be useful somewhere else, my daughter."

The old father turned his back and went away grumbling happily, believing that Elizabeth would forget her fearsome lightning sword for a while.

***

But that's not quite how things turned out...

As soon as an opportunity arose, Elizabeth Bondmader went to remove the sword from the rock.

Logically, with brute force she would not be able to remove the weapon from there, but...

As soon as she held the handle of the still attached weapon, Bete felt the well-known sensation of communion with the blade, to the point of manipulating with her mental powers, the molecular arrangement and changing of the blade’s shape.

Reducing it’s size, a few thousandths of a millimeter she then remove the sword from the stone without further effort, in silence and without attracting the attention of old Conan.

So Elizabeth Bondmader would continue the practices and training, with her father soon realizing, to his immense satisfaction and self-joy, that his daughter's preparation was extraordinary to the point that she already knew how to defend herself from the troubles of life.

Even so, the old man would not make it easy with flirts, suitors and other stallions who wanted to hit on Bete.

But these are other stories...

***

THE ADVENTURES IN THE MYSTICAL CAVES

Thus, even though she had a brave father, Beth over time, armed with her sword, gained experience and freedom, expanding her space of circulation, especially in the dense forest where, on another occasion, she had met her friend Durkon.

There, in the new incursions, she did not meet his old comrade again, however discovered a dark pointed mountain, with a sinister appearance and different from all the others around, which, curiously, seemed not to be registered in any of the maps, not even in those produced by satellites, which gave from there, a three-dimensional view totally different from the one saw from the ground.

Such an anomalous elevation, it had a dark entrance, which had never been noticed by Elizabeth before, not even previously recorded and precisely for this reason, it aroused the curiosity of our protagonist.

***



THE WONDERFUL WORLD of "Q"

- Elizabeth Bondamader. Elizabeth Bondamader.

Bete heard her name whispered coming from the entrance of a cave in the curious mountain, then she advanced in this direction because that call stimulated her curiosity...

Was the sound real or the imagination playing a trick on her?

To find out, she came closer and, due to an unexpected rain, ended up having to seek shelter, just like any living being would do in this or another galaxy.

Thus, she entered the mysterious cave, from which her name was whispered.



Bete was not unprepared, so much so that, in her backpack, in addition to the famous lightning sword, she carried means that would guarantee her stay outside the house, for a long time, including inside that cave eventually inhabited by insects, centipedes, snakes, scorpions, bats, etc.

However, the most dangerous threat inside was Beth herself, who, if became hungry, would eat anything available in her path, since living with Durkon taught her that: what nature makes available for free, are not clean restaurants with cooked and well-prepared food.

Thus, as she got used to the local darkness, noticed a yellowish glow at the bottom of the cave, which instigated her to go even deeper inside than now, seducing her with an extremely delicate and pleasant perfume, which did not match the smell of shit at the entrance.

Beth knew that such an inviting situation could be the bait of some unsuspecting animal inside, even so, she advanced curiously, sneaking through narrow passages towards the mysterious glow that, as it intensified, illuminated the walls of carved marble, in that place smoother and of exquisite geometric finish, thus following to a portico illuminated by colored LEDs.

After traversing the passage so tortuous, narrow and gloomy, she now had before her

the exit to an environment totally different from that existing in Allorax which skies were red.



Even so, she went out to breathe the local air and was surprised by the purple-blue firmament decorated with stars and the traces of the trajectory of particles coming from the

stellar winds forming optical phenomena similar to those known on Earth as the Polar Aurora or Borealis

She walked a little until entered a large space without walls, but covered, with glass and crystal structures.

Bete explored the place quietly without being disturbed, and left there for an outdoor area all covered in snow and ice.

Calmly, she walked along the slippery floor of the place, without it causing her any problems.

Beside Bete, a humanoid with a backpack on his back ran by, from which a transparent tube came out that connected to the handle of the gun he was holding.

Snowballs were suddenly thrown by ice creatures very similar to dolls, hitting the guy in the backpack, who retaliated, also shooting at his attackers, other snowballs!

Thus ended the brief clash as the ice striker ran away after taking the just retaliation without anything more serious coming out of that fight.

Other people around did not even manifest themselves with the occurrence, nor were they interested in it.

Thus, Elizabeth just watched without judging anything.

This was her habit, in situations that were strange, and so she went on, because, in any case, the place was pleasant, with a climate, similar to that of the winter seasons in which people circulate bundled up in the midst of mountains full of pine trees and snow.

Bete walked to an ice castle, and there spent some time seeing the various items in all the rooms inside where could spend years admiring and studying everything such was the richness of details.

Unable to calculate the value of so many items, she finally went to the exit of the building where came across a forested area with several white arch-shaped bridges, next to the surrounding mountains.

There were a lot of people waiting for something...

Suddenly, a tuned voice, like that of an adult trying to imitate a child, warned:

-They're coming! They're coming!

Elizabeth looked in the direction where the voice was coming from and came across a talking chocolate doll.

She didn't have much more time to think about that little figure, because around it, from one second to the next, hundreds of ice creatures appeared out of nowhere, without any explanation, very similar to the one that attacked the backpacker a few moments ago.

These, however, had been using mechanized props, which now made them cybernetic beings of snow. Those creatures attacked whatever was around them, only with... SNOWBALLS!

Such an attack, however, was repelled by those present, who defended themselves with other SNOWBALLS!

The whole mess got even worse, turning into an authentic SNOWBALL WAR on all sides.

Elizabeth, who understood nothing of what was happening, prudently sheltered herself from so much senseless artillery.

-A frivolous little war. - She thought. - But, fun.

From where she was, Bete watched the pitched battles, in which the ice creatures appeared out of nowhere, attacked, freezing or covering with snow, their opponents.

A boy arrived calling for resistance.

The children in the vicinity joined the call, then threw snowballs at the creatures back.

The boy who had made the call organized the effort with the kids operating in rotations, each in turn, coordinating attacks against the agressors.



It was a bit of a guerrilla operation, but it worked.

Explosions of ice in the air followed one another with colored lightning spreading everywhere while the annoying little voice non stop giving orders.

Those who until then were frozen, by miracle, or by the physics of local nature, soon freed themselves and returned to join the children in their fight.

Such an unexpected union gave results and, little by little, the ice creatures lost the impetus of attack to run away.

The icy battle then ended and everything apparently returned to normal...

Would there be others??

At least, in the final balance, no one was hurt.

Not a slip, twisted arm, broken leg... Nothing.

It was like an adventure cartoon, where, after some rushing, the protagonists's lives returne to normal.

So Elizabeth continued to walk through the icy scene, arriving at a village, whose houses were built of biscuits and other kinds of sweets.

There were also curious talking chocolate dolls on site.

There, they were more numerous and larger.

These and other crazy characters lived on the streets, as in any popular tourist spot.

Elizabeth, like every woman, looked carefully at the shop windows looking for something to buy. Maybe a pistol, or rifle...

She did not imagine that, from one second to the next, again, her peace and tranquility would be tested...

***

It appeared suddenly, in the middle of the street, a humanoid creature over 5 meters tall materialized, screaming:

-Naughty! Naughty! Naughty!

It was gray in very dark tones, wearing medieval leather armor with a head wearing a horned helmet, which gave off black mist as it moved, throwing large and heavy objects everywhere.

The chocolate-walled houses on the edge of the ice mountains were running incalculable risks, as were the people, but no one seemed worried.

Everyone was throwing snowballs at the cunning creature, which did not stay long in one place, and soon went to another...

The first objects thrown by the monstrosity, fortunately, did not hit anyone, even so, Elizabeth, did not wait for new throws, and, at the first opportunity that appeared to her, she drew her black sword, then made three precise jumps, and flew past the creature's back, cutting off its head, after that, even before our heroine touched the ground, the monstrosity was enveloped by a mysterious black cloud, then disappeared without leaving any trace of its presence.

Only then, Elizabeth's deathly acrobatic jump ended.

This was followed by thanks to our fearless swordswoman with long red hair, and blue-green eyes in the form of snowballs that the jokers threw at her, the males, to make themselves funny, and the females, to keep her away from their males.

Not to mention so many others that she ended up taking because of throws that were supposed to hit the creatures, but hit our beautifully prepared protagonist.

-Blame Murphy's Law. - She thought.



***

Once the threat was overcome, Elizabeth put her sword to rest and continued the ride near an ice rink where several people were huddled behind a starting line.

With effusive greetings a guy wearing medieval armor appeared inviting her to participate in the race that would take place soon after.

Without understanding anything of what was happening, in the middle of the gentleman's unstoppable small talk, Bete was gently rolled up and positioned with other participants.

Soon after, the armored type itself started and everyone ran, including Elizabeth, who was hindered by the slippery floor, and also by other competitors, who immediately ended up on the ground.

Even she was only able to stand because she exercised regularly and responded quickly to the unforeseen.

Thus, despite the initial fumbling and rushing, she remained among the first right at the beginning and so, three corners later she was already leading because, in addition to the tactic of making intense starts, she abused her acrobatic talents by throwing herself on the ground with bearings and sliding sitting in the corners, even when she had to reduce speed.

In this way, she came in first place, after a race where ended up winning handily.

She didn't even go out celebrating, because, for her, it was something very simple.

Her physical fitness was indeed exceptional, not to mention other mental and superhuman abilities, which acquired through training with powerful masters in the fields of force.

She went to the reception where, in addition to the well-deserved reward, was given to her a new challenge: Klingon fishing.

Klingons are notorious warriors who like to prove their mettle by doing difficult and dangerous things.

Even the strongest humans do not usually have strength equivalent to that of a Klingon.

Hence, they had their sports there, which for most humans, would not be very recommendable, even because the physical capacities of the Klingons are greater.

But that was no problem for Elizabeth.

As soon as she heard about the event, immediately ran to where it was taking place: in this case, under a frozen lake, on whose shore there was the place of preparation for the competitors.

Arriving there, Elizabeth introduced herself to the Klingon in charge, was then informed of the rules, then put on a glove going to the icy surface of the lake.

At one point, she drew her sword from its scabbard and thrust it into the ice in one movement.

Such was the perfection of the blow, that the penetration took place as if it were a hot skewer, entering the butter.

She drew the sword from the ice, then widened the size of the hole with punches and kicks, until he opened enough space to stick her arm in with wide slack.

And that's what Bete did... Stuck her own arm in the hole, and then took it out.

At her, a giant pink fish came arrested, which tried to swallow Bete’s arm.

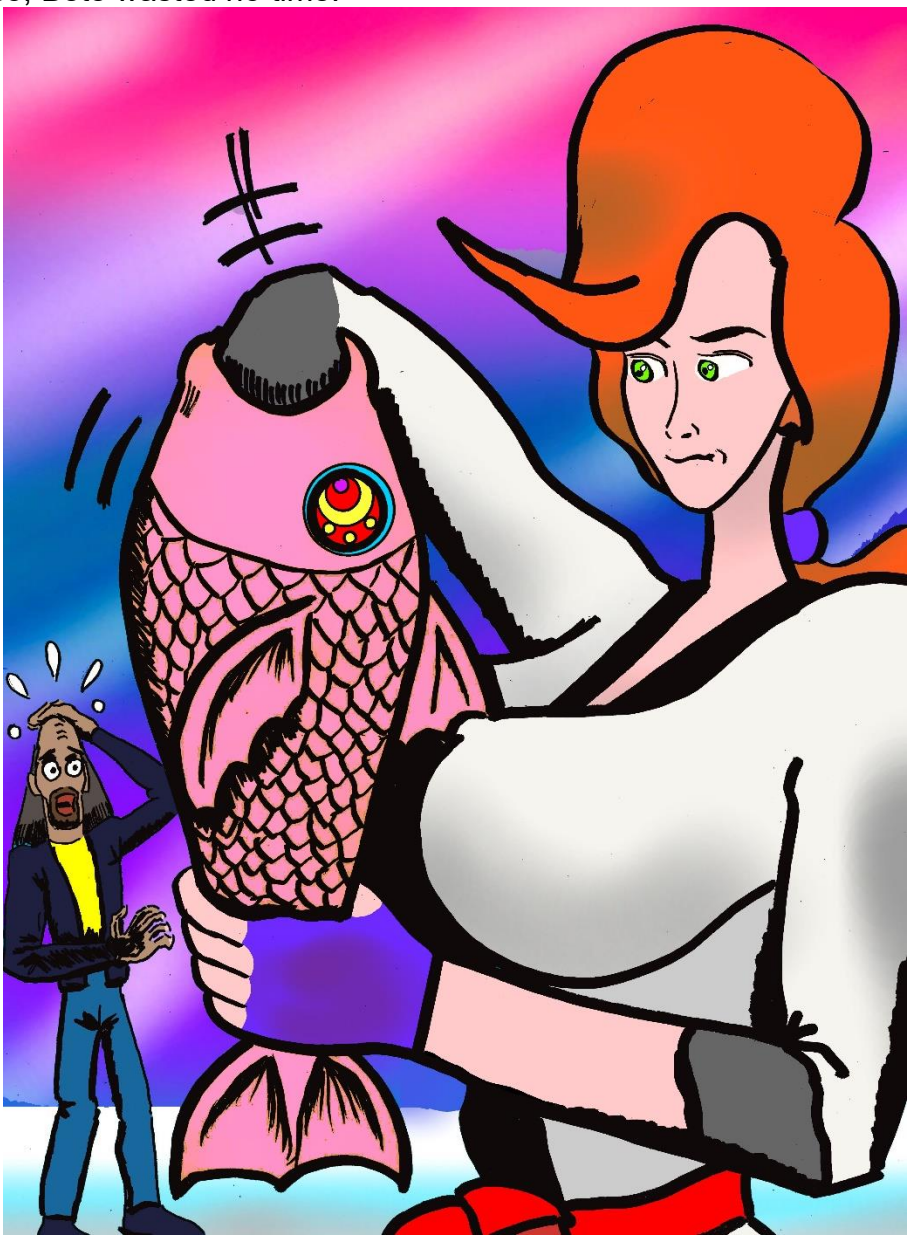
Elizabeth, however, was not one to stop at this kind of problem.

She held the tongue of the animal that tasted her struck him with her sword, and led it on a pyre where other competitors put playing their catches.

Elizabeth did the same, finally freeing her own arm as she threw the catch with the others.

Suddenly a menacing and potentially dangerous pink dragon, came out of the hole in which she had fished...

Even so, Bete wasted no time.



Against this danger she advanced without fear, giving him a slashing sword that, in order to hit the target, required another acrobatic jump from Beth.

In this case too, the dragon was soon enveloped by a mysterious black mist that just as it appeared, disappeared without explanation.

All that was left for Bete to do was to sheath her gun with a few acrobatic moves, before moving on.

***

So she returned to the village with houses made of sweets, where human beings and exotic creatures (including live cookies and chocolate dolls) circulated forming an extraordinary and fanciful daily life.

Bete felt like she was in those tourist places with a busy life, where music runs along sidewalks with people drinking and savoring local snacks in a naïve, traditional and quiet atmosphere.

However, all that quickly changed with a black cloud that surprised people appearing out of nowhere and spreading through the streets.

And a gigantic blue snowman appeared, which threatened everything around.



After the initial scare, once again, those present reacted by starting a counterattack armed with SNOWBALLS!

It didn't take long for the boy to appear again, who previously against other gigantic creatures, recruited snipers for the clash.

Again, he gathered many people with his appeals, but this time, the clashes against the menacing giants could not definitively ward off the danger...

It was then that Elizabeth's black sword sang again.

With a few movements, Beth rearranged some of the rings on the handle of the sword, and then went on the attack.

At the ready, the weapon was surrounded by a blooming white flame, fueled by the power, energy and preparation that Elizabeth Bondmader herself channeled from herself, as well as fearlessly, advancing against the bluish creature.

With more acrobatic jumps, which she did as if it were commonplace, she quickly positioned herself behind the head of the bluish snowman, burying there the sword that emitted white flames and melted the threat, while jets of steam poured out of it, until nothing was left.

When the danger was over, life returned to normal and a gigantic ice cream approached Elizabeth thanking her, with that strange adult voice imitating a child:

-Thank you, you saved us from great danger.

Elizabeth appreciated the thanks and felt rewarded, although for someone with her preparation and training, it was all a game that she herself played as a child, so it didn't even cost her so much effort.

Moreover, in her young mind, there was still the belief that every honorable person should put his talents in favor of the community that accepted or that he could collaborate with.

And even satisfied, her surprises were not over.

Coming from the heights of the blue-purple sky, seated in a floating black chair, came a character wearing black clothes.

He was humanoid, imposing, with a moderately sarcastic smile.

The distinguished guy approached the boy and Beth, saying calmly:

-Hello! I am "Q" and, you are in my Wonderful Winter World.

***

“Q”!

Elizabeth had heard about the fearsome superpowered entities known as "Q"s.

It never occurred to her, however, that she would meet any of them in person.

-Your performance, in this amusement space of mine, was quite highlighted.

"I haven't seen anything like this in a while."

"You deserve commemorative decoration."

Sitting in an armchair, "Q" raised his left hand to the height of his head with snapping his fingers.

In the blink of an eye, two wooden sledges, used by children, to glide in the snow appeared floating before Elizabeth and the boy.

Slowly "Q's" chair approached the young boy, who was looking at the sleigh floating in front of him, and then said:

-Charles: For your courage in bringing people together and encouraging them, leading them against a common threat, far beyond your own strength, this initiative is worthy of praise, and thus you will be awarded with the ROSEBUD.

"You were guided by strong emotions and advanced without fearing the worst, even if victory eventually did not come."

"This sleigh will remind you of the pleasant moments and victorious struggles you had here, thus comforting you until the end, because he who dies happy, takes with him much more than some rich man, who only finds sadness at the end."

Then "Q" stopped in front of Elizabeth, and with a simple gesture of his index finger pointed upwards, he brought the other sleigh that was suspended in the air closer.

This one, however, slightly larger than Charles', black in color with wood textures of the same color, had a drawing of the outlines of a white rose, below it, reading in Gothic letters, the word: BLACKBUD.

-Elizabeth: For the successful elimination of the disturbances that threatened order and peace in my Wonderfull Winter World, you will receive the BLACKBUD.

"You fought with superhuman skill, beyond the call of duty, eliminating problems that had been bothering my space for a long time."

"This sleigh will remind you of the pleasant times and your victories here, comforting you in the fights, and difficult moments."



Then "Q" walked upwards, still looking at Elizabeth and Charles.

There was a certain pride in his facial expression, very similar to what people feels to participate or living special and historic moments with great personalities.

"Q's" flying armchair rose even higher, and he said as a farewell, before disappearing into the skies:

-Be strong, and persistent, that luck will favor you.

Elizabeth and Charles compared their sleighs, happy as children.

Then the local sound system announced it.

-Ladies and Gentlemen: THE WONDERFUL WINTER WORLD OF "Q" will end its activities. Please go to the exit gates."

"See you next year and thank you very much for your presence."

Before leaving, the winning duo stopped at the popcorn stand, then followed the same path, to the same tunnels and caves that brought Elizabeth there.

Thus, both advanced talking, with the boy making a good impression, by showing himself to be very communicative, intelligent, convincing and charismatic.

Certainly, the future would held great projects for him if he continued to grow in that way, he would certainly become some important leader.

Through increasingly dark passages, they went to one of the several exits of the cave, which led to a cold, gray and snowy place.

-This is where I came from. Charles said to Elizabeth before waving goodbye to her.

As soon as he came out of the cave, someone outside called to him:

-Charles! Charles! Come! We were looking for you. Where have you been all this time?

Charles accompanied a lady, who was the one who called him, until he was no longer seen by Elizabeth, who then advanced to her own exit.

Behind her, without her noticing, the passage through which had followed Charles, disappeared, as if it had never existed there.

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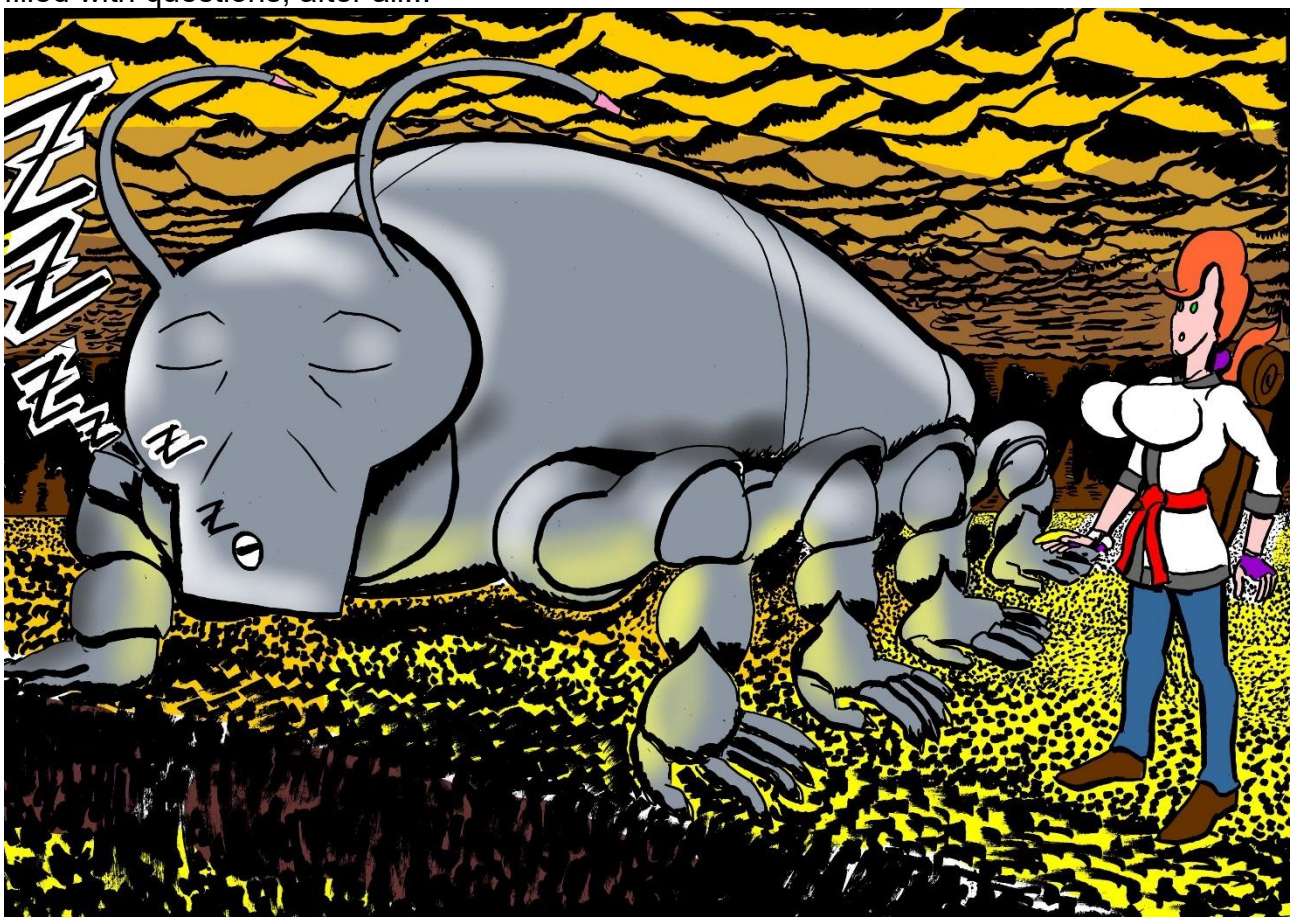
“TARDIGRADE"

Returning by the same path taken previously through the cave, Elizabeth found a novelty...

The beam of light from the spotlight she used to orient himself, illuminated a form of life unusual even for that place...

If Elizabeth came across bats, rats, snakes, bears, strange insects, or deadly mosquitoes, there would be nothing strange, but she came across a species of tardigrade more than two and a half meters tall.

A creature so strange that, because of its gray and rough texture, Beth mistook it for the stones on the path. Anyway, understanding the situation, our protagonist's head was still filled with questions, after all...



How could such an animal end up in a tight tunnel, when was not there on her first passage through the place?

This question intrigued Beth, but did not block her curiosity, since it was very given with animals of all species, even the most aggressive and violent, so she approached the creature, which in turn, also did not show any fear with her presence.

Soon, without further fear, the red-haired beauty climbed on the upper part of the animal, placed her hands on some points of the tardigirate and began to massage them, thus obtaining immediate results.

The animal relaxed, rolled on its side with our fearless adventurer mounted on it, standing with its "paws" in the air, while emitting a flow of thoughts, which added to those of Beth, in a powerful telepathic link.

His name was Koss!

As Elizabeth massaged Koss, the situation there changed extraordinarily with a white translucent bubble forming around the two and lifting them off the ground.

As if it were a ghost, the surrounding bubble went through rocks going even higher

until it left for an open environment, where it continued to rise through the skies reaching the infinite black space.

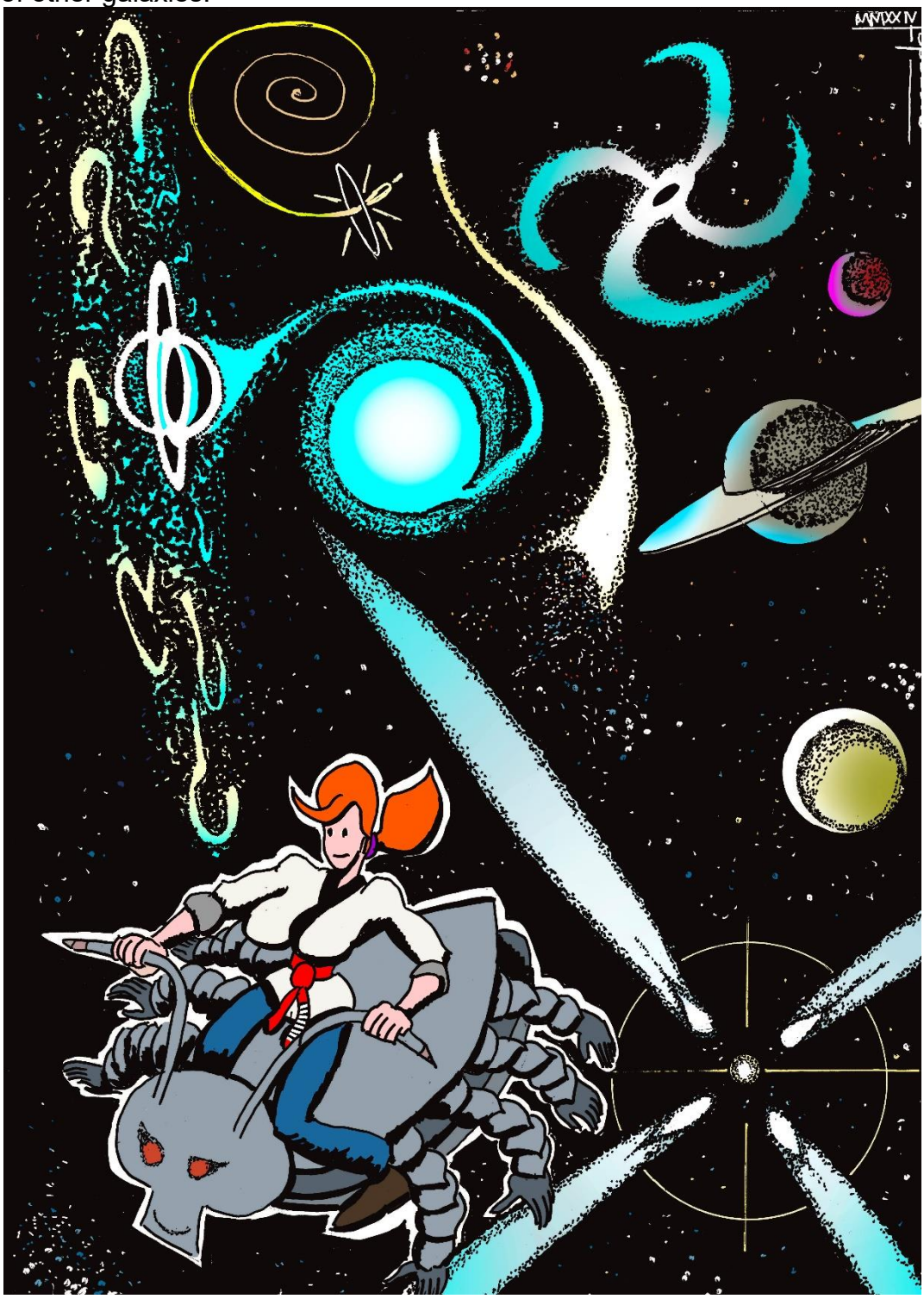
Massaging Koss, Elizabeth felt no effect of shortness of breath that could result from such a situation.

That translucent bubble served not only as a means of transportation, but also as protection.

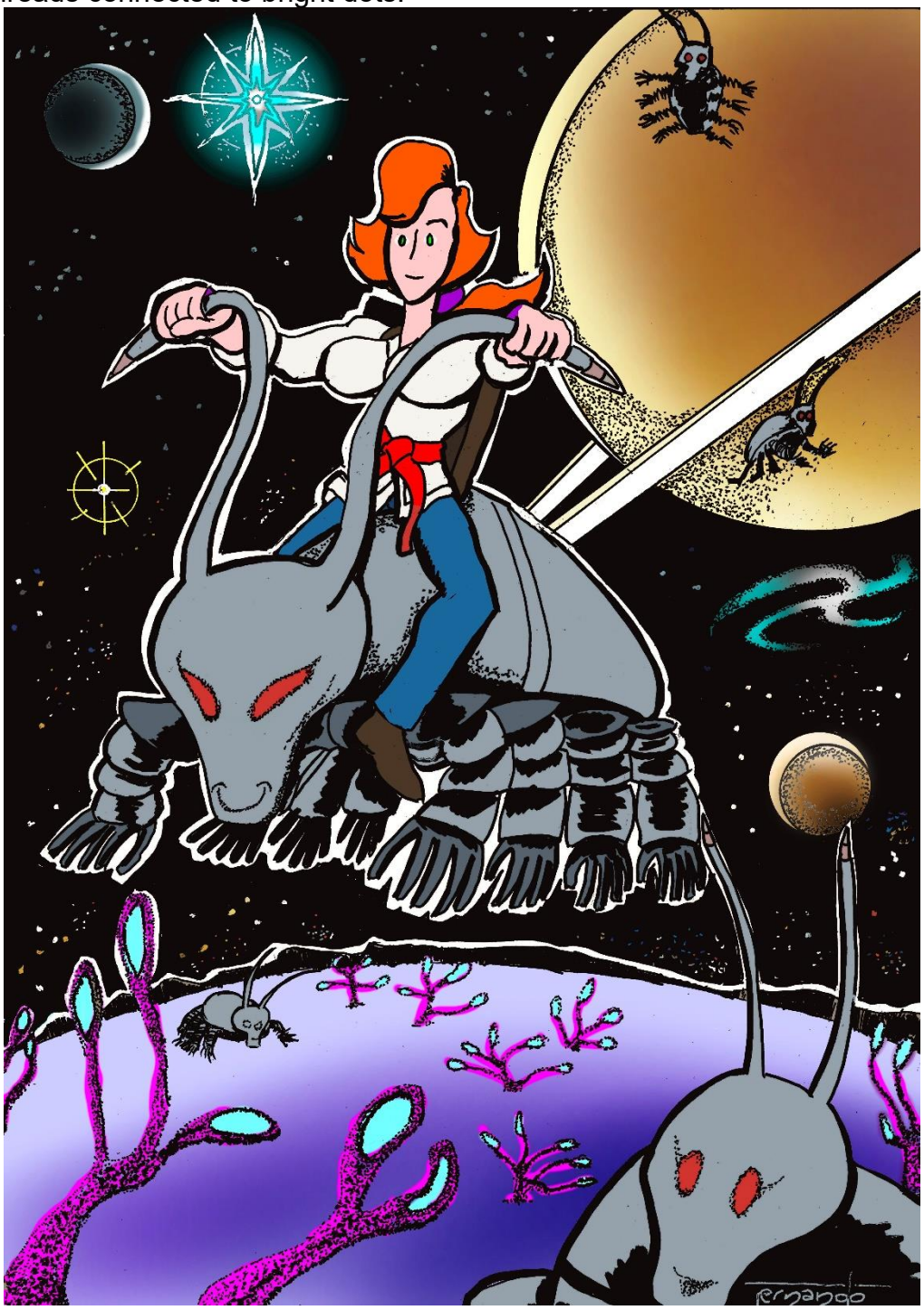
Elizabeth's hands cracked Koss's spine, relieving him of various accumulated tensions to the point of making him exhale sighs of pleasure.

Around the bubble, the journey was taking her further away from Allorax, whose star was no longer visible anymore...

Soon, even the Milky Way became small, disappearing into a black sea sprinkled with billions of other galaxies.



At this moment, Elizabeth could see the connections between them, as if they were colored threads connected to bright dots.



Later in this crazy journey, Koss made another "leap" taking Elizabeth to an immense and infinite garden, where other tardigrades circulated.

In the vegetation there, the leaves glowed with bright spots, which if analyzed microscopically would reveal entire universes inside.

Elizabeth understood through the garden that tardigrades traveled anywhere at dizzying speeds using mysterious "mycelial nets".

Koss relaxed so much that ended up sleeping.

With that, the translucent white bubble dissolved and the two returned to the cave, after that brief and dizzying, fantastic trip.

Koss continued snoring and Elizabeth came out of the creature giving it a few more final squeezes, cracks and slaps.



Like a chiropractor satisfied with the result of her own work, Beth smiled at the privilege of having known and shared thoughts with that creature.

But it was time to follow her course.

At another time, she would return there calmly and spend more time with his new friend.

She then went back to the familiar path realizing that, in this one, some things were different.

But that didn't bother or stop from going on her way to the same exit where she had entered that cave complex.

The air looked different, and so did the light outside.

And in fact, as soon as she came out of the caves, noticed a brutal difference:

The dense forest that once surrounded that mysterious mountain and the mountain ranges beside it have been transformed into a dry desert full of sand dunes.

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ALLORAX'S DUNES



Elizabeth Bondmader controlled herself to not panic.

Despite the devastation and many differences, she had no doubt that this was the same access through which she had entered the caves, however, everything that had been outside them: the forests and mountains, simply disappeared inexplicably.

High in the Aloraxian skies floated a huge notched cylinder, which seemed to be some

kind of space vehicle.

Elizabeth had no idea what that was...

On the ground, not a living soul was visible as far as the eye could see.

Dismayed, but unhurried, Beth put on her sunglasses and walked to where she lived, under a very hot temperature, and she hated the heat, even though she knew how to get by in this discomfort.

What Bete had to do without softening was keep her patience by not wasting energy for nothing, preparing herself for worse things that the future might eventually hold.

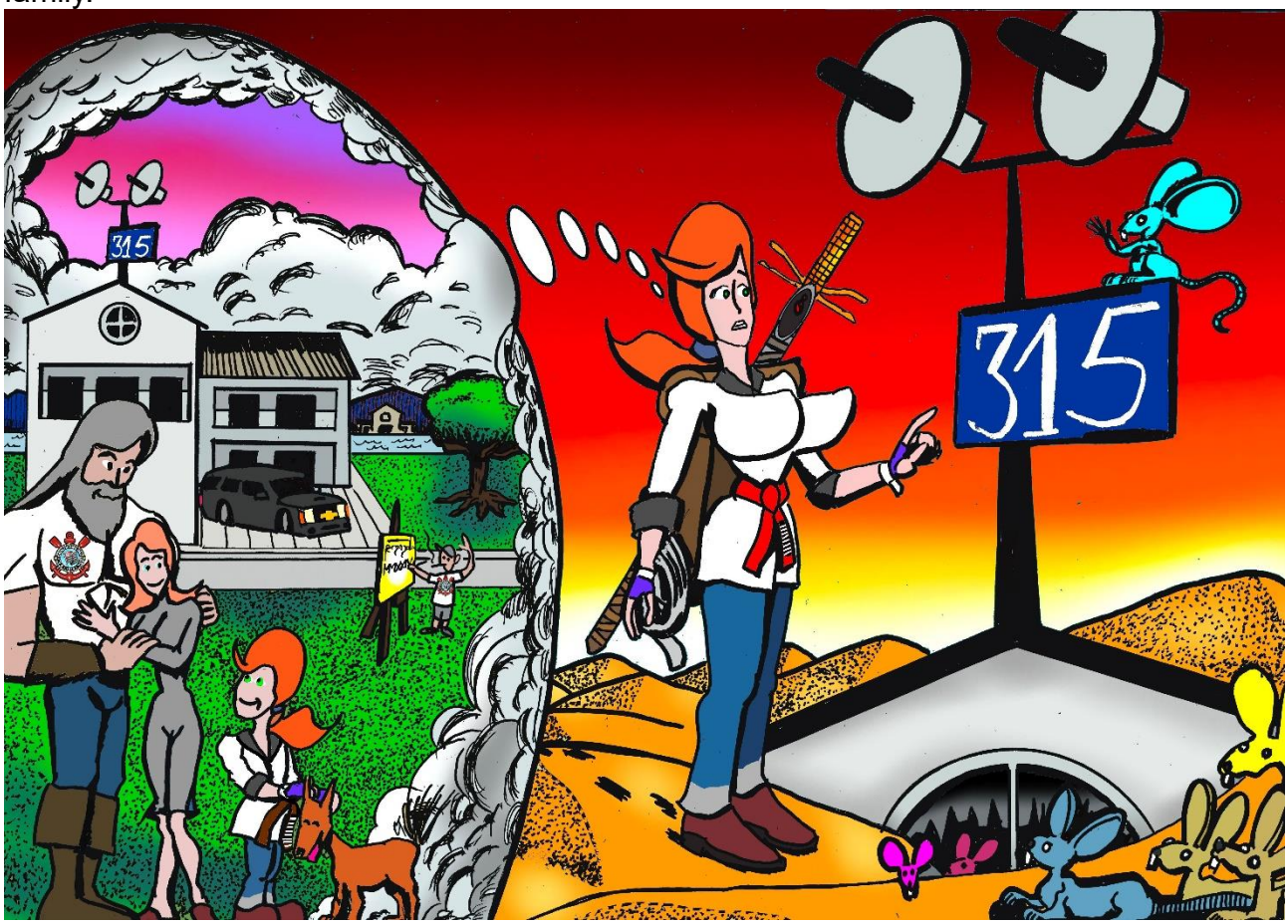
So, after a long walk, she finally reached the street where lived and there found the damage:

Except for the dry, persistent and destructive wind, there was no longer any movement, no sign of life, human or animal...

No house will be left entirely, not even hers.

Heartbroken, not knowing the reasons for such a situation, Elizabeth looked at her toy sleigh: the BLACKBUD.

Happy memories came to mind: Of the days she had lived in that place, with her family.



She even remembered her walks and adventures in the Wonderful Winter World of "Q".

Then, Elizabeth had an idea: she would return to the caves, because other people could have taken shelter inside. In this way, without wasting time, he put her decision into practice!

She walked back, under the heat along the same path taken before, only following her footprints still clear in the sand, and, at the end of the route, had another misfortune:

The black spiky mountain and the entrance to the mystical caves had disappeared.

Bete checked the coordinates on the location equipment he had with her, and there was no doubt: the place was correct.

That's where a mountain was missing!

Her path to salvation had been taken from her.

Elizabeth Bondmader sat down and a furtive tear escaped her eyes...

Yes, our favorite protagonist, ignoring when she would see her family and all the other people who mattered in her life again, had a moment of weakness and cried... Out of anger!



***



She wanted to take her fury out on something, but had to maintain self-control. It was not the time to lose her balance. Now, more than ever, her life literally depended on it.

Thus, without further questioning, whether those occurrences were ordered by lines already written in the book of Destiny, or just combinations of bad luck from some of the infinite articles and paragraphs of Murphy's relentless Law, Beth wasted no time in commiserations, because, in that heat, all water was fundamental, even for a determined and humble adventurer prepared for the impossible.

She looked for a shady shelter, where permanently dried her tears, rested and evaluated the survival strategy would adopt next, through the information obtained on her laptop.

The local internet was not working, but Elizabeth managed with a lot of effort even

with a bad signal to access networks outside ALLORAX.

The data was corrupted, but she was able to understand that it was ongoing:

Another unexpected and cowardly invasion of her home planet that in this case had worse repercussions than any that occurred before in the history of that world.

Now, the responsibility for that immense tragedy did not fall on the shoulders of Romulans, the alien invaders, who used to pass through ALLORAX to pillage, rape and murder without any justice being charged to them.

For Bete, the threat was still unknown, but, from the little she could see, it arrived causing drastic environmental changes in her world that would soon not be reversed, among these, the heat of the moment that even in the shade was capable of drawing tears from the toughest.

In any case, that day was nearing its end and the cool night air gradually made the situation... Less uncomfortable.

And, as less uncomfortable, it should not be understood as more pleasurable, since soon voracious mosquitoes appeared, which, on any planet in the universe where they are, make the lives of those who intend to consume the blood hellish with their impertinent buzz.

As Elizabeth Bondmader also has no sympathy for this species, she was soon forced to leave the temporary shelter to explore the surroundings, as the swarms there were very numerous.

She did not go far, and came face to face with a large scorpion, about a foot high.

Unceremoniously Elizabeth thought:

-This animal will be my snack.

Realizing her intention, the scorpion took off, but was soon reached.

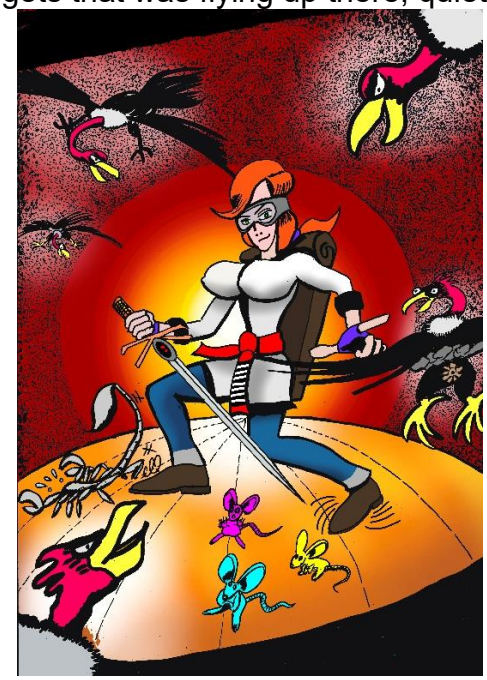
Elizabeth immobilized the creature, and when she was about to deliver some deadly blow on it, she saw more appetizing targets:

Birds flying in circles.

In fact, they were vultures, the carrion birds that she hated most, because they were the mascots of a rival soccer team to the one she actually supported and was a fanatic.

If she killed just one of those disgusting animals, would have food for a long time, in addition to relieving the anger of his team having lost to the vultures, in the last classic.

Bete abandoned the scorpion, which immediately fled in fright, while she followed the new hunts, so it was not long, and she had the expected opportunity, so that she drew her sword against one of the targets that was flying up there, quietly.



She aimed at a vulture, but her preparation and skill made her hit two, with the same

throw.

It was however, when she was going to collect the sword with the pierced vultures, that found something different: the real reason why the carrion birds circulated there.

There was an ornithopteran ship in the shape of a dragonfly, stranded in the middle of the sands, and, scattered around it, lay several dead wearing self-acclimatized armor that, at that moment, were turned off.

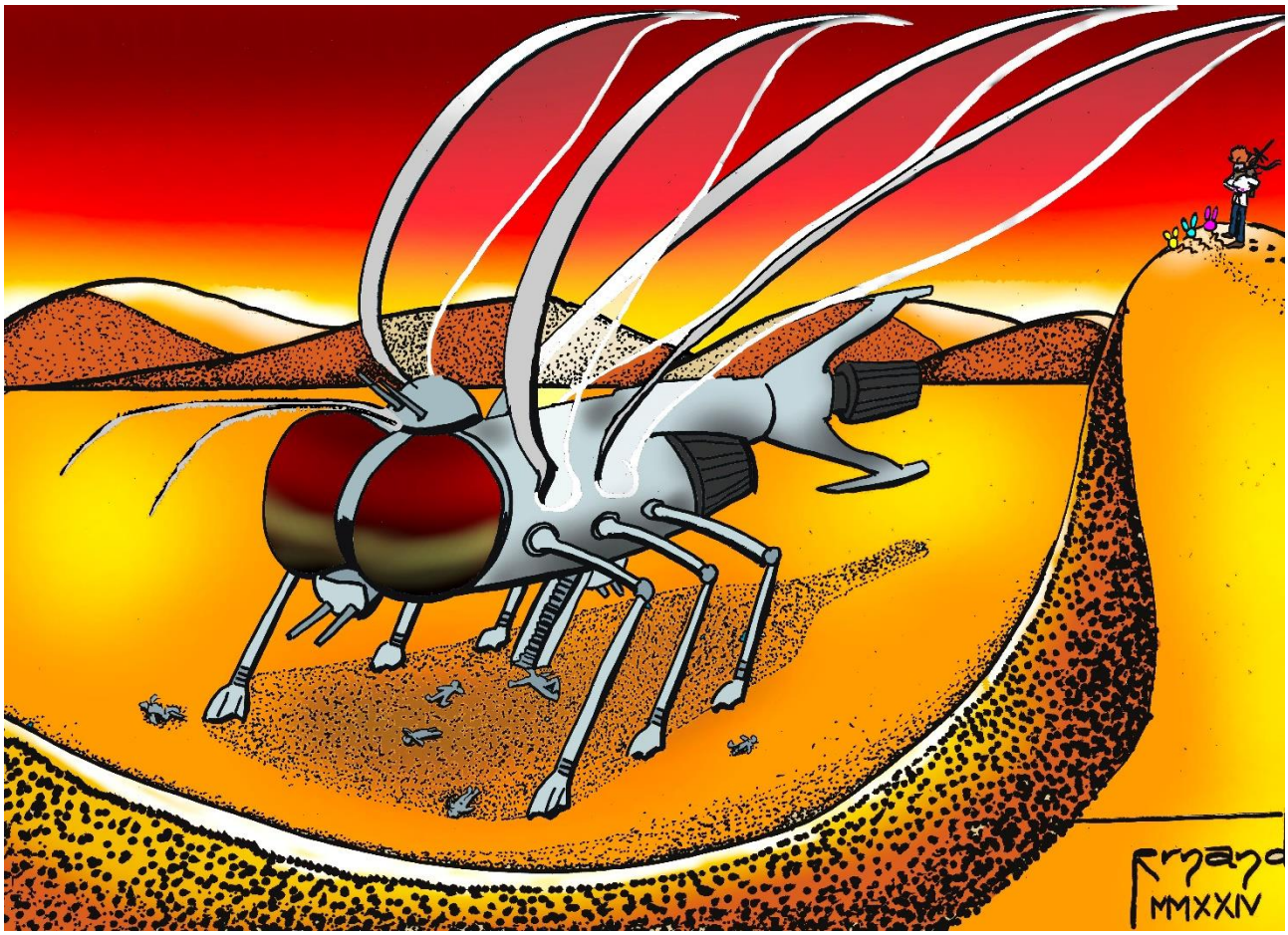
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Elizabeth looked at the vultures eliminated, and decided to leave them right there,

agonizing in theyr final moments, only rescuing back her fearsome lightning-sword from the demonic gaze.

She hoped to find emergency rations inside the nearby ship in its pantries, thus avoiding eating the meat of those animals, without proper preparation or conditions that were not ideal.



The sight of that scenery made her wonder what had happened, but, with no obvious answer, she advanced among the sands, sneaking cautiously the ship, which had partially covered with sand, its turbines, vibrating mobile wings and even propellers.

That vehicle was very different from the ones she knew, but the appearance indicated that its purpose was aimed at combat and rapid cargo transport.

Bete analyzed from a distance, the dead wearing the strange armor, pondering whether what would have killed them could also threaten her.

Checked the surrounding area trying to find any danger... Nothing...

Even so, Beth did not let her guard down, remaining cautious, since it was impossible, even for someone as prepared as her, to anticipate all the traps and problems hidden in the vicinity. In this way, without exposing herself to the whims of luck, she approached one of the side doors of the ship that was open.

No alarm... No strange noise... Nothing...

Inside, as far as she could see, everything was blacked out.

Elizabeth Bondmader took a handful of sand and threw it trough the door...

Nothing happened...

Apparently that spacecraft was really turned off.

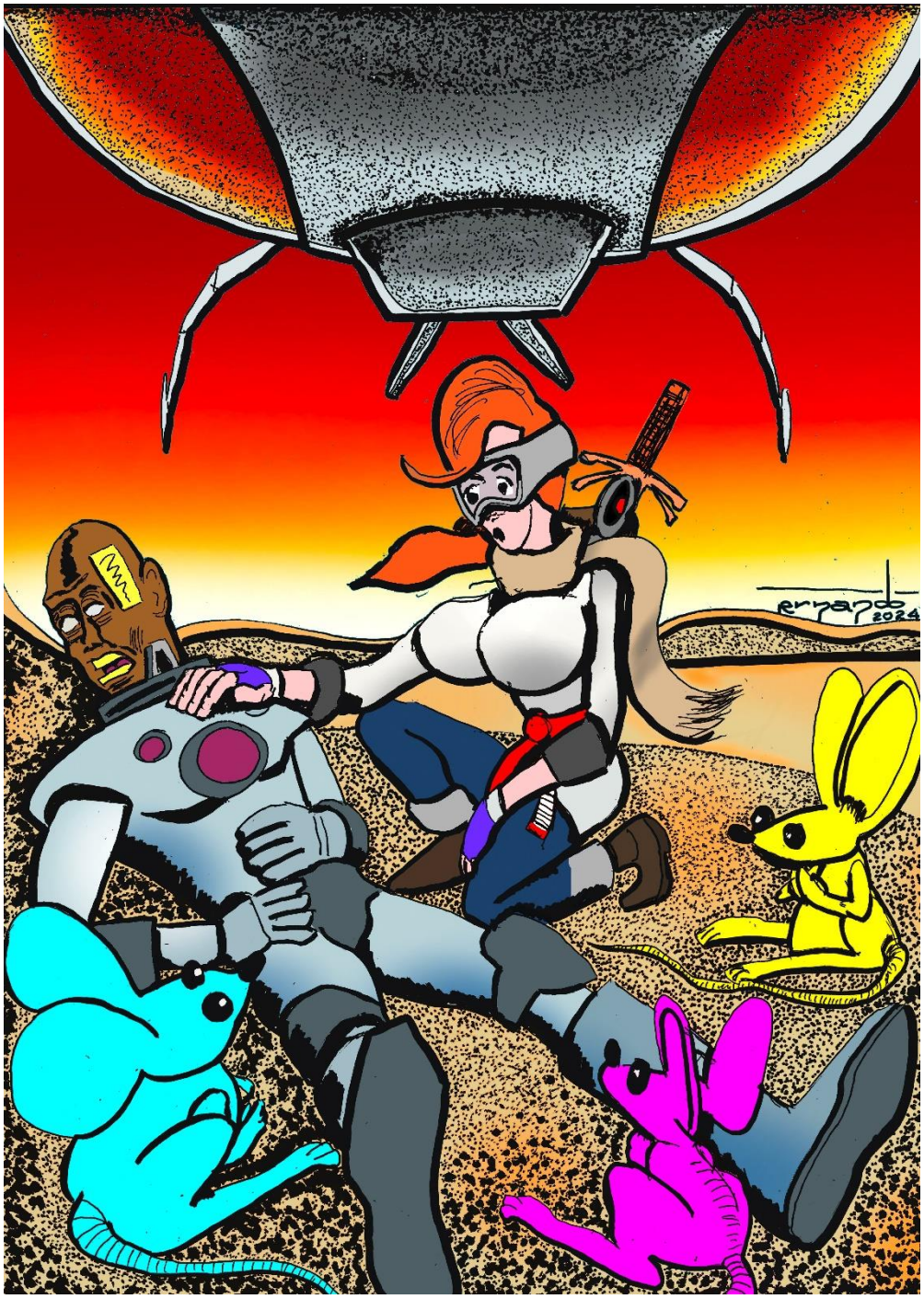
She checked the entrance once more and, finding no visible trap, knocked on the entrance making a noise.

No one answered. She called two or three times in a loud voice and everything remained silent.

Bete took out of her backpack a small emergency drone, which was not used so far

only because of its low battery charge and, after activating it, launched it into the ship.

Nothing was lit up with its presence, something that, due to his modest engineering knowledge, could mean a lack of energy in batteries, accumulators or malfunction of the sensors...



But there was also the possibility that it was none of these, since the design of the vehicle, its internal instruments, and even the armor worn by the corpses outside, bore no resemblance to the existing technology in Allorax.

Elizabeth Bondmader finally got into that dragonfly, going to sit directly in what looked like a cockpit chair, there she activated some keys and controls, without getting any response.

She also found that, inside the ship, there were more dead wearing armor like those on the sands, in common all those elements marked with the same tattoo on the forehead.

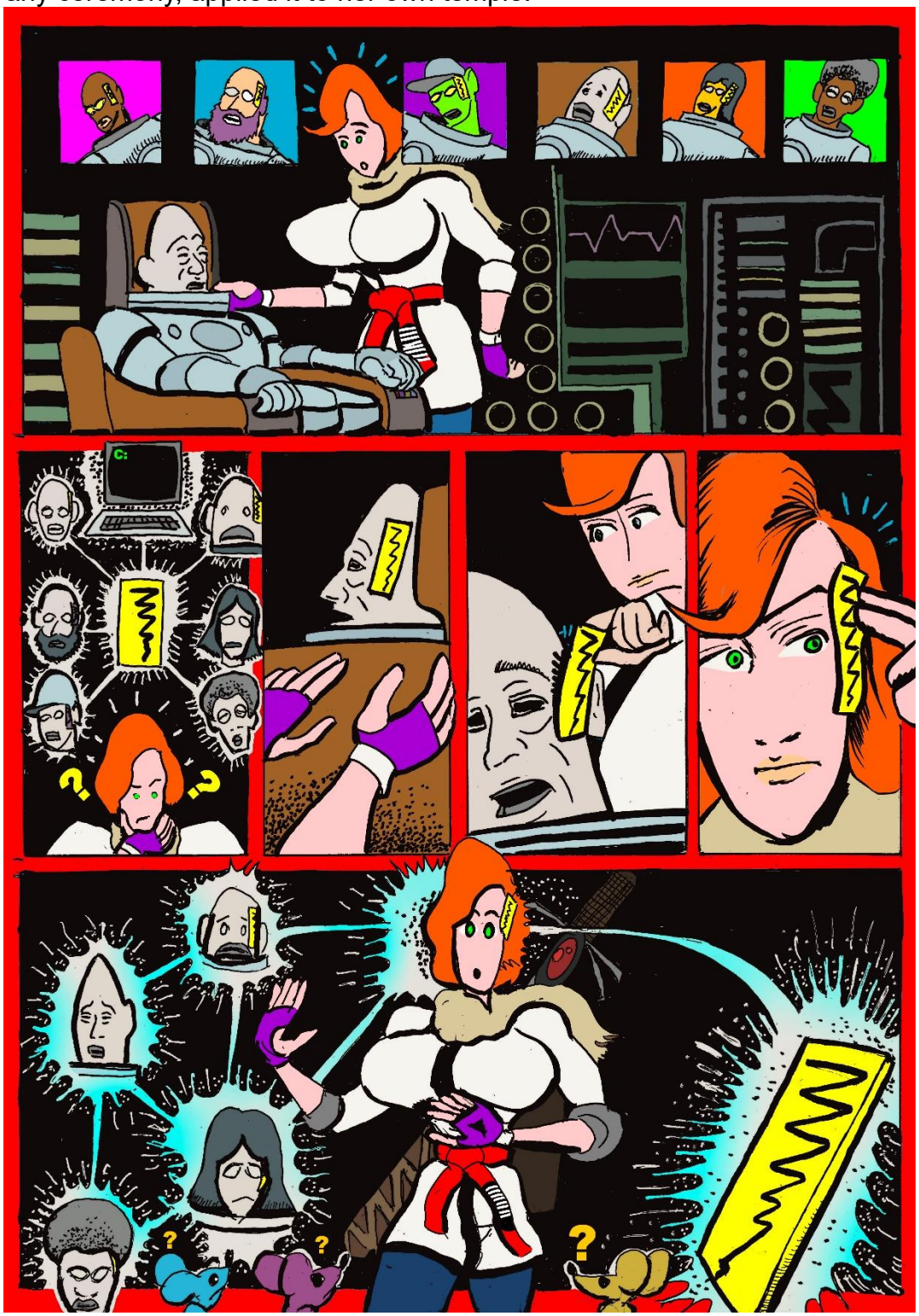
Upon noticing such a detail, Bete became interested in the art of tattooing, as it is beautiful and well crafted.

Undoubtedly, a work produced by a craftsman would take a long time to be ready, but, being the same for each individual who used it, it could be printed or even a mere adhesive.

Determined to clear up the doubt, she closely checked the drawing on one of the bodies.

She found that, in fact, it was not a tattoo at all, but a brain interface in the form of adhesive paper, which, in the past, would have connected the brains and perceptions of those corpses, connecting their thoughts and actions to each other, and perhaps even to some network of computer systems.

With her fingernail, Beth peeled the design from her former owner's forehead and, without any ceremony, applied it to her own temple.



****

Elizabeth Bondmader took this measure without thinking, due to the confidence she had in her formidable preparation, the result of a disciplined and rigid education that, since childhood, developed several talents including telepathic and telekinetic abilities, through intense physical and mental training with Masters who were able to extract her full potential, even though she was not the owner of any special superpower.

And it was really because of such extraordinary abilities that he endured the shock she felt, as soon as Bete put the sticker on herself.

Anyone else would have been fatally struck in the attempt.

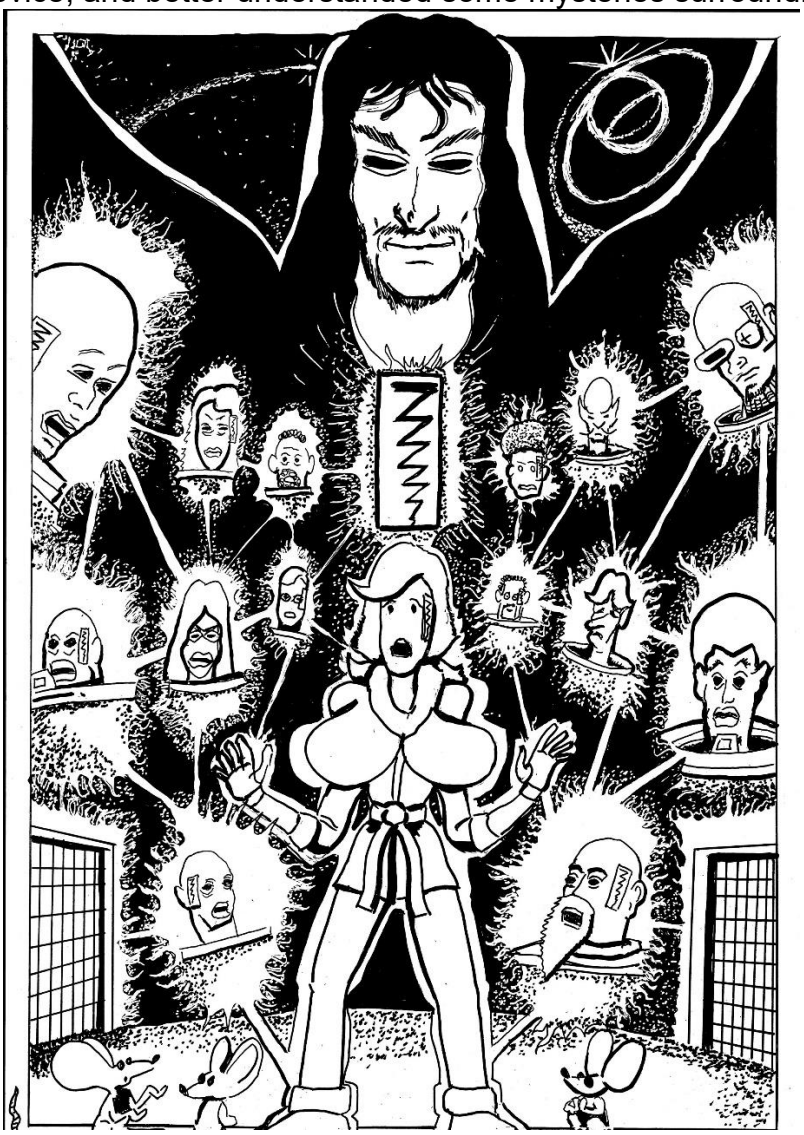
Unquestionably, Beth was reckless and overly self-confident, even because she was hungry and still stressed, so made the mistake kind of without thinking about the repercussions of such an action.

Right away, she experienced in her body, the hot death that the unfortunate owner of that sticker had before.

She almost collapsed with such an abrupt and radical sensation because realized in a single instant, not only the end of the old user of that sticker, but also that of others close to her, and those connected to that interface.

Gradually, however, Bete recovered.

And putting her mind in order, she realized things better since her mental talents adapted to the device, and better understanded some mysteries surrounding her.



That ship and its dead crew members were part of the aggressor force that was invading Alorax and, surprised by storms of stellar particles that without any warning, often appear, in the vicinity of the highest layers of the planet's atmosphere, knocking down all the unsuspecting who was passing nearby.

Such a storm not only rendered the ship's controls useless, but also all the material carried by the crew.

After this involuntary encounter, the vehicle managed to land, although totally inoperable, without suffering so much damage.

Even surviving the crash of the uncontrolled ship, the crew members ran out of energy to power the life support of the self-air-conditioned armor and ended up meeting a warm death, which could perhaps only be successfully avoided, by someone born on Alorax with as much preparation as Elizabeth Bondmader.

After feeling sick with so many sensations and information that the interface brought, she visualized a wide schedule of connections that went far beyond what was left in the neurons of the brains of those deceased.

It was the command network that managed the alien invasion on Alorax.

To the extent that she interpreted the content of what she was seeing, Bete understood the colossal logistics involved in such mobilization.

Such planning even programmed the climate changes already in progress, which claimed the lives of entire populations.

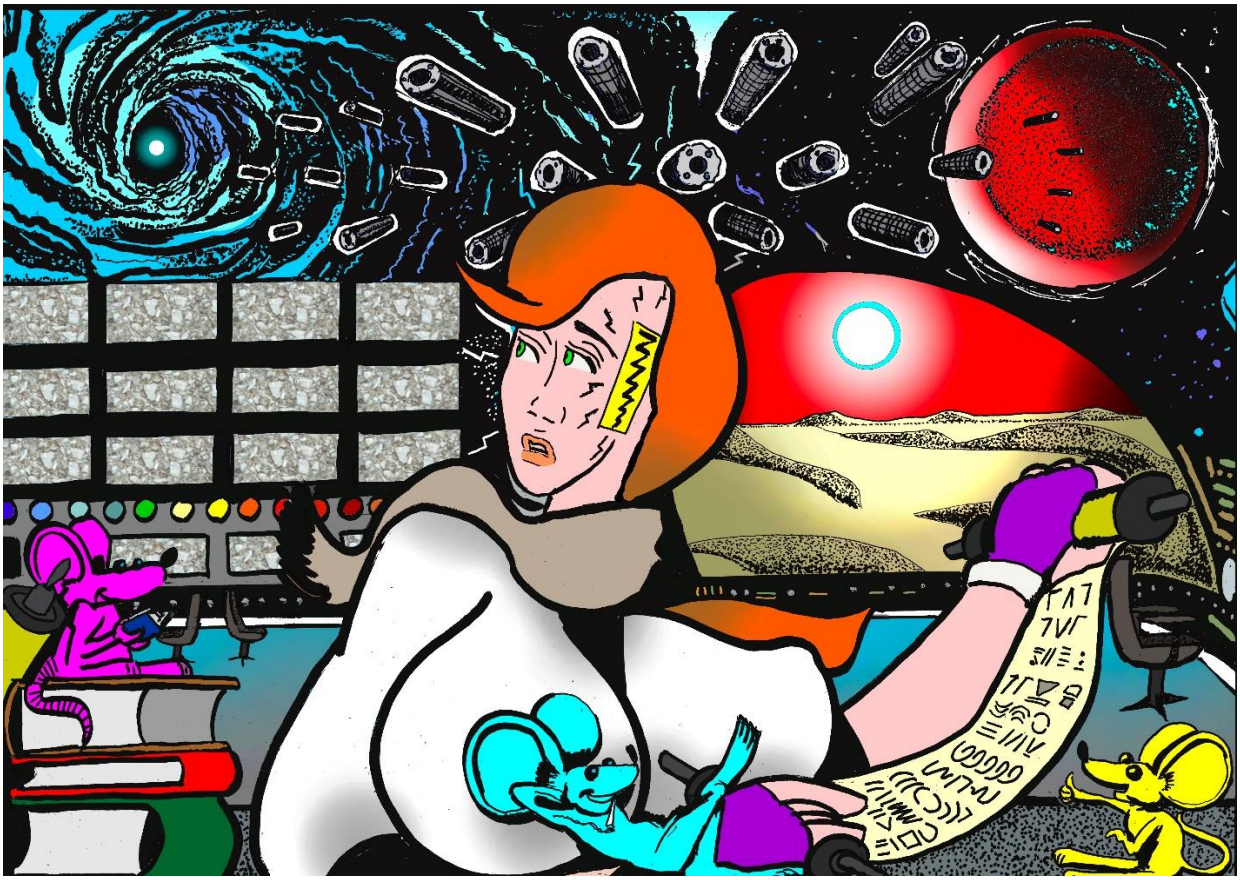
Elizabeth Bondmader analyzed the data trying to understand what would justify such a disgrace....

Why all that bloody work?

And after studying so much, she finally understood.

The motivation for all that misfortune was an element she called the "Cursed Spice of other universe".

***



In addition to this nickname given by Beth, in her universe of origin, the substance changed its name several times over a period that on Earth would be equivalent to millions of years, however, its importance never diminished, having in fact decided the fate of democracies and empires.

Such prominence was not without reason, because this element in any of its various states, in addition to being rare, was capable of expanding the perceptions of those who used it.

Among the multitude of universes, in which its influence was most decisive, only one planet had been able to obtain it naturally.

This world, in fact, for a long time was the control center of an entire empire more than millennial, which survived so long just by regulating the use and transit of the cursed spice in its domains.

But at a certain point, such vigilance lost its power when the secrets of the genetic code of creatures capable of processing the essential substances necessary for the production of the important spice were unveiled.

The transit of spaceships capable of crossing astronomical distances was no longer controlled by this Empire, and the merchandise then produced clandestinely divided power even more.

Natural or non-natural passages that opened the way from that to other universes like this, clandestine creators spread their businesses even more.

Time in all places passed in such a way that commercial article gradually expanded its space of power, becoming larger than it was before under the exclusive control of the empire in its original universe.

However, it did not take long for someone to emerge who would do everything to totally control, wherever it was, the transit of this product and its derivatives.

***

It also didn't take long for Elizabeth Bondmader to get used to that tattoo, and its information.

The problem she had to worry about was the ever-increasing snoring coming out of her thin and sexy belt... Hunger.

Elizabeth Bondmader rummaged through all the compartments of the ship until she found what looked like a mess hall...

Or maybe... A laboratory...

The fact is that there was a refrigerator there.

Unceremoniously, Beth opened it and found inside plasticized molds where what at first glance seemed to be white acorns about the size of apples were stored.

Interesting.

It looked better than scorpion meat, or vulture...

She brought the tray close to his nostrils to check the smell.

Nothing bad. It seemed to be something twelve...

And Elizabeth Bondmader liked sweet candies.

She took a better look and had no doubts: it could only be some kind of marshmallow.

Most likely it would be what fed those guys.

She took one of the acorns with her fingertips, brought it close to her mouth and touched it with the tongue... In fact, it was really sweet.

Without much ceremony, Elizabeth ran her tongue on the "marshmallow".

Very tasty indeed!!



Without wasting time, she swallowed two of those treats.

She sat in the armchair holding the pan full of acorns, while ate each one.

Soon it filled her belly to the point of letting her a little groggy.

Despite being sweet, her stomach began to burn, along with her lungs.

Beth's eyes then watered and she now needed to rest.

She stretched herself even more in the armchair and soon, involuntary saving burps gave her internal space to continue with a calmer digestion.

Her eyes were heavy and she couldn't resist the "SIESTA", the (famous post-meal nap).



***

Later, the darkness faded, awakening Elizabeth with the first rays of morning disturbing her rest.

With a slightly heavy stomach, she woke up sitting in the armchair where she had her fill of eating so many sweets before going to sleep

Because of the strange and sugary food, she slept so soundly that she vividly dreamed of a blue dancer, fighting fiercely against demons using all kinds of weapons, including a sword exactly like the one she had.

Stunned, with these visions she woke up, wiped her face and went to use the cramped bathroom of the ship.

In the small space, she could barely position herself preserving her feminine dignity to pee in the morning.

Still, after finishing the brief toilet in the best way she could, Bete even thought of breakfast, but when remembered the curious burning had felt after eating the marshmallows, she decided to spend a few hours fasting.

Bete cleaned the best way possible, because, with the sun rising, insects and other animals would soon make it difficult to survive there.

She found weapons, tools and snooped at the controls of the panels and computers inside the spacecraft.

Rummaging back and forth, even with the help of her telekinetic powers, Elizabeth cleaned the batteries that powered the main systems, and then fired the main thrusters with a bang, which then set the dragonfly in motion.

She tested some commands, turned the engines off and on again, also finding that there was enough energy to get out of there.

After managing to put the ship's internal cooling system into operation, Bete locked herself there and began to study the information at hand, even for herself to pilot the vehicle the way she could.

Bete would run away even if it was the last thing in her life: not only because of the risks of remaining with the few resources disposable, but also because she felt the time to relieve her intestinal tubes, which foreshadowed the need for a brief period of relaxation, in a suitable bathroom, something that that ship did not have.

***

Thus, without alternatives, and no certification for flight, she would risk her own luck, because there was no one there with a pilot's license available to save her from the problem.

In this way, once again, Bete started the ship's engines whose operation she guaranteed after cleaning the clogged accesses and exhausts.

Then the flight tests began.

On the very first attempt, little by little, inch by inch, the ship rose from the scorching sands

Elizabeth tested a few more basic movements and even risked daring maneuvers without problems.

With the ship now operating under her control, Elizabeth raised higher elevations, starting to fly over the entire extensive region where her house was located. There, she saw no one.

She then lifted the ship to greater heights, even seeing, above the reddish sky, the deep starry space.

From there, she could only see in the soil of the planet, almost completely covered by sand, the region where lived most of her life.

Her stomach churned, not only with anger, but also with the harbinger that the time to relieve herself with dignity in a decent bathroom was inevitably closer..

It was obvious that a significant part of the fertile surface of ALORAX had now turned into an immense sandy beach under the areas covered by extensive electrified black clouds, making it useless to search for anything there.

She decided to escape once and for all, from the outermost atmospheric layers of ALORAX, entering the space vacuum where had a new and unexpected surprise.

***

The starry firmament, naturally beautiful, now, in Elizabeth Bondmader's view, brought new information that, to human eyes, would be invisible.

Each astronomical element that she saw was accompanied by data such as distance, trajectory, size, velocity that did not present themselves with any of the various characters best known by the peoples of the galaxy, but in a similar way to some kind of numerical "sensation" that only she understood.

She saw, without even her understanding how, with the naked eye, with a simple glimpse, astronomical objects and others still imperceptible to even the best telescopes.



The space, normally dark to human eyes, appeared to her full of information, drawings and graphs as in an immense map capable of orienting her to any place inside or outside her universe.

Where would such extraordinary perceptions of space navigation have come from?

Of course, other Aloraxians have traveled off-planet, but no one had reported such sightings.

At that moment, Bete's belly growled, reminding her of the marshmallow...

The marshmallow...

That's when she had the illuminating snap that put the pieces of the puzzle together.

The marshmallow that Bete's ostrich stomach bravely digested was not something that could be eaten by normal people.

Its main purpose was to attract the colossal worms that lived in the Aloraxian sand deserts as a kind of bait that, once ingested, would quickly transform the entire metabolism of those monstrous beasts, making them excrete and transpire the fearsome drug, which would later be obtained for commercialization.

Not only the Aloroxian fauna was radically altered for the insertion of this world in the economy of the cursed spice, but also the flora, artificially decimated by the imperialist invader, aiming to expand the desert area where the population of altered worms would be increased.

Elizabeth Bondmader did not escape these changes by eating the marshmallow.

Her preparation, consecrated here, however, made such changes only improve it even more, adding to its notorious predicates the natural property in space-time-dimensional navigation.

Such an understanding of the events that surrounded her, Elizabeth, obtained not only by eating the Marshmallow, but also by her neural connection used, through the adhesive tattoo, with the dead who previously manned the ship she was now piloting, which also allowed her to access other information networks controlled by the invaders whose fleet of spaceships was in her way!

***



After a very quick dazzle with the newest newfound personal talent, Bete turned her attention to the instruments in the cabin, verifying that the traffic of invading ships there was intense.

Especially around that colossus majestically visible even from the Allorax soil: the notched surface space cylinder, from where and, where thousands of bright white dots converged, certainly much smaller spacecraft.

On an even more distant plane, many cylinders slightly smaller than those also caused frenetic movement of vehicles around them.

By her side, Elizabeth Bondmader was alone, almost unarmed, with a stomach discomfort warning that she would soon have to relieve her intestinal tubes, just wanting to find a safe place, where she could relax in peace and put her ideas in order.

***

Curiously, it was the aridity of its deserts that turned Allorax into the main target of the colossal and unexpected invasion.

Without enough weaponry to impose any reaction, it didn't take long for the surface of the rich planet to be quickly devastated, leaving much of that world depopulated and even more desertified than it already was.

Other planets also belonging to the same star system, unable to react to the unexpected aggression, only watched the influx of desperate population masses not only to their domains, but also to other places even more distant.

The way she now perceived the outer space around her, Beth could very well escape from that situation, fleeing to another place where things were quiet.

And in fact, Bete even intended to lead the ship she was piloting, out of such a situation in which had no control, advancing stealthily to not be intercepted.

She took precautions by disabling some of the devices that monitored the ship, such as trackers and the internal cameras that eventually showed her situation inside, so imagined that would not have her images exposed unnecessarily.

Then Bete used her new talents to try the best route that escaped without running into problems or attracting attention.

***



Her joy, however, did not last long...

Even though she supposedly did everything right and checked the smallest details...

What would Bete have forgotten this time?

Soon she read a warning, accompanied by a thunderous beep, which relieved her, indicating that such an occurrence was not her fault, but...

-RECOVERED SHIP by CYBERNETIC EMERGENCY SYSTEM.

Elizabeth understood the situation.

The route she had tried was outside those normally taken, due to the type of ship Bete was piloting, but a space traffic tower, which monitored the situation there, took control of the vehicle, through an emergency security system, understanding that, because it was on a different path, it would eventually need help.

Bete tried all the tricks she knew, including her paranormal powers, to reverse the situation, however, the ship was irreducibly heading for the not desired path, whether this one, along with hundreds of others of similar model, to one of the thousands of entrances accessing the imposing black cylinder orbiting Alorax.

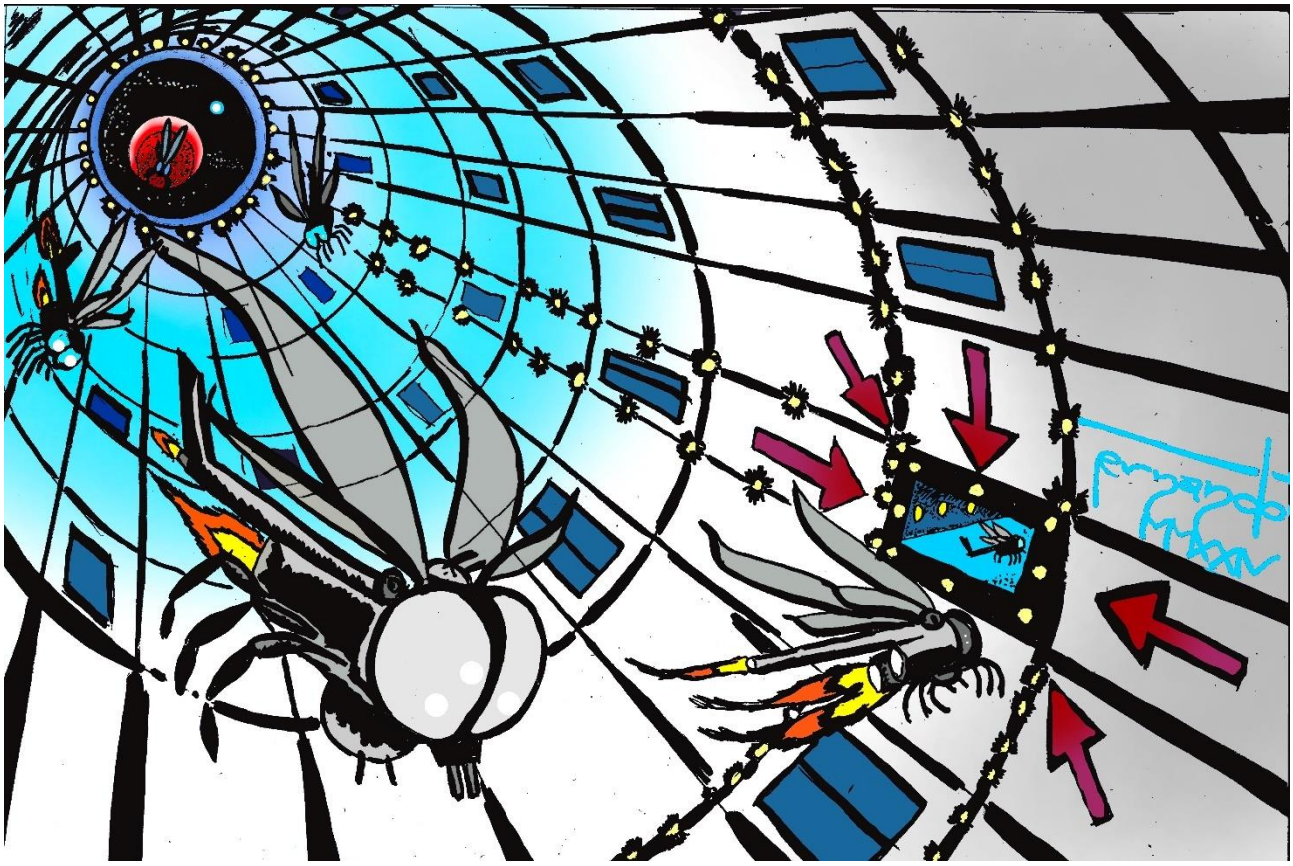
Even because of the nervousness and doubt about Bete's situation, the belly ache and the desire to go to the bathroom, were manifesting themselves in a slightly more persistent way...

But... For now, everything was under control.

Her exceptional preparation allowed to get around the situation without problems, relieving the excess of smelly gases.

Even so, she had to control the urge to laugh when she thought about whether someone else would be prepared enough to endure the bad smell she was forced to exhale at the moment.

***



With the dragonfly she was piloting already inside the giant cylinder, Bete followed a kind of corridor with other ships floating until they stopped next to a platform where several people in normal clothes circulated.

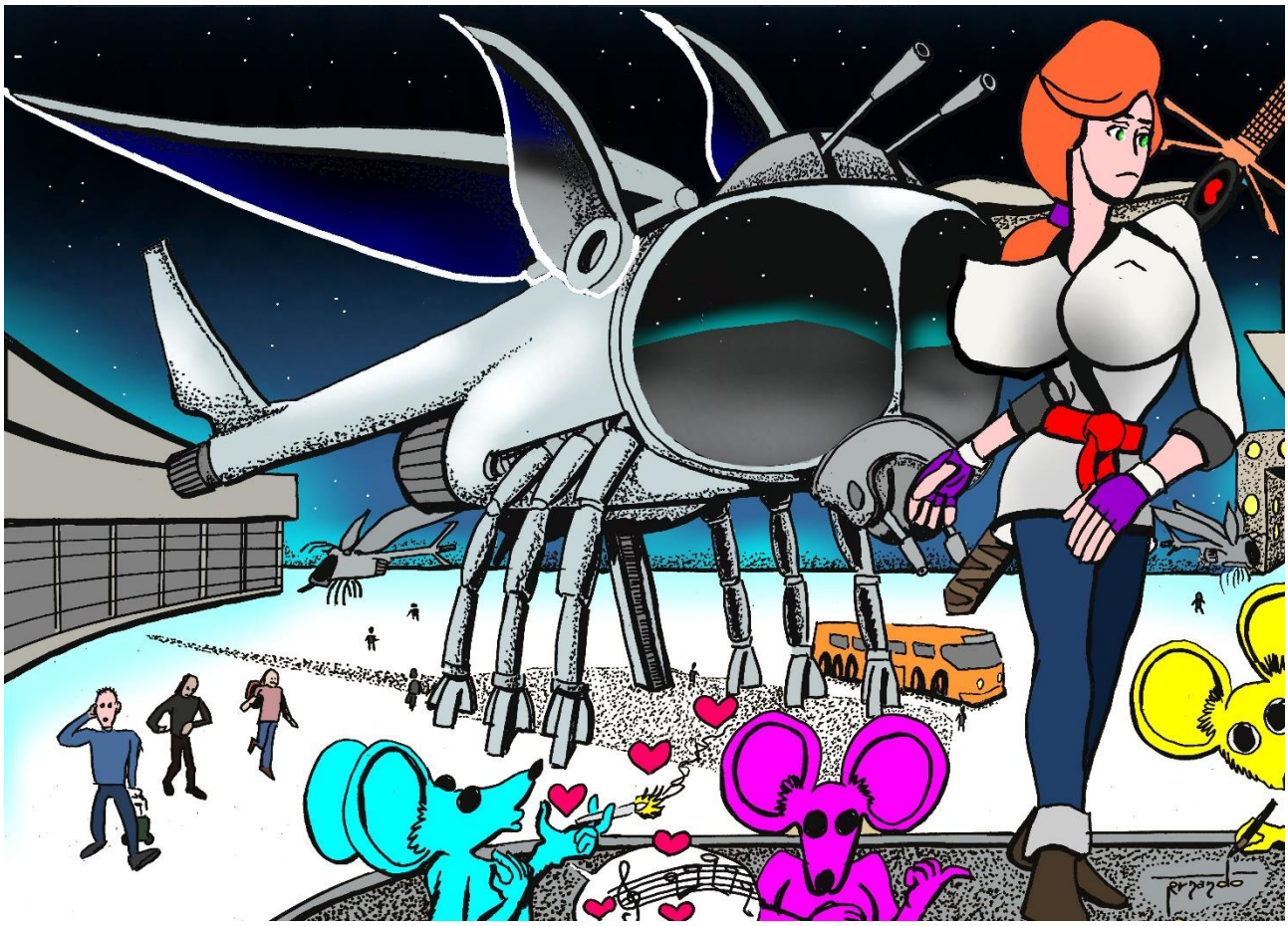
The docking process ended with a snap and, inside the cockpit, the control panels went out with the ambient lights coming on.

With the spatial darkness behind her, even that lighting now seemed uncomfortable.

Without wasting time, Elizabeth let go of the armchair unfastening the belts that held her there, heading for the exit.

The air outside was breathable, and the gravity adjusted identically to that of her planet.

She left the ship walking calmly and mingled with the crews of other vehicles that circulated on the platform, without attracting attention, since everyone there was mostly humanoid like her.

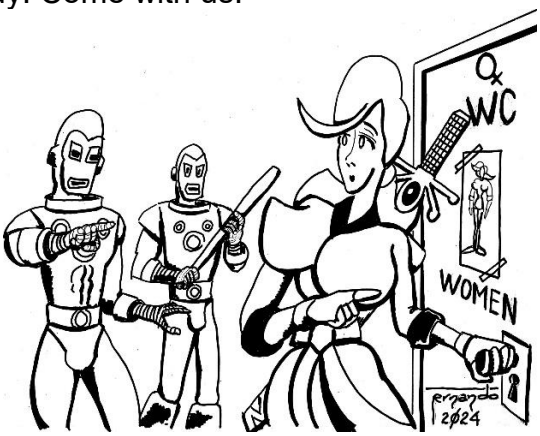


Thus, everything apparently went smoothly, with no one disturbing, so her concern was to find a bathroom where she could relieve himself.

And finally found one!

She went in the direction of the latter, but suddenly two guys came pointing in her direction:

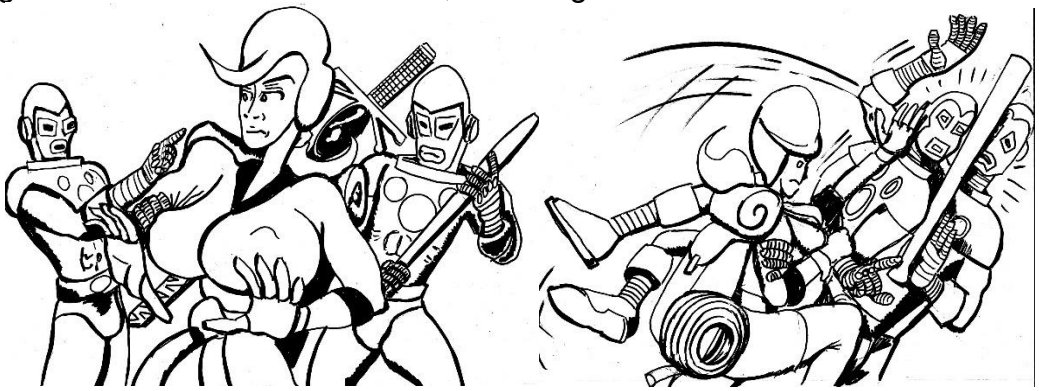
-Hey you, young lady! Come with us.



The guys were troglodytes and didn't arrive with the proper conversation that a beauty like Elizabeth demanded.

They have already come to put their hands on it.

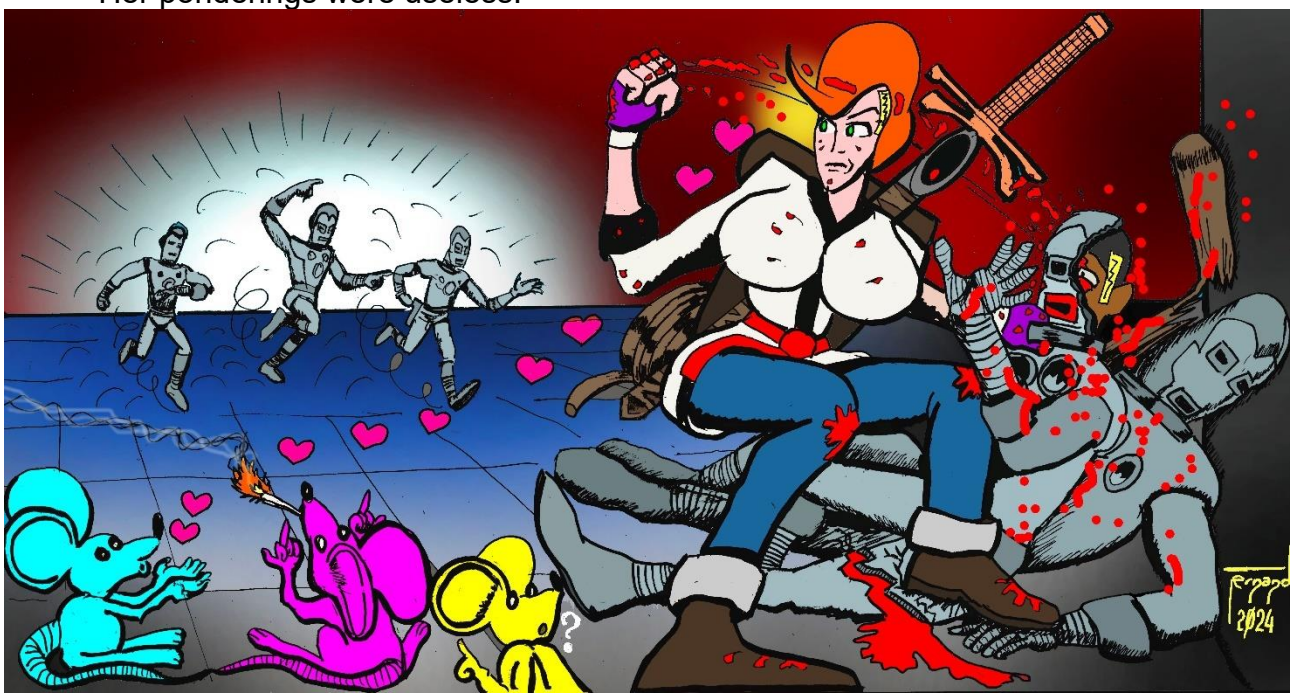
Moving quickly, she broke free from the grip and threw one aggressor against the other, causing both to crash their own heads, knocking them unconscious.



When she breathed a sigh of relief, three others arrived, screaming and trying to grab her...

-But I just want to go to the bathroom... - She said.

Her ponderings were useless.



Again, she had to get rid of it, this time, using dodges and powerful punches, in the traditional boxing style.

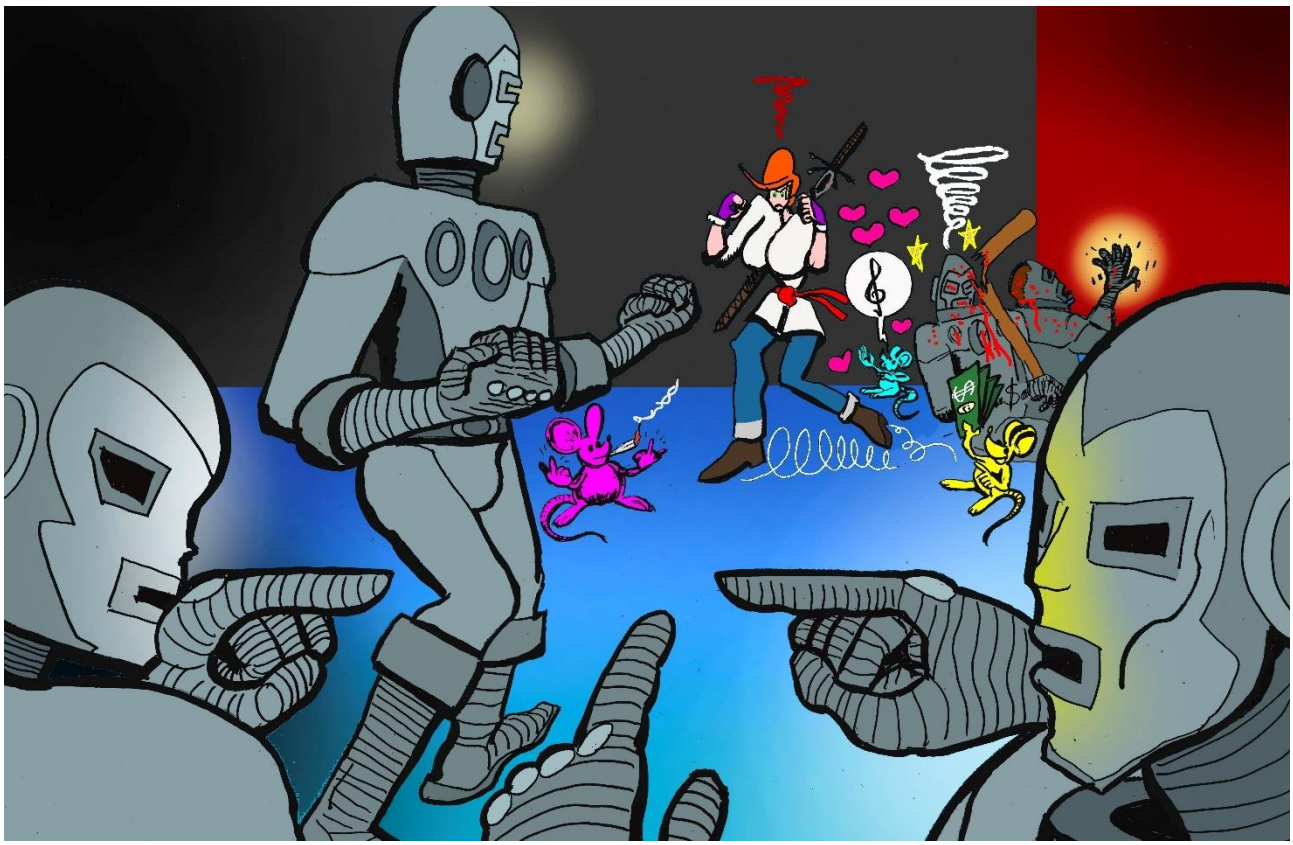
Thus, she soon knocked out the other aggressors as well.

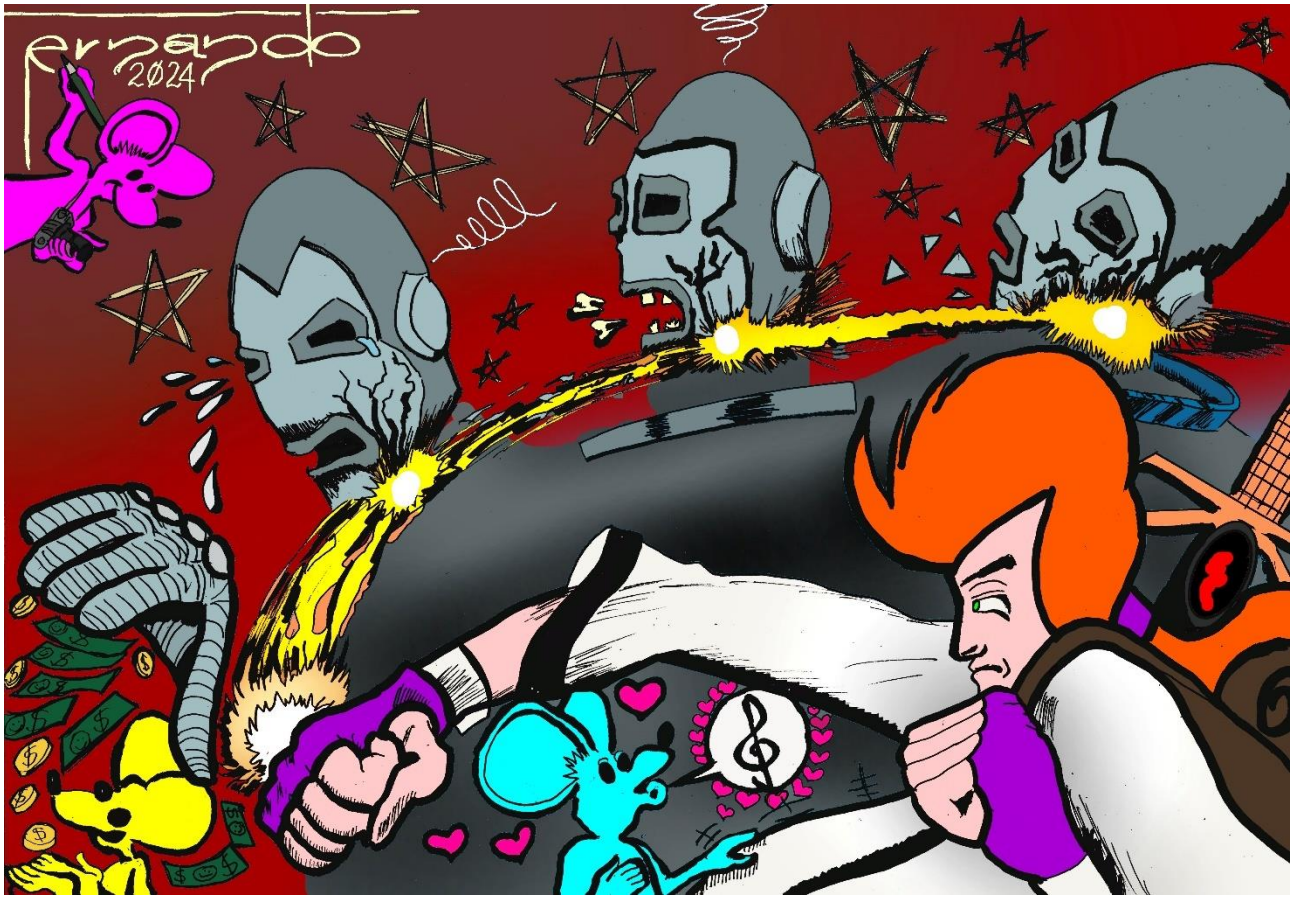
When Bete thought could breathe a sigh of relief again, a battalion of those uniform types appeared.

They must have been, all of them, security guards there.

This time, a little angrier, Bete took two pistols from the aggressors she had previously knocked out, starting a shootout against the battalion that was coming towards her.

***




fernando
2024



MMXXIV

OATAO
ANTI-GOD

In the first second of that day, OATAO visualized his own end, which would take place within the next twenty-four hours. (According to terrestrial weather standards)

But such an idea alone was impossible!

Death could not touch his implacable claws.

Not in OATAO, anti-GOD.

This was already written and recorded in the books of Fate.

But the vision with a premonitory air was very clear.

And what he saw of his future, infallible!

In the next few hours, the power accumulated by OATAO over millions of years would dissipate with the disappearance of the anti-God in all universes.

***



In times beyond human memory, the war between the angels Lucifer and Michael occurred, which broke out at the moment that OATAO, ANTI-GOD was created, from a stable divine essence that in no universe decayed or lost its stability, even at the atomic level.

Lucifer and his subordinates went to hell while the first version of OATAO was decomposed, without, however, ceasing to exist, because it had the stable divine essence, which was indestructible in its formation, but could not be reintegrated again to the original from which it was extracted because it was now impure.

And it was precisely this imperfection that allowed what was still left of the soul of OATAO to survive and develop, until it reached a form practically equal to the human, not being bound by its limitations, but endowed with talents and perceptions far superior that would almost equal it in power to the angels of the higher hierarchies...

In this way, OATAO was able to escape to Earth, where he silently improved his powers over the years.

But there, he also killed heroes who stood in his way, forged alliances with the worst possible types, built an empire that ruled from the shadows, killing millions of innocents daily for centuries until he had his first setback, when a union of mystical forces and high technology managed to expel OATAO from that universe, thus originating the era of peace and harmony under the aegis of a new democratic-popular order...

***



OATAO was expelled from the party he owned (figuratively speaking) to be thrown on an interdimensional odyssey for a period that could be equivalent to billions of years, until he managed, through an unexpected exit, to escape such a fate, to a universe where no one knew him, thus ignoring the danger he represented.

There, little by little, he gained more strength and resources than he had ever had before, not only through his unimaginable powers, but also, taking advantage of what was left of the old structures of an empire that had already dominated that entire universe before, through a powerful substance that our Beth here in these lines has already called "cursed spice", One of several names by which this drug has gained interdimensional fame.

OATAO tried the drug, and through it he increased his own strength, reaching higher levels, which later became even more surprising with the technological artifacts that would be added to him, allowing evolution in which his physical body would cease to exist, transforming into a powerful luminous form contained in silver armor in a humanoid shape, almost five meters high, with cold and red eyes.

In this way, he reached the apex of evolution far superior to anyone in the universe, dominating inferior beings of that dimensional plane, as well as other forces of divine proportions that, at some point in the future, would help him to be again what he was originally created for, that is, an ANTI GOD defying, overcoming and usurping the maximum divine authority of GOD himself.

And if now, OATAO, in that universe already exercised completely the supreme control, then, through the power of the "cursed spice" he would spread his influence to other dimensional planes, in order to also dominate supremely in these places.

It was with such intent that fleets of ships, under his orders, opened interdimensional portals to invade other universes where the addictive substance would also be produced, disseminated and used as a weapon of domination against anyone who faltered in the face of this seduction.

In this dimensional plane itself, ALLORAX and all the other worlds of its planetary system would function as a support base for the invading forces, still involuntarily under the imposition of slavery, collaborating with the industrial production of the "cursed spice".

Such planning, orchestrated and directed by OATAO, could not go wrong.

Success was guaranteed, and allied investors who financed such an endeavor not only knew, but also had absolute certainty and conviction to the point of betting EVERYTHING on that move.

***

However, the vision was clear.

The impossible was decided.

Even for the fearsome OATAO who did not worry about what for him was a final prediction.

He had already put his own existence at risk many times, against threats that for any human would be inconceivable, having previously achieved success that guaranteed him the position in which he now found himself.

No known army could threaten him, even so, just to ensure himself even more, he invoked the forces of three powerful sorceresses who would protect him, even with their own lives if necessary.

The quartet then met in the Imperial Cabinet at the flagship of the invading fleet that orbited Allorax promoting catastrophic changes against the peoples there.

-I foresee a mortal threat about to hit me. - Informed OATAO with a synthesized and powerful voice that came out of speakers attached to his shining armor.

Silently, floating twenty centimeters above the surface of the floor, the sorceresses, using their staffs, drew a square from the center of which came white mist, and in the middle

of it was formed the image of the head of a female figure with blue skin and black hair with her tongue sticking out in a horrible grimace.

Kali.

***

There was no time for further reflection because entered the office, interrupting what for many would be an authentic spiritist session, the fearsome Administrative Intendant Herald and personal Butler of Oatao:

-Your Omnipotence! - Said Moreo the Butler. - I ask you to restrict your movement to the office space because we are facing an unforeseen security problem that must be solved in the next few moments.

The head of OATAO's armor turned in the direction of the GREATER STEWARD, his servant of the most absolute confidence.

-Do not allow any fault with me Moreo.

"If I have to intervene with my power, you will all die."

The Greater Butler MOREO knew that this was not a simple threat of punishment, but a mathematical fact.

If OATAO the ANTI-GOD had to defend himself from any danger, the simple mobilization of a miserable fraction of his power would be capable, in the blinding brightness of a millionth of a second, of annihilating all life existing in that galaxy, including that of many stars, transforming everything in this space into a fearsome black hole!

****



LIGHTINING SWORD



Elizabeth Bondmader, with her pistols taken by the aggressor soldiers, now fiercely retaliated against new attacks by taking care of her shots, making each shot worth a guaranteed death on the other side.

In this fraternal spirit, Bete spared no ammunition, almost to the point of finishing with what she had.

On their side, the armed uniformed in gray clothes, realizing that the victim was not reacting docilely as expected, went on to heavier tactics.

They pulled out from the pockets of their clothes, small drones that, once shaken, began to fly alone looking for targets to destroy.

And as the number of military personnel involved in the attack was large, the attackers would soon increase to hunt for a single target.

Bete, in turn, soon realized the danger, and understood that her acrobatic talents and expetize would not be fully effective against that swarm counting dozens of armed drones, advancing quickly against her.

She would have to use a more efficient weapon against such technology.

In a matter of seconds, she discarded the pistols with their batteries already emptied, and drew out her good old sword for a new confrontation.

***

The mastery of some tricks existing in the sword she had won required study from Elizabeth. Not only fencing, but also other features hidden in the weapon.

Fortunately, her father was by his side during the tests and experiments, because, if it were not so, horrible accidents would have occurred, since the little ones were inevitable.

In this way, she learned the main tricks of the sword that only it could activate, whether these were sinister and mysterious weapons activated by choosing the correct positioning of numbers and characters on the handle.

Among these combinations was the one that produced a powerful P.E.M.

Electromagnetic Pulse...

***



Elizabeth Bondmader, with her fingertips, in a fraction of a second has already made the necessary alignment of characters and numbers on the handle of her blade, for what she wanted.

Even with the sword pointed at the ground, she pressed a button on the handle that worked as a trigger.

Then a white ring, caused by the displacement of air coming out of the blade, hit all the drones, knocking them down inert from one instant to the next.

Falling to the ground, they looked like little toys shattering.

Some exploded, as they were well armed.

Many lights in the environment also went out.

Not all.

The emergency ones were lit.

Bete smiled and looked defiantly at the soldiers surprised by her feat.

Surprised, but, as yesman as they were, would not give up so easily to obey the orders received, because they believed the prey hunted was just lucky, being also unable to perceive all the preparation that awaited them.

Dialogue in the name of peace, it was already clear that was not an option of interest to the aggressors, so, smiling, they advanced angrily against Beth, who reciprocated with blows of her sword, tearing, lacerating and killing all those who tried to touch her a little finger in an impolite way.

The military were not cowards, they liked the fight, precisely because it was good and laborious, but they were no match for the preparation of Elizabeth Bondmader, who decimated them in droves.

Security used all available weapons, but for Elizabeth, the result of the combat remained the same.

Bullets, knives. explosions and lightning could not target her, because Bete's movement were extremely fast, violent and precise.

She looked like a ghost at high speed, five seconds ahead of anything that was attempted against her.

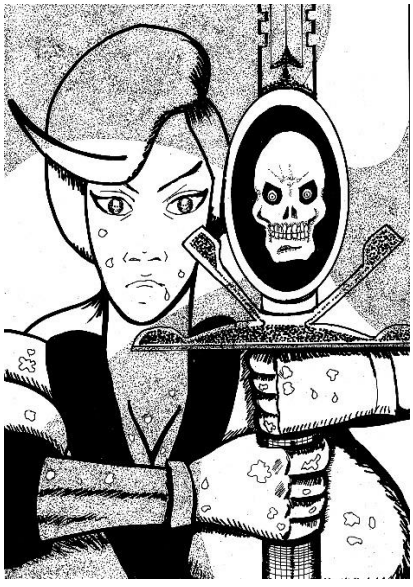
Panic then became widespread, not only among the attacking hordes, but also among the people who circulated in the midst of such a deadly battlefield.

Shots which failed to reach their target, ended up causing all kinds of damage in the surroundings, mainly through the fire and resulting smoke.

At a certain point, the battalions that insisted on the unsuccessful attacks, finally decided to retreat seeking a safe distance from the target.

It was obvious that they were not able to control Elizabeth, by normal means.

***



The information of the worsening confrontation involving the spacecraft's security forces soon reached the MAIOR BUTLER MOREO, who was unable to hide it from OATAO.

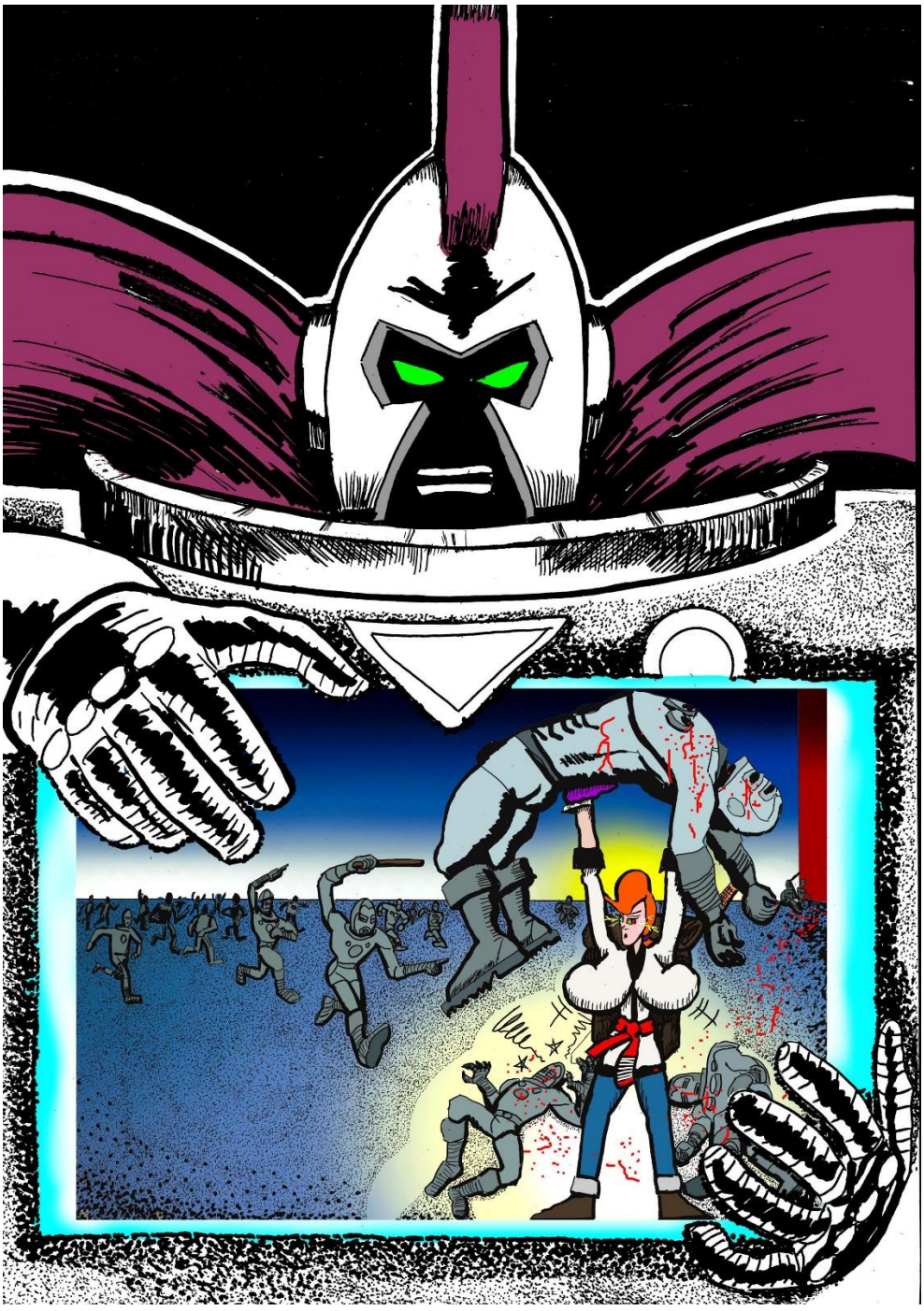
As soon as the Anti-GOD saw, on the image monitors on the walls of the office, the confrontation of his soldiers against the beautiful warrior, he could not control his impulses and decided to participate personally in that clash.

-I ask you to reconsider, Your Omnipotence. This work does not deserve your attention.

The Mayor Butler was solemnly ignored while the Anti-God rose from the throne where he was siting.

Under MOREO's protests, OATAO left the office with heavy and loud steps that sounded more like hammer bangs, making his way through his troops until he came across the fearsome warrior.

***



Bete then found herself, in front of a giant in silver armor in the typical Japanese design style, surrounded by three women in black clothes who floated about a foot above the ground...

She didn't want a fight, just to run to the nearest bathroom and empty the intestinal tubes that were already starting to send loud and gaseous warning signals about the overload to be relieved.

But she didn't have time.

The women dressed in black, one different from the other, opened their mouths and began to sing a something that initially sounded like out-of-tune music with a chorus of shrill old voices.

It was not necessary for that melody to go on much longer, for Elizabeth soon understand what was happening.

The three out-of-tone singers were actually fearsome sorceresses who used their voices to bewilder, hypnotize and enslave the poor unsuspecting victims with their song.

From the brief perception she had of the horrifying sound, Beth also understood that she was facing extremely powerful figures who, certainly, in addition to this, would have other even more dangerous tricks to threaten her. And this perception was correct.

The singing irritated even more, without producing in Elizabeth Bondmader the desired effect, which would be to obey the subliminal orders subtly hidden in those noises.

On the contrary, our protagonist resisted.

The pain caused in his ear by the melody ended up making Bete bend his knees falling to the ground.

She fell near a soldier who was still with a gun in hand.

With extreme effort, Elizabeth picked up that gun and yet another nearby.



In that brief instant, the sorceresses realized that their vocal powers there would not produce the expected result, and worse, that they no longer had time for the next move....

Then they changed shape, transforming themselves into ferocious animals.

The first turned into a gigantic pink vulture, the other a grotesque red bear, and the third an aggressive green pig with a red tuft with bloody pointed yellow teeth.

Just the sight of the transformation of witches into menacing beasts would make any brave person smear the pants

Elizabeth Bondmader did not want to pass this shame and with perfect shots she hit the middle of the forehead of each of the fearsome beasts, causing them to fall dead, reaching the ground, back to their initial forms of rogue witches.



Then, Bete, once again saw the batteries of the pistols empty...

Without wasting time, she discarded those weapons, sheathing her sword, which Bete would use if she had to fight again.

Something she didn't even want at all, since the urge to go to the bathroom, after so much movement, was now impossible to ignore.

***

It is never easy to surprise any creature over 1000 years old, who has deity status in his home universe.

That said, it is implied that types like OATAO are not impressed by any colorful, bouncy, noisy novelty that suddenly interrupts their routine.

The case of Elizabeth Bondmader, for example, was different.

Not only because of her fabulous physical attributes, which would easily make her stand out among the most beautiful, in the best beauty contests, or because of the way she fought, without wasting time or opportunities.

In less than half a minute, that exceptional warrior had faced and defeated the three protectors of the ANTI-GOD.

No known army, no matter how well-armed, would be able to overcome the powerful sorceresses, but this exceptional red-haired warrior was...

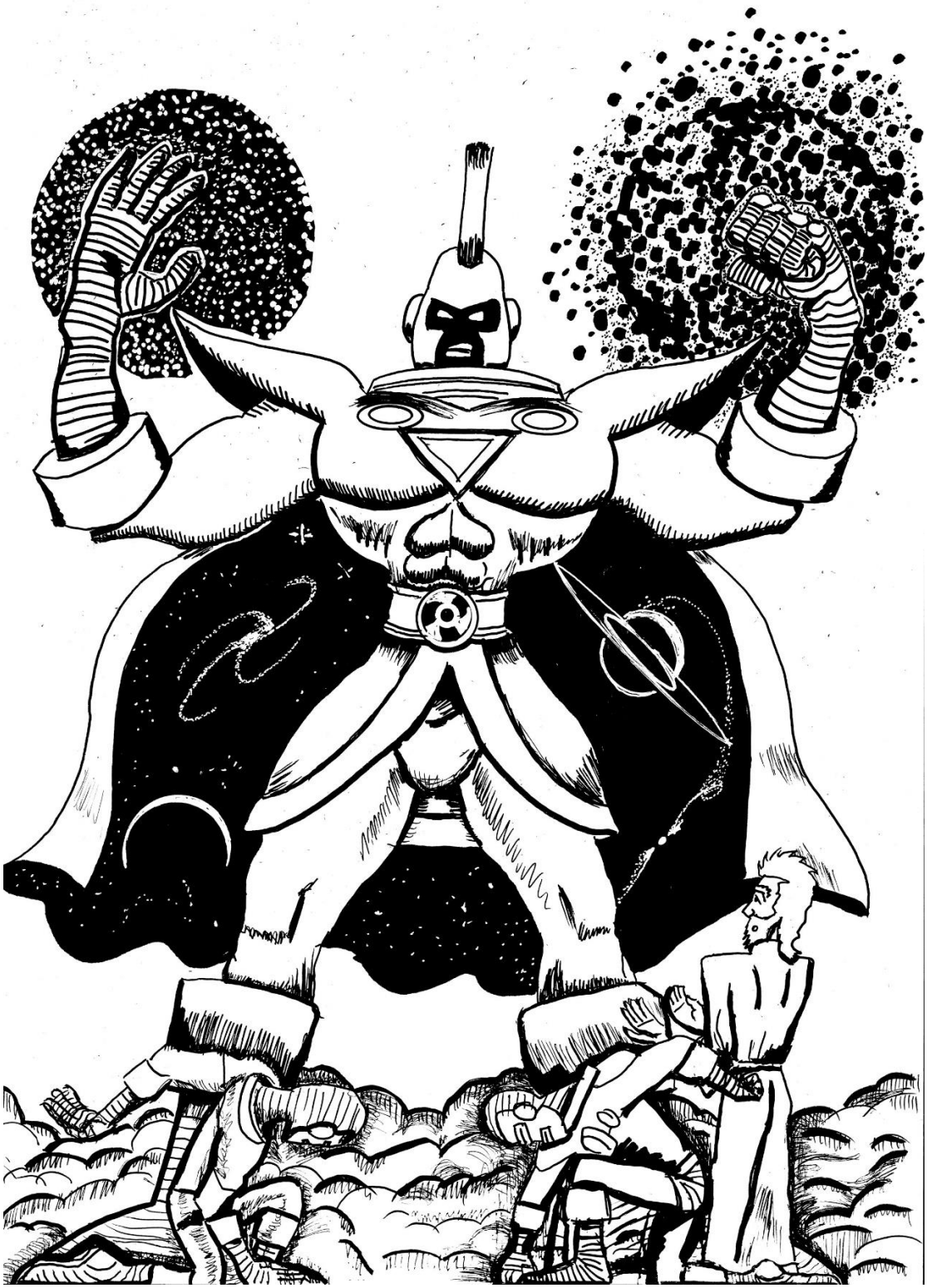
With his three protectors dead, OATAO now wanted Beth to use her own abilities to his advantage, even in command of the personal escort that served him.

To do so, he would have to train such indomitable fury; clarifying who actually gave the orders there.

So he decided that he would overshadow the vision of that young woman, showing her what the essence of a real anti-God was like.

On his side, realizing what was about to happen, MAIOR BUTLER MOREO, asked:

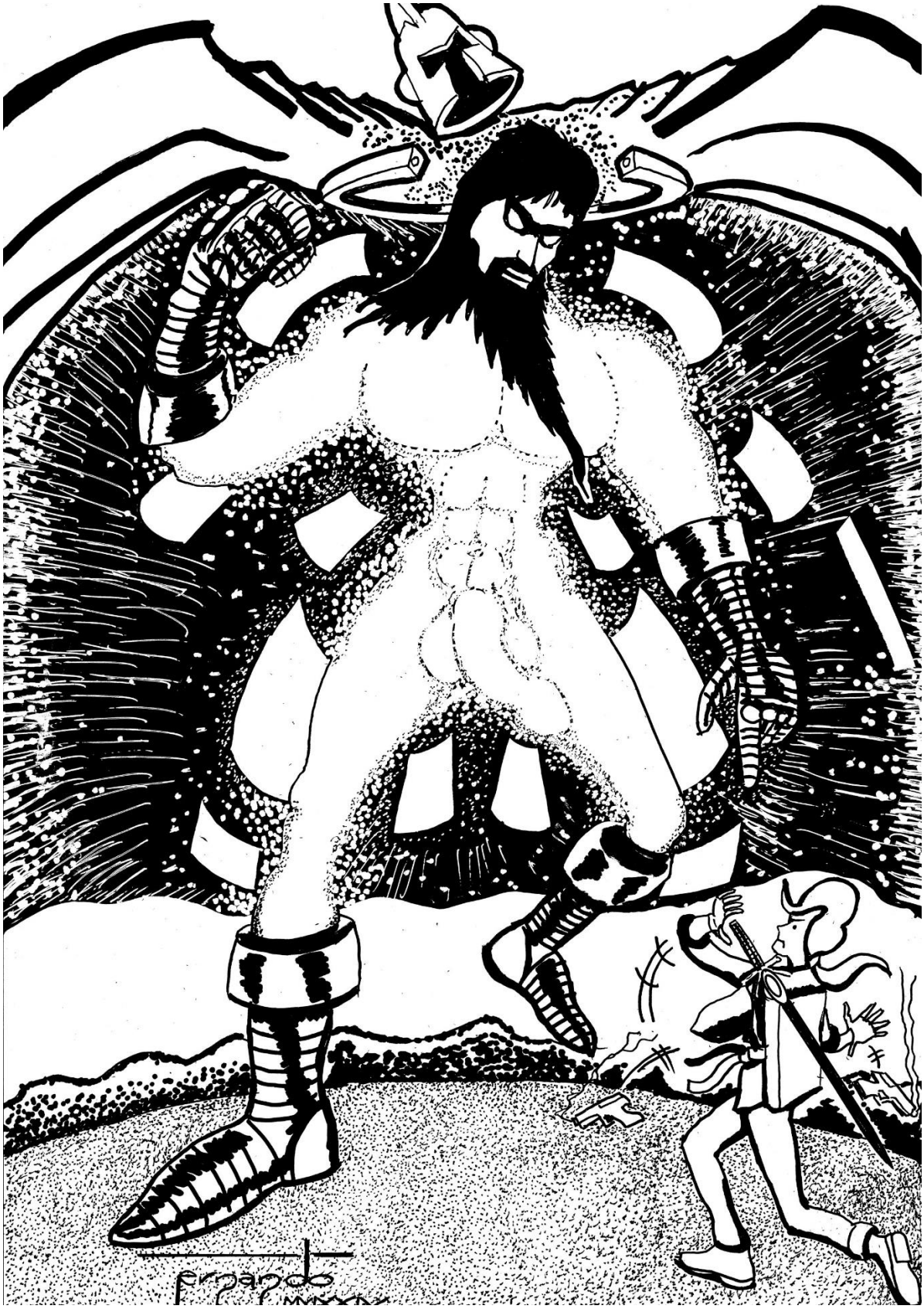
-Please, Your Omnipotence. Reconsider before it's irreversibly late!



But there was no more time.

OATAO's armor began to open, revealing through the still half-closed cracks that inside there was an enormous power ready to be used, hence it would certainly follow, the consequent arrival of the abrupt end.

***



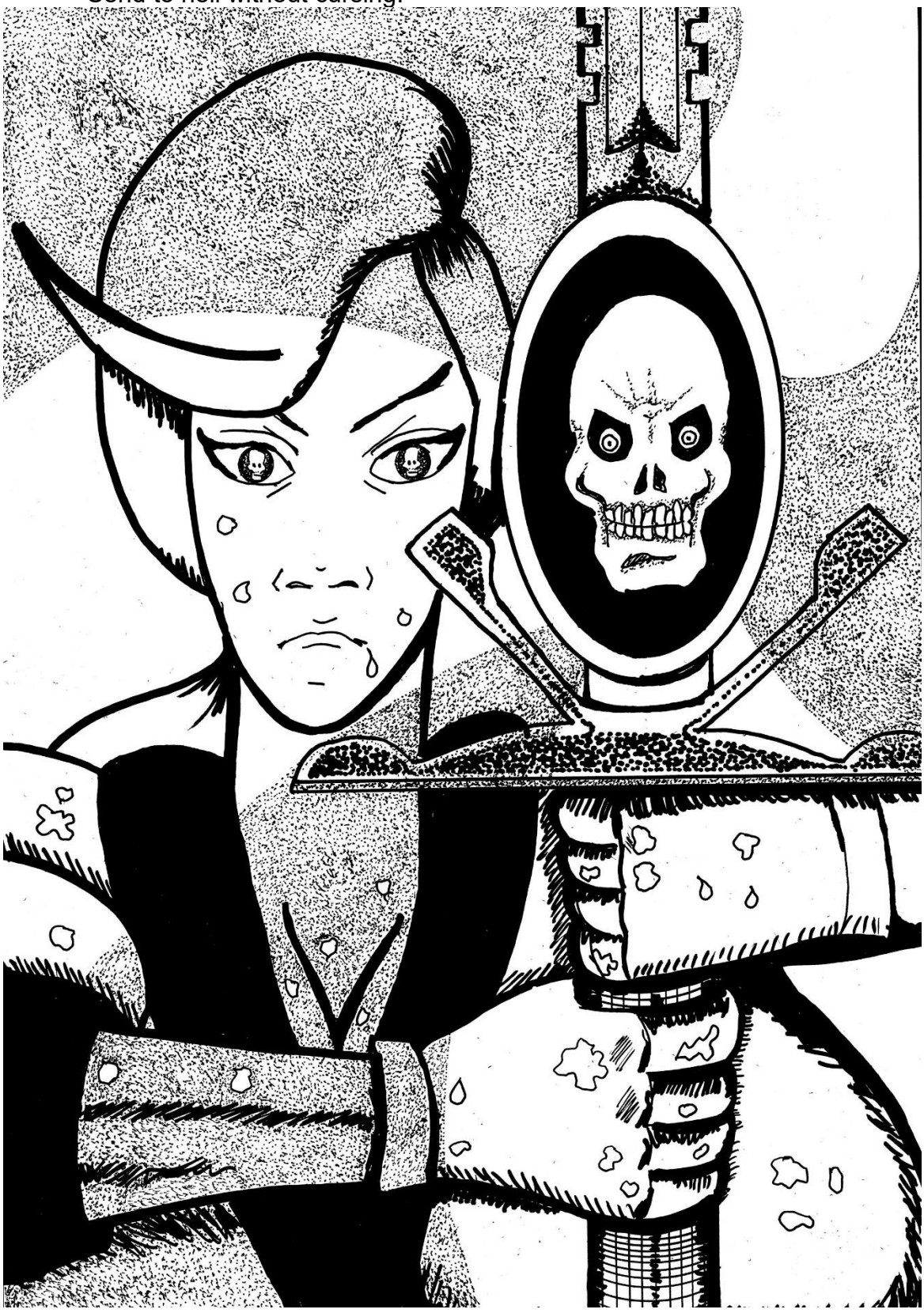
For Elizabeth Bondmader, it was clear that the time had not yet come when she could settle down.

The giant charged towards her with his armor opening and emitting blinding light already through the cracks.

Practically exhausted from so much fighting, Beth really needed to rest.

But at that special moment, she looked at her sword that among the many buttons on the rings of the handle, now a new one had appeared in witch she would read:

"Send to hell without cursing."



That command had never been there before, so Bete herself had no idea of its purpose, so, in a last and desperate action, she activated it, risking her luck without imagining what would come next.

From then on everything followed quickly with eight geometric, shiny shapes, coming out of the eye next to the guard of the sword and, in mid-air, lining up to form a golden octagon.

Then, right in the middle of that polygon, a bright blue smoke appears, which expands and completely envelops OATAO in the blink of an eye!

The bluish cloud made the light that came out of the bright crack of the armor opaque until the next instant it completely extinguished it.

Then, OATAO's armor collapsed and shattered in one piece without Elizabeth herself being able to fully understand why.

Stunned, she then approached what was left of the fearsome Anti-God and found in the middle of the junkyard that had once been the protective armor of OATAO, the latter's human body, which had reverted from its divine condition to that of a demi-god.

In front of that guy lying at her feet, Bete heard astonished voices crying:

-We're going to have a blast!

-She killed the anti-God!

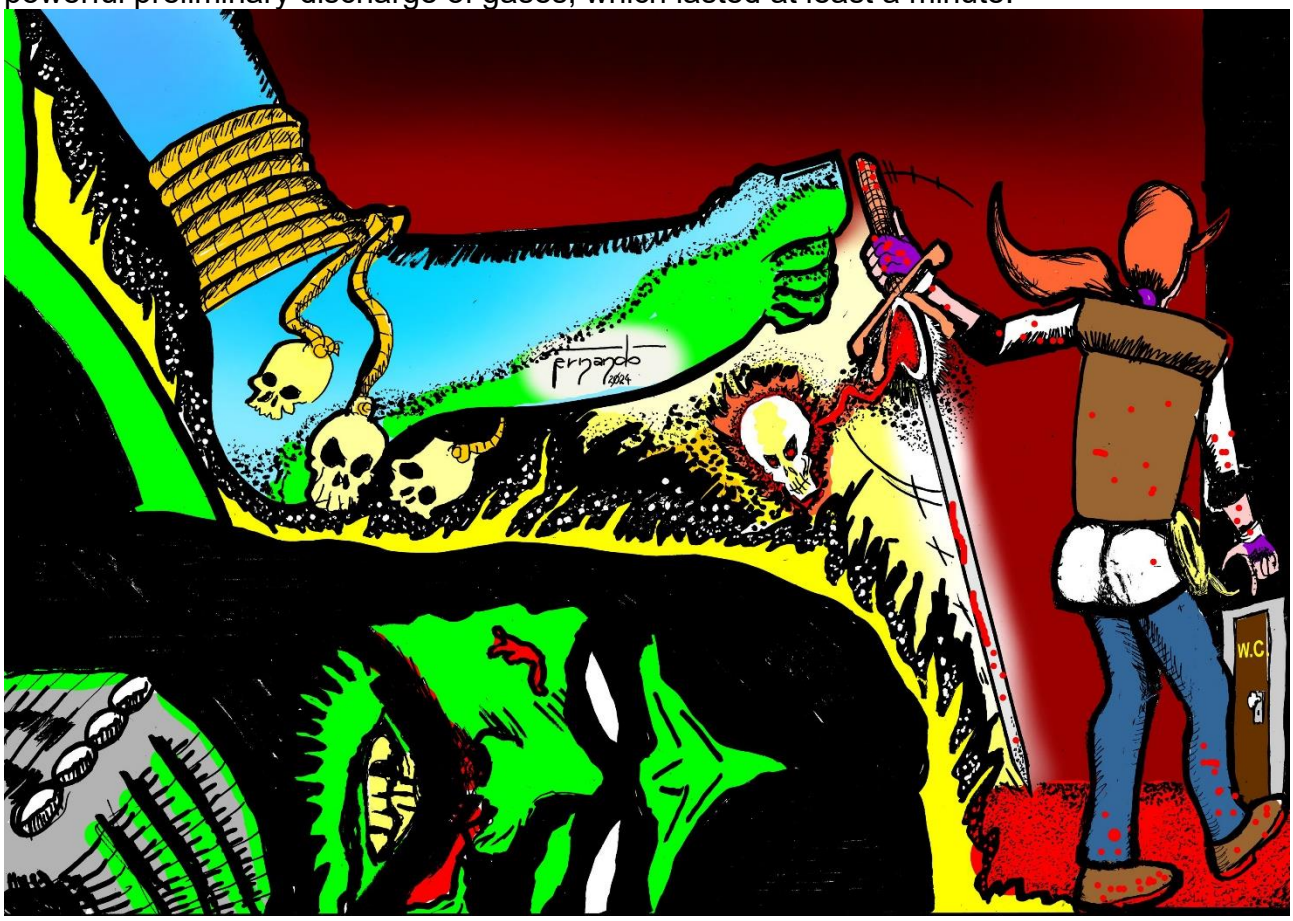
In panic, everyone left leaving Bete stunned in a chaotic scenario, which she herself helped to deconstruct.

After the initial rush, when she was not left alone, then silence reigned, only broken by the crackling of the flames of the surrounding fires.

Elizabeth Bondmader finally glimpsed what she longed for:

The bathroom.

In a last and painful effort, she then ran locking herself inside it, sat on the toilet, miraculously clean, finally giving the long-awaited relief in the intestinal tubes, including a powerful preliminary discharge of gases, which lasted at least a minute.



***

Elizabeth Bondmader did not understand what exactly brought about the victorious exit that had saved her life, but OATAO did.

The vision of the anti-God, much more accurate than that of a person with the highest preparation of Beth, was able to perceive in detail what appeared to be the confusing moments of her defeat.

The brilliant geometric shapes that came out of the sword forming the octagon, opened a trans-dimensional passage from which KALI came out, who, with her countless zillions of arms and unpronounceable spells, surprised, blocking the luminous form of OATAO inside his armor, where she beat him violently and miserably, thus avoiding any damage, or threat to Beth's eyes.

The speed of the Goddess of Destruction was so great that her movements, to the eyes of an unsuspecting person, would appear to be only bright bluish smoke.

And so, in a few seconds came the end of the divinity of OATAO who returned to his humanoid shape defeated and so tired that he was unable to move.

Contrary to the screams that ran through the audiences that moved away from that battlefield, OATAO was still alive, but, still stunned, he was no longer at the apex of his unimaginable powers.

Elizabeth also escaped from there to the bathroom where she made a tremendous noise as relieved herself, a sound that prevented her from hearing Kali's tenebrous dance in front of the fallen OATAO man.

That celebration was also very noisy, but our Beth, busier at the moment also producing her sound, could not hear anything that came from outside her bathroom.

Kali, in turn, gave sermons to the weary OATAO

-You will not try to dominate other universes anytime soon, FALSE GOD. - She screamed amid horrible grimaces as she danced. - "Now you will learn not to mess with what is not yours."

One by one, all of Kali's hands joined together clapping and her supplementary arms disappeared, making the Goddess have a more humanized figure.

Then, Kali and OATAO then disappeared, leaving no trace of their presence in that universe, while Bete continued her locked noise ignoring the clash far beyond human comprehension.

***

OATAO woke up less tired, and because he was like this, he understood that he had AGAIN certainly made a long journey from one universe to another.

And this one where it was now, seemed very uncomfortable, in fact hotter even than the surface of a star like the Sun.

He opened his eyes and came across other humanoids, these naked, with red skin, pointed tails, horns, nails, teeth and yellowish eyes.

One of them went to torment him with a trident.

OATAO defended himself, taking the weapon from the hands of that grotesque figure then used it to pierce the very unfortunate kind who tried to attack him.

-Where am I? - Shouted OATAO in a thunderous voice.

-You're in HELL, idiot! - Came the answer from another demon who also tried to attack OATAO.

This one, too, had a similar fate to the first.

Neither of them died with the attacks of the anti-GOD, after all, being all in HELL, there was no reason to fear for their own lives, since there the only relief would be death.

Because he was surprised, OATAO was beaten by KALI, but there, recovered from

the attack suffered, those demons no longer offered him any threat.

Even to appease his own anger, he beat all the unfortunates who were around him shouting angrily:

-Take me to your leader. The new boss has arrived.

Then OATAO laughed loudly.

Right there in hell he would resume his climb towards power and the succession parades.

This time nothing would get in his way.

He would have more patience because he knew that only then, it would not take long to come the moment when he would settle the score with Kali and also with that Elizabeth Bondmader who seemed very nice and would certainly be useful to him, once she was properly indoctrinated.

***



Being the kind of woman who spends more than TWO EARTH hours in the bathroom doing the BASIC toilet, when Elizabeth finally finished relieving herself, she found the colossal spacecraft completely empty.

Apart from her, there was no sign of life there.

Panic had set in after Elizabeth killed the type of armor that someone called God, which led to a complete evacuation, leaving only her, and the dead.

The emptiness and ghastly silence made the environment once full of luxury, a place now shattered as in war scenarios.

To find his way through so much confusion, she would have to go to the command center of this colossal spacecraft to decide what to do from then on.

****

Without much delay Bete found and arrived at the command center, where she assessed the situation.

Even in the midst of so much mess, and with the ship completely abandoned by the panic of its crew, a lot still worked.

Meanwhile, the unbridled flight caused by the power vacuum left by the disappearance of OATAO led other ships that were part of the colossal invading fleet to flee, returning through the space rift through which they came, pulverizing the colonization project on Alorax, in this or other universes.

Even having saved countless lives, Elizabeth Bondmader would not receive any thanks, since that would be just one of her heroic actions that would remain anonymous...

***



ENCOUNTER WITH VOCATION

Again, Elizabeth Bondmader devoted herself entirely to the study of computers, instruments, and manuals around her, to get a better understanding of how everything worked there.

She was inside a colossal and very powerful spaceship that, out of sheer panic, was dropped into her hands.

Now, she had to take advantage of the occasion. But... What to do?

After what she had seen, Bete had no hope of finding family or friends alive, so I was necessary to change scenery... But where to go?

The options were endless, after all, that spacecraft had enough energy to quickly make even journeys out of the Milky Way.

However, there was no food for long.

Most of the reserves were taken in the escape of the former crew members.

And even in the planetary system, of which ALLORAX was a part, the world in which Bete had been born, due to the frustrated attempt at invasion, even the local economy was affected in such a way that it would no longer be simpler to even find a good place to eat decently...

So... Where to go?

Elizabeth remembered a piece of news that had recently reached her, about a initiative, recently created, gathering around her, governments commanded by humans, Andorians, Telarites, and Vulcans, self-called as.

FEDERATION OF UNITED PLANETS.

For all she knew, the principles on which this new entity rested seemed honest and, if properly guaranteed, would sustain universal peace for a long time.

It was something full of lofty ideals, involving respect and unity that, in order to survive against the evil forces of the old universal order, had to get help and support, otherwise it would suffer stagnation, until its end.

Elizabeth also remembered that the Headquarters of this new Federation was in a city with great restaurants, so managing to get there, in the future, she wouldn't have to eat crap.

All she had to do was getting to the Solar System and search for Earth.

***



A FLIRTERER NAMED SONNY BLUE

Elizabeth Bondmader's extraordinary talents, aided by the interface that now connected her to the computer system, helped little by little to acquire total control over the colossal spacecraft, and even to correctly program a course to the Solar System.

Such movement had its risks and uncertainties, so Bete's concentration must have been unwavering and so she led gradually increasing speed until reached the limits of that planetary system, and from then on, dived into hyperspace, where the laws of physics could be circumvented.

Thus, for hours the attentive and inexperienced commander showed no signs of attentive fatigue at all, until she noticed in her path the presence of a ship being attacked by four others.

The one that was defenseless, was left only to flee, but its engines gave off smoke.

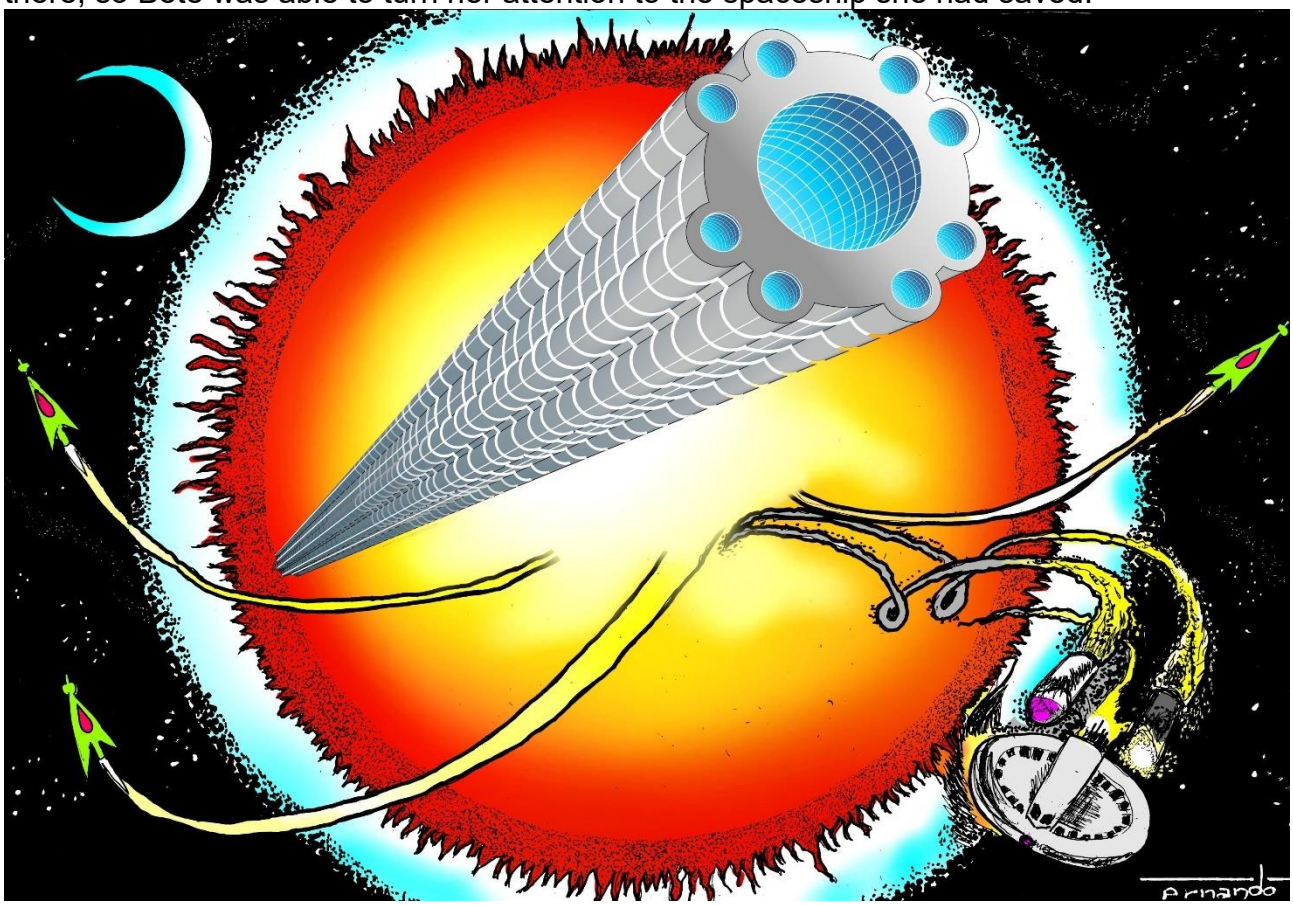
Elizabeth decided to investigate "on the spot" and, in a few seconds, the spaceship she was mentally commanding arrived where the robbery was taking place.

As soon as it materialized in the vicinity, became a target of the attackers itself.

Without any ceremony, or warning, even though the ship that Bete commanded was gigantic, it was shot several times, which did nothing in its powerful hull: they did not scratch the paints, nor did they crack the transparent windows.

Such an attack would be equivalent to the itch that any rat would make, biting a dinosaur!

Realizing that the aggression was ineffective, the four aggressors disappeared from there, so Bete was able to turn her attention to the spaceship she had saved.



Even though she was not an expert on the subject, she found that it belonged to Starfleet, a strong arm of the Federation of United Planets!

Luck? Chance? Or destiny?

***

Bete soon realized that the problems were not yet fully resolved.

She herself did not directly was at risks, but those she had saved were.

Before Bete arrived to help the victims of the armed aggression, one of the official crew members of the assaulted spacecraft, Lieutenant Commander Sonny Blue, by force of circumstances had to take the place of his Captain, killed during that same attack.

As much as he could, Commander Sonny resisted the atackers, but the moment he understood that there was no longer any hope of life, even knowing that the criminals in that sector did not take prisoners, in agreement with the crew he decided to activate the self-destruct command of the spacecraft now under his command.

No one there would surrender alive.

In this way, the Commander turned on the countdown that would start the process of self-destruction, in which the matter, and the antimatter of the reactors connected to the engines, would be put into contact, violently annihilating the entire surroundings, and even the aggressors, given the power of the resulting explosion.

Telepathically, perceiving such imminent misfortune, Bete activated the communication system, establishing sound contact with Sonny Blue, since the image channels were no longer operational:

-Lieutenant Sonny Blue. My name is Elizabeth Bondmader.

"Your ship is no longer in danger and the aggressors who attacked you have fled!"

"Your life, along with those of your colleagues on board, are all saved."

“Rest assured and follow the instructions I'll give you, and everything will be fine..."

Lieutenant Sonny Blue, already walking resolutely and fearlessly into the arms of death, upon hearing the command of that sweet and soft voice, which even sounded like heavenly liberating music to his eardrums, immediately changed his mind in relief.

Feeling confident in Elizabeth's words, he took a deep breath, and even looked back on life with new hopes, pausing briefly and thoughtfully.

-Thank you for helping us, Elizabeth.

-My pleasure.

With less deadly thoughts in mind, the Lieutenant turned his attention to the routine and bureaucracy of work, asking:

-Even to put in my reports, what is the name of your spacecraft? And your place in it?"

That question took our protagonist by surprise, but even so, she thought about the true name of that space colossus that, in fact, was just some nonsense honoring OATAO, whose fate she now ignored.

Momentarily, since Bete was responsible for what happened in that spaceship, she would then improve a name, baptizing it to something different, more solid and resounding!

In this way, Bete soon decided and answered the question so quickly that it would even give the impression of the answer being on the tip of her tongue:

-BLACKBUD! I'm the commanding navigator..." - She said as thought: "He can think what he wants about the name I just put.

***

Alerts arrived in the control room, from all sides of the ship, with various emergencies and the crew, unable to attend to so many problems.

Lieutenant Sonny Blue, now in command, had his hands tied.

He sent an emergency notice to Starfleet, informing them of the problems caused by the attacks suffered.

In response, he was asked to wait, for twelve hours, for the arrival of a squadron of ships, commanded by Admiral Marc Seven.

Then, without wasting time, the Lieutenant Commander informed the precarious situation to Bete from BLACKBUD.

-Is it safe to wait for twelve hours? Are things out there working well? - she asked.

-Not everything. - replied Sonny. - Because of the distance to be covered, the Admiralty squadron will take longer than we can expect.

-Wait here. - She invited. - It is not a 5-star hotel, but at least the risk to your safety will be lower.

Sonny Blue weighed in on the proposal...

In fact, his ship's life systems were about to go out at any moment.

-I'll give you the coordinates of a space inside, where everyone can wait comfortably. - Bete said as strummed some commands on a keyboard next to her.

-It's a great idea. - Sonny agreed, I'll get everything ready to teleport to the BLACKBUD.

-You will be very welcome.

Six hours later, the entire crew was already aboard BLACKBUD, and being the comander, Sonny Blue was the last to follow the same path.

As soon as he materialized at the point of arrival, he saw a stunningly beautiful woman: hot and busty redhead, with bright eyes, almost one meter and ninety tall!

She could only be his savior, with whom he had talked so much, but which he had not yet had the opportunity to glimpse because of the technical problems in the camera system of his ship.

Sonny Blue, in front of that alpha female, thanked the heavens for having sent him such an angel, which saved his life from death and a possible infernal fate.

-Hello! I'm Elizabeth Bondmader. - She introduced herself.

****

Lieutenant Commander Sonny Blue didn't have time to pour out the great and evident talents of a heartthrob on his savior, even because, right away, he developed a strong feeling of gratitude for her.



In addition, Elizabeth, even because she was a woman with a domineering profile, did not let herself be fooled by standardized pick-up lines from the stallions on duty.

She made suitors roll in conversation, even because she herself sympathized with creative flirts with infinite talk.

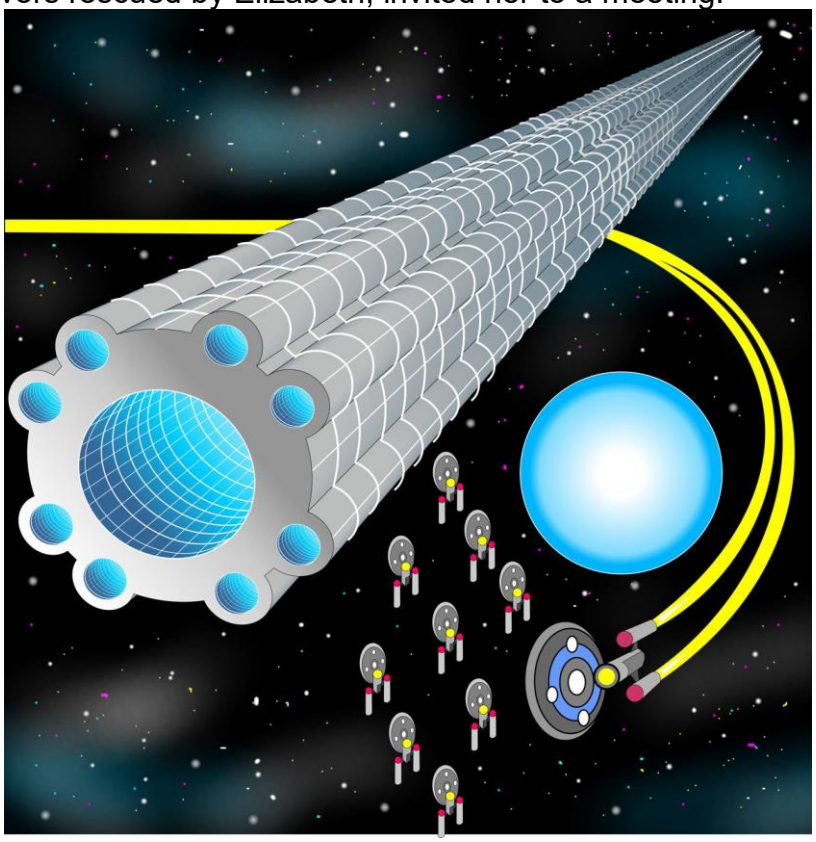
And Sonny Blue, happy as he was to have survived certain death, now wanted to enjoy the company with that singular new friendship that had saved his life.

His late Captain, an honorable and peaceful man, was unlucky to trust too much in people without character, so he lost his life.

That hard lesson taught Sonny that the respectful spirit of Christian tolerance is not always the right tool that will bear fruit in a first contact between different civilizations.

Eventually, to reach some understanding, there will be bloodshed, in other cases, there will be no understanding by diplomatic means.

These and other philosophies, Lieutenant Sonny would delve on another occasion, considering that soon arrived the squadron commanded by Admiral Marc Seven who, after helping the survivors rescued by Elizabeth, invited her to a meeting.



The meeting between the two took place in the immense control and command room of BLACKBUD.

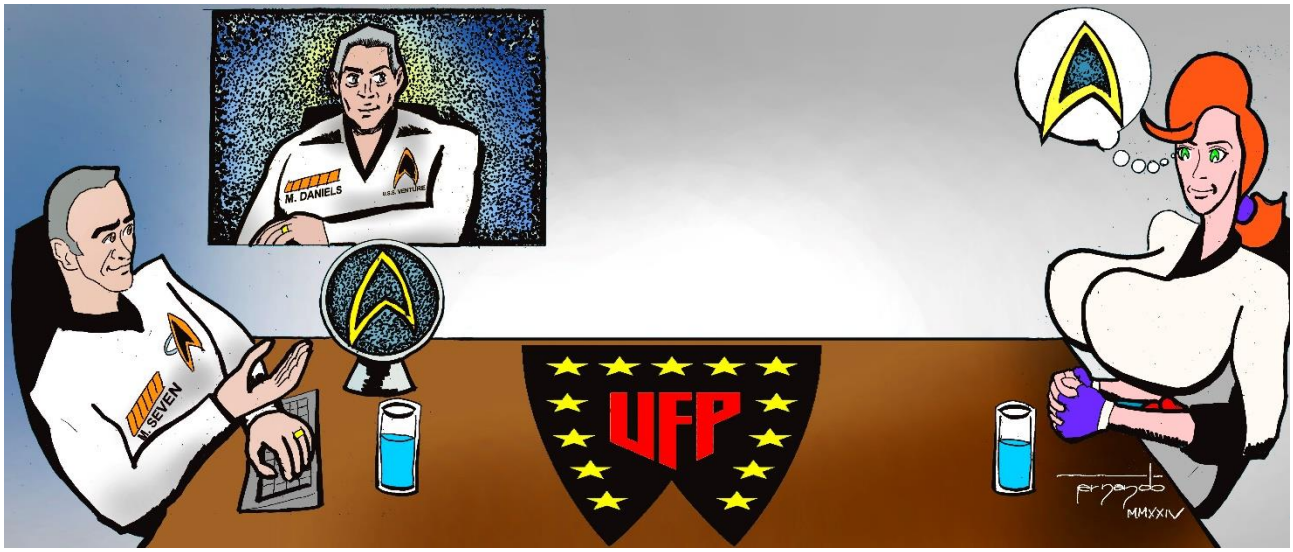
The experienced officer, with white hair and a broad smile, immediately thanked and congratulated Elizabeth for the rescue of a Starfleet spacecraft.

Then, seated around a large table and drinking coffee, talks began in which she proposed the sale of BLACKBUD to the Admiral.

Without the means to live on Earth, she would need to negotiate what had in her hands to get credits that would guarantee a peaceful life.

Starfleet, for its part, could not pass up the opportunity to get its hands on a colossal ship as full of secrets as the BLACKBUD.

It was a combination of hunger with the desire to eat.



It was enough to sell the fish properly to close the deal, and that's what Elizabeth did well. But she could not profit what imagined, because the Admiral also knew the tricks of negotiation and he did not waste the credits of the Federation, although understood that the technology existing in that spacecraft when eventually came to be understood, would bring financial return, much greater, than the one now invested.

In any case, once the deal was successfully closed, the matters became more trivial.

-I like this outfit of yours. - said Elizabeth. - Very elegant.

"Now that I have credits, I'd like to buy something like this to dress up."

-Actually, Elizabeth.- Admiral Marc Seven clarified in his calm and tranquil voice. - This is a Starfleet work uniform that you won't find for sale in stores to any consumer.

-And how do I get into Starfleet? - Elizabeth asked. - I read something about the Federation and found its ideals very interesting, especially this First Directive of non-interference.

-I recommend you start at the Starfleet Academy, where the doors of this fantastic universe will be opened to you.

Marc Seven then looked deeply at Elizabeth, and, seeing that there was an extraordinary talent genuinely interested in the affairs of the Federation, asked:

-Would you like to study there?

-Surely! - Was her immediate answer.

-I have a friend... - Explained Admiral Marc Seven. - That can fit you there. You just have to keep the interest and motivation. Are you interested?

-Surely!

-One moment, so.

Marc Seven activated some commands, on a laptop that was on the table, where the conversation was taking place.

A few seconds passed and another Admiral appeared on the monitor screen.

-Admiral M. D. Landman. How are you?

The two Admirals exchanged considerations for several moments, and arranged a date for Elizabeth to take her entrance exams for the Starfleet Academy.

From then on, the rest would be history...

***

Already under the management of the Fleet, BLACKBUD would leave for Saturn, in the Solar System, where at AREA 52, a secret base hidden there would be studied.

Elizabeth herself would pilot the spacecraft on this trip, and was already monitored by Starfleet and Academy officers.

Sonny Blue, however, on this occasion, would not accompany her.

Even before BLACKBUD's departure, Sonny would follow in another Starfleet Admiralty Fleet spacecraft, towing the one in which it had been saved.

But he would not travel without saying goodbye to Elizabeth soon after she finished her meeting with the Admiralty.

-Congratulations Elizabeth. With this sale, you will no longer have problems paying the bills, even so, I would like to offer you a lunch with official food, taking advantage of the fact that the Admiral's ship cafeteria is free and I still have some credit there.

"Enjoy, because the diet at the Academy does not even authorize candyes."

-So, let's go! -She said. - So we don't travel on empty stomachs."

***



KOBAYASHI MARU

On Earth, in San Francisco, Elizabeth, thanks to the sponsorship obtained, had the opportunity to enroll to do, and from then on, on her own, pass with flying colors, the entrance exams of the Starfleet Academy.

Due to her humility, perseverance and discipline, she won the esteem of colleagues, instructors and teachers, so went from year to year, until the end of the course, where, among so many activities to complete the course, would have to submit to the dreaded KOBAYASHI MARU test.

Oh... The legendary Kobayashi Maru.

The most slutty hated test ever invented that no one could pass.

And there was always some detail in it, modified, with each exam, to make it even more invincible.

The experts stated that it served to evaluate a lot of uselessness, about how the examinee would conduct himself in a situation of certain and inevitable death.

The fact is that, most likely, such an evaluation was just a prank invented to irritate students at the end of the course.

In any case, since she had begun her academic studies, Elizabeth spent some of her free time reflecting on how she would overcome the challenge.

As time went by, Bete developed a plan that could turn this game around.

Until finally, the time came for her evaluation at the Kobayashi Maru.

At that time, she would check if his deep theoretical studies would save her face in a practical exam.

***

The day of the exam arrived and, strategically, Elizabeth stayed just watching the other examinees do their evaluations first.

She could not know how the examination of her colleagues went, but she made some observations, such as the time that each examinee spent on his attempt.

In most cases, in less than ten minutes, everything was solved, with one more failure.

Each evaluated could choose a type of ship that best suited him, within the models usable by Starfleet, after all, those who studied at that academy were to work for the Federation, so the limitations existed, precisely to simulate the difficulties of a "normal" day of work.

As in the Kobayashi Maru test, the confrontation with the Klingons seems to be inevitable, so the ships chosen by the examinees used to be the fastest, maneuverable and best armed.

At this point, however, Elizabeth has already begun by making a different choice:

-She preferred a spacecraft that was not so fast, however, with engines capable of producing greater brute force.

A tug freighter.

As soon as she arrived at the simulator, where the evaluation would be carried out, Bete handed one of the examiners the card with the personalized programs that was allowed to use. It was inserted into the slot of a panel next to the monitor, where the word AUTHORIZED was soon written.

-Your schedule is within the parameters and has been accepted, Elizabeth. How do you intend to activate it?

-In two moments. When I order the opening of the greeting frequencies and the

delivery of the identification protocols.

-Very well!

Elizabeth sat down in the command chair and said:

-I'm ready.

***



And once again, the old plot repeated itself, with the communication systems acknowledging the receipt of a distress message from the Klingon neutral zone.

It came from the Kobayashi Maru spacecraft.

Elizabeth received the message and took the first step to help in the shortest possible time:

She invaded the space of the Klingon neutral zone, something that, in itself, would already be a danger to her own ship and crew, considering that the Klingons are not known for having a Christian, tolerant and forgiving spirit.

Because of a typical explosive temper, they are always putting themselves in deadly trouble, especially in cases where their space is invaded by traditional enemies.

Thus, having invaded the danger zone, without wasting time, Elizabeth tried to make the ship under her command reduce the distance between herself and the Kobayashi Maru.

No sooner had he advanced a hundred meters, than soon a Klingon ship appeared, armed and ready to fire...

-Open greeting frequencies! - Ordered Elizabeth to be in charge of communications.

-Frequencies open.

The menacing image of the commander of the Klingon ship appeared on the screen.

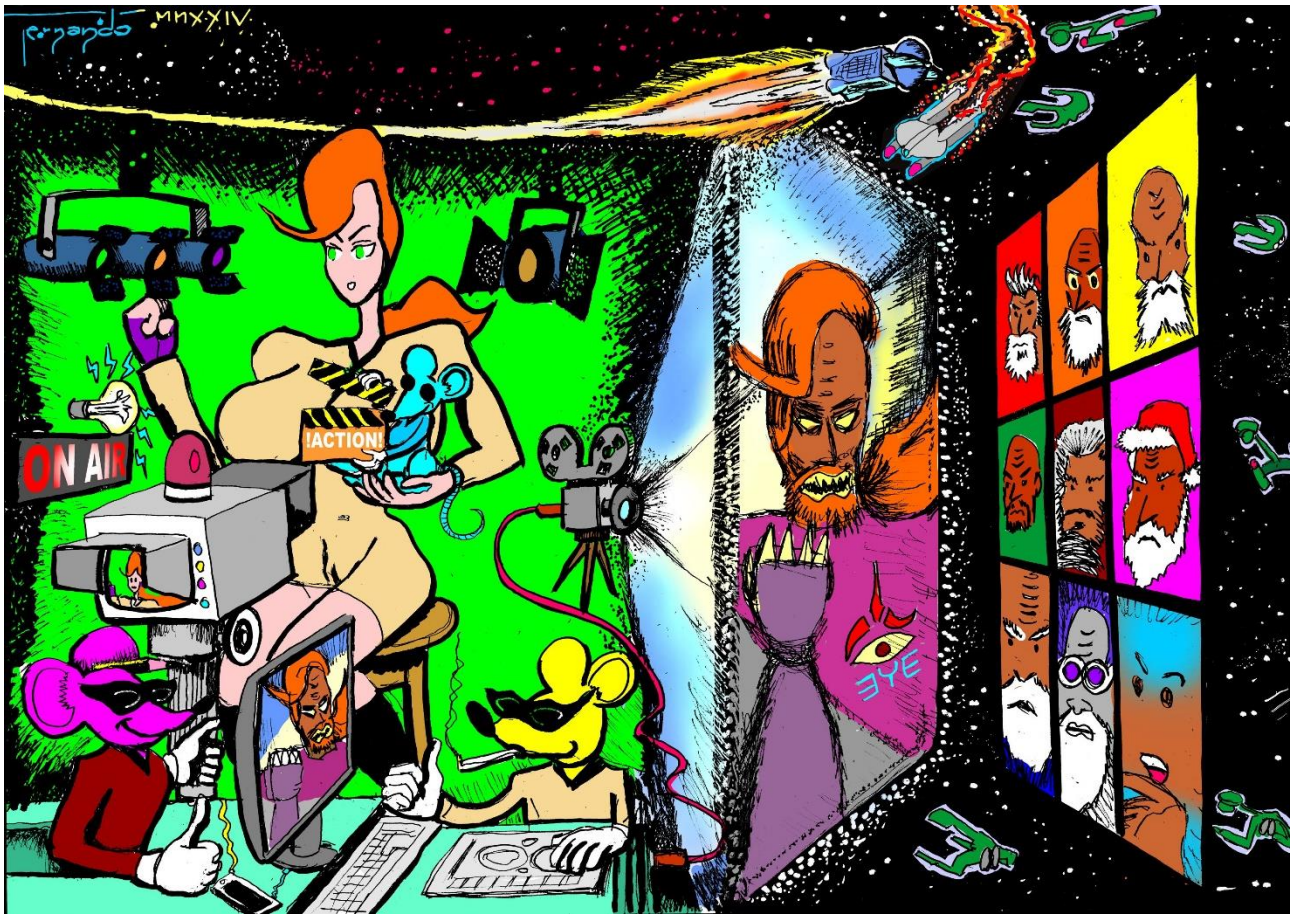
In a firm and strong voice, Elizabeth shouted:

-ATTENTION! I'm from the Klingon Intelligence. Don't shoot, if you don't want to be sued by the Council, for interfering with reserved work.

***

At that warning, made in his own language, the Klingon commander widened his eyes.

In addition to the threatening message, he still saw the image of another Klingon, and not the real one of Elizabeth.



As soon as it activated the opening of frequencies, part of its programming put into operation a device, prepared to deceive the artificial intelligence that commanded the program.

This would begin to be achieved when the Klingon commander, one of the elements that made up his programming, would be misled.

In this case, the beautiful image of our dear protagonist, which was supposed to be sent by the communication systems between the Federation ship and the Klingon, was replaced by another: that of a frowning and grumpy Klingon General.

Not only was his ugliness convincing, but also his pose as an agent of imperial intelligence, something that would already frighten any brave Klingon, even more so, if the threatening phrase included the possibility of a lawsuit filed by the Klingon Council.

Any brave person, no matter how deprived of his own life, at this time would take some precaution.

Prudently and slowly, the spacecraft commanded by Elizabeth continued to move forward, as if nothing was happening.

With an air of contempt, the Klingon commander made a dismissive expression saying:

-What would a Klingon Intelligence agent be doing on a Federation spacecraft around here? What do you want with this Kobayashi Maru?"

Once the question was made, two more Klingon spacecraft appeared from the middle of nowhere, with their guns pointed at the freighter and ready to fire...

-Do not do anything foolish, if you do not want to be prosecuted and convicted along with all your family members. - Threatened Elizabeth again disguised by her avatar. - I will

transmit my identification protocol and you will see that I am not lying!

-Very well... So let's see..." Said the Klingon.

Outside, other Klingon warships kept appearing.

Now, there were more than ten...

Elizabeth kept her cool.

So far, she had managed to gain time.

She looked at her communications officer, and, with a positive gesture, authorized the sending of the identification protocol.

The communications officer pressed a red button on the control panel in front, and, looking at Elizabeth, nodded.

-You must be receiving it now...- Said Elizabeth.

On the other ship, the Klingon confirmed...

-Yes... But, the authorization is taking time to open...

-It takes a while. If you're in a hurry, ask a better computer from another ship to open the protocol. There is no password.

And, in fact, other ships were already rushing to open the document sent by Elizabeth.

Now, there were these, more than fifty in total.

So many seconds passed and none of them showed any positive result trying to open the protocol.

Quite the contrary, from one moment to the next, ALL the Klingon spacecraft present there suddenly and simultaneously ran out of power, completely going out.

Not even their life support systems worked anymore!

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Realizing the situation, Elizabeth soon ordered.

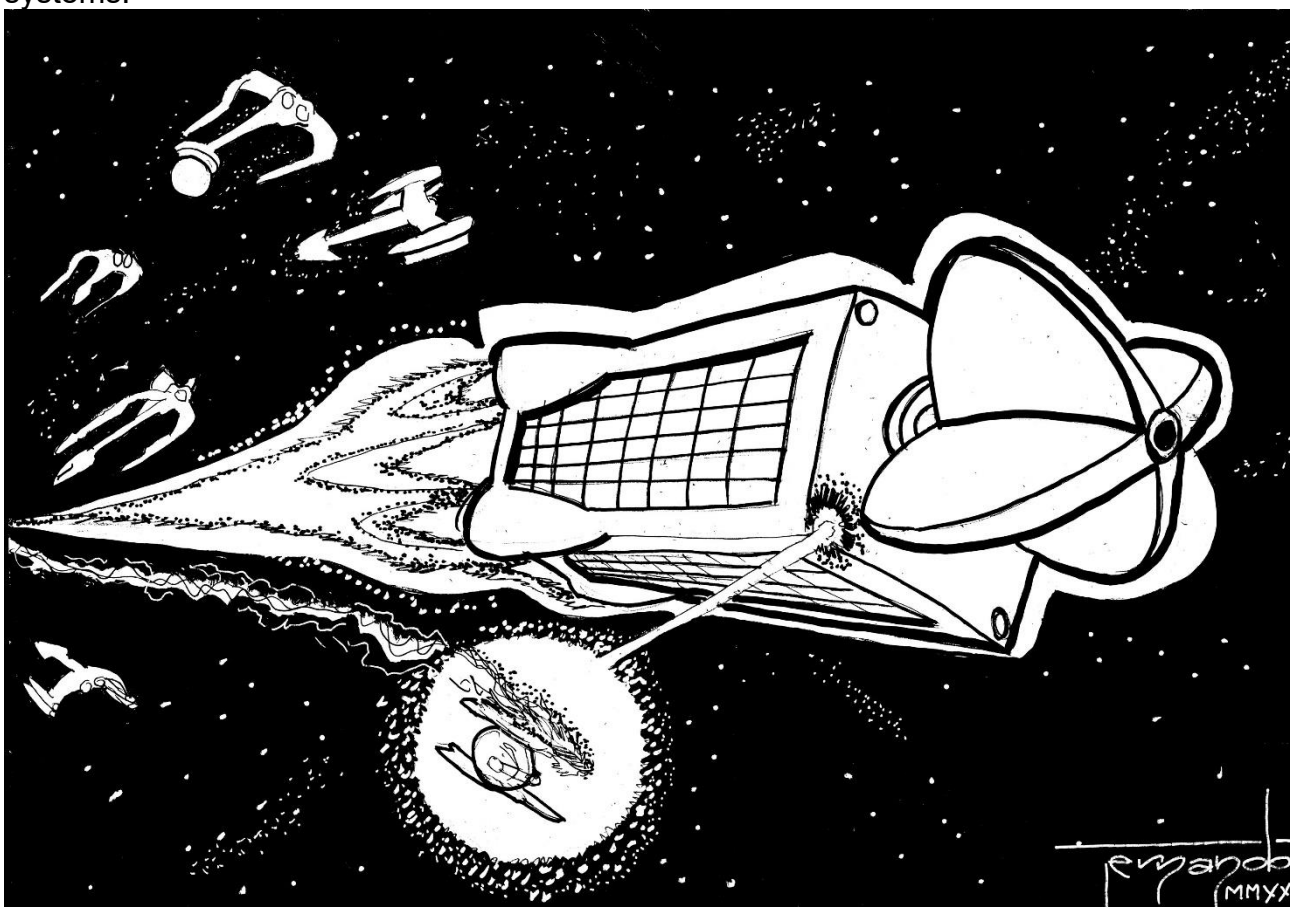
-Drive tractor! – She ordered - Get the Kobayashi Maru.

The order was immediately obeyed.

-Let's get out of here, back to the space of Federation.

-Yes, Ma'am.

Thus, at low speed, making use of its tractor beam, the freighter managed to pull the Kobayashi Maru out of the danger zone, safely, and without any disturbance from the Klingon ships, since these were still turned off, due to the identification protocol, which, in fact, carried an invading intruder virus that turned everything off, including their life support systems.



***

Towed the Kobayashi Maru to safety space far from danger, the life supports of the Klingon spacecraft resumed operation, without any loss of life or injury, thus ending the race, with fellow instructors and teachers erupting in a loud and effusive round of applause.

The moment was unique, after all, Elizabeth had overcome, without a single shot, the most important and challenging exam of Starfleet with the merit of completing the mission, avoiding diplomatic friction with the Klingons, since the virus inserted in their computers also wiped the last 30 days of all the history of events recorded in their logbooks, thus, there would be no evidence of invasion of Federation ship in Klingon Control Zone.

The uproar was general, something like a victory of David over Goliath.

In the first rows of observers at that exam, giving a heated standing ovation, were two Admirals: Marc Seven and MDaniel Landman.

One said to the other:

-This young woman is extraordinary, she will make history by following a career in Starfleet...

-In fact, it is a great promise that we have there.

"I dare say that her humility is so great, that she will not even capitalize on anything

on such an unusual feat, hence this part of the story will end up forgotten, and another one will come in the future, claiming this merit for himself"

-Almost certainly so because she is disciplined, humble and does not capitalize too much on her own merits.

-It's like the nail that doesn't want to stick out so as not to get hammered on the head.

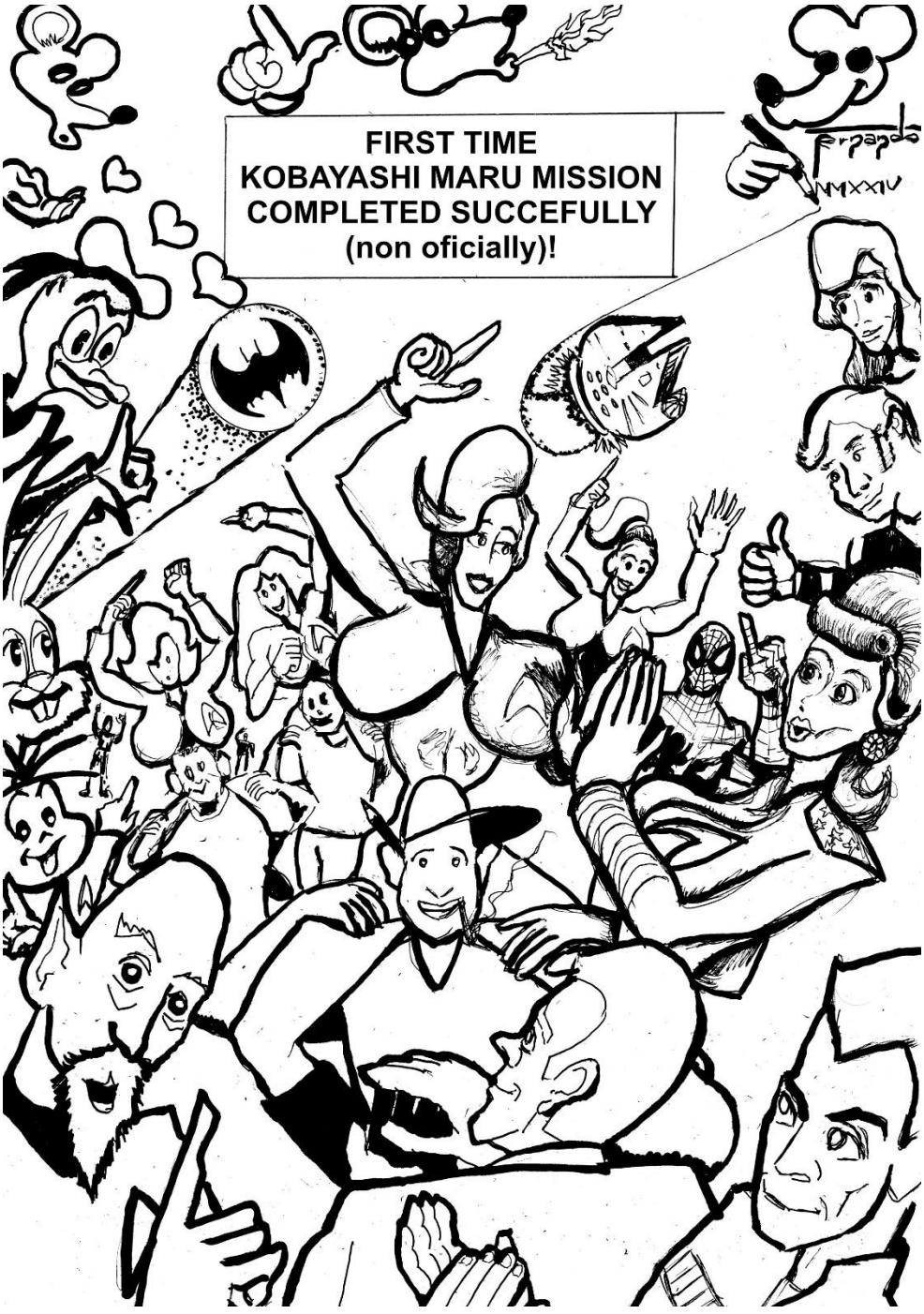
-Yes! These talents she has are not good only for Star Fleet, but also for some Secret Service.

***

And if the dear reader who has reached this line, liked the test, then read about the shenanigans of the graduation party...

Soon after! Don't Miss!

***



MY ADVENTURES WITH THE GRADUATES AT THE FLEET ACADEMY

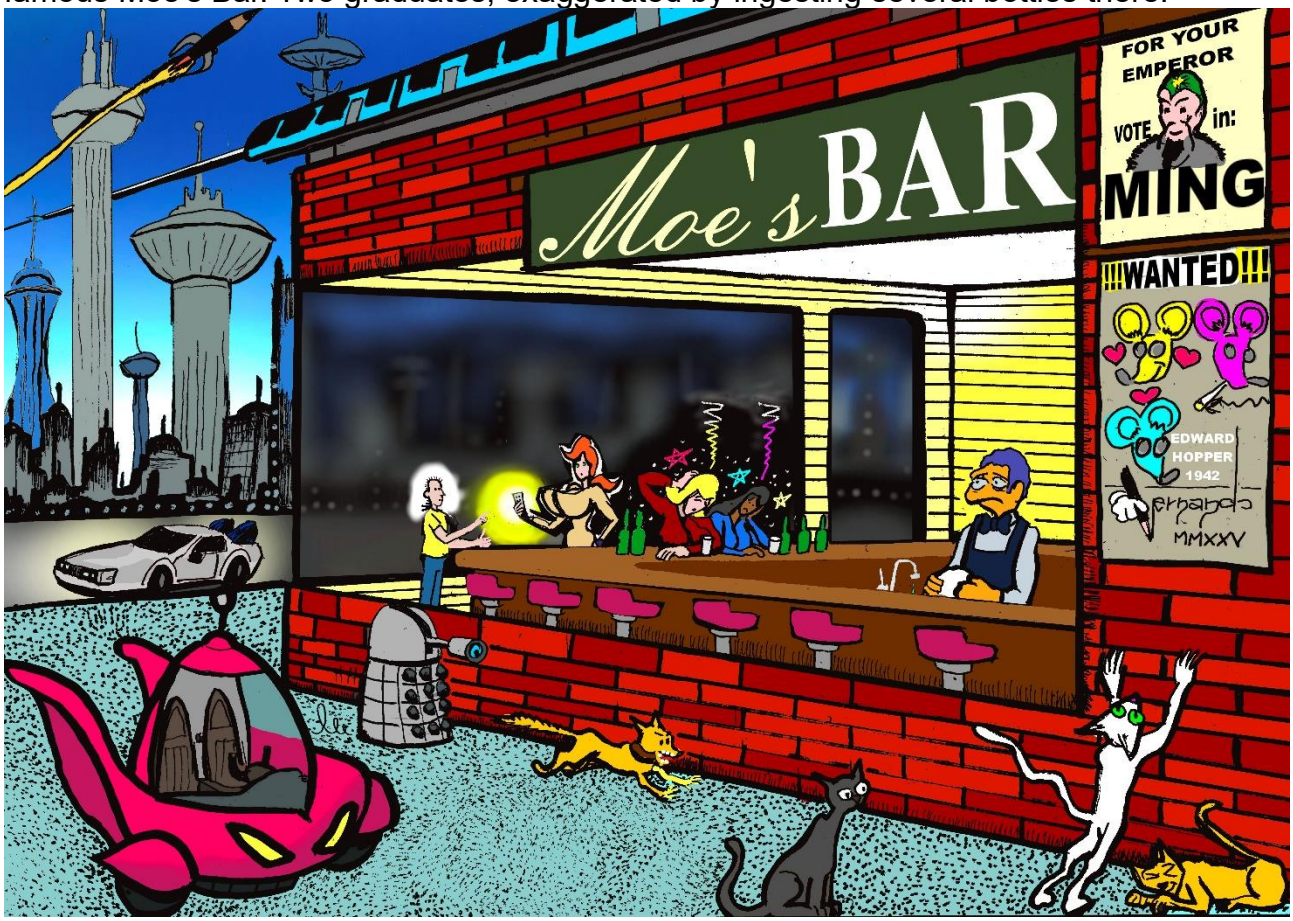


And the graduation celebration at the Fleet Academy started badly.

The three best students of that graduating class, casually, the most beautiful, put on their cool clothes and outfits, to fall into the night celebrating the great event.

During the course, they were the ones who controlled themselves the most at the parties, not getting involved with drinks or drugs.

Maybe that's why at the time, right away, they had problems with the beer on the famous Moe's Bar. Two graduates, exaggerated by ingesting several bottles there.



The third was sober, being Elizabeth Bondmader.

On the other hand, visible was the discomfort of Kristen and Marilyn, her colleagues who could not resist the temptation of the baptized beer.

Although also beautiful, the two looked like few friends faces.

In fact, their malaise was such that they just wanted to go home and recover.

Who knows where, from one moment to the next, a short guy appeared, under twenty years old, an ordinary appearance, but owner of a conversation typical of future young Masters of professional Smooth Talking.

The three of them, when they went out to celebrate, wanted to get handsome boys to keep them company, but things were going differently from what they wanted at first.

-Good night. - greeted the young man. - I'm sorry for bothering you, but I realized that the ladies seem to have been deceived by this low quality beer... - He said pointing to the glasses with the yellow drink on the table.

Kristen and Marilyn were not in a position to say anything, but Elizabeth, also with a face of few friends, just replied:

-Don't even tell me...

Even so, the guy looked like one of those persistent salesman patients, and he pulled out of his pockets a silver card with golden tablets.

-I learned from an old master that it is always good to have this medication...

"Not only to cure hangovers, but to meet beauties in distress."

No one laughed, even so, the guy, bravely, continued:

-OK. I'm sorry for the bad joke.- He said putting the medication on the table, and continued. - This one is a courtesy of mine to you, but as soon as you get better, allow me to introduce myself.

Elizabeth, suspiciously, took the card and began to read what was written on it.

-Does it have any contraindications? -Asked.

-No. - Replied the guy. - It's totally natural. You can trust it. I take responsibility.

Elizabeth, once again, made a suspicious face:

-Responsibility? But you don't look more than twenty years old to teach classes on hangovers...

-Not really... - He agreed. - But I am always ready to help ladies in distress, in whatever way I can.

-So, okay... - Said Elizabeth. - Let's see the size of your "responsability".

She motioned to the waiter, who soon brought a bottle of coconut water with two glasses.

-Just one insert for each Lady is enough. - Said the young man.

The cups were placed in front of Kristen and Marilyn, and then Elizabeth placed a lozenge on each of them.

As soon as they dove into the liquid, they began to release bubble-filled effervescences.

-You must drink it now.

So anxious the girls were to get rid of the discomfort, that with an ugly face, the two took the effervescence, without blinking.

Not even three minutes passed, and they began to burp loudly.

***

While Kristen and Marilyn were apparently relieving themselves, the boy said to Elizabeth.

-I'm going to go to the processor, prepare another pack of these, in case they, just in case, need it, but everything indicates that in less than five minutes, they will be better.

The young man moved away and went to the device embedded in one of the walls of the dimly lit enclosure, but quite agitated by the music, and by the people inside.

There was a small line with two people to use the processor, so he decided to stop by the bathroom to relieve the bladder that was already loaded, such was the tension in making everything work with the girls.

In the bathroom he went to the corner of the urinal, where he immediately began to piss everything he was entitled to.

A big man parked next to him and began to harass him:

-Hey! How can a banana like you get ready with those three cats? "Because of the size of this dick of yours it is not... HA HA HA HA..."

The young man concentrated on finishing his quickly, but the reservoir had barely emptied a third.

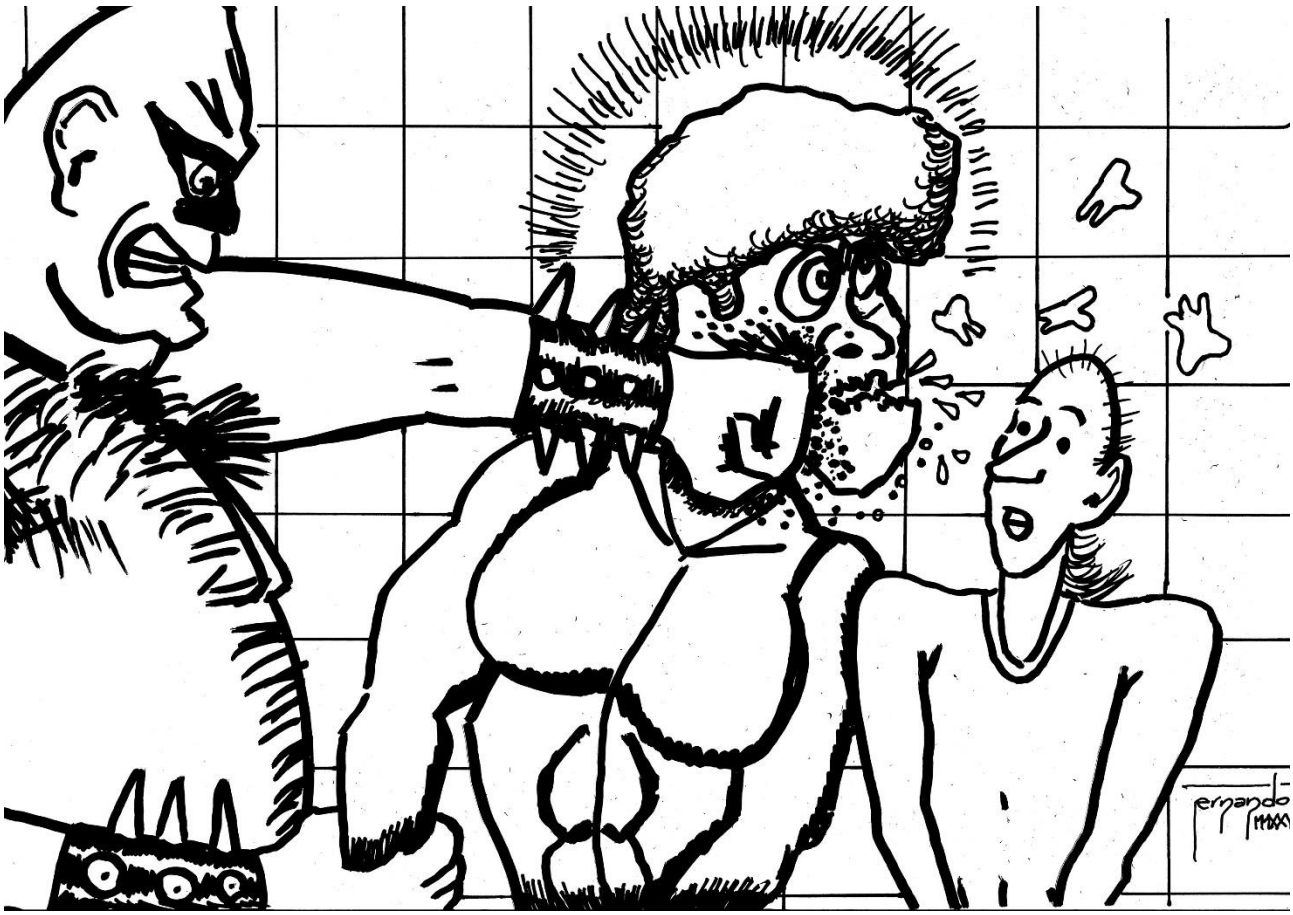
And the imbecile next to him kept filling his patience...

-Small chick shouldn't even exist. All should die! It is not even worthy to procreate. Damn sausage sh*t! It is not even good for a barbecue.

Another big guy appeared from who knows where, and punched the imbecile in the head.

-Shut up, you asshole! I also have small dick. What is it that you have against small dick?

The beating continued, and the young man was finally able to finish his relief even having time to wash his hands.



He returned to the processor, where there was no longer any lines, and programmed it to produce another pack of medication and two glasses of soda.

As soon as he got his order ready, he saw the bathroom fight come out of there and end up outside, in the hall.

The security guards of the place tried to intervene, but the confusion only increased.

The young man went to the counter where the three new graduates were and handed them soft drinks: they were already much better, while the fight around them only got worse.

-Now that you are better, I would like to introduce myself.

"Will you allow it?"

-Surely. I'm Marilyn. - Said the beautiful blonde. - Shaking the boy's right hand.

-And I'm Kristen. - Said the brunette. - Shaking the lucky guy's other hand.

-My name is Dinho. - He introduced himself then.

-And I'm Elizabeth.

After the introductions, the fight around the quartet was only intensifying, the girls were already more excited and, regardless of the movement around, they decided to go up on a stage that was nearby, to dance.

Then what no one expected happened.

The fights ceased while the three of them made all kinds of shakes there, including the insinuating dances on the pole.

There were even people giving them colored plastic cards, filled with credits.

The joy continued until the police appeared complaining about the loud sound of the music, at which time, Dinho, upon noticing this movement, called the graduated dancers, in an isolated corner to plan a quiet escape from the place.

The quartet went to one of the exits, where law enforcement agents were already stationed, searching everyone.

The way things were going, they would have to face a queue where they would wait for the documents to be verified, for at least three hours.

This time, Marilyn and Kristen took the lead of the group, which cut the line

approaching the agents who checked one by one, whoever wanted to leave.



With synchronized movements, the two took wallets from their own bags and displayed them. Then they pointed to Elizabeth and Dinho, saying.

-We are together.

-You can pass! - Said the agent saluting, after quickly checking the wallets.

Further on, away from the confusion, Dinho turned to Marilyn and Kristen, asking them.

-What did you show the guy not to annoy us like they were doing with other people???

-We don't need magic or hypnosis powers. Marilyn replied. -We give the good old "wallet".

"My father is an Admiral and hers..." Kristen said pointing to Marilyn. "He's a Commodore of Starfleet."

Dinho felt firm in those girls.

***

The streets at dawn were poorly lit and with almost no movement.

Only the quartet, walking towards one of the teleportation stations, would take him to the most popular point in the city: Holodeck's Bar, the center of diversified amusements that, day after day, reduced the discouragement of the unsuspecting.

So they went along uninviting paths, something that there in that wonderful world of the perfect future of the star trek, should not be any cause for concern, however, as we are here in the "Apocryphal Parodies", soon two suliban armed with phaser pistols appeared.

-It's this one. - Said one suliban to the other, pointing to Elizabeth.

Whatever the meddling armed duo was going to do next, they couldn't, since Dinho, in a clumsy movement, threw himself on the gun, preventing it from being fired, or even hitting the friends.

Although, miscalculated, the opportunity allowed Elizabeth to position herself on the

back of one of the robbers, and then, with a quick movement spin her purse hitting the head of the one whose gun was pointed at Dinho.

The other Suliban was left without action, and was also attacked, in this case, by Kristen, who kicked the balls with her high-heeled shoe and pointed toe.



Dinho still watched, surprised, the girls beat the Suliban a little more, and, after they got tired of beating, even though the sulibans were lying down and unconscious, the girls pulled the astonished companion, into the night for a run, to the nearest teleportation station.

They did not want to stand, in order to have to justify themselves for their legitimate defense, in front of disarmament authorities who, in response to the advice given by the specialists on duty on the TV channels, advised against any reaction to crime.

Elizabeth even disarmed and took the documents of the unfortunates, keeping these items in her already full bag, which had suffered nothing by cracking the assailant's head.

So they left for the bar, where would finally relax in the most modern holosuytes in the city.

The girls didn't get the beautiful movie heartthrobs with whom they intended to end the ballad, but, as a thanks for the miserable defense, which they considered heroic, and also for the holosuýte he was paying for, Dinho was kneaded, sucked, squeezed, smoothed and kissed by the three of them, in every possible way, until the sun came up.

***

The credits of the holosuyte he had paid would still take time to finish, but as soon as he saw the first rays of the sun penetrate through the cracks of the blinds in the window, Dinho, even with his cock about to explode in pain, so hard it was, had to get rid of those three beauties who were nailed to him sleeping.

Before however, he admired the wonderful and perfect curves of Marilyn, the bustiest and most ass of the three, not that Elizabeth and Kristen weren't also very busty, but Marilyn's case was really huge.





And she wasn't fat.

She had a thin, shaped, muscular waist and an incredibly beautiful face.

Of the three, she was the one with fair skin.

Elizabeth was the tallest and most monumental, of incomparable beauty, thin, big breasts, pointed, gravity-defying, full ass defined with long legs.

Just her red hair and light eyes already made Dinho melt all over.

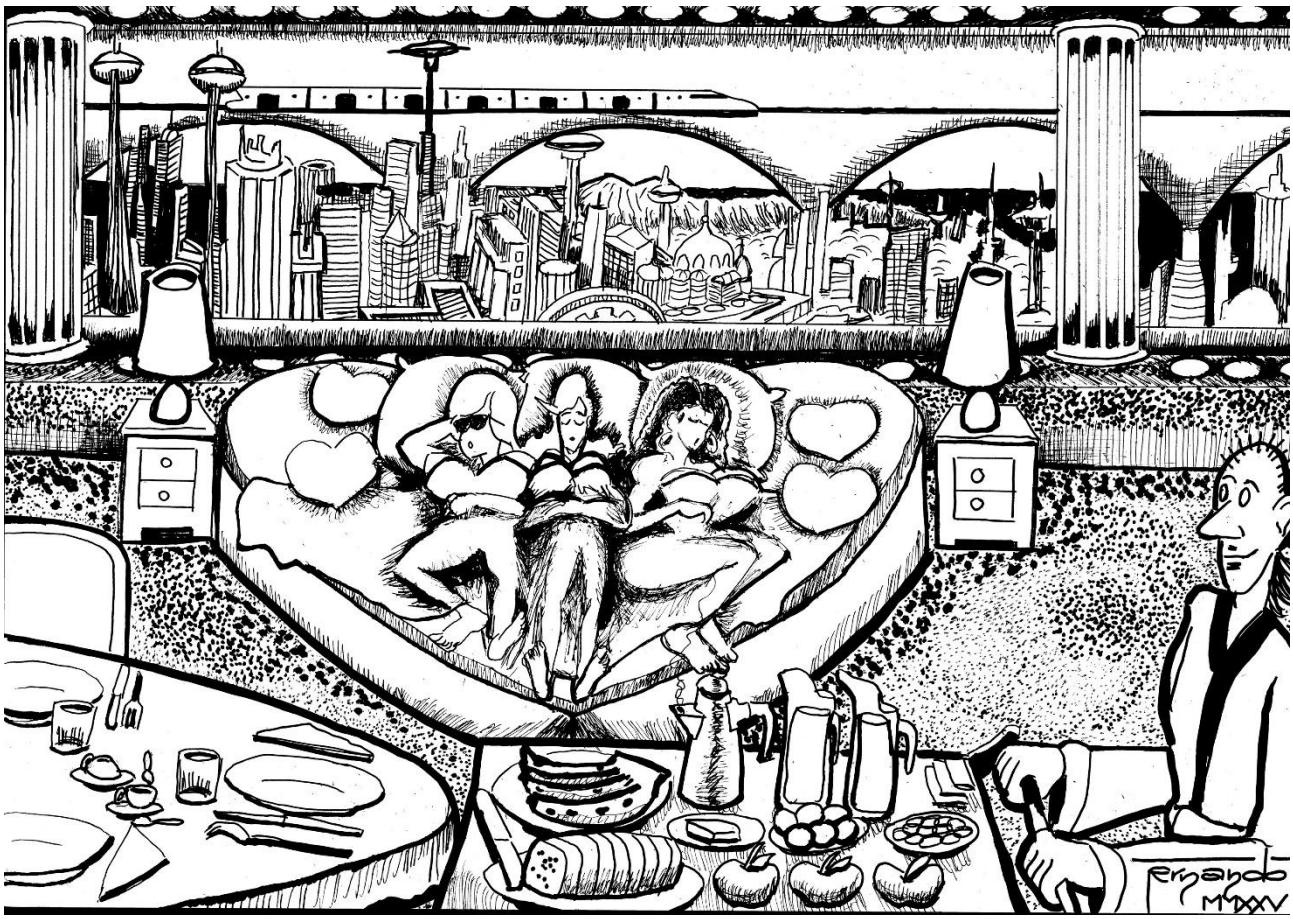
Kristen was slightly shorter than Elizabeth, with tanned skin and black hair, thin and hot. Busty yes, but not as much as Elizabeth who was even more muscular and defined.



Dinho left the three sleeping muses lying down and went to piss still with his hard and virile cock.

Then he showered himself, put on his clothes, went to the processor, prepared coffee for the three of them, and even managed to process flowers.

He organized everything with three bouquets, wrote a personalized note for each one, with sweet and affectionate words to leave them sleeping lulled by their own snoring, because HE would soon have to enter the service.



Dinho left leaving everything paid for, and also, with the intention of making contact with them, right after hours.

As fate would have it, such an attempt would not be fulfilled, because, hours later, the three graduates would be called in a hurry for different missions of the Starfleet, so that Dinho would not be able to materialize his plans.

In any case, having participated in such a memorable feat as that, some time later, Dinho would describe that ballad in a remembrance literary work called:

MY ADVENTURES WITH THE GRADUATES AT THE FLEET ACADEMY

Which became a resounding success, having been adapted for the movies and interactive amusements such as holosuytes, video games and holodecks.

Not only such an adventure was enough, but there were also the very profitable ones:

MY ADVENTURES WITH THE GRADUATES AT THE FLEET ACADEMY 2,

and

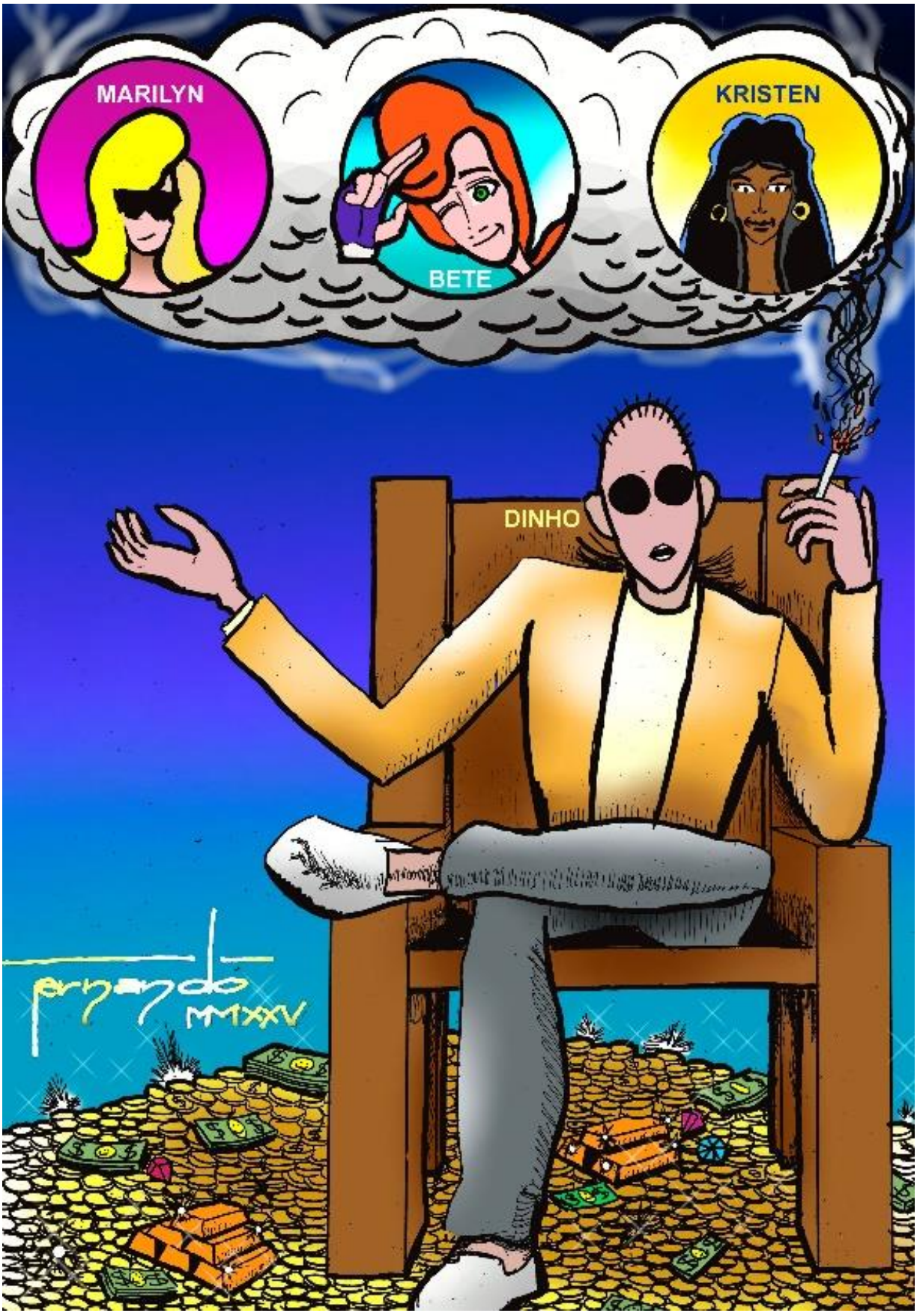
MY ADVENTURES WITH THE GRADUATES AT THE FLEET ACADEMY 3.

Dinho became rich and famous with his work, always recognizing that, of the quartet,

he was the one who did best, after all, commitment to Starfleet does not make anyone rich.

Even though Dinho wanted it very much; Fate did not make it easy for him, in the sense of promoting a new meeting between him, and his beloved inspiring muses, in the near future.

****



THE BLEACHED-HAIR VULCAN-COMMODORE

Time moved relentlessly, and little by little, Elizabeth learned that the work in Starfleet was not just about missions and adventures in space.

There was the effort made behind the stage, which also helped to leverage careers, for those who dedicated themselves to carrying it out.

For our dear heroine, that path was frivolous and of little result.

It was not her way to participate in parties and other celebrations to show off as a pompous hot chicken.

It turns out that even for someone as well-endowed as her, Fate could play elaborate tricks, and it was precisely on one of those occasions, when what seems to be is not, she ended up changing her mind.

After returning to San Francisco – California, from a mission outside the solar system, Elizabeth wanted to take advantage of the free time she had in her schedule, to rest for a few days, before returning to the routine.

However, she could not relax as much as wanted.

She received the call from her ex-Commander, now Captain Mare Boliveira.

A mature, beautiful, tall, blonde, slender woman with a tempting body for any virile alpha male to praise in poetry, verses and prose until the end of his own life and time.

-Elizabeth, I need to organize a party here at Space Base X7, which is where I am leading, and I would like to count on you in the production and security of this event.

How could Bete refuse the request of an officer like that, after all, was a great friend?

There was no way.

Elizabeth gave her beautiful smile and just said:

-Surely...

***



Finally, after a brief journey through several teleportation connections, she arrived at the space base, which was surrounded by a ring of asteroids and multicolored nebulae.

There, Elizabeth would obtain directly from the elegant Captain Mare Boliveira the nature of the work to be done:

-You will help with security by advising the teams of diplomats present at the event. I chose you because I know you don't let any detail go unchecked.

The Captain then paused, picked up a tablet that was nearby, slid her fingers across the surface of it, until the image of a Fleet officer appeared.

-Pay attention to this guy: he is Commodore Barsark.

She kept looking at that image and then said in a lower voice:

-There's something strange about him. I've been investigating, but I haven't found anything. It may just be my intuition deceiving itself, but I want you to keep an eye out.

Thus, being aware of what would generally be required of her, Elizabeth assumed her duties, acting in a series of activities, ranging from the verification of identifications, installations, firefighting devices, emergency exits and everything else that minimally involved security.

Therefore, she adapted to the service, conducting SAFETY with SAFETY, so that everything would come to an end, with due SAFETY.

Safe like this, she fulfilled her duties until, finally, tried to meet the Commodore Barsark.

Then the doubts and some insecurities began...

***

Bleached-hair Vulcans...

Yes, Bleached-hair Vulcans...

Where?

Right here. Move on.

Commodore Barsark corresponds to this description.

Bleached-hair, pointed ears, face of someone who never gets nervous.

And age?

If to guess the age of a Vulcan, it is no longer easy, to find out, this guy's, seemed to be an impossible task.

Where would such a guy have come from?

From Vulcan?

OK.

God is great, and His Glory is INFINITE.

If HE (GOD) says that there are Bleached-hair Vulcans...

Who am I to disagree?

So, in front of an almost blond Vulcan, even though such a meeting of words is incredible, we are forced to get out of this literary quagmire, to move forward with what matters.

And it is at this moment that we return to Beth and her doubts:

Would it be the really a Bleached-hair or natural?

Our favorite protagonist had to know.

Even before meeting the famous Commodore, she consulted his records with previous photos of him, and there she noticed that the blonde oxygenated bleaching in his hair was recent.

How cute!

A Vulcan Commodore who decided to oxygenate his hair to become blonde...

If for Captain Mare Boliveira, that didn't seem to make much sense, for Elizabeth, it was totally out of the norm. Even more, when in the field of observations it was stated that Commodore Barsark was an extremely friendly Vulcan.

Very strange...

***

The time came for the big date, and there Elizabeth was checking identifications, clearing access roads, helping to repair equipment and informing.

The work kept coming, and she acted automatically.

In the great hall of food and drink, they were all gathered.

Speeches were made, toasts raised, greetings and smiles exchanged...

That kind of frivolity that Elizabeth considered useless, but fun.

Everything was going according to plan.

Above perfect, and without problems, which was what mattered...

And sitting in the armchair in the corner of the party, seemingly watching all around, was Commodore Barsark.

Elizabeth remembered the recommendation of Captain Mare Boliveira and for a few moments, checked the situation with the vulcan Commodore and his surroundings.

She had studied his impeccable file, whose only abnormality was the color of his hair, which occurred without detailed explanations, in some time.

While inspecting things there, she was not called by anyone, then she noticed that some people actually approached the Commodore and exchanged pleasantries with him. She also noticed, through lip reading, that his answers were not far-fetched. At most, one or two words.

The conversation with the interlocutors who approached him was always quick.

In the distance, Bete wondered where that friendly personality was, which everyone was referring to... That Vulcan officer was monosyllabic.

Curious as she was, also followed, from afar, the conversation of some people who had just talked to the Commodore.

All his interlocutors praised him for being talkative, friendly and cordial.

The most intriguing thing was some people inventing dialogues that never took place.

Unlike others, who, faced with such an unusual possible situation, would mind their own business, Elizabeth snooped a little more.

After they had exchanged no more than three or four words with the Vulcan, everyone left satisfied, as if they had talked to some kind of Messiah.

Finally, after so much observation, she herself thought it was time to present herself to the Commodore, even if briefly.

So she approached him, and, without extending her hand, only made the traditional vulcan greeting:

-Live long and prosperous, Commodore. I'm Elizabeth Bondmader, head of Security.

"If there is anything I can help you, I will be at your command."

-Thank you very much, Elizabeeth Bondmader, but at the moment I don't need anything.

-Pleasure to have you with us, Commodore. Anything just call.

Elizabeth bowed her head making a typical oriental salute, and it was at that moment through her unusual preparation, she discovered the reason for the supposed affinity that the Commodore aroused in people:

Something in himself generated around him a powerful field of empathy, capable of altering the perceptions of the unwary, which was far from the case of Bete.

The oxygenated Vulcan manipulated the perceptions and emotions around him much better than the most experienced betazoids, thus making himself seem, despite his obvious

grumpiness, an esteemed cool guy.

What now?

***

With the arrival of Xarlotte, things started to get interesting.

Xarlote, a haughty, friendly, respectful and cheerful person, dressed, put on makeup and acted like a woman, but in fact, she was not "exactly" a woman, as the name might indicate.

So, let's be well understood, Xarlote was actually born a man, with the name of Xarles, but who chose to "be a woman" moving on with his own life, adopting feminine mannerisms, clothes, and props.

Recently graduated from the last class of the Academy, like Elizabeth, “she” was there providing her services at the time, watching the kitchen operations, at the time, serving the very special delicacies of the Federation's cuisine.

And coincidentally, at the same moment that Elizabeth became aware of the field of empathy that surrounded the Commodore, Xarlote approached offering the officer a small plate with some kind of liquid...

-Mr. Commodore. - I'd like to offer the Ploomek Vulcan Soup – Federation Version.

-No. Thank you. - thanked the Commodore.

Xarlote did not surrender so easily:

-But this one, Mr. Commodore, is the version of the FEDERATION, very different from the one you take there in Vulcano.

And when Xarlote spoke, “she” got closer and closer to the Commodore.

-You have to try our version. It is sweet and has a crystallization that makes it cold, with several flavors.

-No thanks.

Xarlote did not give up.

“She” got much closer to the Commodore, to the point of putting hand on him, at shoulder height, in addition to rubbing herself near hip height on the sitting officer.

Elizabeth widened her eyes at that moment.

Before joining the Federation, the Commodore had been a very senior priest of a traditional religious order, who was radically against any physical contact with non-Vulcan alien life forms, given their logical-philosophical impurity, and also, for the germs they carried, capable of disturbing the desired mental concentration.

Curiously, even with the physical contact, the Commodore was not disturbed, and only repeated:

-No thanks.

Xarlote disturbed a little more, in an elegant way, of course, but when “she” realized that would not break Vulcan discipline, gave up and went to offer his stew to another parish.

Elizabeth, on the other hand, followed the whole situation and, as soon as Xarlote passed by carrying her soup, she went to ask:

-Didn't the Commodore want to know about the soup, Xarlote?

-Oh oh, my dear friend! The Commodore is sick to his stomach, he thanked BUT SAID he will take the recipe to make his when he is better.

-Serious?

-Truth. - Xarlote reaffirmed

Lie?

No!

Truth!

Xarlote was not lying because “she” believed in his own words.

For her, this is exactly how her conversation with Commodore Barsark took place.

Elizabeth realized this detail, that is, the erroneous perception that Xarlote was having of the reality around her because of the empathetic field generated by the Vulcan.

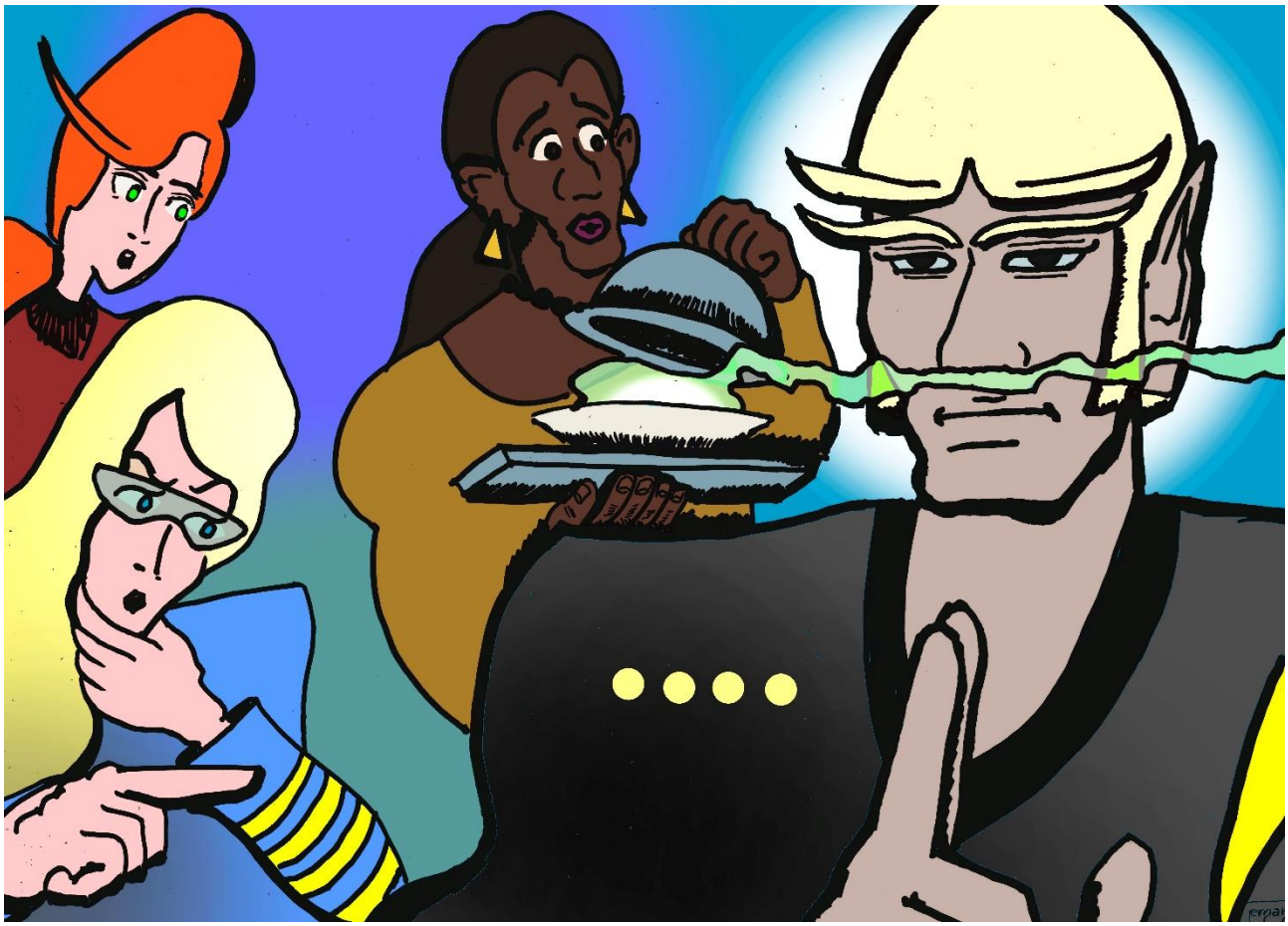
Bete did not know of any case similar to that, and, in her understanding, even due to the prominent position of the officer, such a situation could represent a strategic danger for the Federation, a young Institution that had not yet reached even the first century of existence.

-Thank you, Xarlote.

Still sitting at her desk, while Xarlote walked away showing off her stew to the first adventurer who ventured, Elizabeth seemed to return to her studies on the tablet she carried, in fact concentrated on the Commodore.

If he was deceiving the people around him, then, for the sake of safety, someone with telepathic preparation should research the reasons for this mess...

And if we are dealing with someone with all kinds of aptitude and training, that someone is our dear Elizabeth, who, without ceremony or bureaucracy, risked a telepathic incursion into the mind of Commodore. And what she discovered next, turned out to be incredible.



***

Even at a distance of nearly fifty yards, Elizabeth's mental invasion of the Commodore's mind was tantamount to a Vulcan mental link.

A high stakes, since, in the chain of command of the Federation, Elizabeth was still less than a nothing, without any notoriety.

In any case, a bet that was necessary, since she realized the influence that the field of empathy generated by the Commodore exerted around him.

Whether with good or bad intentions...

And when her telepathic investigation began, the Commodore's reaction was unexpected.

After the first "contact," the high officer rose to his feet, going the way Xarlote had passed, directly to where Elizabeth was making her mental advances.

If the Commodore had been tolerant of Xarlote's advances, with Elizabeth's "affectionate" telepathic touch, the situation was quite different because his face was red.

And far from merely mortal eyes, on a higher mental level, a distinct battle was also taking place.

On this plane, the Commodore advanced furiously against Elizabeth, who remained seated and appeared calm.

Suddenly, the oxygenated Vulcan jumped up, transforming into an aggressive and very dangerous flaming tiger, following relentlessly, behind our protagonist who, for him, was just a helpless victim.

When his claws and teeth were going to touch Elizabeth, she dodged, turning that attack against her into an efficient reaction.

Quickly she grabbed the tiger by the neck, using only one of her hands to lift it into the air, then, without any explanation, from one second to the next the big cat on fire, turned into a faded and frightened kitten.

Elizabeth squeezed the animal's neck, which, once again, changed shape, now transforming into three fat and trembling worms.

-Mental duel against me? Elizabeth asked serenely, but without containing irritation in her own voice. - I have preparation and I will make this deception costly.

Her eyes turned furiously orange and a wave of fire came out of them, fulminating once and for all with the three worms.

The confrontation on the mental plane ended with the victory of Elizabeth and Commodore Barsark, at the level of reality stumbling unconscious and falling to the ground, as if he had simply fallen ill.

Elizabeth got up running towards the Vulcan officer.

Leaning over him, she activated the communicator on her chest:

-Teleport for two, straight to the infirmary's emergency room. Medical emergency!

And the answer came immediately.

A flash of light enveloped both the Commodore and Elizabeth Bondmader, and the next instant, the two were teleported from there, directly to a stretcher in the space base's infirmary.

****

Captain Mare Boliveira received Elizabeth's warning and rushed to the medical ward.

The situation was not to be trifled with, but any unsuspecting person who saw, up and down, the nipples of the turbocharged breasts of that large blonde, whether virile male, would have an immediate erection.

As soon as she arrived at the infirmary, she saw the Commodore's body lying on a stretcher, being attended by two doctors, while Elizabeth waited for her next to a monitor.

-What happened? - asked the Captain.

Elizabeth pointed to the monitor in whose image was the shadow with the image of a patient's head, in whose brain were three large filaments resembling worms.

As soon as the Captain looked at the image, her eyes widened:

-But what is this? - She asked.

-The Commodore has three Ceti-Eel inside his brain. - replied Elizabeth.

-OH MY GOD!

The Captain placed the palm of her hand in front of her own mouth as if trying to hold back a sudden feeling of nausea.

-Look at the size of this thing. - She said.

With wide eyes, she ordered:

-Get that out of the Commodore's head now. I take responsibility.

Immediately, inside a transparent box near the Commodore, after a flash of light, three light-colored worms, more than six centimeters each, were materialized there, directly from the officer's head.

It was the Ceti-Eel that Elizabeth was referring to...

Throughout the universe, several species of Ceti-Eel are known, and some implant themselves in the bodies of their victims, entering through the ears, and from there, managing to gain control over their hosts.

In this specific case, the worms were implanted directly into the Commodore's brain, transforming him into a puppet, generating around him, a field of empathy that did not allow anyone to suspect what was happening.

The Commodore until that moment had served someone's mysterious interests or something was more than evident, since the Ceti-Eel themselves, in this case, had in their bodies some components that were not biological.

Through this artifice, the wormy creatures received instructions from this someone, indicating how the Commodore should act.

The moment the worms came out of the Commodore's brain, he still opened his eyes, stretched out his hand towards Elizabeth's face, and then immediately established a mental link with her.

***



It was the Commodore's last act.

The worms had destroyed his entire brain, but he had still managed to transmit through that mental link, everything he knew about his tormentors.

A true act of redemption and confession of sins.

Then the Commodore died, and Elizabeth closed his eyes.

With a desolate air, later, in a safe place, where she was alone with Captain Mare Boliveira, Elizabeth confided to her:

-Before he died, the Commodore's mind showed me that there are more people in prominent positions of the Federation, who are also in the same situation as he was just before our link.

Captain Mare Boliveira widened her eyes and swallowed...

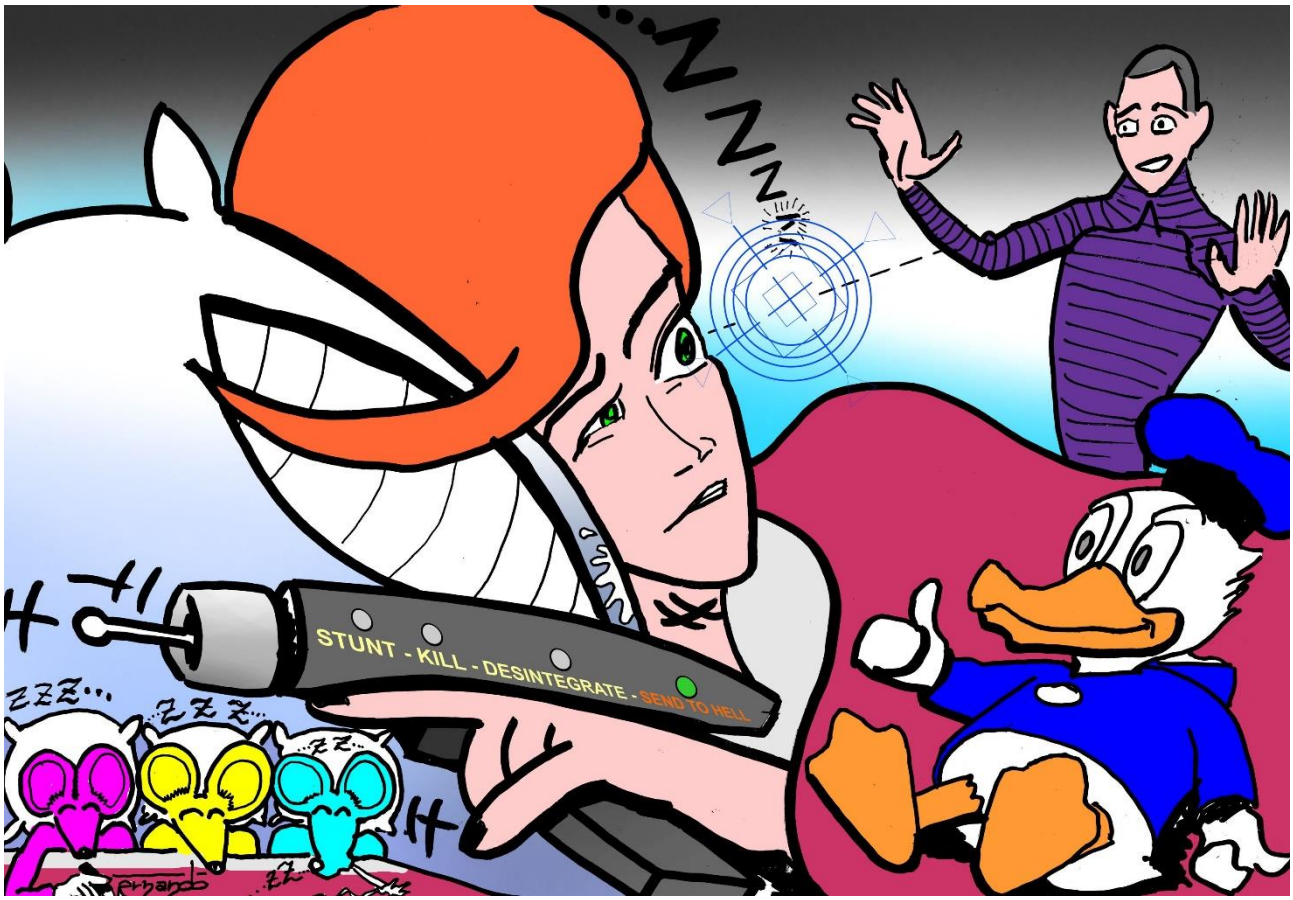
That same night, still under the impact of the events, after much reflection, Elizabeth Bondmader, wrote an extensive report addressed to President Archer, where she suggested a series of reforms to be adopted in the espionage services that served the Federation, also creating, if possible, an independent agency, of unrestricted action, to provide actions in fields or, specters not covered by the currently existing ones, which eventually and unfortunately could already be "contaminated" by undesirable spies.

***



2192

ELIZABETH BONDMADER noticed an intruder in her room.



Looking towards the window, she saw someone in the armchair facing her.

-Good evening, Elizabeth.

Without showing panic, she just widened her eyes, and began to calculate the situation:

There was no unlocked access to that room, so the intruder could only have entered there through some kind of teleportation.

With almost imperceptible movement, he slid her hand towards the pillow, but the visitor seemed to know her habit:

-You won't need the gun, Beth. You don't know me yet, but we are friends.

She looked intently at that man's face.

In fact, she had never seen him before...

-My real name is Timot Danlen, but in the future I will work with you under the name Agent Daniels. - He said, and closed his eyes as if he were reproaching himself. -Drug! I shouldn't have said that, but... Escaped!

Elizabeth still didn't understand anything...

She had been through a lot, and had met several weird guys, but someone entering her room, without her noticing, was new.

Because she did not feel any kind of threat in him, and, even out of curiosity, she decided to press the button that turned on the lights in the room, but was interrupted:

-One moment...- Daniels said. - I will only ask you for all the strength of conviction, in the task that you will receive.

"It may seem like a dream come true, but be careful and prudent with what you want, because some nightmare, along the way, can also come true."

-What?!?! Elizabeth asked.

It was too much frivolity flowery talking for her head, even more so coming from an intruder who mysteriously entered her room when she intended to sleep.

She didn't want to know more about that soft talk and soon turned on the light.

As soon as the room lit up, in the blink of an eye, Daniels was no longer there.

***

Elizabeth Bondmader barely had time to disconcert herself.

Soon after, a loud beep sounded, one of those very noisy ones.

So impertinent, that Elizabeth remembered why she had installed it.

There was probably something urgent to solve.

Bills to pay? Impossible.

She was one of the few women to have strictly controlled spending.

Starfleet? Again??? But she was off duty.

Had anyone died? Any other misfortune?

Immediately, with the unpleasant noise came anxiety, which, for some matters, even Litle Green Ball Master's advanced meditation methods were not enough to control.

Without time to take courage, she immediately went to check what it was about, to face the problem.

She opened her message box and verified the presence of one that had just arrived, with a VERY HIGH PRIORITY tag.

It came directly from the Presidency of the United Federation of Planets, with a seal, signature and even an indication right next to her name:

ELIZABETH BONDMADER (FOR YOUR KNOWLEDGE ONLY)

Press the button below with your right thumb.

At the bottom of the text, there was a red ball, which Elizabeth pressed, following the instruction.

A two-dimensional rectangular screen lit up, highlighting the presidential logo of the Federation of United Planets, which was then replaced by an engraved message with Founding President Johnatan Archer himself displaying his customary smiling, relaxed, and tranquil countenance.

-Elizabeth, Congratulations!

"On the recommendation of a friend, I authorized the immediate implementation of the FEDERATION SECRET SERVICE Agency as per YOUR suggestion."

"To coordinate these efforts, if you accept, you will receive a promotion to the position of Director with special status."

"Attached to this message is a package of encrypted protocols and data that only you can access and manage."

"If you accept this mission, you have fifteen seconds to unlock the file, otherwise it will self-destruct, so neither the Agency will work according to your own suggestion, nor will the promotion to the command post linked only to it, have any validity."

"Decide what you understand is best."

"Good luck and best wishes!"

Archer out!



Elizabeth Bondmader's eyes widened.

Now she understood the meaning of Daniels' message and what he meant by "strength of conviction" in the assignment he was receiving.

The seconds passed by as she looked at the key that unlocked the files, and evaluated, without calm or tranquility, an important decision he had to make. The most important of her life.

During her studies at the Academy, among the various subjects and jobs she had the opportunity to do were those in the disciplines of intelligence, military strategy and propaganda.

Because of such learning, and with the revealing experience she had making the mental link with Commodore Barsark, Bete wrote the request sent to the President to analyze, without any pretense of it.

Now, suddenly, she had to choose and decide her future at the last available second, even based on the knowledge of the fact that the Federation was already, at that very moment, infiltrated with guys of the highest dangerousness, and as soon as Bete decided to face them, her life would be immediately threatened.

Which path to take?

***

THE NEW President of the United Federation of Planets, having definitely taken office, has finally disengaged from the drive to empty his bladder.

He relieved himself, washed his hands and went to the office of his apartment where he would find some peace, even resting a little from his family.

As soon as he sat down in the armchair, the three-dimensional monitor next to him lit up, with a female voice warning:

-Alert: YOU HAVE ONE message.

Top priority.

THE NEW President was not at all pleased.

He had barely received the position, not even reached the warmth of home and, by then, he already had people on his trail.

Reluctantly, he let the alarm ring a little longer, until he answered the message.

-Put on the main monitor. - Authorized the NEW President.

Immediately, the image of a stunning red-haired woman with bright eyes appeared.

The NEW President even widened his eyes, wiped a drool that wanted to run down the corners of his mouth, and could not say anything, so overwhelmed was he, with such heavenly beauty.

-Hello Mr. President. - Greeted him that wonder of God, and angelic voice. - My name is Elizabeth Bondmader, and I am the Director of E.Y.E., the new SECRET SERVICES agency for the FEDERATION.

-I don't think I know this specific Agency. - Said the President, recovering from the initial astonishment, in front of that alpha woman.

-This Agency was created by President Archer and works, with budget and independent ordinances, acting in defense of the United Federation of Planets, and I myself will be its operational contact.

"I'm here to, first of all, wish you good luck and congratulate you on your position."

-Thank you. - Said the President.

-I also want to put E.Y.E. at your disposal, to help you, within our power.

-That's good!

It was then that Elizabeth took on an even more sober tone and put her colossal and wonderful cleavage, also highlighted in the image, an elegant trick that busty women use to give more authority to their words.

-As I have already reminded you, Mr. President, the budget and the ordinances of the EYE are independent, and Your Excellency will see that the chain of command here will not be directly under your influence or that of any politician, being subject only to my criterion, which will be meritorious.

The President said nothing.

-This Secret Service, Mr. President, exists to guarantee the integrity of the Federation in a much greater degree of discretion than in other Intelligence Agencies, at your service and that of Starfleet., so that, with the E.Y.E., only you will have knowledge and direct contact.

"We are here to serve, but we will not comply with illegal orders that aim at advantage, personal benefit, advancement of some power, or threat that does not go against the ideals of the Federation."

"A protocol will arrive in your hands indicating the way to activate us."

"One more thing:"

"My function is not to make judgment, but to collect information and, eventually, act by unofficial means, even illegal, in order to achieve the objective that is necessary, ALWAYS, for the GOOD of the Federation."

"To demonstrate the seriousness and importance of the services carried out here, I want to take the opportunity to suggest that extramarital meetings with Mrs. Nixia be suspended, because YOUR WIFE suspects something, and has even hired a detective to monitor your movements."

The President's eyes widened.

Only two security guards on his team knew about his encounters with Nixia.

That information was highly confidential, and if his wife knew of such betrayal, his entire project before the Federation was at risk of being destroyed, since he would be blackmailed from all sides, by the most unscrupulous existing forces.

Elizabeth showed that she still had more cards up in her sleeve:

-I suggest maximum caution, because the Federation is currently welcoming people and organizations of good nature, but also in this system many infiltrated people are entering with an interest in dismantling everything that has been done positive so far.

"As far as possible, we will check what is within our reach and pass it on to you.

"And just to finish, Mr. President. Among YOUR financiers is a Romulan living on Mars, who have in their possession a large stock of hidden and undeclared paralatinum gold."

"He must declare this patrimony to the tax authorities, so that no one wakes up tomorrow morning, with the police knocking on the door of his house, since such an omission is criminal in our legal system."

Elizabeth paused, and continued:

-Count on my help, and I will be at your command. Thank you for your attention. I will not interrupt Your Excellency any longer.

The image of Director E.Y.E. (Secret Service of the Federation) faded, leaving the new President speechless, who now knew he had a pair of more eyes, (or, millions of them) watching his mandate.



And so begins a new era of impactful changes, with repercussions that are difficult to calculate, even in a distant and better informed future, since everything related to the Secret Service of the Federation would be covered by absolute secrecy.

***

END OF INTRODUCTION

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After the mental link, Elizabeth Boundmader's perception of Commodore Barsark was confirmed: the oxygenated-haired Vulcan was a good man faithful to the principles of the Federation.

Before having the worms implanted in his brain, he had always been among the most honored officers of the Fleet, and even for this reason, he was chosen to spy in the service of monstrous forces, far beyond the understanding of the Federation that was itself infiltrated, just as it was the mind of the Commodore.

Elizabeth knew, and she was revolted!

Especially, because of the way Barsark's enticement took place.

The Commodore had always been a Vulcan devoted to charity, and, because of his merit, and through misleading, the swindlers got space in his schedule, in order to lead him to a place prepared to teleport the worms inside his brain, without this action being noticed by anyone.

Once the perfidious infiltration was carried out, those little animals simply dominated the old officer's mind, making him a simple puppet.

Thus, in addition to working for something he did not like, ended up making contact with other people who served this power.

Some enslaved like him, others blackmailed, many deceived, and even volunteers!

In this way, The Commodore himself also get to know several of the plans of this true "deep state", as well as its barracks and meeting places.

Among these, the one used as bait to catch the high Officer: an interior of a CASINO where the supposedly philanthropic event in which the hateful betrayal took place.

Even if he were alive, the Commodore himself would not approve, Elizabeth visiting this place aiming at a necessary vengeful reckoning. But Bete had already decided to carry out such a reckoning and, if everything went well, she would even make a box for the E.Y.E. (Secret Service of the Federation), since, for this new Agency, President Archer, cheapskate as he always was, had even granted some legal-bureaucratic power, but NO cash.

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ROYAL BET, in SPACE CASINO

1

-You look tense... You need to calm down. - Paul said in his voice devoid of emotion.

-Am I tense? Relly? Wow! What a genius of yours! Are we on a ride for fun?

-I think so. After all, you called me saying you were going to a casino.

-It is a kind of “fun” disguised in a real work, Paul.

-Oh yes! I work and you walk.

Elizabetn Bondmader looked kind of angry out of the corner of her eye at Paul's image on the monitor.

-OK Bete. No need to be mad. Try to calm down.

On the monitor, Paul appeared looking at something next to him as he said:

-The communications system will give a signal.

Immediately, a beep was heard on the panel at which Elizabeth was looking.

It was the sign Paul was referring to.

-The Casino is calling. - He said.

Then, on the panel, a plasticized black rectangular plaque appeared.

-Your card for generic ID and payments is ready."

Elizabeth picked it up and checked to see if it was ok.

-Now just go there and have fun playing." - Paul said. - Enjoy.

After this brief explanation, the casino's call was repeated through the beep.

A male voice, that of a radio announcer, manifested itself through the communication system:

-You are entering the control perimeter of the SPACE OASIS Casino.

"Please set the controls to the AUTOMATIC position so that your spacecraft can be properly docked."

Elizabeth proceeded as requested, then the spacecraft she was currently piloting, the MOSAIC, was carried by a bright bluish control beam.

Again, the male voice gave instructions:

-Please indicate your means of payment, to request services in the docking area and guarantee access to the facilities.

Elizabeth inserted the card that Paul had prepared for her, into a reading slit.

Next to it, there was a button that she pressed, indicating that was the means of payment to use. The card was then scanned, and the data contained therein was sent.

Tense seconds passed...

Elizabeth was using a fraudulent means developed by Paul to deceive the Casino's payment system.

If the fraud were discovered, she could be arrested, and her plan to make some easy money would collapse.

There was no way to escape, as the MOSAICO was a small and unarmed auxiliary ship, which would quickly be reached by the casino's security.

Time passed, with her forcing a moment of tranquility into her agitated mind, until the long-awaited RELEASE came.

The card was accepted.

She turned to the monitor, where, until then, the image of Paul Harburus had been.

Now it was off!



***

Tense, Bete left the spacecraft and proceeded through the huge transparent anti-gravity tubes to the arrival hall, where would present her documents.

Along the way, Bete assessed the immensity of those facilities.

The casino was in the middle of outer space, on the edge of the Milky Way, which allowed magnificent glimpses of the cosmos through its transparent windows.

At CHECK POINT, Elizabeth's documents were checked again.

There, too, she maintained her tranquility and characteristic wooden face, which she had developed thanks to her flirtations with the great flirters seduced by her various charms.

Once again, she passed the black card, and, after so many tense seconds, had fully free access to the Casino facilities.

When she thought could be calmer, was soon asked again:

-Would you like to go to your apartment, Mrs. Elizabeth?

-No. - She replied, to the digitized voice, which asked her the question. "I've been in the cabin of my ship for a long time.

"I now want a little more space to move around."

-Can I make any recommendations? - Asked the digitized voice again.

-Yes. What do you suggest?

-Would you like to play?

-Yes.

-Classic or digital games?

-Classics.

Around Elizabeth, from various parts around her, several colored icons appeared floating indicating game options, which were arranged around her forming a glowing cylinder.

Playing, she chose one of the icons, which had designs with the traditional card suits of the Earth. Then everything else went out.

The voice also asked:

-Do you confirm this option?

-Yes. - She replied.

-Do you prefer to play in a social isolation cubicle, or would you like to join other players?

-I want to join other players.

Then appeared, floating before Elizabeth, a brilliant text, written in white, with luminous letters.

It was a term that exempted the establishment from compensating for any damage caused by contagious diseases that other visitors to the place might have, and that her attendance, inside, was entirely at her own risk.

As soon as she signed the term, touching the tip of her finger, on the green square, with white letters, written AGREE, she was immediately teleported to the establishment where she would participate in the card games.

***

Elizabeth then found herself in a dark room, with Victorian-style furniture, and people dressed appropriately for the time.

She herself now wore a dress full of embroidery, lace and rococo, very different from the simple black work clothes.

There was so much frivolity there, that it even hurt her.

A casino attendant, wearing a white shirt, pants and black vest, appeared asking her:

-Would you like to sit at the gaming table with the other bettors?

-Are bettors playing against the house? Elizabeth asked.

-They are playing each other.

-I want to play against the house.

-Ahhh... - sighed the attendant.

“If you allow me a comment, I see that you have an adventurous spirit, because, against the house, the stakes are higher, and so are the challenges."

"Eventually, the damage is brutal."

"And the house only plays for victory."

That was a warning that Elizabeth was subtly receiving.

If she were to face the casino, would probably be playing against some artificial intelligence, almost impossible to beat.

If she lost the game, the risk of being turned into a slave was considerable.

-I want to play against the house.

At that moment, time seemed to freeze around Elizabeth.

An overwhelming silence took over the hall and everyone there looked at her, as if something huge was about to happen.

The attendant, in turn, kept up his phlegm and gave the conditions which, of course, were not at all beneficial to Elizabeth. Of course!

Even because the rules required there were so strict, the prizes won were much more valuable in an eventual case of victory.

-The use of magical, psychosynetic, external or computerized aids will not be allowed.

"If any of these tricks are used, your bets will be lost in favor of the house."

-I don't need any of that. Personal preparation is enough for me.

-Your personal preparation is far from being the concern of the house.

"Use it at will."

Elizabeth just smiled.

The attendant then pointed her to a special room, with glass walls around.

Elizabeth would sit in front of a humanoid robot representing the casino, being in this clash, her opponent.

Outside the soundproof glass walls were spectators and curious people who participated by betting against or for that game.

The robot pointed to a panel next to Elizabeth, where she was supposed to show that she had the buy-in to sit at the gaming table:

-How are you going to bet?

Elizabeth made an expression of pure triviality, as if bets of large sums were the most normal thing for her life, and drew from her hallucinatingly large cleavage, the shiny black card.

On the panel indicated by the robot, a slit stood out, with a flashing red frame around it.

-Please insert your card into the slot.

There, again, Elizabeth Bondmader would use her special card.

At that moment, maintained her absolute tranquility, because knew that she was being analyzed in every possible way.

A few more seconds passed.

Elizabeth breathed deeply and quietly, further enhancing the monumental size of her giant breasts.

On the monitor in front of her, a message appeared.

“OPERATION CONFIRMED. CHOOSE THE BET AMOUNT.”

Elizabeth started slowly.

She wanted to do a test before having real fun...

Then the match started.

On the table, the cards began to be dealt and played at impressive speed.

Elizabeth responded with class, within the required times, using mathematically calculated gestures, without excesses or absences.

Her face kept a mocking smile, without a measly millimeter in it changing, whatever the card that came to the game.

Soon the results came.

Win, win, draw, draw...

Elizabeth did not lose a single match.

The ones she couldn't win, didn't advance.

The deck was changed several times, but Elizabeth's game continued relentlessly.

Off the table, the betting was in surprising mode, with those who put everything on the challenger, and others who expected some kind of turn to the house.

Something that was taking a long time to happen.

Elizabeth remained focused on the game, willing not to miss any.

Her skills in the card game was not only a matter of mathematical preparation with Litle Green Ball Master, but with her father, who from an early age taught everything that was tricky, in the most varied types of games, including action, reasoning or strategy video games.

This partly explains why Elizabeth became the angry little daughter that every parent would like to have.

Thus, realizing that the match there was tough, artificial intelligence began to adapt, reducing the amounts paid, since Elizabeth only bet big when she formed a full hand.

Even so, the house was not getting a victory against the opponent who played quickly, without advancing when the odds were not favorable, and going for total aggressiveness otherwise.

Faced with a game bordering on extreme professionalism and total perfection, artificial intelligence changed the tactics, ending the games against Elizabeth.

-The small bets are closed against you, since you didn't come here to have fun and only to win.

Of course, Elizabeth was only there to win...

That, however, was an idiotic justification invented to try to take the fierce and winning player out of the card, given that the house was taking a nice loss.

-I'm going to bet half of my card credits. - She said mockingly. "Do you think you can knock me down?"

The robot opened a new deck, shuffled, and dealt the cards across the table.

The cards now favored Elizabeth's game, and she made her bids.

However, she seemed more relaxed than before, and right away she didn't give the best cards, an opportunity that the mechanized opponent didn't miss and took advantage to win decisively.

Elizabeth Bondmader widened her eyes at that drastic turn.

She placed the fingers of his right hand on his forehead as she glimpsed the value of her credits in the card plummeting wildly.

-The house wins. And the games are closed at this table.

The classic maneuver.

Now that the house had plucked the feathers from his duck closed the table for renovations.

Probably because calculated that, if the game continued, Elizabeth would exert herself even more courageously, trying to make up for the loss.

It was clear that she was a dangerous adversary who was not to be taken lightly. And Bete knew that everyone was watching her...

She punched the table, took his card off the panel and left grumbling.

-Here you don't get any more money from me!

She left angry, walking with that style of the models who parade on the fashion catwalks.

Of course, she caught the attention of everyone around her.

She lost a huge jackpot in style, but left angry giving a beautiful shake.

***

She then went to one of the casino's bars, where his presence has already stirred up the atmosphere.

Obviously!!!

In addition to her dazzling natural beauty, she was now wearing the famous silver-blue coin bikini that had once been her mother's, adorned with a beautiful leather jacket, where she kept her important documents and papers.

Bete did not carry weapons, because, among other things, she was there, to have “fun”.

Just the jacket, the sunglasses and the black card.

At the bar, she was soon surrounded by flirts wanting to pay her all kinds of perks. None of them interested her.

Just one proposal that was made there:

-Recover your lost money in the 3D chess tower. It is paying the winner eight times the amount you lost on the cards.

The idea interested Elizabeth:

-Where? - she asked.

-Sit down.

Elizabeth was led to a detached armchair in the middle of the room.

As soon as she sat down in front of her, a round table more than three feet in diameter rose from the floor, where it had hitherto been embedded.

Next to her, some drinks and snacks were placed, which our protagonist immediately began to taste.

Several people gathered in the room around, and when everyone seemed settled, the table in front of Elizabeth lit up, with a chessboard being projected on it.

It was not just any board, but a nine-story one, produced with beams of bright light

and, in addition to the traditional pieces, arranged on the central, upper and lower level, immediately next to it, there were also, in each one, another additional row of pawns occupying the first square.

Once again, another panel was placed near Elizabeth.

She found at first glance that the stakes there were indeed very high, so that if she played right, she could even recover the loss, with a profit.

In a loud voice, in order to be heard by all, without being in any way provoked by anyone, she suddenly said:

-There is no Murphy's Law that brings me down today.



****

The game started closed, without either side giving any space.

Elizabeth, with Black, did not allow any attempt to advance by the opponent, always responding, as far as possible, with equal strength and positional.

Thus, in all plans, a locked match began to be drawn, with little initial space for development.

But that was on Elizabeth's schedule, because as soon as the first opportunity arose, she began her open attack through which she maintained a clear advantage until the final moments of the match.

Because of this strategy, and also, because of the quick game between the parties;

A development that could last for days, was going to its ends, in a few hours.

And so far, with Elizabeth maintaining a clear advantage, eliminating little by little, like a tractor, all the problems and gambits that were put in her way.

She felt better playing decisively, but with tranquility, without useless miraculous maneuvers, which only deviated from the path to victory.

Bete had another reason to play aggressively.

There would be no second chance to try her luck, so it was to win or win, because, in case of a tie, the bet remains all with the house.

It was a demand that had to submit, and there was no way to complain.

As the plans were going well, she was not worried, not least because she now had superiority of pieces, relentlessly hunting the opposing King whose only option was to escape.

She was so confident that even let out mischievous smiles, as if were already saying:

-I've already won this one! No one holds me back! I have preparation!"

At that point she was already throwing winks off the table, even juggling the captured pieces.

In a careless move, she left the opposing King with no options, that is, he could not move, but he was not dead.

A real draw. There was no way the game could continue.

With this impasse, Elizabeth Bondmader lost all the credits she had on her card seeing her plans for resounding victories collapse...

***



Through the corridors of the casino's bitterness, Elizabeth found herself deprived of credits or money, even to drink a measly orange juice, so, with no further reason to stay in the casino, she had to return to MOSAICO.

Making an ass face, typical of the tourist who returns home with only the clothes on the body and debts on the card, Elizabeth undocked her spaceship speeding towards open space.

By then, she looked in the rearview mirror, or rather, through the stern monitor, where saw the gigantic casino facilities shrinking in size, due to the increase in distance.

Suddenly, the casino blacked out in one piece, along with everything around it disappearing amidst the spatial blackness.

On the other hand, at the bow of the Mosaico, the view was different.

Out of nowhere, unexpectedly, a colossal cargo spacecraft materialized.

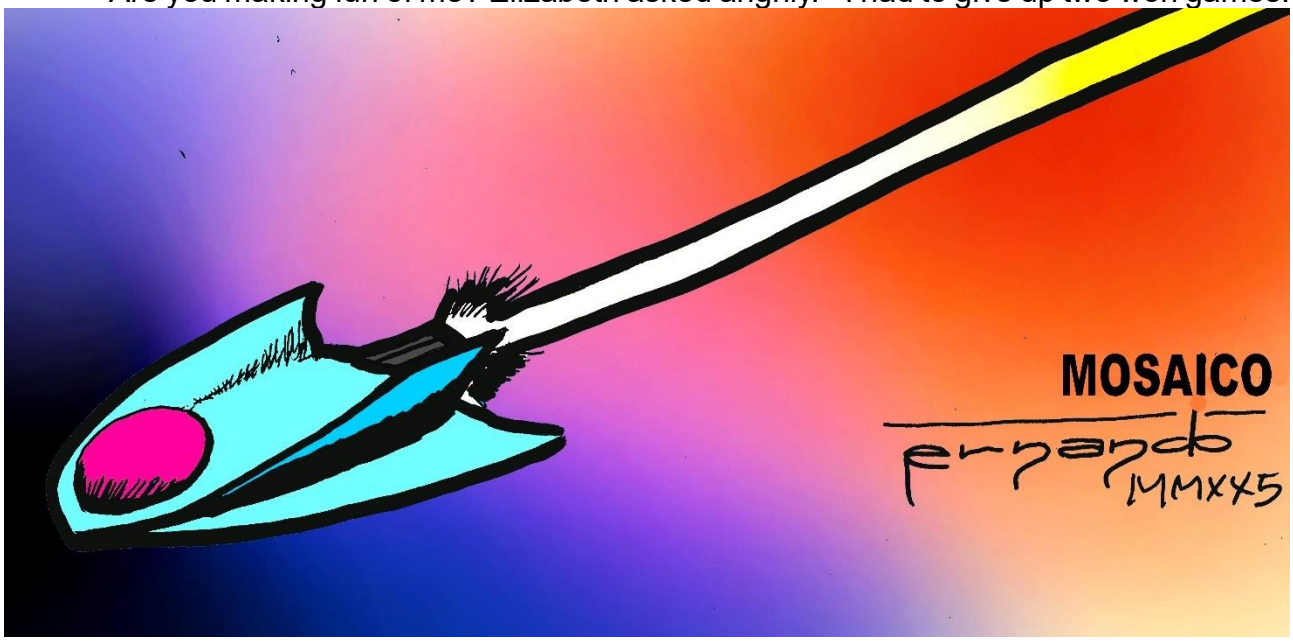
Realizing the size of the object in her path, Elizabeth did nothing to deflect it.

On the freighter, however, many gates opened through which Mosaico entered, which soon after landed in a huge hangar.

Still inside the cockpit, sitting in her seat, Elizabeth saw Paul's image appear on the communications monitor.

-I hope you had fun on your tour of the casino. - He said.

-Are you making fun of me? Elizabeth asked angrily. - I had to give up two won games.



***

INTERLUDE to PAUL DIGITAL

As with the best superhero origins, there are still stories that are changed thanks to idealistic personal sacrifices in the name of science.

Paul Harburus, a scholar convinced in his own knowledge, in order to prove the value of his theses, without exposing the lives of others to risk, decided to be a guinea pig in a laboratory experiment where he would copy all the contents of his mind into a digitized format capable of existing even inside a hard drive.

The experiment was successful and all memories of his life "backed up" on the researcher's computer.

Undoubtedly, a gigantic feat for science and for humanity.

Such an intrepid act of heroism, however, would never be public knowledge.

Not because of Paul, who calculated everything very well, eliminating any margin of error, but because of Keyhmn's betrayal, a bigwig who claimed to be his friend, bosom

brother and "comrade", but harmed the experiment, which was still successful, by digitizing all the information in Paul's brain up to that moment.

Such an act of sabotage caused a tragic explosion setting everything on fire, including taking the life of the heroic scientist unconsciously connected to the destroyed equipment.



***

Breadwinner of a simple and humble family, Paul left behind his mother and sisters, who, with little means to survive, were forced to dispose of all the possessions of the young man, whose life had been sacrificed for science.

Elizabeth Bondmader was ready to help such important friendships in any way she could, even because she was a friend of Paul, who worked as a black model for diversified productions, and had always been a true humble and hardworking "gentleman".

From the family, Bete bought several personal items from Paul's laboratory, including the hard disc and the computer that maliciously participated in his end.

So out of curiosity, she took the opportunity to try to find out what experiments Paul did before died, something that not even his own family was aware of.

She separated in the middle of the set of computer parts, what worked, from what was useless, and, using the few usable parts, she joined these to others to make a machinery even more robust than the one Paul had used before.

Bete coupled the hard disk with all the data obtained from the deadly experiment and ran the executable program that would put everything into operation.

Or not???

***

First, the viral and computer defense systems signaled some kind of problem. unexpected or uncontrollable. After... Things got even worse.

On her monitor, Elizabeth witnessed a fight between her anti-virus and protection/security systems, the super-laptop, against Paul's executable program, and whatever was on it.

Then... Everything was erased.

When Elizabeth began to think that her machine had broken down, and the expenses she would have even to sell that junkyard as scrap metal, the resurrection occurred.

The computer came back looking stronger and more powerful than before.

The monitor also reignited, and that's when Elizabeth was really surprised:

There was with much darker skin than he had ever been naturally in his entire life, an image of Paul Harburus. It moved, and said:

-Hi Bete. It's me... Paul..."

***

-That is... The original Paul died. - Said the image on the monitor. - But, I'm Paul now... Improved.

-Paul? Improved? - Elizabeth asked with a cheering face. - The Paul I knew is in heaven. Much better than me here...

Without warning, a three-dimensional image of Paul wearing black clothes formed.

Of course, it was not a real living being, but the representation was very good.

-Now I'm completely digitized. Within any computerized system, I am practically unbeatable and nothing is hidden from me."

"I have mastery over any program, or computerized language and able to break barriers, manipulate programming, forge data, credits and all kinds of data for any purpose."

Elizabeth Bondmader understood what that meant and its possible implications, yet she couldn't contain herself...

-With these skills, I could even get you a job. You would help a lot of people.

-Is the salary good?

-Good salary? - Bete asked with her typical angry boss face. - Hey my dear! I thought your work was for altruism, after all, what, would an artificial intelligence do with salary?

-In fact, I cannot be categorized as artificial intelligence, but as digitized bioknowledge, then yes, in a computerized environment.

"The smallest units of knowledge that govern me come from experience and will, contrary to the guidelines in most artificial intelligences, based on rigid programming."

"And particularly, in my special case, the salary would be used to acquire more memories..."

-Digitized bioknowledge????

"I think this term is perhaps not the most appropriate, philosophically speaking. In my opinion, you'd be more like a pirated copy of software running on a supercomputer."

-Your point of view is very interesting, Beth. It's worth a conversation about it...

-Undoubtedly. Paul...

"By the way..."

"I'm going to call you Paul Digital, since the original Paul Harburus is currently on a better plane of existence than ours. "

-Another interesting point of view, Beth. Which is worth talking about.

"In any case, I accept the name Paul Digital, which, in fact, better matches my current condition."

-We will have plenty of time for several conversations, Paul, for that, I would like you to be working side by side with me. The cause is good... In favor of humanity."

-I'll accept, Beth. Always, in the interactions we've had, even previously, when Paul Harburus existed, you've been an excellent mentor as well as a loyal friend.

"I'm sure that such experiences will benefit me greatly."

-I'm glad to know that I helped the original Paul and his family in some way.

"He was always very talented and didn't deserve the end he had."

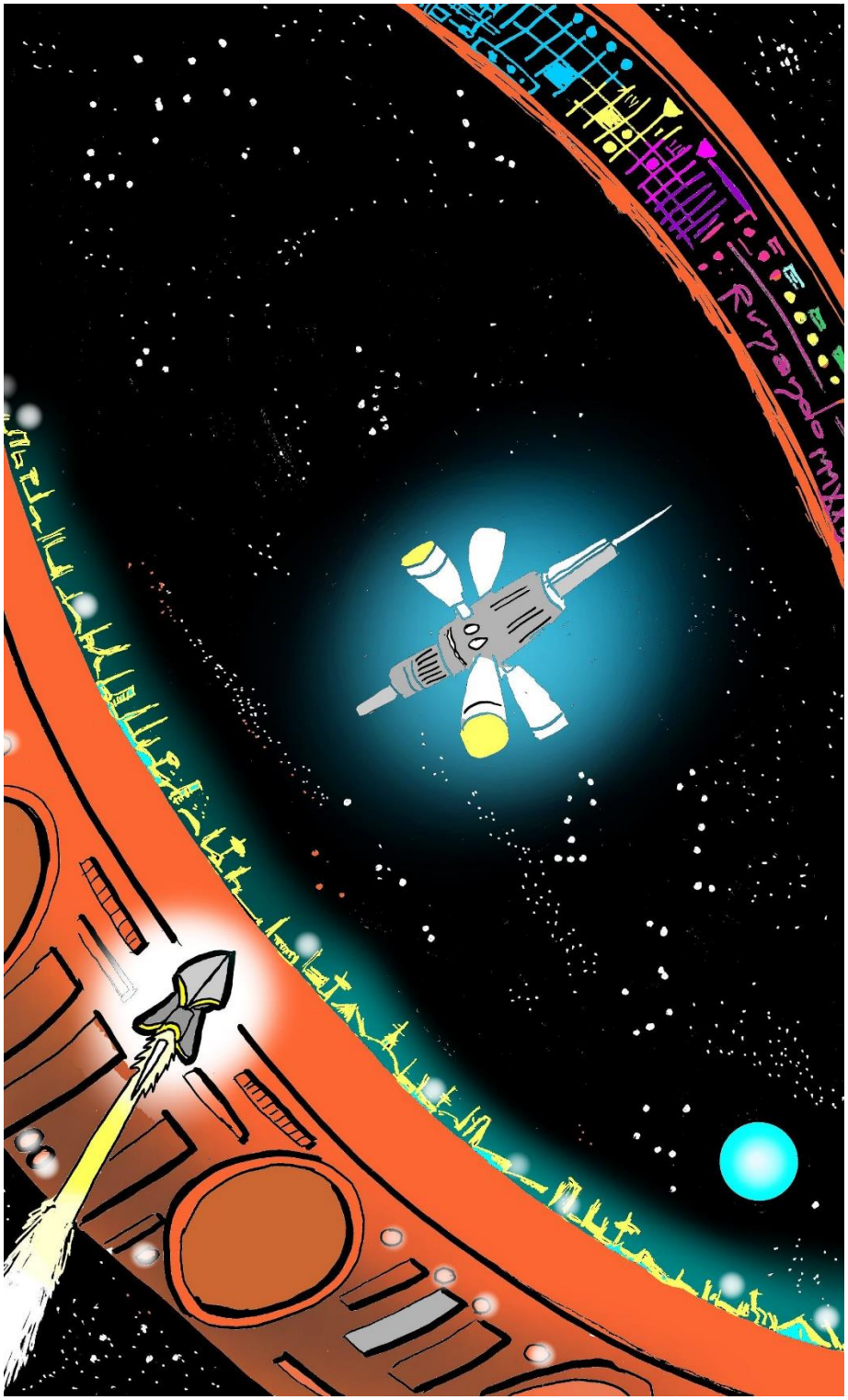
"In any case, his experience has always been extremely valuable, and I am sure that now, in this new format, it will be an essential help."

"Your work will pay you not only with the experiences and memories you want, but also with the satisfaction of having helped protect humanity by facing the wicked!

-Agreed, Bete. We will form an excellent partnership.

-END OF THE INTERLUDE-

***



The hatch of MOSAICO opened.

Leaving through it, Elizabeth found herself inside the immense hangar where she had parked the small auxiliary spacecraft used until then.

She went downstairs to the floor, listening to the reassuring voice of Paul "Digital" in the headset:

-The credits used to pay for your expenses, after they were accepted by the casino's accounting system, made a reading and tracking of how everything worked inside and now, I have unrestricted access to all commands and controls

-WOW!!! I like the way you said:

"I have unrestricted access to all commands and controls." - Commented Elizabeth. – “It sounds like a villain from the movies of the afternoon session.”

-For you, I have to be strict down to the last details. Paul replied.

Elizabeth gave a small smile with the corner of her lips saying:

-OK! So turn off the entire casino for us to work.

-You're in charge, boss.

***

When she arrived at the command of the space freighter where the auxiliary spacecraft MOSAICO had landed, approached Bete, a floating robot, shaped like a mini barrel, with two blue LEDs, and an antenna, on the rounded top.

Externally, it had no arms, legs or wheels, being painted in white with black bands.

-What's the situation, Szucker? Elizabeth asked.

-Everything under control, madam. - Replied the robot.

Elizabeth looked with unfriendly faces at the helper when she was called madam and sat down in the command chair, checking the monitor in front of her with the image of the imposing space casino.

-Why-is everything still lit? I didn't order to tur it off???

-We were waiting for you, Madame.

Elizabeth turned with a furious face to the robot that hurried to comply with the order.

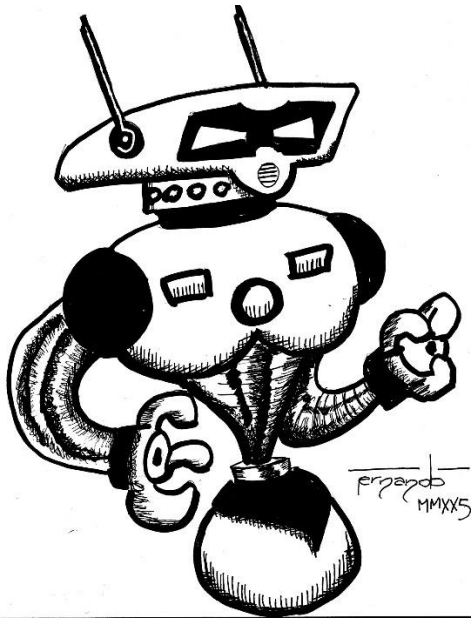
-Immediately, Madame.

On the monitors in front of the brave hot redhead, the casino lighting began to go out, little by little, until nothing was left on. Not even the exterior lights.

Everything was without power, even the spaceships circling the place.

-Then let's get into action! - Elizabeth ordered. - And now, it's for real.

-Yes, Madame.



***

SSF01, a freighter under Elizabeth's command, where she had parked her shuttle, the MOSAICO, inched toward the Casino, and in less than two minutes circled it twice.

Then it slowly moved away from the faded spatial structure and from there, with a jump, headed for hyperspace without a trace.

Then the casino rekindled and everything went back to normal operation.

The life support that was paused for a very short time, did not suffer or caused damage to anyone's health.

However, some things were not in their proper places.

The casino's safes, and all their contents, were teleported to the freighter SSF01 during that blackout.

Also, all existing casino bank accounts operated from there were emptied, with their contents disappearing entirely.

Likewise, records of a period equivalent to the last fifteen days of the terrestrial calendar, in the most varied forms of media existing in the casino, were deleted.

In view of the trillionaire losses that the Space Oasis Casino took with it, the walk of a stunning redhead, who had turned around at the gaming tables, after almost winning a big jackpot, could, in the first analysis, be considered irrelevant.

***

LATEST EXPLANATIONS

Finally! The blonde oxigenated hair of the Vulcan commodore was avenged!

Everyone thought it was a vanity of the officer to change the color of his hair.

What a mistake!

It was a cry for help, which the uncontrolled part of his being, made to anyone who could perceive, something that only happened when there was no way to save the life of the unfortunate officer.

In any case, the mission against the casino bosses was successful, which allowed, inside, a Commodore of Starfleet to be cowardly attacked and subdued.

Elizabeth not only charged such an affront dearly, but also tested her ability with the equipment she had obtained to carry out that mission.

Firstly, with the SSF01, bought at a bargain price, which would also be used in other missions, in three other casinos operated by the same bosses, but in different quarters of the galaxy.

In paralatinum gold alone, more than two hundred tons were stored in the cargo hold, not to mention other riches, which the casino accepted as a bet, and yet not even a fifth of the spacecraft's available space was fully occupied.

There was also Paul Digital, as nicknamed by Elizabeth, who proved to be a loyal friendship practically infallible in what was good.

Through a miserable card, this digitized bio knowledge formed by energy, disguised part of itself, as monetary credits, invading the casino system, mapping it completely to then give the fatal blow!

Szuker, on the other hand, was one of the several robots that had come with the ship when it was acquired, and, through him, Elizabeth controlled everything inside, so that, if she wanted to use the SSF01 without problems or headaches, she could not discard this valuable automated companion.

With this force, Elizabeth would still attack, with identical success, three other casinos, in different quarters of the Milky Way, and, on account of an audacious and well-executed plan, no one would have any record, or direct means to investigate, how these

colossal fortunes disappeared.

Meanwhile, stories of a beautiful redhead, who could have circulated around the gaming tables in the four casinos in the different quadrants of the Milky Way, began to circulate in the small mouth.

Elizabeth soon learned of this conversation, which had already become a conspiracy theory, and realized that it was time to have more people working for the E.Y.E., or, as we know it best, the Federation of United Planets Secret Service, which she commanded, and, thanks to her spectacular incursions, now had her coffers full.

***

SONNY BLUE



Elizabeth Bondmader sat at the usual table, in her favorite restaurant of San Francisco.

It was close to the Starfleet Academy, had a price accessible to students and made dishes that satisfied not only the eyes, but also the palate, and the hungry stomachs.

There, Bete recommended the breaded chicken drumstick, accompanied by her favorite energy drink. Fast, cheap food that already made her ready for work.

When she was about to call the bill, saw an old acquaintance enter the establishment: Sonny Blue.

He continued the same smiling flirting with the face of a Hollywood heartthrob.

The kind that, when he enters any establishment, draws the attention of all the ladies.

And so it was with Elizabeth, who, when recognized him, motioned to Sonny, as if she were calling a waiter.

Of course, when he saw that big woman calling his attention, Sonny forgot everything else and complied with the request, even more, because she was an acquaintance of his, to whom he owed a favor (life itself).

Without wasting time, he approached the table where she was and soon after giving her a smart kiss on the cheek, he was soon sitting down together.



-Bete! What a pleasure to see you again.

-And you've already taken the opportunity to show how a lazy kisser you are.

"Lucky for you're not ugly, otherwise would get some reprimands."

-Bete! Tell me if I'm not the nicest guy you know.

Sonny was talking, and already making his characteristic smiling wood-face expression of a heartthrob, the one who is thought to be the tallest cherry in the confectionery.

-Sonny my friend, I'am used with this old flirter salesman's oratory.

"You will have to try harder. Old pick-up lines here don't pass."

Sonny, as a good philanderer Don Juan that he was, did not lose his pose and soon said:

-You deserve the best, Bete. I will try my best.

-What's up? What are you doing, besides the cheap pick-up lines? Still in the Fleet?

-No more! I was dismissed.

-Dismissed? You?!? But why?

-I think it was some matter of politics.

"I have no idea." - He said making that expression of a born liar...

Elizabeth was suspicious of the honeyed story, and soon she found herself right there to consult the occurrence, without being noticed obtaining the correct information:

-But Sonny! I'm aware of a reliable source, that you flirted with the Admiral's daughter... Did you show her the size of the sausage?

-Hey Bete! See well: That is not everything...

-Will you want to tell me that love is beautiful, Sonny? That you wanted to marry the Admiral's daughter? Did you intend to put the donkey in the shade?

Sonny, even when confronted, did not lose his smile, nor his face.

He kept his tone of voice calm and, like a good professional seducer and, put his tongue to work on a good justification...

-Actually I went to help a heart in trouble...

-Oh yeah! I believe!... Providing sentimental consulting... Fool me that I like it!

Bete paused and continued...

-So, you're on the street...

-Yes... More or less... But I will get a job..."

-Surely Sonny... Now they will ask the Admiral for reference about you, and people will say:

"This sausage son of a mare, wanted my daughter to pass the ruler."

-Damn Bete! I didn't know you were so good jokester.

-From time to time I even get something right, it's a rare occurrence.

-Wow, then I'm lucky.

-Not Sonny. Lucky you will be now that I will invite you to work with me...

Sonny made a serious relaxed face and said:

-That would help me a lot, Bete...

-I'm happy Sonny, but I'll warn you that working with me can eventually be sacrificing... Mortally sacrificing.

Sonny made a serious face. He didn't seem to be believing it.

-What will I have to do?

-You will work for me.

Sonny smiled widely.

This one was authentic, not like the other holywoodian ones, which he used to routinely give.

-For me it's great. What will I have to do?

-You will work a lot and earn little.

-If it's by your side, no matter how hard it is, I'm sure I'll have fun.

-You're going too fast and doesn't know what you are getting into...

-No problem. At least I'll have a salary...

-Surely! I'll have to pay you something. Elizabeth agreed with a face of dismay.

-Will the community at least benefit from my sacrifice? - He asked with a smile that highlighted the whiteness and perfection of his shiny teeth.

-Oh! Of that, you can be sure!

"Even if... No one know about your heroic good deed!"

Sonny Blue was a brave man, but not a fool.

His nose soon guessed what he was about to get into...

-So... I'm going to work in some kind of secret service?

Elizabeth Bondmader said nothing, but her silence served as answer.

-And how is this service? Do you pay for at least some trips?

-Yes. I myself, in last month, have taken a tour on all the quadrants of our galaxy.

Sonny Blue made a face of bewilderment.

The mathematics of travel proposed by Elizabeth did not seem convincing enough due technical-operational reasons.

-But boss! The thrusters of the best ships do not have autonomy and would not even be able to leave the limits of our quadrant."

Elizabeth again stared at Sonny Blue, kept a brief silence, and then said:

-My passport is well stamped.

-What did you do in these places Boss?

Elizabeth once again looked at Sonny Blue, and did not answer, as she took a few sips from the straw in the cup she held.

-I know...- He said. -Intelligence, secret service...

She only made a gesture in agreement.

-All right. - He said - I accept!

"Now tell me something about this Secret Intelligence Service..."

-You travel a lot...

"It has contact with more advanced technologies than those available in Starfleet."

-Will I be one of the good guys? Like a 007?

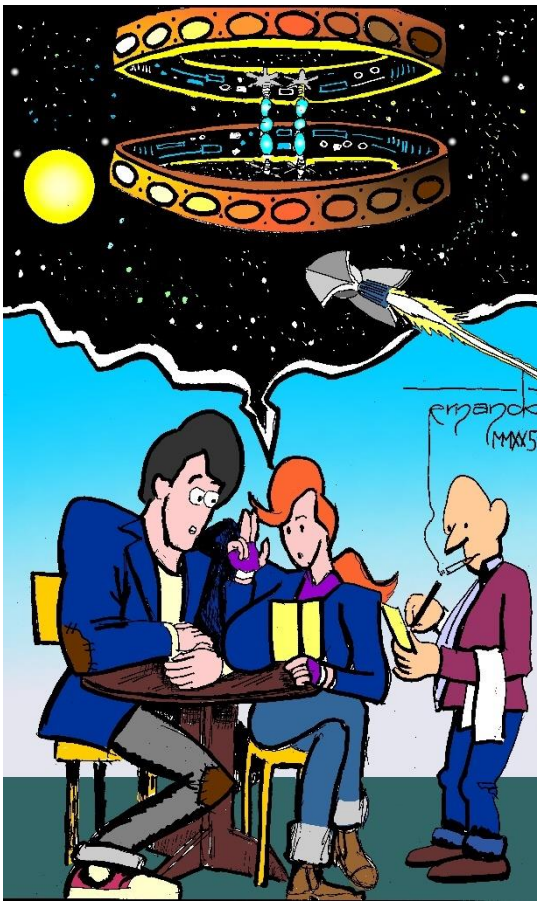
-As far as possible...

-And you? Have you done anything to save the day?

-Save the day? My last mission saved the entire Federation! - replied Elizabeth Bondmader barely containing her gossipy tongue. - Now that you're really in, let me tell you how it went...

***

THE FOUNDERS' FOOLPROOF PLAN



Shortly after arriving at the third casino where she intended to cause colossal damage, as she had already done in two others, in distant quadrants of the galaxy, our heroine was alerted by Paul Digital, who was already infiltrated in the local systems:

-You just found out about the other operations here. The moment is one of apprehension among the security teams, however, no measures have yet been taken.

-Bad news flies at warp speed. - That was the answer got from Bete the Boss for the warning.

Elizabeth did not dwell on the conversation, but knew that, there, she would have to act with greater discretion, even though she naturally drew attention for being an exuberantly stunning woman.

At the betting tables where she now ventured, precisely to be able to infiltrate the local computer system, with the credits falsified by Paul Digital, Bete made a point of losing, even when could win.

Naturally, because of her spectacular beauty, the "consolers" appeared on duty, wanting to soften the supposed pain caused by the games and bets "lost" by her.

The guys came with every kind of conversation possible, but Elizabeth already knew each one of them, knowing how to get rid of it without causing any inconvenience to the flirts.

She was ALMOST annoyed, when a disgusting, big guy, with white skin, black clothes, appeared wanting to jump the line, distributing punches and threats to other suitors who hit on Elizabeth.

She didn't like this attitude.

Even for the disrespect with the others who, civilly, came to talk.

However, she realized that the guy acted and, there, he was treated by those present as one of those types that you shouldn't mess with, in order to avoid big trouble.

In a matter of seconds, there was no longer any suitor near Elizabeth: only the

monstrous-looking ugly white face guy witch approached and, bluntly, took her by the arm saying:

-You come with me.

And the white guy went out taking her, by force, with him.

***

Even before the aggressor touched Elizabeth, she had already calculated at least five possible ways to escape the grip that was intended for her.

Even before Bete could show any reaction or retaliation, she received from Paul Digital, through a microscopic implant in her ear, a curious piece of information.



-That's Jem'Hadar. You can't hit him in front of everyone as these guys are too strong and aggressive.

"A fight like this would draw attention, unnecessarily."

So, with a smile on the corner of her mouth, Elizabeth was content with the pull she was taking.

The guy took her through corridors full of people, as if she were a mere rag doll.

Bete did not react because, as soon as she had the opportunity, would take out her anger.

She just looked at that Jem'Hadar, visualizing in it, the various points where could make very destructive attacks.

Bete didn't intend to be radical, to the point of using the methods of his friend Durkon, who dismembered opponents as their fights progressed, but she wanted to hurt a lot the type, just because of the disrespect to the other suitors who were at the front of the line.

Jem'Hadar took her to the inside of an elevator, where they were left alone.

As soon as the door closed, it was the moment Elizabeth smiled.

There, in the privacy of the cramped room, she would give a lesson in sociability in the element.

But that's not quite how it happened...

***

As soon as the two entered the elevator, Jem'Hadar pointed his ugly finger in Elizabeth Bondmader's face saying:

-Behave. I'll take you to my commander. Your beauty is great enough to make him reward me with enough Ketracel White.

In Elizabeth's ears, Paul again warned.

-This Jem'Hadar must be the "first" of some vorta.

Our protagonist twisted her face without understanding anything.

Inside his ears, Paul continued...

-The "first" is a type of commanding officer, who serves the Vortas, who, in turn, are the big shots here in the Gamma Quadrant, with great administrative powers.

"Any thoughtless action against these types can draw unwanted attention."

Meanwhile, Jem'Hadar, with his finger raised, continued to utter threats directly against Elizabeth:

-Do not displease him, nor disobey. He's an important guy full of responsibilities, and right now, he's involved in the middle of a big operation, and he just needs to relax.

-Then move your filthy claw away from me. You're pissing me off and won't like to see me nervous..." - It was the dry response that the menacing big guy received from our favorite protagonist.

Jem'Hadar widened his eyes, and slowly moved his hand away from that beautiful face that stared at him with total fearlessness, quite contrary to what usually happened to other people he confronted.

In that woman's eyes, he didn't see any sign of fear. And that worried him.

***

If Jem'Hadar had any concerns, they disappeared as soon as he introduced Elizabeth to his commander Vortha.

-What an extraordinary beauty! A true work of art. This young woman's parents are true Artists.

Then he turned to the Jem'Hadar who had brought her saying:

-I'll give you some extra shots of Ketracel White.

If anyone, ever in life, could see a happy Jem'Hadar, it would be at this moment, when a true expression of joy was drawn on his ugly face.

Elizabeth watched everything with apparent disinterest.

In fact, Bete was probing everything around her, while absorbing in detail anything she thought was interesting.

She was in the Vortha's office, a seemingly frivolous and cool type, who perhaps didn't even know what to do with a celestial woman like Elizabeth.

From one of the shelves there, the Vortha took out a suitcase that he opened and, from where he pulled out a cylindrical object, throwing it in the direction of Jem'Hadar, who, in turn, caught it quickly, in mid-air.

-You deserved it. - Said the Vortha to Jem'Hadar. - If just the glimpse of this beauty does me good, I imagine later.

At this moment a large monitor on one of the walls of the office lit up showing the face of a really ugly guy, with hair licked back, and deep-set eyes. Before him, the Vortha, hitherto pedantic, bowed...

In Elizabeth's ears, another warning came:

-This is one of the founders. He's the boss of the Vortha. - Paul informed, in Elizabeth's ears, based on the data he had already absorbed in the computer system of the space casino.

Without wasting time, the founder, in a solemn voice, was already saying:

-Head to Centris 7, and report to Ijimbay, as preparations are underway for a massive invasion of the Alpha quadrant.

"We have reports that there is an entity there called Federation of United Planets, which is growing, and if nothing is done, it may in the future be a dangerous obstacle to the monopoly of our interests."

-As you wish. - Said Vortha, bowing in front of the monitor where the three-dimensional image of the founder appeared.

At this moment, Jem'Hadar grabbed Elizabeth's arm and went to pull her again, saying:

-Come. These matters are not of interest to you.

He tried to pull her...

Tried...

This time, however, he did not succeed.

The finger that had previously been raised was first attacked and immediately cut off with a paper cutter on the table, which Elizabeth had used as an improvisation.

She then took advantage of Jem'Hadar's hand that held her arm, twisted it, pulled it, and used it to grab the rest of the member, which was used as leverage for a judo move that threw the incredulous attacker away.

Even the Vortha, couldn't contain himself:

-Oh! But what a woman of indomitable spirit!

Elizabeth, in turn, looked at Jem'Hadar with swarming eyes:

-Stay there dog.

The pain caused by the amputated finger prevented Jem'Hadar from thinking correctly, yet fear caused him to paralyze himself, no longer precipitating any action against Elizabeth Bondmader!

This fear soon turned into pure and freezing panic, because the energy of the entire office ran out, leaving everything in the dark.



***

Suddenly Elizabeth Bondmader found herself, in the middle of another darkness to

which she had been teleported, now in the dim light of the command room of SSF 01 that operated only with emergency lighting from the control panels.

-I wasn't done with the idiot yet. - She complained.

-MOSAICO has also been teleported back to the hangar. - Informed Paul Digital, through the spacecraft's sound system. - We have just done the second lap and we already have everything we need in our hangars.

"We have appropriated more resources for the Federation's coffers, from the sources of income from this super-casino. "Can we leave, Boss?"

-Yes! But we still have business in the Gamma Quadrant. Pin coordinates and head directly to Centris 7. -Ordered Elizabeth Bondmader, not at all happy, for having taken away the pleasure of properly beating the vortha.

-You're in charge, Boss!

***

THE SCOUNDRELCRATS

After a period equivalent to four Earth days, Elizabeth Bondmader was in Ijimbay, more specifically at the Headquarters of the Central Council of the Committee, on the planet Centris 7, where hundreds of vorthas, coming from different places, gathered to confabulate about the imminent invasion of the Alpha Quadrant of the Milky Way, the region where the Federation of United Planets and its allies were located.

Some founders were also at the event, but these few, no more than four, remained isolated in environments from where could pass their orders without being disturbed.

The central point was colossal, located a true megapalace, whose free span at its base, had a city with hundreds of towers surrounded by a park with many exotic gardens and few architectural structures, where only selected vehicles circulated.

That place was where the dominant elite of galactic quadrant was located.

To get there, Elizabeth had to bypass all local security, until finally be teleported directly to the Council Headquarters.

Thus, with her famous black card, she inserted Paul Digital into the computerized system when her identification was requested, to get free access to wherever wanted to go...

And in order not to attract too much attention, she wore clothes consistent with local customs that concealed her spectacular feminine beauty and other attributes, to circulate undisturbed and, discreetly, listening and recording everything as possible around.

It did not take long to her form a opinion of the Vorthas, judging them to be frivolous, but too dangerous and disingenuous to be ignored.

Their good-natured appearance did not deceive her...

Those little guys would use their immense powers, and false smiles, to enslave the entire galaxy, sparing no one from theyr yoke.

They were the sticks sent by the Dominion, an ancient and intergalactic club run by the founding bosses, who only saw in the Federation threats and dangers to their projects of cosmic domination.

Elizabeth's case against the vorthas was one of dislike at first sight.

She wanted to get one of those little guys to beat, thus alleviating some of her frustrations, but if she was going to do things for the right reasons, whether in defense of the interests of the Federation of United Planets, she should have good reasons to justify the actions Bete would soon take.

Thus, she infiltrated herself in the Assembly where the elite of the Dominion's bosses deliberated on the next steps to be taken exactly where the meetings took place wich was very large and nice but ruled by that disgusting group.

Listening to conversations and witnessing speeches being made there, she came to the conclusion that if nothing were done, the E.Y.E. would have already failed right away in its mission to defend the interests of the Federation of United Planets, endangering not only humanity, but many other races and civilizations in the alpha quadrant.

In the midst of so many deplorable types who did not even notice her presence, Elizabeth Bondmader could hardly contain the urge to go out destroying everything around...

If it were up to her will, she would go out with her lightning-sword drawn, decapitating everyone, even the last of those scoundrels.

However, Beth had to be subtle, even though she understood the need to strike a blunt blow that would sink for at least three centuries with the dominion's plans to advance against the Federation of United Planets or, its interests.



***

An old saying goes that an empty head is the devil's cauldron, but a head full of hatred can also serve the same purpose.

Especially that of an angry woman.

Elizabeth Bondmader on that specific issue, a fearsome threat to the security of the Federation, and therefore of humanity, had lost her characteristic serenity taking the case personally.

She wanted to apply a scathing punishment to that bunch of bureaucratic scoundrels...

But how?

It occurred to her to telepathically force one or more savage monsters in that world to charge against the meeting place of the unscrupulous gang of scoundrelcrats, destroying everything and killing everyone gathered there.

A destructive attack that would actually seem like just another accidental misfortune caused by nature, but in Centris 7, the ecosystem, very different from Allorax, no longer supported, outside its oceans, such monstrosities.

There, the highest point of the chain of predators was in the hands of the Vorthas and their chiefs, who exterminated all the dangerous creatures that had previously lived in those

parts.

Beth was even more stressed imagining the harm that the Dominion would bring to that sector of the Milky Way where the Federation was trying hard to harmonize the situation

Such unrest gave her no idea how to execute her desired pre-revenge against such perfidious enemies, who well deserved some colossal misfortune that would make them forget about the Federation for a long time, without any suspicion of threat to the Dominion, even because of the First Directive that preached non-interference in other people's affairs.

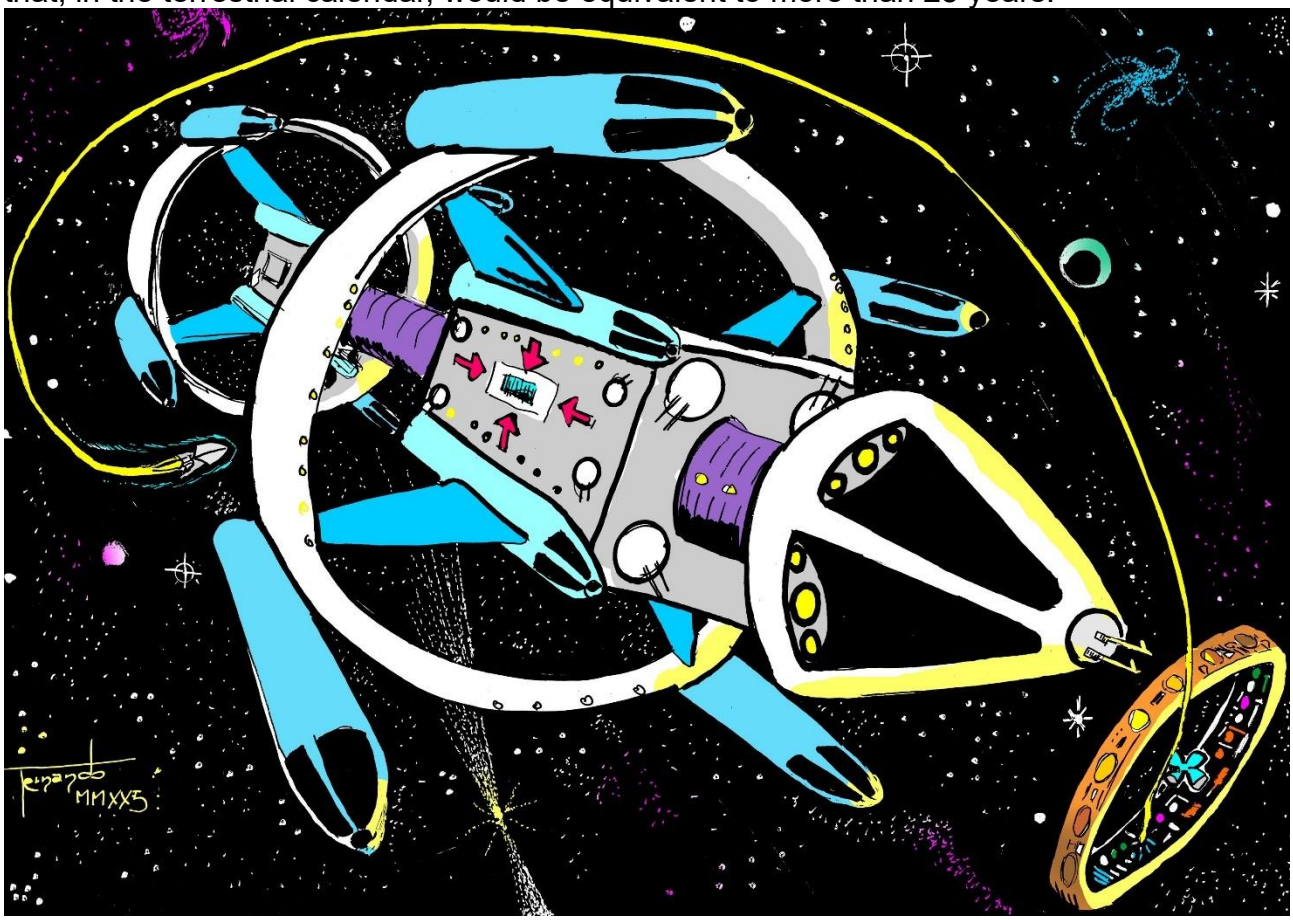
Soon, the approach in the search for the solution to the problem of how to jinx the lives of all those scoundrelcrats at once, with some misfortune on an apocalyptic scale, changed.

And the ideal weapon for such an attack was precisely in the depots of the spacecraft under her command that, threatening and undetectable, orbited at a safe distance, Centris 7.

***

INTERLUDE TO THE HISTORY OF SSF 01

SSF01, at E.Y.E.'s service, before being acquired and passing to the command of Elizabeth Bondmader, was a spacecraft used to transport various cargoes, during a period that, in the terrestrial calendar, would be equivalent to more than 25 years.



At that time, under the name of RAUMARBEITER, it was used by Max Jeremias, an earthling, who took and brought cargo from distant colonies to some of the main planets of the Alpha quadrant, at a time when the Federation did not even exist.

Max Jeremias, however, was not the first owner of the spacecraft.

In fact, he found it in the middle of a sandy desert, without knowing its origin.

He studied it deeply, but the only reliable information obtained was that it was the

creation of civilizations so ancient that the records of their presence were lost or forgotten by time.

Anyway, even with little information about, Max restored it.

From the original configuration, he only failed to improve the propulsion systems, due to its unknown and complicated technology, so this part remained unchanged, however, the rest of the spacecraft was adapted for the commercial use that Max wanted to make and, once he put into operation, imediatly transited within the space that for a long time, would be conventionalized as the control zone of the Federation of United Planets.

Even with the security guaranteed due to the infallible camouflage system that RAUMARBEITER already had, Max Jeremiah did not always finish his trips with profit, because some of the cargo, eventually, for various reasons, ended up not being delivered, nor accepted by the recipient, thus remaining in the spaceship's warehouses, without any use, even after the negotiation that handed over his possession/property to Elizabeth.

At this time, after the commercial transaction, and already belonging to the Secret Service of the Federation, the spacecraft was commissioned as SSF01, the items that accompanied it (agricultural implements, vehicles and even weapons) were all inventoried, and kept in the immense warehouses, since no use was intended for these.

Thus, if even after the renovation, little has changed in the freighter in relation to the items that came in it since the beginning of the negotiation, on the other hand, Elizabeth made updates and reforms, thus aiming to have everything more adapted to her needs.

Special emphasis, once again, was given to the thruster system, which then underwent improvements, now having its technology based on research and reverse engineering done on top of another spacecraft already known to the dear reader; The Black Bud.

Structural reforms were not necessary, as the spacecraft was very robust, but the new alterations significantly increased its performance, making it capable of moving through the different galactic quadrants, at an unprecedented speed, for any other spacecraft, directly or indirectly, in the service of the Federation of United Planets or even Starfleet.

With so many novelties and accessories, would Elizabeth Bondmader have the same luck in the spaceship as Jeremiah before?



END OF THE INTERLUDE

***

Modest, methodical and meticulous at work, Elizabeth always closely supervises everything managed by the E.Y.E., even the inside of the spaceships in the Agency's fleet, much more so in those she personally commands.

With SSF01 it is no different, and about: Bete knew by heart all the complete inventory left by Jeremias before selling RAUMARBEITER.

As the old merchant did not like to lose any goods, even those not delivered, he kept what was not negotiated in the warehouses of the ship, for future negotiations.

Among these items were containers filled with a potent pesticide capable of destroying any pest.

Beth began to consider using this solution to solve her problems with that infestation of scoundrelcrats at the headquarters of the Central Council of the Committee in Ijimbay.

****

WeyOne, one of the oldest Vorthas leaders to command the Decision Assembly, received the information that there was already enough quorum to deliberate on the invasion of the Alpha and Beta Quadrants of the Galaxy, where the Federation of United Planets was gradually making room for its own authority.

The Founders (Changellings) authorized the incursion in ways that, all that remained was to define the commanders of the assault and the receivers of the booty for this, the long-awaited main meeting was now beginning.

Weyone got up from the comfortable armchair to where he had been sitting and walked to one of the portals in his office.

When he got closer, it lit up, displaying as if it were the screen of a monitor, the huge hall where the Decision-Making Assembly would take place.

Weyone crossed the threshold and was immediately transported to the place that appeared in the passage.

When he got there, he was surprised by what he saw.

***

He couldn't even step properly inside the immense hall where the decision-making Assembly would take place and WeyOne felt an itchy ear and scratchy throat.

He advanced two more steps realizing that things there did not take place within the routine tranquility.

Along with the increasingly intense persistent itching in her ears, came the sound of moans and whining from her colleagues and employees of the house, as everyone there was feeling sick.

At a glance, WeyOne's eyes caught a glimpse of the air vents spewing into the hall where the Assembly would take place, dense bright light green smoke.

He himself was already feeling the effects of the environment contaminated with the undeniably toxic substance.

In those who were already there before him, the damage was much greater, with some lying inert on the ground and others melting in plain sight amid agonizing screams.

With his body now burning, especially in his hands, neck and head, WeyOne had to get out of there, because the exposed skin began to liquefy.

He tried to turn back, using his last strength, but had his advance blocked by a tall,

dark-masked woman with large glowing eyes in the shape of almond-shaped lenses, wearing silver, black and white armor, revealing only her abundant red hair.

WeyOne tried to force his way, but was unsuccessful, still having in one swift movement, his throat grabbed and squeezed with the ever-increasing force of that sinister aggressor.

Now the old man just struggled trapped in that efficient grip that was gradually taking his breath away while the gush of his blood increased through the open cut.

His legs shook uselessly, showing the unmistakable final despair, while his tormentor spoke in a low, sweet and soft voice:

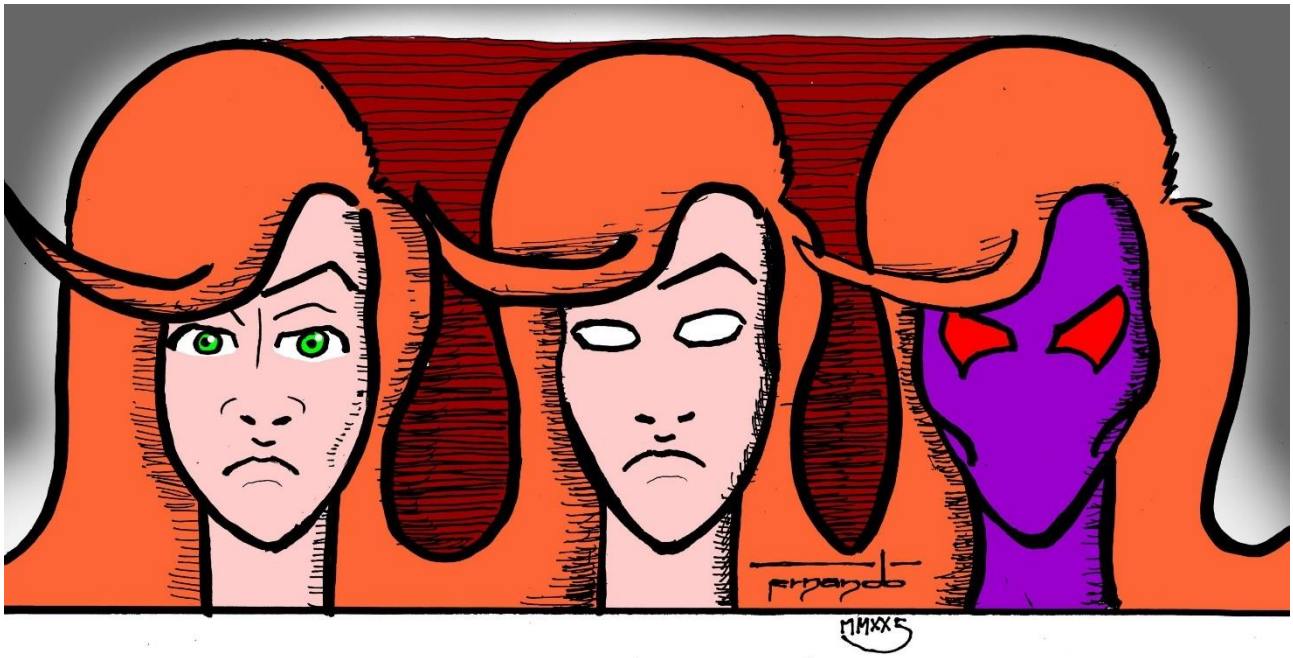
-The Federation of United Planets sends you greetings, you scoundrelcrat.

The grip on WeyOne intensified even more until his neck ended up completely crushed with a final snap and the head practically separated from the body, after the executioner threw the corpse to the ground.

The last vision the President had was the cemetery that became the once fearsome Assembly in the face of undue contamination, whose guilt would be attributed to a ghostly masked and hooded woman with red hair that I and you, dear reader, already know who she is...



***



With the successful attack on the headquarters of the Central Council of the Committee, the whole planetary system was transformed into a nervous anthill, while Elizabeth Bondmader quietly admired, throughout that world, the repercussions arising from her work in the role of Prosecutor, Judge and executioner of the Federation.

Orbiting undetectable Centris 7, SSF01 did not move, nor did it give any signal, to give it away, while in her command room, sitting in the main armchair, Bete listened to the sermon that was given to her.

-Your response was too aggressive, Bete. There was a lack of diplomacy. - Said Paul Digital.

-Diplomacy? The decision has already been made. The Alpha Quadrant, sooner or later, would be invaded by a fleet of ships from this Dominion, which is commanded by the founders.

"And they'll come by the millions, Paul"

"The Federation still doesn't have enough power to hold these guys."

"Our best defense right now is a preemptive strike. A pre-revenge!"

-But flooding the entire air circulation and cooling system of the Headquarters of the Central Council of the Committee with poison, and closing the emergency exits, is an inconceivable act of aggression.

"Given the death toll, including the founders, it will certainly be considered an act of war."

-These guys are scoundrelcrats, Paul. They are pawns on a huge board that can take us out of the game definitively, like insignificant cockroaches, while they continue to enjoy their luxuries at the expense of the blood of people they themselves don't even care about.

"Understand Paul. We are the Secret Service of the Federation."

"The code name of our agency is E.Y.E. because just to survive, we have to see the threats against us FIRST because, in the face of the dangers of the universe, we are still weak, hence, the policy of our agency is more of attack, than properly prioritizing the first directive or diplomacy."

"And against the Dominion, we have to strike a blow that will not allow it to be able to reorganize itself against the Federation or its allies, for at least two or three hundred years..."

-Bete, you said: "We have to strike a blow"... So does it mean that our mission here is not over yet? - asked Paul Digital.

-Unfortunately not! The worst is yet to come, my dear Paul.



***



On the hypermegalopolis, in which the majestic palace tower that held the Dominion Assembly was located, at that moment, in the midst of the tension caused by Elizabeth's poisonous attack, there casually rested quietly, above so much confusion, a clear cloud of gigantic proportions, which made all technology and power in Ijimbay insignificant.

This broader and panoramic glimpse of reality would even lead the observer to a sense of tranquility, since life and local movement, in appearances, kept the same rhythm.

Elizabeth, had this view, from the command room of SSF01.

From there, she teleported, directly from the spaceship's warehouses, to the middle of that colossal cloud, some of the old Jeremias' toys: billions of microscopic spheres, normally used in agriculture, to control the weather, decreasing or increasing the amount of rainfall.

Once out of the freighter, these were activated, starting to emit sounds, vibrations and magnetic fields, against the cloud, causing several reactions, the first of which was the change in color, which was a light tone, almost white, to another, dark gray...

Then, several lightning bolts popped up, followed by thunder.

Elizabeth, at the controls of her seat, changed a few more settings, and, in the sequence, a heavy rain fell from the cloud, over Ijimbay.

Little by little, what was already a real foot of water, transformed into an authentic storm, with even tornadoes in the streets, and more clouds from other regions joining, further increasing the catastrophic deluge.

Lightning struck caused great damage, setting fire and destroying, whatever they reached.

The sky turned black in broad daylight...

And then came the floods, power outages...

At various points in the hypermegalopolis, thick columns of black smoke were raised, caused by various fires, which only increased the local terror even more.

Little by little, the deadly work of the spheres extended the catastrophe on a geometrical scale, spreading it still further to other regions.

Well before the energy of the artifacts within the cloud was exhausted, the damage and the resulting repercussions had already reached the scale of irreversible planetary doom, with chaos settling everywhere.

Witnesses of the devastation reported that, in the skies, at the moments when the clouds were blackest, carried by multiple and intense rays, there seemed to be visible, a colossal smiling and destructive blue dancer with millions of arms, moving with charming, violent and graceful ease.

***

Did Elizabeth overdo her punishment against the Dominion's intentions?

The dear reader, who bravely gave me the privilege of following these lines so far, can understand that it is.

Meanwhile...

The actions perpetrated in CENTRIS 7, even if devastating or deadly, in Elizabeth Bondmader's view were STILL NOT enough to prevent the colossal and devastating war power of the Dominion, at the behest of the founders, from delaying for even a second, its already articulated attack against the alpha quadrant.

Aware of the fact, and invested with special powers by the Presidency of the Federation of United Planets itself, Bete did what her duty as a warrior demanded...

Another aggressive push against the Dominion!

This time, through Paul Digital, which, once inserted in the computerized systems of the Headquarters of the Central Council of the Committee, spread even further, through other networks. Especially... The bank ones.

And in these, it also caused incalculable damage, paralyzing not only in CENTRIS 7, but also, in other planetary systems far from there, colossal tactical and financial movements, on which the fleets of ships which intended to invade the Alpha quadrant, to face the Federation of United Planets depended.

Such mobilization would be stopped from one moment to another, in a suffocating movement that would take, by the terrestrial calendar, at least a century, to reorganize itself again.

Not even the founders, who were in the farthest corners of the gamma quadrant, because of this operation, escaped some kind of loss, including financial.

And such damage caused the elite of the Dominion, immense psychological shock, because it reminded her of that feeling, which for us, mere mortals, is well known:

The FEAR that made most of the founders finally see themselves as what we all truly are: finite creatures, at the mercy of fate, or unknown forces.

Of this loose caste, not everyone prepared for the moments of difficulty being led to the PANIC that then dominated the leadership of the founders, because most of them were leaders lacking discipline, courage, coherence and real commitment to the cause.

Such a lack of determination not only weakened them psychologically, but prevented the weak, the bad and the parasites from surviving in more demanding conditions.

Scoundrelcrat founders would never be compared to another of them, a similar honorable and honest far away on the distant corners of the Alpha quadrant in the future, in a disciplined way because, when was not working for the community where lived, he relaxed inside a simple bucket, going through adventures, about which the dear reader can get to know better, watching STAR TREK - DEEP SPACE NINE.

***

Some founders did not only have financial losses and psychological disorders resulting from Elizabeth's attacks.

Four of them lost their lives and no one shed tears for them.

Mourned, yes, were the souls of so many millions who also had their lives cut short as a result of the actions perpetrated by the Secret Service of the Federation mainly through the protagonist of these lines in Centris 7.

And how to classify such acts?

Genocide?

Or aggressive, but heroic, pre-revenge defense of all humanity in our galactic quadrant?

Judge yourself too, but whatever your verdict, know that, in her own defense, Elizabeth Bondmader would only say:

-It is always the innocent who bears the consequences for the mistakes of bad, ambitious and tyrannical governments, so it is the duty of the people to watch over their own freedom whoever claims to be their representative, so as not to suffer punishment for something that they were not even remotely guilty or intended to cause."

"The actions of bad representatives must be immediately limited before the situation worsens, and people who are not familiar with the problem appear to solve it in a way that is not the best."

***

After the story finished, which even had an ending with a moral of the story to reflect on, Sonny Blue, the attentive listener, opened a smile of curiosity.

-So, this is the kind of work I will do in my job? - He asked after listening to Elizabeth

Bondmader.

-The work, it seems kind of complicated at first, but don't worry it will only get worse.

"When you think you don't understand anything else, then you will actually be getting the true spirit of things, so stay by my side because I am prepared." - She replied.

-WoW! What a joy! I got a nice job;

"I'm a lucky guy. I'm going to learn a lot and enjoy it like crazy..."

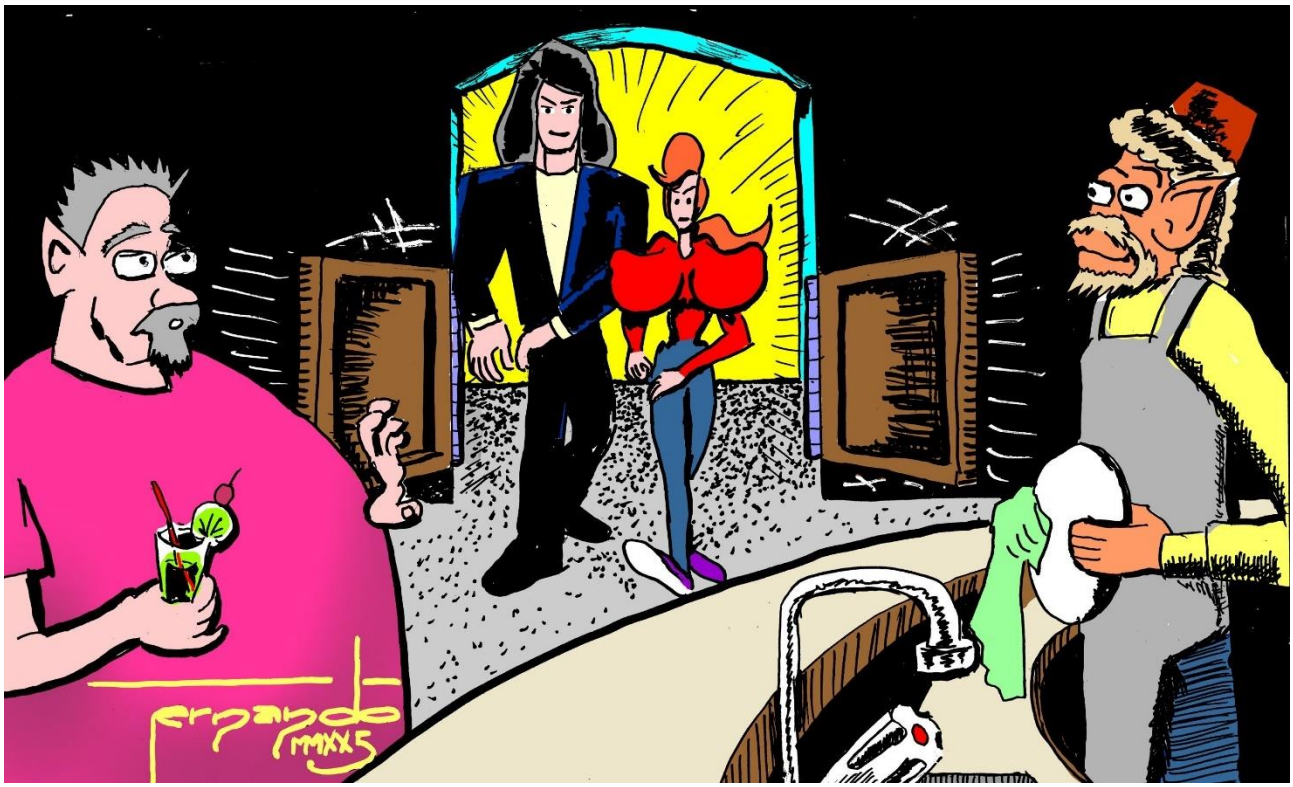
Elizabeth looked at the smiling Sonny and could not, no matter how prepared she was, let out a smile at the corner of her sex lips.

That flirter was even charming.

Maybe he would really do well in the work ahead.

***

THE FIRST TIME, WE NEVER FORGET...



Slaveator Toupeira widened his eyes at the couple who entered the party.

A beautiful red-haired woman, accompanied by a tall, big haired Romulan wearing clothes of the same color.

All eyes in the room converged in the direction of the big woman of the couple!

Slaveator swallowed the drink he had in the glass, in a single gulp.

His stomach felt the burning of the liquid coming at a speed above normal.

He closed his eyes, until the discomfort passed, and when he opened them again, that semi-divine beauty was alone, unaccompanied...

The hairy Romulan with the look of a metalhead had disappeared.

Maybe he didn't like women.

Slaveator couldn't miss the opportunity.

Of those present in the salon, although with a large belly and a thin coverage of gray hair, he was the one who had some real chances of trying to flirt with the stunning redhead.

Slaveator put some lozenges in his mouth to disguise his bad breath and looked around.

The hairy man really disappeared, and only he himself remained, in addition to a bunch of short snotty old guys, who would not have any chance in the dispute for tha beauty, even if they were full of money.

Slaveator looked bored, uninterested in everything and that he happened to meet a beautiful redhead like that, as if it were the most normal thing in his routine.

He approached the target and "threw the bait" (according to the jargon of fishermen):

-Hello, miss! - He said, extending his right hand in greeting. - Allow me to introduce myself: I am Slaveator Toupeira, factchecker journalist of the IMPERIAL STATE OF ROMULUS, the newspaper with the greatest reach and prestige in the Empire.

The redhead smiled and shook hands back.

-My name is Elizabeth Bondmader.

***

-I have never seen you before here at the press party of Romulus. - Said Slaveator.

-I'm a seal. - Elizabeth said without any embarrassment.

-Seal?

Elizabeth smiled mockingly as her eyes twinkled.

-Oh! Sorry! Seal is a term I come from, used to refer to newcomers on journalism.

"The seal is a small marine animal that lives in a cold and extremely dangerous environment. Is small, but also agile, intelligent, and eventually tackles much larger animals, successfully."

-Oh how interesting! I've never heard of it. But what about you? Where do you come from?

-I'm from the E.Y.E. Newspaper.

- E.Y.E.? I don't know...

Elizabeth showed the badge with her photograph, identification in Romulan typology and the logo of the E.Y.E..

She then gave Slaveator a glance in the eyes, then turned her head to the side moving her huge, beautiful and loose red hair.

Slaveator was enchanted by the sight, and with his mouth open he took an interest in them:

-And these hairs of yours? I've never seen anything like it...

-They are natural. It's a lot of work to take care of them...

The Romulan journalist was impressed.

On her face, Elizabeth did not have the typical features of an ordinary Romulan woman.

His lines were more relaxed, captivating, and that smile...

It seemed to attract the whole room.

Not that the rest of his attributes didn't draw attention.

Elizabeth wore jeans and a low-cut red shirt.

Her colossal and exuberant ass stood out in such a way, that even the musicians at the party were out of tone when they looked at her.

-Let me ask you a question now. - asked Elizabeth...

-Surely...

-A source of mine mentioned a rumor that runs in the small mouth, reporting that Tal Shiar is in possession of a spaceship from outside the quadrant of our galaxy, manned by semi-robotic beings, connected around a collectivity....

Slaveator looked at Elizabeth, imagining that this was some amateur move wanting to get impactful opinions, from a great and recognized professional like him.

Dryly, striking a nice pose, he opined:

-That's a conspiracy theory. It is nothing more than fake news. Your sources are exaggerating. Tal Shiar, NEVER, would get involved with this type of research.

-I soon imagined. I was sure that my source was not reliable, because still even realized that a big shot in the organization of this event here, knows everything, including the location of the strange spacecraft that Tal Shiar would be studying.

-That doesn't exist. - Said Slaveator, from the height of his reason. - And I know everyone. If there was something going on, as this source of yours claims, I would be knowing.

-Yup...

Elizabeth looked through the windows of the large hall filled with Romulan people.

One of the moons orbiting that planet appeared shining brightly, yellowish, in the night, leaving the skies with a dark scarlet hue.

Elizabeth, listening to Slaveator's chatter that began and never stopped, began to find all that talk uninteresting, frivolous, useless, dull and even a little monotonous.

The journalist's flirting technique was old-fashioned, and even though he posed as a

know-it-all, our favorite protagonist, was convinced that: either he didn't really know anything, or Slaveator was being paid for someone's interests, so as not to open his mouth, and even distort the truth.

***

The Romulan who entered the ballroom with Elizabeth, soon took a different direction from her, and approached one of the counters, where various drinks were served, by a waiter dressed in the old fashioned way.

-Romulan beer, please. - He asked.

The Romulan waiter raised one of his eyebrows, with an expression that seemed doubtful, but turned around, took a glass from the cupboard, then filled it with a blue liquid from a typical counter beer tap, and finally handed it to the newcomer, while the slightly sparkling drink crackled so stupidly cold.

The newcomer took the glass, sipped a few sips of its contents, then enjoyed the descent of the drink down his throat.

He barely had time to make some kind of philosophical elocution about that unique moment, and, out of nowhere, two beautiful Romulan women arrived, siting next to him at the counter.

-Hey handsome...

-Hmm, what a cat...

And here I open a parenthesis to ask the experts:

(What more can a manly male wish for in life, besides a glass of cold beer, and beautiful women around? ROCKnROLL? “Good smoke” for burning?)

The happy Romulan newcomer, smiled at his luck.

Nothing like arriving at the party and being well received by beautiful guests.

***

A famous Earthling Master already proclaimed in his philosophies.

"Lucky is the man who doesn't need to spend money to quickly be surrounded by beautiful women pampering him".

For that is how the newcomer who was led by the beautiful Romulan women felt at the moment, to a dark room with a red bed in the middle.

-Typical Romulan decoration. - Thought the would-be lucky man.

In the next second, the door to that room was closed behind him, and one of the girls hit him with a powerful kick in the middle of the bag.

-Hey! But is this some kind of seductive courtship typical of the Romulans? - asked the unfortunate man, who now felt the beer he had so deliciously drunk, wanting to regurgitate it back, out of him.

The other Romulan slapped him on the ear so hard that it made them both fly away.

-Saw? - Shouted one of the beauties. - Didn't I told you? He's not even a real Romulian. Their ears are fake. If he were authentic, he would have asked for an ALE and not "Romulan beer"."

-Rascal! - Insulted him the other girl, breaking his ribs, with a "crack", which made even the unfortunate man bow in pain.

-Where are you from spy?

-I'm a journalist. - He replied squirming.

-This guy is good.

-Yes. He lies even when he is being tortured.

-We need to put more effort into work. - Said the other as she slapped the unfortunate man in the face a few more.

-Calm down girls! - He said panting, trying to breathe. - You are ... UNGH.... Wrong about me. I'm a nice guy...

-Wow! He's a good guy.

-There is a lack of males like this here. There are only old people in the vicinity.

-YUP... Some spiteful and hateful drools...

The other then took the unfortunate's cock and squeezed it firmly.

-This one is a donkey! We have to take advantage of the opportunity. Here it must be about forty centimeters.

-You're right, girls.

"Take advantage of the opportunity. I'm still able to make you improve your mood." - stammered the "journalist".

-Ahh! But he wants to make us happy... He looks like a joker.

-How much nobility, for someone who is about to die...

-We can't be in a hurry. Remember that before eliminating him we have to do the interrogation....

-Ahhh! The interrogation.... Yes. Surely.

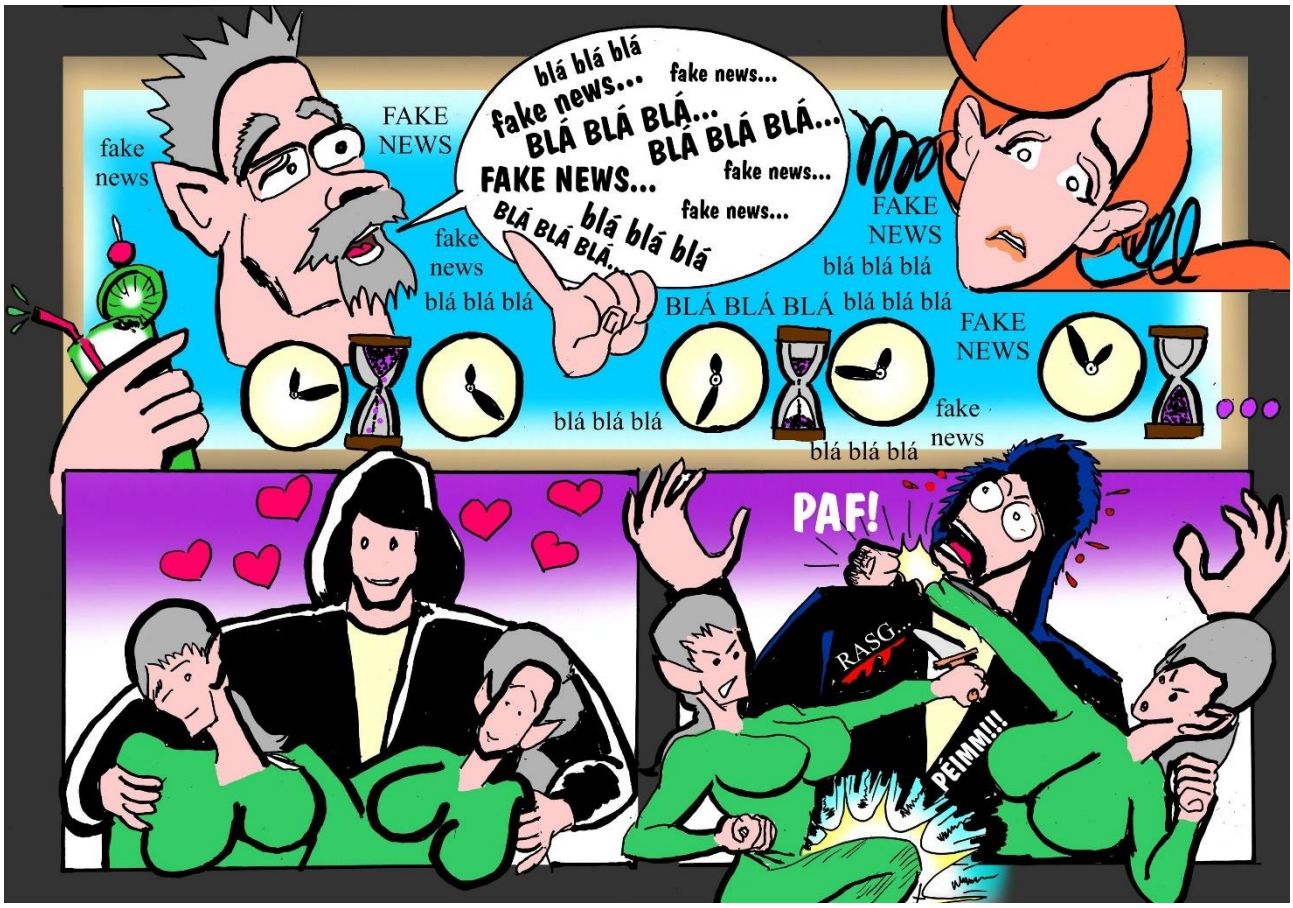
"How many questions do we have to ask?"

-There are more than 100...

-Uhhh.... That's going to be fun.

-It's time-consuming...

-We can also get the redhead who arrived with this guy. I think she's with him in some frame...



-I think so too...

The unexpected happened then.

Perhaps, by hearing the threat against the redhead, the reaction came!

In one of the blows he took, he managed to support his hand on something round and hard, which, in the next second, was used as a weapon against one of the Romulans.

With said object, he hit her in the chin, with such violence, that in addition to the broken jaw, he also knocked her out immediately.

Then, he took advantage of the movement to throw the object he had in his hands against the forehead of the other.

The power with which he hit her forehead, stuck the bolide there, knocking her unconscious immediately.

The effort was rewarding, but it took a heavy toll on the author of the saving throw.

The next moment, overcome by pain, he bent his legs to his knees, but from then on did not lower himself, for he remembered that Elizabeth would be furious if she returned empty-handed.

He would probably lose his rewarding job, which provided him with a pleasant conviviality alongside many beautiful and intelligent women.

Such a thought renewed his energy and made him gather the strength to search the fallen Romulans.

They were clever, to the point of unmasking him because of a gross mistake, when ordering the Romulan beer.

It is logical that an authentic Romulan would not order a Romulan beer at the counter, but rather, as was well remembered by the fallen opponent: an ALE.

But he wasn't a real Romulan but Sonny Blue.

Sonny turned over the Romulan ones and even copied the content of the communicators the girls carried, to his pocket super-computer, which, also having the parallel management of Paul Digital, soon decrypted passwords and accessed all the data contained therein, in less than two minutes.

In four minutes and twenty seconds, Paul Digital was already inside some of the closest networks that those devices were connected to, and thus finally got the information that Sonny and Elizabeth came for.

Through the window, for a few seconds, Sonny admired the moon that, out there in the skies, made that scene a little less dark.

Not bad as a result of his first assignment working for his boss at the E.Y.E. (Secret Service from the Federation of the United Planets).

****

Elizabeth could no longer stand the boring talk of the Slaveator.

He was not a bad guy, despite being Romulan.

And as such, in addition to the traditional pointed ears, he had that pose of superiority over the rest of the universe as if Slaveator were the absolute owner and source of reason.

For that journalist, any truth, to be considered genuine, had to come out of one of the renowned press organs that he syllabized as the primary grammar teachers.

On top of everything, it still had to be a truth certified by him, and his proper FACT CHECKING vehicles, to only then, fall into the hall of credible news.

Anyway, even if God, CREATOR of this, and of other UNIVERSES, personified himself by appearing before Slaveator Toupeira, telling him that a fact is absolutely credible and true, the Romulan journalist would label as a conspiracy theory, if not, fake news, everything with whose existence he did not agree or could understand.

In Slaveator's own words:

“My vision is the one that prevails over the five thousand faces that a truth can have, period."

Yes because, even though he was not a bad guy, Slaveator never refused that little

money paid outside, to impose opinions, even at the cost of slander, injustice and defamation, then, he edited as he wanted, the truths that passed in front of him.

Anyway, when Elizabeth, had already spent her quota of smiles, endured the sticky verbiage of the "journalist", Sonny appeared, walking a little crooked, with a red face, black eye, but smiling.

He seemed not to be in a position to say much, but the positive he made glued to his own chest already indicated the success of the mission.

Elizabeth smiled relieved, grabbed Sonny by the arm, and as she pushed him out of the room, said to an astonished Slaveator who, gaping and with a drooping jawbone, watched her slipping away.

-My friend here has exaggerated the drinks and I will have to take him home. - The beauty justified herself with a beautiful smile.

"Thank you for the tips regarding conspiracy theories, now I will only read the news you recommend to inform me of the TRUTH."

***

-I couldn't take it anymore, all the astronomical talk of that guy.

"Why did it take you so long?"

Sonny, even broken, smiled and said:

-I had some setbacks. Nothing much.

-It looks like you got hurt there... Tripped over a nuisance?

-Is... More or less... Nothing much. No need to worry.

-How, no need to worry? Let me see that...

-No need ...

-Let me see it soon. Bete said, putting her hand over Sonny's black eye.

-Did you drink the Romulan beer? - She asked

-Yes... I drank...

-You drank too much, right? I told you to moderate with it...

-Yes but...

-Shut up.

Elizabeth removed her hand and the black eye was gone.

Now, Sonny was even moving his eyes normally.

Then she put one hand on the fractured rib and the other on his face.

-Did you hit on Romulan women?

-It wasn't quite like that, it's just that...

-Don't lie to me.

-I'm not lying...

Elizabetn took her hand from Sonny's face and he returned to normal, with the redness gone.

Under the hand that was on top of the fractured rib, came a sound, another "CRACK".

This time, Sonny breathed a sigh of relief.

There, too, Elizabeth's touch had a repairing effect, and immediately relieved her pain.

It was then that, without the slightest ceremony, she placed her hand where Sonny was kicked by one of the Romulans.

Right there... But the effect in this region was different.

Of course, the touch also relieved the pain of the affected area, but it also brought an unexpected reaction.

-F*ck you Sonny, but you need to keep this hard business on me?!?!?!?

"I came here to help and you point me at this giant dick?!?!?!

"I'm here worried about getting you back to work and you come to me with cuties???"

"Let's be professional, Mr. Sonny Blue, learn the old proverb:"

"YOU CAN'T EAT WHERE YOU SHIT!!!"

-Sorry boss... I couldn't hold back..." Stuttered the fake Romulan trying not to laugh.

-Now get out there, and stay in yours. - She said walking away from Sonny. - You're lucky that I checked the data, which confirms the information we received from our source.

"If you had fixed something bad, I'd send you back to the bar."

"Tal Shiar and other Espionage Departments of the Romulan Empire got their hands on the spaceship of a collectivity called the Borgs."

-And what do we do with this information, now?

-This Borg spaceship must be destroyed.

-And to whom will we send this work? To Starfleet?

Elizabetn gave a smile to Sonny:

-Are you kidding?

"We are not going to send anyone to solve this problem."

"We ourselves will go there, fix everything..."

Sonny Blue swallowed hard and his cock withered right away!

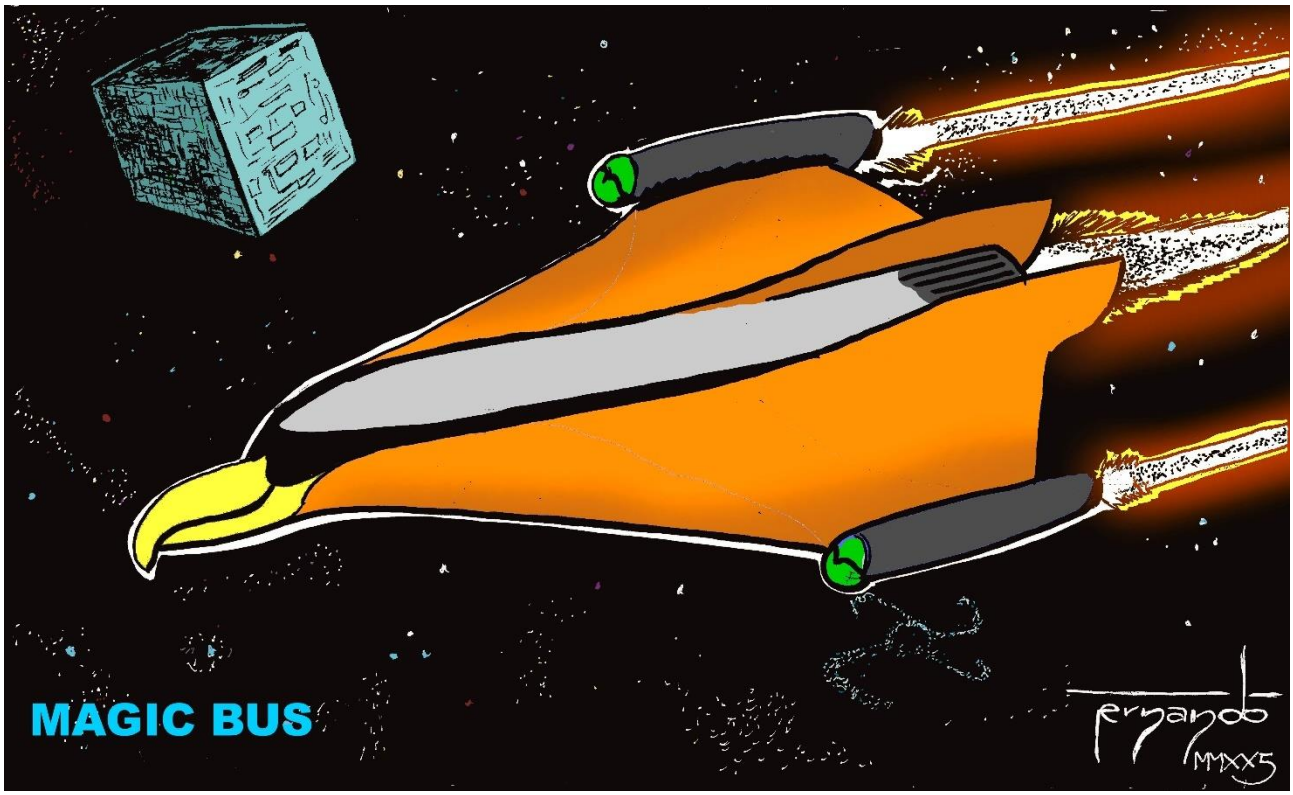
If the first time as an E.Y.E. operative was unforgettable, what would the second be like?

At least...

Successful?

***

BETE & SONNY



MAGICAL MISTERY BUS, that's how Elizabet Bondmader, mentally baptized the vehicle in which she was now boarding together with Sonny: a kind of yellow auxiliary spacecraft, which had both in its internal and external layout, a shape similar to that of a bus without wheels, with a more aggressive style and sporty aerodynamics...

Sonny Blue, in turn, sat next to Elizabeth, buckled his bells and put on his helmet.

He barely had time to look out the window and take a quiet breath, which was touched on the shoulder.

The Romulan inspector pointed to him with an object in the shape of a black plastic rectangle.

A red bolt came out of the device hitting the barcode on the chest of Sonny's garment.

Again, his identity was being verified by security

The Romulan inspector looked at the result he obtained, then did the same test, on the barcode of Elizabeth Bondmader's clothing.

-Jolan Tru, madam. Then said the Romulan with a smile. - Have a good trip.

-Jolan Tru. - She replied in her sweet, beautiful and soft voice.

Sonny Blue thought:

-Even the toughest Romulan softens looking at Bete.

"Little do these guys know, the tough boss who hides behind that splendid smile."

Even so, Sonny would easily give his life for her.

-What are you thinking Sonny? - Elizabeth asked looking at Sonny.

-Nothing... Nothing… - He replied swallowing.

-Oh! I was thinking of that journalist, Slaveator Toupeira. - She said.

"I've been reading some of the articles he wrote. "

"He does seem to be a good person, but, between us, he knows nothing. He is misinformed."

-Of course you are right boss. Far be it from me to challenge you, but this guy doesn't want to lose the job he has. - Sonny pondered. – He is like those who have an ass and surely are afraid. Slaveator, for me, is a disinformant at the service of the system, disguised as a journalist, waiting for retirement."

-I'm not going to be so harsh. - said Elizabeth. "I think he's just misinformed."

"He probably believes the lies his bosses tell him."

-Bete. You say this because the guy flirted with you at the party we confirmed that the Romulans recently got their hands on a mysterious spaceship.

"You don't need to remember the whole story... - She said. - Even because we are here infiltrated in this conduct that goes there, and we don't want our conversation heard.

-Understood, loud and clear, boss...

Sonny was quiet for a few seconds, but couldn't hold his tongue:

-You know when you asked me what I was thinking?

-Yes.

-Actually, thinking better, I was thinking about something...

-That I know...

-I was thinking about the good work of Paul Digital, with our identifications.

-You can trust it. He does everything very seriously and practically for free!

-Elizabeth! - Called a quiet voice from micro-speakers placed in Bete & Sonny's ears. - I recommend silence there.

"You guys are chattering a lot."

"I can guarantee your safety as long as you don't expose yourself either."

Elizabeth stared at Sonny saying:

-You heard Paul. Let's be silent.

"Loud and clear, again, boss." - Replied Sonny. - At your command.

The hatches closed with a hiss, reducing the noise of the engines inside the cabin that drowned out the conversation between Sonny and Beth.

Seconds later, the ship rose from the floor where it had been resting until then, slowly ascending towards outer space.

Embarked with Bete for a secret mission, with no way to repent or turn back, Sonny Blue looked out the window, and saw the planet from which he was leaving rapidly decreasing in size, while the Romulan passenger ship he was in advanced valiantly through the eternal darkness of outer space.

***

Bete & Sonny's mission was to enter the mysterious cube that the Romulans secretly reverse-engineered to uncover the secrets and technologies contained within.

Even though the mysterious artifact is not visible to conventional eyes or cameras, Bete has already received an indication of its presence, on a tablet that she discreetly showed to Sonny.

-It is only noticeable on radio frequency. - Elizabeth commented. - Practically invisible... Not even in the infrared does it appear."

-It's a cube indeed. Sonny said in a low voice. - Are the measurements correct?

-Yes. - She said. - One hundred kilometers on each edge.

-Fascinating...

Elizabeth pointed to the window and, suddenly, from the middle of nowhere, the cube appeared, illuminated by several points of white and green lights.

Sonny Blue couldn't contain an expression of astonishment.

Such an object was indeed huge.

The Romulan spacecraft they were in made a complete turn around the cube, until a rectangular gate appeared shining on this one, then went to that side.

Seconds later, it entered through the passage, landing on a runway between several spacecraft parked there, from where passengers were already disembarking in a protected, pressurized atmosphere with breathing air.

There was already a force field at work stabilizing the life support conditions, allowing

an environment compatible with almost all humanoid life forms...

Elizabeth Bondmader and Sonny unbuckled the seat belts, got up, picked up their luggage, and headed for the exit of the ship.

Now, they would test the tricks developed by Paul Digital to ensure their safety inside dangerous environments, without generating suspicion.

Appearing calm, the pair walked down the track, to a conveyor belt that arrived at a terminal where they could take off their spacesuits, which looked more like biker clothes, exchanging these for lighter black clothes.

With these garments, from there, they went to a sector, where they were asked for identification.

Elizabeth Bondmader handed the Romulan inside the window, a black card, already known to the dear reader.

-I don't know this type of identification. - Said the employee behind the armored glass wall of the counter.

-You can pass it on to your reader, and it will authorize us all. - Said Elizabeth

So the Romulan did.

She inserted the black card into a crack and, immediately, the release came.

The Romulan woman was impressed.

She had never seen that.

Suspicious, the Romulan female looked at the card once more, handed it back, and told Elizabeth to move forward.

It was Sonny's turn, who presented the same card.

Again, there was no problem, the Romulan scratched her chin, not believing in such efficiency.

With no alternative, she looked at the card, handed it back to Sonny, and said:

-Had I more identifications so easy to release like these, my work would be better.

Sonny Blue gave his famous Hollywood woodedface smile, and soon found himself freed from that obstacle.

Finally Bete & Sonny could check what was in that place.

***

Walking through the terminal, Elizabeth only thought about doing everything quickly, and getting out of there without being noticed. Sonny, on the other hand, walked relaxed as if he had no idea of the danger that surrounded them on all sides.

Obviously! The gallant stallion caught the attention of the Romulans of the place!

And not only from the females, but also that of Romulan gays fond of a sausage.

These, in turn, as soon as they laid eyes on Sonny, were already all smiling and full of joy to give.

Noticing the unwanted admiration, our athletic and hairy protagonist, tried to get closer to Elizabeth, who, just to joke a little more, the comrade said loud and clear, making an angry face...

-Get out there. Go look for your class."

That was enough for the effeminate Romulans to be exalted.

-Uhhh... Stalion!!! The beauty there doesn't care about you.

-Come here, stallion. We can take good care of you!

-Show us this snake of yours... Uhhh... We here know how to treat it and make it more peaceful.

If the dear reader has always found the Romulans grumpy, it is because you did not see the three little guys laughing at Sonny who, anticipating deadly threats, soon tried to get even closer to Bete, as if he were asking for help, but she, as befits every HOT woman, made a dismissive face and scratched her temple as if the matter had nothing to do with

her.



Of course she just wanted to make fun of Sonny right in the middle of that stressful situation.

In any case, the original plan was not to stay there alone for long, which was necessary for Paul Digital, to sabotage everything in the cube because, through the identification cards of the protagonists of these lines, it was already inserted in the local computerized system.

Bete wanted to see Sonny sweating a little, until the two were teleported from there. It would be fun...

Elizabeth quickened her pace a little, and the cheerful Romulan boys took advantage of it to surround Sonny.

They acted like hyenas ready to attack the lion.

Sonny didn't want to be impolite to them, even so as not to have his identity unmasked...

Bete had fun and de-stressed a little...

Soon however, the situation changed completely...

***

Inside the ears of Bete & Sonny, the communicators inserted there, transmitted another warning from Paul Digital.

-For now, everything is under control...

-Paul. Are you calling me just to say that everything is under control? – Bete asked so that no one would notice, that she was talking to herself.

-No.

Elizabeth turned around as Sonny tried to escape the new friends he didn't want to make.

-What's going on, Paul?

-All the Romulan research obtained, from reverse engineering, done here, is already in our possession.

-Great, but what's going on, Paul? - Elizabeth asked, trying to hide her face even more, as she spoke.

-I was also able to access almost everything that the Borg have in their computer systems...

-OK. But, what's going on, Paul? Get to the point. - Elizabeth insisted, as she listened to the cheerful boys around the helpless Sonny.

-This Borg cube, before it fell into the hands of the Romulans, already had a secret kept here.

-What secret? Elizabeth asked curiously, as she smiled and waved to Sonny.

-I don't know. The information I have exactly is that there is a stone vault here with something unknown inside.

Beth was curious. Whatever was in that vault should be valuable.

Even more so for the simple fact that Paul cannot access the content or conjecture its purpose...

-Where is the safe? Beth asked, as she waved to Sonny.

-On your watch you will see the route.

Before going down the indicated path, she thought:

-The volume of information obtained by Paul Digital in all the systems operating here, has already compensated for the risks taken so far...

"Whatever was in that stone vault, it could even be discarded, and the balance of the mission would still be positive."

Beth, however, knew that perhaps she would even discover some way to reveal the secrets in that safe.

It was an opportunity that she could not leave behind, after all, what is the purpose of the E.Y.E, if not to snoop in DETAIL any threat to the Federation?

Soon Bete would take advantage of the game she was winning to risk an even bolder move: to unveil the secret hidden by the Borg!

She evaluated the path displayed on her watch, and asked:

-How long can it take???

-I can't calculate. - Was Paul Digital's answer. - Insufficient data.

Elizabeth waved to Sonny, saying:

-Then let's see what it's all about.

She then approached his fellow adventurer and pulled him away from the trio that was harassing him.

-I'm sorry boys. - She said. - This one... Now is MINE!

Then she pulled Sonny away and resolutely paraded all his monumental beauty, whose butt’s shaking silenced the envious Romulans with style.

****

Half an hour later, after a tense walk, Elizabeth Bondmader found herself at the wide end of a dark, abandoned corridor in front of the vault where Paul had informed her of some mysterious secret.

Apparently, incredible as it may seem, no one passed by there around.

In any case, Sonny Blue kept watch at the entrance to the compartment in which the piece was, and connected that space with the rest of the sinuous interior of the enormous borg cube.

The cubic vault was twelve feet high, and was made of shiny dark stone.

Access to its interior was through a door four meters in diameter, made of material that appeared to be pure steel.

There was no mark or design anywhere on the artifact indicating its purpose. Just a heavy handle on the front of the door.

Because it was digital, Paul was prevented from opening it, since the lock there was not electronic, but manual.

Faced with the problem, Elizabeth committed her telekinetic talents by "groping" internally, the mechanical part of the doorknob, discovering that it actually had nothing complicated, but could only be opened from the inside, which would imply the presence of someone in the safe.

And in fact, more concentrated, she confirmed that there was someone sleeping, or meditating.

Perhaps even, in an intermediate state between the two.

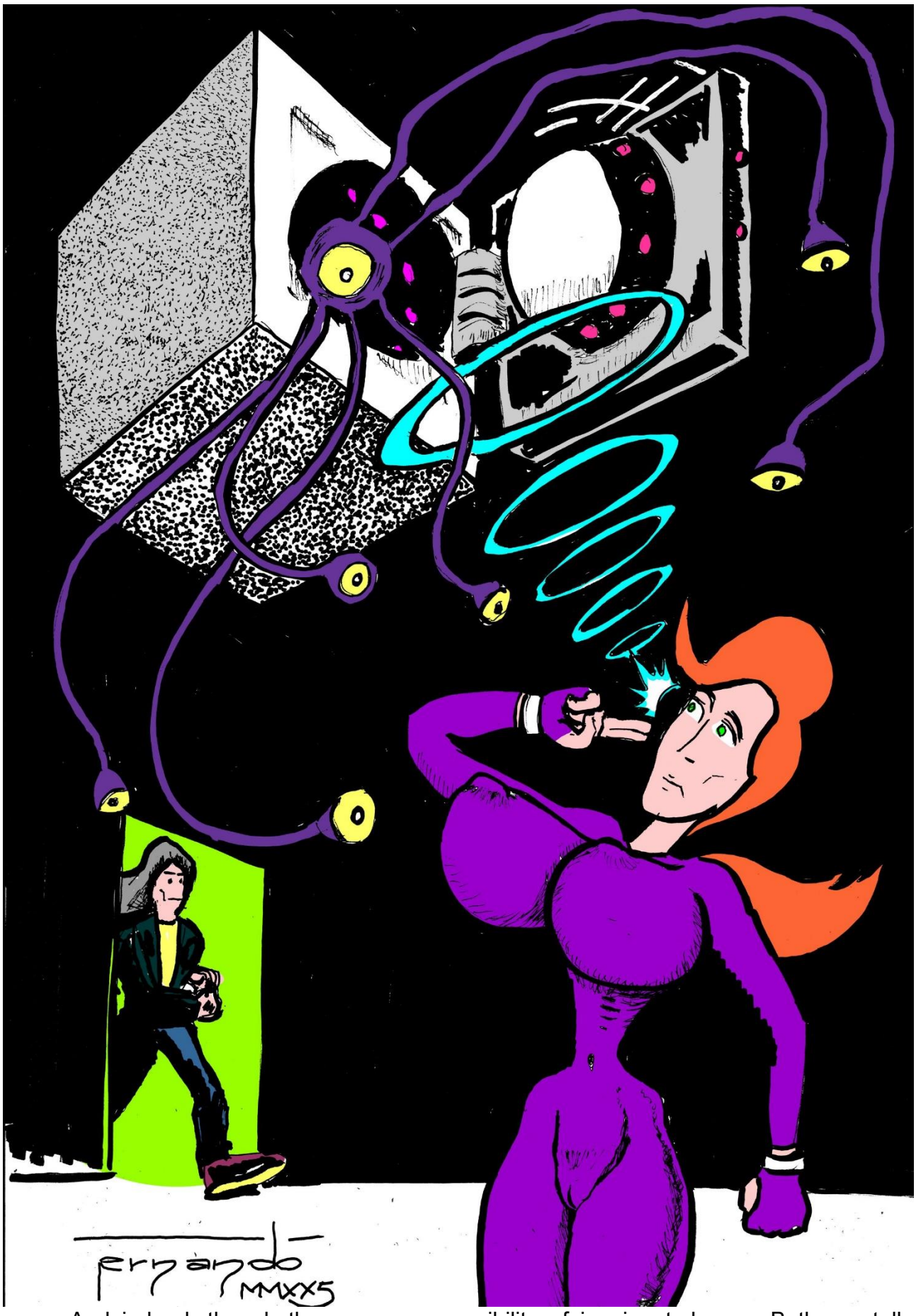
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As soon as Elizabeth Bondmader's telepathic talents peered into the mental emanations of the life form within the cube, it entered another frequency of brain activity, as if something had awakened it.

The cubic vault began to emanate an increasingly bright glow as rumblings came from inside as if they were exploding bombs.

The steel door unlocked and opened revealing a dark sphere from which came expanding black tentacles whose ends had eyes of different shapes and colors that, as soon as they saw Beth, directed their entire focus in her direction.

Not feeling any threat or danger emanating even telepathically from that thing, Elizabeth Bondmader was not frightened, even coming closer to examine it.



And indeed, though there was no possibility of imminent danger, Beth mentally perceived the existence of thousands of distinct thoughts and voices, all converging from

different origins, in that mysterious entity, which from one moment to the next, emitted a blinding glow, appearing in its place, a tall man, with a long beard and gray hair, wearing a white suit, who soon introduced himself:

-Hello! You can call me OLD MAN.

***

Gaping, OLD MAN approached Bete, admiring her beauty and said:

-I finally found you girl. Your beauty is legendary, but in person you are much more sympathetic.

-Did you find me? – asked Bete confused. - But we just got you out of there...

-You took me out of the rest just because you were the only person who could do it, Elizabeth Bondmader.

"The Borg tried to open the vault and were all killed in the attempt, which left their cube adrift until, after a long time, it was found by Romulan idiots."

-I liked this guy. - Bete said to Sonny. - We seem to have the same opinion about the Romulans...

-Who doesn't? Sonny replied.

-You! The Romulan girls seem to adore you... - Said Beth

OLD MAN flashed a broad smile and reluctantly approached the two of them saying...

-Listen carefully because time is short and I need to give you something very important...

OLD MAN seemed trustworthy, so the pair of E.Y.E. agents even took a few steps towards him, who suddenly, with a quick movement, touched with the tips of their fingers, on the temples of Elizabeth and Sonny.

-Don't worry. It will only last a few moments...

The pair were paralyzed, no longer able to move.

***



Each promised instant seemed eternal, as a torrent of information practically unpacked in the minds of the duo, revealing who OLD MAN really was, not one person, but several versions of him, originating from infinite parallel universes that came together in the same way exchanging ideas and information with each other.

-I was waiting for you two. – Said OLD MAN. – I must prepare you for a future event: The Elizabethan Wars.

And so all this information and much more was passed on to the minds of Bete and Sonny.

***

Until it was over!

Old Man pushed away the hands of Bete & Sonny, who felt physically and mentally different after this touch:

Right away they realized they had energy and mental agility far superior to any previous moment in their lives.

Old Man then said:

-Your brain will take some time to adapt to the volume of information received. But until the initial event of the Elizabethan Wars unleashes, you will be ready.

"To give YOU this necessary time, I inserted micro cellular activators into your bloodstream, which will continuously repair their DNAs against the effects of aging.

"It is not eternal life, but it will ensure that you have the TIME, EXPERIENCE and the NECESSARY PREPARATION to face the challenges that will come."

-I already have preparation. - Said Elizabeth, impertinent, but out of pure good humor.

-INDEED! - Sonny let escape, already accustomed to the mockery of his dear boss.

OLD MAN approached Beth and stared at her firmly.

-GIRL! You are smart but you do not yet have the necessary preparation for the ELIZABETHAN WARS in which you will face, people more dangerous than you with weapons as powerful as your LIGHTNING SWORD. Don't underestimate the future!"

***

Amazed by the warning, Bete breathed deeply, saying:

-OK, but anyway, we have to destroy this borg cube.

"If the technology here falls into the domain of the Romulans, the power game in the galaxy will tilt out against the Federation, and this I will never allow."

-Forget it! - Reiterated OLD MAN more incisively. - You should leave now.

"The fate of this cube is already decided. I have control of everything around here..."

"Get out of here."

A blinding glow enveloped OLD MAN with this returning to its original tentacular dark form with thousands of eyes aimed at Beth, soon after disappearing along with the vault as if it had never existed there.

Bete & Sonny, now with the micro cell activators, guaranteeing her a life full of health for many years ahead, accelerated the step out of there.

Soon after, Paul Digital spoke through the headset.

-And then? Do you know what the safe is about?

Elizabeth immediately responded.

-We can't determine, Paul. We are coming back.

Paul accepted the answer quietly, even though Elizabeth Bondmader was the kind of person who almost never justified herself by saying that she "couldn't" do something.

***

Our pair of protagonists followed, audaciously through corridors and elevators, until they returned again to the hangar where the ship that Bete had mentally baptized as MAGICAL MYSTERY BUS was parked.

Again, they presented themselves at the boarding gates armed with their black identification cards, falling precisely, with the same Romulan girls, who had previously opened her entrance to the cube.

Even with all the documentation being released, presenting herself ok, on all her monitors and security sensors, she called her boss, mainly, to check on Sonny.

-These two arrived less than an hour ago and are already boarding back on the ship in which they arrived.

The other Romulan looked Sonny up and down.

-How is their documentation?

-Everything ok! I don't see any irregularity.

The Romulan boss continued to look at Sonny, measuring his every inch.

-Send this one to my office. The woman is cleared for boarding.

Sonny Blue was only dismissed after being meticulously searched, especially in his genitals, from which they did not take their eyes off the entire time, without even realizing it, of the Romulan shoddy ear, which he used to disguise the human.

***



THREE HOURS LATER, Sonny Blue came out of the "thorough examination" of security.

After the Romulans dropped their balls, he was able to return to the spacecraft that had brought him, but something worried him. The jokes and mockery that would come at him.

Of course, anything could only come from Elizabeth, after all, besides her, there was no one else present...

Elizabeth, however, was strangely silent, for this kind of occasion...

Behold, Sonny Blue's wristwatch beeps.

He pressed the button to take the call,

A three-dimensional image of Paul Digital was then projected in the air, above him.

-Will you want to keep as a souvenir of the good times, the recording of your performance against the Romulan attack?

And there appeared next to Paul's face, a smaller rectangle, with Sonny Blue naked, and the Romulans making love, like noisy cats that won't let anyone sleep on hot nights when the air conditioning doesn't work and the smoke is gone.

In that romantic situation, the face he made was hilarious, very different from his sculpted Hollywood heartthrob face.

The sound of the bed hitting the walls, with the Romulan moan, along with the soundtrack that Paul Digital had chosen to frame the moment of passion, left the production, worthy of being kept as a memory to be exhibited in future family circles.

-Good times? - Sonny replied with a smiling question. - Good times I don't know, but I fulfilled my obligation. My performance was so epic that the security guards didn't even see the fake ears..."

-Wow. Now stop bragging because we have to leave soon. - Reminded Bete. - We don't know how much time we have.

-You're in charge, Boss.

Sonny gave one last step to the seats, unlocked the piloting controls, and, as soon as he received flight clearance, took off the spacecraft slowly approaching the passage that led them to the outside of the colossal borg cube.

Without any interruption he advanced from there to the outside, gaining more speed as he moved away.

Not even a few seconds passed and the cube desapeared.

Then, a message reached the communicators in the ears of Bete and Sonny.

It wasn't Paul Digital.

Someone had hacked into that secret communication frequency.

It was a familiar voice.

OLD MAN.

-Don't worry because the cube will be destroyed.

"The Romulans will have time to leave without losing their lives or even taking with them relevant information that harms your dear Federation, Elizabeth Bondmader."

To check what OLD MAN would did, when the spacecraft opened a good distance from the borg cube, Bete asked Sonny to turn off the engines making a total stop.

-Let's see what happens. - She said.

****

It didn't take long to fires and explosions pop up in every corner of the cube.

The destruction of the mysterious artifact started out insignificantly but proceeded fast and relentlessly, still giving the Romulans inside time to flee quickly in the lifeboats and capsules available there.

When there was no one else inside, it exploded silently, but with blinding lighting.

For the Romulans, that miraculous escape without loss of life seemed a matter of chance or pure luck.

Bete & Sonny knew it wasn’t.

***

Inside the yellow spaceship, which in Bete's head, was already called MAGIG MYSTERY BUS, Sonny Blue, was amazed by the impactful explosion of the cube, asking:

-Look: we've been through a lot of confusion and you still haven't explained to me how you get so much information about the Romulans.

"Not even in the Starfleet library database is there any knowledge available about the Romulan Empire, such as the one you master."

"The people there, they don't even know yet, that Romulan has pointed ears, just like the Vulcans. What's your secret, Boss?"

Without wasting time came the answer...

-It seems that you don't know, Sonny...

He kept silent for a few seconds and ventured:

-I know: You're going to tell me you're prepared.

-No Sonny! You haven't learned anything yet my dear: Problems are not solved only with preparation." You also have to get good contacts.”

****

Extracted from the science column of the

GAZETTE of the ROMULAN IMPERIAL STATE

By: SLAVEATOR TOUPEIRA

FAKE NEWS is everything that our FACKT CHECKING tells you it doesn't exist.

And it's no use complaining: if it doesn't pass our FACT-CHECKING, it's because the story never existed anywhere in the universe.

You don't even need to bring channel links to prove your thesis, that nothing will be considered TRUE, being outside our standard of minimum requirements, to meet with good qualification, the politically correct imperial understandings of whatever information comes from the authentic and indisputable source of truth.

This veracity, OURS, which can only originate from the news providers recommended by us.

As much as it smells, makes noises and seems to be something definitely authentic, it will not be if it does not come from our authenticity certifying sources.

An example of FAKE NEWS, which runs among disinformers, is the story of a spacecraft equipped with more advanced technology than the Romulan one, (as if that existed!) whose secrets were being researched by our scientists.

There is no more advanced technology than that within the limits of the Romulan Empire, so any information in this sense should be considered as FAKE NEWS. Immediately report to your superiors, or to the police, any infraction you notice, in this regard. Even if it is just a suspicion, EVERYTHING will be investigated.

****

In the newsroom of the GAZETTE OF THE ROMULAN IMPERIAL STATE, the DIRECT-EDITOR-IN-CHIEF Zéquinha, a bald short pot-bellied man, called to his office, the one who by the liberal democratic media was considered as the prodigious prestigious, journalist Slaveator Toupeira, here already known to our dear readers.

-FUCK, "Sláva"! (the journalist's affectionate nickname)

"But what kind of shit have you published? Did you spend column space and advertising to write that rumors are lies?"

"Everyone already knows that. Damn ass!!!! Are you trying to rob me???"

-No boss! I want to draw the attention of a source I met at the press party. I think that in this way, she will bring more ideas for us to be able to contest..."

-Damn, Slava! Everyone knows about the hottie you were flirting with at the party and left you sucking your thumb...

"She's the one who left you so traumatized to the point of writing a crap like this???"

-No boss... It's just that...

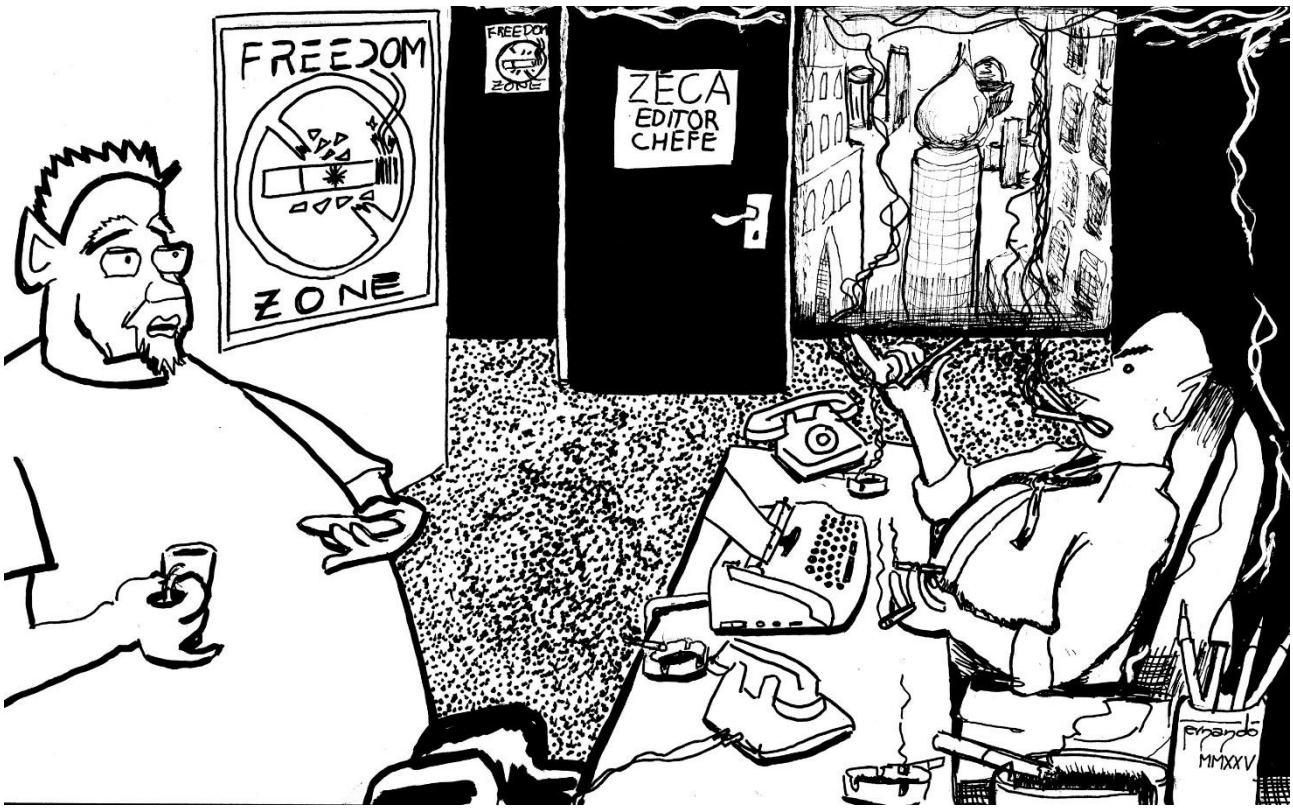
-Slava!! I even understand that you want to get the attention of the hottie, but the newspaper here is not the mail of love for your passionate messages."

"Go there and find some head of state for us to call tyrant genocide!!"

"See if you can accept the pain in the ass you took, and write me something worthwhile, because, this shit here, I'm not going to pay you."

That said, the short man crumpled up the papers where the Slaveator article was printed and threw everything in the trash.

***


FREEDOM
ZONE
FREEDOM
ZONE
ZECA
EDITOR
CHEFE
fernando
MMXXV

IN THE DOLLHOUSE, SONNY BLUE DOES NOT ENTER

STARBASE 39 SIERRA

2256

Spatial areas bordering the Romulan Neutral Zone – Subsector 30

Although Starbase 39 Sierra does not have intense movement, even due to its dangerous and distant location, eventually, some celebrities dock there, changing and giving brightness to the local routine.

This, is one of such stories...

***

Only Starfleet personnel, lost adventurers, or tourists with few credits regularly pass through Starbase 39 Sierra.

Even so, there was a large store inside, where the movement did not stop 24 hours a day: MBC MAGAZINE.

Having a little bit of everything supplied the needs of the Space Base well, because its owner had many contacts that always kept her tuned in to good business.

And in this store, one of its most popular sections for women, where there were all the necessary items for newborns, babies, girls, young people, women, ladies and young people of yesteryear, to wear in any season, during all their stages of life.

There was also an incredible service of manicures, pedicures, hairdressers, waxers and makeup artists capable of transforming any woman into a worthy bride of dreams, not to mention of course, the wonderful seamstresses, with their distinct and varied clothes.

But the effects of MBC MAGAZINE's work had repercussions not only within the base, but even on some planets in Romulan space that managed, who knows how, to receive their products, and, from there, send their famous beers to the space of the Federation.

It is inside this immense magazine, on the floor of women's items, where Elizabeth Bondmader parades, with all her natural resplendent beauty, in the midst of so many cosmetic products, which, for her, are even unnecessary, or as she herself thought... Frivolous...

But we here already know that the dearest Bete, even modest, as well as every woman of good taste, also appreciates her frivolities. That was her weak point.

Another thing that amused her were the flirts, especially those who had a convincing and humorous tongue.

Not that she was going to soften with the lines of suitors who kept pestering her with all kinds of pick-up lines, but there were some that were really worthy of respect, and for these, Elizabeth opened her ears and attention.

In addition, it was Elizabeth, that tough guy that the dear reader, who bravely reached these lines, already knows: an agent full of preparation of the SECRET SERVICE OF THE FEDERATION (E.Y.E.), of which she is Chief commander or participant in several missions.

And there she was walking, relaxed, wonderful... When she heard someone calling her...

-Wow! But your hair is very beautiful...

That would not be the kind of specialized flirting that would look away from Elizabeth, because it had absolutely nothing humorous.

The troubadour birds, flirts of good strain and quality, should first know how to produce a song that brings happiness to their listener.

Otherwise, not even attention would gain.

But this particular case caught Elizabeth's attention.

Not because of the grammatical and poetic technical quality of the compliment, but because it came from another woman.

And it didn't come from any of the super well-trained, and helpful saleswomen of MBC MAGAZINE, but from a nice young woman, with a robust build, with curly brown red hair.

Only another customer, who was in the store at that moment.

-Your hair is very beautiful. How they shine! What a beautiful red. What do you use?

-They are just like that. - replied Beth. - I don't use anything special, whatever I have, soap or shampoo, it's fine for me.

The girl looked at Elizabeth's hair, then at her skin and said:

-I'm sorry. But, if you are already beautiful like this, imagine, if you use some of the products available here for sale...

-Oh! And what do you recommend? - asked Beth curiously. - I don't know anything!

-Nothing??? So I'll help you. But first, let me sit back, my name is Sylvia Tilly. I'm a cadet aboard the U.S.S. DISCOVERY."

"You know... As I have a lot of allergies I studyed dermatology and cosmetics until I found something that would help me."

-I'm Elizabeth Bondmader. I am passing through, aboard the cargo ship SSF01.

The two shook hands.

-Then let me show you some of the news I discovered. You'll be absolutely mind-blowing.

Sylvia grabbed a nearby cart and pushed it, pulling Elizabeth, through aisles lined with various shelves, crammed with thousands of products. As they walked, Tilly put various goods inside.

-Don't worry! - She said all smiling and friendly. - The prices here are super affordable, and I have some discount coupons.

They did the shopping, then went to the department equivalent to the Beauty Salon, where Elizabeth was seated in a comfortable armchair in which she was pampered and retouched in the best possible way, in a work process, which in mechanical language would be equivalent to that of bodywork and painting.

For our dear protagonist, the conversation with Sylvia was very reassuring, and even the exchange of information extremely useful, since the young woman was intelligent, versatile and well-intentioned.

While the gossip of the bedpans rolled beautifully, light and loose, the finish on top of Elizabeth transformed into TRANSLUBRANT what already, naturally, was stunning, with the right to the masseuse relaxing her overloaded and stressed shoulders of work, of the still Boss, All Powerful of the Federation Secret Service (E.Y.E.), who only answered to herself, his subordinates, and, eventually, some requests directly, to the President IN COMMAND of the FEDERATION.

-Hey! But I'm the one who should be doing this massage there.

***

-Hey boss! I was looking for you.

It was Sonny Blue taking the opportunity to play funny with his most beloved and favorite boss of all times.

Even after many missions and a lot of time, he didn't miss the opportunity to annoy her whenever he could, since he knew that, as soon as the first opportunity appeared, he would be the victim of her mockery.

Sylvia Tilly looked impressed with the good look of Sonny Blue, (who now, even having added to his hairy look, a portentous goatee, could not hide his Hollywood face, brightened with the cheapest anti-termite polishes on the market).

She couldn't contain herself.

-Wow... It's your boyfriend????

Sylvia was in a position she couldn't see, but Elizabeth raised her index finger in the air, looking at Sonny and making a Bruce Lee face, pointing to the joker, so that he knew that the conversation was with him.

Tilly turned to Elizabeth, who, very gently and in a simple imperceptible movement, transformed her threatening finger, into a kind gesture, which even showed some generosity.

-Sylvia Tilly, this is Sonny Blue. He probably came to bring me some work.

-Hi Sonny!

-Hello Sylvia! Satisfaction to meet you.

"I congratulate you because you managed to make Bete even better than she already was."

-Hey Bete! This guy has a good conversation. - Said Sylvia.

-I've seen better ones! He is very cocky. He think himself very hot and want to go straight to what matters.

Sylvia Tilly made an impressed face, while Sonny rehearsed false modesty.

-Unfortunately. - He said. - I came to warn you that time is running, and in twenty minutes we will be released for the undocking and departure procedure

-You can prepare the ship and I'll be right behind. - said Elizabeth, already a little less relaxed.

-Sure! You're in charge, boss!

Then he bowed his head to the two of them saying...

-Ladies... I ask for permission.

And he left, leaving the dazzling Elizabeth and a stupefied Sylvia.

***

Later Sylvia Tilly, already in her accommodation on the U.S.S. DISCOVERY, received a call from another spacecraft, the S.S.F.01.

Elizabeth Bondmader appeared on the monitor, all smiling and even more beautiful than she already was:

-Sylvia my dear.

"These products you indicated are great. I'm sending a little gift there..."

No sooner had she said this, than there appeared, out of nowhere, through the teleportation system, in front of Sylvia, a pair of earrings, ring-shaped, silver, in the diameter of four inches each, in the centers of which, floated suspended, small dodecahedrons of latinum gold.

Sylvia could not contain her astonishment. Not only for the earrings, true gems of art, as well as the teleportation process that brought it in front of her.

How could Elizabeth, with that teleportation, have managed to circumvent Discovery's security systems?

-These are ferengui earrings.

Sylvia turned to the side and said:

-Look at this here. How beautiful.

She was joined by an athletic brunette, with short hair, and firm features.

-Thank you very much Bete! - Sylvia thanked, who soon introduced the other young woman who was there with her, even wearing a similar uniform. "This is my roommate, Michael Burnham.

Elizabeth and Michael waved, greeting each other.

-Sylvia is a very nice person. She gave me some really cool tips."

-I tried to pass it on to Michael too, but her hair has to grow; So in the meantime, we're working on creams to soften and brighten already naturally beautiful skin.

-That's in my spare time... Right Tilly??

"Because, now we have a war ahead of us, and the Captain will call in fifteen minutes, to our posts..." - Michael recalled.

-Michael is the one who reminds me of the important things here. - Added Sylvia Tilly, smiling.

-She's right, Silvya... But... War... - Elizabeth reflected. - There is always some conflict going on all the time, which always arrives even with people believing in an eternal tranquility full of peace different from death."

"That doesn't exist, the important is to be prepared, so that when is necessary, you are ready to do the proper beatings in who deserves..."

The next instant, near to Elizabeth's projection, a rectangle with Sonny Blue's face appeared.

-Boss! We are ready to go!

-Hi Sonny!

-Hello Sylvia!

-That's my friend, Michael! - Introduced Sylvia.

-Hello Michael! Nice to meet you too. Too bad it's just at the moment that our departure has already been cleared by the base's command tower."

-Hello Sonny. - Greeted Michael.

-Bye girls. Elizabeth said goodbye. - I hope we see each other soon

-Bye girls. Take care of yourselves. - Sonny Blue also said goodbye.

-Bye Bete! Bye Sonny!

The image where Elizabeth Bondmader and Sonny Blue were, was erased, leaving only the ferenguis earrings, Michael and Tilly astonished.

-Didn't I tell you that Bete's boyfriend was a cat? You needed to see him in person..." Sylvia said.

-I don't know... Bete has a knack of being a kind of older sister to Sonny and not his girlfriend... - Michael replied - I understand the subject.

-It could be...- Sylvia agreed. – It's very likely because this Sonny has the look of someone who takes them all and doesn't really date any.

-When he meets one of those very dangerous bandits, he calms down.

-Why? Why do you say that?

-One day the need for Sonny to pursue what he already has will end, whether it is the dream of the first contact, then his universe will become smaller with the responsibility of marriage and duty. Then he settles down in the hand of someone who dominates him, and for that she has to be a very dangerous owner.

-Where did you get all that from, Michael?

-I don't know. It only occurred to me.

Despite the bonds of friendship, a reunion between the three would still be far away...

***



2266

When asked what was her secret of not aging over the years, Elizabeth answered by lying with the following truth:

"Some people are late to realize the ills, leading life, as if they were children, then age less with frustrations."

***

-Bete. There's trouble going on between one Starfleet spaceship and another, which is threatening destruction in ten minutes!

Elizabeth Bondmader took her attention away from her chores and looked at Sonny Blue in his cockpit.

-What is it about? - asked Bete looking at Sonny.

-Boss: I picked up an exchange of messages between a spacecraft calling Fesarius, and another, which is one of ours.

-Ours, you mean, Starfleet?

-Yes. And this Fesarius threatened to destroy it within ten minutes.

-Blimey! Let's help the Starfleet ship right now.

-There's just one problem!

-Which?

-Even at full power, it will take us at least half an hour to get there...

Elizabeth Bondmader swallowed and widened her eyes.

In a low voice and, almost coughing, she said:

-Let's try anyway.

***

The spacecraft now officially named the MAGICAL MYSTERY BUS accelerated everything it could.

After being used in one of the many missions that Bete & Sonny fulfilled for the Secret Service of the Federation (E.Y.E.), it went to the shipyard, where it was upgraded to its weapon system and propulsion, in order to meet the demands of work in space espionage.

Now, after much use, even though it was vibrating like an old blender from forcing its powerful engines so much, was obvious that it would not be possible to arrive in time to save from the promised punishment, the Starfleet ship in danger.

The tense dialogues in the communication between the spacecraft indicated that some powder keg would soon burst.

Suddenly, Sonny asked Elizabeth:

-Bete! Do you know what Corbomite is?

-Corbomite? No! I've never heard of it...

-It seems that the ship that is going to be destroyed, the ENTERPRISE, is full of this corbomite, and if it is attacked, it will destroy everything around, including the aggressor.

-Corbomite?

Elizabeth looked to the side and asked:

-Paul? What do you have in the databases about this Corbomite? How far can we get to the area where the Enterprise is being attacked by Fesarius?

-Insufficient data!

-What?

-Insufficient data

Elizabeth looked at Sonny Blue with a questioning face.

The clock was ticking...

Where could they get any information about this Corbomite?

Sonny Blue continued to pay attention to the communications that arrived directly in his headphones:

-Boss! Time is up. The ten minutes are up.

Elizabeth widened her eyes in silence.

Her expression was one of fear.

Anxiously, she stared at the dials on the ship's control panels, which gave her no better news. The news, who gave was Sonny:

-Bete! The Enterprise bought time and was not destroyed.

Elizabeth calmed down a little, but she didn't want to ease up at speed.

She would try to overcome the long distance to arrive on time, avoiding the worst.

Starfleet couldn't afford to lose one of its most advanced spacecrafts.

The dangerous hostilities that threatened the Federation with extinction only grew, and any damage to the Fleet now would make a difference in the face of some future problem.

When calculations were already being made to know how long it would still take to reach the goal, a new problem appeared to be solved:

The engines of the MAGICAL MYSTERY BUS overheated and automatically started an emergency cooling process to lower their temperatures.

With some of its elements practically frozen, the spacecraft would follow from then on, at 60% of the programmed capacity of what it could under normal conditions...

To make matters worse, this situation generated an electromagnetic field, which interfered with the entire communication system of the Magical Mystery Bus, preventing Bete from knowing what was happening in the conflict between the Enterprise and Fesarius...

That is, more delay factors to prevent the rescue, thus increasing the possible drama...

***

It was an unprecedented situation for Elizabeth.

Usually, it was the Federation Secret Service who knew and used the latest in terms of high-tech weaponry in advance...

This time, Starfleet had something, which, she didn't even imagine what it would be...

Normally, Bete would not be surprised like this, because she is very attuned to the engineering world.

Who would be the scientist who designed such a novelty?

The minutes passed tensely, other ten, then fifteen more...

At this time, perhaps...

Elizabeth didn't want to even think...

A little more time passed...

Suddenly, a bang interrupted our protagonist's thoughts.

-Systems returning to normal. - Informed Sonny Blue.

The engines of the MAGICAL MYSTERY BUS roared and the ship shot again at speed until...

-Triggering camouflage system and weaponry...

-Yellow Alert. - Elizabeth ordered.

-Yellow Alert. - Confirmed receipt of the order from Sonny on his post. -And... Target reached!

***

Cloaked and invisible to any sensor, the MAGICAL MYSTERY BUS approached the U.S.S. ENTERPRISE and a FESARIUS auxiliary pilot spacecraft, which were now there.

There was no longer any state of alert among any of the ships.

On the contrary, the two were now clearly adjusted in mutual understanding of collaboration, with Commander Officer Balok, at this time drinking Trania, with Captain Kirk and his advance team.

Elizabeth and Sonny did not understand anything that was happening, and, faced with a clearly pacified situation, they decided not to interfere and sneaked out of the scene, as if they had never been there...

***

Thoughtfully, on the bridge of the MAGICAL MYSTERY BUS, Elizabeth exchanged impressions with Sonny Blue.

-I still don't understand how things happened, but this smells to me one of those rare occasions when, apparently, diplomacy, education and respect have reached a good understanding, fulfilling the purposes for which they were created.

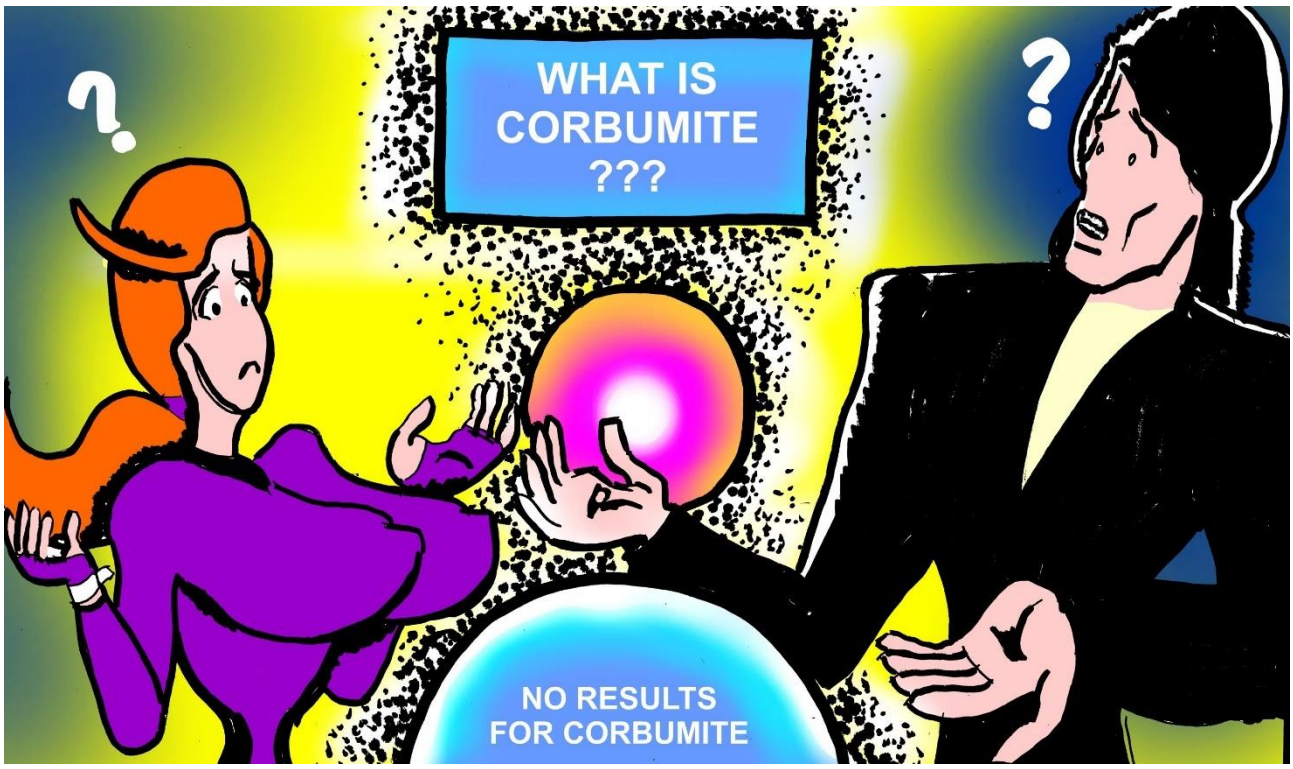
-Don't get so excited, or optimistic. - Sonny pondered.

"Only after Paul Digital checks what he got from the logbooks of the two spacecraft will we have a clearer picture of what actually happened."

-Perhaps! - Elizabeth said, not giving up so soon, her arm twisting. - Ask Paul to find out how this Corbomite works.

"If this technology has spent so much time out of my sight and has been installed in Starfleet spaceships, without my knowledge, it deserves at least a script that will certainly make a good production of a science fiction work."

***



2267

Fate wanted in his book, that, in another of its pages, the path of Elizabeth Bondmader and that of the spaceship U.S.S. ENTERPRISE - NCC-1701, came together again.

It was after the destruction of the colossal weapon known as the PLANET DESTROYER, which, in addition to an almost endless number of lives, also took that of the valiant Commodore Matt Decker.

Such a huge deadly artifact, Elizabeth Bondmader "affectionately" nicknamed it "Bugle".

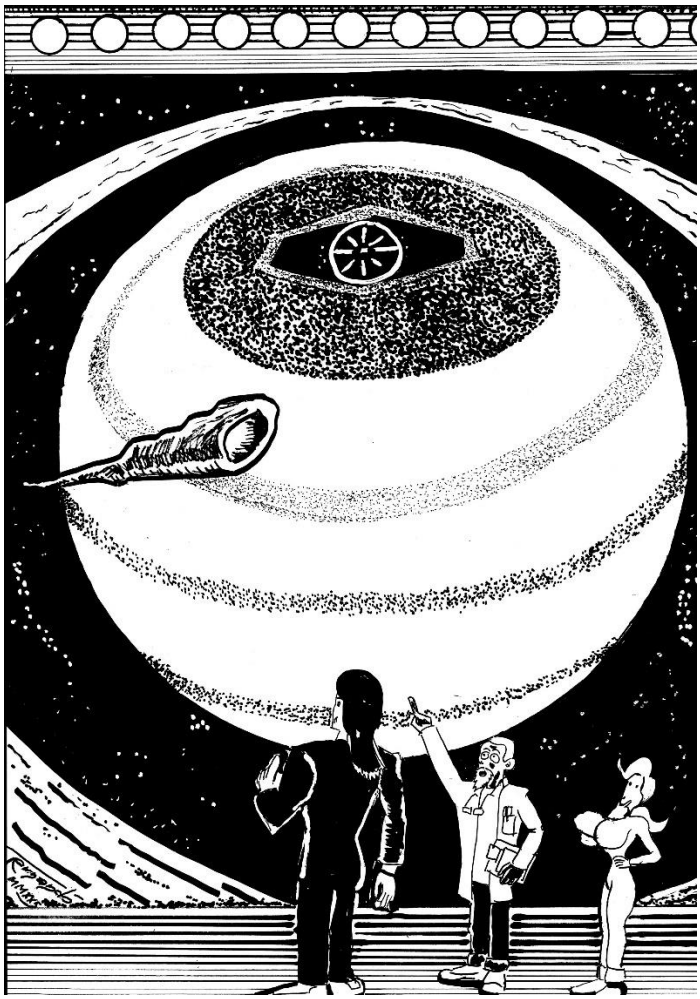
And so it was definitively ruined, thanks to the heroic effort of the crew of the U.S.S. ENTERPRISE - NCC-1701, its captain, James Kirk, and the personal sacrifice of Commodore Matt Decker, the shattered "Bugle" fell

For a short time...

As soon as the U.S.S. ENTERPRISE moved away and the movement around the weapon was over, the Federation’s Secret Service arrived to "clean up the war scene."

To this end, came the largest, most powerful, and well-armed spacecraft at its service: the SSF01, and the BLACK BUD, which on this occasion were respectively commanded by Sonny Blue and Elizabeth Bondmader operating as tugboats and using their powerful tractor beams to winch from there, that colossal weapon to the solar system, in the mysterious and stormy hexagonal pole of the planet Saturn, where the most secret base of the United Federation of Planets was located, only remembered in conspiracy theories, by the name of AREA 52!

***



ÁREA 52

A less famous, younger, ugly, and feared sister from the one in the Nevada desert, the one who keeps flying saucers and other secrets, still unknown.

So mysterious that, even in the midst of storms and hurricanes, it was invisible to all types of existing sensors, including human eyes.

AREA 52, as well as its sister on Earth, also had its secrets guarded. in this case, those that the United Federation of Planets wanted to keep hidden from the public, in addition to the secret research, whose knowledge should also be restricted.

It was not just a building, shed, or even a space base.

It was the entire inner area of the immense and mysterious hexagon of churning clouds on the planet Saturn

Hidden there were colossal partially robotic bases that guarded several unknown artifacts waiting for their moment, to be analyzed, or even to receive, a new, and more useful destination.

The transit in the region around that pole of Saturn was totally restricted, even for some of the most important authorities of the Federation of United Planets.

Elizabeth Bondmader and the staff of the E.Y.E., had protocol access guaranteed not only by Presidential Stone Law, but also because, due to her routine service beyond the duty, rendered to the Federation, over the course of decades of work, she became one of the great suppliers of mysterious artifacts, archaeological or not, that were there for study and analysis.

For this reason, the Federation's Secret Service, or E.Y.E., had at its disposal, an entire operational space base of its own, from where, together with another network of "offices", monitored the flow of information, confidential or not, that was important for the security of the Federation of United Planets.

Upon its arrival in the area, the "Bugle" was towed to a reserved space, where it would be waiting for the robotic team that would start all kinds of research that could be carried out on it.

SSF01 and Black Bud then proceeded to the landing zone, where their crews would be received.

In a different and more discreet way, Elizabeth Bondmader and Sonny Blue were welcomed by Director Prescot, the person in charge of the administration of the base, an Afro-descendant man already in his 60s, who, in order not to waste time, had a closet of matching clothes, and always dressed the same way; wearing a navy blue apron, with black pants and a white T-shirt.

Pragmatic, he did not waste time with nonsense and immediately delivered the job ready, still having the "bad" habit of talking to anyone's face, his sincere opinion about what he saw wrong, so Bete & Sonny got along well choosing him to be the First Secretary of the Board.

-Did you see the little gift I brought you, Prescot? If you reproduce one of these that works and obeys us, the Federation will no longer have any threats to worry about...

-I had seen it. I was even more impressed to learn that the ENTERPRISE was involved in the end of this dangerous artifact.

-Oh... The captain of that ship is an excellent officer... One of the few who surpassed KOBAYASHI MARU... - said Beth. – He is prepared!

-It was because of him that last year you came here crazy and got everyone to research what Corbomite was... - Recalled the Secretary.

-Bete! The guy is prepared, but it's nothing that compares to you. - Said Sonny Blue. - Playing the yesman boss sucker, while showing off his classic Hollywood heartthrob smile.

-Absolutely. There is no comparison. - Prescot agreed with an absolutely serious face...

-Are you two joking? - asked Bete, with a look of doubt.

-No! Of course not! Prescot replied seriously. - By the way, tourist brochures have arrived for you from ALLORAX...

-ALLORAX? What an unexpected surprise...- Said Elizabeth Bondmader.

-Tourism there has grown a lot...

-Tourism in ALLORAX? This is news to me.

-See the brochures. They are very interesting. - Said the Secretary.

***

Elizabeth arrived in her large living room, and relaxed in the comfortable armchair.

On the glass-topped table was the leaflet referred by Prescot.

Right away, something about it caught her attention!

The image with the Mountain!

The same one that disappeared in front of her, decades ago...

There was no doubt.

Even the entrance was the same.

However, the dates of the images in the brochure were very recent.

In some of them, even fully restored cities appeared, many in the midst of the apparently arid desert.

Elizabeth Bondmader called the communicator.

Sonny's voice answered half sleepily...

-What can I help you Bete boss?

-How is your schedule for the next few days?

"Too busy?"

-Never for you! - He replied more awake. - Any emergencies?

"If it is, I'm ready."

-Then get the MAGICAL MYSTERY BUS ready. We will take a trip... Tourism!

-What? But... Bete... Tourism??? Is it a joke???

-Go pack your things soon and don't complain because if it went to work you would already be ready.

Sonny Blue, swallowed hard and said a withered one:

-It's for now, Boss!

He hung up immediately and left to pack his bags!

***

THE MYSTICAL MOUNTAIN

As the MAGICAL MYSTERY BUS penetrated the atmosphere of ALLORAX, Elizabeth noticed a much bluer sky than the last time she had been there, an occasion, when it still had warmer colors, ranging from yellow, orange and red.

Sonny Blue slowed down, better controlling the ship's fall, while from his post, Elizabetn checked the three-dimensional navigation maps.

-The mountain is right there... She said.

Sonny steered the spacecraft on a safe route to a nearby location where it could land safely.

In a few seconds, he found an empty lot, right there in the vicinity of where Elizabeth lived for many years.

Gently, the ship touched the ground, turned off the engines, and, moments later, with a hiss, its access door opened.

From there, unlike in the past, the entrance to the mountain caves was visible.

Elizabeth inhaled the local air, fully filling her lungs.

It even had a calming and relaxing effect on her.

Bete couldn't wait to explore the place where she would also try to find out what happened to her parents. So she started walking around the neighborhood where lived.

Who knows, maybe find a son or grandson of people she knew...

Incredibly, everything was the same as it was, before the forced desertification, which was imposed on a good part of ALLORAX.

Even the centuries-old dirt roads remained the same...

Everything seemed recovered from the devastation that had occurred after her last exit from the caves, a fact that precipitated the journey Elizabeth made to Earth.

Bete & Sonny continued walking until they finally reached a familiar street, close to her former home.

There, to her own astonishment, they found still standing, the academy where Bete had trained, since childhood, with Litle Green Ball Master, and later on, with Astrobaldo Master.

She pointed to the property and said:

-It was there that I got a good part of my preparation.

-Wow! - Sonny was amazed.

It was a very simple and humble space, but it was clean and still maintained some dignity.

As Elizabeth approached, a tall, bearded, slightly weather-curved man of advanced age appeared holding a wooden stick...

She looked at the smiling and silent guy for a few moments, and ran to the hug:

It was Master Astrobaldo. Tormented by time! But it was him!

***

-How did you do it, girl? Practically nothing has changed! I knew you had preparation! But not at that level.

Everyone laughed.

Looking at Sonny Blue, old Master Astrobaldo said:

-Litle Green Ball Master already said that this girl would be capable of doing extraordinary things.

Turning to Elizabeth, Astrobaldo continued:

-Do you know that he was here a short time ago?

-Litle Green Ball Master?

-Yes. He now uses another name, and lives in a parallel universe, where he has more students...

-And how is he?

Astrobaldo smiled:

-He already have white hair like me...

Elizabeth laughed...

-I just wonder, the Little Green Ball Master, with those pointed ears and white hair.

-He is better than ever, Bete. The force is great with him.

-Of course it is… - Elizabeth agreed. - He's very powerful...

-But he suffered a terrible betrayal. – Notified Astrobaldo. - One of his innumerable disciples fell to a life of crime...

Elizabeth said in a sober tone...

-These things happen...

-It's that place where he lives now, Bete... - Astrobaldo explained, shaking his head negatively. - Many conflicts... Many wars... Many betrayals...

-Not everything in life is as we want, Master... - Elizabeth agreed, who then asked: -

And my parents? Do you know anything about them?

-Your father and mother entered the mountain caves, as soon as the invaders appeared, desertifying most of the planet. They found a place called the Wonderful World of "Q"... - Replied the old master thoughtfully. - I think it was something like that, the name.

-Yes, that's right! - said Elizabeth.

-Do you know the place? - asked Sonny.

-Yes! I've been there.

-Your father found things there very superficial and silly...

Elizabeth smiled broadly...

-But of course... My father can't stand those frivolities. He runs away from these things.

-Actually, he ended up staying there.

"Enjoyed making snowballs to shoot at the candy monsters..."

-And how do you know all this?

-I also fled the invasion as well as your father and mother, but I came back when I had the opportunity.

-Are they still there?

-I don't know Bete. - Said Astrobaldo. - By the terrestrial calendar, it must have been at least 30 years since I returned from there... Since then, I haven't heard from anyone who stayed...

-Humm... Those caves are very mysterious...- Elizabeth pondered. - They really go to incredible places... Complicating anyone who wants to get out of there...

She thought a little more and said:

-I think I'm going there show the caves to my friend Sonny here.

They exchanged pleasantries for a few more moments, after which Elizabeth and Sonny said goodbye to Astrobaldo Master, heading towards that mysterious mountain, whose caves led to unpredictable destinations.

To get there, they had to cross a dense forest, cut by a beaten path.

-ALLORAX has recovered a good part of its forests. - said Elizabeth. - The last time I passed by here, this forest was all dry and burned. Practically, it had turned to sand."

-The bush grows. - Said Sonny Blue.

-Here in fact, the recovery was surprising. Elizabeth agreed. - See how many insects...

And in fact, there were a large number of them all around. Even mosquitoes, which gathered in stunning flocks, flying over some shit that might have dried up, or not.

-Look at this here. Elizabeth pointed to what looked like leaves.

Quickly, she touched some of them with the tip of her index finger, and the leaf moved.

It was a praying mantis.

From then on, Sonny Blue looked more closely, perceiving better, the presence of many other insects, especially... Thousands more praying mantises.

They were everywhere, and many were fighting among themselves.

Seeing the fighters in action, Elizabeth reminisced about her childhood days and relaxed....

Not much...

A premonition warned her of an imminent attack, coming from her back...

And it wasn't any of Sonny Blue's jokes.

***

Elizabeth took two quick steps forward, jumped into the air, then throwing her legs back, for a few seconds she was in mid-air, upside down, being able for a brief moment to glimpse the attacker: a praying mantis the size of a house, more than five meters tall.

The creature was horrible, fast and apparently, endowed with the same fighting disposition as its little counterparts, scattered there.

Elizabeth, on the other hand, was not a porcelain doll about to break.

In fact, the red-haired beauty was more like a rose ready to smash, with her deadly thorns, any danger that threatened her.

When the acrobatic and spectacular movement was over, she ran agilely, and swiftly between the legs of the Praying Mantis, climbed up his back and hung herself with a hug on his neck.

Then, throwing his legs in the air, she knocked down the would-be aggressor.

Still clinging to the big bug's neck, practically pinning it to the ground, the smiling, laughing Elizabeth couldn't hide her joy:

-Durkon! How you've grown!

***



Sonny Blue didn't understand anything else.

Elizabeth knocked down the monster and was now there, giving him a warm embrace.

She then let go of Durkon and pointed at Sonny.

-Durkon! This is my right-hand man: Sonny Blue.

"Sonny, this is Durkon, my childhood friend..."

Durkon, in a quick and surprising movement, with his two long arms, caught Sonny taking him off the ground, and brought him closer to his head.

-Right arm? Durkon asked in his supernaturally guttural voice. - If you're a friend of Bete, you're my friend too... Nice to meet you.

-Don't worry Sonny. - Said Beth. - That's how Durkon hugs his friends. If he were to eat you, at this time, you would already be dead.

Carefully, Durkon put Sonny down, saying...

-Friend...

Standing, and recomposed, Sonny just stammered:

-Blimey! With Durkon by our side, some jobs would be easier...

-Work? Durkon asked. - Do you have work for me?

"It could be..." replied Elizabeth. - A little bit of your time, working towards our goals, can be of great value to us...

-I'd like to collaborate..." Durkon said. - But I will need to ask my wife's permission.

-Enemies for you to slaughter and eat will not be lacking. - Said Bete.

Sonny heard this, and his eyes widened in astonishment.

-Durkon eats enemies after beating them in combat. - She clarified.

-No! Not anymore, friend! - cried Durkon. - Now I'm a vegetarian.

Then, the one who widened her eyes was Elizabeth:

-Vegetarian?

-Vegetarian and pacifist... Now I only solve problems with wisdom and tranquility. Still, if you need me, I'm at your service."

-Hmmm... - Elizabeth then clarified... - You'd better know that our work is kind of hairy. It involves half-secret operations...

-Really? So will I be a secret agent? Like in the 007 movies? Durkon asked. - Count on me. Just call me and I'm in...

-Look, Durkon. - said Elizabeth. - On this trip now, we won't be able to take you along, because we came with a small ship, and you don't fit in there...

-All right then. Anyway, I'm going to ask my wife's permission and I'm already waiting for your call...

-How many children do you have, Durkon? - Sonny Blue asked.

-Currently there are five million, four hundred and three. By the end of the year, I should earn a few more...

Sonny Blue couldn't contain his expression of astonishment.

His jaw almost dropped down, but he couldn't hold back the joke:

-With this bunch of heirs, it's good to get an extra job, to guarantee the children's retirement and school...

-Children are not the problem. The worst thing is my wife's expenses.

"I will need this extra income..."

***

A few hours later, Beth & Sonny, after their conversation with Durkon, made their way until they finally reached the entrance of the cave.

Sonny entered it for several meters, but he did not see anything interesting there, returning outside, soon after.

Elizabeth, in turn, enjoyed the beautiful local landscape, remembering the days spent

when she had lived there.

There were so many emotions...

Sonny approached Elizabeth and said:

-I don't know what you saw there. There were only bats and rats everywhere.

-You didn't advance into it.

-Of course not. Very bad smell and the darkness is total...

Elizabeth adjusted the buckles of the straps that held the equipment brought for the expedition she intended to make in the cave system.

Bete approached the entrance, and as she was about to advance through it inexplicably disappeared, and if had not been for quick reflexes of our protagonist, she almost came to face with a solid stone wall.

Both & Sonny Blue were surprised by the occurrence.

***

Sonny Blue groped the rock, where a few seconds away there was an entrance through which he had passed.

No matter how much rubbed and hit, the obstacle was still in front of him.

Elizabeth drew a phaser pistol from her holster and fired at the stone.

The rays of her weapon hit the rock, heating its temperature and changing its color to red, yellowish, until finally almost white spending the entire load of her gun.

The stone, however, cooled quickly, soon returning to its normal appearance, as if nothing had happened.

With an angry face, Beth replaced the pistol battery, and when she was about to shoot again, Sonny suggested:

-Better not! Maybe it's the case to try exploring these caves, on another occasion...

Elizabeth put her pistol away, grimaced, and said:

-You're right.

“I was going to shoot again and would be more nervous, only to leave here crying with anger."

-Wow! Now I'm the one who regrets it: it's not often that I see you angry for playing a trick on you. Almost always, you are the one who makes fun of others...

-Cute. Let's go back to the ship. The sooner we get out of here, the faster I get rid of your second-rate jokes.

-Aye-aye boss.

A glow enveloped the two and the teleportation soon took them away, then the entrance to the mysterious caves appeared again as if it had never disappeared.

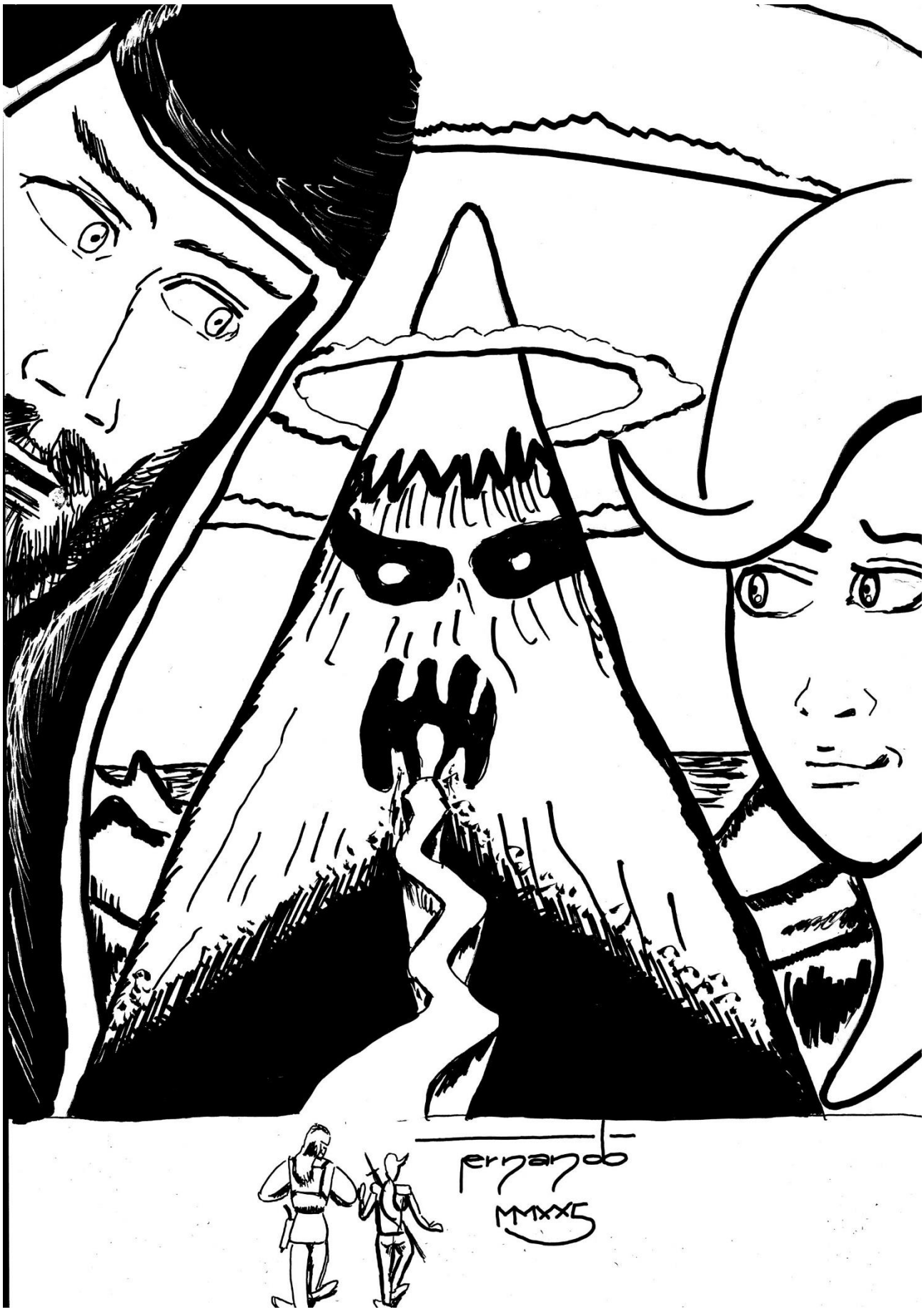
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On board the MAGICAL MYSTERY BUS, returning home, Elizabeth reflected on the jokes that rolled around and to the right about her invincible preparation, which had already guaranteed her so many victories and successful missions...

Almost breaking her nose on the stone wall, which suddenly appeared in front of her, Bete reflected on the possibility of the day coming when, all her preparation, might not be enough.

A concern, for her, that would still take time to be justified, but for the reader who bravely made this far, it is only a moment until the next lines...

***


fernando
MMXX5

2367

2

“DO MY JOB” PROTOCOL

By the time the dear reader bravely came to these lines, long after receiving micro cellular activators in bloodstream that would prolong their life, Bete & Sonny Blue are still in good health as promised by OLD MAN.

Thus, on a dark night when the decoration of the windows of the Disney super-magazine, illuminated the street at those empty hours Bete walked, relaxed, without worries.

It was not her regular routine. She was just walking around to de-stress.

Everything seemed normal, with she checking her messages as walked. Suddenly, in a moment of inattention, a hooded guy, wearing thick clothes, comes out of the shadows of the nearby alley calling to her:

-Lady.

Saying that, this element threw something in her direction.

-This is yours. - He said the same, then.

Elizabetn Bondmader, in an instinctive movement, stretched out her arm trying to defend herself, or even hold the object, but while it was still in mid-air, approaching she already realized that had fallen into a trap.

That thing, even if it wasn't touched, would involve it in a teleportation field taking her somewhere other than there.

There was no way to escape, as the device operated within a radius of six meters, and she was already inside that space.

Before be teleported to some unknown location, however, Elizabeth Bondmader only had time to do two more things.

One of them was to send through her messaging service, which she casually at that moment was checking, an emergency alert for Sonny Blue.



***

Sonny Blue woke up in the middle of the night to the sound of the communicator calling at his bedside.

He went to check and saw that it was a high priority message from Bete even demanding identity confirmation entitled as: DO MY JOB PROTOCOL.

***

Before, by chance, he caught his eye on one of the monitors, and saw there, the sports report, telling that his team had lost in the state football classic, to the biggest rival, which, by chance, was the team for which Elizabeth Bondmader supported.

Sonny Blue soon imagined that Elizabeth was not wasting time and soon sending her jokes and memes making fun of everything possible because of that victory.

The day couldn't get any worse.

If at least the end of the world and of the entire universe came, the misfortune would be less.

He looked at the communicator, with the monitor flashing red and the big letters forming the word: URGENT.

Whatever it was, he would then at least piss, brush his teeth, and show himself presentable for the mockery...

He did everything he had the right to in the bathroom, without wasting much time, and already prepared for the day ahead.

He picked up the communicator still pulsating, and only then did he press that button:

DO MY JOB PROTOCOL

In fact, it was a message from Elizabeth Bondmader, but the content was not at all what he thought.

Things were only getting worse.

***

Dearest Sonny:

If you are receiving these instructions it is because something has surprised me preventing you from continuing with the work of the Federation's Secret Service (agency) or E.Y.E..

The situation must probably be one of great urgency, so that, from now on, you assume my post with all the powers and responsibilities inherent to the position.

The main codes, passwords and protocols, with access, are in attached files.

From there, check all this material, plus what appears in front of you to start the changes in procedures that you must make to the entire organizational chart inside and outside the branch.

I'm sure I've already prepared you very well for this situation, so when in doubt, DO MY JOB trying the best solution that seems appropriate to you.

Good luck.

It was a privilege to work with you.

Elizabeth Bondmader

***

Everyone who was called by Sonny, before knowing the seriousness of the matter, remembered the score of the classic between his team and Elizabeth's, and that she always made fun of him, during these occasions, for at least a week after the game.

Not even the good old Secretary Prescot, now with more than 150 years on his back, forgot this detail.

However, as soon as the evidence of the problem was presented, the joke immediately turned into tension.

In less than five minutes, after the triggering of the DO MY JOB PROTOCOL, Sonny Blue and his assistants had already tracked using the means possible, all corners of the solar system, and the news that arrived from the farthest corners was always the same:

"Elizabeth had disappeared and her whereabouts were unknown."

***

The last images obtained from her, before she disappeared, came from San Francisco: from security cameras, from a street, in the vicinity of the Starfleet Academy.

Elizabeth was walking there when someone approached her and threw an object the size of a coin at her, which immediately created a teleportation field around her, kidnapping Bete to some unknown place.

The image of the aggressor was not clear, as he was hooded, and soon disappeared using the same resource to escape.

In half an hour, records were obtained of all teleportation at that time carried out in the region where Bete disappeared, from all the equipment that could have been used in the kidnapping operating in the space of the Federation, and even from even beyond, where the Agency had agents.

Such an effort was fruitless!

The equipment that kidnapped Elizabeth did not use any technology known to the E.Y.E., or that could be traceable.

***

The hours advanced and the doubts only increased.

Agents of the Federation Secret Service in all sectors of the galaxy were mobilized in the investigations in search of clues that would clarify the case, and due this, the fleet of E.Y.E.’s spacecrafts at that time, was all incommunicado mobilized, in secret missions on enemy space.

And even with so many efforts working together, the bad news kept coming.

***

Reports soon arrived from highly reliable sources that Captain Jean Luc Picard of the U.S.S. ENTERPRISE – NCC1701D was kidnapped by the Borg while on the bridge of his spaceship, surrounded by Starfleet officers.

In the offices of the Federation Secret Service, especially in Sonny Blue's, from which all efforts to discover Elizabeth's whereabouts departed, this fact generated a torrent of speculation that lasted hours to be untangled...

And yet, nothing was clarified.

When finally, the situation reached such stress, in which "it doesn't get any worse", came the proof to the contrary of this famous "popular maxim"...

After being kidnapped, Captain Picard was assimilated into the Borg community, and in this condition he was now recognized by his peers as "LOCUTUS".

The reports even came with photos of the Captain before and after his assimilation.

Before, Captain Picard would be just another uniformed bald man used as a reference point, so that something could be found within a certain space.

Now, as LOCUTUS, he wore black leather clothes, rice powder on his face, and a bunch of cybernetic tubes and implants connected to his entire body, including half of his bald head, which remained a reference point and airport for mosquitoes.

In this condition, all the thoughts of the personality that had previously been Jean Luc Picard became part of the collectivity, so, as it is now, it became part of Locutus.

Such a mutual sharing of memories, opened up to the BORG collectivity, access to several strategic secrets of the Federation.

This knowledge was immediately used in one of the bloodiest space combats of all time: the BATTLE OF WOLF 359.

***

The Battle of Wolf 359 is considered the largest military massacre in space wars ever to occur in the annals of human history.

Under Locutus' command, in a very short time, a single borg cube, of colossal dimensions, destroyed dozens of Federation spaceships, without suffering any scratch that would delay its incessant deadly march towards Earth.

At this point, all eyes converged on the rapidly approaching enemy spacecraft, so that even the Federation’s Secret Service, and all its staff, were also, given the dizzying speed of the occurrences, watching everything without being able to react with the ideal advance.

Still collaborating with the misfortune, the gossipy brown press dispelled panic in the people, and a State of Emergency was instituted to control the people.

Armed authorities imposed the law on the basis of brute force and without discussion.

Meanwhile, the gigantic borg spaceship continued to approach Earth unstoppably, without a single millimeter having its advance slowed down even by an armed fleet of spacecrafts that, in the vicinity of Mars, attempted a fruitless attack that only resulted in another slaughter.

Thus, after that came the time when the Borg cube, whose presence foreshadowed the apocalypse and end of human civilization, was already clearly visible in the skies, over the heads of frightened women and men on planet Earth.

Definitely, the end was near.

***

When the prayers seemed to be then, the only right things to do, whether to ask for luck, or forgiveness for sins committed in life, appeared in the last seconds of regular time, the U.S.S. ENTERPRISE-NCC1701D, (now under the command of Captain Jonathan Riker) which arrived shooting and then managed, (helped by Captain Picard himself, already rescued alive from the clutches of the Borg community by the valiant crew of the spaceship previously under his command) to find a a saving solution that even included the epic brilliant and noisy surprising explosion of the evil enemy.

The end of the world was avoided, but Elizabeth remained missing...

***

In the end...

Summing it all up, Sonny Blue faced a series of problems right away, couldn't solve anything, and Elizabeth remained missing, with no explanation to account for her whereabouts.

Our hero never imagined the possibility of seeing himself in the position of responsibility in which he found himself.

Many of the problems he faced, Elizabeth could solve with a simple smile of her charm and preparation, but Sonny was not that skilled...

The idea of running away, abandoning all that mess in someone's lap soon crossed his mind, but the power that the E.Y.E. had and its reach could be distorted even against the Federation, in the hands of someone who did not have enough commitment to the project.

And the disappearance of Bete... That didn't go through his throat...

The desire for revenge was almost uncontrollable, for the affection he had for her was equivalent to that of a younger brother, for his older sister. Even so, Sonny would not be hasty.

Over time he would get his hands on those responsible for that coup showing that, unlike Bete, he was not so tolerant of mistakes, nor did he have the ability to solve some issues with due patience, delicacy and diplomacy.

And if there was a traitor within the E.Y.E. who participated in this perfidy, the retaliation would be severe, exemplary, and would serve as a warning to anyone who ventured against the Federation of United Planets, Starfleet, or their allies.

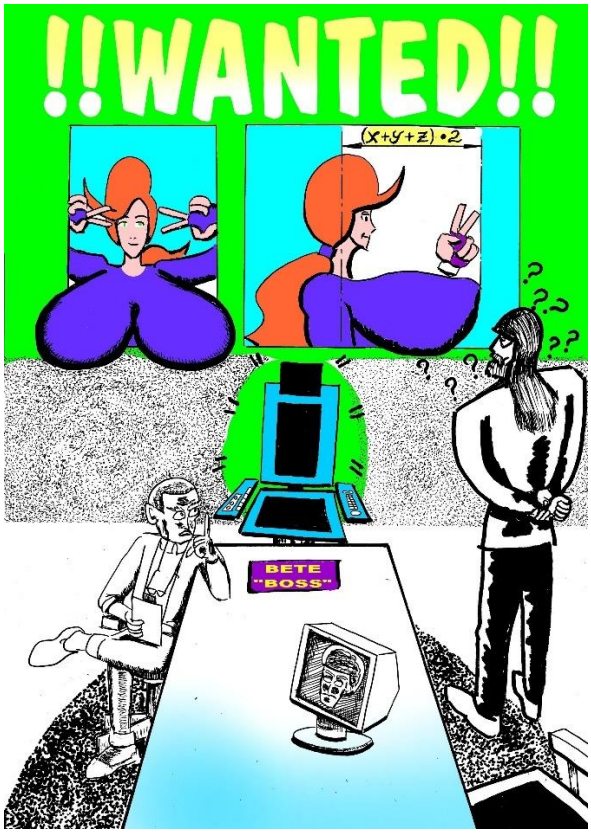
The Secret Service of the Federation, from now on, would enter a much more ferocious and aggressive era in the defense of its interests.

If Bete, during her administration, sometimes took drastic and merciless actions, the Board that succeed her, would repeatedly be even more implacable with the enemy, avenging whenever possible any dangerous threat, whether it was imminent or not.

Hence, as time passed, and the whereabouts of Elizabeth Bondmader remained mysterious and unexplained, the Sonny Blue Administration at the head of the E.Y.E. only stiffened the procedures even more, becoming intolerant and extremely aggressive, against whoever or, whatever could take away the tranquility of the life of the peoples under the dominions of the Federation of United Planets.

Dark times that could not be avoided...

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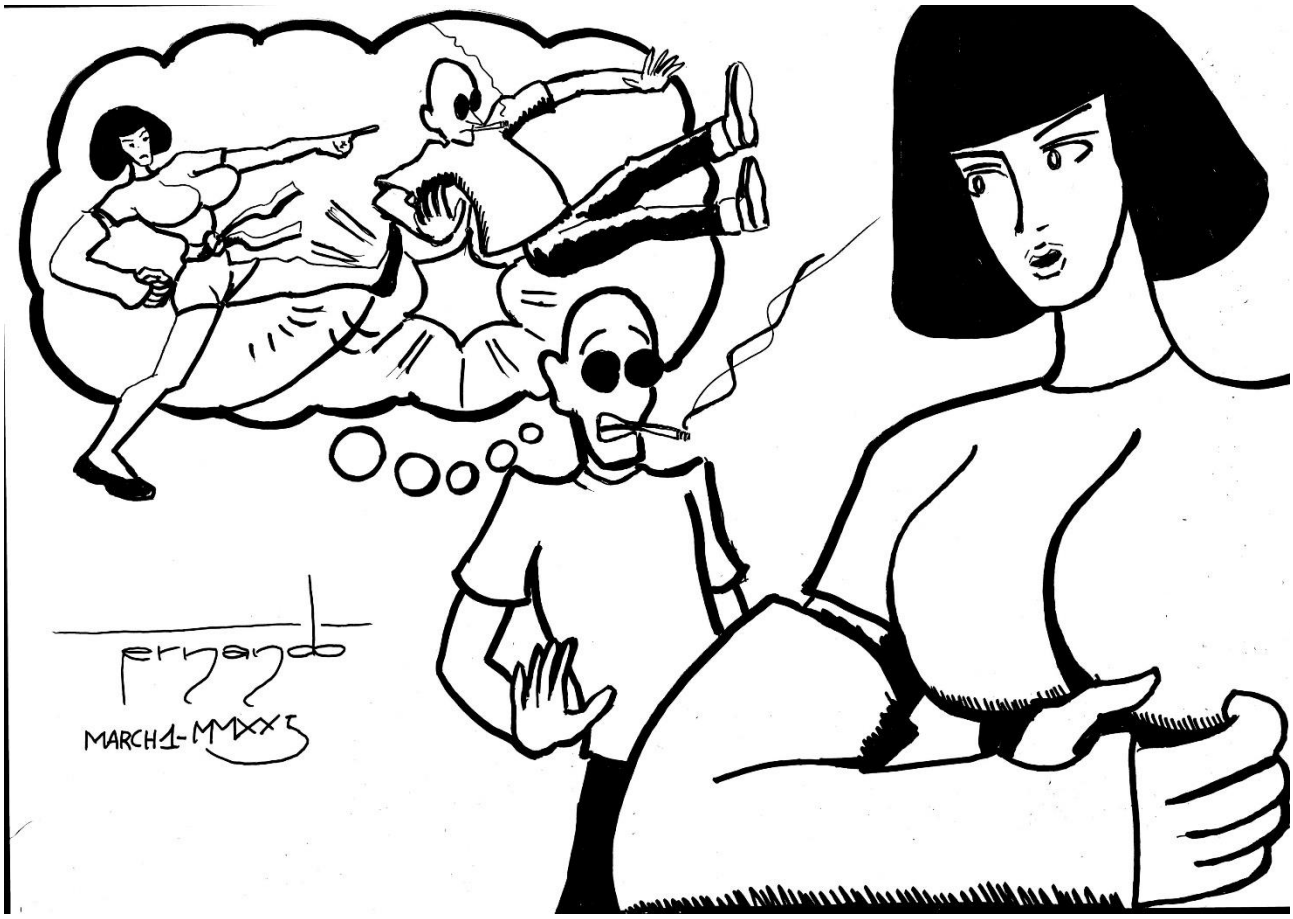


THE SPACE RACE

If you can't win, the important thing is to compete... Still, trying to win!

***

2400



As soon as the beautiful Jade arrived at class with her arm in a cast, the young 22 year old designer and amateur pilot in his spare time, Fernando Zéca Corinthiano had a chill.

-What happened to you, Jade?

-Oh Fê! I was driving and overturned the car.

-But are you okay?

-I sprained my arm and I'll have to stay for a while recovering.

"I will not be able to be your navigator, in that dispute between spaceships in which we intended to compete."

-No problem... I understand...

-My father wants me to stay out of trouble, and he forbade me to "run", in addition to suspending the sponsorship he was going to give us to participate in the event.

-I understand, Jade. Don't worry about it. - Said Fernando Zéca. - The important thing is that you recover.

Jade smiled and went to her class, which was different from the one Fernando studied.

Both were taking a preparatory course for entrance tests to the Starfleet Academy, and, at the same time, planned to participate in a traditional spaceship race, in which they would form a team of pilot and navigator.

The spaceship, to be used in the race, belonged to Zéca.

A classic HRB 53 model.

It was not large if compared to other competing ships. It has a shape similar to that of a Volkswagen Beetle without wheels and cylindrical nacelles on the sides.

Such a curious vehicle, it was already a classic that moved at truly astonishing speeds, so it needed updates to revitalize it.

Without Jade, and her father's money, Zéca was not only deprived of an excellent navigator, but also of the financial support that would guarantee resources for a more competitive participation.

If followed the guidance of common sense, Fernando Zéca Corinthiano would leave this sporting endeavor, to dedicate himself exclusively on course preparing himself even better, to perform well, in the Academy's tests. Meanwhile...

Even with the feeling that, without the support of his navigator, he would be doing something stupid, Zéca decided to go ahead with the challenge to compete.

Having made this decision, he immediately faced a series of problems...

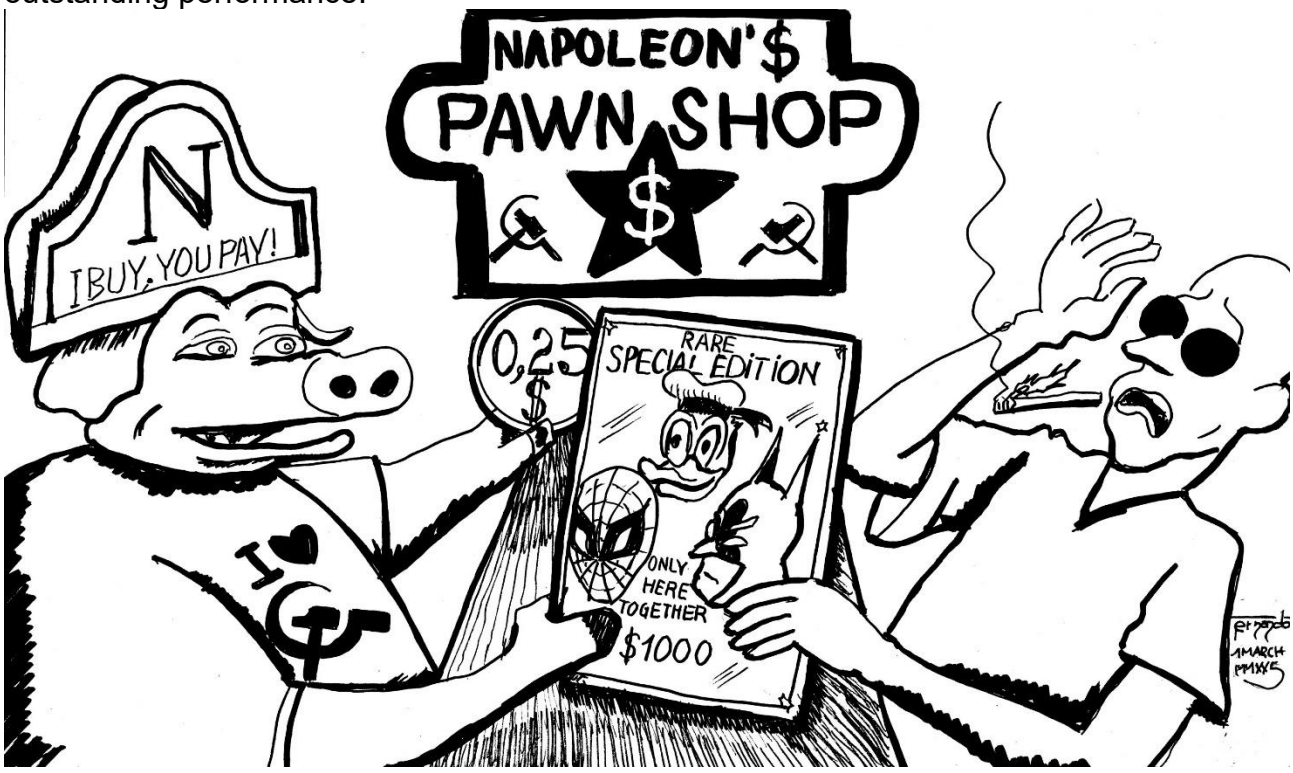
The first of them: the lack of financial resources for the necessary parts, tools and equipment, which would at least guarantee him a dignified and regular participation. His family would not sponsor this cause.

Then, if he wanted the necessary credits right away, he would have to sell some of his valuables.

And that's what he did, with a bitter heart, negotiating his collections of miniatures, CDs, LPs, and especially those of old and rare comic books.

Fortunately, for better or worse, these still had some value (little), and ended up guaranteeing, at least, the essential resources for participation in the competition.

The gnashing of teeth, the sweat of blood, and the tears were inevitable, since the buyer did not even pay what the magazines and the rest of the trinkets were worth, but, at least, Fernando Zéca, managed to guarantee some accessories that would allow him a more outstanding performance.



Saving and negotiating well the use of the few resources he had, Zéca bought a robot, which would help him in navigation, and also in heavy mechanical services. As soon as he was called, he received the nickname of NUMBER 1.

Regarding the racing ship in the shape of a Volkswagen Beetle, initially, he had not yet come up with any funny nickname for it.

However, as the date of the competition approached, at some uncertain moment, the correct inspiration came.

For several days Zéca had been working on the installation of equipment, adjustment of accessories, and programming of on-board computers.

He did not go out to have a social life and, even to go to the bathroom, used the one on the ship, which was already operational. This one on the outside was of reasonable size, but on the inside, it was tight. No more than a large cabin with two seats side by side, some rear space, behind the seats, and further back, a small closed bathroom with toilet, shower and various closets.

As the entire ship had been assembled in economy mode, the deodorizers were removed, to make room for other things, then, when the bathroom was finished being used, it left for a few minutes, that characteristic smell of latrine and sewage.

The moment of inspiration for the name of the ship came while Fernando Zéca was working while watching an episode of the classic series GALACTICA.

Until that moment the names considered were: "Space Chief", "RocketStarRacer", "Speed Adict", "Devil's Racer", "Hell's Runner" and others of the genre.

However, as he assembled the accessories, he found that, despite his efforts, he would face better prepared pilots using the top of the equipment available in the markets, obtaining a performance higher than 40% of what he had, with the configuration of the moment.

From then on, EVERY SECOND at final speed, which he wanted to improve in the performance of the ship, would still cost budgets equivalent to or many times greater than the one already spent by himself. In other words, an amount of credits impossible to be obtained by his efforts and modest pockets.

Then, in a moment of humility, he had the revealing light, realizing that he should raise his hands to the heavens and thank the Creator, if he would simply conclude the competition.

So inspired by the odor that came out of the bathroom and, the series he loved, he created a funny name, even to remember, not to take the competition so seriously, after all, the competition was immensely stronger.

Thus, GALATRINA was idealized.



***

On the day of the start, the GALATRINA was ready.
At first glance, it did not stand out or be quoted as a favorite.
Fernando Zéca already had his strategy in mind.
He wanted to reach the end of the race with the ship working:
And... If in a good position... Best!
He was well aware of its features and limitations.
In any case, would speed up as much as possible, and as far as prudence allow.

***

Finally, after much anxiety, came the fateful moment of the start!

The ships would leave together from a sector of the Solar System, leaving at full speed to the nearest star and, after crossing the finish line, they would receive the checkered flag.

GALATRINA was ok, and its outer rings were ready to make their way through space-time to their destination.

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano was paying attention to the dial on his dashboard, which would indicate the moment to start until the green light came on.

Without wasting time, he pressed the start button, but the GALATRINA remained quiet, without giving an answer.

The ship even moved a little, on mere impulse while all around the competition disappeared in the blink of an eye.

Only the dripping cats remained: GALATRINA, and two other ships, one Klingon, and the other Andorian, which also seemed to have problems.

Soon, however, even these departed, leaving only the GALATRINA dragging on, not knowing what evil afflicted it.

***

As soon as the latecomers left, an extraordinary event ensued.

All the space around GALATRINA, as far as it was visible on the horizon, suddenly changed color.

It was as if, for two or three seconds, everything was inverted in colors.

What was black became white, and so on.

In all directions, wherever examinated, that astonishing phenomenon persisted, which in the twinkling of an eye transformed the entire visible universe.

And, in the same way, in other blink of an eye, everything was back to normal.

Curiously, only at that moment then, the GALATRINA engine worked as it should, and finally started.

Then a luminous bluish cylinder was projected from the front ring of the ship ahead it, while another of a light red color, starting from the rear, extended in the same way, only backwards.

These luminous forms were projected for several meters in both directions, disappearing further on.

And as if hanging from them, GALATRINA returned to the race disappearing from human sight.

***

Its advance, however, did not last long.

Soon, the ship was hit by a shock wave, from some kind of explosion ahead of its path, which apparently occurred after or with the strange phenomenon of color inversion throughout the visible universe.

The colored rays of light coming from the propelling rings of the ship, both front and rear, went out, and GALATRINA, just ahead, found itself abandoned to its fate, facing a terrifying scenario.

It was surrounded by the wreckage of several spaceships.

Some of them still exploded and caught fire amid glittering popcorn flashes that resembled fireworks.

If that scenario alone was already frightening, it became horrifying when Fernando Zéca realized that the destroyed ships were the same ones against which he should be competing, and that, in a few moments, they even started better than him.

Apparently, there was no hope of finding survivors there.

Even if there were, Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, could do nothing because his ship did not have teleportation, tractor beam, or any other tool that would help him in an eventual rescue mission.

To make matters worse, the unlit GALATRINA was heading uncontrolled towards the surface of a wandering asteroid that was in its path.

When the end seemed imminent, by some unknown chance of fate, the ship deviated from the rocky area in which it would collide, and plunged into a dark sandy stretch of that gigantic species of wandering boulder that cushioned the impact, preventing the destruction of GALATRINA, and the certain death of its pilot.

And even though this disaster was not fatal for Fernando Zéca, nor did it cause damage to the ship, the prospects were discouraging, as both the pilot, as well as computer controls and life support, were blacked out.

If the situation remained like this for more hours, Zéca would not wake up again...



***

Luckily he didn't sleep long, and woke up moments later, the GALATRINA had dived into that shiny black sand.

The whole situation was worrisome, because the cabin air would not last long.

Inside the helmet, there were blood stains, caused by accidental knocks that the nose made, during the forced landing of GALATRINA.

Even so, Zéca managed to put his ideas in order to find a solution that would free him from the problem. It was difficult.

He activated several commands, but the ship did not respond to any, thus remaining in a frightening silence.

Zeca found that the end had come.

There was nothing else to do, but to wait for the right destination, whether it was this: DEATH.

***

He faced his own end coldly and did the only thing he could, at a time like this: pray!

So, prayed to the Blessed Virgin Mary, askiing that his sins so far be forgiven, and, with no other alternatives, calmed his mind in the expectation of a death, which would be minimally quick and painless.

The asteroid where GALATRINA was jammed followed its errant destiny, hitting, or being hit, by the debris of competitors, and soon distanced itself from that authentic graveyard of spaceships.

During this journey, it rotated around its own axis, and at a given moment, it was positioned in such a way that the sandy stretch, where the competition ship had become stuck, was illuminated by the light coming from a nearby star.

It was not long before a curious reaction occurred in the black sand in which it began to emit a bluish smoke, speckled with white dots of intense brightness.

The strange phenomenon involved GALATRINA generating, around it, a dense cloud in which highly energized rays swarmed aimlessly.

Unexpectedly, at a certain moment, some of these rays hit the ship's rings, and, as if, miraculously, activated all the systems that before, until then, were off, including the life supports, whose malfunction left Zeca almost unconscious due to the lack of oxygen.

With the operation of the GALATRINA equipment back, he soon returned to breathing normally, filling his lungs with fresh air.

Thus, reasoning better, he went back to looking for some solution that would help him get out of the mess he was in.

And he didn't need to think much since the unusual situation is miraculously uncomplicated, without him having to try too hard himself.

The particles of black sand, enveloped by smoke and bright spots, then floated around GALATRINA, freeing it from the jam in which it had gotten itself.

With everything running regularly, Fernando Zéca only had to trace a course out of there, and press the accelerator.

Then the blue and light red rays projected by the rings of the ship shone again, and the ship immediately "jumped" away from that dangerous situation.

***

Free from the jam, breathing a sigh of relief and reasoning normally, Fernando Zéca, again, had no time to relax.

As soon as it moved away from the asteroid, the long-distance sensors beeped.

Some of his opponents, as well as him, escaped without major damage from the mysterious incident, which involved dozens of ships participating in the dispute.

Now, they were all at full speed.

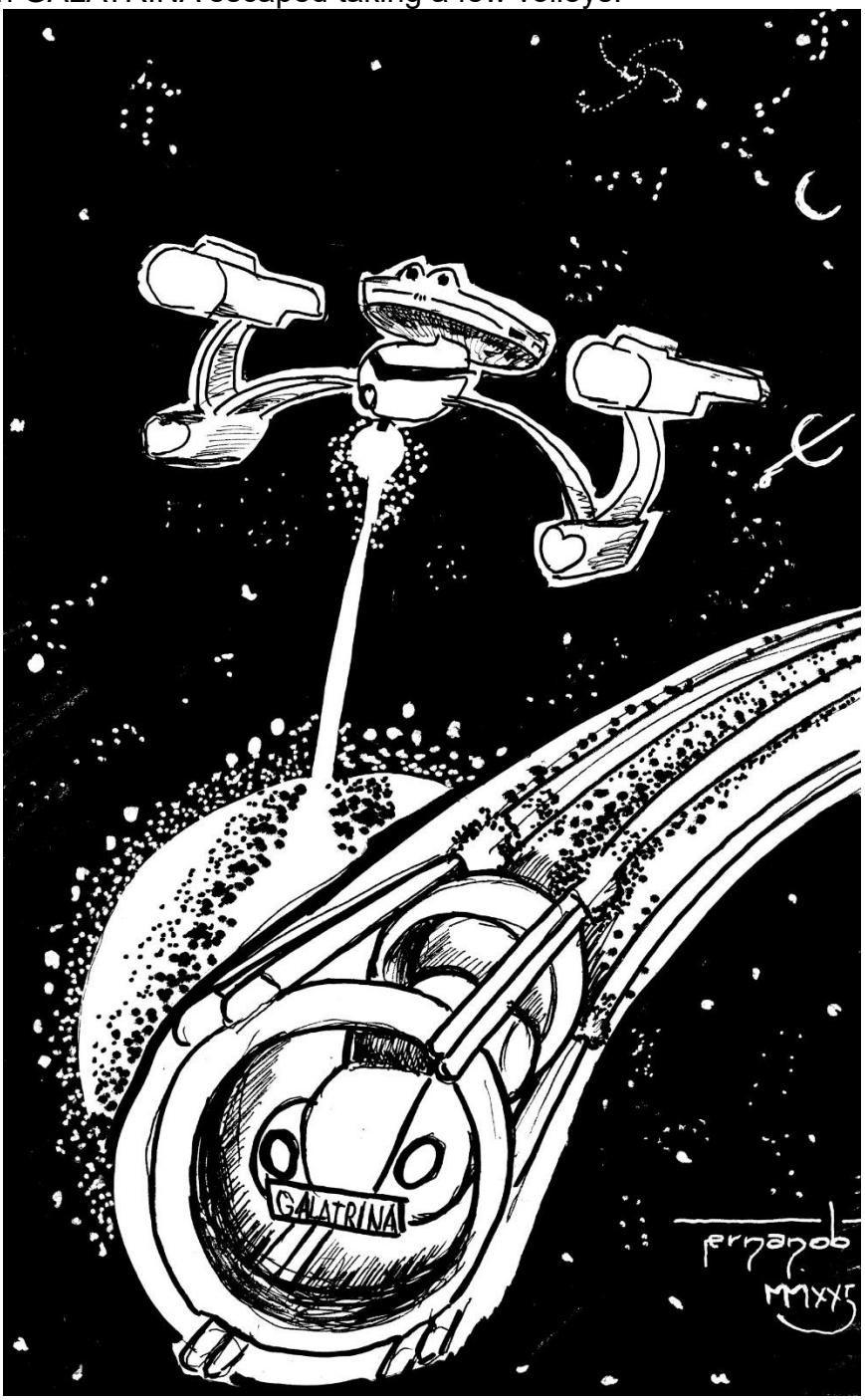
Initially, Fernando Zéca imagined that the competitors were fighting for positions in the race, but soon realized that the reason for so much speed was different.

The problem involving so many spaceships caught the attention of a gigantic band of Gorn pirates, who were nearby, and took advantage of the occasion to prey on the wreckage of the destroyed ships...

And still loot, those that were working by assaulting the survivors.

The pirates' ships pursued the remaining competitors, and at them they fired without sparing ammunition, whatever their arsenals had at their disposal.

Not even GALATRINA escaped taking a few volleys.



Even so, even hit, the ship piloted by Fernando Zéca managed to enter warp speed before it was badly damaged.

Escaping the fury of his pursuers, left the cruel executioners behind, but no, without suffering sequelae:

Some of the spacecraft's incercial damping generators were compromised by the shots that GALATRINA took. A fact that would soon bring problems to the pilot.

***

Under normal conditions, according to the technical manual, GALATRINA would have the autonomy to maintain itself at high speed for a period of up to 1000 consecutive hours.

And Zéca, watched time pass, apprehensive in doubt if the ship would reach its destination.

Thus, the arrival at the final line of the race was getting closer, and the pilot only monitored the work of his robotized navigator, very rarely making any adjustment to the command wheel since the ship practically drove itself without problems by the autopilot until the moment Zéca went to say something, to the robotic navigator, and his voice did not come out.

The routine of riding had left him without the strength to speak.

He was mute and breathing very slowly.

He then tried to move... He didn't succeed!

His body was now completely paralyzed. Not even a finger, he could move.

Curiously, his hands rested on the steering wheel through which he was supposed to control some movements of the ship, but they were without strength, so it was the autopilot that now actually controlled the GALATRINA.

Fernando Zéca was scared, but tried to maintain control.

He breathed slowly, and reflected on what might be happening.

His eyes were still good.

They seemed slow focusing on the images, but he could still see some things around him, even if he didn't move his head.

Thus, it verified through one of the panels, that the inertial damping generators of GALATRINA were affected.

They were partially operational, but the dysfunction, caused by the shots that hit them, impaired Zéca's coordination, to the point that he could not move.

His metabolism slowed down and breathing was almost stopped, leaving him without strength, even to warn the robotic companion of his condition, so that he could at least be provided with emergency medical care.

Another option would be to lower the GALATRINE to boost speed, freeing the rider from such suffering and normalizing the situation.

But it was difficult because it was powerless in the face of the imminent end.

As a last effort of an almost empty mind, he prayed until he was drooling, with his mouth wide open, a fact that the ship's computerized navigator did not even notice.

When death was almost taking Fernando Zéca to other places, he still glimpsed a luminous angelic female figure appear next to him approaching the left arm of the stunned competition driver, touching him.

Soon after, Fernando Zéca's vision darkened!

***

Later, who knows how long, he woke up choking and coughing a lot with the strength gradually returning to his body.

He looked at his left arm, and noticed it hanging over the controller, which took the GALATRINA out of the fold, putting it at impulse speed.

Apparently, who knows how, Zéca himself had turned off the warp speed.

He clearly remembered, however, that, shortly before fainting, he was without the strength to make any movement, let alone lowering the lever to activate the bending speed, something that even required some strength from the pilot.

Then he remembered the shining figure, very similar to a guardian angel, which he had briefly glimpsed before falling unconscious.

Fernando tried to speak and managed:

-Navigator #1.

-At your orders.

-Have you noticed any form of life in here, besides the two of us?

-No human life form other than yours entered the ship after we left.

Fernando Zéca now even opened and closed his fingers normally, with his motor coordination visibly normalized.

However, the malfunction of the inertial damping generators, in addition to the paralysis, from which he was recovered, also left him with a stomach disorder, which sometimes caused him nausea and headaches.

He unfastened himself from the seat belts that kept him in the armchair and went to the small bathroom of GALATRINA, where he fell ill with diarrhea accompanied by a lot of vomiting.

Another result of the shots that hit the GALATRINA was a breakdown in the air circulation system in the ship, which, due to this malfunction, soon after Fernando used the bathroom, left a bad smell, which, so unbearable, could even be considered toxic, had it not been produced by a human being.

The driver relieved himself, but even so, he was not one hundred percent good.

Fernando Zéca knew that he would have to get fresh air to finally feel better.

But such a luxury, given the circumstances he now faced, would still take time to have.

Thus, no longer being able to accelerate at high speed, due to the problem in the inertial damping generators, he had to proceed slowly, until the arrival, where all he wanted most was: to breathe fresh air, drink cold water, and smoke illegal cigarettes lying on a bed.

***

Sitting back in the pilot's seat, his stomach seemed to want to rotate out of his body, taking his head with it.

He breathed slowly, drawing air through his nose and releasing through his mouth, in order to avoid nausea.

Zéca was tired and didn't want any more sudden movements.

On one of the monitors, out of the corner of his eyes, he noticed the approach of two spacecraft from the competition, which were coming from behind, following the same trajectory as GALATRINA.

Fernando Zéca did not feel well for disputes, so much so that he positioned himself in order to give way to the two ships.

They came closer, making visible their characteristic traits: one was Klingon, and the other, Andorian. And they seemed to compete with each other for positions.

Even though its pilot opened the way for the competitors, due to spatial disorientation, dizziness and motion sickness, the GALATRINA was brutally hit, in the back, by malicious maneuvers, of the two opposing ships, which diverted it from its route.

***

A thousandth of a second, right after taking the violent beats, Fernando Zéca held the

ship's command stick tightly, making it return, with great commitment, to the original path.

The normalization of piloting, even after the cowardly maneuvers coming from his competitors, boiled the blood of the pilot of GALATRINA, who immediately accelerated the warp engines of the ship, starting on the competition.

From the large front ring of the ship, a bluish ray was projected, while from the rear ring, another of a light red color was projected.

The GALATRINE jumped forward, like a wagon attached to a luminous monorail.

The desire for revenge, the intolerance with the mistakes of others, malicious or not, and the almost suicidal daring, made Fernando Zéca launch the GALATRINA against the two ships, which now followed more slowly, hitting them head-on, and diverting them from their paths.

After the crash, it was GALATRINA that managed to move forward with the engines running...

However, there was a problem:

The ship was going fast, and totally out of control.

There was no way to stop or even change its direction.

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Fernando Zéca now suffered again from nausea, headaches, and worse: a guilty conscience, tormenting him by that demonstration of idiocy and bravery.

Had he resigned himself to the dishonest maneuver, without wanting to be vindictive, at this point, he could have been in an environment with refrigerated air, savoring the desired glass of cold water.

Bumping into the pair of idiot pilots, he did not recover any honor and now he was ungoverned, with no destination for some space scoundrel of Judas.

The crash destabilized and dented one of GALATRINA rings and it didn't take long for it to explode, amidst smoke, bangs and fires.

Then, as if things weren't bad enough, the other ring suffered the same fate.

What was left of the GALATRINA, the cabin, which, at this moment, resembled an old Volkswagen Beetle flipping over on the straight, was being pulled by the gravitational forces of a planet, which appeared on the way to welcome it, in its final moments.

Such a reception would not take place without some turbulence, which the carcass of the racing ship would face at the entrance to the atmosphere.

With the speed of the fall toward the surface increasing, a fireball enveloped GALATRINA.

The ship's robot navigator simply followed the information displayed on its monitors, without being able to do anything.

Fernando Zéca, In turn, he was not in a different situation, however, he did something more: he prayed again!

In a few seconds she invoked all the saints, especially the Mother of all Mothers, praying so fervently that even tears flowed from her eyes.

He repented of his explosive and intolerant temper, which had put him in that situation, and asked forgiveness for all the misdeeds he had committed while driving, or for tormenting the beautiful women with a fifteenth-rate key.

When, with tears in her eyes, he was already resigning herself to the fate that would be reserved for her, Zéca looked out of the window and saw a white, shiny, humanoid form, with feminine features, mixed among the clouds, which seemed to push, what was left of GALATRINA, as it fell, in such a way as to alter the angle of approach to the ground.

-Navigator. - Called Fernando. - Can you make out anything in the midst of these white clouds that are apparently pushing the ship?"

-Only dense clouds causing turbulence.

-But they seem to be changing the trajectory of the fall. - Fernando argued, as he "saw", humanoid forms among the clouds, looking, smiling and waving at him, as they "pushed" GALATRIN.

-It's just clouds. - Confirmed the robotic navigator.

***

Clouds or not, they altered the course of that fall in such a way that GALATRINA practically landed on the planet, as if it were an airplane descending on an airstrip.

In this case, however, the airstrip was a little different.

In fact, it was a lake surrounded by immense forest.

The ship descended close to its surface until finally, its impact was cushioned by the water, where it scraped under this surface until it stopped definitively, on a sandbar without major damage to the survival cell, as if by miracle.

Without wasting time, Fernando Zéca, untied himself from the armchair, opened the hatch, and left the ship.

The helmet's atmospheric testers indicated that the environment was breathable, and soon he opened the display in order to have fresher air than that on board the cabin plagued for a long time.

***

The water level rose, covering much of the sandbar where, miraculously, GALATRINA ended its fall. There, several creatures arrived, and tried to gain space in the piece of fallen ship.

Zéca climbed on the roof of the ship's survival cell, and from there, with a welding torch, he scared away the animals that tried to invade his space.

With effort, he managed to kill a lizard, very similar to an alligator, which was surrounding what was still left of the ship, discovered by the waters.

At least, he would have some food to continue surviving.

However, at the moment when he already had the meat roasting on a skewer that had managed to improvise, there, in the midst of total desolation, a flock of birds of prey, similar to vultures, advanced on the barbecue, preventing Fernando Zéca's approach to the very food hunted. The joy of these animals did not last long.

Without pity for the vultures, Zéca set fire with the blowtorch, all the thieves who tried to steal his meal, which, with great luck and effort, he had hard-won.

Even though he recovered his food, the success was temporary, after all, Fernando Zéca knew that, soon, other animals would come to try the same thing

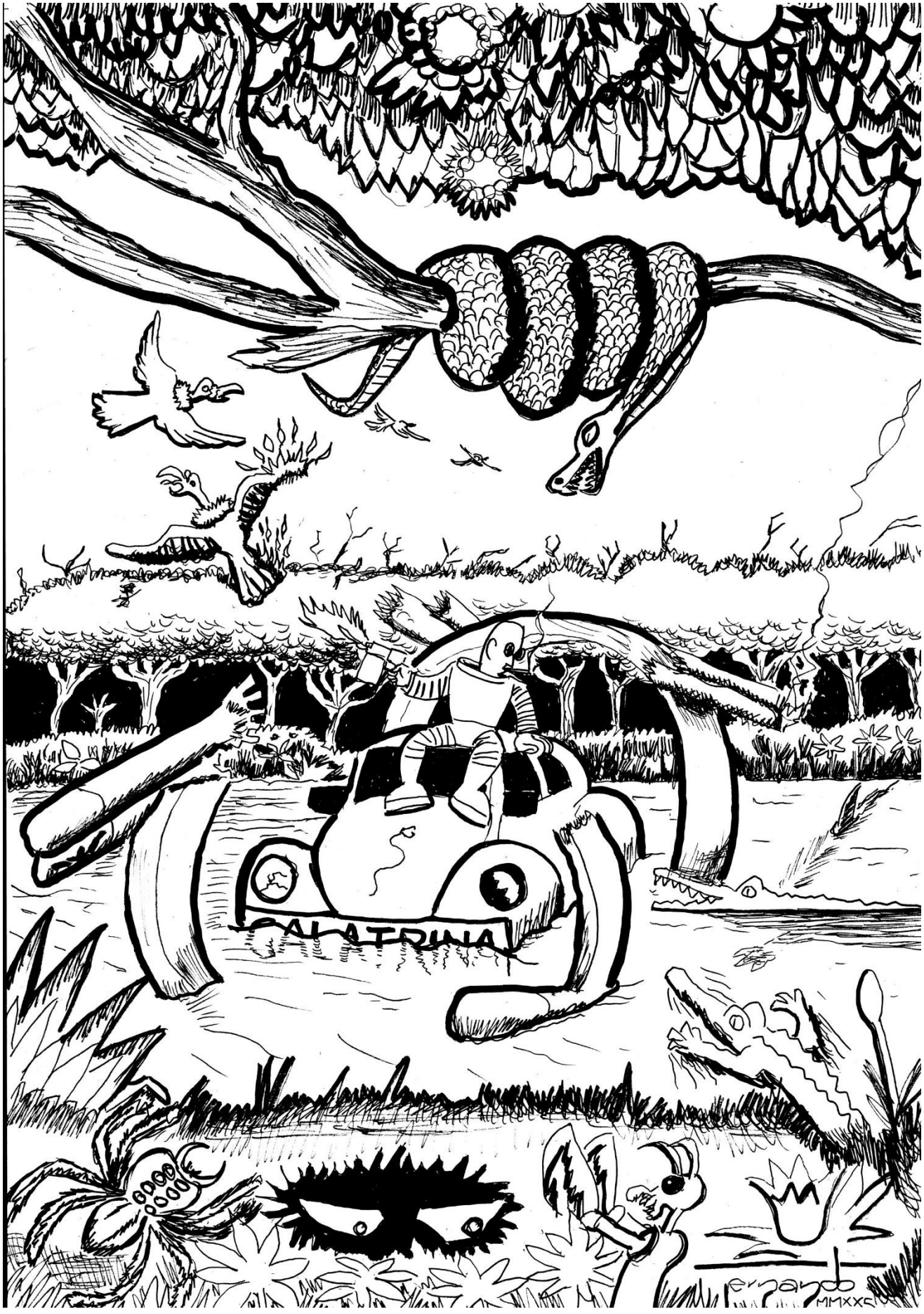
To make matters worse, the blowtorch was losing strength, so that he could not use it as much as he would like so, he used it to light one of the cigarettes, and left only this one lit.

Calmer after the first puffs, he still did not resign himself, with the stupidity committed, advancing against the idiot pilots.

At this time, he could be in the bathtub of a hotel, smoking comfortably and much calmer.

However, there on the sandbar, the expectation of survival was reduced, since, surrounded by all kinds of animals wanting as a souvenir, a piece of GALATRINA, or its pilot.

***


CALATRUVA

When it started to get dark, Fernando Zéca found himself even more worried, after all, from the dim light of that place, a sneaky attack could come, from any direction.

Then he heard rumblings from the horizon. They looked like spaceship engines.

The sound increased more, and his pilot's ears proved to be sharp, because what he heard were spaceship engines.

And if the situation was already bad, in the Corinthianos' minds, now it seemed worse, because he recognized the ships that were there, floating a few meters above him:

They were those of the competitors, whom he had hit, during his moment of nervousness.

Certainly, they came to settle the accounts, for the reckless maneuver he had used against them.

Fernando Zéca was practically unarmed with an almost useless blowtorch, and would not know how to offer resistance, against another possibility of threat against his life.

It was then that, out of nowhere, right next to him, appeared teleported probably from one of the spaceships, a huge Klingon, more than two meters high.

And as befits any Klingon, it didn't come with the face of many friends.

To Fernando Zéca's surprise, the situation still had room to get worse, since, soon after, an Andorian almost as big as the Klingon also teleported practically next to him.

The GALATRINA pilot was not even one meter and seventy tall, being bald and pot-bellied, therefore unable to physically impose resistance against those big guys.

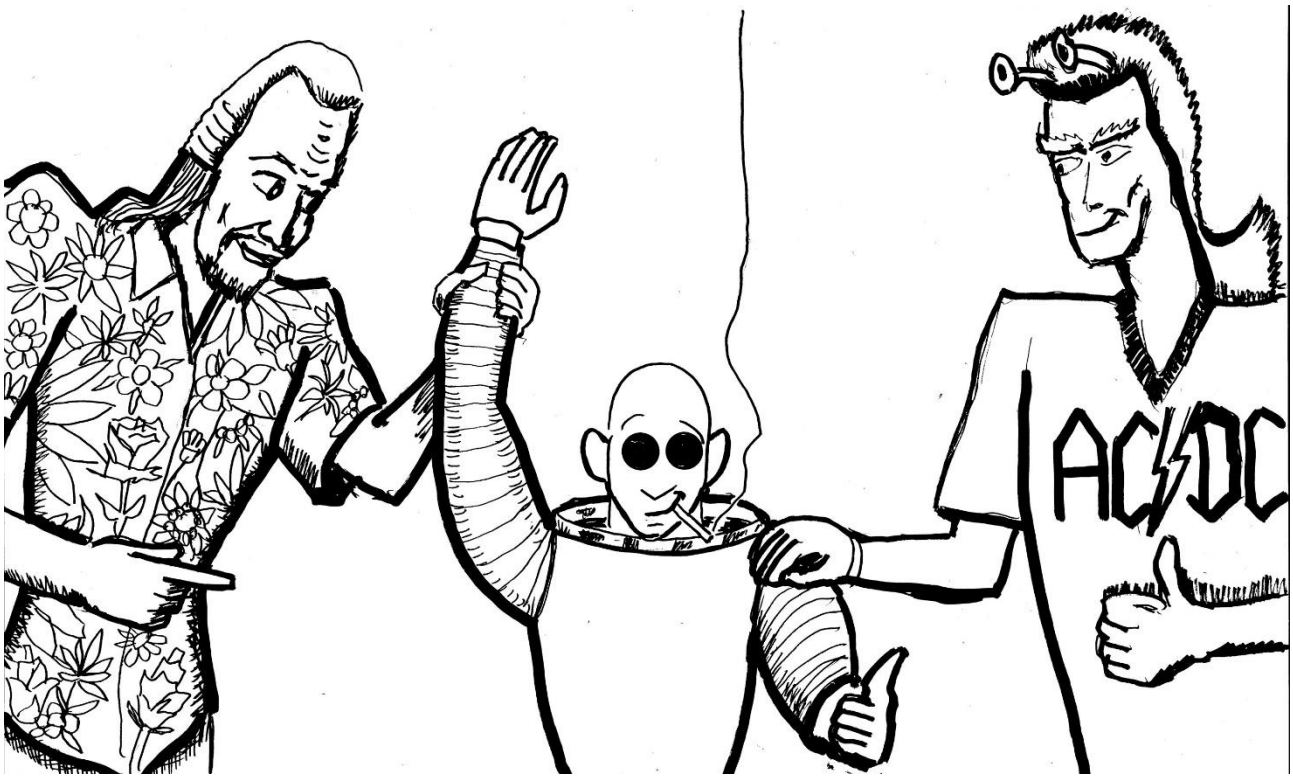
Fernando Zéca thought of several excuses to justify his shenanigans...

And when he was about to articulate the first word, trying to explain himself, the Klingon made a kind of salute by beating his own chest with a clenched fist.

Then he took it out of his pocket, and activated his communicator as sayied:

-We found the winner. He is alive and well.

***



Fernando Zéca was not understanding anything.

The Andorian held out his hand to him, in a typically human greeting.

Fernando Zéca squeezed it.

-My congratulations for the bravery that led you to victory! - Saluted the Andoriano.

-Extraordinary feat. Klingon agreed. - He fought to win, with honor and bravery, until the last end. Undoubtedly, a fearless competitor and warrior.

Fernando Zéca was amazed, but tried to be more realistic:

-I don't know what to say...

-It's natural... - Reassured the Andorian. - Your situation here is not the most comfortable.

-After the victory, he still remained at war. - Said the Klingon. - Even the food itself hunted and was already ready. A real brave."

-Come on gentleman! - called the Andorian. - It is a privilege to be the first to rescue him, and, even greater, to have been able to compete with you.

-Undoubtedly. Klingon agreed.

-Friends call me Azulão. - Said the Andorian.

-And I, am Karrov. - Klingon was introduced.

Before Fernando Zéca Corinthiano could introduce himself, or even have a better understanding of the events, a glow enveloped the three former contestants, teleporting them away from the sandbar.

A few seconds later, in that lake the GALATRINA sank for good, never to be seen again.

***

Finally, Fernando Zéca began to have a more accurate understanding of the events:

As he was informed of the facts, he realized that the strange phenomenon that occurred shortly after the start, in which, for a few seconds, he left all the space white, and the black stars, caused a gigantic accident in the race, which harmed almost all the competitors, except three, who reached the end of the race, successfully crossing the finish line, among them: Fernando Zéca, in first place!

With the prizes he received for the victory, the GALATRINA pilot recouped the investment, and applied the difference received, buying illegal cigars, and robots to form a new spaceship racing team.

The best prize, however, was given to all three who completed the test: guaranteed enrollment in the Starfleet Academy, without the need for tests, exams or eliminatory exams.

The three pilots would join the same class, strengthening from there, a solid friendship that would overcome several challenges, through memorable adventures, in all quadrants of the galaxy.

But these are already narratives to be told on another occasion...

***

Moral of the story:

1) If winning is difficult, the important thing is to compete.
But, it's not bad at all if victory falls on the lap when you least expect it.

2) In desperation, say your prayers, directly to the one who solves the problem.
Don't risk wasting time with intermediaries.

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Bunch of “LOCOS FEDERADOS”
(BANDO de LOCOS)

Just like anything in life, there are those moments when you want to stop everything and let go of whatever you are doing for good.

This is a doubt, which especially affects students, who, tired of the occasional heavy pace at school, may find themselves falling into temptation in the face of such weakness. Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, was going through such a situation.

His uncertainties were not caused by mere self-indulgence, but by the environment he was being forced to live with.

Before, a reference in preparatory courses for officers, the STARFLEET ACADEMY now had a different profile from the one that guided its foundation back in 2161.

The policy that once seemed so distant, was now more active and participatory in the school benches, so that it affected the quality of cadet training.

The meritocracy that so much directed the way promotions and division of responsibilities would take place, was now no longer such a preponderant factor in the choice of posts and in the definition of who is who in the life of the FEDERATION OF UNITED PLANETS.

What mattered now is the famous Wi, that is, "who indicates".

At the Academy, such a policy allowed inept students to apply for preparatory courses, without passing any test, exam, with exemption even in their payment fees.

And there were also those who benefited from belonging to some kind of quota: which could be of anything: racial, drug addicts, those oppressed by the system, incarcerated (convicts who could study while serving their sentence), civil servants, gays or lesbians, and so many others, which added together, allowed only 20% of those enrolled in each class to be composed of those who had to study, undergo very rigorous exams or tests.

Fernando Zéca was part of this minority, as he had entered there through the victory in a bloody race, which for some time was already valid as a test of skill necessary for entry into the Academy, as well as freed the winner from some subjects related to basic driving.

And now, right in the middle of the course, Zéca was ready to kick in, all this effort made, to start something different.

The enthusiasm that driven him in the beginning had been exhausted, given the number of idiots with whom he was forced to live.

Intolerant people, incapable of diversifying their way of thinking, who already entered the Academy indoctrinated by the most distinct factors of life.

And the worst of all was that, of these darlings, little was required until graduation, very contrary to what happened with those who had to work hard in one way or another, from the selection process to enroll there.

The studies in fact demanded a lot from the students, but, for Fernando Zéca, it was not easy to put up with these hypocritical types, and worse, the teachers already previously indoctrinated to "butt" the future generations that left that prestigious institution.

These supposed educators, coming from who knows what union or criminal conspiracy organization, simply discouraged those who were vocational, and should go ahead to, without due neutrality, help by privileging those who should never graduate from those school benches.

In this way, even the inspiration that motivated Zéca in the beginning, was now insufficient to feed his eventual desire to continue in the course.

He no longer felt his ambitions so strong in terms of completing his studies, even when he remembered his childhood, in the hangars of starships, numbing himself with the vapors of some engine fuels, and, hallucinating, going out to play pilot, in an old helmet, dreaming of the day when he would join the STARFLEET.

Watching the bubbles form, and rise to the top of the drink, in his glass, NOW, Fernando Zéca no longer saw any merit in continuing in the Academy.

Apparently, his decision was already so mature, that he took out his laptop, and downloaded the Starfleet Academy enrollment closure forms.

It was then that something momentarily took his attention away from the forms.

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The football classic of the occasion, where Corinthians, Zéca's favorite team, losing badly, was shown in a three-dimensional projection live, right there, in the middle of the bar where Fernando now stayed.

Sitting with schoolmates at a table, he put the forms aside, and began to analyze the game's statistics.

Not at all favorable... That match would not end well...

With such pessimism, Zéca pondered whether the decision to drop everything was not due to the fact that the classic was going badly for his favorite team, which often, in recent times, had only been showing bad results.

In any case, he was not the only one to suffer from his TIMÃO (great team).

Drinking together at the table was Karrov, the Klingon, a classmate, great friend and good guy for all occasions, who, unlike the warriors of his planet, was quiet, wise and introspective, almost never getting into fights.

Karrov, in turn, had next to him, the Andorian Azulão, also from the same class.

He also participated in the preparation of cheats for the tests and did not miss the adventures.

At different tables from that one, other colleagues from younger classes at the Academy also cheered for TIMÃO, but unwisely came to watch the game in fleet uniforms, in an environment that was not the most recommendable and educational.

Yes, because, in addition to alcohol, there were idiots always willing to provoke those who were quiet, seeking distance from problems.

And even though Starfleet's achievements were sung in verse and prose by all the networks of the galactic internet, even on Earth, did not enjoy great popularity because of the costs that such achievements for the greater good demanded.

Silent, and averse to confusion, the uniformed colleagues were also unhappy with the progress of the match.

However, because of the colorful uniforms, they drew attention...

Zéca, Karrov, and Azulão, in addition to not being in uniform, kept a face of few friends.

Their grimaces were so horrible, no one would mess with them.

The same could not be said of the uniformed freshman colleagues, who also followed the match at other tables and, even though they did not cause any confusion, drew the attention of the bad elements present in the establishment who soon came to "mark the territory with idiotic provocations, starting right away with the most classic and annoying of all.

-The Federation ships are no good!

"They're the worst rusty junkyard in the entire galaxy."

The uniformed heard the comment, but preferred to ignore it.

They could even be novices, but they were vaccinated with this type of classic joke, already taught in basic manuals.

The annoyance, however, did not stop there:

The provocateur came even more theatrical in his offenses:

-As if these old flying scraps were not enough, they are inappropriate even for recycling, they are commanded by cowards!

The cadets heard this one more, but they kept their faces tied, focused on the game, which was already more like an endless nightmare.

-Yes! Officers of the Federation, they are all cowards.

Some laughter ran through the bar. The thing was already becoming obvious.

The shame of others could not be ignored...

The provocateur moved even closer to the cadets' table.

A Naucasian, one of those dreadful ones, who would make any person of common sense wonder, how the Immigration Security of Federation and Starfleet Authorities would have allowed him to enter Earth, since his very appearance was in itself a repulsive attack on public order.

The breath he exhaled, the stumbling gait, the pissed and shitty pants were clear signs indicating the intoxication of that element.

-Starfleet officers are cowards because they graduate from an Academy of cowards!

Everyone laughed, but the only ones who remained silent were the students of the Academy, uniformed or not.

The Naucasian didn't stop there..

-Look at the colorful clothes that these guys wear...

"Tell me if this isn't a tremendous freshness...."

The laughter was general.

-And look at that ... - Continued the even more hilarious infamous annoyance. - These cowards in the fleet like sissy sports.

More laughter...

-They watch other idiots running after a ball....

The provocateur brought his face close to the head of one of the three novices, another Andorian present there, who remained controlled in the face of the undoing.

-They are a bunch of cowards.

The Andorian rookie, and the others in uniform, remained silently frozen by the outrageous situation.

Nothing seemed to disturb them.

The Naucasian did not back down...

-Look at this one. - He said pointing to the antenna of the uniformed Andorian. - What's your name?

-I'm Jhriz. - Came the icy answer.

-What a shitty name! I don't even know how to speak. It looks like something that comes out of the nose.

" What are you doing here, huh?"

-I came to see the game...

"You came to see the game..."

"So you've come to spend your time watching this bunch of skunks and dead chickens get beaten?"

"You are all idiots, cowards and useless people who only waste time."

"This Corinthians, it's really garbage."

"There's only junk, that crap team. Players there are all on the path to retirement. How do they say it since Duilian times? Under 40 Selection National Team..."

More laughter, however, this time, they had a shorter duration.

Jhriz, exploded in a quick movement, and gave a bottle right in the middle of the Naucassian face.

The damage was immediate: the glass of the bottle shattered in the face of the naughty man and opened huge wounds in him.

Another colleague at the same table, also did not beg, got up nimbly from his chair, then landed a powerful punch, on the already staggering Nausican, who was thrown, almost five meters away.

-Here I'm a Corinthians fan! - Shouted Jhriz, already quite angry. And that he continued screaming. - What were you talking about there, rude?!?!?!?

The beating intensified.

Jhriz beat and fought while complaining.

-You have no right to speak anything about my team.

"Only those who are members, pay their bills on time and really cheer can complain."

The reaction of the table of the rookies was also reproduced in a similar way, as other companions of the Naucasian, faced with the retaliation, also advanced to escalate the violence.

And they were not the only ones to intrude there:

Seeing their colleagues in danger, even Karrov and Azulão started to fight, leaving only Fernando Zéca seated, concentrating on his laptop.

Beating and breaking took over the place, with the cadets of the Academy facing as if they were already old war veterans, a bunch of troublemakers.

The fury was widespread and, if the confrontation persisted for a long time, everyone would be harmed: guilty and innocent.

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, meanwhile, fought with his laptop, where he activated a program, which he had designed himself, for any emergencies that happened in the bar, when he was eventually negotiating with his supplier of illegal cigarettes.

The service in the salon was done by robotic waiters with humanoid shapes who, in order to serve all customers and perform the service with due promptness, had to be strong and resistant.

Their original schedule did not include training in security services, or containment of riots, however, from one moment to the next, they armed themselves with knives, blowtorches, and any other instruments, of potential use for combat available in their surroundings, and advanced on the Naucadians.

Then the fight got out of control, because the action of the robots was too violent for the expectation of the troublemakers.

As the confusion increased, Fernando Zéca left his table, and went to a point in the bar, where he knew there was no surveillance camera coverage.

From there, he signaled to his colleagues at the Academy, calling them, while pointing to the exit that was just nearby.

Thus, without wasting any more time, while the robots massacred the Naucasians, with violence and without emotion, all the cadets escaped laughing in an unshaken career along the escape route, indicated by Fernando Zéca.

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After running through gray and narrow alleys, the cadets arrived at a tree-lined square, with no security cameras, nor anyone nearby where they could rest and catch their breath,

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, seeing a bench nearby, was the first to sit down, lighting one of his infamous illegal cigarettes.

Another to waste no time to sit down was Jhriz, who after the rush exclaimed:

-How crazy!

-Now it will be difficult to find us here. - Said Zéca.

Azulão looked up saying:

-I don't know if we could escape without the help of the robots.

-The robots... - Muttered Karrov. - I know these models well... They are not the ones who have a fight schedule...

-If it benefited us, I don't complain. - Jhriz retorted.

"Those big hairy guys are tough in the fight and soon we'd be in trouble since their

number kept increasing...

-The interference of the robots was my work. - Clarified Fernando Zéca.

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-I knew you had something to do with that. - Said Azulão. - You were very quiet sitting there!

-What did you do? - Jhriz asked Fernando.

-I usually go to this bar a lot to buy illegal tobacco from my supplier. - Fernando Zéca began to explain. -

"Anticipating the possibility of problems with the police, for some time, preventively and, without anyone noticing, I inserted instructions into the programming of the robotic waiters, which would allow me to take control of them, by remote means."

"So, in an emergency situation I make them "work" for me, in order to gain time to escape.

-What remote media are you referring to?

-Oh! It can be through any communicator, cell phone, radio waves...

-But how did you do the reprogramming without anyone noticing?? - Karrov asked.

-I glued on the surface of the robots, a small adhesive, which emits a magnetic interference field, capable of opening windows in the programming of artificial intelligence, which allow me to prioritize my instructions over others.

-Hmmm... Now I get it. - Understood Klingon.

-I inserted instructions to remedy situations that interfered with my business, more in the sense of only getting in the way of what was necessary to escape.

"After that, the program self-erases and the robots return to normal."

"I never had to use this resource, but in the face of the excessive aggression of the Naucasians I had to help."

-Thank you. - Thanked Jhriz.

-Thanks there

-I don't like to retreat during a fight. - Karrov said. -But as the robots at the bar took over the battle, I followed the path of prudence without further interference.

-But this Klingon is a joker. - Said Azulão. - He invents a whole speech, not to say that he ran away.

-I agree that there is no glory in running away from a fight. - Karrov said. - But glory, it's not everything in life.

-Well, my dears. We help colleagues, as much as we can. - Said Fernando Zéca. - But, I recommend that you no longer wear uniforms, outside the Academy, during off-duty hours or unarmed.

"Even on Earth, we have a lot of people infiltrated, playing the role of a fifth column that not only hates, but, at the first opportunity they have, will sabotage Starfleet and everything else that represents somebody that has state power or authority."

-Indeed. Said Vulcan Tolek, one of the newcomers at the same table as Jhriz. - On a daily basis, illegal immigrants arrive on Earth, supported by bad politicians, and most of the time, against Federation regulations.

-That's right. - Agreed Zéca. - From this environment, unfortunately, there are also many infiltrated spies, ready to harm us at any moment. Nowadays all attention is little. We have to be attentive.

-Yes, we have to be careful. - An introspective Tolek agreed. - Especially in moments of leisure, and abstraction when we just want to entertain ourselves by watching a game of the TIMÃO (which, for me, is an exercise in emotional control), and these inopportune types appear.

- You're right. - Jhriz agreed. - But we needed to cool down because our avaliations are bad in some subjects...

"Then the game was that crap... And finally, Nausicans craps appear provoking. There was no way! I can still stand suffering with Corinthians, but putting up with a quarrelsome drunkard, teasing and talking bad about my team? No! Impossible."

The whole Corinthian burst into laughter.

Zéca even coughed because he ended up choking on his own during his laughter.

-I understand the problem of the subjects well. - He said at last. - The damn teachers want to evaluate us by the amount of memorization that we are capable of repeating like trained parrots that think of absolutely nothing.

-That's right. - Tolek agreed.

-For that I have the solution, gentlemans. - Said Fernando. - I will pass on to you infallible cheats and some other material that will free you from this type of retrograde evaluation.

He then pulled out his communicator and began to strum its display.

After that, he reached out to Tolek, Jhriz, and the other rookies to greet them:

-We haven't introduced ourselves yet: My name is Fernando Zéca.

"As you are also Corinthians, we will help as we can."

Karrov and Azulão also introduced themselves to the newcomers and everyone greeted each other.

Fernando Zeca Corinthiano took the opportunity to write down the data of his new colleagues on his laptop:

-I have just sent to your mailbox, preliminary information that will help you a lot..."

"Check it out: there are several files with schematics and all the material necessary to face the exams and tests up to the stage I am at."

-Thanks, man.

-Thank you! This incentive gave me even more encouragement to study. - Thanked Jhriz - We, Corinthians, being more united, will have a greater chance of achieving victory.

-You are right. - Fernando agreed. - We are many, and if in addition, we are also united, our success will come more constantly.

-Indeed. It's full of Corinthians fans at the Academy, but people only worry about the exams, and don't even have time to get together for a barbecue on the weekend. - Tolek commented as he checked on his own laptop, the files sent by his veteran colleague. - It is gratifying to know that there are other "madmen", besides me, who, in terms of football, do not take logic into account.

-The academy, in fact, is full of them. - Jhriz said. The problem is that this class has spread too much and is full of subjects to study.

-In short: it's not easy to cheer for our team.

-It never was. - Azulão agreed. - Corinthian life is suffering.

-It's just not worse than that of someone who smokes illegal cigarettes. – amended Zéca.

-There is no doubt, but what about the score of this last game? You have to be really crazy to stay in the crowd after a defeat like this...

-So let's gather all the crazy people from the Academy. - Fernando suggested... - That way you are not alone.

-Good idea. Karrow agreed. - Let's form a bunch of crazy people, so, on weekends, we study together, watch Corinthians games and eat a barbecue.

-Bunch of Crazy... - Reflected Fernando Zéca Corinthiano. - A very appropriate name.

"Excellent idea, my friend. I'm with you on this, Karrow. We are going to form the BANDO de LOCOS FEDERADOS. (BUNCH of FEDERATED CRAZY PEOPLE)"

-Great idea. - Vulcan TOLEK also agreed. - Alone, we will never be respected, but together, at least, when Corinthians loses, no one will show up to annoy us. THAT IS LOGICAL.

-And we will still have greater chances of passing these dirty exams, which require us only to memorize or agree with political, historical and economic schemes, which the school curriculum now imposes.

Fernando Zéca extended his right arm with the palm of his open hand facing down, saying:

-Put your right hands on mine so we can formalize the birth of this BUNCH of FEDERATED CRAZY PEOPLE (BANDO de LOCOS FEDERADOS).

Thus, everyone gathered, under the light of a lamp that was lit, extending their arms, in a gesture that was united by the hands placed one above the other.

Karrow then yelled:

-K'PLAH, BANDO de LOCOS FEDERADOS!!!

Afterwards, his colleagues also shouted:

-K'PLAH!!!!!

With that spark of spirit lit, Fernando Zéca even gave up his attempt to abandon his studies...

In this way, under the light of the lamps, an alliance was formalized between fellow Corinthians friends of the Starfleet Academy, which would make it possible to overcome many challenges and even the rise of some of these founding members, and many others who would join the bunch, to high positions in the Starfleet, and in important positions in the Federation.

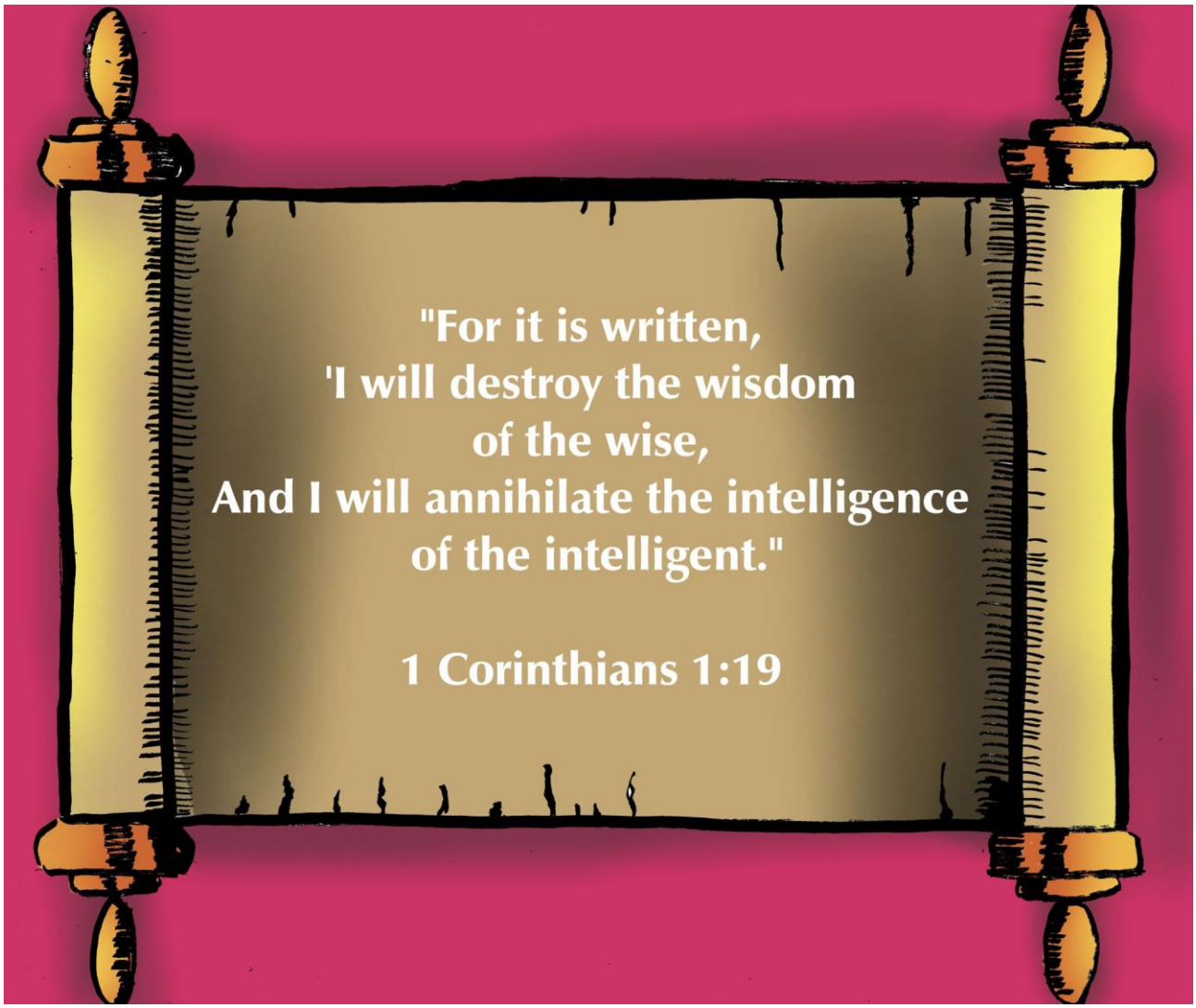
Such facts, however, are part of other stories, which, in due course, the esteemed reader may know.

For now, the beginning of the history of the Foundation of the BUNCH of FEDERATED CRAZY PEOPLE (BANDO de LOCOS FEDERADOS) ends here, which will still bring us some fun and new emotions, therefore, DO NOT STOP HERE NOW, because the best is yet to come.

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VICISSITUDES of LOVE



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PAULA

A few semesters later...

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Within the Starfleet Academy, the Bunch of Federated Crazy People - (or “BANDO de LOCOS FEDERADOS” as it is on original portuguese graphing), by this time, had already significantly increased its number of collaborators.

It was not only Corinthians fans who joined this select and almost secret student society.

Most of those who wanted to overcome the discriminatory system that made life easier for a few chosen students, and made it difficult for the majority, including even those who studied hard and fulfilled their obligations, would have to help themselves with this precious coletivity to guarantee the semester, or the school year.

In this sense, the Bunch of LOCOS FEDERADOS, in addition to being a group of soccer fans, was also an invaluable aid to real students.

Without aiming at any financial purpose or that aspired to power or influence, this informal collectivity increased and diversified the help it provided, even guiding on issues related to the safety of students, outside the academy.

Playing a decisive part in the composition of this body was Paula, a young and

beautiful counselor, who even though she was not a Corinthian, (she was a São Paulo soccer team fan), but acted with unparalleled wisdom and patience.

Her guidelines were followed to the letter, even by the Corinthians founders, who considered her one of the most influential and important voices of the bunch.

Not infrequently, in the face of thorny issues and seemingly unanswered questions, it was Paula's guidance that led to unexpected solutions that ended up satisfying everyone.

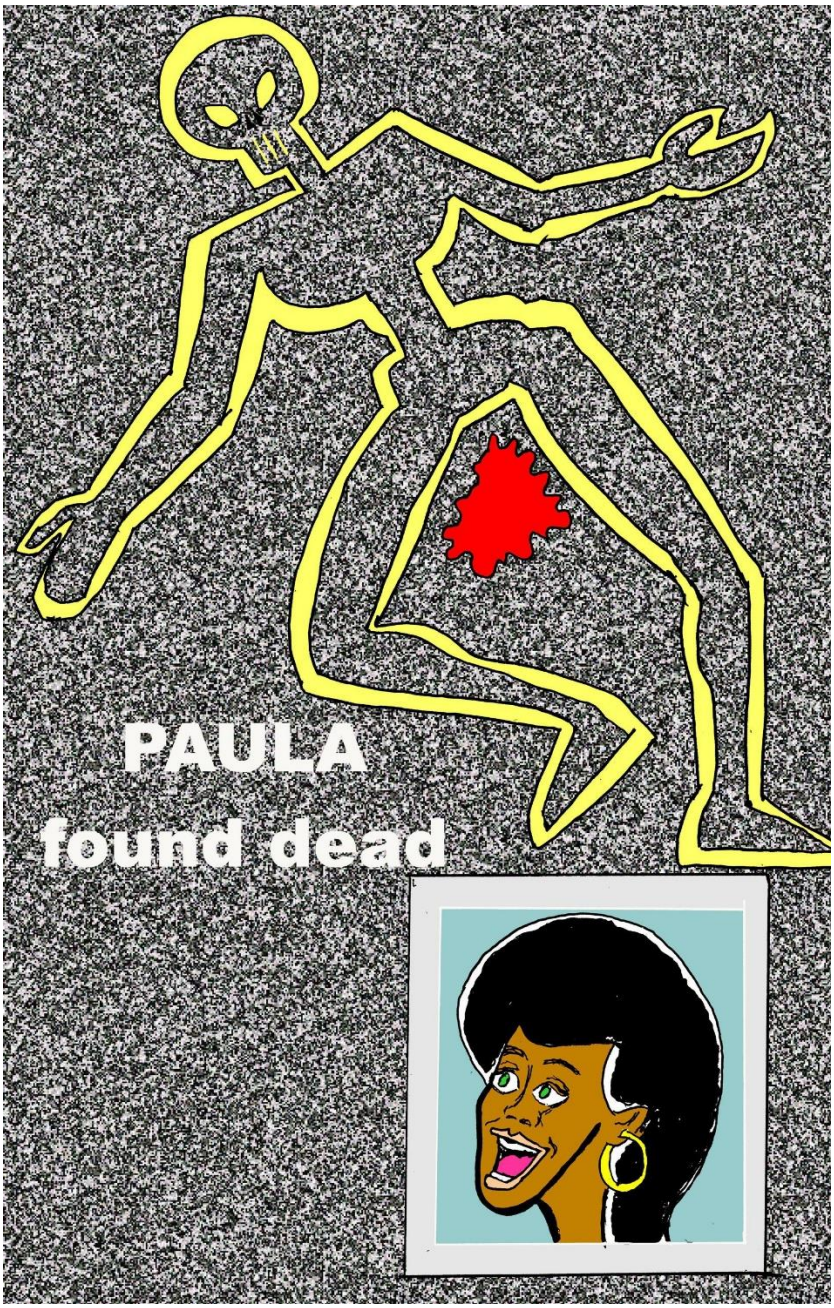
Its influence on the life of the BANDO de LOCOS was such that, if there was a rigid hierarchy in this society, Paula would be among the highest positions.

As nothing that is good lasts forever, fate willed that this invaluable source of good advice should have its path shortened in the sphere of living beings.

One night, Paula's body was found, with marks of violence, in a dark alley, between garbage bags.

The Bunch of Federated Crazy People (BANDO de LOCOS) has lost one of its most dear, distinguished and important figures.

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Ten days later, of this terrible death, a select part of the gang gathered, after the celebration of the seventh-day mass in memory of Paula.

The meeting took place on the balcony of the apartment where Marge, Paula's best friend, lived, and who was also from the Bando de Locos.

Marge was a beautiful Andorian.

Tall, hot and very busty, at that moment her facial expression was serious and sad. Even so, wherever she went, the environment changed...

In this way, she approached the table where the founders of the group of the Bunch of LOCOS FEDERADOS were, and sat with them.

Marge took from the bag she carried with her, a laptop, which opened and placed right in a place where everyone could see what the screen of three-dimensional projections displayed.

She breathed deeply, sighed and looking at the images that were beginning to appear, said:

-The investigations regarding Paula's murder have not advanced.

-The police authorities said they had no evidence. - retorted Fernando Zéca

Marge's stern expression was broken with a smile at the corner of her lips.

-And do you believe it?

No one answered anything.

To which, she continued:

-Does anyone here think that with the high-resolution surveillance equipment available to the authorities, not even a satellite or surveillance camera would have recorded anything about this crime?

The silence continued...

-I did my investigations. - said Marge. - See what I found.

She triggered a command and the images of the three-dimensional record began to be displayed to everyone:

-I got this from the camera of a low-altitude satellite that by mere chance, was passing at the moment, just above the scene of the crime, since the police themselves say they are unable to obtain more information about the case...

-Marge, Marge... - Sighed Fernando Zéca. - You always have a hidden card up your sleeve...

-Marge is from the Sciences, Zéca. - Explained the Vulcan Tolek. - There we are forced to pull rabbits out of our hats… Every day.

-It's her… Paula. - Said Marge.

Then, at the projection, Paula appeared, walking along the avenue, which at that moment was empty.

Suddenly, seven black shadows appeared and advanced on the young woman, like birds of prey, then attacked her cruelly, without pity or mercy, giving her no chance to react.

Paula died being barbarously raped and, after being used as an old condom by her tormentors, she was left in the middle of the street, where her body stayed for hours until was found.

-I also obtained records from other cameras. - Marge continued, with a serious face. - Some of the ones that the police swore were not working.

Subsequently, the images of the projection showed the killer executioners, running through the alleys of surroundings, until they reached a sumptuous building, where they entered and disappeared.

-I can't believe what I'm seeing. - Said Fernando Zéca.

-Well, believe me. - continued Marge. - This is exactly what you are thinking.

-This building is one of the Embassies where the Priests and Worshippers of ZUHLURR live.

-Aren't these guys suspected of being involved in several crimes??

-Suspects??? Suspects is a very delicate word.

"This mob of retards is in fact guilty of a lot of violent and criminal acts, which have been happening lately, in the places where they are, near or present."

"These scoundrels do not even bother to disguise the misdeeds they practice, because the Federation itself closes its eyes and ears to the shenanigans that the worshippers of ZUHLURR are up to."

-And why does the Federation clean the shit of these guys?

-The Federation is tied to a mountain of questionable agreements, which benefit a few, but which, in general, only harm the taxpayer.

-Look: I study history and keep myself informed about these facts, even for the requirements of security. - Said Zéca, - But the Federation's schemes, in terms of espionage and intelligence, keep surprising me.

"Lately, whenever I see any subject that involves it, I find intrigue hidden within intrigue, which, in turn, remains disguised inside a third party that knows nothing of what is happening, plotting its own plots and intrigues."

-Well, you shouldn't study any of this, Zéca. - Said Azulão, barely managing to keep a smile on the corner of his lip. - You well know that our area (Azulão was also from Tactical Security) requires "neutrality", that is, we must be YESMAN without opinion regarding government's policy and decisions.

"Our goal, in case of survival, is a quiet, comfortable and silent retirement."

-Indeed, brother. - Agreed Zéca.

-Let's move forward here, gentlemen. - Caught Marge's attention. - In view of the facts, and the inactivity of the Authorities, in relation to this crime, the time has come to decide what to do.

"I confess that I myself could have done much more, but I was inattentive..."

Marge's words came dark and charged with strong emotions.

Her facial expression was threatening, not hiding a glint of hatred in her eyes.

They gave the impression that a storm was coming.

-You've already done a lot, Marge. - Zéca intervened. - Don't blame yourself for it.

"If we should blame anyone, it is the Federation itself, which is soft on these terrorists, who inside our home, have more freedom and rights than us, in addition to authorization to kill us, at will."

-Zéca is right on that, Marge. - Karrow agreed. - You have already done a lot by bringing us so much enlightening information.

"I'm also part of Tactical Security, and I dare say that I understand more about the subject than these two combined, but I wouldn't be able to gather as much information as you brought here."

-Marge is the typical Andorian officer. - Jhriz said. - Never satisfied with her own performance... As good and satisfying as it is, always look for making it even better.

-I thank you for the comforting words, my friends. - said Marge. - But I failed my best friend.

She paused silently and then continued:

-I think I could have even avoided this dreadful crime.

-No! You couldn't, Marge. Tolek the Vulcan disagreed. - You are just a person who has no supernatural powers.

-You think a lot with logic, Tolek. But there is a universe of things about me that it will not explain to you.

-I don't dispute that, Marge, but I don't think it's fair that you take on a weight alone that you're not to blame for. - Comforted Zéca.

-Guilty or not, my friends. I will not allow Paula's death to pass in white clouds. These murderous bums will have to pay the bill.

-They will pay, Marge... They will pay...

-Indeed they will. - She continued. - But I'm not going to wait for this little fucking justice to move her ass from the chair to avenge Paula's death.

There was then a brief silence...

Which was soon broken by the words of Fernando Zéca.

-Marge is right.

The Andorran continued in a firm voice:

"Against this murderous sect, the authorities will do nothing."

"Being Paula, our colleague at the Academy and from the Bando herself, we can not allow this story to move forward, without some corrective action being taken."

"And if it's to go for pure and simple revenge, I'll put together a plan, even if I have to keep just losing everything, which I've achieved so far, at the Star Fleet."

-You are not alone, Marge. - Said Zéca. - Count me on this.

-Paula's death has to be avenged. - Marge reminded with a straight face.

-I'm in this too. - Confirmed Azulão.

-Me too. - Karrow, Tolek and Jhriz said at the same time.

-And what will we do?

-I want to kill all this bunch of bums. - Marge said with a straight face bluntly. - For a long time, the activities of these damned people have been bothering me!

The youthful ardor of those academics and the thirst for Justice inflated by the Andorian then decided the fate of the next lines.

-I'm with you, Marge. - Zeca said. - You command and I obey!

-So... K'PLAH, warriors! - shouted Karrow, who, after the scream, sighing in relief, as if taking a weight off his soul, asked: - Now... What is the plan?

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The environment where the select members of BANDO DE LOCOS met was a well-lit apartment, with transparent walls, which allowed the view of the city, around the building where they were.

Even so, the subject that was dealt with inside made the atmosphere heavy.

-I've been studying them. - Forward Marge. - Those who killed Paula are always together and hardly leave the Embassy Building where the images show them entering.

-We could enter the Embassy and do the service right there. Karrow suggested.

-It's not a bad idea. Marge agreed, who continued her reasoning. - Since, we have to take into account, that they are the only ones who stay in the building all the time.

-Only Paula's aggressors? - asked Azulão.

-Only Paula's aggressors. - Confirmed Marge.

-So they live there. - Tolek concluded.

-Indeed.

-A whole building for that bunch of swindlers?

-Exact. Each of them must have several floors at its disposal.

-The best tool for this is through teleportation.

"Through this, we will be able to send drones or bombs, which put the whole building down, over the heads of those killers."

-Robots or drones, will not give us the security that we can eliminate the enemy.

"We have to do the job ourselves!" - Karrow argued.

-Just like in shooting video games?

-Exactly.

-Calm down, not everything is so simple, people. - Jhriz interfered. - This building must have some block that prevents teleports from sending anything inside.

"Swindlers or not, this gang to live in a building like this, has to be an authority in

something, and, in this case, also have sophisticated security systems for their protection. The place there is certainly a real trap."

-Indeed, but, I have equipment to solve this problem. - said Marge.

She typed some commands on the laptop keyboard, and a few seconds later, in front of her, two white cylinders appeared, by means of teleportation, with rounded ends, being half a meter high, and about six centimeters wide...

-Another one of your toys, Marge? - Asked the Andorian Jhriz.

-Yes. Take a look. You'll find it interesting."

Jhriz did not beg, and soon began to poke around the devices.

He pressed a button and two black panels came out of the sides of the cylinders, which unfolded, revealing several controls.

An antenna expanded from the top with colored lights turning on.

-Does it work? - Tolek asked, visibly surprised, as he followed Jhriz's exam.

-Surely! Marge is full of tricks in her pockets. She may had designed and done this.

-She is a sciences student. - Tolek recalled, as if he wanted to remind everyone, once again, that Marge was the big star of his favorite musical group.

-That solves half the problem, but we still have to think about the issue of weapons....

"Whatever we use, it cannot leave any sign that allows us to trace its origin, or that points us out as suspects..." - Said Zéca.

-Don't worry about the weaponry, darling. I've thought about that too.

Several wooden boxes, with an average size of one and a half meters, two meters high, also materialized there, through teleportation.

Easy to open, since they did not require tools to do so, their contents were soon revealed:

Weapons!

Of different types and calibers.

Pistols, machine guns and phaser rifles, grenades, robotic mini-drones, knives, machetes, axes and even some pieces of the fearsome Klingon cutlery such as bat'leths, d'k tahgs and mek'leths.

The cadets even looked like children in front of the presents under the Christmas tree.

Even the engineering crowd, normally reticent and incredulous in the face of the truths of life, was equally, or even more surprised:

-Marge! This equipment you got us is just fantastic. - Praised Jhriz. - Everything here has some resource that I myself had never seen before.

-Most of the parts are high-tech like not even on the market, they are available. - Agreed Tolek.

-I don't think even Starfleet has rifles like this. - Karrow said, wielding one of them.

-Almost all this equipment was designed by me. - said Marge.

-BLESSED Marge. - You must have quite a laboratory to produce all this here.

-My father has vast powers and occasionally I make use of some of these resources, even though he and I don't always agree on everything...- She said.

-Did he help you with these things?

-No! He didn't move any straw for any of this! Eventually, I have to do things stubbornly, or, without him knowing.

-Our cause is noble. - Zéca pointed out. - I think he would approve...

-The cause of revenge is almost always noble. - Azulão fixed. - Whether he agrees or not, now we have to avenge Paula.

Having said that, he took a large and heavy medieval mass that was between the various weapons and turned it showing great skill in its handling.

It wasn't for everyone!

Azulão managed to control so well, because he was strong and big. At six feet tall, he was about the same height as Karrow.

In addition to knives: a Bowie and a smaller one, Fernando Zéca took two small axes that he also put attached to the belt where he would also carry, a pair of very powerful phaser pistols.

It would not be for lack of weapons that Paula's death would be without just revenge!

And, even by the choice that Marge made of some weapons, it was practically guaranteed that the rematch would be brutal.

Her work gave a powerful letter to ensure the execution of what could even be considered an authentic retaliation against her friend's killers, but it was something that Marge did effortlessly and naturally convinced, because the hatred that transpired, made it clear that she would be able to arm whoever she was, to achieve her goals.

VENDETTA's TIME

An old electric-powered van parked silently on the narrow, dark street.

As soon as it stopped, its headlights and exterior lights went out.

However, inside it, the movement was feverish.

There were Azulão, Tolek, Marge, Karrow, Fernando Zéca and Jhriz.

Marge was sitting in front of a panel full of monitors and controllers with everyone there wearing black clothes that had nothing to do with the Academy's uniforms, and wearing special glasses, which, among other purposes, allowed them to see in the dark.

Marge, once again, passed on the instructions:

-This is the portable teleporter that will take you inside the building. - She said, pointing to a white cylinder. - It will grant safe access to the location and will be invisible until you trigger it again to return.

-Be quick and be ready for anything. Marge said seriously.

Then everyone but her was teleported out of the van.

Concentrating on one of the monitors in front of her, Marge adjusted her headphones and muttered:

-Now the fun begins...

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The teleportation took them to a totally dark place, which soon justified not only the use of multifunctional goggles and anti-gas masks because the bad smell was unbearable.

Such a stench was not for nothing since the gang materialized in a space surrounded by carcasses of dead animals, which served as meals for rats and cockroaches, free on the walls and floor, showing that these creatures were the true owners of the space.

Zéca soon armed two drones that flew in opposite directions from where they were.

Everything they recorded in their path would be monitored by the team, which would be able to act preventively, or even make attacks, remotely activating the weapons of the drones themselves.

Even poorly maintained, the place was imposing.

-We are in this hall. - Whispered Azulão, while indicating the exact location, to the team, through the three-dimensional image of a map of the area, projected, directly in the eyes of its members.

Fernando Zéca pointed to one of the green lights present there and said.

-This is the one that gets closest. We can start here.

-Yes! Let's go. - Karrow agreed.

The local darkness covered the movements of the group that advanced quickly in silence through narrow dark corridors, to a thick steel door guarded by a camera.

One of the drones was waiting for them floating next to it, already shuffling and confusing the local surveillance system, in order to keep the academic movement unnoticed.

Multifunctional as it was, the drone soon assisted the group in another way in the robbery.

He fired at the door, causing the impact of the shot to throw her into the room beyond her threshold.

Before the team members even entered the open space, the drone invaded it firstly, even in the midst of the smoke caused by the attack, and quickly, further on, launched smoke grenades to confuse whoever was inside.

Fernando Zéca advanced right behind the drone.

He wanted to get his hands on one of those religious fanatics, who obeyed no Law except the idiocies and nonsense written in what they called the sacred book of ZUHLURR.

He was emotionally motivated and all he wanted was to vent liberating hatred against those fanatics, thus avenging Paula's death.

But he was not the only one.

Karrow also wanted to disembowel several of those guys and, even with the smoke from the grenades, he managed to locate one that was there first.

Without wasting time, he practically flew over the humanoid, with red skin, with a beard and hair all disheveled, wearing a kind of "dress", with the upper part similar to a shirt, and a square cloth tied to the forehead by a rope.

Sensing the anger in the Klingon's eyes, the guy still had time to shout:

-Stop! I have immunity! I am an ambassador here. No one can do anything against me.

Karrow solemnly ignored the protections afforded to this "diplomat" and shoved his d'k tahgs (Klingon knife) around his neck.

A thick yellow liquid gushed out of the cut as the "ambassador" fell dead making all sorts of strange noises as he took his last breaths.

Zéca approached:

-I was going to send this one to hell, but you arrived first.

-If I let it, you do all the work alone and leave nothing for others. That's why I already secured mine. - Replied the Klingon.

Zéca noticed an unexpected movement among the smoke, and pointed his gun in that direction. Before shooting, he saw that it was a young human totally naked.

He was probably lying with the late ambassador, enjoying a night of "love", since ZUHLURR's followers were notoriously prone to illegal binges involving homosexual, sex with teenagers, and children under any age.

They considered a custom that, claimed part of their traditions.

In any case, Fernando Zéca found himself in a dilemma: what to do with the young man?

Tolek soon solved the problem by putting the involuntary witness to sleep, with a well-applied "Vulcan pinch" at the base of his neck.

-This one should be unconscious for about two hours.

"More than enough time for us to finish the mission."

-Then let's move on. - Said Fernando Zéca.

The group advanced silently and decisively through the darkness.

Following the directions they received through the map soon arrived at another room, where two more of Paula's aggressors were.

Their identity has been confirmed and the Bando de Locos has already entered with everything.

Realizing that their own lives were hanging by a thread and they had no chance of reaction or defense, the fanatical followers of ZUHLURR still tried to negotiate...

-We have latinum, gold and diamonds! Don't kill us!

-We can negotiate. We are worth more alive than dead.

But no negotiations were accepted.

Jhriz, with the precise firing of his rifle, hit a very fine bluish ray on the two red heads of those assassins, which, in the next instant, caused them to fall dead simultaneously.

Fernando Zéca twisted his face with a sullen expression.

He had not yet caught any of the cretins.

Everyone was avenging Paula, except him!

Still, he contained his emotions and signaled for the group to go in the direction, where the next targets were signposted.

They advanced for a few minutes until reached a hall, with the appearance of a temple and surreptitiously, positioned themselves so as not to be noticed.

Soon they went to a parlor where, by the instruments, two signs were indicated, that is, two more fanatics to be killed.

The drone that was now accompanying the gang positioned itself near the entrance, so as not to be noticed, and confirmed the identity of the aggressors who were there.

Unceremoniously, they entered all at once, shooting at the killers present at the scene wich had no time for anything, since Tolek hit them with deadly shots made through his pistol.

-Blimey! - Complained Fernando Zéca, who had not yet laid hands, or even fired a measly shot, on the assassins. - I thought the Vulcans were more restrained in violence, and less quick on the trigger.

-Vulcan logic recommends giving the first punch when the fight is inevitable, and the first shot if the shooting is about to start.

-Where did you see any shooting here?? - Asked Fernando Zéca, incredulous... Tell the truth, Tolek: Vulcan logic recommends all this???

-Yes. - Confirmed Tolek. - And, preferably, that it be with precise blows that immediately eliminate the threat.

-Look at that. - Karrow said, pointing to the latinum, diamonds, cash, credit/debit cards, and even gold bars in the room they were in.

A real safe.

-We are in the midst of a fortune. - Observed Azulão. "With what you have here we could live for two hundred years in the greatest luxury."

-Indeed. - Fernando Zéca agreed. - But, there are still two left to catch. Now there is no time to think about it.

They took a deep breath in front of those riches and advanced towards the direction where the last two signs were.

The path they followed was no different from the entire route had already traveled: dirty, smelly, full of dead animals, rats, insects, cockroaches and who knows what else.

As soon as they reached where the next targets would be, they heard screams.

Animalistic screams accompanied by sinister laughter.

Someone there seemed to be making a frantic effort.

Silently, the Bando de Locos positioned itself nearby to analyze the scenario.

The two fanatics they were looking for were in the midst of dozens of goats, pigs and dogs, in carnal conjunction with these and other animals producing a fearful scream.

The academics were astonished by that beastly copulation.

The barbarous customs of the fanatical followers of ZUHLURR were public and notorious, but one thing was the theoretical knowledge of the subject, another was to witness coitus between one of these guys with a goat screaming desperately.

So excited were they in the mating they starred, they didn't even have time to notice the presence of those who would be their avenging executioners.

Agonized by the suffering of the animals, Azulão, without wasting time, fired several shots at the two, which, in addition to killing the zoophytes, freed the goats from their martyrdom.

Zéca through the protected communication channel, warned Marge:

-Targets eliminated. Mission completed.

-Very well. - She greeted. - Now return to the exact place where teleportation left you before.

-It's for now. - Confirmed Zéca, who then signaled confirming the order.

For him, the worst was over.

From now on, it would be enough to follow the same route by which they arrived there, and be teleported out, without attracting anyone's attention.

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Not even five seconds passed, after this thought, and another message from Marge alerted the gang on mission:

-Attention! The surveillance systems were activated.

-What? - Asked Fernando Zéca, incredulous. - But we don't activate anything here...

-It wasn't you. - Marge clarified. - The alert came from outside.

"Other embassies of ZUHLURR's followers on Earth were watching on the internet, the transmission of sex with animals, which you interrupted. No images of the Gang were captured, but their security was put into action. Get out of there now!"

The group turned around returning by the same path they did before and left the hall where pigs, goats and dogs devoured the torn remains of the bodies of the fanatical zoophytes of ZUHLURR, eliminated by the mission of justice.

In a certain stretch, a cloud of insects came out of several holes that were in the walls and infested the path through which the BANDO were supposed to pass.

-Our clothes are not suitable for this kind of problem. - Reminded Jhriz.

Fernando Zéca's brain worked feverishly to find a solution.

Soon, he had an idea.

-Let's try a new approach. - He said.

He drew his guns, and fiddled with the settings of the ray gun.

He tested the adjustment, however, when he pressed the trigger nothing happened.

He moved, tried a few more times and the result changed nothing.

Azulão, observing Fernando Zéca, soon understood his colleague's intention and made the same adjustments to his weapon. The result, however, was different.

From Azulão's weapon, a double ray came out that formed the figure of a bright and bluish triangle.

-Set it to dizziness, so it doesn't use so much battery. - Said Zéca.

Azulão understood the desired objective, made the adjustment and began to "sweep" the cloud of insects with the triangular shape formed in front of the end of his pistol, through which the lightning came out.

Without wasting time, Jhriz, Karrow and Tolek did the same, expanding the path for the group to get out of there.

Zéca had to resign himself to the malfunction of his weapons.

Even so, he managed to cross the cloud of insects, leaving with his colleagues from that dangerous corridor, and advancing a little further, to the place where the teleporter was.

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New problems would arise along the way.

No other way being the protagonists fans of Corinthians, so, the suffering must be quintupled!

Through the multifunctional goggles, enemy drones, very well armed, in charge of security at the site, were spotted.

-They are waiting for us at the exit. - Said Zéca pointing to a door ahead on the route,



through which the group should escape.

-I get it. Karrow said, stoking his rifle on his shoulder and viewing the targets through

his telescopic sight.

-There are five drones.

Tolek also adjusted his rifle and viewed the drones, through the telescopic sight device on the weapon.

-I can see it too.

Jhriz and Fernando Zéca likewise raised their weapons and put enemy drones under their sights.

Everyone shot without wasting time.

The targets were immediately hit by the shots, and Tolek had to quickly cover with a well-aimed shot another failure of Fernando Zéca's weapon.

After overcoming another obstacle, the group advanced, through another corridor covered with disgusting animals, lizards, bats, spiders and cockroaches.

The floor looked like a zoological carpet where even menacing crocodiles, more than five meters long, circulated.

-I don't remember us passing by here. - Tolek observed.

-This is the path that the map is telling us to follow. - Said Zéca.

-It's right here. Karrow agreed. - There is no other option.

The sight was discouraging because the crocodiles released flames through their nostrils looking more like dragons!

-That wasn't in the plans! - complained Tolek. -It completely escapes from what can be called logic.

-If we set fire to this animal, the fire will only increase, making it difficult for us to advance. I suggest the use of dizziness in those who threaten or block us. -Told Fernando Zéca.

-Here there are more animals than a lot of forest. - Karrow warned. – Be careful where you step.

The creatures were not attentive to the gang, perhaps, they were more occupied with staying alive in that environment where they ate each other.

In any case, the tension increased as soon as the Bando saw what they would have to face ahead: walking fifty meters, with the animals at their feet, many of them being endowed with teeth capable of penetrating the armor of the special clothes that the academics wore.

It didn't take long for the larger crocodiles to advance towards the group, which caused a reaction against themselves.

Several shots were fired making the targets sleep immediately.

Faced with the encouraging result of the action, the gang accelerated the pace, still keeping an eye on the smaller animals, which could prepare some unpleasant surprise.

However, the threats did not give a break, requiring a very high expenditure of energy by the weapons, even though they were regulated only to stun the target.

Invariably, Fernando Zéca's did not respond, or seemed to be stuck...

In this situation, he even gave up and now held two hatchets, to at least react with dignity, in any eventuality.

The advance was slow, spent energy, and was observed by two giant crocodiles, approximately eight meters long, which, from afar, followed the gang's walk from afar.

The first gun to run out of energy was that of Karrow's gun.

-Lend me your batteries, Zéca.

Without wasting time, Fernando Zéca took the batteries out of their weapons and passed them to his Klingon colleague.

-I hope it works.

Karrow took the batteries, but did not have time to put them in the weapons.

One of the two watching crocodiles decided to attack him at that moment, opening his gigantic mouth and charging at him.

Unfortunately, Karrow's gun fell from his hand, with the beast noticing such a mishap, swallowing it in one swift motion.

Surprisingly, the uncontrollable gluttony had repercussions generating an unexpected explosion inside the animal, causing it to swell, like a balloon, to the point of lifting it off the ground.

Luck or Bad Luck, the dice were rolled and the other crocodile that was watching the events from afar made its attack, just like the first, only this time much closer to Karrow.

The animal's immense maw would have bitten Klingon, if two flying axes, opportunely launched by Fernando Zéca, had not hit the tongue of the gigantic reptile, which made the giant crocodile retreat and disappear snoring like an enraged tractor.

The shots in the dizziness adjustment made by the other members of the gang were still having some effect, opening the way, and allowing the advance to the objective, which was the door, through which they would pass leaving that hall.

They had some difficulty in opening it, since it was locked.

-It wasn't like that before.

"And it won't go on anymore...- Karrow said, giving her a powerful kick, which knocked her down violently.

After their thresholds, the darkness was total, even so, the gang quickly crossed them, because, in addition to being dangerous, the environment from which they left was disgusting.

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Immediately, the temperature dropped, the air that the flock breathed through their masks, ran out and the ground disappeared.

Everyone was overcome by feelings of vertigo and overcome by fear.

The darkness was dotted with stars, nebulae, comets and galaxies that illuminated the contours of the members of the band, while they suffered the hardships of the unexpected space environment.

Fernando Zéca was trying to understand that extraordinary, completely illogical occurrence, and the only explanation he could formulate, in the few seconds of oxygen he had, was that he was inside a powerful hollodeck.

Only this technology would simulate in detail that situation in an environment, and then reproduce a totally different conjuncture, in such a short time.

Whether the theory was right or not, changes followed that perhaps confirmed it.

***

The pitch got worse from one moment to the next...

And it even acquired some consistency... Liquid.

The gang immediately felt crushed and was very close to drowning with the pressure of the liquid about to enter through all the holes in their bodies.

The agony seemed eternal.

But at least there was one consolation: such suffering was not passed without any witnesses.

While the gang was dying, strange phosphorescent creatures appeared, similar to the hideous fish with terrifying jaws and teeth, which live in the abyssal depths of the Earth, being truly worthy of the best horror productions.

That "show", however, would not last much longer...

***

The pressure ended, and everyone could then breathe.

Now, however, they felt uncontrollable vertigo again.

That's because everyone was in free fall, surrounded by a dazzling sky blue and white clouds, which the gang crossed falling at great speed.

It was like a leap from the firmament towards the distant ground...

NO PARACHUTE.

They still couldn't see the ground, which was hidden somewhere, behind all that beautiful infinite blue...

But they knew that were heading down, at all possible speed.

However, the situation tended to worsen, as a rain of small burning stones advanced towards the gang in free fall.

Death seemed inevitable, until, from one moment to the next, everything changed again!

***

They finally materialized where they wanted to be: that is, where teleportation could reach them.

Choking, and, coughing a lot, even full of doubts as to what had exposed them to those hallucinating situations, they positioned themselves.

Fernando Zéca once again checked that no one was missing and activated the teleportation, which took them out of there, in the midst of a flash of light.

***

And as soon as the gang was teleported inside the van, Marge set the vehicle in motion, moving it away without haste, from the vicinity of the building where the vendetta had been carried out.

-We went through strange situations. - Said Fernando Zéca, as soon as he managed to stammer his first words.

-What do you mean? - asked Marge.

-We were placed in the space of a few seconds, in several inexplicable places. - Tolek said.

-I think that: the situations to which we were exposed have some background of magic. Karrow opined. - I can't be sure, because my knowledge on the subject is small, but perhaps that building was full of negative energies, resulting from all the sinister activity of those fanatical followers of ZUHLURR."

-The good thing is that in addition to the mission accomplished. - Reminded Marge. - Your movement was not recorded by the security system of the place.

"I changed the programming of the computers that commanded the cameras and security sensors, so no one from the gang had an image recorded."

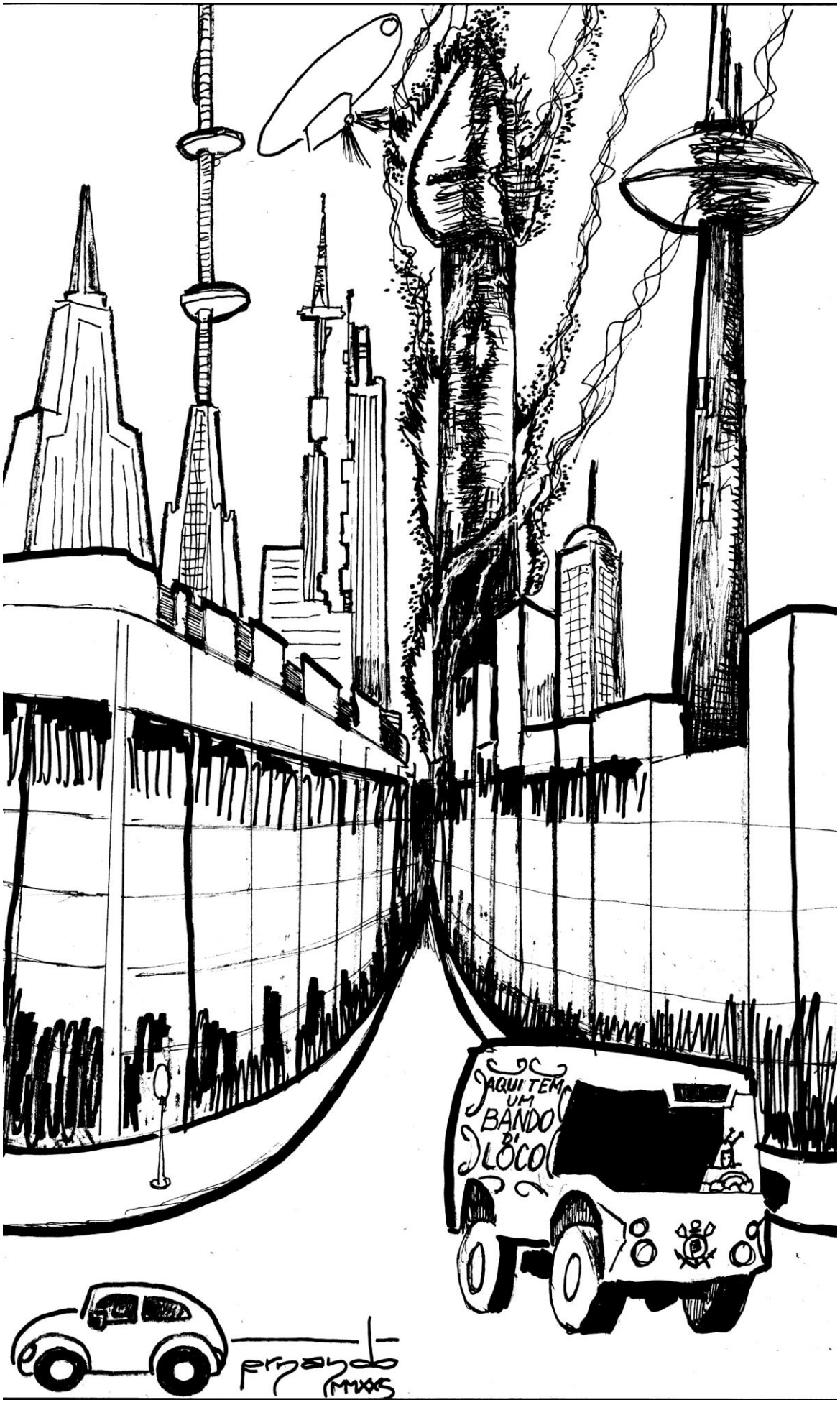
-You are wonderful Marge. - Said Fernando Zéca. - Without your talent, none of this would be possible.

-I know. She agreed, without any sign of modesty. - Even so, my satisfaction is even greater when you give me this recognition.

-So far so good. - Azulão agreed. - However, we will see how the facts unfold in the coming days.

-Don't worry, Azulão. - Reassured Marge. - No clue of our action was left behind. We will not be exposed. However, our actions will have repercussions and consequences..."

***


AQUI TEM
UM
BANDO
DE
LOCO

Marge's words, as always, were prophetic...

The dawn of the new era has arrived for the Federation, through a chain reaction that has taken place.

The action carried out by the BANDO de LOCOS, involuntarily freed hundreds of prisoners, used for sexual slavery purposes, from the secret dungeons, hidden in the building where the fanatics' lair was.

One of the consequences resulting from the operation carried out was the short circuit in the building, which burned the electrical installations, and also the emergency, communication, or security installations, opening the doors, of everything bad that was inside, to the city of San Francisco.

Fires soon popped up in the building, which forced the action of robotic firefighters, who, during their work, not only came across all those people in sub-human conditions, but also found evidence of crimes and illegal products of all kinds, which had not been solved on other occasions.

The humanitarian situation moved the population, which, early in the morning of the day after the action of the Pack, gathered in the main points of the city, asking for the total disengagement of the FEDERATION OF UNITED PLANETS, with the fanaticism of the followers of ZUHLURR, and of the powerful who commanded this group controlling several planetary systems.

In the afternoon, the content of the computers seized in the building was leaked, revealing the involvement of those alleged "diplomats" in many other criminal activities, in addition to planning attacks against the Federation itself and its allies.

This discovery soon mobilized on planets and satellites throughout the solar system, exalted manifestos wanting to remove, or expel once and for all, this criminal sect from all agreements involving the FEDERATION.

Faced with the scandal resulting from the discovery of so many disloyalties, and the strong popular pressure, the bureaucracy, this time, acted quickly and soon instituted Laws prohibiting anything, or even the presence of fanatical followers of the religion of ZUHLURR, in the space of dominion from the Federation of United Planets.

Any gesture of tolerance or sympathy with these types would henceforth be considered a criminal action of high treason.

In this way, Paula's death was not in vain, and the action that culminated in the revenge of her murder saved an untold number of lives.

***



"Unfortunately, it will not always be possible for the faithful to remain on the path of meekness and kindness suggested by the Holy Apostle." - (humble aside from this author)

***

REVERIES? OUTCOME? CLARIFICATIONS??
and an ACE of SPADES.

-But of course we were robbed.

-One more time.

-The goal they scored against us was clearly offside.

Fernando Zéca said this and took several puffs on his illegal cigarette.

Then he held the smoke in his lungs.

Tolek, as always, even by nature, the most balanced on these matters, also opined:

-The goal they scored on us was offside, and our 3 goals, invalidated for offside, were legitimate.

-Indeed. - Jhriz agreed. - This judge steals shamelessly, the team's tall top hats, don't move the butts of their armchairs, and we have to pay the bill...

-The rules of soccer have not changed for centuries. - complained Azulão. - Arbitration should be entirely electronic, without human judges who can be misled.

Fernando Zéca let out the smoke, then said with his voice still half "stuck":

-But there, precisely the factor that allows the manipulation of game results ends!

"Apart from that, the top hats have no way to favor bets, and so many other schemes that operate behind the scenes in the world of football."

-And to make matters worse, Corinthians is being managed by people who do not give profit or victory to the team. - complained Azulão.

-That is when he does not get involved in politics, or game sales schemes and results...

-Once again, it's that usual soap opera...

-The team was robbed in the face, and no one complained about anything.

"If I were President of the Club, I would have removed the team from the field before the end of the match. Karrow said.

-The President, along with a bunch of other top hats, are not worried about the fact that we are being robbed shamelessly, because they themselves are part of the scheme. - Clarified Jhriz, who soon justified his opinion. - The owner of one brothel I go every week, told me that: presidents of two traditionally rival clubs, usually meet in "his commercial establishment" to settle the results of matches and competitions where, at the same time, bets are made.

-In fact, the scheme is all like that. - Agreed Zéca. - Look at the case of the President of the Football Confederation, who cannot leave South America, because his name appears on the lists of the most wanted by the Police of the solar system....

"Due to these pickaxes, we are still forced to swallow that old litany, that "football is a man's game", a justification invented by some ordinary top hat, to avoid the presence of cameras on the field assisting the refereeing."

Fernando's cigarette went out, and he then suggested.

-How about we go to the bar outside? Here inside it's very smoky.

Zéca was referring to the garage where the gang members kept their vehicles, and which, at that moment, they used to smoke hidden, from the prying eyes.

-Let's do it!

They left there, closed the automatic door, and went to the bar, where a large table, with empty chairs, was waiting for them. They sat around her and made a wish.

Other members of the gang were nearby, including Marge, who was playing truco game, at a card table, inside the establishment.

As soon as they placed their orders for the robo-waiter, three cars from the San Francisco Police Department arrived.

Several policemen, in their traditional dark blue and black uniforms, got out of them. The policeman who seemed to be the most senior came giving orders:

-Hand on head and document, everyone!

No one from the gang, or anyone else who was at the bar at the time, showed any reaction.

They all calmly obeyed the orders, and answered the questions put to them.

The police carried out the standard investigation procedure with all those who were there, and it was soon clarified that, at that moment, no one had anything irregular.

The problem was different...

-We came here, because the neighborhood is complaining about noise. - Justified the officer.

One of the soldiers, who was checking the surroundings, approached the commander and said:

-The noise doesn't come from here, sir.

"The people here are from the Starfleet Academy, and they are not made into a racket. We already know this group. There are only Corinthians..."

-The day is not good for Corinthians. - Said the officer. - It lost today.

-If you allow the term. - Said Fernando Zéca. - Corinthians was robbed by the referee of the match.

-I heard... That's why the people here are all quiet.

Another soldier who was also making inquiries in the vicinity approached the scene...

-Sir! We have located the origin of the noise of the complaint. It's from another bar.

The soldier pointed in the direction where the other bar was.

-It's two blocks from here...

-Then I understand. - Said the officer. - It is the team that won the game against Corinthians.

-They are celebrating and making this noise.

-They have even set off bombs, firecrackers and fireworks. - Warned the newly arrived policeman.

-Then let's go. - Ordered the commanding officer.

Then, he saluted the gang at the bar and, along with the other policemen, climbed into the vehicles, which left there, at full speed beeping the siren.

***

Things would remain quiet with the gang whining, for another robbery on top of Corinthians, until the police returned again, half an hour later.

The vehicles passed slowly, in front of the bar, where the academics were gathered.

Now, they were escorting a group of more than a hundred people, who followed with their heads down, in single file, with whoever followed behind, placing their hands on their shoulders, whatever came ahead, thus being until the beginning of the line, where the first one went with his hands on his own head, behind the vehicle, where, an armed policeman, sitting there watched over the detainees.

Almost all wore shirts. of the rival team, which had beaten Corinthians that night.

The commanding officer, who was following the line on foot along the side, came to talk to Fernando Zéca, Azulão and Karrow, who were standing, enjoying their cold drinks on the sidewalk, while the silent procession passed.

-Carnival already makes this group stupid and alienated, combine it with alcohol, drugs and football then, see what we have.

-That's why in this bar here, we only listen to Rock n Roll, commander. - Said Fernando Zéca.

-Hey you stomps! You guys took it in the ass, huh. - Shouted one of the fans of the opposing team, to the Bunch of LOCOS FEDERADOS.

-Corinthians lost, you skunks. - Still shouted another.

-Flock of black chicken. - Insulted a third party.

The detained fans, who still wanted to make fun of the unfortunate Corinthians, embittered by that shamelessly stolen defeat, were not happy for long.

Two policemen who took care of the sides of the line, have already beaten up the three funny guys.

-Be quiet there, bum. - Politely warned one of the policemen with slaps on their heads.

-It's not to say anything! Damn fuck! Be quiet there, you trash of shit." - Amended the other policeman, showing the same courtesy, and distinction being even gentler and poking with the baton, in the liver of one of the happy fans, who were celebrating the victory of his team.

Even the commanding officer himself, who coordinated that procession of the victors, shouted enthusiastically:

-I want everyone quiet in this shit! The first joker who speaks again, will see me directly and leave with a broken soft mouth right in the middle.

Then he turned to Fernando Zéca and the members of the gang who were also on the sidewalk:

-Of course this does not apply to you! But be aware: these guys, in addition to the disturbance of the peace they promoted, carrying weapons, trafficking of illicit drugs, indecent assault, and other crimes they practiced, for which they were arrested in flagrante crime, and will be charged. But they also wanted to come here, to vandalize everything and beat up whoever was present.

-I'm glad you arrived earlier, because here the people are all peaceful, we don't like fights, even less alcohol or drugs. - Said Fernando Zéca, with his champion face, at any table of poker veterans.

Without any of the policemen noticing, Blueberry widened his eyes when he heard that and looked with a serious face at Karrow, who kept the utmost seriousness in the face of the situation.

The procession went silently ahead, and as soon as it was far from the bar, Azulão turned to Fernando Zéca and said:

-Fuck ZÉCA! You said for yourself that no one here likes fighting.

"He said that because he only shoots with heavy weapons when the situation heats up. - Karrow amended. - He is the one who does not like fighting, just shooting at will.

-I know why. - amended Jhriz. - He runs away from martial arts classes to smoke.

-So you hurt me, gentleman. - reacted Zéca. - I don't go to martial arts classes to improve myself in target shooting, because I'm not as big and strong as you.

-Fucking lame excuse. - complained Azulão. - If that disgraced crowd showed up here to fight, they would have a good fight.

-By the way... - Karrow interrupted. - I was dying for the police to release those guys here.

-In ten minutes of fighting, only the two of us put those idiots to run. - Continued Azulão.

-But you saw that they were more than a hundred... - Zéca tried to justify himself... - If they came here...

-If they came here, they would be beaten! - shouted Azulão. - Is it or isn't it, Tolek?" You wouldn't leave us alone.

-Of course not, Azulão.

-Damn, Tolek! - Fernando Zéca was surprised by the position of his Vulcan colleague. - Are you even losing patience?

-It's a mere matter of logic, Zéca.

"If, in a hypothetical situation, such as the one under discussion, we were in fact attacked, any attempt at conciliation with the aggressors would only increase their impetus against us. Not everything is solved by singing "Imagine" by John Lenon, Zéca.

Tolek's Vulcan logic, as always, was irrefutable.

There was nothing to discuss, but, luckily for Zéca, a very interesting vehicle appeared on the street, approached the bar, drawing attention to itself.

It was black, the same model used by the police, but it also had something sinister and mysterious.

Silently, it stopped next to the members of the gang who, until then, were arguing on the sidewalk, ending any chatter once and for all.

The driver's door opened in the style of a seagull, from which came a tall, white man with hair, clothes and sunglasses, in dark colors who most resembled those characters from the movie The Matrix.

-My name is Bruce Holmes. - He said bluntly. - I am Chief Officer in Charge of the Section 31 Investigations Department.

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Very calmly, he took off his glasses, revealing a face with expressions as hard as stone.

Without expressing any feeling, he took out of his pocket, on the inside of the black overcoat he was wearing, a cigar, which he immediately lit.

He held the tobacco with his forefinger, where he took a few puffs, and then asked:

-Do you know Paula?...

-Clear! - Zeca replied promptly.

-As far as I know, everyone here is her friend...

-Indeed... Agreed Zéca, without giving further details...

-I am investigating a possible connection, which her death may have, with the invasion of the building of the diplomatic representation of the religious faithful followers of ZUHLURR.

-Connection? - Asked Zéca with a face, from a professional poker player.

-Yes. Connection! I suspect that the invasion was a revenge motivated by what happened to Paula...

-What do you mean? - Asked Zéca, making his usual face.

-Someone may have been led to believe that the religious faithful followers of ZUHLURR were involved in her death. - explained Bruce Holmes. - Then, someone would have committed an act of revenge...

-And these so-called "religious faithful" were really involved in the crime?

-That doesn't matter. I'm here because I suspect that her friends may have some involvement in this story.

-For my part, I don't know anything. - Said Zéca

-I'll have to interrogate all of you and...

-But do you have any kind of order or authorization for this? If not, just over the corpse of our lawyer. - Karrov shouted.

Marge, who had been sitting at a card table with three other players until then, stood up with the deck in her hands, manipulating the cards with unusual skill, then approached Zeca and Bruce Holmes.

-Zéca. - She said. - Your rhetoric here won't solve anything!

"In that case, we will solve it differently!"

She took out a card from the top of the deck, which placed directly in front of Bruce Holmes' nose, so that only HE could see what it was.

She began to spin slowly, the hand that held the card, in a circle of about twenty centimeters in diameter, then said slowly:

- No one here has any involvement with the death of those you call "religious believers"".

Bruce Holmes' eyes now seemed to be glazed over, and caught on the movement that Marge made with the letter.

-No one here has any involvement with the death of the "religious faithful". Bruce repeated.

Marge continued:

-Your investigation here is over, and you can leave. There is no relationship between Paula's friends and the case of the religious.

-My investigation is over and I will leave.

Marge stopped the movement she was making with the card, put it back in the upper part of the deck, which she placed on a table nearby.

Bruce Holmes, then, seemed to return to normal. His eyes were no longer glazed, and his facial expression was now very different from when he had arrived

-Thank you very much for your collaboration. - He said, changing even his defiant behavior from before. - I was already convinced and had no evidence that no one here had any involvement with the tragic end of the religious but, you know how it is... I had to confirm the data...

He returned to the interior of the vehicle, and even left waving to the people at the bar.

-Damn, Marge! - Exclaimed Jhriz, who, like everyone there, was surprised by the events. - How did you do that? Is it some kind of Jedi mind trick?

-Jedi mind trick? - asked Marge. - I don't even know what is it...

Then she left the sidewalk and went inside the bar, acting naturally, smiling, as if nothing had happened.

Fernando Zéca took, from the table where the deck was left, the card she showed to Bruce Holmes from Session 31, which supposedly should not exist.

Maybe there was the secret...

Casually, or perhaps not so much, as soon as Zéca saw it, the music of the rock band, Motorhead, began to play loudly, through the bar's sound system: ACE OF SPADES, which was also the content of the card used by Marge (ACE of SPADES).

Nobody understood anything.

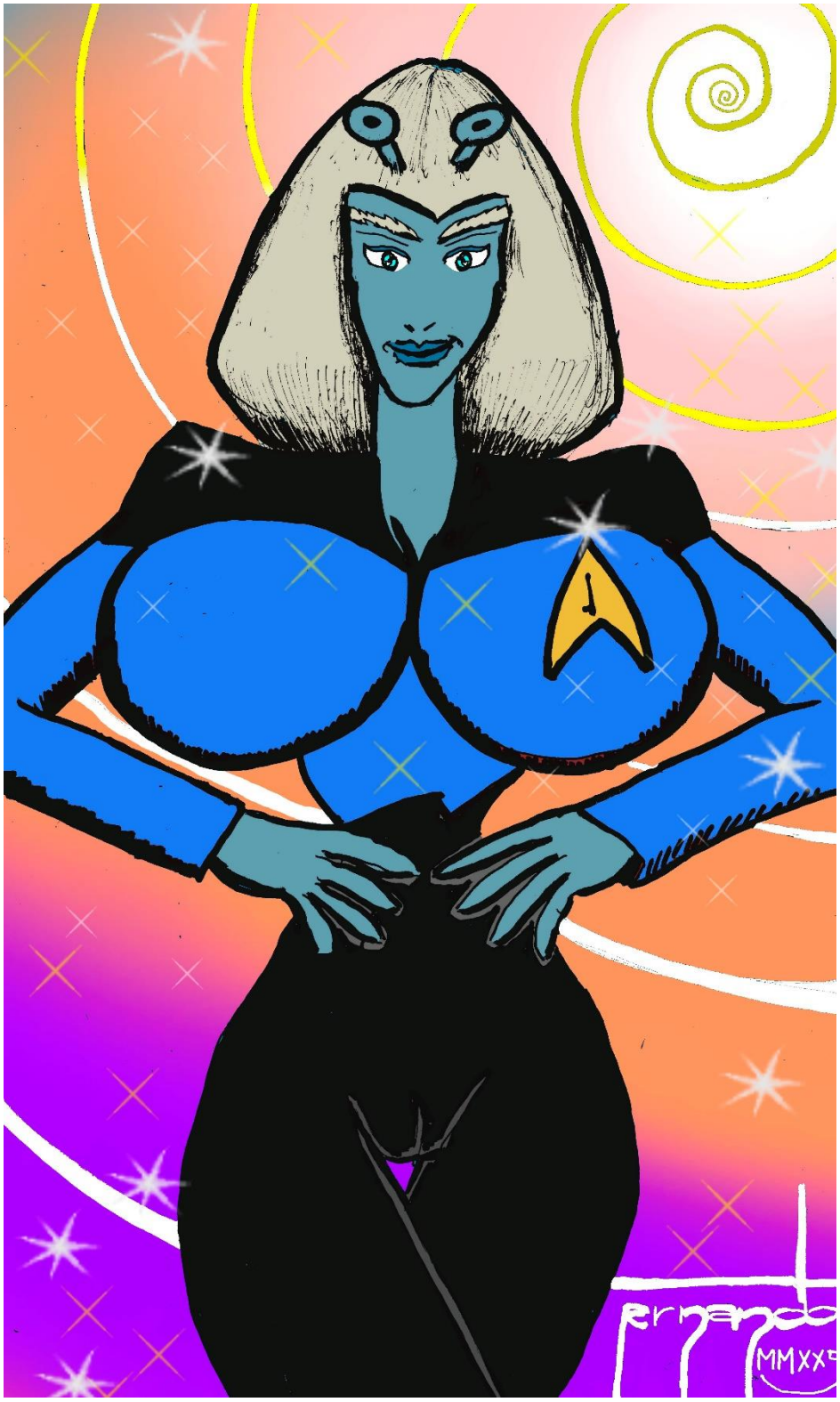
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MARGE

EIGHTEEN MONTHS EARLIER...
(Earth calendar)

"HUMANS and RATS have few behavioral differences."
"Still, eventually, we grew fond of and loved some of them."
-MARGE-



At this moment, we find Fernando Zéca, having finished his first year of the Starfleet Academy course, living in the city of San Francisco, in a dark brick building, built in the twenty-first century, with a large garden, just in front of its entrance.

Zéca lived on the first floor, with the balcony of his apartment facing the entrance garden.

From the living room of his house, he could even see what was happening on the street, beyond the garden, so that now, sitting in the chair on the porch, he contemplated the local movement, while smoking one of his illegal cigarettes.

Zéca tried to reassure himself since the entire block where he lived was without power. There was not even a cold drink, nor refrigerated air, in the middle of that infernal heat, which made a miserable cotton T-shirt, weigh tons on the body.

Fifty hours in that miserable situation, fault of the municipal government, which had decided to monopolize the concession of energy to the population in a single company, and this provided an expensive and inefficient service, since any stronger rain would extinguish the entire city.

It was unbelievable that a city like San Francisco was in such a situation, but after a more "democratic" government was elected in the municipality, the attendance to the population's problems got much worse.

Especially on rainy days, thunderstorms and other natural disturbances of the kind.

So, as usual, the power outage, this time, was due to the storm that fell on the city causing all kinds of damage, from falling trees to a blackout.

Fernando Zéca was irritated not only by the heat he had to endure, but also by the fact that those problems could be better solved, however, the real culprits: politicians, wanted to make them even worse, to the point of "putting the goat in the room", as they say in popular jargon.

And it was at the moment, when he was "cooling his head" from the problems, that saw a lady slip and fall on the pavement, which was still wet from the rain.

Without wasting time, Fernando Zéca jumped from his balcony to the branches of a tree that passed close to the wall of the building, right in front of his apartment, and through it, reached the garden.

He ran to the sidewalk, where arrived in time to help the fallen lady to get up.

Along with him, an Andorian also came running.

She was not just any andorian. It was monumental!

Her approach even seemed like those advertising scenes, where the voluptuous model comes running towards the observer in slow motion.

Fernando Zéca almost forgot about the fallen lady, contemplating that almost artistic expression of Andoria's beauty.

And then he composed himself even to maintain the composure and dignity of a male before that divine beauty, concentrating on the fallen lady, and trying to lift her, while he supported her under his arm.

In a quick movement, which almost seemed to be a martial art dodge, the lady escaped Fernando's grip and, with a nimble jump, quickly rose to her feet

Grumbling, grunting a few expletives, she walked away, complaining about the unfortunate man who wanted to help her.

Fernando, with an idiot's face, tried to avoid it, but ended up looking again, at the Andorian, who was wearing the academy's science uniform.

It was a colleague of his. Although, not from the same class.

-Hey! He exclaimed. - I know you from the Academy.

The Andorian smiled.

Zéca extended his hand to greet her.

-I almost got kicked by the lady I tried to help, but got the opportunity to talk to you. My name is Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, at your service. - He said bowing.

-In fact, I've seen you before.

Fernando Zéca was surprised by this one. He did not imagine that had ever been noticed by a beauty like her.

-We work together at U.S.S. NEMO. - She said. - You piloted the ship.

Fernando Zéca could hardly hide his surprise.

SHE REALLY KNEW HIM!

Especially because, in fact, Zéca had even served, at NEMO, as a trainee pilot, to get points in his graduation from the course he was taking at the Starfleet Academy.

-You were the pilot who steered the ship smoothly, and thus helped my work in the infirmary. - She amended. - I am a medical lieutenant. My name is MARGE.

She shook his hand, and gave Fernando a kiss on the cheek.

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-I never imagined that someone would observe my work as a pilot. - He said surprised.

-You must be the best one who drove that old can. - She recalled.

-Your exaggeration. Luckily, the engineer is a friend of mine, so we were able to keep the spacecraft tidy so that NEMO's ride was fast and smooth.

-I know the engineer you are referring to. - said Marge. - It's Jhriz.

-Himself!

-I've had to medicate him many times. He likes that Romulan beer, and from time to time he overdoes it.

-Exactly! Himself.

Marge's beauty was mesmerizing, and even exciting, since she was able to make the hasty ones loosen their tongues too much, talking nonsense.

Zéca tried to control himself, and even look like someone who already had a relationship with beauties like Marge every day... Which in fact was a lie.

Even so, he tried to give the impression of being a quiet guy, who was not easily impressed by the extraordinary beauty of this wonderful Andorian.

Which in fact was another lie.

Impossible not to look at Marge's light blue skin without being impressed by a certain glow she seemed to emanate.

Her hair was long, straight, white and well groomed, framing, her face thin and drawn by artists endowed with semi-divine powers.

Her mouth, her eyes, her curvaceous, muscular and extremely seductive body, were impossible to ignore.

Fernando Zéca took advantage of the fact that the conversation was good, and decided to put another card on the table game.

Using the tongue of a refrigerator salesman at the South Pole, he took a risk:

-Since you mentioned Romulan beer, I would like to have the honor of inviting you to visit an establishment of notorious and respectable reputation, where drinks from all parts of the galaxy are served, including, I don't know if you like it, beers, caipirinhas and saurian brandys!

-Interesting... - Said Marge, with a seductive air.

-Of course, in the eventual possibility that you are not a sympathizer of alcohol, so, like myself, who am not even remotely an expert on the subject, there is still a room, in the place, very well attended, where the tobacco lovers are tasting their smokes."

"There are cigars, pipes and cigarettes of all qualities are available."

-It looks like an interesting place.

-I'm sure you'll like it. It's the typical place that every modern woman likes to go. And there is also loud music there: pure and classic Rock n Roll!"

-Then let's go.

-We can continue on foot. - suggested Zéca. - Nearby, there is a teleportation station, which will take us very close to our destination.

-Very well. Let's move on. Marge agreed with a beautiful smile.

-I'm just going to ask you one thing...

-Do it!

-Don't tell anyone that you're a Doctor, otherwise you'll be harassed by a bunch of scoundrels, stricken with sudden illness, longing for the cure, coming from the hands, of a beautiful Andorian.

Marge smiled and the two went on their way.

***

The conversation between the two went well, which seemed to reduce the time and distance traveled to the destination.

Such a pleasant chat, was interrupted by a disheveled fellow, who came out of a dark alley across the street where the two were walking at that moment.

He had red skin, wore a turban, tunic, was bearded, came talking all kinds of bad words.

Then he went on to insult Marge.

He was one of the typical, fanatical, followers of ZUHLURR, who, at that time, still teased those who thought differently from them.

Because they considered women to be inferior beings, as soon as they saw one on the street, they tried to provoke or assault her.

In this case, the alleged victim in question was Marge, whose extraordinary beauty caught the attention of the follower of this religion.

The guy approached the Andorian, letting out droplets and cursing her with all the ugly names that came to his mind.

She, however, showed no fear.

Being taller than Fernando Zéca and even the aggressor, she looked the guy directly in the eye, apparently ready to respond physically to any act of violence that was directed at her.

More people, however, approached the scene.

They were other ZUHLURR adherents, who, following the example given by the former, also directed profanities and curses against Marge.

She however, remained colossally undaunted.

Her eyes seemed to chirp, releasing light blue flames.

Marge gave the impression that, even with the number of potential aggressors increasing, at every moment, she was the one who was going to explode and wipe out everyone there... None of this, however, happened...

Fernando Zéca pulled out a phaser pistol from the inside of his jacket and began to shoot at those closest to Marge, who was about to actually assault her.

These soon fell unconscious to the ground, with the dizzy shot they received.

Marge remained calm, to the point of complaining about Zéca's shots.

-I could very well have dealt with these people alone.

Zéca, however, was not very concerned about her complaints, since his shots, even though they were not lethal, infuriated even more those who already intended to attack Marge.

Without pity or mercy, he hit each of the aggressors, who tried to invade a minimum perimeter of five meters away, which he decided to keep, just for the couple's safety.

Shooting nonstop, he pulled Marge by the arm and running, carried her away from danger.

In a few seconds, he managed to open a good distance from the aggressors, whose number, even so, increased.

Zéca's unexpected rebellion against the fanatics made them even angrier, since they were not used to facing an efficient reaction when they decided to go to violence against a victim.

As they moved away from the crowd of fanatics, found a narrow alley, through which escaped, moving away from the sight of the confusion.

And further on, in a certain stretch of the path, there was an open exit to adense thicket.

-Let's get in here. - Said Fernando Zéca as he pulled Marge by the arm.

They got into the leaves, crouched on a ledge that was on the ground, so as not to be seen by anyone who passed by the alley, or even near the bushes where they hid.

To improve the camouflage, the two were practically glued to each other, with Zéca's head, right in the middle of Marge's colossal breasts.

Nearby, the pursuers finally reached the alley, and some even approached the bush where the couple was hiding.

Zéca got better over Marge, then placing his head next to hers.

He, who was aware of those fanatics snooping so close to them, still ended up being surprised!

Not by the aggressors, but by Marge, who, in the midst of the tension, decided to give him a cinematic kiss.

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Marge's action totally disconcerted Zéca, who did not resist and surrendered to that attack.

Luckily, the snoopers who were closer returned to the alley, where most of the pursuers were concentrated, while the sighs and moans of the couple became more intense.

Fernando Zéca was about to have a heart attack, so excited he was.

Never in all his life, with other beautiful and wonderful women, he had a privilege like the enjoying at the moment.

More intimate with Marge, he was already with her practically naked in front of him.

Everything about her was wonderful.

The touch, the intensity of her love, the glow that her skin seemed to emanate.

Fernando Zéca could even see galaxies and constellations coming out of the pores of that beautiful Andorian as she whispered and moaned with pleasure.

When he then sucked her huge breasts with desire, Marge even bit her own arm so as not to laugh at the top of her lungs as she wanted.

The two were in this sexual ecstasy for almost an hour, while ZUHLURR's fanatical followers frantically circulated around the vicinity looking for them.

When they both finally relaxed with so much satisfaction, Fernando Zéca, once again, put his head on Marge's breasts and even closed his eyes to sleep...

He even dreamed, something that he barely had time to interpret, since he woke up with Marge's soft voice in his ears.

With bulging eyes, he raised his head noticing that his crush had left Marge's clothes all dirty.

Something that apparently didn't bother either of them, because, the way the situation remained, they could stay in there with her indefinitely, until at some point, around then, she asked...

-How are we going to get out of here?

Zéca finally got back to reality with a bulging look probing everything around him as if he had been taken from a dream.

Marge's face was that of a woman relaxed by pleasure, even with that bunch of idiots still nearby, preventing them from leaving safely.

Faced with this dark realization, Zéca's passion softened and immediately decreased in size, allowing him to pack his own clothes, and taking the opportunity to help Marge, who was still lazy to get dressed.

-I'll have to ask for help. - He said.

Then he took the communicator out of the back pocket of his pants, and opening it with a quick flick of his wrist, made a call

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-The teleportation here doesn't work, but we'll get help soon. - Fernando Zéca said to Marge as soon as he ended the call.

He closed the communicator, put it in his pocket and fixed his gaze where the fanatical aggressors were grouped who, by the hundreds, blocked all exits.

In other times, this type of occurrence would have been unthinkable in the worlds under the command of the Federation of United Planets, but now the situation was different.

In the high political ranks of the governments of Earth, the Moon, Venus, Mars, other civilized places in the solar system, and even among the allies of the Federation, the positions of greatest administrative importance were under the command of people who could not even be considered reliable, or faithful to the principles of good governance.

These figures led the Federation to one day accept the ZUHLURR sect as an ally that needed help to survive.

By opening itself to this association, the Federation allowed several of the worlds and civilizations that followed under the foundations of its flag to be threatened by terrorist agents, who came infiltrated among immigrants fleeing from the dictatorships imposed by this religion, and who arrived by the thousands daily, to live, receiving sustenance and treatment, involuntarily paid for by taxpayers.

On Earth, or in the worlds to which they were taken, the fanatical followers and devotees of the sect of Zhulurr attacked the local political system, trying to impose with force and violence, their way of life and faith.

Such hatred against the life of those who did not agree with their values, among many other justifications, including even Paula's death, would be some of the reasons that would motivate, later in time, the expulsion of the followers of ZUHLURR, from the United Federation of Planets.

But until that happened, they would still pose a dangerous threat to anyone, including themselves, as it was not uncommon for them to betray killing each other.

Suddenly, something took away the conviction of the crazy people in their pursuit of Marge and Fernando Zéca: a swarm of small flying drones, armed with phaser cannons, firing, and the shots fired were not just to dizzy.

The rush soon reached the nearby alley where the little couple was hiding, and the stampede general.

Some more brave still tried to hold the ground, but the accurate shots of the drones soon scared them away in accelerated movement.

-We have to take advantage of the confusion. Are you ready? - asked Zéca.

-Of course I am. - She replied, with her natural haughtiness.

-Then let's go!

The two ran out, entered the alley and went to one of the main streets nearby.

One of the drones approached them.

He did not fire and only gave cover to his stampede, not allowing any of the aggressors to approach the fleeing couple.

So they soon came to a square, where the Bunch of LOCOS FEDERADOS was

already waiting for them, with floating motorcycles.

Even though some of the members, wearing academy uniforms, still gathered there, they looked like the old biker gangs of the twentieth and twenty-first centuries.

Other drones that participated in the operation also arrived.

They came flying in single file, and joined the first, forming a defensive circular perimeter, which would protect the entire gang while it was there.

-We brought your motorcycle. - Tolek said.

It was stopped in the middle of the formation. The bike seemed to be waiting...

Without wasting time, Fernando Zéca approached her, adjusted Marge's perfect ass on the back of her seat, and then sat between her legs, ensuring that the andorian stayed close to him.

He started the motorcycle, accelerated hard and, with the rest of the gang, left from there, to the bar where the gang would meet.



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It didn't take long for Marge to fit in and establish space as a member of the BANDO DE LOCOS FEDERADOS.

Working at the rank of Medical Lieutenant of Starfleet, she had already cured hangovers of some members of the group, so that she knew a significant part of the staff, even before being taken for the first time, to the bar where the group met, on the day she was saved with Fernando Zéca from ZUHLURR's followers.

Her sympathy won over everyone, even the girls.

Jhnriz, a short Andorian (still a little bigger than Fernando, who was in fact the smallest of the pack), as soon as he could, said to him:

-Zéca! Marge is a woman for you to marry.

"By the way, my friend, most Andorians don't get into relationships that aren't serious or lasting, so, buddy, say goodbye to your life of partying with girls."

Jhnriz knew what he was talking about, after all, he was always "dating" a different woman, and, by his baton, many of them had already passed.

And when he was not seriously involved with a girl, he sought out professionals for possible "sporadic relaxation and tension relief services".

In this sense, he was an experienced connoisseur of most establishments where paid workers were available to solve such problems.

So understood was he that could easily compete against the best apps, which guide those interested in the search for qualified women to calm people who are stressed or with a very passionate heart.

And even though he was an Andorian, Jhnriz himself did not marry an Andorian woman, because he knew that his life of enjoyment, partying and pleasures with other women would end.

Thus, in any case, even those who were not in fact as "flirtatious" as Jhnriz, would receive with great attention, any warning from the experienced Andorian, regarding the facts of life.

For Fernando Zéca, it was not a bad message, because, in the long run, he was really in the mood to marry Marge.

In any case, the warning of the Andorian engineer was almost prophetic...

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THE LADY OF THE RINGS

A FEW YEARS LATER...

We find Fernando Zéca Corinthiano sitting in one of the armchairs, in the bar he frequented with the BANDO DE LOCOS FEDERADOS.

Alone he waited for his request to be granted while admiring a double ring from Talandrium 3, which he had won for the first place in a spaceship race.

The ring was made up of two bright blue dot doing a rapid and uninterrupted circular movement, in opposite directions, one to the other, forming two bright rings apparently united and solid.

They could even be held by human hands.

Fernando Zéca was amazed by the pulsating light emitted by the piece that arrived, being mesmerizing.

The rings could be separated from each other, which, on some worlds, made them excellent alternatives as engagement rings, or marriage.

In addition, the circular movement of the bright dots did not depend on battery power, so: it never stopped, that mean also in a perpetual pact like a good and real marriage did not worked as a contract but as an alliance pact!

The symbolism of the use of this type of adornment, in such situations, represented eternal love, which, even at a distance, continued to pulsate.

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, in particular, believed that the destiny of the universe, or of all universes, had a divine finger in control.

Thus, in his mind, the prize received for winning the competition in which he had participated, exactly at that moment in his life, gave him the impression of having some special meaning.

With his academic duties fulfilled, and his monograph work delivered, all that was left now was to make a brief presentation to the Admiralty about it, to successfully end his course at the Starfleet Academy.

On the other hand, his relationship with Marge was going well between the two even more strength each day.

If fate had rewarded him with those very rare rings, then he should take advantage of the indication that he believed was being signaled, following it, whether it was this: ASK FOR MARGE'S HAND IN MARRIAGE.

That was what he would do, as soon as she arrived, to the meeting, which he had scheduled there at the bar.

As the couple had been living, for a long time, a torrid and spicy romance, there was no way his request could go wrong, even so, Fernando Zéca, chose a day of the week, when he knew that he would not find anyone from the BANDO in the cafeteria.

He wanted to enjoy that special moment alone with his beloved...

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Working or not, Marge was a serious Andorian with few speeches.

A true Lady.

With Zéca, however, she talked through her elbows, and then complained.

She handed Fernando's feet to the ground because he was very relaxed, flying mind dreamer, although relatively efficient, in what he did.

She still complained that he smoked too much, and he was always reeking of smoke from illegal cigarettes.

Marge knew that the volume of complaints in Zéca's ear was wasted time, even so, the passion of the two was intense and reciprocal, so much so that, whenever they had the

opportunity, they were having sex, or simply changing ideas.

At these times, Fernando Zéca completely lost his mind with Marge's monumental body. The more he hugged and squeezed her, the greater the impression he had, of seeing fireworks coming out of her pores.

Eventually, he sucked, smoothed and squeezed the Andorian, delighting in her, while she laughed heartily in her ears, getting wet, trembling, and whispering all the time:

-Fê... This way you drive me crazy...

Zéca, dazed by his monumental girlfriend, who was still much taller than him, completely hallucinated in the cosmic visions he had during the extra-sexual ecstasy she gave him...

Faced with such a privileged situation, it was time to move to a new level in the relationship between the two...

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Marge entered the bar and went straight to the table where Zéca was waiting for her:

-Did I make you wait too long? - She asked.

-You are never late, Marge. I was the one who arrived early.

Marge sat next to Zéca kissing him.

This, for a few moments, had once again, that sensation of seeing astronomical objects around her.

She looked like a goddess in Andorian form.

He knew how privileged he was to have a girlfriend like her, so he understood that the next step between the two had to be taken.

He even saw himself, together with her, creating a family, with children, with human characteristics, or Andorians, living in a quiet place, with a dog, cat, chickens, a lot of smoke and a garage where he could put his vehicles and gather the Corinthianada to watch the game and eat a barbecue.

Anyway, on that day, the relationship between the two would take different contours...

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Marge bit her own lips when she heard Fernando Zéca Corinthiano's proposal, while he placed the double ring of Talandrium 3 on the ring finger of her right hand.

Her eyes grew larger than they were naturally, watered with tears, and she hugged her boyfriend as she crushed him between her huge breasts.

-Oh, my Zéquinha....

Then she looked at the ring in her own hand, with a visible air of happiness and kissed her suitor with ardor even exaggerated for a public setting.

-I love you Fe... - she sighed in her beloved's ear. -I love you very much...

Zéca was lost in the middle of those breasts.

He squeezed and drooled at them like a dog in heat, then kissed Marge's ears and neck, salivating even more at her.

Under the table, Zéca's hands worked frantically on the private parts of the Andorian, drawing sighs and moans from his beloved...

The table located in a more reserved place of the bar, equipped with a comfortable armchair, allowed the couple all those amorous shenanigans, because no one had a direct or clear view of what they were doing.

Even so, their joy, which seemed eternal, would not last forever...

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-ZUHLURR It's supreme! ZUHLURR is supreme!

A fanatic suddenly rushed into the bar, and began to shout near the counter.

-ZUHLURR is supreme! ZUHLURR is supreme!

The weird guy wore a green and white turban with a black tunic.

He left no doubt: he was one of ZUHLURR's weird followers!

These types were eradicated from Earth and from all the planets of the Federation shortly after the events that followed the revenge perpetrated by the BANDO de LOCOS against them, however, still, eventually, some who had not yet been detected by the tactical security services, eventually gave the air of grace.

As fast as he entered the bar screaming, the fanatic detonated a bomb inside, of very high destructive power, capable of destroying the entire west coast of the USA.

Fernando Zéca did not even have time to interrupt the kiss he gave on his beloved.

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With Marge, however, things unfolded differently...

Shortly before the explosion took place, she already knew what was going on, even though was crushing her boyfriend.

A tiny fraction of time elapsed after the bomb detonated.

During this period, a ball of almost half a meter of fire came out of where the artifact used by the fanatical follower of ZUHLURR was.

The displacement of air, resulting from the detonation, was already causing its first damage, all around, giving clear signs that something was coming, even worse...

However, an extraordinary fact occurred:

Time stopped following its normal "progress".

In fact, it froze entirely.

And nothing else moved...

With the exception of...

Marge!

She stopped kissing Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, got up from the armchair where she had sat, and went towards the fanatic exploding the bomb.

Everything else around her remained paralyzed.

Within that "time freeze" scene, only she moved.

Marge came close to the fireball, whose destructive expansion remained serenely still, as in a photograph.

She raised her right hand and, a transparent bluish glow, enveloped the terrorist fanatic and the fireball coming out of the device he had detonated.

Marge gave a mischievous smile and said:

-ZUHLURRAN idiot! Your gang managed to conquer my eternal hate!

"Your cowardice never ceases to amaze me! I thought that the maximum idiocy of his creed would be hatred against the female sex, or against simply everything that is not ZUHLURRAN."

"But you are worse! You even hate your own lives, and risk them uselessly, simply killing any disaffected person in order to reach a heavenly paradise full of carnal rewards, the doors of which, I GUARANTEE, will not be opened."

"I will not allow this ignorance to continue. As long as I live, I will kill you all."

Saying that, she closed her hand forming a menacing fist, and the bluish glow enveloping the terrorist ZUHLURRAN suddenly decreased in size crushing him, and the fireball inside disappeared afterwards.

The scenery around Marge remained unchanged.

Then, she gave a sighing smile:

-HUMPF! - As if he were saying:- "Did you mess with me, idiot? See what's left of you..."

She took a sideways look and was about to return to the arms of her beloved when she had another surprise!

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SILAS

-Silas! - Marge exclaimed, visibly surprised.

She looked now, like a child caught in the middle of a mischief.

-You look like your mother, when you shout -"Silas". - My daughter.

-But Dad, you scared me!

-Did you think your antics would go unnoticed, dear?"

Marge didn't answer.

-I'm watching you, my love.

-You always say that, Dad.

Silas looked at Marge serenely.

Even her Romulan features could not hide from her daughter's trained gaze, the scolding that was approaching.

He looked at the right sleeve of his silver blouse, kept calm and continued:

-Marge, dear. You know that both you and I are under constant observation of the continuum.

-The "Qs" came to fill your patience, Dad?

-Not yet, my little daughter. But you know how cautious they are with you… The new generation..."

-Daddy. You're always saying that. You already has repeated this story millions of times..."

-My dear daughter.

"The new generation of "Qs" to which you belong is designed to mitigate the horrors of "CIVIL WAR IN THE CONTINUUM" and to air out the old habits we have been stuck in for so long.

-I know Dad: you will repeat that the New Generation Q must deal with unimaginable powers, and that this demands responsibility.

"And it will also say that if I am not responsible with my powers, I may be sentenced by a Continuum Court to be turned into an amoeba."

"Am I correct?"

-Yes, my daughter! You got it right. Once again!

Silas paused. His expression was serious, but it was not Vulcan, for if it were, it would show no feeling.

He was Romulan, because couldn't barely contain micro manifestations of emotions, which Marge already identified from afar:

-The continuum authorized me, and many other "Qs", to conceive a NEW GENERATION, even produced through hybrid matings with several species, in order to bring about changes in our ways of life.

"I chose your mother, a wonderful Andorian, to have this extraordinary experience."

"And I think that, for my part, I was very happy, in this new stage of existence."

"I confess, my dear, that none of us, "Qs", imagined that the changes you bring would be so surprising."

"That's why my love, we have to keep an eye on what you're doing."

Marge felt that the scolding was getting closer...

Even so, she continued to listen to her father:

-You carry extraordinary power, which needs to be controlled responsibly, otherwise the consequences could be catastrophic: black holes would open out of nowhere, in the middle of space-time, stars would be destroyed, and entire civilizations... Razed.

"Therefore, my dear daughter, the Court of the Continuum determined that the "Qs" of the NEW GENERATION should live for some time with mere mortals."

"A period, which would not need to be longer, than the time that the terrestrial calendar determines as a single week... No more than that."

"But you, my love... You extrapolated a little bit this period of time..."

Marge lowered her head.

Silas let out a sly smile, looked at his daughter with an air of imminent rebuke, and continued:

-You enrolled in the Starfleet Academy, studied there for five years, where you graduated as a Starfleet Medical Lieutenant."

-You could be proud, Dad.

-Indeed, I AM PROUD, my daughter. But, as I told you, your generation is amazing, and you went far beyond what I expected.

Marge looked innocent.

-You also started hanging out with that bunch Locos Federados, and, to make matters worse, you started dating this guy, Fernando Zéca Corinthiano.

He said that and twisted his face in a grumpy expression.

-But Dad...

-Daughter, I don't want to interfere with your preferences...

-But you're already getting involved, Dad...

-Yes my love... But this type is ugly... Shorty... Bald... Paunchy... Of bad smell...

Silas made a Romulan grimace, one of those that say:

-I don't know... I don't understand anything... I think I'm too dumb to understand this youth.

Marge soon explained herself:

-Dad, I don't look for my boyfriends just for their physical beauty...

-Yes, my little daughter! I realize that. But, I didn't carry you so long, to end your days in the hands of a...

Silas made a face of pure despair:

-For my daughter to end with a little type like that...

-Daddy... We, the "Qs" are immortal... Forgot?

"I'm not the one who will end the days in his arms, but the other way around."

Silas's funny grimace disappeared and he made his menacing Romulan expression...

-I don't think so, my daughter.

"Your period of experience among mortals is now over."

"It's time for your return to the continuum."

-But dad... I still think I have a lot to learn from Starfleet...

Silas showed irritation.

And it wasn't just any irritation.

It was a typical Romulan irritation.

-You have nothing more to learn from this breed.

He paused and spoke (shouted) in an extremely higher tone of voice:

-And to make matters worse, you're with this walking chimney and its gang of vagabond hoodlums. Not even a rock band could be worse as a company."

-I know that the smoke that Zéca burns is ilegal, Dad, but, the gang is not criminal....

-Be quiet, Marge! And to make matters worse, you have been using your powers irregularly, coordinating a vendetta against ZUHLURRAN diplomats on Earth, and now, interfering once again, decisively, in the lives of these mortals.

"Have you ever stopped to think that you are about to make the same mistake your previous generation repeated so much, even starting what can be considered genocide?"

-These guys are not diplomats, Dad. They are terrorists infiltrated in the Federation. They are liars and scoundrels.

"And this damn thing that came to explode the bomb, threatened my life and that of everyone who was here. This bomb that he detonated would devastate the entire North American West Coast. I deserve medals for saving the lives of so many people, from the stupidities done by these ZUHLURRAN fanatics.“

-You're deciding the course of the story, Marge.

-Other "Qs" have done the same before me, Dad. Even here on Earth. Remember Quinn? And Isaac Newton?"

Silas came closer to Marge and held her shoulders affectionately.

The tone of his voice again proved calmer.

-Yes, I remember, my daughter. And I know you're right. But, as I told you: your time here with the humans is over.

"You should go back to the continuum, and forget about this bunch of idiots you fit in with."

Marge lowered her head.

Silas has already gotten ahead of her, guessing her thoughts.

Gently holding her chin with his fingertips, he said:

-This is not the time to be sad, my daughter. Don't let emotions overwhelm you. Your Andorian side is still very emotional. It's time to go home...

Marge was silent...

-I'll wait for you, Marge. But I don't want to know about delay.

Silas passed affectionately, his hand through Marge's long, silky hair, moved away from her, snapped his fingers and disappeared.

Marge stood for a few moments, in the middle of that frozen scenery, looking at the empty space left by her father...

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Then she turned in the direction of her future ex-boyfriend.

She approached him, with a few tears in her eyes, and kissed his cheek.

She took his cock and squeezed it with desire, while gluing her lips to his ear and sucked him:

-You! I'll leave you, but I like you! Cretin!"

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, perhaps he was not even realizing what was happening around him, since time froze, and, therefore, the activities of his nervous system, as well.

Even so, Marge continued to hug him.

-You...

Her voice was a little tearful, very different from her normal.

It is because she knew that her time as a Starfleet's Lieutenant was over.

Her adventure as a mortal had gone too far.

Even if she wanted to continue in that situation, couldn't.

Her father and the continuum monitored her night and day, eventually even interfering discreetly and almost imperceptibly in her projects.

On one of the occasions that she felt an interference from Silas was in the course of her actions when the gang took revenge and justice in the ZUHLURRAN embassy.

There at that moment when the bunch was escaping, they went through unusual situations, which did not seem to be normal at all.

She was sure that this succession of inexplicable facts was thanks to the interference of some "Q", probably his father

In any case, none of her colleagues died or were injured as a result of the operation, even the Authorities did not locate clues that, in any way, linked the authorship of the action to the gang, and that was the most important thing.

But luck might not last forever, so she would have to leave.

She moved away from Fernando, wiped her teary eyes, looked at the ring on her finger and stood in front of where he was.

Then, with more serious features, she snapped her fingers

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Time then returned to its normal course.

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano came out of the trance he was in when he kissed Marge and found himself, inexplicably, with his mouth open, drooling, trying to kiss the void.

In front of him, at a distance of almost two meters, standing was his beloved.

She didn't look good...

Without wasting time, or further explanation, she was soon saying:

-Enough now, Fernando. Our dream are over. It's over between us...

"It's no use insisting... Look for me no more."

She said that, and then turned back on her boyfriend, who was surprised by the news, leaving completely disconcerted, dejected and shocked.

Marge walked out into the street, still with the ring on her finger, giving her typical sensual shake as a farewell to courtship.

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano didn't understand anything.

He spent about twenty seconds without action watching the love of his life disappear from sight.

However, it didn't take long, and with a snap he came out of the trance in which was running after his beloved.

On the street, he did not see the direction she was going.

He walked a few blocks everywhere, but he did not find her.

He still tried to locate her through the communicator, but his calls were not answered.

-Fuck! But what the hell did I do this time???? - Fernando Zéca Corinthiano wondered, very disturbed, as he felt his hard cock and sore balls, without knowing the

reason.



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-I don't know Jhnriz! I can't even imagine what I might have done, for Marge to make this decision.

"I can hardly believe it, brother. - Answered Jhnriz, through the intercom to which Fernando Zéca Corinthiano was addressed. - I was wrong in my predictions regarding you two.

The Andorian paused and asked:

-What do you intend to do now?

Fernando Zéca sighs...

-I tried to call her but she didn't answer my calls...

"I'll have to leave Marge, since she wants it that way."

"I wouldn't want to go through a boring person, nor to keep filling her patience."

-Then you really don't intend to get back with her?

-It is no longer a decision for me. Jhnriz.

"I would like to, but I won't bother her anymore. I'll clear my mind!

"Luckily, I've found something to take my mind off the problem, and I'll focus on that."

-Have you got another girlfriend yet? Jhnriz asked.

-I wish! - replied Fernando breaking his bad mood a little in the face of the situation. "I'll have to go back to the arms of the professionals, if I want a little consolation from the women.

-So, what is it about?

-I'll be back on the ship racing circuit! I received an invitation to participate in a new championship, and, as I have my pilot's card up to date, I accepted.

-If it's the championship I'm thinking about, it's about to start... Not a little tight for your schedule?

-No! I'm leaving in a few hours, to prepare my maintenance team and the racing ship I'll be using.

-Are you going to travel now???

-Yes!

-But you didn't have a presentation of your graduation work at Starfleet Academy scheduled for this week?

-Yes. But I can postpone this delivery.

"I'm not in a position to get involved with this right now."

Jhnriz was visibly surprised by that attitude of leaving everything behind.

-Do you know what I think, Zéca? The sadness of the end of a great passion, I by myself would compensate by getting another girlfriend....

"If you want, at least let's have a farewell drink..."

-Thank you for the advice and the invitation, Jhnriz, however, my time is short now. I have to pack up and leave soon.

"As soon as I feel well resolved, I will come back and contact you."

"For now, I will step away from the Academy and the pack."

"I have a lot of strong memories there, and I need to reflect better on everything..."

Jhnriz scratched his chin and made a facial expression indicating that he was understanding the situation...

-You don't want to get emotional, huh, Zéca??? Will you suppress your feelings?

-Not quite, brother.

“The invitation to run with ships came at a providential time."

"I will leave the sporadic illegal competitions, to participate in a professional circuit."

"Speed, perhaps, is the only thing that will take the thoughts in my head away from this breakup."

-If you think so, then, good luck, Zéca.

-Thank you, brother. Let the rest of the pack know of the problem I'm facing. I won't be able to talk to everyone.

-Leave it to me!

-That's it, Jhnriz. I'll stop here. I have a lot to tidy up before I leave. You have my email and you are already connected with my profile on social networks. Let me know if you need it.

-Stay calm and take care of yourself.

-Fraternal hug there.

-Go ahead, Zéca. Good luck.

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MONUMENTAL JOURNEY
of a
CORINTHIAN'S fan THROUGH THE STARS

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Away from the Starfleet Academy, Fernando Zéca Corinthiano's life, according to his own words, was that of a typical pilot possessing some talent in spaceship racing.

He was not a consecrated champion, but always stood out from the average, with outstanding performance, in the events in which participated.

He even won, surviving several races, disputing the championship lead on several occasions.



But he had to abandon his sports career after winning the most disputed and popular race of the Interstellar Circuit: ALIENÁPOLIS.

Types from all corners of this and other galaxies appeared to honor the event, making bets being some, weird, bad-looking, pickpockets, drug addicts, terrorists, cowards, simple or powerful criminals who exercised the control of delinquency there, and in other places.

And whoever ruled the underworld, even controlled the bets made, and also their results.

Such power originated in one of the most powerful criminal organizations still

unknown to the majority, but which, for a long time, had been calling its shots in the criminal scene: the PARTIDO OBRERO, a tentacle of the dreaded OLD UNIVERSAL ORDER.

To watch over these true evil unions was not a simple task, in view of the obscure influences and existing links of these organizations, even with the Authorities, because they had the means to control, betray, bribe or blackmail them.

In the case of the PARTIDO OBRERO, its name was not due to any political ambitions.

This nickname was just a diversionism, from an immense criminal project to conquest of power, rigorously managed for generations, operating, every moment with more force, throughout the galaxy.

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It turns out that, on the very day that Fernando Zéca Corinthiano won the victory in Alienápolis, without him in any way knowing, there was already a plan drawn up in the sense that the winner should be a ship from another competing team.

Such collusion, planned by the SPACE WOLVES gang, one of the many franchisees of the PARTIDO OBRERO, and controller of several betting exchanges by pure bad luck, collapsed, because the race was one of the most violent of all editions, with several accidents and many crashes between competitors.

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano was not free of them, but his ship, thanks to a robust project elaborated by him, due his own luck, and the misfortune of the competition, crossed the finish line in first place, while most were shattered along the way.

This unexpected and unforeseen victory of an "underdog", since the favorites for that edition were others, affected the gaming exchange in a detrimental way to bettors who placed their chips in names better rated for victory, including those who received resources from the PARTIDO OBRERO or from the SPACE WOLVES themselves.

Such prejudice would be not supported without consequences... Someone would have to pay dearly!

The name Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, instead of gaining space among those of exemplary sports celebrities, was unjustly now marked to be persecuted as a scapegoat for the most dangerous criminal organizations in the galaxy.

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Fernando Zéca Corinthiano was so oblivious to the fact that he was part of the list of disaffected people persecuted by banditry that, as soon as he received the award, and after the celebrations were over, he set aside a part to reinforce his stock, buying more cigarettes from the local black market.

He got in touch, through the communicator, with the trafficker who guaranteed him the supply, and had a surprise:

-Zéca! - He said. - Don't show up here, and don't contact me anymore.

-Hey! But what did I do?

-The crime bosses are after you, man! They lost a lot of money betting on other racers and you surprised everyone."

-But, what should I do?

-You did it right, man! They were the ones who were taken by surprise, and now they want to pay back someone. Disappear! You are on the list of hatred from the SPACE WOLVES, and even in those of other hard-core classes."

"Your arrest or kill warrant is not yet officially issued, but when it is, be far away from here, because there will be a shadow in every corner watching and hunting you."

CLICK! Contact was suddenly cut off.

Fernando Zéca widened his eyes. A storm of thoughts invaded his bald head. That source was not one to go around inventing hoaxes, or telling lies.

The warning was clear and direct.

Without wasting time, he spent the next few hours arranging and gathering all his personal and work equipment on his armored space freighter named GALATRINA ZERO, which carried the racing ships and all the equipment of Fernando Zéca's robotic team, one of the cheapest and most modest among all the participants in the championship, from there, the reason no one bets on his victory.

As night fell, the pilot once again checked the freighter's deposits, tested the engines, and departed.

GALATHINA ZERO took off quickly and, in a matter of seconds, reached the upper layers of the world's atmosphere.

As it was about to enter infinite space (and beyond), came across two armed

satellites, which appeared suddenly, and without loss of time or warning, firing destructive beams of bright green color against the freighter.

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GALATRIN ZERO was hit three times in the wings, but, thanks to the armor and its powerful engines, escaped the most dangerous attack, which directed a veritable rain of deadly threats at it.

The clash, although threatening, was short.

Soon, the freighter's thrusters accelerated to full power, and it went into "warp" leaving the danger behind.

It was only hours later that Zéca would relax tensions.

From then on, he would have to plan his steps in advance so as not to fall into the clutches of the pursuers.

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The energy batteries were enough for the GALATRINA ZERO to reach planet Earth, in the Solar System. Heading directly to San Francisco, California.

At the local spaceport, he received instructions for landing from the control tower, which soon obeyed smoothly not having time for anything else after touching the runway because the batteries decreased almost completely, and also turned off the engine of the GALATRIN ZERO, the energy available in this being sufficient only for the life supports of the spacecraft that left there by its own forces, Wouldn't leave anymore.

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-Look Zéca: trust me, I'm your friend, follow my advice: with this bad crowd behind you, it's better not to be too visible.

-Holly shit from hell! But even on Earth? If I'm not mistaken, it's more than 500 light years away from the solar system... It was far from here the competition that I won, honestly, by the way... I didn't even know that the result of the race was already ordered. If I had known, I wouldn't have participated."

-This group, the SPACE WOLVES, have contacts everywhere, Zéca. - That was the answer he got. – Better to disappear and stay on the sly for a while.

"The way these guys have ears out there, not even in the Foreign Legion, you'd be sufficiently hidden."

Fernando Zéca looked around worried. Even there he was exposed.

Sitting at the table, he sipped a glass with his cold energy drink.

In front of him, he had a friend who sold him illegal cigarettes, and now gave him important advice, very similar to those he had heard far away from another of his suppliers.

He knew the criminal underworld well, and what was said could not be overlooked.

Both were in the most popular nightclub in the city, which, at that moment, was teeming with people dancing, drinking, screaming, or just exchanging information as was the case with Fernando Zéca and his supplier.

This friend placed on the table a suitcase that he had next to his armchair, and said:

-I brought what you asked me.

Fernando Zéca opened the suitcase, just enough to verify its contents.

His eyes scanned minutely, in a fraction of a second, that interior, and soon after, the suitcase was closed next to his chair.

Then, Fernando Zéca took a card from his pocket, which he placed on the table, covering it with his hand.

As soon as he found out, his supplier took the card and kept it with him.

-Our deal is closed!

-Perfect. -Said Fernando Zéca.

-Be careful! Now I have to go.

The man got up and disappeared, blending in with the women.

Fernando Zéca, in turn, finished drinking his energy drink, and soon after, he also left. Now, carrying the suitcase with him.

Outside the nightclub, away from the noise and crowd, he took a taxi back to his apartment. In his small office, he took out of his suitcase one of the cigarettes he had just bought and lit it.

He let out a few puffs, and soon the atmosphere became completely smoky, with Zéca, calmer by the effects of the illegal cigarette.

Relaxed, he began to think better about the situation he was in.

Except, an entire robotic racing team that, had in the cargo compartment of GALATRINA ZERO, the rest of its assets were invested in paralatinum gold bars stored in a safe place, and also in cards with enough credit, to guarantee its subsistence for a few years, as long as it did not spend too much.

In this way, he could not expose himself to the public as much as in his days as a spacecraft racing pilot.

This career was definitely over...

He thought about what he would do next until he finished smoking his cigarette.

Calm, and more open-minded, he finally decided to rest and surrendered to sleep.

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As soon as he closed his eyes, he heard a different sound coming from the entrance of his room.

He opened them again, and noticed, even with the darkness, 3 shadows quickly approaching.

He even glimpsed guns pointed in his direction.

Instinctively, Fernando Zéca reacted quickly, and pulled out a phaser pistol from under his pillow.

Before the attackers could realize it, the backlash was already underway.

Fernando Zéca fired three accurate shots, which put an end to the threats.

Then he turned on the lights, and came across 3 bodies of the invaders he had shot down. These wore black clothes and came equipped with the best weapons available for sale in traditional stores.

There was no doubt that the goal of those visitors was to kill him.

They just didn't expect that, in addition to his skill in aggressive spacecraft piloting, the target was also an expert marksman.

Bad fighter, but excellent marksman.

Had he not reacted quickly, thanks to his keen reflexes, and by the smoke he had burned before going to sleep, making him see better in the darkness, he would not have escaped the attack alive, since those in charge of perpetrating it were bigger and much stronger than him.

In fact, if Zéca were depend on his skills in hand-to-hand combat, he would definitely be lost, since he lacked athleticism, discipline and technique resulting from arduous training.

Quite the opposite.

He was short, bald, and pot-bellied.

He turned off the lights in the room again, and, in the dark, packed his things, put everything in a large backpack where even the suitcase with smoke could fit.

In the dead of night, he left the apartment, through the back door of the building,

without even taking a communicator, to avoid the risk of it being tracked by "wiretaps".

Through the dark shadows, and narrow alleys he followed to the park where there was a place he routinely went to smoke his illegal cigarettes.

He climbed a leafy tree, and disappeared in the middle of its branches.

There, he burned his smelly cigarettes without being noticed, even by those below him and could still see everything around, including the very high resolution screens that, on the sides of the buildings neighboring the park, displayed various advertisements.

With one of his cigarettes lit, he relaxed watching the programming of the immense and modern billboards until a solution to Zéca's problems emerged.

He soon remembered his friend who, a few hours ago, during a conversation, mentioned the Foreign Legion. Not even in it, Fernando Zéca would be able to hide from the robbers who would torment him until the end of his life, but recruitment in the ranks of Starfleet was a viable way out.

***



All problems would be left behind!

The promise of a new life of adventure and many trips called him.

It turns out that Fernando Zéca, before entering the world of racing, had been a student at the Starfleet Academy. There, he even ALMOST graduated.

Because of a monumental pain in the ass that he took from the great love of his life, and also, an unprecedented opportunity in the world of high-speed spaceships, he left the course, when he only needed to make the presentation to the Admiralty of the Fleet, of a lecture, exposing his monograph as a final work.

Curiously, after some time, now, fate pointed him to a way to return to the academic ranks, something that could even be safe and, in addition, mislead the trail of the disaffected, who lately took away his sleep and peace, filling his head with worries.

Even fate seemed to conspire for the event of this return, so that, even bureaucratically, his situation was not complicated.

All he had to do was to deliver and defend that thesis of the monograph that he had prepared and was already ready.

Fernando Zéca smoked a few more cigarettes, and finally slept among the branches

and leaves of the leafy tree, away from the surveillance of the security cameras.

So peaceful was his sleep, thanks to the solution found, that he snored loudly, a fact that frightened eventual athletes, runners and passers-by who did not understand the origin of the ghastly noises coming from the beautiful green of nature.

***

TIME PASSED, and Fernando Zéca finally presented his final work.

An exhibition in which he defended greater use of artificial intelligence and robots in the fleet, as long as they were subject to and programmed with the dictates of the Asimovian Laws of Robotics:

ZERO LAW – A robot cannot cause harm to humanity, or, by omission, allow it to suffer any harm

FIRST LAW – A robot cannot hurt a human being or, by omission, allow the human being to suffer any harm.

SECOND LAW – A robot must obey human orders unless they conflict with the previous Laws.

THIRD LAW – A robot must protect its own existence as long as this does not conflict with the previous Laws.

His exposition also suggested exceptions for which such Laws could be omitted, as in the case of military applications.

He didn't use a very elaborate language, nor did he make the work boring.

Unfortunately, however, perhaps due to a certain lack of interest that Starfleet still had in general regarding the subject; Only two people were on the examining board to which he made his presentation.

One was his teacher and there was another guy he didn't know.

In any case, Fernando Zéca exposed his ideas enthusiastically, because he considered the topic of the highest importance for the Federation.

In the end, the guy was satisfied with the presentation, and left without saying anything else, handing the teacher a tablet where he had left his signature.

She asked a few more questions and after hearing the answers, she informed:

-Your presentation was good and you are approved. Congratulations.

-Wow! Thank you very much. - Thanked Fernando Zéca. - Your help was very important in guiding my monograph, Dear Master!

-I'm satisfied... Now, Fernando, let me ask you:

"How are you working now?”

-I intend to move on to Starfleet, as well as everyone else in my position...

"All I want is to fly some spaceship."

-This will be easy for you. But I wanted to point you to an opportunity available to people with your profile.

-Serious?

-Stop by the office of the Representation and Tourism Agency that they have there in the entrance hall of the main building of the Academy.

-Is it the room near the elevators?

-Exact.

-Wow. I always saw that door closed.

"I was never interested in entering, not even out of curiosity..."

-Now is the opportunity. Once you get there, look for the Director.

"Don't waste time and pass it quickly, because he should still be there."

-I'm going right now.

***

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano fulfilled the formalities, and, before enrolling in the ranks of Starfleet, as a recent graduate of the Academy, he complied with the request made and went to visit the Representation and Tourism Agency.

He arrived at a common door that, since the beginning of the course, he had always seen it closed.

It was located in one of the most distinguished points of the Academy, but there he had never noticed any movement.

Zéca approached it and pressed the intercom button, placed next to its doorposts.

-What do you want? - Asked a voice from there.

-I came to talk to the Director. My name is Fernando Zéca Corinthiano.

The answer did not take long:

-Come in, please.

With a snap, the door opened automatically, sliding from bottom to top and releasing the passage to that interior.

Fernando Zéca advanced, and the door closed behind him, with a crack, indicating that it was now locked.

He found himself in a small waiting room with a counter, where behind the glass at the top, there was a lady sitting next to the extremely organized office table.

With no one else around, Zéca went to her for information.

-Hello! My name is Fernando Zéca. I came to talk to the Director.

As soon as the word "Director" was mentioned, the woman looked at the new graduate from head to toe, not hiding in her inspection, a certain expression of doubt.

Then she pressed the button on a device on her desk and said:

-Fernando Zéca for the "Director".

A voice came out of the loudspeaker:

-Tell him in. He is being awaited.

With an air of inattention, the woman pointed to an entrance that was next to the counter, going down to the lower floor.

-Head down the hallway to the phone booth and dial 007. You can go.

-Yes, ma'am. Thank you very much.

Fernando Zéca went down the stairs of the narrow passage until he reached a wide corridor, where, at the opposite end to the one he was in, there was a door.

He walked towards it.

As soon as it came within a meter of it, it opened, clearing the way for another corridor.

Curious, the new graduate advanced under those thresholds to the other room and, following this one as well, found that, at the end of the other corridor, there was another different door.

He kept walking and, again, everything repeated automatically.

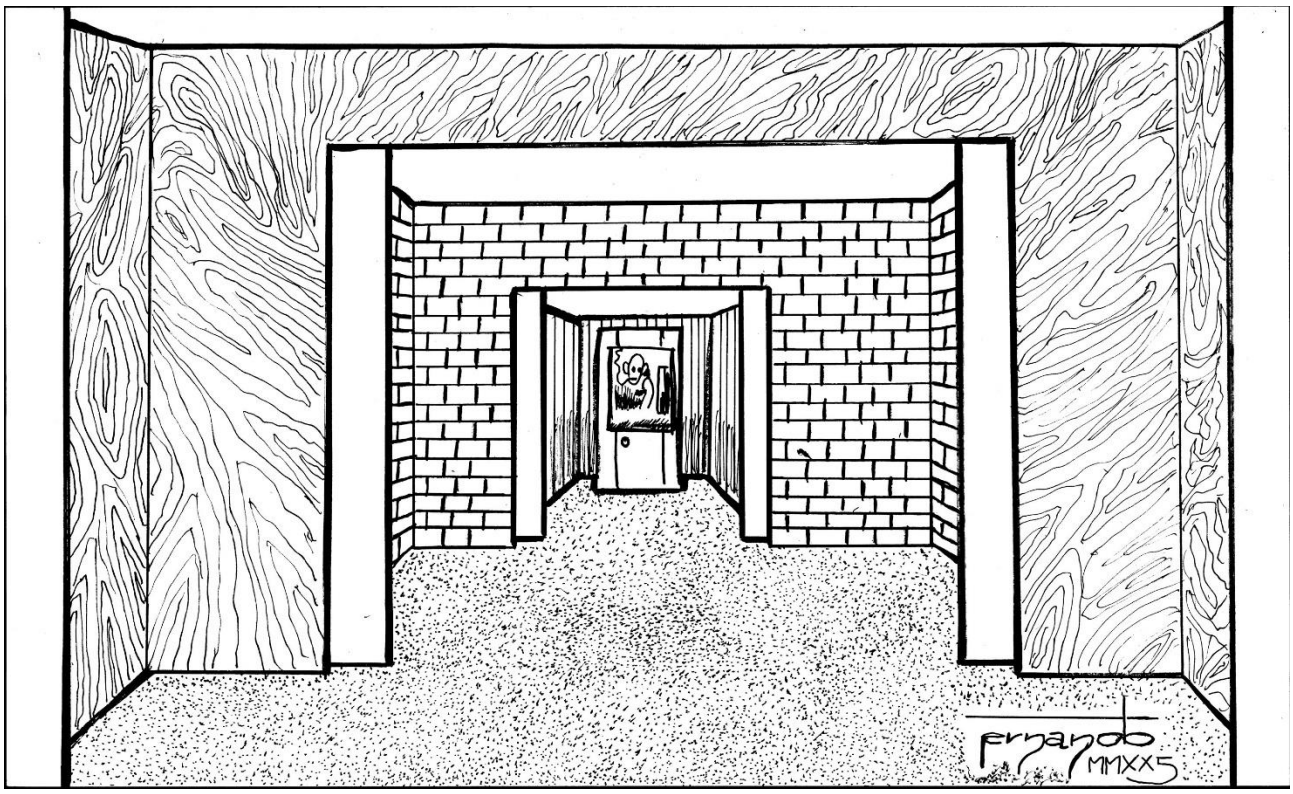
A new passage was opened, to another corridor, with another door at the end of this one, which also cleared the way for another corridor...

And so on, four or five more times, until he finally arrived at a traditional twentieth-century telephone booth, leaning against the wall, in a room at the end of the last corridor.

Fernando Zéca entered it, closed the transparent glass door behind him, took the phone off the hook and typed the number 007 on the keypad.

He waited for a voice on the phone, but what happened next was very different.

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As in an elevator, the telephone booth, with Fernando Zéca inside, began to descend and went to levels lower than the one where it had been until then.

He went down more than twenty floors, until the door opened, in a large hall with monitors and displays on the walls with information from every imaginable place.

As soon as he got out of the elevator, he came across a tall and beautiful black woman.

She smiled at him.

-Mr. Fernando Zéca? -Asked...

-It's me. - He confirmed all happy.

-The director is waiting. Please be kind enough to follow me.

Then she turned and advanced, leading Fernando Zéca to another room where the Director was. And so Zéca realized he was the only participant on the examining board besides his teacher who measured the final course completion work.

He was a tall, bald, very strong man, he didn't even look 40 years old, but some features of his face indicated that there were many decades of experience stored there.

He wore ray-ban glasses and had a cigar in his left hand.

Exactly like the illegal ones, which Fernando Zéca smoked, but which, at that moment, our intrepid graduate, solemnly ignored, as if he understood nothing about the subject.

-Mr. Fernando Zéca Corinthiano. My congratulations on your graduation.

The Director said this and extended his right hand, greeting the new graduate.

-Thank you very much sir...

-Sonny Blue. But you can call me Sonny.

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SONNY BLUE

-Sit down please, Mister Zéca.

"It is an honor to have someone as illustrious as you here."

Fernando Zéca made a face of doubt, but soon Sonny Blue threw his cards on the table, or rather, a photo of his racing spaceship with which he had won the Alienápolis Grand Prix.

-Could you leave me the autograph there? I'm a fan of racing, and your victory in this one was a great show.

-Surely! It's an honor Sir.

Fernando Zéca signed the photo and gave it to Sonny.

-Wow! Thank you! - Continued the Director. - You know that we have been following your movement from time to time.

-Truth? WOW! - It's good to know that I have admirers somewhere.

-Oh yes! I've been following your work since the case of the invasion of the embassy...

Fernando Zéca swallowed hard and was silent...

Certainly, the subject referred to the justice of Paula's death...

In any case, he kept his usual poker player face, trying to play dumb on the Director, but Sonny Blue didn't stop there.

-We also identified the killers that the SPACE WOLVES sent to execute you and that you eliminated...

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, at this moment, swallowed hard and widened his eyes.

-GOOD JOB! - Greeted Sonny Blue.

The astonished new graduate thought it best to continue listening quietly.

-You are a guy with talents that can be useful here...

-Here? At the Academy? - asked the recent graduate, reluctantly.

-You are no longer on the premises of the Academy, Zéca.

"This is one of the headquarters of the Federation Secret Service, or E.Y.E., as some prefer to refer to it."

"That access, through you entered, which connects the Fleet Academy to here, has the purpose of allowing us to monitor future candidates who may eventually be part of our staff."

-It means that the tourism and representation business...

-It's just a façade...

Sonny Blue, settled better in the chair, and continued:

-Zéca, We know the problems with the SPACE WOLVES, so we conclude that your return to the Academy, aiming to join the Fleet, has the objective of escaping from this banditry that now wants your head..."

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano continued to listen quietly.

-I do not guarantee you, that, in Starfleet, the arms of the SPACE WOLVES will not reach you, however, working here for the FEDERATION's SECRET SERVICE, the situation would be very different.

The proposal seemed interesting...

-Look. Your work on robots was very good, especially the part about the exceptions where the LAWS OF ASIMOVIAN ROBOTICS could not be put into the programming."

"Here at E.Y.E., we deal with technologies that are far more advanced than those in use in Starfleet, including robotics."

"By working for us, you will be able to develop these robots, which will help the entire Federation in its mission."

"No one will look at your past, and you will always be one step ahead of this group that wants your head."

It was clear to Fernando Zéca that Sonny Blue already had his "background card files", so it would be useless to try to hide some previous delinquency.

-Dam it! You already know more about me than I know myself.

-That's what the E.Y.E. is for; Zéca.

-I'll accept the proposal, but what about the salary? Does it pay the bills?

Sonny Blue cracked a wide smile.

-You remind me of myself when I was interviewing to work here.

"My recruiter didn't want to pay me much, but nowadays, if I follow this line she imposed, I can't find anyone who stand with me anymore."

-Does that mean I will have some credits at least to buy my tobacco?

-Smoke is what you will not lack, Zéca.

-Then you can consider me inside. I won't need anything else besides that."

****

-Before we move forward... - Fernando Zéca asked. - I would like you to tell me about the bad part of the job, so I prepare myself psychologically for the problems.

Sonny Blue leaned back in his chair, lit another cigar, since the previous one had gone out, and offered a box to Zéca.

-Take as many as you want, son.

"They're the same as the ones you smoke, but they're from a better supplier than yours..."

Fernando Zéca felt a chill down his spine.

The Federation Secret Service really knew EVERYTHING about his silly little life.

Zéca held a cigar and, when he was already picking up others, with his other hand, (just like the poor cousin does, when he visits his rich cousin's house) he was abruptly interrupted by Sonny:

-One moment! Wait!

Then he shouted:

-Felicia! Come here, please!

While Felicia did not arrive, he said:

-Here I work the old-fashioned way.

"I spend less time yelling to call someone to answer me, than pressing this bunch of buttons that just mess with my head and no one understands me."

-I'll remember this, the day I have subordinates, boss.

Sonny smiled, pointed his cigarette at Zéca, and Felicia arrived:

The monumental and wonderful black woman placed herself next to Sonny's table.

-Zéca, this is Felicia, our co-worker and head of the Board's agenda.

"She is a very helpful, friendly and polite girl."

"But make no mistake, with this feminine and apparently fragile appearance..."

"She has a degree in four different types of martial arts, and here, they have the rank of Master Sergeant at Arms, which in her case, compared to the military hierarchy of Starfleet, would be almost equivalent to a captain's rank."

Fernando Zéca widened his eyes as he admired that wonder of divine nature and, almost murmuring, blurted out:

-Congratulations...

Felicia gave a condescending smile...

Sonny continued:

-Felicia, please bring me a box of cigars for Zéca. He will now work with us

-I'm the one who congratulates you now. - She said.

Felicia went out to get the box saying:

-I'm already going, Sonny.

-Thank you Felicia.

Then Sonny lit, in the old-fashioned way, with a matchstick, Zeca's cigar, then his own.

-You asked me about the bad things about this service...

-Yes. - Said Zéca.

-Son... There are not a few...

Fernando Zéca thought it was amusing, someone apparently only a few years older than him, calling him his son.

Such strangeness, in that case, was due to the lack of knowledge of Sonny Blue's true age, since his youthful appearance would in fact induce any unsuspecting person to believe that he would be much younger than he really was...

-A lot of people get hurt in this business. Not only the villains.

"Innocent people, and even some co-workers..."

Sonny said that, and looked at the portrait of a beautiful red-haired woman hung on one of the walls, above a sword-shaped logo that read E.Y.E.

He paused briefly, and continued...

-If I start talking too much, you will already ask for a raise or leave.

-Don't worry. - Said Fernando Zéca. - Now it's too late. I have already pledged my word to you.

Sonny Blue smiled again and said.

-I think we'll get along well...

***

-My recruiter told me a story the day I joined the Secret Service.

-She chose you well. - Commented Zéca. - You have arrived at the Direction of the house.

-She started this Agency. - Sonny said pointing to the photo on the wall.

-Is this your recruiter? Blimey! With all due respect... What a woman!

Fernando Zéca was hypnotized by the neckline of the redhead in the photo, who had eyes, which looked like shiny diamonds. And the nipples of her breasts... They defied gravity!

So prominent were they that Fernando Zéca imagined them holding hangers with nineteenth-century dresses and all their internal accessories, weighing them down.

Pure mental licérgia.

-And what is her name? - He asked after the brief hallucination already caused by the cigar.

-Elizabeth Bondmader

-I imagine that if she started this Agency, today she is very old...

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano knew mathematics.

If the S.S.F. wasn't new, Elizabeth, its founder, must have been elderly.

Sonny smiled with the cigarette dangling between his lips.

-It could be... If she's still alive. But we don't know where Bete is...

Fernando Zéca found himself confused...

-What do you mean? Doesn't the E.Y.E. know the whereabouts of its founder?

-Worse is that it's true... - Sonny said with a frown. - Bete was kidnapped, right in the middle of the street, by an unknown type of teleportation.

"We tried, but we haven't found her to this day..."

-Can you imagine who could have been the author of this kidnapping?

-We have a lot of suspects, but none of them gave any indication of having disappeared with her.

Fernando Zéca was flabbergasted by the story.

The work he was entering certainly promised many pitfalls.

-This was one of the Agency's biggest disappointments to date. Sonny continued. - Nothing surpassed the thud of her disappearance, which remains a mystery.

-Do you think you can still find her alive?

-I don't know. Her body was not found. Thus, hope is the last thing that dies."



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Fernando Zéca, even after the sad story, could not take his eyes off Elizabeth's photo.

"I promised you a story..." said Sonny. - And she will deal with dirty services that we have to do here, for the good of the Federation...

"It is not as horrifying as the one that Bete herself told me, in which she was responsible for the apocalyptic massacre of a planet where a invasion against Federation of United Planets was planned, which, at the time, if completed, would destroy this entire quadrant of the galaxy of ours..."

-Woooow.

-When I started at the S.S.F., I only got involved in common services, where I didn't have to get dirty by sticking my hand in the dirty work. Until Bete was kidnapped..."

"That's when things changed, because I took over everything..."

"I was hallucinating running after any clue that would lead me to Bete, then the information arrived that an important chief of the BUREAU of CARDASIAN INTELLIGENCE, used to take his daughter to a certain school."

"I don't need to explain how dangerous the Cardasians are, especially the civil and state servants, who, at the time, always got involved in plots against the Federation."

"Usually I put guys like this at ease, to, SUBTLY, on top of the routine, get more information from their network of contacts. But that one was GUL MADRED, a Cardasian officer who had even tortured, a year and a half earlier, if I'm not mistaken, in 2369, the then Captain Jean Luc Picard."

-Wait. Did you participate in this operation in 2369?

-Yes!

-Wait a minute, Sonny. It's 2405! At that time, what would you have? About five years old?

-Appearances deceive Zéca. I'm not as young as I seem.

Speechless, Fernando continued even more admired, listening to Sonny Blue...

-We set up IN CARDASIA, the planet where GUL was at the time, an operation to kidnap him worthy of a script for film productions of MISSION IMPOSSIBLE..."

-Mission impossible?

-Yes. Remember Tom Cruyse?

-Clear! I watched all his movies. Only Maverick, I reviewed about twenty times... But... Back to the subject... Sonny... You're talking about a MISSION IMPOSSIBLE in Cardasia???"

The eyes of the stunned Zéca were wide.

-Did the E.Y.E. intend to kidnap a GUL, in the middle of Cardasia?

-Not only intend, but we actually kidnapped, Zeca.

"We wait for him to deliver his daughter on school, if I'm not mistaken, her name is Jil Orra, and we got the guy! It was epic!"

Fernando Zéca continued to listen impressed!

-As it was known that he himself had tortured Captain Picard, I took care of the guy himself...

-Did you return to him the courtesy he had bestowed on an officer of the Fleet?

-Surely! I even broke his arm, to remind him of an unpleasant experience he himself had in childhood.

-Blimey! - The gaping Zéca was even more impressed with the degree of information that E.Y.E. had of that type...

-The beating of the old man, unfortunately, was not as productive as I wanted, and we had to release him. - Lamented Sonny with an expression of disagreement. - He knew nothing about Bete's whereabouts.

-Did you at least take advantage of what he told you?

-Secret data not very relevant, but not all bad...

"In the end, another dirty job that didn't yield so much, but had to be done..."

-Yup...

-My story is not as good as the one Bete told me, but it's what I can give you for now.

-It's great for me. I am very satisfied. Thank you for the opportunity.

Providentially, Felicia arrived with the box of cigars that was asked of her.

Sonny, taking a drag on what he smoked, pointed to Zéca indicating that the box was for him.

Felicia gave him the gift.

-Thank you very much.

-Zéca! You are now part of S.S.F. (E.Y.E.) and Starfleet as well.

"Complete all the necessary bureaucracy for your application in the Fleet, and, as soon as possible, head to the EARTH SPACE STATION."

"We have an S.S.F. (E.Y.E.) office there, but before you go there, first report directly to Admiral Quinn."

"He know your situation and will get you a ship to manage this project of special robots, which we will conduct in secret."

"Later on, we will meet for new works."

-You can leave it, Boss. I'm going right now!

-Very well. So, good luck.

The two shook hands and Fernando Zéca, armed with his new box of special cigars, finally breathed a sigh of relief, since, against his tormentors, the Space Wolves, he would have strong allies helping him to protect himself.

***

EARTH SPACE STATION – SOL SYSTEM

As soon as he was teleported, he felt a slight difference in local gravity.

It was no wonder, the EARTH SPACE STATION orbited planet Earth, and from there Federation spaceships and their affiliated entities departed for all imaginable destinations in the galaxy, and eventually outside it.

Still on the teleportation platform, the officer at the control bench welcomed and warned him.

-Mr. Fernando Zéca. Welcome to EARTH SPACE STATION.

"Admiral Quinn has sent word to you that he is waiting in his office."

Without wasting time, the newcomer thanked for the welcome and went to where he was commanded.

Zéca walked around the base, which had wide spaces and transparent walls that allowed visibility from the outside, where spacecraft arrived, left, or were docked.

In the distance, in the most distant planes, thousands of stars pulverized the black background full of galaxies and nebulae colored with their distant light.

Much closer to his reality, several people of different races, with the most different clothes, circulated around the very dignified newcomer-graduate.

Walking quickly and, without wasting time, Fernando Zéca arrived at Admiral Quinn's office.

There, right at the entrance, he found a counter with three attendant Lieutenants wearing uniforms characteristic of Starfleet.

As soon as he identified himself, he was attended to and they indicated an entrance where he should go.

Fernando Zéca went there until he finally found the old Admiral standing, looking out the window, admiring the spatial view of his office.

-Oh! Welcome. - Said the Admiral as soon as he saw Zéca.

"My old friend Sonny asked me, and I was very pleased to make a little space in my schedule to instruct you."

"He told me that you are a person of many talents, and even showed me your final paper, on robotics... Very interesting. Your ideas have demonstrated an aptitude to integrate our staff."

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano greeted the Admiral with a salute and the two then shook hands.

Good old Admiral Quinn, kept talking:

-You are young! Under 30 years old, and the lack of practice with the characteristic

problems of the Fleet will be compensated by your experience in spaceships racings, working with robot teams, and target shooting."



"As you well know, the Federation is going through complicated times with problems, in all possible and imaginable scenarios, so that the generalized confusion seems to spread to all quarters."

"Our existence is more threatened than ever depending on creative alternatives of struggle, since conventional methods have not given the results we need."

"Given your resume, you were choosed to follow a different experience, where you command your own spacecraft."

Fernando Zéca knew that he was qualified to pilot any type of ship, however, the command in Starfleet did not only involve piloting knowledge.

-You are being integrated into Starfleet at this moment, in the rank of Ensign, and, even for the moment, and for the occasion we are experiencing, I am obliged to send you to one of the bloodiest fronts of war that frightens the most veterans.

-Yes Sir! At the orders Sir! - Parroted Fernando Zéca without thinking straight.

-Head to the teleportation and then to the space shipyard in Earth orbit.

Saying this, the Admiral gave an identification card to the Ensign.

-You will use this identification. It will give you access to the ship's command, which will be where you will receive your next instructions.

Ensign Fernando Zéca stood up, put away his identification, greeted the Admiral, and then went to the teleportation room.

His time as a student at the Academy was over.

Now, he would use what, for better or worse, he had learned, to face the problems that came his way.

***

It arrived at the space shipyard facility in the blink of an eye.

He left the teleportation platform and presented himself, showing his identification, to the officer responsible for the operation of the equipment who took the card, inserting it into a crack in his control panel.

Soon, the medical record of the newly arrived Ensign appeared complete on one of the screens.

-Ensign Fernando Zéca Corinthiano! Head to hangar 315! There, you will receive your instructions.

The Ensign took back his identification, and left the teleportation room, following the recommendation.

Outside of it, the environment was large and spacious, with light walls, and large windows showing the EARTH SPACE BASE, the Earth itself, the Moon, and, further away, the Sun.

The various ships that circulated around the shipyard were still visible, and many others moored there.

The temperature was very much to the liking of the Ensign: around 16 degrees centigrade.

Dozens of people circulated, but the space was so wide that their presence did not bother them because each one was still involved with their problems, or, as in the case of the majority there, with those of the Fleet, or even those of the Federation.

Fernando Zéca followed the indicated path to the hangar.

There, he presented his identification to the officer in charge.

-Blimey! It is the first time I see the command of a ship in the hands of an Ensign!

He looked a little more at the data presented on his screen.

-The Admiral gave you a ship that was recently renovated. Its documentation is not finalized, and will still go through painting and assembly.

“If you don't want to keep the old designation, you can even choose a new name and customize your colors."

The officer took a stack of papers, passed it to Ensign Zéca saying:

-First, however, you will have to fill out this paperwork.

He also handed him an old ballpoint pen, saying:

-When you're ready, we'll talk about your ship and crew.

Ensign Zéca took the pen and paperwork, sat down in a university chair that was there, and began to deal with the forms.

***



After filling out the paperwork, after still had his biometric data, blood, urine and saliva samples collected he also underwent some reflex, vision, hearing and motor coordination tests.

Only then he went to the office of the officer who made so many demands of him.

As soon as he sat down facing the table was already alerted to the situation:

-Ensign, normally, someone with so much evidence of illegal drug use in the blood, would soon be rejected by the Fleet.

He paused, looked away from the data on the Ensign's file, and stared at him:

-However, Ensign: we live in times of war, where even drug addicts, especially those who have an exceptional curriculum in piloting spacecraft, have room to be of some use.

"Now move on to dock 27, complete the customization and documentation of your spacecraft and set off immediately."

"Your orders will be transmitted to you as soon as you are outside the solar system."

The officer stood and the Ensign did the same:

-Good luck! - He said, extending his hand to the Ensign in greeting.

Moments later, Zéca arrived at the docking station where he could finally see his ship; a small light cruiser.

There, a robot with a humanoid shape and metallic surface presented itself to the Ensign:

-Welcome, Ensign Commander. I will be your first mate."

"You still have some paperwork to fill out, pertaining to documentation and customization of the spacecraft."

Luckily for Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, the procedures for releasing spacecraft for missions had changed, cutting a series of formalities.

Now, the person responsible for the ship made the customization as wanted, even choosing the name.

Therefore, the Ensign chose to paint it with a lot of black, not only because he likes that color, but to reduce its visibility in space.

To baptize it, he chose as inspiration the name GALATRINA, which, under his command, always proved lucky, and, now because it was produced to work for the Secret Service of the Federation, it would adapt to "SSF GALATRIN 01".

May the cosmic winds of good fortune continue to be his companions in Destiny.

***

As soon as he entered the S.S.F. GALATRINA 01, a light cruiser, with the lateral cylindrical nacelles, directly connected to the disc, during the walk through its interior, he soon realized why the Fleet handed over the command of that ship to an Ensign with his curriculum: All the rest of the crew was made up of robots, identical to the one who had presented himself as his first mate.

Ensign Zéca then went to the bridge and found there the aforementioned robot that, without much solemnity, updated him on the situation.

-We are ready.

Fernando sat down in the command chair, checked the instruments around him, and said without any solemnity or frills:

-So; SMOKE ON THAT !

***

The problem with commanding a ship fully manned by robots is the lack of humor from them, or the lack of rapport, which can exist at the beginning of the relationship with a human. Something that can compromise the understanding and purpose of some jokes...

-Sir! What would be "SMOKE ON THAT"!

The Ensign, thanks to his experience with robots in driving interstellar ships, did not insist on the unfortunate joke, and corrected himself:

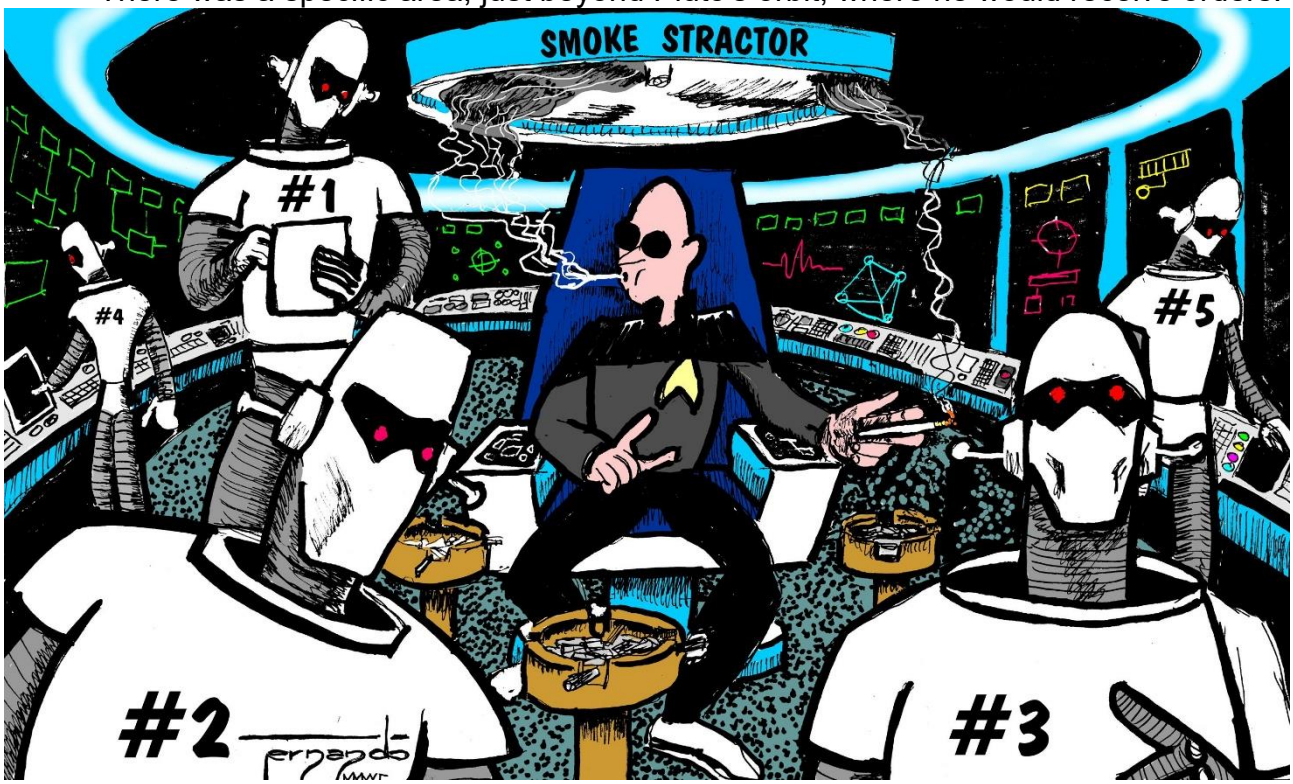
-Let's do it! - He said, correcting himself by the combination of words that hindered the understanding of the order.

Once the initial misunderstanding was overcome, the S.S.F. GALATRINA01 advanced out of the hangar, safely away from the maneuvers of other ships that jammed the docks of the Earth-orbiting space station.

He headed for a less busy area and accelerated!

Picking up speed, it quickly moved to the edge of the Solar System.

There was a specific area, just beyond Pluto's orbit, where he would receive orders.



***

At the scheduled point, the S.S.F. GALATRINA 01, stopped, turning off its engines.

On the bridge, Ensign Zéca got up from his chair, stretched out a little and inserted into the slot the card that Admiral Quin had given him at the base.

A message appeared soon after.

"Wait"

Fernando Zéca waited...

A few moments...

Fifteen more minutes... And then half an hour.

Finally, tired of waiting, he said to the robots present:

-You check things now, and I'm going to rest.

"Call me if there's any news, or transfer any message to me."

The robot #1 took over, with the Ensign leaving the bridge and heading to the cabin where he would rest for a while.

He put on his nightwear, covered his bald head with a cap he wore at rest time, lay on the bed, crawling under the covers and closed his eyes with a smile.

When he was already beginning to dream of being a heroic champion of the justice in historical epics, was abruptly awakened by the alarm of his communicator.

-Ensign! Message by the secret frequency of the High Command."

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano stood up breathlessly saluting anyone.

Only then, he took off his nightcap, sat down, and stood in front of the communicator's screen, with his eyes popped, where, less than 3 seconds later, the image of Admiral Quinn appeared.

Ensign Zéca puffed out his chest, posed in front of the camera that transmitted his image to the officer, and said:

-I'm ready, Sir.

-As you may have noticed, Ensign, the entire crew of your ship is made up of robots.

-Yes, Sir. Fully clear about that Sir.

-That's a new StarFleet and Federation's policy that is now being put into effect, and you will be the pioneer in testing this total implementation.

"With the current generation of machines, which are quite advanced, it is expected to reduce some costs in the Fleet. But the models you're working with have differentiators. These were not produced for the purpose of looking like humans."

And indeed, the Admiral was correct.

The SSF's robotic crew of S.S.F. GALATRINA01, although in general had a human form, it was otherwise endowed with a rustic finish, with metal surfaces, and several visible or protruding plastic parts.

Because they had nothing to hide, the robots did not wear uniforms, so they only had the identification numbers, which they sported on the left side of the ribcage.

The first mate, for example, was N.#1.

The robot-engineer, No. #2. The Pilot, No. #3. The Navigator Pilot, No. #4, and so on.

-Don't be fooled by the unfinished appearance of these machines, Ensign.

-No, Admiral. Negative Sir.

-They were not better finished, as they will not fulfill aesthetic functions. If you want, you can apply synthetic skin to them, which will make indistinguishable even among other human beings, but the new policy of the Federation even for Star Fleet now is to save on expenses."

-No problem sir. Here we do the impossible with what we have, Admiral. Tank you Sir.

-Ensign, these robots, under your command: they are also merciless war machines, which have no restraint to kill, anyone.

-Sir! Yes Sir! I understand and see the responsibility, Admiral Sir.

-In the future, if the tests bring positive results, these robots could be our first line of defense against the enemies of the Federation and Starfleet.

-I see, Sir. So, doesn't the programming of these machines includes ASIMOVIAN LAWS implemented in their code?

-No, Ensign.

"You just have to order! Understanding, of course, that the orders are against Starfleet or Federation enemies and as you command, they will or not have restrictions on killing.

-I see, Sir. Crystal clear, sir. Understood Admiral. No doubts about it Sir.

-Another novelty is the defensive features capable of protection against Borg assimilation, or even against malicious viruses that eventually try to reprogram them.

-They are very sophisticated machines. I could already tell, Sir. Very well educated by his excellent programming. TKS Sir.

-Exactly, Ensign!

"Now, as for your ship, it also has very efficient defenses against computer intrusions and the engines have been refurbished and have a warranty. So don't worry, they won't give you any trouble as soon as possible."

"Even for this reason. - Continued the Admiral. - You will be sent on a peacemaking mission in a conflict zone, including patrolling in several other sectors."

-Pacification in a conflict zone? - Thought the Ensign. - Service that needs good armament. Will I have it available? - He continued to ask himself.

-Ensign! Your computers will now receive the coordinates to reach the sectors, where you will do all this work.

Fernando Zéca soon found that, in fact, the computers were already receiving the aforementioned coordinates. And he also made some analyses where he found:

-Sir! The maps that I am receiving are of areas, for the most part, where the Borg presence is routine. Sir. Is that correct, Sir?

-Exactly, Ensign. We want to test the defenses of our robots' programming against the Borg and their own defenses.

"We have also other matters to attend to in these places, and of all this you will be informed in due course."

-Understand Sir. Cristal clear Sir…

-This is an important job for Starfleet, Ensign.

"Follow the files, complete the missions, and make us proud!"

"Its good results will bring countless benefits to the Federation."

"There is a lot at stake, depending on this performance. Good luck."

-Thank you, Sir. Here at your command, Sir.

“Sir! Yes Sir!”

***

Even though they were deadly conflict zones, the areas defined for Ensign Zéca to patrol, still passed, a period equivalent to 10 Earth days, until things heated up for good for the newly graduated agent of the E.Y.E...

After this quiet time, when the routine already seemed established inside the ship, suddenly, the RED ALERT warnings echoed.

Finally, there were emergencies to be attended!

They were not quite in the patrol zone defined for Ensign Zéca, but close to where the S.S.F. GALATRINA01 was at that moment.

The temperature was fizzing now.

***

SPACE STATION NINE. (DS9)

It was under attack by hundreds of spacecrafts coming out of the nearby wormhole.

Without wasting time, Ensign Zéca made the decision on how to give his support in that fight, accelerating the S.S.F. GALATRINA01 to the combat scene.

Thanks to the pilot's skill and tricks, he managed to make the spacecraft travel at an average speed higher than usual, without the thrusters exploding with so much effort, even risking the attack, if such a maneuver resulted, due to some stroke of bad luck, in useless death.

In any case, the Ensign, sincerely, felt obliged to answer the urgent call, whatever the effort necessary, and so determined he followed.

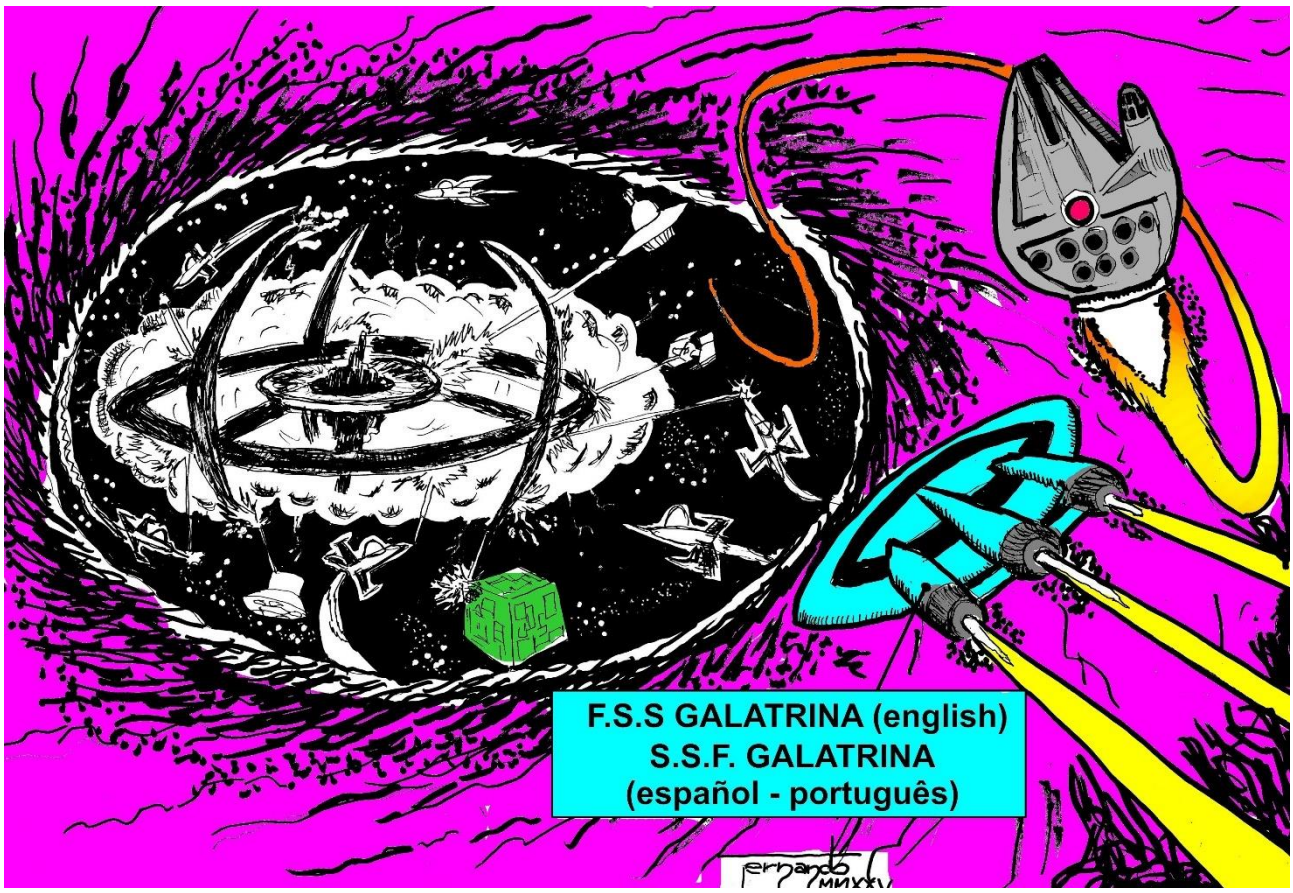
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After traveling at inconceivable speeds through a hyper-space tunnel, the SSF GALATRINA01 emerged from it, to materialize right in the midst of the chaos of battle!

As popular wisdom would say, another blind man had just arrived right in the middle of the shooting.

It would not be any tactic or strategy that at that moment would save the workday...

Some luck, perhaps, as long as everything was done correctly.



In any case, with no alternative, the S.S.F. GALATRINA01 entered the fight.

As far as possible, it would use its speed to attack opponents who were within the range trying to evade the shots that were fired against the spacecraft.

And to make things even more challenging, that S.S.F. GALATRINA01, even though it was relatively agile, and fast, had very weak artillery for its opponents.

It hit the enemies several times, harassing them as best as could, but the weapons did not seem to be powerful enough to liquidate them definitively.

Because it could not strongly knock out the opponents, which ended up becoming another martyrdom, it had to flee, and ended up "taking buckshot" during the escape.

The robots adapted quickly to the facts, and maintained the integrity of the ship for longer than the best commanders of the Fleet could endure in the same situation.

Thus, many shots hit the S.S.F. GALATRIN 01, and, little by little, they increasingly compromised its performance, which, in any case, continued to breathe fire until the batteries and ammunition were exhausted, against the enemy who already demonstrated that had not correctly calculated the forces wich would have to commit in an invasion of that size.

The heroic efforts of the S.S.F. GALATRIN 01, to survive such an epic battle scenario, and, as far as possible, inflict damage on the enemy, seemed useless in the face of the grandeur of the event, but they helped in the defense of SPACE STATION NINE (DS9), teaching new maneuvers to the Ensign, who, for hours, retaliated with the forces he had against the powerful enemy, sometimes hitting ship with ship, sometimes pushing, and even using street gang fighting tactics, in coordinated attacks in flocks, like crows facing larger and more powerful birds.

Finally, after much sacrifice, when the defenders were gaining even greater resistance against the attackers, who, in turn, were already suffering more damage than they imposed, the stampede began.

The enemy abandoned the attack and fled, retreating.

Which did not mean that, from now on, the life of the S.S.F. GALATRIN 01 would be

easy.

Already punished by several shots that hit it directly, or, indirectly, was still shot by a photonic torpedo, which finally took it out of the fight for good.

***

And so, exceeding expectations, much later than what would already be predictable, what Destiny foreshadowed finally occurred.

The S.S.F. GALATRIN 01 was irreparably hit and an explosion on the bridge deafened the Ensign, leaving a persistent buzzing sound in his head.

At least, he was still alive, but almost nothing worked, with a hole out of the ship, and the destruction of four robots, accounting for the damage.

Casually, or not, the shattered robots were precisely from security, that is, if they were uniformed, they would be wearing the famous red shirts, which according to legend, increase the chances of death of their users.

Others, as well as N.#1, the First Mate, continued to function, even with the environmental change on the bridge that also did not harm Ensign Zéca, immediately protected by a spherical force field, which formed around him at the time of the explosion.

Thus, with his head buzzing, he still thought was lucky even though could not verify all the damage, because was soon teleported to the infirmary, where was examined.

***

-The Doctor (robotized) is analyzing the results of your exams, and will already indicate the procedures to be followed.

-OK! Said Zéca, lying on a high-tech stretcher.

Right in front of the Ensign's face, the image of the Chief Officer appeared:

-Ensign! The protective spherical field contained all the debris resulting from the explosion, saving you. The buzzing sound you are hearing is temporary, yet you must rest for twelve hours, until your signals stabilize completely."

Zéca raised his trunk saying:

-But I need to check and do the...

He didn't have time to finish the sentence.

The robot Doctor applied a sedative to his neck that immediately put him to sleep, and said:

-Ensign! No. #1 will take care of things for the Lord. Now sleep!

***

And even while he dreamed, the Ensign wondered if there was anything he could have done to avoid further damage to the S.S.F. GALATRIN 01.

The answer, his own unconscious provided him:

"I couldn't have done anything better than what I had already done.

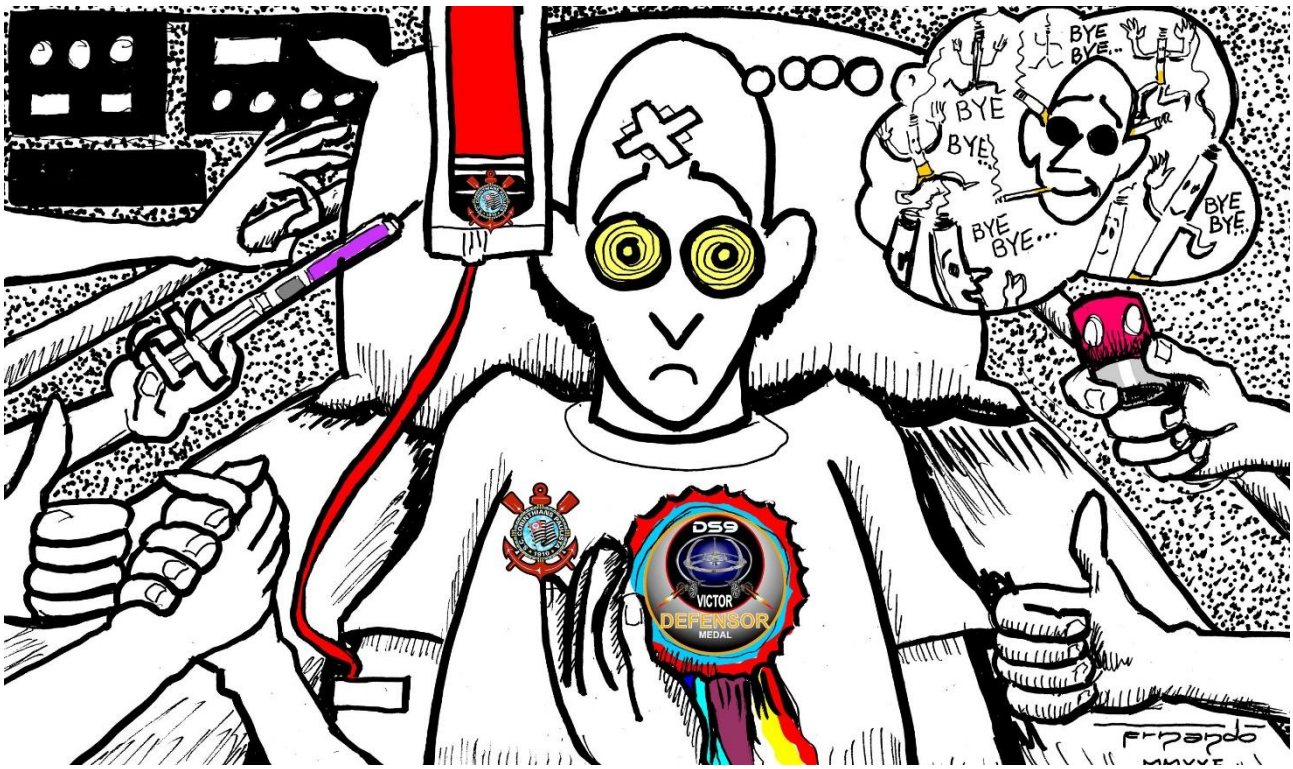
"But from now on, other weapons and better protective fields must be updated."

In fact, the configuration of the ship, which the ensign had under his command, was actually only suitable for suicide missions.

That wasn't quite the kind of job he sought when he joined Starfleet, but since it was like that, it would cost the enemy dearly, taking as many of them as possible with him to hell.

This thought stimulated his subconscious to work on new solutions, which would be more deadly, to the antagonists of the Federation, in the next combat.

***



He woke up with a medal being placed on his chest.

-Congratulations Ensign! You are being decorated for your valuable services in the defense of SPACE STATION NINE and the interests of the UNITED FEDERATION OF PLANETS.

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano twisted his face because of the recent awakening, even so, he thanked him, somewhat surprised, still stumbling over ideas and words.

-I only did my duty, gentleman! Anyone would do the same.

He gladly accepted the recognition, even though he had been prevented by the low power of his guns from doing more for the defense of the station.

"Who knows..." he believed. - The honor would now guarantee you a small increase in salary.

Little did he know that anyone who, during the battle, had tightened some old bolt for the benefit of the Station, also received the same recognition.



Even so, he felt valued with the decoration that excited him even more to return to work:

-There is a patrol waiting for me.

-Your ship is being repaired and your desire to return to service will not be long in coming. Until then, your orders are to rest and regain strength.

-Since my ship is being recovered, I would like to take the opportunity and make a

wish...

-Of course, Ensign! Being within our reach...

-I'll need more powerful weapons for the next fights...

The officer cleared his throat, but soon recovered from the unusual request:

-A true warrior! Even at rest, he is anticipating how to win his next battle...

"Don't worry! I'm going to ask for better weapons for your ship."

"I just don't know if the bureaucrats will comply with your request in time."

"Anyway, rest!"

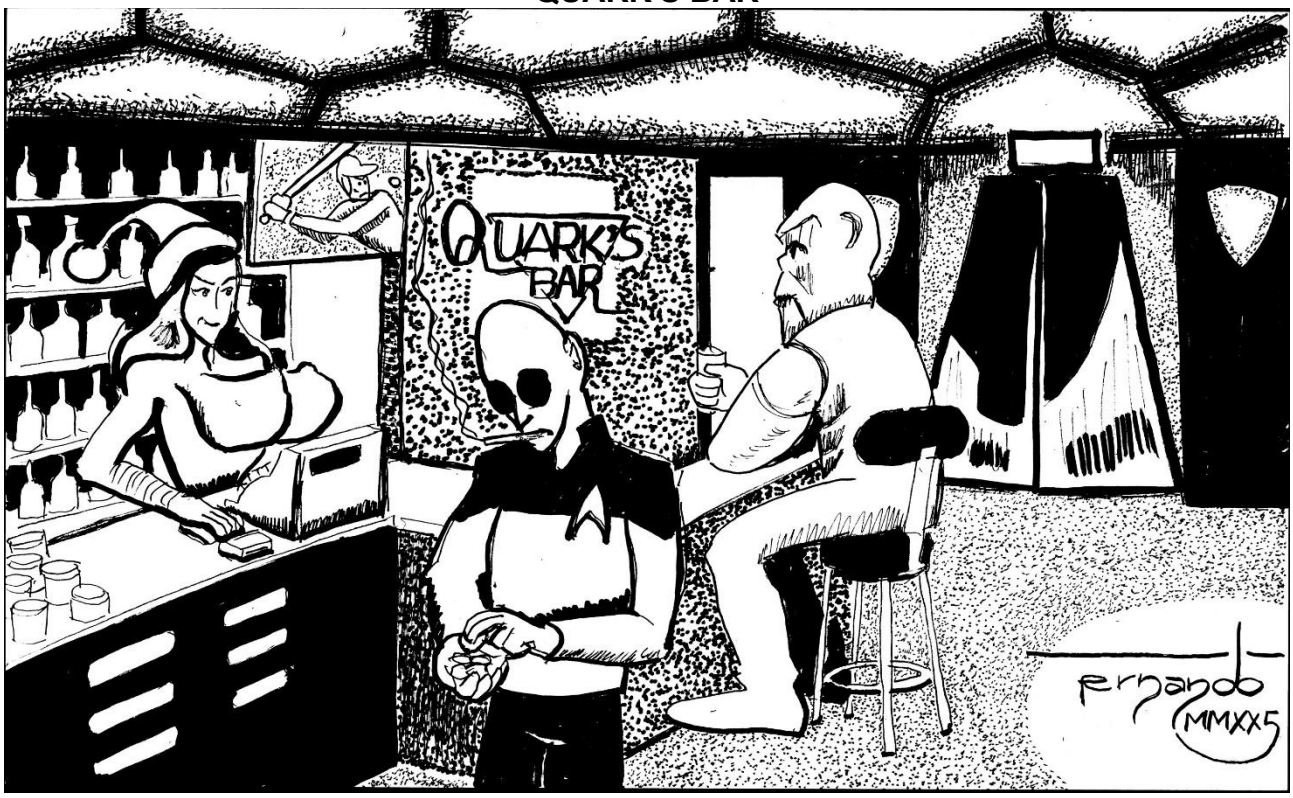
-Yes sir...

The officer left the Ensign in the care of the robotic nurse, knowing that requests for better weapons would hardly be met.

But this was a problem that did not need to be anticipated for the moment...

***

QUARK'S BAR



As soon as he was discharged, Ensing Fernando Zéca Corinthiano went straight to Quark's Bar to celebrate the kick-off of the infirmary.

At the counter, he spent his last change on a bottle of his favorite energy drink, spilling everything down his throat in a few quick sips.

As he had already bought chips before, he went up to the upper floor, where he would have fun in the games.

He sat down on the console of his favorite machine, put on the helmet that connected him directly to the interior of the game, and started to play.

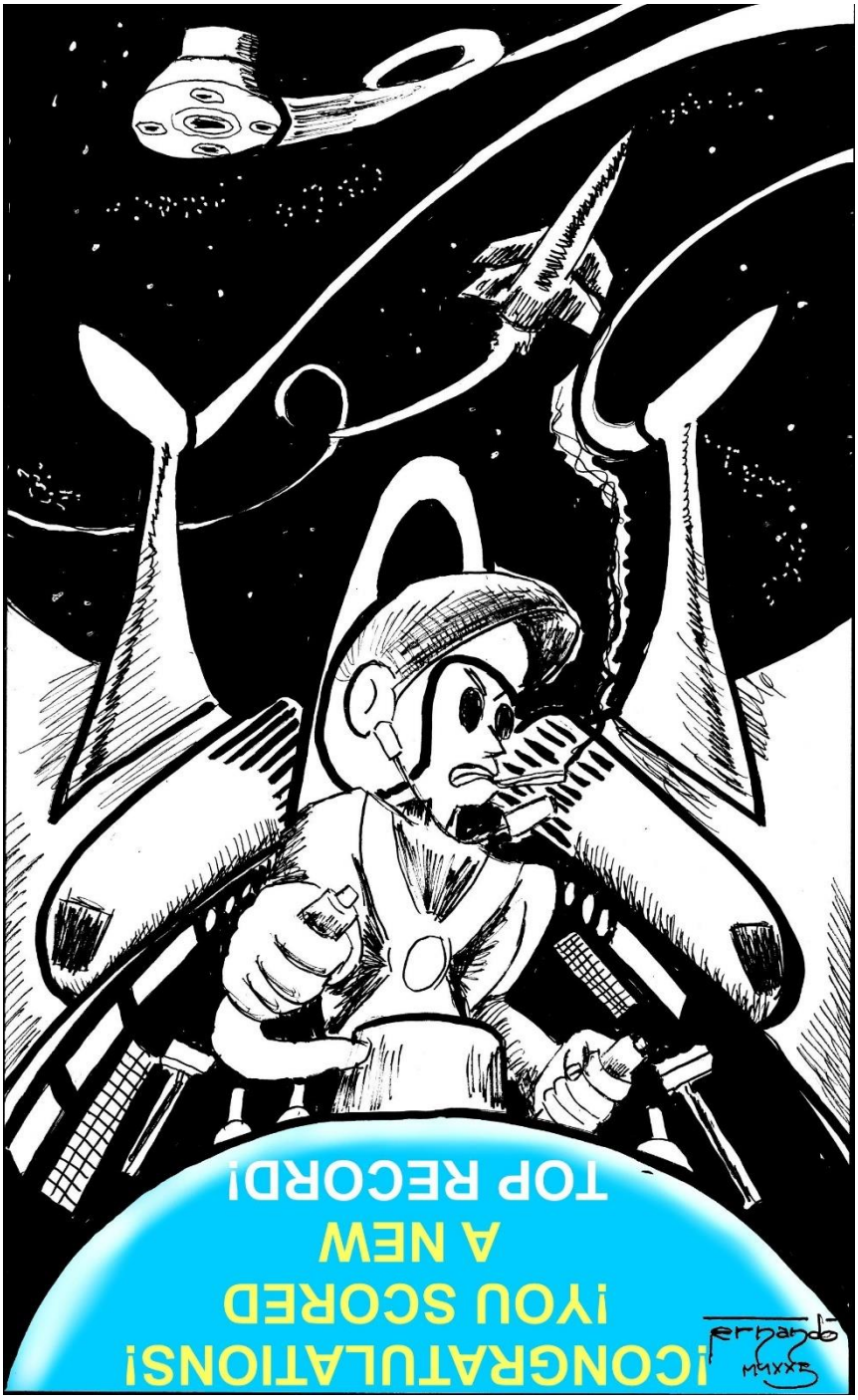
There, he could spend hours simulating the piloting of a warship forced to face different types of enemies.

More or less similar to the routine that the Fleet had forced him to face on his last mission.

The difference, of course, was in the weapons he used in the game, much more powerful than those available in the S.S.F. GALATRINA01.

In the game, he managed to make the enemy suffer much more than in reality.

And at that particular moment, with his high inspiration, he was performing extraordinarily.



He had already reached one of the most difficult stages of the game, using only a third of the time he normally spent to do so.

Zéca was close to breaking his personal record, and soon that of the machine.

The Ensign was definitely very inspired, as kept his concentration and performance high, without making great efforts.

A kind of trance that made him feel like was living the virtual reality of the match.

But something was happening around him, and without his knowing it could take away his concentration...

There was a shouting outside the console where he was playing.

Two HUGE Nausicaan guys started fighting.

Ensign Zéca did not worry about them, after all, both were too big for their size, moreover, his concern at that moment was focused on the scoreboard, where, in a few

seconds, he would set a new record.

To do so, there was very little left...

It was then that the machine where he was playing completely went out.

A quick general look, and soon the trained eyes of the Ensign identified the problem: The quarrelsome, in the heat of the dispute, ended up disconnecting the machine's socket, thus harming what would be his match of the century.

Ensign Zéca, despite his size, which, as already remembered, was much smaller than that of the Nausicaans, who, on average, were more than two meters and twenty centimeters tall, advanced quickly, behind the back of one of them, and poured out his frustrations on a powerful flyer, (kind of flying kick) which perfectly hit the base of the brawler's column.



The blow was so masterful that, in addition to making the classic noise of CRECK, when it hit the target, also launched the unfortunate man against his own opponent.

What happened next could not have worked even in the old black-and-white slapstick comedy films of the early twentieth century.

The guy who took the blow was violently pushed forward, tripping over his feet, and, in the fall he suffered afterwards, still hit his opponent's chin with his own forehead during the course.

Hence, the two brawlers, to the surprise of the astonished Ensign, fell unconscious, sprawling on the floor, weapons, drinks and tokens.

Still annoyed, Fernando Zéca, who was no more than one meter and sixty-five tall, posted the socket of the machine and returned to play.

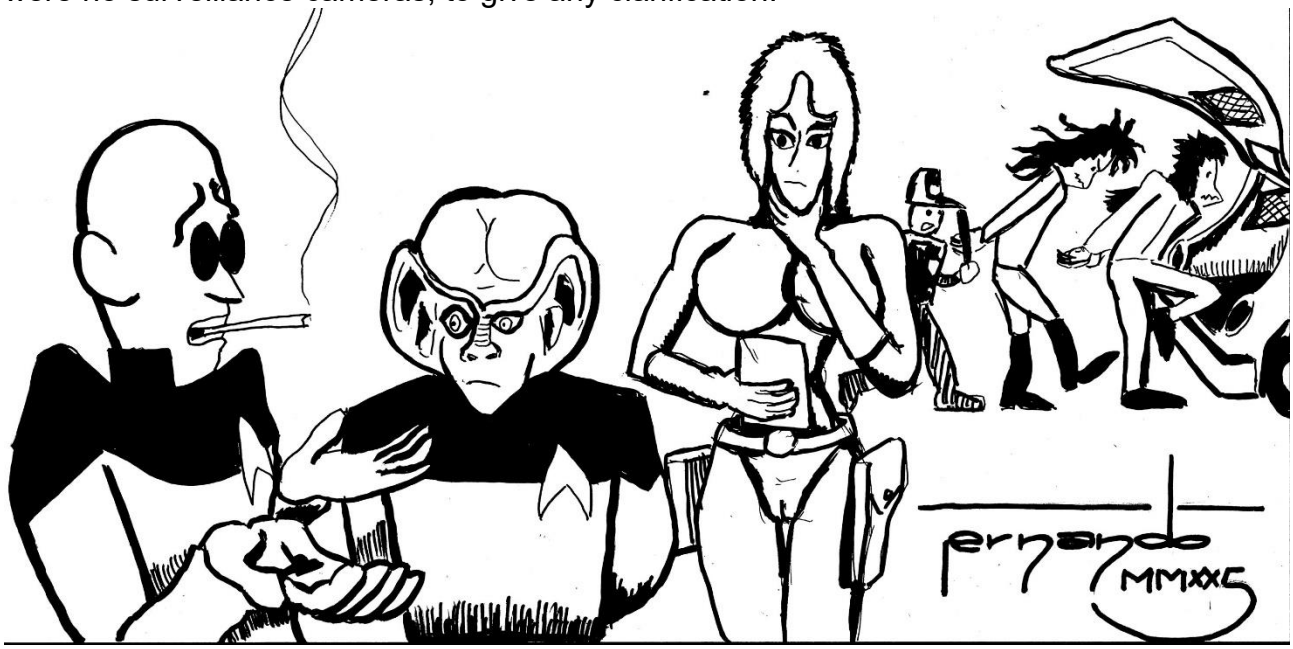
His later performance, however, would nowhere near match what he was having, before almost breaking the record.

***

As soon as he left the console where he threw all his chips, without the initial success, he found the room full of security guards from the Station, and the brawling Nausicaans, handcuffed, not knowing exactly what had happened to them.

As that environment was reserved, and offered greater privacy to its visitors, there

were no surveillance cameras, to give any clarification.



One of the Station Security Agent approached the Ensign, showed him her credentials and, without wasting time, immediately asked:

-Did you happen to see what happened here? Mr. Ensign Zéca?

-I don't know anything, ma'am. - Answered our courageous protagonist. - I didn't see or hear anything. I was focused on my game. I don't remember seeing these guys before."

As he knew that there were no images that compromised him, nor any witness present at the moment of the flying, the Ensign, decided to omit the truth of the Authority, even to preserve himself from possible reprisals, from anyone.

With an air of innocence, he then asked:

-What happened?

-We still don't know with details. These two were fighting and ended up getting along. We only know that they are pirates, members of dangerous gangs, and have arrest warrants issued by both the Federation as well as the Klingon Empire."

The Security Agent took a card from her pocket and handed it to the Ensign:

-If you remember something, please contact me.

-Clear! Yes, ma'am. Can I go now?

-Yes you can.

Without being noticed by anyone else, Ensign Zéca left the hall, even so as not to cause greater suspicion.

As soon as he reached the side corridor that descended to the lower floor, he was intercepted by a ferengui.

-Hello, Ensign! My name is Nog. I work here with my family.

***

NOG

The Ensign looked at the ferengui, who, with a gesture, called him closer, in the darkest part of the corridor.

Not showing any kind of undoing, Zéca approached suspiciously.

The ferengui made a circular movement with his index finger raised, pointing to the sides.

-Here, the cameras and microphones will not spy on our conversation.

Fernando kept quiet.

-By the way, you have a great kick, Ensign.

"Some football teams would certainly hire someone with your talents."

-I thought no one had seen it.

The experienced and searching eye of the wise Ferengui, soon perceived the edge of concern that was drawn on the Ensign's face, and already reassured him.

-I was hiding. But, don't worry about me. You left without giving security details and I soon realized that you don't want trouble.

-Exact. I want distance from fame in this case. I'm already sorry I kicked these guys!' Now I realize that I should have acted more calmly!"

-And you do very well to be silent. These Nausicaans don't respect anyone! They are from the P.O..

-P.O.???

-Partido Obrero.

***

-Partido Obrero? But so far are there agents from this group?

-Yes. Even if even some security agents at the station do not recognize such obviousness! So, be careful.

-Damn it! Wherever I am, I hear about this group.

-Look on the bright side: With its explosion of anger, the P.O. will enter the list of concerns for the security of the Station and perhaps even Starfleet since, with the Naucasiaans, evidence was found that solved several crimes under investigation.

"Since the illegal operations of these evildoers are marred by the investigations that we hope will happen, many honest businessmen will thank you for the moments of relief they will have during the time the Partido Obrero is weakened.

-So, I got you out of serious trouble...

-Only for as long as the P.O. is eventually weakened should Station and Fleet Security investigate the matter...

"We have to take into account that these two swindlers have powerful lawyers ready to defend them, so they should not be imprisoned for too long..."

-I see that I only got more headaches...

-Ensign! You are not in danger if you keep your mouth shut. That's exactly why I came to talk to you.

"The next few days will be hectic because of these investigations, but no one should relate you to the case, since they don't imagine that someone with your size would be able to knock out these guys with clean hands and a little luck."

-And what is your interest in my silence?

-If the situation remains like this, I will make a profit. I don't want to be confused with the authorities, much less with the Partido Obrero that has open ears everywhere, so you keep quiet, don't bring any more annoyances to my establishment, and we are all happy.

-I didn't start the fight. If you really saw what happened...

-I don't care who is right! I don't want problems or fights in my establishment.

-Rest assured. I will discipline myself so as not to get irritated by trifles, nor to increase my share of problems.

-It's the best, Ensign! It is not good to abuse your luck with these people, who are violent, well armed, and willing to defend their interests, at any cost...

-This Partido Obrero must be more powerful than a giant squid. It's everywhere! Perhaps it even has a fleet of ships to do his business.

-Surely they have, Ensign. And know that: the ships that serve the big shots of the P.O., have a much better and more powerful arsenal than in Starfleet.

-If the other ships in the Starfleet have weapons as weak and mediocres as the ones

I have in mine, then the Federation is in trouble.

-The Fleet is in serious trouble, Ensign. But it still doesn't know, because the Federation is doing business with organizations linked to the Partido Obrero, buying from them, second-line weapons and equipment, assembled at low cost, by clandestine Klingon factories."

-It is hard to believe, being precisely the Federation, which, in the Solar System alone, requires hundreds of quality certificates from the companies that collaborate with the provision of services, and in the manufacture of the equipment it uses. “

-Precisely Ensign, being in fact, most of the equipment acquired, from these members of the P.O., in addition to the dubious quality, are assembled in unhealthy environments by children working in slavery."

-Children in industrial environments, working hard?

"With so many robots being sold in sales? I never thought that the Federation itself would allow something like this..."

-Slave is cheaper than robot, Ensign

Zéca made a face of disgust while Nog continued:

-Also take into account that these are times of war, caused by peoples who do not practice, what in school we are taught to be such democracy.

"Also remember that part of the Federation closes its eyes to this crime, keeping this and other stories of the genre under the rug, not losing privileges, powers and gains."

-Blimey. In the end, the problem is that I, and many others using second-rate weaponry, suffer uselessly wasting ammunition to take down the enemy, when we could solve everything with just one shot from any decent weapon."

-Ahh, Ensign! Starfleet weapons are no longer so reliable for the warrior seeking victory in combat. Whoever wants to win for the Federation, must be supported with a powerful instant debit card, or, lots of Latinum.

“Only with reinforcement like this, the warrior can obtain equipped and powerful ships to reach victory and profits."

-I think mine space ship will receive new weapons. An officer said he would help me...

-If that officer gets you weapons from some supplier of the Federation, about this line I'm telling you the truth: it will be a second-rate product... - Nog pointed out.

-I hope not...

The Ferengi looked around again and began to walk making a discreet gesture, so that the Ensign accompanied him towards the first floor of the bar.

-I hope you get good weapons, but if you want to equip your ship with a top-notch arsenal, talk to me. I have everything you need.

-At the moment, my cash is low, Nog. But I will come looking for you when I have time and latinum available."

The two approached the counter, where they changed conversation.

-Serve a Romulan beer to this Starfleet friend of mine, said the ferengui to the beautiful attendant.

-Yes, Mister Nog."

-I appreciate your kindness. - Thanked Fernando Zéca.

-You freed me, momentarily, from that pair of leeches.

"I will take advantage of the time to increase profits. It won't be much, but the cash will have a better flow."

The Ensign was about to say something, when the communicator attached to his clothes called.

-Fernando Zéca, here! - Replied our fearless bald man with a touch.

-Ensign! Come to the hangar now. - Said a voice through the device. "Orders have arrived for you.

-I'm on my way! Zéca hangs up.

Then, the Ensign stood up, and asked the attendant to cancel the order.

He said goodbye to Nog with a greeting, promising:

-As soon as I have some credit left, I'll come here to talk to you, about the weapons. Anyway, I'll give you the model of my ship, and some specifications of it, so you can start researching what I can use to make it better."

-Leave it to me!

At a fast pace, the Ensign left the Quark's Bar and walked quickly through the corridors of the space station towards the hangar where he was called.

A thought quickly crossed his mind:

-When I am finally lucky, and have the opportunity to win something for free directly from the hands of a ferengi, duty calls me urgently...

***

AUDACIOUSLY GOING...
WHERE NO FLAT-EARTHER HAS EVER BEEN!

Ensign Zéca presented himself to the officers' office of the hangar where was docked the S.S.F. GALATRIN 01.

There, he found the robot N.#1, his First Mate, who was recovered from the damage suffered in the explosion of the bridge that, pragmatic as always, handed Corinthiano a tablet.

-Here are our orders, Ensign. Directly from Admiral Quinn.

The Ensign took the tablet and said:

-I'll check in my cabin, immediately.

-OK.

-Has our departure time already been scheduled, N.#1?

-Yes. An hour from now.

-Have we received from someone new weapons to equip the S.S.F. GALATRIN 01, immediately?

-No, sir. We are recovering the old ones and making them operational for service.

The Ensign was quiet and even contained a manifestation of disappointment, remembering the promise he had received to gain new weapons for his ship that, obviously, was not being fulfilled.

The thing was to go ahead anyway.

-OK. I'll be ready.

The Ensign went to his cabin, while on the way he was supervising the impeccable service of his crew.

The ship's robots worked without fatigue, or, complaint, performing an impeccable production.

Fernando sometimes even felt a little guilty for not collaborating as much as the machines that were under his command, especially when he knew he had to rest.

He sat down in front of the computer on the table and the Ensign's fingers, in an automatic gesture, activated the coded line of communication, through which he would speak to Admiral Quinn.

As soon as his image appeared on the screen, the veteran went straight to the point.

-Ensign, I have a mission that requires the skills of an experienced pilot like you.

-Yes Sir! At your command, Sir. Aye Aye Sir.

-Your ship is receiving a large load of weapons to be delivered to Director Sonny Blue, for that, you will take them to the coordinates that will be given to you attached.

-Well no, Yes Sir! - said the Ensign, then looking at a monitor next to him. - I can already see the attached information you refer to, Sir.

"Sir! Yes Sir! The destination here indicated is Ration, which the Federation usually

calls Atlas World. Sir. I'm correct, Sir?”

-Yes, Ensign. And, as you know, Ration is inside an extremely turbulent nebula, whose transposition requires great skill from the pilots who transit there.

-Sir! Yes Sir! In fact, Admiral Sir, there are companies specialized in traveling through this nebula Sir.

-Ensign. Starfleet will not hire these companies, because our mission is secret.

-Sir Yes Sir, Admiral Sir.

-The situation is as follows: Sonny has an important secret network of collaborators who have proven to us the accuracy of the predictions, which the Strategic High Command of the Federation has already made some time ago, in the sense that, due to its strategic location and abundant availability of natural resources, Ration would gain importance in the scenario of power disputes between powers friendly or not to the FEDERATION."

"Whoever has the most influence, dominating the place, will end up conquering supremacy with relevance throughout the quadrant, and, in the future, to all the galaxy."

"If the Federation ever wants to live in peace with its neighbors, it will have to ensure control over this region."

-Sir Yes Sir! I can cristal clear see, Admiral, Sir.

-Currently, Ration is facing a social crisis due to the economy, which is not doing well with the growing misery and the

-Sir! That is incredible! The region is very rich in natural resources, Admiral Sir!

-Yes, Ensign, but the politicians and rulers of Ration, not much better than ours, are also extremely corrupt, and even in the midst of so much wealth, they manage to leave more than four-fifths of the inhabitants in absolute poverty.

"To make matters worse, a great plague is spreading across the planet every hour, claiming more lives."

-Sir… Then we should send medicine and food, Admiral Sir…

The Admiral smiled and continued...

-We will send weapons, Ensign! We're banking an insurgency in Ration!

-Yes SIR! But Admiral, Sir… No sir… What about the First Directive, Sir? How does it look, Sir?

-You did your homework well, Ensign, but the First Directive remains as it is.

-Yes SIR. But Sir it is that it preaches the non-interference of the Federation in other people's affairs, Sir!

-I agree, Ensign! But who is manipulating this scenario of corruption, deviations, inflation and even diseases spreading among the people, is not us, Ensign, and, much less, the Rationians themselves.

-But who, Admiral?

-The PARTIDO OBRERO, Ensign.

***

Where would the poor Ensign have heard this name before???

He didn't take even a millisecond to remember... Again...

The damn Partido Obrero, once again, stumbling his way!

It was already becoming a fate that insisted on pursuing him in every corner of the galaxy.

-Do you realize the size of the problem, Ensign?

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano swallowed, and, despite the iceberg of fear that suddenly formed in his belly, he kept the face of a professional poker player, which gave any interlocutor the impression of being in front of someone fearless, cold, and hard, like the steel of Japanese swords.

-Sir! Yes Sir! I'm starting to understand things better.... Sir!

The Admiral paused briefly, then returned to his explanations.

-Sonny's local spy network has realized that the Partido Obrero is infesting this world with mosquitoes genetically modified to cause deadly diseases through an operation supported by local government agents.

The Admiral paused for the Ensign digest that information, and continued:

-The Rationian Resistance is planning a general strike followed by a civil coup.

"Regardless of our help, the insurgency will occur, but if we don't supply, it will happen anyway with much reduced firepower and less chance of success. The E.Y.E. is monitoring everything and intends to support the insurgency movement."

"If the revolt is successful, the Federation guarantees its space on the stage, also helping an oppressed people to overthrow another local tyranny."

"Incidentally, that opportunity arose with the recent arrest of two Nausicaans on Space Station Nine who had in their possession the arsenal that you will take to Ration."

"Sonny has already coordinated everything, so we can work discreetly, Ensign."

"You'll make contact with it through a coded channel, teleport the cargo to the location you're indicated, and probably leave Ration afterwards without being noticed."

-YES SIR! Don't worry, SIR Admiral SIR. I've been around the Sky Blue Nebula a lot SIR. I know paths not usually taken by transport companies, which operate on safer routes. SIR;"

Admiral Quinn listened and then continued:

-With the weapons of the Partido Obrero itself, arming the Resistance, the participation of the Federation in this insurgency cannot be proven, so the blame will fall on those who coincidentally are already one of the real causes of this social tragedy in Ration."

"Don't waste time Ensign, go now to the mission."

-AYE! AYE! SIR! At once Sir! Sir! Immediately, SIR

-Good luck, then.

Admiral Quinn saluted and hung up.

As soon as the conversation was over, the Ensign took his eyes off the monitor where the image of the Admiral appeared and was surprised:

A stranger had already entered his cabin without him noticing.

She was standing by his desk, smoking a cigar.

***

PRIMA VERÔNICA



The first concern of the Ensign was to know how much of her conversation with the Admiral she heard, a doubt that the listener herself clarified:

-Hello, Ensign! I'm Prima Veronica, part of the E.Y.E., Federation's Secret Service.

Her explanation only justified "a little" her entry into the ship, and perhaps, even so, Fernando Zéca did not fail to express his confusion...

-How did you get here? They didn't warn me of anyone on my ship...

-First, I have come to wish you good luck in your mission against the tyranny of the present Rationian government. - She replied evasively. - And also to establish bonds, for a lasting relationship between us."

The polluted mind of the Alferes then evaluated the intruder.

A lady who may be in her sixties, in exuberant physical shape.

Long silver hair, and a beautiful face marked by time.

Undoubtedly, a WOMAN, like the one in classic earthly music:

"Old pot also makes good food."

-And of course, Ensign: to establish these bonds with strength, I brought you as gifts: accessories for your ship, which will increase performance and firepower.

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano soon thought in terms of sexual performance, but preferred to be more realistic:

-Weapons?

She gave a brief, sneaky smile.

Fernando Zéca's fertile and inappropriate imagination soon proved prodigious, but little anchored in the truth.

That magnificent woman who even the oldest and most experienced would bray with joy, was not there to solve any of his sexual problems, but to stimulate him in the bloody combat against the enemies of the Federation, something that, certainly, at some point would culminate in his death.

In any case, in the face of that monumental beauty, he quickly accepted the facts of life, and civilly thanked her:

-It came at a good time. The weapons I had before looked good in design, but in combat, it didn't live up to expectations."

-Actually, you are right, Zéca. Your weaponry will be upgraded according to the data obtained in the last fights in which you participated.

"Now with more resources, your conditions to help in the Federation's effort will be greater, with the presence of the S.S.F. GALATRIN 01 henceforth, the difference between defeat and victory in work and combat."

That play of beautiful words coming through such a soft and seductive voice, even stimulated our brave Ensign to continue giving the best of himself.

Anyway, realizing that Prima Veronica already knew as much about his own ship as he did, he continued the conversation, more frankly:

-The updates came at a good time, but I would like not to face so many problems just to deliver a load..."

-It's not a simple delivery, Ensign: It's salvation coming to turn the tide!

Prima Veronica continued by explaining the importance of the mission:

-Remember that the arms carrier, in a war, can be the piece that allows the decisive turnaround, transforming certain defeat into victory.

Prima Veronica looked firmly at the Ensign, and said:

-If this mission is not successful, you will be alone.

"Neither Starfleet, nor the E.Y.E., will confess to any connection with you. You will be killed and your corpse left in some forgotten corner of the universe."

-I understand....

-That's right! Therefore, you cannot fail, even so that the Federation remains well-positioned on the board of the great game of galactic interests."

Zéca trembled after the call, but made a poker player's face, saying:

-More than anyone, I want to finish the job right away and after sneakily deliver the cargo, get out of the confusion."

Prima Veronica, between puffs of her cigar, made a face of agreement saying...

-Oh, of course! So, I wish your missions to be victorious and successful."

Deep in the unconscious, in the mind of the Ensign, a little voice asked him why, Prima Veronica would have spoken of missions in the plural...

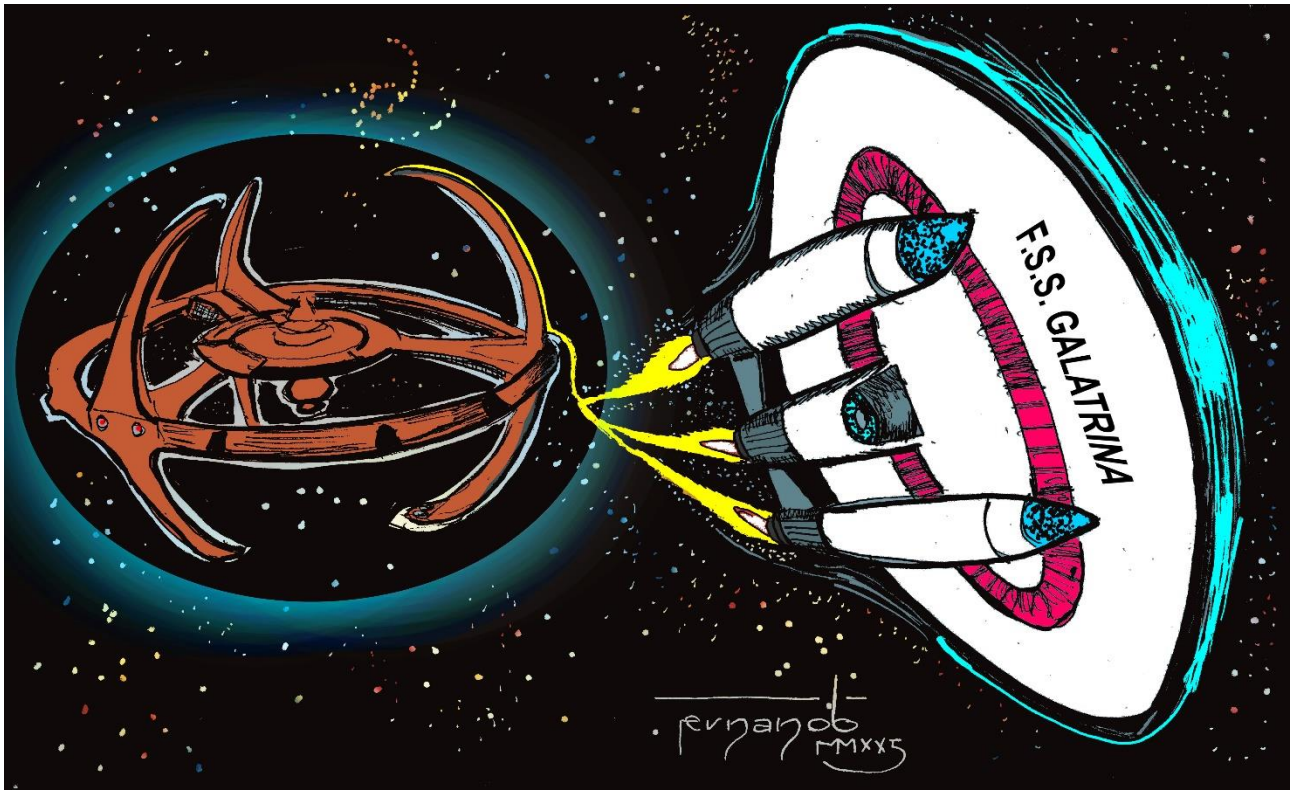
But the Ensign could not think much more about the matter.

Something in Prima Veronica's cigarette smoke gave him a tremendous, uncontrollable sleep.

As soon as he yawned twice, he put his arms on the table, rested his head on them, making them a pillow and immediately fell asleep.

Prima Veronica left the cabin, leaving as the only traces of her presence in the S.S.F. GALATRIN 01, the ashes of her cigarette.

***



After the heavy sleep, Fernando Zéca woke up in a good mood that only lasted until the irritation he felt when he remembered how he had been deceived by Prima Verônica.

He checked the instruments and found that the S.S.F. GALATRINA 01 was already flying.

Zéca did his post-awakening hygiene and went to the bridge.

As soon as he saw N.#1, the Ensign complained:

-You could have warned me before the match.

-Our orders were to take off as soon as S.S.F. GALATRIN 01 was ready and tested. That's what we did!

-But who gave these orders? The Admiral?

-No. Mrs. Prima Veronica!

-Prima Veronica? But how? What did she do in S.S.F. GALATRIN 01 without my authorization?

-At the time you reintroduced yourself, I gave you a report that is now outdated and inaccurate.

-Oh yes?!?! And what report would that be?

-I informed you that until that moment, no armament or accessory had been brought to equip or improve the performance of the ship...

-Endorsement... And what has changed?

"Mrs. Prima Veronica appeared with weapons, defensive shields, generators, power multipliers, batteries, etc., etc., etc...

-Okay, okay, okay, I know. But... What did she actually install?

-Everything!

***

Fernando Zéca checked the instruments, panels and computers.

In fact, after the "Prima Veronica upgrade," the S.S.F. GALATRIN 01 was now a different ship, far more powerful and combat-ready.

-Blimey! It's hard to believe that someone remembered me, when they installed all these accessories for the spacecraft.

Thus, the trip then went smoothly to the BLUE SKY NEBULA.

On the way, thanks to the piloting merits of the Ensign, the spacecraft's engines could be pushed to the limits, without suffering and saving travel time.

Such tranquility, however, would not extend much longer.

To reach Ration, S.S.F. GALATRINA 01 would have to enter the dreaded nebula.

Yes... Feared by the turbulent storms inside and by micro black holes around it, which suddenly swallowed unsuspecting passers-by, devoid of updated maps.

Incidentally, as the computer calculated and projected a navigation route around it, the Ensign noticed spaceships attracted by the fearsome unseen threats.

With the equipment he now had on the ship, he would help the unsuspecting in a simple rescue mission, which would take very few hours.

The Christian spirit of helping others and saving lives, which Ensign Zéca cultivated, manifested itself and he decided to fulfill what he thought was his moral obligation.

He turned to N.#1 and ordered:

-We will approach that group of ships to carry out rescue operations. My plan is...

The Ensign's order was interrupted by N#.1:

-Our instructions are that nothing can delay our path

-Wait... Nobody told me anything about emergencies...

-I received direct orders from Sonny Blue, Prima Veronica, and even Admiral Quiinn.

-But the crew members of these ships will die. – Argued the Ensign. - Our tractor spokes, in less than two hours, solve the problem...

-The orders were clear, Ensign.

And there was no point in complaining about the inflexibility of the bosses and the robots.

Especially with the robotic crew, any fiery speech, and good oratory, would not change anything. Once programmed, there was no common sense that would deter them from the objective, especially those not governed by Asimovian Laws.

-OK. - Agreed Zéca defeated.

The Ensign watched the final moments of the ships that were briefly devoured by a fearsome black hole.



***

Then, he concentrated on the challenge that lay ahead, facing another astronomical phenomenon: the Blue Sky Nebula, whose mercurial nature already warned of the dangers reserved within it, with powerful rays, which pop uninterruptedly at the limits of its domains.

One of them soon reached the S.S.F. GALATRINA 01, shaking it intensely.

And it was only the first. Soon after, a shower of them converged under the ship, defying its shields.

This extremely threatening situation would be repeated several times, lasting for a long time with relief taking a long time to arrive.

The Ensign already knew this because he had chosen one of the most stormy paths to approach in order not to be noticed by the security that surrounded the world of Atlas.

For now, the shields withstood the impacts well, even so the tension did not decrease until the lightning decreased for good.

There was a short pause, which allowed gauging of the spacecraft's instruments unaffected by the extremely powerful electrical discharges.

But soon other dangers returned even more threatening:

Winds of fast-moving abrasive particles rushed against the S.S.F. GALATRINA 01, like an immense sandblast storm.

Even with the defensive shields, the spacecraft was still little deviated from the route that the pilot tried to maintain in the midst of the torment.

The pressures grew more intense, threatening the spacecraft's defenses.

Relieving the tension, the Ensign smoked several cigarettes from his reserves.

When he was already beginning to calculate if there would be enough smoke to face so many difficulties, finally, the S.S.F. GALATRINA 01 left the stormy zone.

From then on, the greatest dangers of the Blue Sky Nebula were removed, and finally

he would relax putting his ideas in order smoking even more.

***

But Zéca would not let his guard down completely.

As soon as he could, he activated the camouflage device, one of several accessories equipped by Prima Veronica, which allow him to move without being detected by surveillance in Ration, the world of Atlas.

Slowly F.S.S. GALATRINA 01 approached, leaving no trace of its presence until...

-Ensign! We arrive at the contact zone.

-Total stop.

-Total stop! - Confirmed receipt of the order, First Mate No. #1.

The spaceship turned off its engines while remaining invisible.

-We are receiving encrypted signal from Sonny Blue.

Before arriving at the World of Atlas (Ration), the Ensign should establish contact, in secret, with the director of the E.Y.E., for this, he would position himself in a previously determined place, to align with the signal, which would allow him this communication.

Silence and perfection should preserve the mission until the end, still allowing the Corinthian Ensign a peaceful exit. And in that sense, everything went according to plan.

At least, until contact with Sonny Blue is made.

-Hello Zéca!

-How are you, Director? I'm positioned.

-Did you bring my toys, Ensign?

-Yes, sir! Just give me the coordinates and the cargo will be delivered or teleported. It's up to you.

-Very well! You will deliver everything yourself, Zéca.

"Follow the procedures described in the attached files I am sending you..."

-But boss... Before it was to...

Zéca was interrupted.

-Proceed with the mission, Ensign. Sonny Blue hanging up.

The communication between Zeca and the Director ended abruptly, with the Ensign, upset by the fact that the mission had increased in size.

He hoped would deliver his cargo quickly to one place and leave.

Not at all!

The Director had sent him a list of coordinates of different places in the world of Atlas, where he was to make various deliveries.

The dream of a quick and light mission dissipated like an old fart on the ceiling.

He didn't even have time to whine, or complain, since N.#1 had also received the same order, and soon he presented himself to follow up on it. Frowning, debates, or any discussions would be of no use, since robots were insensitive to these.

The only thing left for the Ensign was resignation and compliance with orders.

-Proceed with the accomplishment of the work. - He said it himself, unwillingly.

But Zéca would not comply with the orders, without in some way, even if indirectly, expressing his displeasure:

-I'm going to my cabin to smoke and rest. Call me as soon as we are close to the first drop-off point.

-Yes, sir.

***

Ensign Zéca had time to smoke two cigarettes in a row!

That's all and nothing else!

The change in plans was far beyond what he had imagined.

Now, he took out his anger trying to calm himself before facing the future.

As soon as he finished his second cigarette, the communicator of his Starfleet badge called him.

Fernando Zéca gave it a quick touch with his fingertips:

-Zéca here.

-In two hours, we will be able to fly over the first drop-off point. - Answered a metallic voice that came out of the communicator.

-Has the cargo already been separated? - asked the Ensign.

-It is now ready for shipping.

-Very well! So, let's move on.

Ensign Zéca looked at the window of his cabin, which overlooked the outside of the ship, and finally, glimpsed the World of Atlas.



Its dimensions were astronomical, and even though it had several characteristics common to those of a planet, in fact, it was not.

Ration, the World of Atlas, was a colossal piece of "rocks and lands", with a flat surface on one side, where there was an entire ecosystem, even with seas and oceans, surrounding colossal continents.

This surface had an approximate diameter, eight times greater than the one of planet Earth, in the Solar System, and also many populations living there.

The main continental masses coalesced in the center of this plane, forming the Highlands, inhabited by diverse peoples, which constituted the Rationian race, which, in general, has more similarities with the human race than differences.

On the edges of Ration, cold waterfalls threw through rivers that furrowed areas below the frozen peaks, hundreds of trillions of liters, to the lower parts of the ground where everything was absorbed and after freezing maintained cohesion due to the influence of a sphere 50 times smaller than the massif above it, but still colossal, of blinding brilliance, which seemed to maintain integrity and lead that incredible celestial body through the nebula.

Several scientists have tried, in various ways, to explain the reasons for that "planetary piece" to be like this, with theories, for the most part, totally different from each other, but which, on one thing, they agreed: the shining sphere is the source of the force that holds Ration whole, hence it was baptized as Atlas, the name of the mythological giant, who carried the world on his back.

After this brief reflection, Ensign Zéca concluded that:

-Only with Atlas holding the weight, flat-earthers find in the universe, this place where their absurd and idiotic theses are sustained.

Thus, our fearless Ensign stopped philosophizing, diverting his attention from the vision of that fascinating world, and returned to concentrate his thoughts on the mission.

He saw on the clipboard that in the first delivery, most of the material would be composed of medicines to be delivered to a field hospital. There, Zéca did not expect to face major problems, but he did not underestimate the danger at all.

***

Back on the bridge, sitting in the central armchair, the Ensign checked the piloting of robot No. #3 all the time, but it was No. #5, the responsible for communication, who gave him news:

-Established contact with the hospital. We have the coordinates for teleportation.

-Let's move on. - Said Fernando Zéca.

A few minutes passed before the S.S.F. GALATRINA 01 was properly positioned to teleport the payload to the field hospital.

So the Ensign monitored the delivery to be made to the ground, verifying an advanced group of robots and their escorted cargo being enveloped by a flash that then sent them to the surface of Ration.

***

Everything went well with the cargo delivered to the chosen location on the surface of the planet.

However, what surprised the Ensign after he also arrived at the same place was the unbearable stench that mixed piss, shit and medicine.

Even with that odor, there was no mistake: the coordinates were correct.

Zéca had been teleported exactly to the indicated place, that is: in the middle of a field hospital, which, in fact, was a mess, with patients lying on the floor, or even wandering

aimlessly from one place to another, with open wounds and hallucinated by the medication they received.

There were no masonry constructions. Only tents and, at best, some hovels made of wood.

At least, in the middle of that gigantic slum of sick people there was a beautiful, smiling, tall, elegant woman, who was waiting for him.

-I'm Coymac. - She said greeting the Ensign. - Chief Physician here.

-My name is Fernando Zéca, Doctor. Is it to you I have to surrender al this stuff?"

-Yes.

-Is everything okay?

The Doctor checked the electronic clipboard she was carrying.

As soon as she was about to say something, dozens of old dirty and dusty trucks, making a tremendous noise with their engines, arrived making a fuss, and from each of these, approximately 20 men armed with machetes and old firearms disembarked.

Some soon approached where the Ensign delivered the cargo to the Doctor and, what seemed to be the leader, pointed to the boxes brought by Fernando Zéca, indicating to his commanded the ones they should take.

The guys were ugly and threatening, so much so that the robots of the crew of the S.S.F. GALATRINA 01 have already positioned themselves defensively and unlocked their phaser rifles anticipating the probable possibility of confrontation.

-They are my assistants. - Said Dr. Coymac. - They need to get the rifles now to ensure the defense of the space used by the hospital.

-OK! - Said the Ensign.

Then, Fernando Zéca approached one of the containers, entered a password in its lock, releasing the contents of the cargo to the Doctor and her "assistants".

Soon the rifles went into the hands of the fighters, who immediately returned to the trucks, and, after a few minutes, left happily about life.

-Now we will have a chance to react. - Repeated most of them.

-We will better support our defense lines, making this space better preserved. - Coymac said.

The Doctor then approached another part of the shipment, which had not yet been touched, containing medicines and medical equipment.

The number of containers was such that the Ensign even brooded, how the robots could have managed to make him fit so much in the cargo compartment of the S.S.F. GALATRINA 01.

-Here, the quantity and equipment requested are also correct, Fernando Zéca. I can only thank you. This charge will change the course of the conflict in Ration.

"The politicians led by the Partido Obrero, today are the owners of power here and are not interested in maintaining the apparent democracy to remain in power, even though this is an unprecedented period of hunger, misery and disease, as never before in the history here. It is clear that the powerful want to parasitize the people to the last drop of blood that can be sucked. With these resources we can survive this war."

The Ensign could hardly believe what he was hearing. He had been to Ration before, a period equivalent to an Earth decade participating in races between spaceships, and the scenario he remembered was quite different.

At that moment in history, the world there was radiant, with people working happily, thriving commerce, and all citizens with excellent living conditions.

But the tentacles of the Partido Obrero arrived at Ration, the Atlas' world, dominated the local political class, and began to voraciously suck, for the benefit of the very gangs that are part of his scheme, the economic, material and strategic resources, which quickly became rare, until they were definitively scarce for good!

All this knowledge facilitated the Ensign at homework time that, for better or worse,

would prepare him for the local scenario where he would carry out missions.

His previous experience, however, did not give him complete confidence to the point of judging himself fully ready for whatever lay ahead.

In any case, having completed the first stage of the mission, he would ask permission from the beautiful Doctor, to let him go.

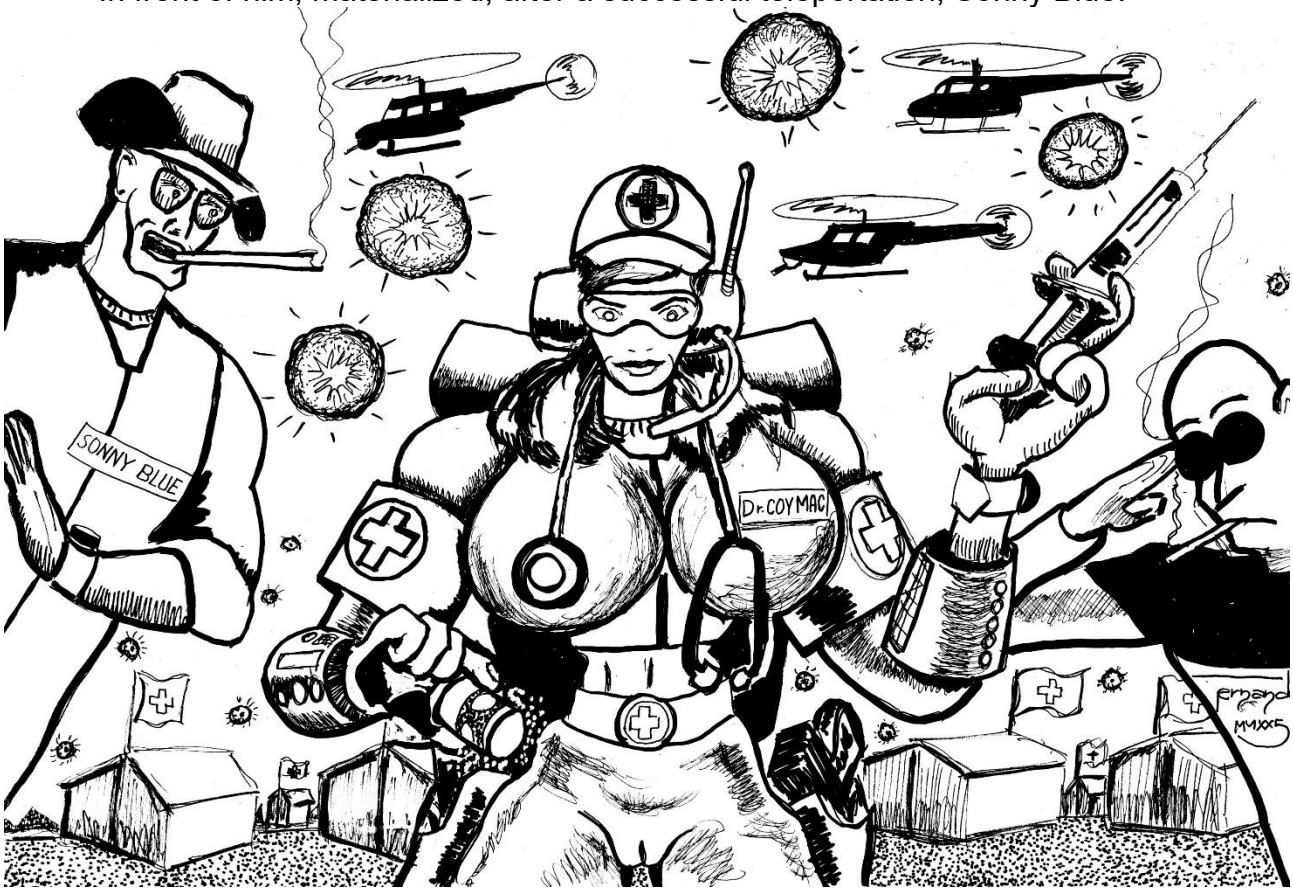
-Doctor, I would like to...

No sooner had he finished formulating the sentence than a teleportation glow appeared near the cargo.

For a moment, Ensign Zéca even worried about the possibility that this specifically teleportation was from an enemy, but as the robots in his crew were indifferent to what was happening, then perhaps they knew something he was unaware of.

And again, the Ensign was right.

In front of him, materialized, after a successful teleportation, Sonny Blue.



****

SONNY BLUE ARRIVES WITH EVERYTHING TO SCREW UP THE EVIL PLANS IN RATION, the flat planet on the back of ATLAS

Sonny Blue, according to his high style, already known by the always dear and esteemed reader, arrived kissing the beautiful Doctor on the cheek.

He came in military clothes, a hunter's hat and aviator's sunglasses.

-Hello Doctor.

-How are you Sonny my dear? I miss you... - She said, giving him a seductive look.

-Hello Zéca. - He greeted. - Good job.

-Thank you sir. I thought you wouldn't show up.

-An unforeseen event arose and I had to come here.

-Is it something that will interfere with the progress of the work here? - Asked the

doctor.

-I'm sorry to inform you, Doctor. - Lamented Sonny. - But this hospital became a target.

"The signal of teleportation of the cargo here has been picked up, and soon, this entire region will be under heavy attack by enemy forces. I know this because an informant just warned me. The order to eliminate this medical facility from the map has already been given by the enemy high command."

He had barely finished saying these words when a frightening volley of explosions from the skies surprised everyone there with a missile attack that collapsed on the defensive shields of the Hospital Center, which, in the midst of the thunderous and resounding noise, withstood the explosive impact very well, ensuring the safety of those on the ground under its protection.

-It started. - Said Sonny, who was the only one, not to give the slightest show of surprise, or, fright, as soon as the explosions began. - But don't worry. This time, the enemy will face a very different situation.

Then he lit a cigarette, smiled, and threw another to Zeca, who caught it in mid-air, wasting no time lighting fire on it.

***

With his characteristic calm and tranquility in the most tense moments, Sonny ordered the robots that accompanied Ensign Fernando Zéca Corinthiano:

-Open that five containers.

With precise movements, the robots obeyed the orders. Once opened, the charges armed themselves, and from each one, gleaming metallic spheres, with a diameter of approximately one meter, came out, which flew fast, towards the combat zone, firing the phaser cannons that they carried built-in.

-Now those two. Sonny shouted, pointing to other containers that had not yet been opened.

The robots obeyed without hesitation.

And from within these, equipment came out, which opened and deployed automatically, forming armored helicopters.

Showing great calm, in the middle of the noisy confusion that scared everyone, Sonny continued pointing to other closed containers.

-Open these too!

So the robots obeyed without hesitation, revealing the contents of the cargo.

Phaser rifles with nuclear grenade launchers.

-All armed now! Even the medical staff. - Shouted the Director.

The weapons were distributed to those who were there, including the robots of S.S.F. GALATRINA 01 and even the Ensign himself.

-Come with me, Zéca. - Sonny ordered, adjusting his sunglasses under the brims of his hunter's hat. - You'll join the party too!

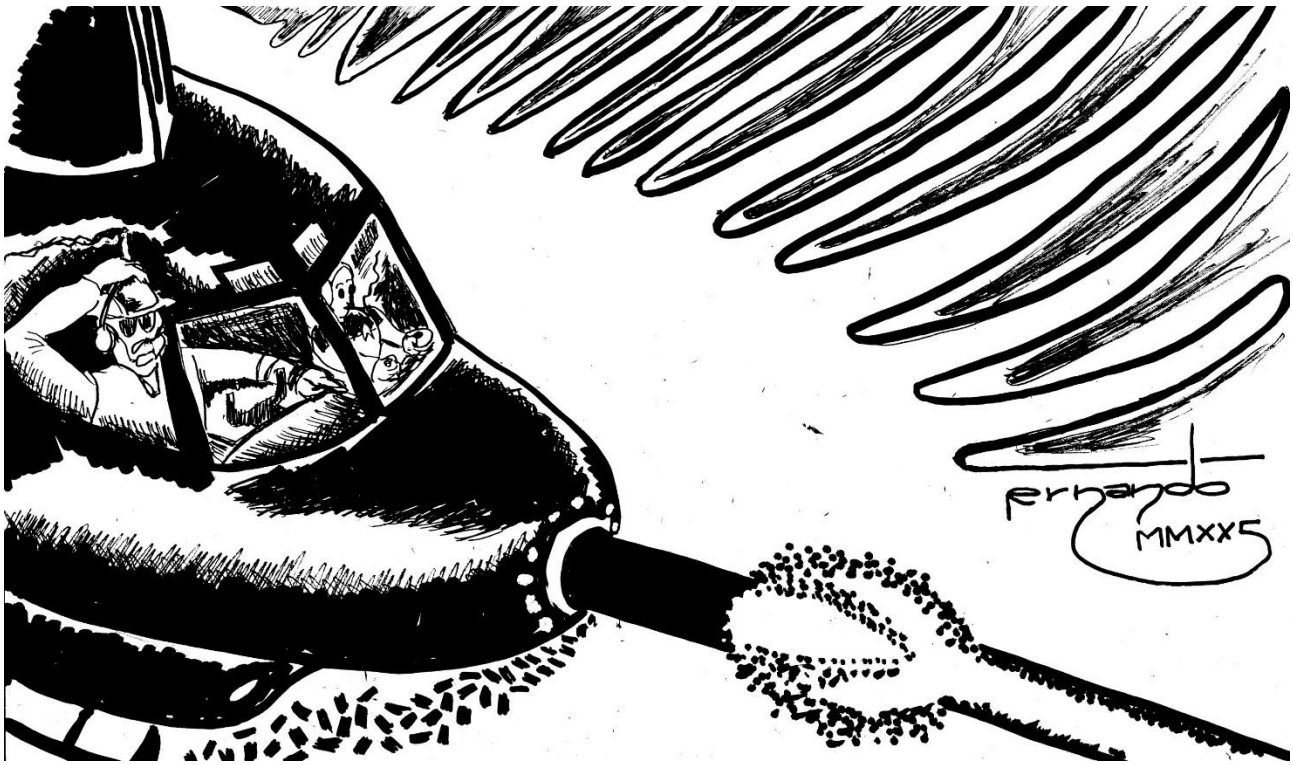
While the Ensign continued all huddled down, fearing the shots that popped up around everyone there, the Director advanced resolutely, with his chest puffed out, as if it were bulletproof, into one of the armored helicopters, which unfolded and assembled, soon after being teleported from the interior of the S.S.F. GALATRINA 01!

Sonny Blue wore an apparently light uniform, and did not carry any weapons or protective vests with him.

He just smoked incessantly, giving orders while pointing out what the next target would be. He sat in the helicopter cabin, in the passenger seat, leaving the door open.

-Ensign, you take over the piloting.

-Yes, sir. Aye Aye!



Fernando Zéca sat in the pilot's seat, tied his safe belt, put on his helmet, with a low neighbor, and took off.

-Let's go towards the ball. - Said Sonny pointing to where the spheres were already defending the area.

In less than a minute, several shots hit the aircraft, but they had no negative effect on its integrity, nor on stability.

Even so, Sonny seemed oblivious to the danger and kept the armored door open, right next to where he was sitting in the cabin.

He still stretched his head out, as if he wanted to get some air.

-Low flight, Ensign! -Ordered.

Fernando Zéca lowered the altitude of the ship, approaching the top of the trees he was flying over at high speed.

Through the microphoned headphones they wore, Zéca and the Director communicated in the midst of the noise of the engine, which was demanded to the maximum.

Sonny Blue pointed in the direction, gesticulating a lot, and giving the orders, to which, Fernando Zéca, promptly obeyed.

-Ensign! You have been given command of S.S.F. GALATRINA 01, and now, that of this vehicle, due to your skills as a pilot and marksman.

-Yes, sir.

-…And was recently decorated for his participation in the defense of Space Station Nine.

-I was lucky, sir.

-Great service, my son.TKS!

"Can I ask you a favor?"

-I'm at your command, boss SIR!

-Well done, and TKS again Ensign.

"We are now going to a violent zone. Get ready, to kill a lot of people!"

***

The Ensign felt his ears increase in size.

-The enemy is able to use any ruse to defend himself, even innocent appearance. So don't hesitate when I tell you to pull the trigger.

"And more: Rest assured that everyone I order is to be killed, I take responsibility. You, you're only pulling the trigger under my orders!"

In the Ensign's mind, he even recalled his school and Academy days, where the attack or threat to the integrity of any form of life should be seen only as a last resort, whoever it was...

-But... Chief...

For a second, these words came to his mind as a response, however, to what, he Zeca actually said, was:

-AYE! AYE! Yes SIR! I am at your command, SIR!"

Sonny had a convincing and respectful way of commanding, so it was even difficult not to carry out his orders, whatever the reason.

In addition, the Ensign had done his homework by studying the tactics and way of acting of the enemy, wich in fact, was not reluctant to brainwash children and young people, sending them to war, making true merciless murderers.

What was clear, from Ensign's understanding, between the lines in Sonny Blue's words, is that, soon, they would be facing people of this type.

From then on, Zéca went into combat mode, soon noticing on the horizon, an armed tower made of trunks and tree branches camouflaged in the middle of the extensive forest.

The protective visor of the Ensign's helmet also projected more accurate data of the situation, showing enlarged and detailed images that proved the accuracy of Sonny Blue's warning.

Hidden next to the cannons, two young men gave indications of having spotted the helicopter in which the E.Y.E. agents were.

-Fire at will Ensign. - Ordered the Director.

With just a quick shot from the phasers, the Ensign completely razed the enemy turret and its occupants, who did not even have time to react.

With hallucinated gestures, Sonny indicated one by one, other opponents that he identified camouflaged and immediately wanted to see destroyed.

Fernando Zéca obeyed orders, exterminating a lot of enemies...

***

In fact, there were children at war in that battle, and there were not a few.

Armed to the teeth, they fired like adults, threatening the integrity of the chopper where Sonny Blue and the Ensign were, who retorted with double impetus using the same coin, that is: shot against shot.

Minutes passed, and a real extermination in the enemy camps was carried out, so that from there no one was spared, even because all those chosen as targets really represented some threat.

And in fact, one of these, just before being eliminated, still managed to hit the E.Y.E. helicopter, with such violence that the force of the impact knocked the Ensign unconscious.

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Sonny Blue realized the problem and himself held the control of the ship, by the twinned commands to those of the pilot, who had in front of his seat.

Thus, he continued to fire himself at the enemies, even to ensure that they no longer posed a future danger.

It wasn't easy. The resistance was numerous, well armed and increased its hits even

more.

Sonny realized that, without the Ensign's piloting, he would have difficulty continuing to attack, so he retreated to safety.

Fernando Zéca then opened his eyes, but still couldn't move.

He watched things around, not even being able to stammer a few words, as the helicopter under the command of the Director moved away from the site of enemy activity.

He also saw the moment when, at a safe distance, Sonny fired three photon torpedoes, which hit, devastating in seconds with an intense glow, the entire green area.

The director looked at the Ensign property, saying:

-Rest, son. I'll take you back to your spaceship.

"You still have more missions to accomplish here."

-MORE MISSIONS? - Thought Ensign Zéca stunned fainting again.

***

Recovered, Zéca saw in front of him, the robot-doctor of the S.S.F. GALATRIN 01.

-You are okay. - Said this one in his characteristic mechanical voice. – You were not hurt, even though were hited to unconscientiousness. It was the Director himself who brought you personally and gave orders that you be recovered and then continue the work."

Ensign Zéca sat on the stretcher where he had been lying and asked:

-What is the next delivery on the list?

-One that is in enemy-held territory.

-What a joy! - Replied the Ensign.

***

Temporarily camouflaged outside of Ration's atmosphere, S.S.F. GALATRIN 01 would soon venture into yet another guns delivery.

It would not be enough to simply leave the weapons in the planned place.

They should also be put into operation manually, that is, someone personally on site would have to activate them, because, given the local natural conditions, the signal for activation coming from space would be corrupted and could even identify the position of the emitting ship.

Still suffering from the pain resulting from his adventure in Sonny Blue's helicopter, it would even be the Ensign who would descend, to ensure the activation of these weapons since the environment where they would be left was extremely aggressive, and even robots could not complete the mission satisfactorily.

Hence, the need for the presence of a person to supervise the action.

So the Ensign had to prepare himself, wearing tight clothing with a texture similar to surgical rubbers and covered his neck, and his head with a cap in the same material that had, in front of his face, a wide transparent plastic visor.

Thus dressed, and equipped with several other paraphernalia, Zéca was soon teleported to the surface of Ration.

***

The heat was hellish and the Ensign almost bent his knees as soon as he got there.

When Zéca was about to faint, the air conditioning of his clothes began to work properly, and the situation improved, because the heat there could in less than half an hour, decimate any unwary, even properly dressed.

And this was not the only problem. For the success of the mission, another factor had to be considered: The sand winds that did not stop whipping Fernando Zéca.

Relentless, they were capable of defragmenting into millions of particles any challenge to that deadly nature.

Given this, it was not surprising that the Ensign wanted to finish the job to quickly escape such an infernal heat.

However, some things started to get complicated...

As soon as he felt ready to continue the mission, Fernando Zéca realized that the cargo had not arrived with him, as planned.

Without wasting time, he reported the fact to S.S.F. GALATRINA 01.

-The problem has been resolved. - That was the answer you got, from N.#1, between one and the other squeaking or noise... - The load is already going down.

No sooner said, than done! Soon after, the cargo materialized next to the Ensign.

Without wasting time, he pulled out a remote-control device from his pocket, which soon activated.

The control worked, its sign, however it did not reach the locks of the loads... A problem that was already foreseen.

The local atmospheric conditions would not facilitate the operation of remote activations, forcing the mission to count on the presence of the Ensign.

Fernando Zéca, approached the load, manually opened the locks, then activated the entire robotic arsenal.

There, too, the boxes and containers began to open and unfold, revealing their contents, which also automatically did the same, then transforming themselves into a powerful arsenal of war, ready to devastate everything around.

Then, the programming of these weapons went to the next step, starting to move in search of targets and flew out of there.

Others, such as tanks and armored vehicles, entered formation, moving through that aggressive environment.

With his part of the mission done, the Ensign activated the communicator, trying to establish contact with S.S.F. GALATRIN 01.

He just tried, since he got no answer.

Without communication, there would be no way to return to the ship escaping alive from that aggressive and threatening environment.

***

Fortunately, this type of complication had been foreseen, and an appropriate solution prepared.

The Ensign knew that, in less than five minutes, an auxiliary ship from the S.S.F. GALATRINA 01 would be sent anyway to make rescue.

Faced with the silence of the communicator, Zéca did the only thing he could still do, which was to watch the activation, assembly and departure of all that weaponry.

They were robotic battalions with firepower superior to those of the best armies.

The Ensign still wondered how so much, fit in his modest spaceship whose capacity in the cargo bay was surprising him.

With all that he had already unloaded, it was practically impossible to be anything else to be delivered aboard his ship.

Furthermore, only the firepower of the shipments he had already sent would be able to arm any Rationian army that was aligned with the policies of the Federation, to win a war of complete domination over the World of Atlas.

The situation was tense due to the conflicts in Ration, especially for the Ensign, and because the role he played there, was to ensure the arrival of the means capable of changing the fate of one of the games on the great galactic board of dispute for power.

Even aware of his insignificance in this scenario, Fernando Zéca was resigned,

imagining that, with the GALATRINA cargo compartments already empty, he would soon receive orders to leave that dreadful war scenario.

The Ensign's reflections were interrupted when the atmosphere became even more dangerous than it already was. In addition to the buffeting winds, capable of unbalancing anyone, unexpected explosions, in the vicinity, began to follow one another, making everything even hotter and more scorching.

Zeca sought shelter, and found a large cave at the base of rock formations, which were close to the point, where he had been teleported.

Before reaching the hideout, he could see, in the distance, opposing forces being teleported to the region, to face, and repel, the robotic weapons brought there.

It was the enemy's reaction in progress, which also explained the explosions that popped up around, making the air warmer, and worsening the movement.

On the way, he made yet another observation:

The Federation robots were relentless in their confrontations.

Due to the fact that they were already in the alert condition, as soon as they were activated, they were not surprised, even in the face of the unexpected.

As the enemy was unable to sustain the element of surprise, he ended up being caught by the precision of the robots' shots, which, in turn, reversed the game, and, in less than two minutes, ended the confrontation in his favor.

Speed and efficiency that surprised even Ensign Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, so fond of working with robots, and in sports or military piloting, of spaceships.

The explosions continued, which indicated that the enemy got reinforcements trying to reverse the advance of the Federation weapons in that area, even so, finally, at the entrance of the cave, our protagonist felt safer, although, under the weight of the realization that the auxiliary ship that came to rescue him would have a lot of work to make a successful rescue.

He activated the communicators, aiming to contact the SSF GALATRINA01, trying to facilitate the work of the teleportation in locating him, but the silence on the frequencies continued.

The doubts accumulated in such a way that he even wondered if something bad had happened, such was the delay that only increased his agony.

***

At the entrance of the cave where he took refuge from the heat of the explosions, which, combined with the local natural conditions, threatened to overheat the special suit he was wearing, the Ensign searched the skies for some sign of the auxiliary ship that would come for him

All he saw were fireballs, caused by explosions from the shots fired against the protective shield that the Federation's weapons had established over that perimeter.

The shots intensified which made the Ensign wonder how long the defensive system would withstand such conditions...

Without many alternatives as to what to do, while watching all the movement from the entrance of the cave, he ended up leaning his back on a nearby inner wall.

He took the opportunity to relax, rested a little, and, when he went to move away from the wall to stretch, he noticed that his back was a little stuck and he felt difficulties to move.

The Ensign pushed his body and managed to move away from the wall, which seemed to want to stick him to it. Forcing the movement even more, he heard the sound tearing in his back.

He looked at the wall and saw a piece of fabric attached to it.

He checked his clothing and found that one of the protective layers had in fact been torn, so the clothing would lose efficiency in some functions: the first of them would be the

air conditioning.

And, in fact, the heat soon increased, but it was not something that was so unbearable.

Fernando Zéca, realized that around the sole of his shoes there was also the same transparent boogers that formed in the fabric of his clothes.

Walking there was difficult, since the sole stuck so much that it almost melted to the ground.

He tried to get away from the cave, but that floor made things difficult with each step becoming more difficult to take.

Finally the silence in the communicators ended, N.#1 was calling.

-Ensign, I'm going down to get you. Get into position for teleportation. I will descend with an auxiliary ship, and will only be able to make one attempt.

Fernando Zéca finally managed to run to an open space, feeling his back heat up, due to clothing problems.

As he ran through the scorching heat, he anticipated the flight path that his first mate would take to rescue him, so as to position himself in an easy place to be saved.

With so many explosions, he imagined that the auxiliary ship would make a direct descent to the closest point to where it was, so as not to suffer interference from local atmospheric phenomena, at the moment it had to activate the teleportation.

Once the rescue was done, the exit would be at full speed, to escape enemy fire.

Fernando Zéca stopped at the most suitable place for teleportation and waited.

The explosions were now booming closer.

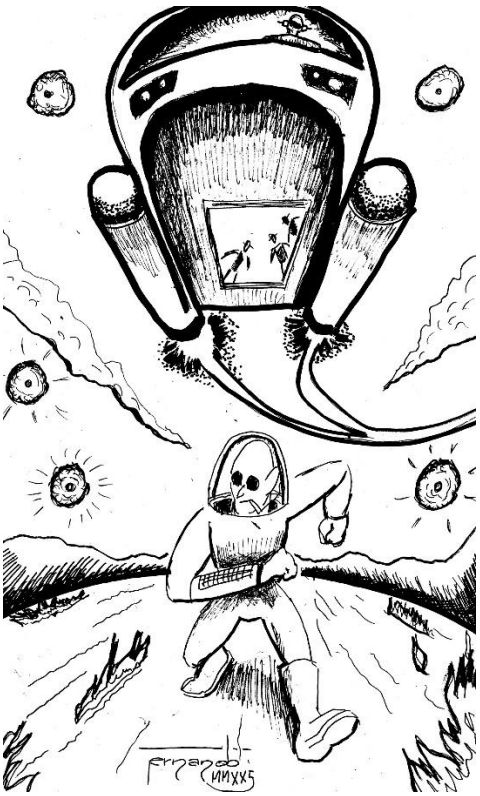
Each one of them, moving puffs of hot air, which passed around, warming the Ensign, where his clothes were torn.

On the horizon, he saw a white line descending from the heights of the skys, elongating, and curving towards him.

It was the auxiliary craft at high speed. Around it, several explosions followed one another, with some, very close to its path. And then, it flew low, approaching.

It slowed down, and at three meters above the ground, hovered above the Ensign.

In a few seconds, made the successful teleportation, rescuing the heated Ensign at high speed.



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Inside the auxiliary ship, the Ensign's back pain immediately subsided.

After all, one of the robot crew members helped him take off his clothes by bandaging the areas where there were burns.

However, not all problems were solved: The departure of the auxiliary ship from the combat zone would not take place easily.

The enemy forces of the Rationian must have already suspected that one of those responsible for the reversal in the local power game could be there, on the run.

Therefore, they reinforced the siege in the regions around where the auxiliary ship circulated. And when the surveillance located them, it mobilized its artillery in a merciless attack.

However, the chosen target was not easy prey.

The auxiliary ship, in addition to extremely powerful defensive bulkheads, was equipped with a reinforced hull, so that all shots against it were absorbed without major shocks, even allowing a defensive response, with the weapons available.

Thus, most of the attackers were soon reduced to ashes with one, or at most, two shots from the very powerful phaser cannons of the auxiliary ship's arsenal.

With good weapons, the precision of the robotic work was evident, which facilitated the escape, to a safe area, where then, under the protection of a camouflage device, the path to S.S.F. GALATRIN 01 was made smoothly.

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Finally, back in the spacecraft, no sooner had he finished receiving treatment for the burns, the Ensign, was reminded by N.#1, that the mission would go ahead.

-Very well. - Fernando Zéca agreed. - What do we have ahead?

-Our next mission will be simpler.

"We must pass over a city occupied by enemies, and over it we will throw three self-programmed containers."

-Self-programmed containers? What do they do? - asked the Ensign.

-This information is classified and, to us, unknown.

"Our mission is to drop the load in the indicated city."

-And why don't we teleport it to the surface?

-Unknown.

-That smells some kind of bombardment... - Let the Ensign, involuntarily, slip this thought into words.

-It is not up to us to question. We only obey orders. - Reminded N.#1, coldly.

Some doubts disturbed Fernando Zéca's mind, but because he was from security, it was not good business to think about or question orders from above.

It was better to close his beak obeying, like a good yes-boss-Sir-man.

In any case, just in case, he checked if was safe...

-Did Sonny Blue leave this order signed and registered somewhere?

-Yes. It is recorded in our archives. It is official and must be fulfilled immediately, without further questioning, Ensign.

***

For the new mission, the instructions came signed and very well detailed.

F.S.S. GALATRINA 01 was supposed to: drop the payload, flying close to the top of Ration's atmosphere, then accelerate and depart for another mission.

Even the time in which the operation would be performed was counted.

In a brief meeting with the robotic crew, the flight path was set, the clocks were set and the countdown began to run.

Everything going well, the order, in less than two minutes, would be delivered.

It would be nice if all the missions were so fast.

***

Sitting in his command chair, once again the Ensign found that, there, everything was cramped, not resembling at all, the large command rooms of the ships of the famous and fearless Captains of Starfleet, in any case he had at his fingertips, resources of all kinds unavailable to other vessels of the category.

Thus, he evaluated the entire situation, authorized the operation and the spacecraft immediately began the trajectory prepared to launch.

It would go around the city 3 times in a wide downward spiral, then head towards the center of the circumference, and there drop the charge.

Then, it was supposed to accelerate, moving on to the next mission.

In this way, the S.S. F.GALATRINA 01 was lowering the altitude and already finished making the first lap with speed, and the entry angle already set.

The ship's camouflage systems did not leave any visible traces.

That was a mission in which the Ensign just checked the dials of the piloting consoles, while the robots worked so that nothing went wrong.

The second round started maintaining the pattern of the first.

Some winds lashed the ship, but they were not strong enough to alter the course.

When it was finishing, the third lap, the pre-programmed pilot led her to the established point, and there dropped the cargo, under the supervision of the crew that only verified and guaranteed the success of the mission.

-This one was too easy! I wish everything was always like this. - Said Zéca.

The Ensign was already wondering what the content of that cargo would be, when the monitors recorded the explosion of an immense fireball, coming from the rear of the ship that seemed relentless, growing, quickly and enormously,

S.S.F. GALATRINA 01 distanced itself from it, and only then did the Ensign ask:

-What was that?

-Everything indicates that it is the answer to your questions regarding the content of the cargo. - Replied coldly N.1.

-What do you mean?

-It seems that we have just dropped nuclear devices over the city...

-Nuclear artifacts? What kind?

-Bombs!



***

Ensign Fernando Zéca widened his eyes.

The game was now getting more engaging and dangerous.

He was no longer just a secondary participant in the conflict.

His personal involvement far exceeded everything he had anticipated.

The very first directive, (that of non-involvement of the Federation of United Planets in the internal affairs of non-federated planets) in this case, has already been completely broken into unrecognizable pieces.

-N.#1: Were you aware of the content of this charge that we dropped on the city?

-As I have already informed you... Before... No. I only came to deduce now, after the explosions.

The Ensign was not working the way he wanted, that is: knowing and having control of everything in his hands regarding the services in which he was directly or indirectly involved. I couldn't complain.

As he was in the lowest rank, he only had to obey orders without much questioning. At least, that way he didn't take responsibility for anything.

But the situation could not go on like this without knowing in detail what he was doing... It wasn't fair, then the Ensign started to question more...

-In the cargo compartments of the S.S. F. GALATRINA 01, is there still a lot left to be delivered? - Asked Fernando Zéca.

-They are full of cargo.

-FULL? How? We deliver a lot of stuff and they are still full?"

The robots did not respond.

-I'll check it out. N.#1! Come with me.

The two got up from the seats where they occupied their seats, and headed for the cargo compartment.

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The Ensign, and his humanoid robot mate exited the elevator, directly into the cargo hold.



-But it's packed to the ceiling! - Exclaimed the Ensign with his hands on his own bald head.

Accompanied by the N.#1, he walked between aisles of boxes and containers storing various weapons and other various equipment.

-Something doesn't fit. - Grumbled the Ensign...

He walked until he found a strange ring about eight meters in diameter, and one thick, attached to one of the walls of the cargo compartment.

With such a strange shape, the curious object would not fit elsewhere inside the ship. But how would he have been taken there? It was teletransported or assembled during the repairs????

The only explanation would be that: that insertion in the cargo bay was made during the very quick renovations that the S.S.F. GALATRINA 01 went through in DEEP SPACE NINE, funded by Prima Veronica, his colleague at the E.Y.E. or, Federation's SECRET SERVICE, which he himself, as the dumb commander of the spacecraft, not even had time to inspect.

But why would she have done that?

Fernando Zéca approached the ring, and pressed a green and shiny button that was on a panel arranged right next it.

As soon as the Ensign moved that command, an image formed inside the ring.

The Ensign did not need long to recognize the place of that image; one of the warehouses in DEEP SPACE NINE, where there was an arsenal of untold power.

It was enough to reason a little, and soon Fernando Zéca put things together, concluding that: inside his ship, he carried, in addition to the cargo, an active space passage, capable of connecting two distant points, and, in this case, the first end of this connection was the S.S.F. GALATRINA 01 itself, and the other, the space station located light years away from the place where he was at the moment.

With such an arsenal, the E.Y.E. wanted, even in Ration, a base already armed and ready for combat, which, in addition to bringing greater security, would increase the weight of the decisions given by the Federation in the sector of the Blue Sky nebula.

That connection between such distant places opened a practically hidden supply line, which reduced the costs of the trip of a group of freighters loaded with weapons, drawing the attention of attentive observers.

After reflecting on all this, the Ensign pointed to the ring and asked N.#1:

-Don't tell me you didn't know about it...

-I was not allowed to report the contents of the cargo compartment

-My spaceship with such a thing inside, and, I'm the last to know...

The Ensign got a little closer to the ring, but, due to some distraction, he ended up stumbling and when he fell, he held on to the artifact.

As soon as he touched it, he received an unforgettable shock, and was then enveloped by a kind of bluish and bright mist.

The shock ceased as soon as he untouched the ring.

The fall, however, was inevitable, taking the clumsy Ensign to the ground, without major consequences.

Lying on his back, as soon as he went to get up, he looked around, and his eyes widened.

Apart from the embarrassment of the fall, Fernando Zéca did not feel any discomfort, nor was he injured, but the bluish mist around him made him suspicious of his faculties, after all, in the cargo bay of the spacecraft, there was nothing to react by creating something like this.

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SUPER INTERLUDE for MULTIPLE JOURNEYS in universes BEYOND IMAGINATION.

3,5

Fernando Zéca was surprised by the blue mist that enveloped him, preventing from seeing N.#1, or even the walls of the ship. Just the ring ahead of him.

This one, now, inside, no longer showed the image of the cargo depot located in DEEP SPACE NINE, but a black space sprinkled with stars and galaxies.

The mysterious eight-meter-diameter ring, of unknown origin, should not even be in the cargo bay of his ship.

Was that bluish haze coming out of some mechanism of the ring?

Was some component of it melting, or spoiling, generating that strange mist in the process? That in any case, even if it was not toxic, it hid everything.

-N.#1... N.#1... - Called, Fernando Zéca...

The robot mate did not answer.

Ensign let out a sequence of expletives, and took a deep breath.

The lighting of the fog was not bad, but it prevented him from seeing the rest of the ship.

As he tried to move away from the ring, a shadow moved towards him.

-N.#1... - He called the Ensign again.

-Your first mate is not here.

Out of the fog, a humanoid figure emerged. A Romulan.

Fernando Zéca could tell by the silver clothes he was wearing.

The Romulan stopped before the perplexed Ensign, and introduced himself:

-I'm Silas.

***

SILAS (2)



Silas... Silas... Silas...

That name was familiar to the Ensign, but he still had to reason a little until two points joined together forming a straight line.

Still, the hypothesis was a bit crazy...

-Marge's father?

-Yes. Marge's father.

-But Marge is an Andorian...

Silas smiled with the corner of his mouth and moved his head in agreement

-How did you manage to get to my ship? - asked Zéca, a little stunned.

-About that, don't worry. - Silas replied. - What matters is that we need to talk...

From how much Marge talked about her father, Zéca knew that he would be an extraordinary bigwig. Never, however, would the possibility of finding him, at a time like that, in the cargo bay of his ship, cross his mind.

-Mr. Silas... Do you have any idea what's going on here?

-Yes. And there is nothing to worry about.

The Ensign looked around and saw nothing but the mysterious ring, in the midst of that blue mist, which seemed eternal.

If the Romulan was indeed who he said he was, then, perhaps, he would be reliable because, even though he had taken it, the biggest one outside of his daughter, he still liked Marge.

Not to the point of nurturing any hope of return to the fervid relationship they had, because time had already healed all the wounds of unresolved love, throwing this story into the past.

But now; with Silas there... What was happening?

***

-I want to talk to you. - Said Zéca. - But, all this bluish mist...

"I need to check where this smoke comes from. Maybe the ship is in trouble."

-Don't worry, your ship is not in any danger.

"On the other hand, the one who may actually be in danger is Marge."

Zéca's eyes widened and he even took half a step back, as if someone was pushing him

Even though he believed that the separation from Marge had been due to some mistake or fault on his part, he did not want anything bad to happen to her.

If something bad happened to her, he would be ready to help her, or, in the worst case, break the snout of some eventual slacker, who advanced, with ignorance, on her.

-What's with Marge?

-She disappeared. - Silas said, trying to keep his composure...

-What?

-She disappeared from my sight. I can't find it anywhere.

Zéca widened his eyes, and Silas continued:

-Marge was last seen, walking through a door like this.

He said this and pointed to the mysterious ring, which NOW, in the midst of the space scenario, previously described, had ALSO, less than a meter in front of its doorposts, an old common wooden door, white in color, with a golden lock and handle, floating in the midst of the starry blackness.

Between the two passages hovered the ominous seemingly infinite chasm, with clouds forming a turbulent tunnel between the ring and the door.

Another psychedelic scenario, intriguing even more, the already confused Ensign.

Even so, he tried to stay focused:

-Do you really think Marge is in danger?

Silas was silent for a few seconds, looked seriously at the ground until he answered:

-Perhaps... I don't rule out any possibility.

Quickly, in Zéca's mind, the most scabrous hypotheses were conjectured, and that of kidnapping was the one that disturbed him the most '.

Due to this doubt, which he found very pertinent, he asked:

-When she passed through the door you said...

"Do you know if she did it of her own free will? Was there anyone with her?"

Silas looked firmly at Zeca, and said:

-The perception I have is that she was misled and continued on that path."

"Anyway, she's missing, and she hasn't responded to any of my calls."

-So, would she have gone voluntarily?

-Yes... Almost certainly so...

-Best... So... Did you try to go yourself after her, opening this door and going through the passage?

-I can't. Even though I have resources in many places, in others, my powers are worth absolutely nothing.

-And what powers would these be?

Silas used a play on words, so as not to clarify:

-Those of a worried father.

-Understand... And why do you think I can help you?

-I myself cannot follow you down this path, because..."

"Well, let's say that, it's blocked for me, but I can give you some resources that will help you find it..."

-You must not know, but she broke up with me, and maybe doesn't want me to go after her.

-I'm her father, and I want to know what's going on.

"Marge may have been the victim of some ruse, or scam..."

That scared Fernando, who made an effort to keep his facial expression controlled.

He didn't want to bother Marge, but the possibility of some clever parasitizing her, to the point of giving her any kind of harm was annoying, even so, Zéca thought a little better and said:

-Even if I could, I wouldn't be able to.... I wouldn't even know how to locate or go after Marge...

-You don't know, but I know.

-But then... Why hasn't you already gone after her?

"Having such good resources, you can hire more qualified people for the job."

-I agree, but you know her well, and you have the ability to follow the same line of reasoning that she would follow, in case something unforeseen arises.

-Not at all. Marge is too smart for me to follow her reasoning. You may have even more of this capacity than I do...

Silas made an expression of doubt...

-Not so much. I annoy her, because I'm her father and I have to say things that this big-headed, deaf girl doesn't like to hear to be smart... The last time I met her was like this, and at the moment, I made her upset. Then some time passed and she disappeared."

"My daughter always disappears when she gets angry, but she usually doesn't escape my surveillance. I think something, attracted her, to what I believe is a trap..."

-Silas, I want to help you, but I don't even know where to start...

-You will have to go through the door in my place, because, personally, I will not serve in the search, moreover, if my presence is perceived, the operation will be compromised.

"But I'll get you resources to look for Marge, successfully and safely."

Those words (success and security) not only reassured, but already gave some hope to the Ensign, who, even so, was still cautious...

-And what would these resources be? - Asked Zéca with a face of doubt...

Silas made a broad gesture as if by magic, then a tricorder appeared in his hand.

Of course, Fernando was surprised by the trick, but he kept his face as a poker player, so as not to give the impression of being any uninformed...

-You know what Marge is like with her ornaments and props...

-Of course I know. - Said Zéca. - She's made me wait many hours in these trinket shops just to buy some necklaces or earrings."

-Yes... - Silas continued. - This special tricorder, among several functions, is calibrated to locate one of the adornments that Marge now wears all the time.

Silas paused, and said:

-Stretch your left arm,

Without blinking, Zéca stretched and Silas glued to the Ensign's wrist, a ribbon similar to a durex, which as soon as it was attached, soon disappeared into the skin.

-Now run the finger of your right hand over the place where the tape was applied.

Zéca obeyed and, in front of him, appeared, out of nowhere, a kind of shelf full of partitions, with all kinds of weapons.

From portable cannons, to shoot down a space cruiser, to grenades, and mini-photon torpedo launchers.

To Zéca's amazement, on that shelf, there were even bladed weapons...

-All of this is miniaturized and at your disposal. - Silas said. - Just pick it up and use it.

Zéca could barely contain his astonishment. He ran his finger over his wrist, and the shelf disappeared.

It passed and new, and it reappeared.

Finally, he "put away" the gun rack, then Silas handed him the "tricorder".

Zéca placed the holder that held the device on his shoulder.

-So it's like this, Silas: soon, I'm going to test the tricorder and get away from my job to go after Marge.

-No! - Silas said. - You go now!

"Your service will not be hindered. You'll soon be back."

-Are you sure, Silas?

-Of course. Don't worry. It doesn't take long!

"Open that door, go into it, and find my daughter."

"Just follow the instructions of the tricorder, which is not wrong. As soon as you find it, press the yellow button on the side of the device, and I'll show up."

Silas pointed with the palm of one hand to the portal, while the other arm was behind his body, like a waiter showing the way to the dining table...

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano felt in the air the smell that something may not have been told to him, even so, he did not pay attention to this presentiment, because was enthusiastic about the bracelet of the weapons.

Even because of his short stature, he was not good at one-on-one fights.

However, in combat with firearms, everything changed because, in addition to being an expert marksman, he was an expert in weapons and their stories, so that the arsenal he had available at the touch of his finger only encouraged him to face the unknown.

Of course he wanted to help Marge, and her father, but the possibility of using all that weaponry was stimulating and even placated the anxiety he felt, having to postpone the completion of work and his duties, with Sonny Blue and the annoying N.#1 (his robotic First Mate).

And because he believed again in the estimates of time that were given him, the doubts were dispelled, and he encouraged himself to advance to the edge of the mysterious ring, which, inside, showed the curious white wooden door, floating in the middle of nowhere.

Without much thought, Fernando stretched out his arm, moved the handle of it, and

easily opened. Beyond it, nothing could be seen.

Zéca adjusted his glasses which, among several functions, included vision, in the densest darkness, and, with a jump, advanced beyond the threshold of that intriguing passage.

***



On the other side, at first, nothing could be seen.

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano looked back in the direction of the bluish light by the mysterious mist, which was still the only thing visible.

Soon, however, the door closed, and total darkness set in.

Even before he activated the accessories of his glasses, Fernando Zéca's retina began to adapt to the new situation, so the blackness decreased, and the Ensign realized that he was in an open place, far from his spaceship.

Gradually, he saw clear points at the top, and a starry sky, little by little, revealed itself, along with the surrounding relief.

The ground was dry and sandy with rocks of all sizes.

The tricorder beeped. Zéca verified the cause, and found that the device's flare indicated a route to follow, which would eventually reach Marge.

Without wasting time, he advanced along the indicated path.

***

Initially, it was not easy to keep on the indicated route, however, the clouds dispersed revealing a bright white moon, like the Earth's, so the direction to be followed was illuminated until, further on the way, it came across a sign.

He approached it, and even at night, found that, in fact, it was a warning, with large letters, as follows:

AREA 51

RESTRICTED ACCESS

DON'T GO FROM HERE
REGISTRATION OF ANY KIND IS PROHIBITED
TOP **SECRET INSTALLATION**
USE OF LETHAL FORCE
IS LEGALLY AUTHORIZED

Further on, there was a wire fence, five meters high, following through the darkness, as far as the eye could see.

Fernando Zéca had no more doubts: If, looking at the stars, he already suspected the possibility of being on Earth, now, with that plaque, his suspicions were confirmed.

However, the warning was clear. It was not the best place to wait for dawn.

The Ensign deviated from the direction to follow, moving away from the barrier, however, the tricorder soon gave an audible warning indicating that he was out of the right path, which was precisely crossing that fence.

***

It didn't take a spider's sixth sense to realize that he would have problems moving forward.

Even so, the tricorder clearly indicated that the route to be taken must pass over that fence, equipped with various alarm and security devices.

Fernando Zéca, since he was a child, was educated not to invade private property, as this would avoid undesirable consequences, without offending the consecrated rights of others.

And it was not only fear that made him respect this custom: but also his conviction.

Early on, he understood that the private is not public, and must be respected, even so that the State would not take care of everything, stealing properties and attributions that did not belong to it, thus leaving everyone with nothing!

In this sense, from an early age he was educated and disciplined in obedience to the Laws and good customs.

He was also warned of the dangers of the conversations of movements and politicians who promise democracy and equality, but only deliver tax increases and controls to reduce freedoms.

Thus, advancing within the limits of the fence would make him break principles that were on his mind since earliest childhood:

He would be invading property that was not his, and still disobeying the Laws...

He then thought of Marge and finally decided.

For that beauty he would do any business.

When he had finally solved the dilemma, he was surprised by the arrival of three flying motorcycles, piloted by uniformed humanoids in bright clothes and black helmets.

-Don't move! - Ordered one of them.

-Identify yourself.

-What are you doing here?

They landed around Fernando Zéca and took the tricorder from him.

The guys were threatening, and even among themselves, they treated each other harshly:

-It is a common tricorder. - One said, after examining the device wich taken it for checking.

-Who are you? What do you do here? Where did it come from? - Asked the other.

-I'm Fernando Zéca Corinthiano. I need to talk to the person in charge here.

-Fernando Zéca Corinthiano? - asked one of them, visibly surprised.

-Exactly. - He confirmed.

The uniformed man turned to the others in a lower voice:

-Did you see that? Fernando Zéca Corinthiano...

One of the uniformed people typed non-stop on a laptop attached to the motorcycle's tank.

-Let's take him to the headquarters... The Admiral wants to see him.

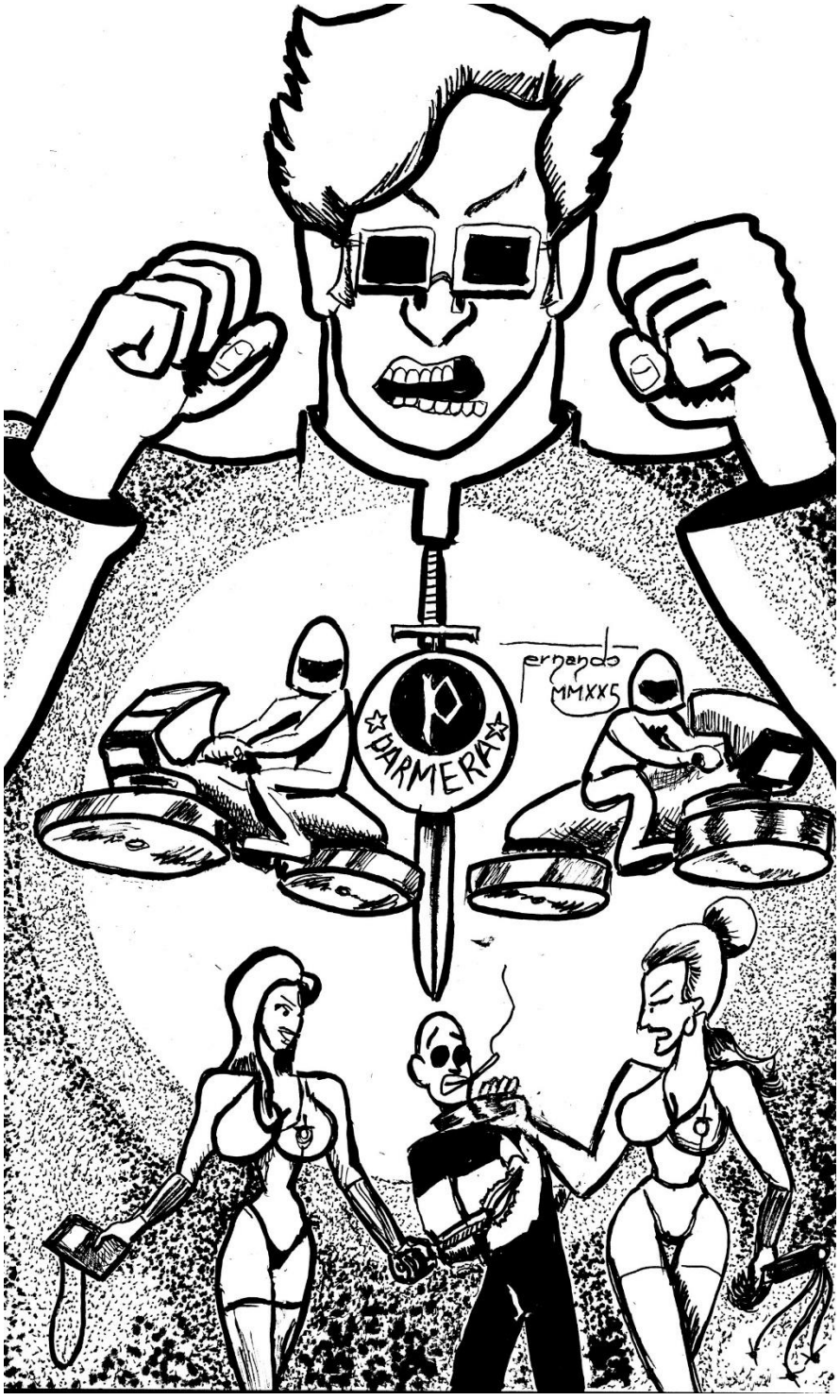
-The Admiral? - Asked the other. - Then we will have movement there.

-That's what looks like. Let's go.

That said, a teleportation beam involved the four, and also, the flying motorcycles. Seconds later, there was no one else there.

Silence reigned again in that desert area.

***



Far from there, Fernando Zéca materializes together with the bikers who approached him, inside a hangar, where there were several other flying motorcycles and some more of those guys with wake uniforms.

As soon as he recovered from the involuntary teleportation, he was handcuffed and collared.

-But I didn't do anything. - He said in a plaintive voice. - I didn't even invade the place indicated on the sign.

-You are no longer in our jurisdiction. - Said one of the bikers.

-There's someone wanting to meet you...

They walked a little further, and soon two very beautiful girls appeared, wearing strange green uniforms, low-cut, miniskirts and with their abdomen (six-pack) exposed.

They adorned themselves with beautiful necklaces, earrings, very fine makeup and at chest height, in both, there was the logo with the planet Earth on a round plane, pierced by a broadleaf sword.

The young women did not carry pistols, but knives!

-You come with us... Corinthian!

The bikers handed over a paper on a clipboard, which the young women soon signed, with a common pen, and the custody of Fernando Zéca passed to them.

The tricorde was also delivered to them.

-He had this device with him.

The young woman picked it up, looked at him with a contemptuous face and could not contain it:

-Do these Corinthians come to spy on us with this old stuff?

-Hey! I didn't come to spy on anyone.

He didn't even finish saying that, and was slapped in the mouth.

It came from the other in uniform, wanting to show that she also knew how to command.

-Shut up. No one asked your opinion. - She said.

It was a little lower than the other. In a way, a smaller version, since the green uniform and the haircut made the two look alike.

By the arms, they led him in a daze, to an elevator, where they entered.

When the door closed, they glued the Ensign to the wall, one of them, pressing his own elbow right in the middle of the unfortunate man's rib cage, causing him intense pain, while the other immobilized him.

-This one is very ugly.

-He's not a heartthrob, but I'd stay with him at least a week since the men here don't care about women...

-Speak up, Corinthian... What you came here to do?

-Are you armed or did you come with just this tricorder?

-I'm looking for a person. - Replied Fernando Zéca stunned - That tricorder brought me here. But I think it's broken.

-This is an old thing. It's good for nothing.

-Are we going to kill this unfortunate?

-No! It is the Admiral who will decide what to do with the intruder.

-What a pity. So let me give him a little more of our courtesy...

Then she hit a knee on the Lieutenant's liver, making him bend over,

And soon after he threw another punch.

-Do you think you're getting beaten up a lot? Get ready for the worst to come. You will become food for the Admiral's pets. Whoever he hates, becomes pasture.

-He hates everyone. - Complemented the other. - He does not like women or children.

-Truth! All he really likes is the wild boars he raises.

-KKKKKK

Finally the elevator door opened and Zeca continued to be led by the two, who took him to a filthy, dark and smelly office.

Sitting behind a large table was the head of the area.

An athletic guy, sweaty and stinky, a little shorter than the Ensign himself and, owner of a peroxide blond hair with white sides.

He wore square sunglasses, wore a white blouse, with tight green pants, full of dark splatters and whitish spots near the height of the fly.

With a yellowish armpit and darkened bottoms, the guy gave a smelly smile, coming from the breath that could be from the stomach, or even from the intestines.

Sucking the dentures that wanted to jump out of his mouth, he asked:

-Is this the invader?

-Yes, sir, Admiral. - Replied one of the girls.

-He is unarmed. He says he came only with this old tricorder.

The old guy got up, approached Fernando, released the collar attached to the detainee's neck and opened his handcuffs.

Then held it so that the cuffs stayed like rings wrapped around his fingers, thus improvising a brass knuckle.

Unexpectedly, he began to hit the Corinthians, who, completely stunned by the blows already taken, could barely stay conscious, almost vomiting, with the many other slaps he had received in a few seconds.

The guy even took a pointy and sharp letter opener on the table and stuck it in the Ensign, as if it were a cushion.

He had no idea why the old man attacked him with such desire, until he introduced himself:

-Nice to meet you! I'm Admiral Fernando Zéca Palmeirense!

***

The dear reader who has some knowledge of parallel universes and their characteristics may already be suspicious of the place where our protagonist ended up.

In any case, whether this is the case, or not, you already have my respect and thanks, for bravely having reached this line.

But let's return our attention to the Corinthian Ensign, who at that moment was introduced to one of his namesakes, the Palmeirense.

Those who do not know football, may not have realized the joke that exists there, since, in this sport, which in itself is already a true universe in which Palmeirenses and Corinthians are usually opposing teams, on the field disputing the control of the ball, and outside, with their fans, eventually killing each other for nonsense.

Once the joke is over, let's return to the warm and violent reception given by the Admiral to the Ensign.

Realizing that the unfortunate Corinthian no longer reacted to the pain of the blows he received, the Admiral paused the aggressions, throwing the handcuffs on the table.

-I'm going to keep this Corinthian garbage to suffer a little more later.

He then went through some drawers on the table, took a sniff, passed his index finger over the left side of his nose, and shouted to the girls who held the Ensign:

-Where did you put my white snuff? Where?

-Is there no more in your drawer, Admiral?

-It's over here. You can get out of here and get more for me, your sluts.

-Yes, sir! - Said one of them.

-Yes, sir! - Repeated the other.

-So leave that idiot there and don't delay with my flour, otherwise I'll have you both killed.

-Yes, sir. - Said the two in unison, leaving the unfortunate Ensign like a sack of potatoes on the ground.

-Remember...- Continued the Admiral. - I have no problem getting out of my way whoever I think has to die. It can be an ally, religious, relative, friend of mine, or even enemy. I'll kill everyone, so bring me more snuff and get out of here.

Without wasting any more time, the two left there, leaving the Ensign to his fate.

***

After such a warm welcome, the Admiral took the communicator out of his pocket, made a call, putting on headphones, and, as soon as he was answered, began to report:

-DUDE! You won't believe. There's an intruder here in front of me who was about to break into the headquarters. It's certainly a spy snooping."

-I wasn't spying...- Protested the Ensign on the ground, writhing in pain.

He could not continue his whining because he was soon kicked by the Admiral.

-Quiet Corinthian. I didn't give you order to say anything.

The Admiral then paid attention to the headset connected to the communicator and said:

-Yes. He is from Corinthians. Can you believe it???

With a serious face, while calmly kicking the Ensign lying on the ground, he continued the conversation...

-But of course! Of course he will serve as food for my wild boars...

"Just today... Yes! Soon, at breakfast time."

"I'm going to kick this opossum a little more, and leave it ready, to become food for my pets... Come here because today the party is ours."

Stretched out on the floor, Fernando Zéca listened to the chatter, having the distinct impression that he could do nothing else, except die like a human punching bag.

Such was the conviction even of the Admiral in the situation, that at a certain point in the conversation with his interlocutor, he was so involved and happy in the conversation that he left the room carefree, leaving the Corinthian namesake, suffering alone.

Finally then, with no one tormenting his head with blows and offenses, the Ensign was able to gradually reorder his thoughts.

He had no idea what the hell of fucking place had come to, but didn't deserve such a reception so if, Zéca really wanted to help Marge would have to resist to survive.

Still confused, he ran his finger on his wrist, where the bracelet given by Silas had been implanted.

Following the movement, in the blink of an eye, he saw in front of him, the "shelf" in whose partitions, the weapons of a powerful arsenal were at his disposal.

***

Facing all that weaponry, the fire of hope shone again, and his will to live gained strength, even with his broken face and several fractures.

What was at stake was life itself, and the obligation to resist arbitrariness.

Above all: finding Marge...

Therefore, he refocused on the many possibilities of weapons he had to choose from, so he ended up noticing on one of the shelves, medical regenerators with healing sprays and sedatives.

Without wasting time, he medicated himself with what he had available, and as he recovered his energy, his thoughts returned to order in a normal way.

In his arsenal he even found some of his favorite cigarettes, and soon lit one of them, which immediately restored his strength completely.

As he let out quick puffs, he took one of the weapons, in which the following message shone in the air, in white:

-Do you want to use support mode and tactical guidance?

As Fernando Zéca Corinthiano was not proud to the point of refusing any kind of help, even more, in a situation like that, he logically accepted.

Along with the three-dimensional question floating in front of him, a small ball appeared and began to make circular movements, then requesting more information:

-Tell them what your goal is.

Fernando Zéca, replied:

-Escape from hostile environment and self-defense.

-Choose the degree of strength to be used – It was the following message, which still asked for more specifications:

[ ] Paralysis of the enemy, without violence
[ ] Mutilation and laceration of the enemy, with violence
[ ] Death of the enemy, with unnecessary and unrestricted violence

-Death of the enemy, with unnecessary and unrestricted violence! - He chose out of anger.

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, soon imagined that he would receive cannons and rifles to decimate everything around, but he was surprised when, from one of the partitions, dozens of armed drones began to fly out, like a swarm of insects, which began a destructive march in which they advanced, knocking down everything around and instilling terror.

What the power of that armament was much higher than imagined.

Now, Zéca was even, slightly regretful, of the option chosen because the drones, even against some resistance, continued violently without leaving anything standing.

As a warlord advanced along the steaming trail of wreckage and, miraculously, found the tricorder still signaling a direction to be followed that was the way to reach Marge and so, there went the Ensign...



***

Even though it was extremely violent and deadly, the action of the drones under Zéca's command still left behind a lot of things such as intact hangars, where there were several models of flying saucers, triangular ships, borg artifacts and other unknown curiosities.

As a scholar on the subject, the Ensign could easily spend months poring over there, analyzing the details of each one, but his priority was to find Marge, so he followed the route that was indicated to him, until reached a large hall, where, in the middle of it, was a white wooden door, with a golden handle, very similar to the one that had opened his way to the vicinity of the Area 51.

It was standing, with no wall around it in the middle of the shed.

Then the drones gathered around Zéca, while he activated the "built-in closet" from his wrist and the drones returned to the shelves, from where they had left and the "weapons cabinet" was hidden.

The Ensign looked at the door, and, anxious to meet Marge again, took the handle, turned it, and, as on the previous occasion, opened it by advancing beyond its thresholds.

He then found himself, in a different place from that shed full of astonishing ships where, until then, he had been.

An unknown environment that left him confused.

***

THE WOMANIZING DOCTOR

At least the air there was breathable.

However, the vision he had, before passing through the mysterious door, was not as detailed as the one he had now, inserted in that environment. Right away he noticed the intense cold that forced Zéca to activate the heater of his jacket and the pants of his uniform.

But such a measure was palliative because it did not fully compensate for the low temperature.

A light mist hovered, and when the Ensign breathed, it even smoked.

It was not clear the purpose of that machinery, which had many meters, which mechanically did not seem to make any sense.

Cautiously, he walked around the place, until he found a way out to another room.

Before, however, he was surprised by a kind of "mechanized" cry that, even though it was not natural, had something emotional, tense, and even frightening expressing a very clear and threatening message:

-EXTERMINATE! EXTERMINATE!

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano turned to the direction from where he heard that scream and came across the threat, which looked like a kind of garbage can, almost two meters high, facing downwards in which at the bottom of the thing there was a metallic skirt, with several spheres, integrated into it.

From such a frightening figure, three extensions emerged, retractable, in the shape of a bar, at the end of which there were two guns and a claw.

Fernando Zéca had never seen anything like it in his life, nor did he imagine what it was and did not even have time to think about it, since the thing shot deadly rays in his direction.

Luckily, as soon as he heard the shrill screams, instinct forced him to take shelter.

-EXTERMINATE! EXTERMINATE!

As a follower of the philosophy, which preaches: WHOEVER SHOOTS TO KILL, DESERVES BE SHOTED TO DIE, Zéca pulled out two pistols that he had previously attached to his waist, took aim and sent several accurate shots at the target, disintegrating the hysterical exterminator.

More cautious, Fernando Zéca then advanced to the other room: a room, very similar to those of a motel, with a bed, where lay unconscious a humanoid, connected through tubes and wires to an immense machinery.

Suddenly, the Ensing heard:

-EXTERMINATE! EXTERMINATE!

The sound came from the shadows of that room, more specifically from machines similar to the previously disintegrated, only much larger, and also connected through a messy tangle of wires and tubes to the sleeper lying there.

But the darkened environment still hid other smaller machines, which formed a sonorous menacing chorus.

-EXTERMINATE! EXTERMINATE!

They all arrived shooting at Fernando Zéca, who ran like a mad monkey, in that small space, returning the hail that was directed at him with accurate shots from their phaser pistols.

The shooting was still intense, but, in fact, the one who was getting the better of Fernando Zéca, since his fast movement, and high hit rate, reduced the number of attackers in the enemy ranks, consequently, the chances of being shot.

-EXTERMINATE! EXTERMINATE!

The battle remained intense, and emotions ran high until Fernando Zéca fired a clear and destructive shot at what seemed to be the commander of the entire attack.

With the mechanical monster useless, only then did the horde of attackers fall paralyzed, as if a short circuit had fused their reasoning.

Realizing that the most imminent danger was no longer a threat, Fernando Zéca, put away his weapons while in bed, the sleeper woke up.

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A guy taller than a professional basketball player, black hair, skin and beard disconnected from everything that held him back.

He sat down, looked around and saw the aggressors rendered useless by Zéca's action.

-They deceived me. - He said in very politely. - They took advantage of my weakness for women..."

Fernando Zéca soon realized he had something in common with the guy, after all, he also had his crush on beautiful women.

-Look what they did to me... - He continued whining the guy as he got dressed.

"I was led to believe that I was at a party, surrounded by beauties interested in dating me..."

-In a virtual simulation? - asked Zéca.

-They put that in my head. - He said looking at the wires that until then were connected to his forehead. - These perfidious little creatures have evolved since our last meeting: and they deceived me well... How stupid I was...

Fernando Zéca did not interrupt the man's daydreams.

Perhaps, through these, he could understand the situation a little better.

-Cunning creatures! I could have been stuck in this false reality, for a long time... Perhaps, enough for them to take advantage of my absence and dominate, or, worse: destroy the universe!

Still not understanding anything properly, Zéca interrupted the reflections of the newly awakened.

-I don't know if it was right or wrong, but I must inform you that it was the shots I fired that neutralized this group...

-You did well. They should not be underestimated. They are very dangerous.

"I've faced them before, on other occasions, but these are more evolved, and cunning..."

-Do you know where we are? - asked Zéca.

-In my room it's usually not that messy.

The man finished getting dressed and stood up.

Now he wore a dark jacket, white shirt and Victorian-style trousers.

He tied his black hair in a ponytail and put on round sunglasses.

-The deceivers cooled everything here, so that their mechanical parts would work better cooled! - He said. - I'll solve this problem!

He then approached the panel on the wall, where he adjusted some controls.

Soon, the temperature began to warm up and the fog dissipated.

-Those who are here are good for nothing else, the danger, however, continues.

"Soon others will arrive to finish the work that they have not been able to do. Come with me!"

Quickly, they then went to the living room, where the mysterious white door which had brought Fernando Zéca to that place had been and was no longer there.

-I tried to understand how all this engineering works. - Said the Ensign referring to the equipment around. - But I have not been able to come to any conclusion as to its purpose.

-Oh! Very simple. - Said the man. - This machinery is what drives everything around here, in journeys through time and space...

Fernando Zéca looked through the windows that were there, seeing the deep cosmos, populated by stars and galaxies, then, by force of circumstances, he was forced to believe that he was in a vehicle capable of traveling, according to the words of its crew member, through space-time.

However, admiring the sidereal landscape, he also noticed an occurrence: other of those cunning metallic types of hysterical temperament were out there, in the midst of the infinite blackness, advancing towards there.

And they were floating in formation in line with each other by the thousands!

And his intentions did not seem to be the friendliest.

In his head, Fernando Zéca Corinthiano was even able to hear that hysterical, out of tune and annoying voice:

-EXTERMINATE! - EXTERMINATE! - EXTERMINATE!

***

-Look outside. - Said Zéca.

Following the suggestion, the man looked out the window not liking what he saw.

-They quickly realized that things inside are not as they wanted. Now they will try a new attack."

-Do we have any defensive resources? Weapons?

-They are not operational at the moment. They will only be fully operational in a few hours. Cooling has crippled nearly every system.

-Can you run away?

-Not even that... What we have still functioned is a protective field around us, which will not be sufficient, to withstand any onslaught of the heavy weapons.

Fernando Zéca was thoughtful; The scenario was not optimistic at all.

-They must have a communication system that manages their actions. -Suggested.

-Exact! - Confirmed the man. - The ones you neutralized here, were connected and being commanded by the largest, positioned next to my bed. This, in turn, must have been sending and receiving instructions to the commander of this formation outside.

-I think you're referring to that one over there... - Said the Ensign pointing to the

largest of all the metallic creatures there in the abyssal blackness, approximately fifty meters high, which was also advancing menacingly, in the midst of the formations of its smaller copies.

-Exact! This is the biggest thing I've seen in all my lives.

Worried about the fate he had in store for the future, Zéca ran his finger over his wrist and, immediately, the "gun cabinet" emerged from there.

-This is something interesting. - Said the man, showing surprise at that distinct and sneaky arsenal. - But why so many weapons? Is it some kind of self-affirmation?

-Yes. I do reinforce my firmness of character with them, since at a very young age I learned the following micro tale:

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HISTORY OF COW-BOY DEFENSELESS

It ended in the first paragraph, the biography of the cow-boy who left home unarmed, after believing in the state's disarmament talk, to uselessly die as a fool.

***

-As I gathered from this literary work. - Explained Fernando Zéca. - Doesn't live long, those who believe in the unarming government's bullshit.

Without much conversation, Fernando Zéca took out of that incredible closet, what seemed to be a modern bazooka.

-This here will not only strengthen my self-esteem, but it will also save our lives.

-That little gun? Against all that army out there?

-Exact. - Said Zéca. - That little gun!

"But I need to position myself, in a place where it can be well used."

-Oh, of course! Come with me.

The two went to another room, where he man opened a blue wooden door that led outside, right in the middle of outer space.

It seemed to open only a simple door like any other, because it creaked.

However, whoever took a step beyond it would plummet to infinity, with certain and immediate death.

That passage, somehow, as in so many other structures, had a force field that, even with the door open, stabilized the internal environment, keeping atmospheric pressure and gravity constant... The man stretched out his hand pointing beyond it, saying:

-From here you will hit our opponents.

The Ensign positioned himself right on the edge of the precipice to give his best shot.

One wrong step and it would be carried away by the endless blackness.

The field that protected that ship proved to be efficient, so Fernando Zéca unlocked the weapon that looked like a bazooka, rested it on his shoulder pointing to the giant thing that, apparently, controlled the entire attack, and fired.

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Three parallel red rays came out of the inside of the weapon, hitting the target.

For a few seconds, white sparks ran through them, which, as they also hit the target, caused new explosions and from there light waves of impact, expanded, reaching and destroying other adversaries in the surroundings as well.

Thus struck, they all immediately blacked out.

And the attackers, who did not suffer from Fernando Zéca's destructive counterattack, abandoned the coordinated formation and dispersed.

-The effect of this "little gun" is similar and infinitely stronger than that of a very powerful electromagnetic pulse. - Said Fernando Zéca.

-Your weaponry is amazing. - Said the man. - But we will not have time, for the enemy will return with redoubled spirit."

Fernando Zéca scratched his chin:

-Being so powerful, my weapons may not work if they come back with armor, protections and defensive measures, which nullify us. But I have an idea, which can solve this kind of future problem.

-And what is it about?

-Perhaps we can alter the computerized part connected to the brain of these creatures with new lines of programming that eliminate once and for all this desire they have to exterminate us.

-My computers have been in contact with these creatures, the whole time I was "dreaming", perhaps, through this connection, we will get data, which will inform us of the best point of the programming where we could insert your instructions.

-It has to be right at the restart of program operations.

"If we insert, in the first lines, the ASIMOVIAN LAWS OF ROBOTICS, we will have no problems."

"If there is still a cerebral, biological part in these creatures, we will be able to place such instructions even there, so that we have them on our side and not against us."

"For the rest, we would have to get a way for these instructions, to be immediately spread among all these things."

-Asimovian Laws of Robotics??? Can that work?

Before answering the question, Fernando Zéca, touched the keyboard of the tricorder where he typed some commands and a text appeared floating in the air, just above the keyboard.

-As I read Science Fiction, I always carry with me good titles, among them, one of the best authors of science fiction, which is ISAAC ASIMOV, the creator of the following LAWS OF ROBOTICS:

"Law Zero: a robot cannot cause harm to humanity or, by omission, allow humanity to suffer any harm.

1st Law: A robot cannot harm a human being or, through inaction, allow a human being to suffer any harm.

2nd Law: A robot must obey orders given to it by human beings except in cases where such orders conflict with the First Law.

3rd Law: A robot must protect its own existence as long as such protection does not conflict with the First or Second Laws.

After the reading, Fernando Zéca continued the exposition of his plan:

-If we replace "a robot" with the word "you", we will have a more individualized instruction, for each creature that receives it.

-Your plan may work.

"We took some of them as guinea pigs and we will do this reprogramming."

-Then let's get to work. If the danger is so imminent, we have to be quick.

-Undoubtedly. First, however, we need to introduce ourselves... I would also like to know how you got here...

-Of course Sir! My name is Fernando Zéca Corinthiano.

"I am a Starfleet Ensign from Starfleet."

-Starfleet? I've met some of your colleagues before. They were crew members of the

ship... How is it called? Oh yes! U.S.S. ENTERPRISE, commanded by Captain Jean-Luc Picard.

-Serious? Have you met Picard from Enterprise???

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano was almost out of breath, but still managed to speak:

-These names are among the greatest legends of Starfleet...

The Ensign's head was going into a tailspin.

-Picard hasn't been with the Enterprise for at least fifteen years! This meeting must have happened a long time ago. You must have been quite young back then...

The man scratched his beard and said:

-In fact, I was a completely different person than I am now, and for me, if you are using the Earth calendar as a reference, my encounter with Picard and the Enterprise was almost 700 years ago!

***

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano was surprised.

He looked at the interlocutor doubting.

Even for the extraordinary situation he was in, it was a difficult math to fit in.

Firstly, because it had not yet been seven hundred years since the last time the legendary U.S.S ENTERPRISE NCC-1701-D was commanded by the famous Captain Picard.

And this guy too, didn't even look MORE than seven centuries old... There was really something strange in that narrative. And in fact, it was…

Fernando Zéca played dumb...

-But you are well maintained for someone who has a few hundred years on the back.

-It's just that I've "regenerated" more than fifty times.

-Regenerated?

-Yes. I regenerated.

"I'll explain to you: Very specific circumstances can cause a process of "regeneration" in my body, which transforms and renews it completely, even at the cellular level. It's a sudden and immediate change that completely alters me."

"To give you an idea, of these more than fifty regeneration processes that I went through, twice, I was transformed into woman..."

Fernando Zéca never ceased to be surprised.

-From what I see then: the memories of these other phases of his life remain.

-Exact. I see my previous "phases" as lives of people different from me, having all memories and past experiences fully stored.

"The only thing that hasn't changed is the way they call me."

-Oh! And what is it like? - Asked Fernando Zéca.

He greeted Fernando Zéca with a handshake, replying:

-I am the Doctor.

***

-Doctor who? -Asked Fernando Zéca, still stunned by all that fantastic parroting.

-Only Doctor!

Our esteemed Ensign became even more confused:

I didn't know if the Doctor was a Doctor in some chair, if he was a doctor, or a lawyer.

In any case, it did not stretch the doubt too much.

If that man wanted to be titled as a Doctor, then let he be so!

What was urgently interesting at the moment was the solution of the problems.

-So, Doctor, let's go to your computers?

-Yes. Immediately.

They then began work in the room where the door opened for Zéca's shot.

There, the Doctor began to tinker with a curious piece of equipment that looked like a magician working his tricks.

-We will use as a guinea pig, the one who is in my room, and who controlled all the others inside.

-Doctor, you said you knew these guys before...

The Doctor paused in his movements around the equipment and replied:

-Yes. They are the Daleks.

"I've faced them several times in the past, but now they've evolved, and seem more dangerous than before."

-It may be, but if our plans are successful, we will have in the future, an evolved generation of Daleks, supporting us as allies.

***

While the Doctor was tinkering with the equipment, Fernando Zéca spoke a little more about himself and the strange mission that had brought him until then.

-A white wooden door, one of those very common ones, appeared to me twice, in the middle of nowhere, opening the way here, and before, to Area 51 of the Earth.

-That area where flying saucers, ships and unknown artifacts are kept?

-Yes, but there, people were very strange, and treated each other badly, not respecting women, as if everyone wanted to have the most pointed heels to kick better.

-It seems to me that these doors are opening up passages through parallel universes... - Suggested the Doctor.

-Parallel universes... - Reflected Zéca...

-Realities very similar to yours, in some cases. In others, totally different, as in the inverted images of a mirror..."

-Mirror universe... Yes... It could be just that. Now that you've spoken, and putting it all together, I remembered old stories, where people from Starfleet went through this mirror universe, where everything is different."

"I even saw the symbol of the Terran Empire... At the time I didn't realize it, but that's it."

"In any case, this door only opened passages to confusing and violent places and, finally, now, I am curled up not knowing what to do, or where to go."

-In this case, Zéca, it was left to you to continue here, providing your invaluable help, which reprogrammed the Daleks. - Said the Doctor as he activated controls, moved levers and pressed buttons, just like a dancer operating heavy machinery, until he stopped in front of a monitor to evaluate the result of all his dancing work.

-My part is ready. We can already change the schedule...

-It's for now, Doctor. You command.

***

In the room where Zéca found the Doctor unconscious, there was still the Dalek, who was now being activated, and had previously been part of the chain of command of those creatures.

The operating indicator light has been lit in its bulge.

Near the Doctor and Zéca, other daleks also returned to activities.

Tense and silent moments followed until the main Dalek, with a slightly less tense tone of voice, said:

-Obey, serve and protect the human race.

The programming worked in that Dalek and the others soon repeated the command:

-Obey, serve, and protect the human race.

Fernando Zéca and the Doctor celebrated by shaking hands.

-Congratulations Doctor. Great job.

-Thank you for the inspiration, Zéca. Now, we need to reactivate, the Daleks out there, who were not destroyed, to insert the same programming into them.

***

Thus, later, the Doctor and Fernando Zéca, watched ten daleks, in single file, advancing to the outer space, through an open door in the wall, repeating:

-Obey, serve, and protect the human race.

Floating in the midst of the sidereal blackness, they advanced to their fellow beings, reprogramming, concerting and activating them.

Once in operation, they went out repeating in others still broken or inoperative, the same repairs and new parameters that they received.

Within hours, as well as in a chain reaction, all the Daleks involved in the attack on the Doctor were now under his orders.

***

It didn't take long for the new programming to be in operation as well, through the communications network that interconnected the Daleks.

Even with the turnaround in power helped by Fernando Zéca, and also with the good progress of the plans, the Doctor showed concerns:

-If the Daleks deceived me, they must have done the same in other places, especially on Earth, which has always been the target of their interest.

Fernando Zéca listened silently, already anticipating the new confusions he would get into, if he embarked on the adventure proposal, which was approaching.

He looked at the tricorder that Silas had given him, and checked IF it had signaled something that would free him from new troubles. He pressed the buttons, but got no answer.

The device remained silent, as if it had broken.

Still without options, the only thing left for the Ensign to do was to help the Doctor, since his intentions were straight and worthy of attention.

-If you want to go on your way to Earth, I will accompany you.

-Great idea. - Said the Doctor. - Risky, but heroic.

"We really have to check the situation there, because it would be disastrous if the Daleks took over the solar system. And if they have already done so, only with the new programming will we have a chance of reversing the game in favor of humanity."

- Then let's go there. - Said Fernando Zéca appearing bravery that he didn't have while cursing himself for not keeping his beak closed, hiding his stupid ideas.

***

With his crazy and fast ballet, the Doctor activated several commands on that strange machinery, then invaded the environment, in high resolution, a strange, short and repetitive sound, which progressed in volume, similar to the incessant and repetitive activation of the flush valve used in toilets.

It was very persistent, but from the tranquility that the Doctor showed, it must have been just the noise indicating that all that machinery just worked well.

Fernando Zéca casually looked at the windows, and in a daze noticed the space outside moving and turning into a blur of living spots dotted with stars and galaxies, much

like watercolor paints on paper.

The colors changed all the time until the colored spots dissipated, defining the images that revealed a very modern city, which any uninformed person would recognize as London, on planet Earth

The local fog was the same as it had been for many centuries, but there was still a dense dark smoke covering most of the metropolis.

The Doctor looked out the window and widened his eyes.

-We arrived late. Here, the damage is already done

***



-Not at all, Doctor. Let's try the old recipe to solve the problem right away. It's going to be easy. - Said Fernando Zéca with his confident face.

-Better to go slowly. - cautioned the Doctor. - These daleks adapt quickly.

Fernando Zéca pulled one of his infamous cigars from his pocket and lit it, while smiling with the corner of his mouth.

-No problem, Doctor. Let's send out, the daleks who are still here to reprogram those they meet along the way.

-The ones we have here are few, but the idea is good.

The Doctor opened the door to the outside, showing even more of the London landscape, while the remaining Daleks left in a spreading line.

-Now we just have to wait for the programming to do its job and we will regain freedom. - Said Fernando who left behind admiring the surroundings out there as he walked.

Taking deep drags on his cigar, he poked the Doctor's arm, who was at his side attentive to everything:

-See, Doctor? Didn't I tell you it would be easy?

Fernando Zéca was already puffing out his chest feeling like the solver of all problems, however, he noticed a different spot moving on the horizon line, so he adjusted his glasses to see better, as in binoculars surprising himself with what he saw:

-These are flying Daleks who come here in large numbers.

"They won't spend even five minutes to get here."

-Let's escape. - Said the Doctor, turning back scaping from there without wasting time, while Fernando Zéca still stood adjusting his glasses to see more...

The daleks he saw now must not have been even 30 centimeters tall, but they came in the millions, a fact that haunted even his military academic training, which left him with no idea of the best weapon to use in that situation.

He quickly understood that, until he solved the dilemma, in view of the varieties he had in his "magic" closet, he would spend time being exposed there, as an easy target.

Better to follow the Doctor's advice and, sheltered inside his ship, decide the most appropriate measure to take, then he turned back, and when he was about to start running, like a madman, he saw neither the Doctor nor his ship. I was alone in an open space.

***

There was no time to whine. Was the ship camouflaged?

-Doctor! Doctor! - Called Zéca.

In that scenario there was only one blue police cabin, very similar to the telephone ones used in the twentieth century, in the pre-cell phones era. Fernando approached it, to use her as shelter until the Doctor appeared.

He stopped with his back turned, near the open door of the cabin, looking at Daleks' menacing stain: He still had no idea what resource to use in the situation; perhaps something with a potent electromagnetic pulse.

He ran his finger on his wrist and the gun cabinet appeared as if by magic.

-What to use in the face of so many varieties? -Thought. - Would there be something that would create a heavy rain of acid to rust the bodywork of those creatures?

“Maybe not. And if there were, it would take longer to work than is available."

"The typical case in which the excess of options hinders the search for the best solution..."

-Doctor... Doctor...- Zéca shouted.

Suddenly, a hand grabbed his shoulder and pulled him back inside the blue cabin.

With a sudden movement, he was taken into the police box, and the door of which closed as soon as the frightened Ensign crossed its threshold.

***

Anyone who thought that Fernando would be cramped with someone else in a small space equivalent to a phone booth, was wrong.

Suddenly, the Ensign found himself back inside the Doctor's ship, which was much larger than the cabin itself.

Before he had time to understand the situation, he heard a rebuke:

-This is not the time to use offensive tactics, but defensive countermeasures, Zéca.

Recovering his breath, the Ensign tried to keep his face asking:

-What do you suggest, Doctor?

-Come.

With long strides, (after all the Doctor was more than two meters), he advanced to the room inside his "ship" in which there was a central console with several controls.

From the middle of the set, several transparent tubes came out in the interior whose luminous points passed, towards the ceiling, from there spreading to all sides.

Once again, when he activated the commands, the Doctor moved in such a way that he really looked like a dancer ending the run next to Zeca.

-Now look...

On the console, monitors showed what was happening outside the ship, from different angles of view, including even one that showed the blue cabin, which from its lower part, began to smoke... Lots of smoke...

So much so that it rose from the ground, floating in the air, while polluting the environment.

And finally the millions of daleks that Fernando Zéca had already seen previously arrived.

When they were going to dive with everything over the flying cabin, it shot through the skies releasing a huge volume of smoke like a rocket heading into space, and was not pursued as the Daleks dispersed before takeoff.

-What is happening? Fernando Zéca asked looking at the images, while he felt vibrations around him...

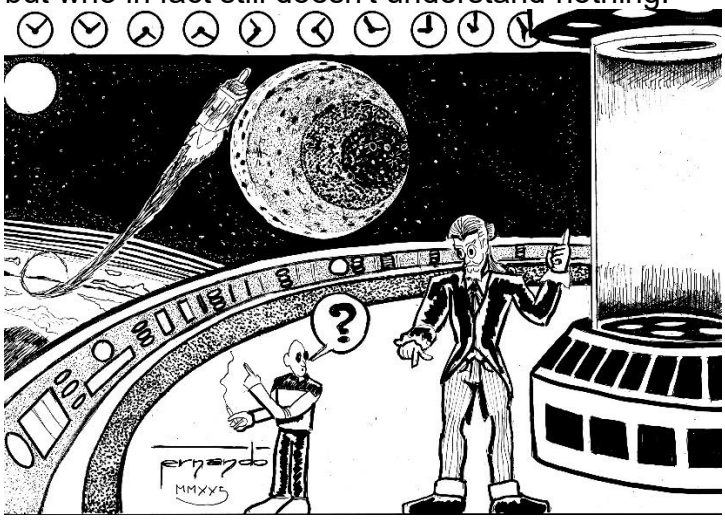
-This smoke is a defensive countermeasure that will allow us to evade the daleks while disorienting them.

-Wait. Are you telling me we're inside this blue cabin? - Asked Zéca perplexed pointing to the image of the monitor.

-Yes. - Replied the Doctor with the greatest naturalness. - This "blue cabin" is called the TARDIS. It is the time machine that transports us now.

-TARDIS a time machine? WOW!

"Now it's explained." - Said Fernando Zéca with the face of a poker player who seems to know everything, but who in fact still doesn't understand nothing.



***

In front of one of the panels on the wall, there the Doctor slid his fingers and put into operation the new tricks he had up in his sleeve.

On the monitor where the TARDIS was shown, it was perceived that, even in space, the flying cabin continued to release its smoke that soon precipitated back into the atmosphere where it joined the clouds.

Then it started to rain.

Not a simple rain, but a torrential storm pouring tens of thousands of greenish rays on the ground, on the surface of the planet.

-Why do these rays have such a coloration? - Asked Zéca seeing the image on the monitor.

-These are not simple ordinary rays. These generate powerful electromagnetic pulses, capable of destabilizing the electronic components of the daleks.

Saying this, the Doctor pulled a lever.

-Now, while they are inoperative, due to the electromagnetic pulses caused by the lightning, I am here sent by all the available communication systems, the new lines with the instructions that will definitively change theyr programming.

-But, will we be able to reprogram everyone? There must be billions scattered across the Earth...

-It will take some time, but we will make it. Just wait.

-So, okay. - Said Fernando Zéca. - If it is to wait...

He lit another cigar and sat down in a nearby chair.

***

Hours later, there were graphs showing the total number of daleks already reprogrammed.

More than seventy percent of those that spread across the Earth still remain, satellites in orbit, bases on the Moon, planets and other places that would soon also be affected by the reprogramming.

-Now it is irreversible. -Said the Doctor. - Over time, all daleks will be affected in one way or another.

-Good old Asimov, you must be happy there in the Champs Elysées of Science Fiction. - Said Fernando Zéca between one puff and another of the cigarette. - His ideas still inspire solutions to many problems.

-Undoubtedly. - The Doctor agreed.

Fernando Zéca then stood up saying:

-Give me a moment and I'll be right back. I need to go to the bathroom.

He went from there to the end of a corridor, entering a place where there were several doors with access to the toilets, entered one of them, relieved himself and completed his stalk.

Very badly he finished breathing a sigh of relief and the tricorder that until then seemed totally inoperative, set off the alarms again indicating a path to be followed.

Obeying the guidance, the Ensign left the bathroom, going again through the corridor, where he came across the white wooden door right in the middle of it.

It was the one he had encountered before and the tricorder kept pointing at it.

***

Without wasting time, Fernando Zéca called loudly:

Doctor! Doctor! Doctor!

In a few moments the Doctor appeared, his eyes wide.

-Damn Zéca, I thought you had run out of toilet paper in the bathroom.

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano pointed to the white door.

-That door wasn't here until a few moments ago. - Said the Ensign.

***

-The "tricorder" is very clear, Doctor. It is through it that I must follow.

The Doctor did not take his eyes off the door.

-Without a doubt, it is an interdimensional passage, which, even I, can see where it will go. - Said the Doctor already opening the door to find a foggy scenario on the other side of it.

Fernando Zéca, just looking at what he was going to get into, felt chills running through his body.

He wanted to pass out by crawling into the covers of a warm bed, but he couldn't.

As if by magic, a curious object appeared in the Doctor's hand, similar to a small colored cube of glass, which kept changing its shape without stopping, having inside another cube, which came out of there to then become the largest in an endless cycle of transformations.

-You're going to arrive at a friend's bar of mine. - Said the Doctor. - I want to take advantage of your trip to give him this artifact whose delivery, I have been late to do for a long time...

-Of course... - Said the Ensign, taking the object that he then kept in his pocket. - Unfortunately I have to leave, Doctor. It was an honor to meet and work alongside you.

-Likewise, Zéca. Good luck, and, be prudent. Unfortunately, I can't go with you, because I'll have to make sure that things here go back on track."

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano shook the Doctor's hand:

-Success then, Doctor.

He smiled, and moved forward, appearing to have a courage, which he did not have!

***



PROBLEMS WITH AN ACCOUNT

As soon as he was about to step on the other side of the door, he plummeted into the middle of nowhere.

The white mist disappeared and Fernando Zéca came across a black space full of colorful glowing spheres of different sizes that, together, formed immense spirals and fractals, converging to the same place, which was exactly in the direction where he was falling.

He could barely breathe.

It was not possible to know if it was due to the vertigo of the fall, or because of a possible lack of air in that environment.

For Zéca, what seemed like an eternity of time, passed, until he was able to definitively finish "falling" at the point, where he was heading at a breakneck speed.

It was another bright epoch, whose size was getting bigger, until at a certain point, it gave the impression of having planetary dimensions.

And when Zéca was finally going to crash violently on its surface... It disappeared completely.

The free fall stopped along with the vertigo, a fact that allowed Zéca to breathe normally, once again.

Only now, he was seated.

The nebulous environment dissipated around him, revealing before him, the table of a bar.

He didn't even have time to think straight, and a young attendant, (very attractive, by the way), approached, leaving on the table, a basket of rolls, and a plate with butter, cheese, and other sauces...

-Want to order?

Zéca looked at the girl, still confused, as he took one of the buns from the basket and was already passing on it, the butter or some of the sauces, while he took the opportunity to place the order

-I'll want orange juice, an energy drink, tall steak, to the point, buried by a mountain of fries...

The girl took the order while Zéca devoured two or three rolls from the couvert.

-Anything else?

Zéca thought better of it, and said:

-And a cachaça’s caipirinha.

The girl wrote down the caipirinha, then asked:

-I need the command...

Swallowing a few more rolls, Fernando Zéca made a questioning face:

-Command who? I don't have any command with me.

-But you should receive a command as soon as you enter here at Muden's Bar.

"Wait a minute. One moment..."

She motioned to a guy in gaudy clothing sitting in a dark area.

With an agile movement, he soon reached the table, where Zéca was sitting.

The guy wasn't pretty at all.

He had thick eyebrows, a scar cutting vertically across his face, and long hair under a purple beret.

His unusual outfit included red gloves, cape, and weapons...

Among them, a sword, which he had attached to his belt.

-What's the problem? - He asked, with a serious face...

To which the girl replied:

-Customer appeared here at the table, without the command...

The strange bigwig took a few puffs on the cigarette he held half drooping, with his

lips.

He looked at Fernando Zéca and asked:

-Did you go through the concierge?

-No.

-When I saw him, he was already sitting at the table. - Explained the attendant. - I have no idea how he got here.

The well-armed flamboyant guy sat on a chair at the table in front of Fernando.

-I will take into account that we are in Cynosure, a privileged city, for being in a multi-dimensional confluence, where at any time, is time, for all kinds of creatures, or strange things, coming from outside, or even from some parallel universe...

Fernando listened in silence.

The bad-tempered face of the flamboyant type, gave the impression of not being very fond of jokes or jokes.

-Normally, we charge a fee to those who lose the “command” of the house. - He said. - How do you intend to pay your expenses here?

-I have a credit card with me, which is valid anywhere. - Replied Zéca, taking the card from his pocket, and placing it on the table, in front of the flamboyant guy.

The atendent woman looked at the card, over the shoulder of the gaudy type, and said:

-John! This card does not fit in any of the machines here at Munden's Bar.

The flashy type, kept a straight face and asked:

-Do you have any other means of payment?

Fernando Zéca raised his eyebrows, took a deep breath and replied:

-I only have this one, who has never failed me.

-This one won't do.

-That's what I have.

-What did he consume? - Asked the attendant the guy.

-So far, that I have brought, only the couvert...

-This couvert charge is not cheap... You'll have to pay for it somehow...

Fernando Zéca was speechless...

-John. Today no one came because of the strike that the Partido Obrero is mobilizing in the public transport of Cynosure... - Said the attractive attendant. - I need people to help clean the kitchen.

The flamboyant guy, in a quick movement, stood up and said:

-Then it's settled. You will wash dishes to pay your bill. Come with me.

***



Fernando Zéca still tried to use his tongue to argue:

-But look.... Let's talk... Is there no other way to solve this problem?

-No. - Replied John dryly. - Let's hurry.

Fernando Zéca was led quickly and harshly in front of a sink full of crockery, which was in the basement, where they gave him a leather apron, and immediately, he was forced to work...

The atmosphere inside was not healthy at all.

Without the right to arguments, Zéca resigned himself and had to wash the dishes...

John supervised the quality of the service, with a very serious face...

-I don't know how he got in here. - Repeated the attendant. - I looked at the security cameras, and he did not in fact go through the entrance, or any other entrance.

-OK. - John said. - The city is full of portals and interdimensional passages everywhere. Even for myself, it was new, the presence of some active here in the Munden's."

Fernando Zéca interrupted the work and said:

-Look, I don't know if it helps to clarify anything, but the passage that brought me here came from the TARDIS ship, which belongs to a friend of mine, the Doctor...

John widened his eyes. His facial expression was angry.

-Are you friends with the Doctor?

He even took a fork that was in the pile of dishes to wash, then pointed it threateningly, at Zéca's neck...

Who knows if, because of the fright or fear of the weird type, Fernando remembered something:

-Yes, I am! What about you? Do you own this establishment?

-Exact! - That was the answer...

-So I think I have something for you...

With the most terrified face in the world, Fernando Zéca slowly moved his pocket, until he took out the object that the Doctor had asked him to deliver...

He showed it to John, saying:

-So, I think it's for you that the Doctor told me to deliver this here. Right?

When John picked up the artifact, a smile appeared on his grumpy countenance.

Even the scar he had on the left side of his face seemed less scary.

Now he was happy as a child getting a gift from Santa Claus.

-I never had any doubt that the Doctor would keep the promise he made to me. - He said then.

With an acrobatic gesture, he moved the fork away from Zéca's neck, then threw it up in the air, and picked it up again, before it fell to the ground.

-Let's go back up there. You are not good for this type of service."

"Now you will be my guest, with the right to consume whatever you want for free."

Then John looked at the astonished waitress, and said:

-You can attend to this good man. Take any request from him to the table."

More relieved with that radical change, Fernando Zéca took advantage of the occasion:

-Can I ask for one more thing?

-Clear! - John said. - Whatever you want...

-I'd like to smoke some cigarettes.

-I'll provide you with the best tobacco in the house.

He took three different packs of cigarettes from one of his pockets and gave them to Zéca.

-This is just a sample. Let's go upstairs, I'll arrange you more on the table.

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Fernando Zéca and John returned to the table where they had sat before, and there settled down again.

Zéca lit one of the cigarettes he won and let out the smoke visibly relaxed.

He couldn't wait for the food ordered. The couvert, even though it was very good, only served as an appetizer, given the hunger Zéca felt.

-So you, in fact, knew the Doctor...

-Yes! Surely! The Doctor is a time traveller who, according to my calculations, must be almost ten thousand years old. He is said to have regenerated more than fifty times.

-It's been a long time since the Doctor has been here. - John said. - The last time we met, he promised to bring me this artifact.

He said and took out of his pocket, the object that Zéca had previously given him...

-I never doubted his word... Well... More or less, right?

And then he put the piece away again, as if he were afraid of losing it.

-So, as the Doctor said, you are the owner of the bar... And how is it like here as business? Can you make a good profit?

-I'm an owner, but I don't work only with that. Nowadays, for most normal people, it is no longer possible depend only on one activity guaranteeing sustenance, even more so with the rise in taxes in any universe that one goes to.

"Whoever wants money, has to be ready for any job can make since not everyone can live from the perks operating the government bureaucracy as a civil servant, I do odd jobs as a security guard, being known as GRIM JACK, a professional weapons freelancer..."

"A legitimate mercenary..." thought the Ensign, as a good and attentive listener.

The conversation went smoothly, until the trained eyes of Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, noticed an unusual occurrence behind Grim Jack.

At the entrance door of Munden's Bar, a bearded, red-skinned humanoid wearing a tunic and turban began yelling at the waitress who was going to direct him to a table, or anywhere at the counter, where he could be served.

The guy was not polite at all...

-Your filthy bottom. Don't touch me. What an absurdity! A woman speaking."

"Stay in your place, along with the dogs, you good-for-nothing."

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano soon identified the type: he was one of the fanatical followers of ZUHLURR, a people bestialized by the ignorance of a demonic doctrine, which intended to destroy anyone who questioned it, or put its dictates in doubt.

Idiotized types like that, no matter how imbecilized they were, were not allowed to drink alcoholic beverages, or even go to places like Munden's Bar. Thus, the presence of that element there could only mean a terrorist attack, in progress!!

Without wasting time, Fernando Zéca took advantage of the tantrum that the fanatic had and made with the waitress, to throw a heavy wooden plate on his head, where the couvert had been brought before.

The throw was accurate, and knocked out the intolerant nervous, who was about to attack the attendant.

Grim Jack looked back, but he didn't quite understand the situation...

-But what is this, Zéca? Are you throwing dishes at my clientele???

Fernando Zéca jumped up and arrived right next to the fanatic's faint body.

He lifted his tunic, and revealed a bomb vest strapped to the terrorist's body, which narrowly missed detonating.

Grim Jack approached and then realized what was happening...

-Damn these fanatics. They are scattered like rats, everywhere.

Then he made the detonator and the bombs connected to it unusable.

-This crap is strong enough to destroy an entire continent. - Said Zéca.

-Here in Cynosure, the damage would be much greater and would extend to other universes and parallel dimensions...

-Blimey...

-This terrorist must not be alone. - Grim Jack warned. - His gang, in addition to being cowardly, is organized. When they realizes that the attack did not have the desired result, will send others..."

In fact, no sooner had these words been uttered than a horde of lunatic followers of ZUHLURR broke into the Munden's Bar, intent on destroying everything inside...

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They were not very different from each other.

They all wore tunics, turbans, had that irritatingly reddish skin, and cultivated horrifying beards, which looked more like old mops.

They were armed and came in insulting everyone inside, but they didn't advance very far.

With acrobatic leaps, Grim Jack defiantly headed towards them, mercilessly reaping the lives of the invaders that he furiously skewered.

Their movements were deadly, precise, and, with those gaudy clothes, they even looked like they had been trained in the ring of a circus.

Impressed by the agility of the host, Fernando Zéca, even ended up sitting down to admire the precision with which Grim Jack defended his heritage.

However, when he saw the crowd of fanatics who were still on the street wanting to enter, he did the math, and concluded that more people would be needed, in defense of Munden's Bar.

He ran his finger over his wrist and, immediately, a cylinder full of internal partitions was formed around him, with the arsenal in Silas' mysterious closet.

Fernando Zéca didn't even have to look far, and, among the arsenal available there, his eye was drawn to a beautiful pair of pistols very similar to each other, but not completely the same, one being golden, and the other, simply black.

On their bodies, there were adjustment keys that Zéca soon adjusted, while he positioned himself behind a counter where he had a wide view of the targets he should hit, and, from there, shot at the aggressors.

With both guns, Zéca sprayed his targets mercilessly.

Desperate with the efficiency of the defense, in a last mad movement, the fanatics tried to attack even harder, advancing through the windows of the establishment.

In this they were also unsuccessful, since the Ensign annulled several attacks to the point of forming a terrifying pile with the bodies of the aggressors.

After a few minutes, the fanatics were scattered on the floor, all massacred.

-Damn bastards! - Grim Jack cursed. - They breed like rats, they allow themselves to be indoctrinated by an imbecilizing religion, by tyrannical governments that turn them into beasts, expelling them from where they were born, and then come to shit their rules, on those who offer them shelter."

-I've had problems with these guys before. I just didn't imagine finding them here too. - Reminded Fernando Zéca.

-They are everywhere that do not treat them with rigid and disciplinary measures and have already spread across several universes or parallel dimensions, and, as here, it is a confluence of paths, to various places, they also show up in Cynosure."

Grim Jack had no sooner finished his explanations, and turned to the entrance door, where other fanatics were still trying to invade again.

-These cretins are mine! No one puts their hand on it. It's up to me!

With a leap he threw himself into the crowd that disorganized the environment, and already sat the proper swords on the backs of the fanatics.

Obviously, that for him was a diversion that should not be interrupted by anyone.

As soon as Zéca realized the detail, the tricorder blinked insistently, indicating a new path to follow: curiously, in the direction of the kitchen where before, he had been "helping" in cleaning the dishes in the house.

He didn't want to disturb the violence, which, for Grim Jack, was a diversion, going in the direction that the sign pointed to him, going down the stairs that led to the lower floors of Muden's Bar, until, in one of them, he came across the well-known white wooden door.

As on the other occasions, he easily opened the golden lock and found a dark and foggy scene.

He regretted not staying any longer, because certainly, as soon as Grim Jack's fight was over, he would get a juicy meal, but, apparently, Fate was conspiring so that, every time he went to eat for free, an urgent appointment would come up calling him, without delay.

He checked the tricorder's signal, just to make sure he was "doing the right thing," and in fact, he would have to go forward through that mysterious passage.

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LITLE GREEN BALL MASTER?

As soon as he advanced to the other side, he found himself immersed up to his chest, in a foul-smelling liquid...

At least, to alleviate the uncomfortable situation, he knew that the fabrics of the uniform he was wearing were waterproof, avoiding the contact of that dirt, directly on the skin.

Even so, his head and hands were still unprotected.

The "tricorder" continued to indicate the direction to be followed, while Zéca advanced, as far as possible to where he was "sent".

If, on the one hand, the brightness of the stars helped, illuminating the way, on the other hand, it caused concern, as none of the constellations were familiar to him.

To orient herself, all he had at the moment was the flashing light of the "tricorder".

In addition to the darkness, which also hindered his advance, the water was cold immersing him in an unpleasant situation.

But nothing bad enough, that it couldn't get worse.

Suddenly, from the middle of the waters, a kind of aquatic black snake appeared, with large eyes, which bit Zéca, exactly on the arm in which he held the device.

The pain and fright were memorable to the point of almost sinking him once and for all in the middle of the waters, but the Ensign endured the bite, without releasing the device and, with the other hand, quickly managed to hold the animal that was biting him, behind his neck, making it open its mouth and release its arm.

The slippery and smelly animal was still struggling with almost a meter of length, even so, with his fingers, Zéca strangled his aggressor.

The anger that had come to him with the bite gave him strength and relieved the pain.

As soon as the black snake gave its last squeaks, another surprise followed:

Another giant snake, more than fifteen meters long, came swimming through the waters towards Fernando Zéca, who stunned by the wound, could not move quickly enough to escape the dangerous threat.

To make the situation even worse, he felt dizzy, resulting from the bite he had received before, probably accompanied by some poison.

At this moment, when the giant menace was about to strike its deadly bite, from the midst of some trunks and trees appeared hopping, a small and light figure that attacked the serpent, with quick and precise movements.

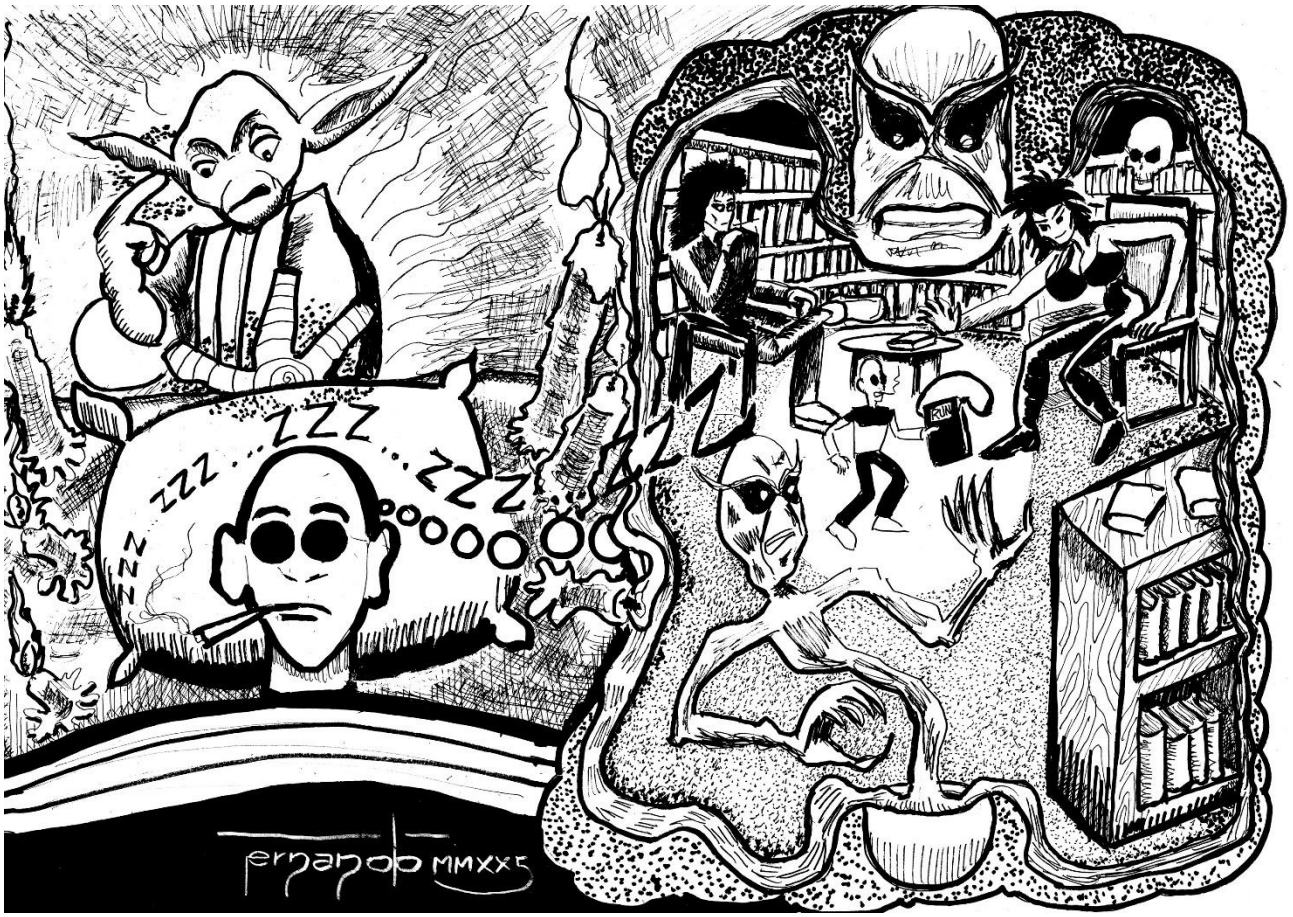
Zéca's vision, meanwhile, was losing focus and the last thing he noticed was the gigantic aggressor serpent, writhing in pain, as it sank into the murky waters.

Apparently, before this providential end, it was struck several times, by a small and fearless green creature of surprising agility and cleverness.

Fernando Zéca blacked out for good, seeing nothing else...

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INTERLUDE IN DREAMING, WITHIN THE SUPER-INTERLUDE



It was only then that he had the sensation of coming out of the dark, fetid and bubbly mass, to "awaken" in a sophisticated room filled with bookshelves with real books. In the center of it, a couple, seated in two different armchairs, facing each other, drank in delicate glasses what seemed to be red wine.

It was not just any couple.

The man with black eyes, where, apparently, infinite universes could fit, and his face was serious. He and his wife had white skin with long black hair, but she was beautiful, and he... Well, he just had the appearance of a mediocre rocker.

-My sister thinks it's time to take you. - Said the guy, in a solemn and resounding voice.

The woman then looked at Zeca, who was not understanding anything about the situation, and gave him a smile as if she wanted him for herself.

In spite of her paleness and thinness, she had that disconcerting beauty, with vivacious eyes, adorned with black pencil, the right one, with the drawing, of what seemed to be an upside-down interrogation, at the bottom of it.

-I don't usually disagree with her. - Said the brother. - The fact is that you can no longer continue dreaming here...

The woman looked at Zéca with visible interest, but something alerted the Ensign, that in fact, she was not interested in any kind of relationship...

As she was about to get up from her chair, a deep voice was heard.

It came from a creature of humanoid form, bright red eyes, almost three meters high, appearing to be made up almost entirely of roots, plants, soil, fruits, flowers and other vegetables.

-The "Green" will take with him, the Ensign, because it is not his time yet.

Then, the plant monstrosity walked in the direction of Zéca, took some leaves from his own body, which he rolled up in the shape of a cigarette and lit.

Holding it, made circular movements around the head of Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, who little by little, was being enveloped with that smoke.

The circular movements then became faster, until they became an abyss of colored watercolor spots, where five lit "cigarettes" appeared, the same as the first, which plagued the entire environment with dense smoke, numbing the Ensign.

END OF THE DREAMING INTERLUDE INSIDE THE SUPER-INTERLUDE

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Zéca couldn't see anything, even though he had daily contact with all kinds of smoke.

The former, however, was neither asphyxiating nor tussy, and had a restorative effect on the Ensign.

He felt his head recovering "lost" thoughts and, inspirations forgotten long ago, then he opened his eyes, and the first thing he saw were the cigarettes made of leaves, whose tips were still burning releasing a lot of smoke.

Around his head were leaves that grew from the roots of the dense vegetation present there: forming an improvised dormitory, in the middle of the forest.

Then, little by little, the ideas were put in order.

Everything indicated that he had just woken up from a long period of sleep, in which he had had several dreams in which even the repairing smoke being burned appeared in them.

Another thing that he soon realized was that his arm was no longer hurting.

In a quick movement, he discovered the "blanket" of leaves, verifying that there were four marks, from the bite he had taken on his arm that were healed.

Without wasting time, he cleaned himself the way he could, and put on the Ensign's uniform folded there, close to where he had slept. As soon as he put it on, he felt even better.

It was like wearing a comfortable outfit in which he even slept with it.

In his pants pocket was the Swiss Army knife of Starfleet, a tool with more than two thousand functions, which he always carried with him.

Carrying it was optional, since, in use, it consumed a lot of battery, even so, sooner or later, it ended up proving useful for some important task.

The time he had spent recovering, apparently, was not little, since his beard was thick, bothering him.

There was a stream, with crystal clear waters, nearby.

He sat down next to it, drew the blade of his penknife close to his face to shave.

-Help you, allow me...

Suddenly, an intense green ray, about a foot long, about three inches wide, shone near his neck.

-If you want to avoid cuts, it's better not to get agitated.

Fernando Zéca did not have time to react.

Those words came from a small green creature, bald, big-headed, apparently old, and, with large eyes, very expressive.

As soon as he finished speaking, he began to use that green lightning, which seemed to be controlled, from a cylindrical instrument, in one of his hands, to shave Fernando Zéca.

The service was getting good, but the sudden presence of that "barber" made him apprehensive.

Anyway, he started a conversation:

-Were you the one who helped me?

-Um... Um... - That was the answer he got, but it clearly meant a yes...

Silent pause... Fernando Zéca continues...

-Thank you for helping me, including the beard and hair.

-Hair your bald head doesn't look like it has, and this beard makes you ugly and hurt. Um... Um...

The green eared dwarf continued his precise cuts, holding the curious cutting tool.

Then, suddenly, he asked:

-What does Corinthians means?

Fernando Zéca smiled broadly and returned the question:

-Corinthians??? How did you find out about Corinthians?

-While you were sleeping, all the time, about Corinthians you were talking.

-It's the football team I support. I hope it didn't bother you too much... I confess that I am a Corinthians fanatic."

The cuts in the beard were still precise and "surgical":

-This case of yours seems to be a disease that makes the heart suffer.

Fernando Zéca was silent for a few moments:

-You're right! There are days when Corinthians only gives joy. In others, it is pure suffering, and in the worst moments of even greater weakness, we regret the choices we make and even lose faith... But..."

He paused and continued:

-Time passes, that wounds heal, and faith in the team ends up being restored. Something that not even reason explains. Then on another day, when the team wins again, we even forget about the problems and believe that fate can be generous."

The little savior then reflected, concluding:

-Faith in the cause to be defended heals even the deep wound.

The green beam then went out.

And, the eared creature moved a little away from Zéca.

-Trimmed is the beard, and your strength restored.

Zéca rubbed some of the water from the stream on his face.

He observed that this creature handled the tool with great dexterity.

Not a scratch was on his skin...

The guy was small, but he must have been a master in handling the tool.

-WOW! Thank you, my friend! I owe you this one.

The little savior smiled saying:

-Faith in the "next match", which your story cites, is a reward for life.

-It's just the daily life of a Corinthians fan, who loses, suffers, but raises his head, works and believes in the comeback...

The Ensign fell silent thinking if, one day, he would see his team playing again...

The green short, with a thoughtful expression, then concluded:

-Sometimes, the fate of suffering can be caused to someone by a defended belief or cause that even right conducts to suffering…

Whether his conclusion is right or wrong, Fernando Zéca continued that reflection on a more soccer wisdom level...

-For the fans, there is nothing like one day after another...

"If you lose one week, the next, you can find victory..."

-The same reasoning, to solve other problems, can also be followed. – Sad the little green fighter.

-Yes... - Agreed Zéca, who could not hold his tongue, still wanted to have the last

word. - Indeed: One cannot lose faith...

-Exact. - Agreed the little Master.

"That's why you resisted: your willpower, to survive, insisted."

-My willpower appeared with anger because of the bite, which at that time, also warned me that I could not let myself be dominated by laziness...

"It would be my last relaxation..."

-Hmmm... An easy enemy to overcome is not laziness.

-Indeed. Studying the history of my planet, I learned that laziness leads the unsuspecting to support systems that promise to save the work, offering them everything for free."

"Once these governments are installed, they betray their supporters, exploiting, and enslaving everyone without exception."

-I have experience with this type of story. - Interrupted the little barber.

He paused, took a deep breath and continued:

-Hidden, today I move away from the war scenario I was in, and I recover the energy to face destiny.

"It reminded me of your story, that for the battles, at some point, in the near future I shall have to return."

The way the little barber spoke was peculiar, even so, when he used the word "moment", the concern with time, disturbed Fernando Zéca:

-Just changing the subject a little: but how long did I sleep?

-By the calendar of Dagobah, 14 days, unconscious, you were...

-Dagobah... Dagobah... I've never heard of it... What is it about?

-Dagobah, the name of this planet is...

Fernando Zéca forced his mind, but he could not remember any name like that, in stellar cartography, that he had studied, in the Libraries of the Academy...

-I've never heard of that name...

-How did you get here?

The Ensign reported all the strange situation he had been through so far...

***

-And you? Do you live here? - asked Zéca.

-Here I am recovering, after the success of the enemies has jinxed me.

-Enemies?

Fernando Zéca recalled that the shorty guy there had saved his life and seemed to be a veteran of other combats... A small type, but one that obviously deserved respect, so it would certainly have its share of opponents!

-Against the dark side of the force I have fought. - He said, in his peculiar way. - Little glory and many bad results.

"I liked your football reflection and I will be inspired by the faithful fan."

"In the next clash, as much as possible, I will do the best of me."

-That's it. - Fernando agreed. - An old saying already said that:

"Defeat, indeed, is shit, which, however unpleasant and fetid it may be, can still be dispatched with quick discharge."

As soon as these wise words were spoken, a loud bang surprised the pair.

The trained ears of the Ensign's pilot soon identified the sound as being from the approach of a ship at high speed.

Then... More noise! Now... The sound of trees creaking and breaking...

Zéca and the shorty looked in the direction of the noise.

They couldn't see much, because there was a dense fog there, among the very tall trees.

-You should stay here. Of health, you still cannot abuse. - Said the green short.

Fernando Zéca was surprised by those words.

-But I'm fine. These burning cigarettes have already completely restored me.

-I wasn't the one who lit these cigarettes.

"You must rest."

Fernando Zéca was speechless, while the little guy turned around, and quickly disappeared into the middle of the forest that surrounded the place.

In fact, the Ensign felt well and with his strength restored.

He picked up his things then, got ready and tried to follow the low...

But there, it was not as easy as it seemed, as little progress was made in a jungle environment.

In any case, because of the privileged view of pilot and sniper, from afar, he identified the reason for the noise: a ship with the design of a combat fighter had crashed there in the middle of the swampy region jammed with only a young human crew member and another robotized.

From there, the Ensign saw the Master Swordsman coming close to that pair and, after a brief fright, began conversations.

Zéca tried to advance further in that environment, so he would reach the ship, but it was then that the "tricorder" signaled again, indicating a new route to be followed.

Thus, he advanced in the direction that led him to a camouflaged depression where, in the midst of the dense vegetation, he found the door out of tune with the environment.

Fernando Zéca looked around, trying to find the small fighter, to inform him of the situation, but the warrior master disappeared for good.

He put his hand on the handle, opened the door, and a bright light came out of it, dazzling him.

For a few seconds, he mentally cursed Silas, for those situations he was forced to face, just for the affection he had for his daughter.

Taking a deep breath, she overcame the anguish of the moment and advanced towards the unknown.



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CREATOR and CREATURE

He crossed the threshold of the passage and squinted his eyes, to more quickly adapt the vision to the brightness of the environment in which he now was.

He turned back, and the door, which had just crossed, as if it had never existed there, disappeared as soon as he tried to look at it.

As soon as the vision became accustomed to it, things were familiar.

The dense vegetation, soil, plants and sky were very similar to those on Earth.

He looked up and found that the star most in evidence was possibly the Sun, as well as the white clouds, and the clear blue sky, too, the same as that of planet Earth.

It was in a kind of ravine, not very steep with well-cut gardens in the surroundings and it was possible to walk there without great difficulty.

He advanced to the top, following a gravel trail, trying to locate himself and better understand the region.

With a few quick steps, he reached the top, which led to a clearing, in the middle of many trees, where, a fellow with his back to him, urinated quietly, while smoking a cigarette...

-Hello. - Saluted Fernando Zéca Corinthiano.

The guy was taken by surprise, turned around scared, spreading piss everywhere and almost dropped the cigarette.

-Sorry to interrupt. - Said the Ensign. - Do you understand me?

As soon as he finished asking this question, he was surprised by the frightened guy who wore a black cap, with the Corinthians logo.

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-Yes. - Replied the monosyllabic Corinthian, visibly surprised by the newcomer.

Fernando Zéca, seeing that the other Corinthian fan was also smoking, took out of his pocket one of the packs he had received from Grim Jack, and also a couple of cigarettes lit one of them offering it to the guy who silently took the cigarette while looking.

-Look: I have a lighter here, said the Ensign, taking out of his pocket, the Swiss army knife with two thousand functions.

He pressed the button on the body of the apparatus and a flame was lit.

-How is our team doing? - Fernando Zéca asked the Corinthians's fan, as he was about to light the Corinthians, who kindly refused the polite gesture.

-No! Thank you! Let me finish mine here, then I'll light this one you gave me. Where is it really from?

-It's from the bar of an acquaintance of mine. - Replied the Ensign. - And to tell you the truth, it's the first time I'm smoking this one.

-Oh yes... Good! To answer your question, Corinthians did not qualify for the next stage of the Championship.

The guy looked at Fernando Zéca, and then asked:

-And that Starfleet outfit of yours? Is it from a fan club? From the F.F.E.S.P.? Brazilian Starfleet? NOVA FROTA? TREKinRIO? Trekkers? Or some other fan club that I didn't remember?"

-Fan club?

-Is... From Star Trek!

-Star Trek?

-The TV series. Your outfit is from Star Trek. You have it, the logo and the uniform of the series... You have the complete equipment!

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano was a little confused:

-I don't understand correctly. I think you're confusing me with someone.

The Corinthians player was the one who made a surprised face.

-But...

Fernando Zéca tried to explain himself.

-This uniform of mine is the optional dark gray of Starfleet.

-Endorsement... But, this Starfleet you refer to is your fan club, right?

-No. It's Starfleet itself.

-But then... What is this Starfleet, which you are referring to?

-It is a kind of "armed wing" of the Federation of United Planets, which guarantees the security of the federated worlds.

-Federated worlds?

-I meant: the planets, and worlds, belonging to the Federation...

The Corinthians looked at Fernando Zéca a little incredulous.

-Do you take this talk of Federation very seriously? Are you COS-PLAY?

-I don't know what COS-PLAY is. I'm still just a simple Ensign anyway...

The Corinthians was visibly incredulous.

Even so, he still asked:

-And those weapons of yours? Do they make noise? Are there any lightning lights on it? Do they release firecracks? How do they work?

Fernando Zéca found the question a little strange, but he pulled out one of the pistols, made an adjustment to it and said:

-Look: this is the weakest function: the LASER beam.

He finished speaking, pointed to a wooden log, and fired.

A very thin orange beam came out of the gun, which erupted in an intense flame, as soon as it reached the place where it was pointed.

The Corinthians widened his eyes.

-KARAKA BRO! But this business really works.

-And this is the second weakest, of the functions.

-Bro! But, where did you come from??? What is this weapon?

-I already told you: I am an Ensign of Starfleet, from the Federation of United Planets.

-But man! Starfleet does not exist! Neither does the Federation of United Planets. These are entities that are part of a popular sci-fi sitcom!

***

If the Federation, there in that locality, was unknown, or seen as a work of fiction, then Fernando Zéca, was far from the way to his home, in the universe where he was born.

-What is this place called? - He asked to the Corinthians's fan.

-This circular clearing, surrounded by trees, is in the city of Campos do Jordão. Here I call it "LOOK INTO SPACE", because at night, you have a perfect view of the starry sky.

-Campos do Jordão? In the State of São Paulo?

-Exact!

-So I'm in Brazil? On planet Earth??

-But of course you do. We couldn't be on Mars!

The Corinthians finished the cigarette he was smoking and then lit what he won.

-After all, we don't have spaceships in a position to take man to Mars.

Fernando Zéca, scratched his chin and asked:

-What year are we in?

-Dude! You must be kidding! Don't know what year we're in?

-No!

-We are in 2017.

Fernando Zéca did the calculations:

By his historical knowledge: at that time, Corinthians only had two World Titles, and the Earth was yet to face some of its most devastating wars! Or maybe not...

When it comes to parallel universes, and alternate dimensions, the possibilities were endless.

-I don't want to be impolite, because you have a ray gun... - Said the Corinthians's fan. -But... Where did you come from? The impression it gives is that you came out suddenly, from some hole in the middle of the woods...

-I come from the twenty-fourth century. I did not come from a hole, but I went through a series of interdimensional passages, which brought me here."

Then he stretched out his hand, and greeted the Corinthians saying:

-I'm Fernando Zéca Corinthiano. Nice to meet you.

The Corinthians widened his eyes, and open-mouthed, almost dropped his cigarette.

-Oh! Nice to meet you, namesake! I am also Fernando Zéca Corinthiano.

***



-Blimey! What a coincidence. - The Ensign was surprised. - I never imagined that I would find a homonym.

The two looked at each other with visible astonishment.

They were even physically similar, since both were bald, pot-bellied and had the same physique.

The Ensign was younger. The other had a thin white beard and a face much more marked with the wrinkles of time.

It was as if each one of them was looking at the living reflection of himself, originating from a different universe.

-When you came out of the middle of the bush and surprised me, I even feared for my safety, because I thought you were one of those bandits who infest the streets. - Said the older Fernando Zéca. - Now, I'm worried about something, probably much worse.

-But what would it be? - Asked the Ensign.

-My sanity.

-Wow. Dam it.

Between one and another drag on the cigarette, the eldest explained:

-Very good the effect of this smoke you gave me. The pressed paraguayo I buy is crap next to it, and anything better when it appears, like in this case, affects me more than usual.

-I got this one from a friend. It's very reassuring. I use it a lot for relaxation and concentration at work.

-Oh! Me too. I'm a writer and I don't deny the rule of smoking a lot.

"Even more so since I'm in the Science Fiction business, then, I have to stay inspired in some way."

-WOW! - The youngest was surprised. - And this career? Does it pay well?

-Not in my case. I need to run more after readers. I'm still one of those writers who write more for themselves than for a captive audience.

It was then that the Author looked at the Ensign saying:

-Now I realized, but you are the literal personification of one of the characters I invented for my texts..."

The Ensign raised his eyebrows.

-I don't even know what to say. And I can't even refute what you're telling me because I'm in the middle of an absolutely bizarre journey, which has already taken me to very strange places..."

"Now... If I am really a protagonist of some literary work, and I am lucky enough to be in front of my creator, I want to take the opportunity to ask you to be more generous with my destiny, because things are not easy."

-Yes... Surely! I'm not going to let you down.

Old Zéca smiled and continued:

-You know... It's not every day that a creator gets the opportunity to meet his character. But I'll tell you a secret:

-Which?

-It's not the first time this has happened to me...

-Oh, yes?...

The old man took a few more puffs on his cigarette and continued...

-That's why I suspect you may be a little hallucinating, but anyway, what I told you, happened, with another character from my science fiction texts.

"His name is Alex Randall. It was several years ago. I wasn't even married, and I didn't even imagine that one day I would have children. The whole thing happened in a very sudden and strange way: including his arrival and disappearance. Sometimes, I wonder if his "visit" actually happened..."

Ehe Ensign listened attentively...

-Wow! I hope that the stories about me will be a literary success. You should make a lot of money from what you write. You must be rich...

-I'm sorry to inform you, but, by my calculations, no one has yet read any of your adventures. I'm not even famous.

"I write just to relieve stress, and to get out of my head, some crazy ideas, which sometimes come up."

"Besides, here in Brazil, there are few who still read in the midst of so many cell phones, and these have more important things to spend their time than with the work of a supposedly hallucinated author."

-I was already thinking of asking you for a percentage of the profits as Copyright...

-You can forget it. Even literary criticism completely ignored my works.

"I would like to be making money with this hobby, but the country is in the middle of ANOTHER political-economic crisis, which prevents the people from even having decent food on their plate at mealtime, let alone spending what they don't have, on futilities?"

"Not that his biography is futile... Far from it... But Brazil, thanks to a band of traitors, is at the end of the well trying to dig a subsoil to sink even deeper..."

Ensign Zéca listened with a frown.

-I'm sorry to know something like this, because, from the space-time where I came from, the disturbances created by politicians, and owners of power, are different, but the same!

"It is disheartening to know that, even with the centuries that may eventually be separating our universes, some problems will persist bothering humanity, and even other peoples of the Federation."

-Yes, namesake. I myself here, live in a time when the work of most politicians in the world seems totally focused on betraying and sabotaging the people, who support and elect them. - Commented old Zéca.

Then he looked up at the sky with an air of concern...

-And speaking of betrayals and upsets... Just look at the weather... Changed! Now it's drizzling hard..."

As soon as he finished saying that, a drop of rain extinguished his cigarette, and another, Fernando Zéca's.

-Let's get out of here. With this drizzle increasing, soon the dirt floor turns to clay.

Without wasting time, the two left the clearing, called by old Zéca as "Eye" and followed a narrow path already opened between the thicket, full of exotic colorful plants, squirrels, monkeys and mushrooms.

Some branches, which lined the path, even had various fruits.

The old man moved forward with an agility and speed unusual for someone with so many wrinkles and a white beard.

So much so that it didn't take long for him to disappear a few meters ahead, in the middle of the bush.

The Ensign, attracted by the fruits and mushrooms on his way, went slowly, spending more time picking something he could eat.

Thus, he even managed to eat whole, a delicious mushroom with a sweet taste.

He had scarcely finished swallowing the last piece, when his "tricorder" emitted the characteristic signal when the trail in front of him forked.

The orientation he received pointed to the right side of the path, and the tracks clearly indicated that the old man had advanced in another direction.

In this way, he followed the tricorder's guidance.

However, the trail became complicated there, with the bush getting taller and denser until it completely covered the ensign, who even so, advanced until came across the well-known white wooden door and golden lock

Right there, as it was among the dense thicket, the Ensign opened it to find a luxurious and modern environment, which seemed familiar to him on the other side.

So he went in that direction, and as on the other occasions, the door immediately closed behind him.

***

The old Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, in turn, soon came out of the woods, then following a trail at the end of which he took shelter under the cover that was in the viewpoint facing a magnificent landscape.

From there, he could see the entire sky, much of it now covered with clouds, the mountains that surrounded the place, and even the nearby city.

He waited for a few minutes for his much younger namesake to appear, but that did not happen.

Had that Ensign gotten lost? But the path, even full of weeds, was simple.

To get where he was, there was no way to make a mistake, just move forward.

The old man finished smoking his cigarette, and even then, nothing from the Ensign!

A drizzle began, but even so, Fernando Zéca, the writer, decided to go back, along the trail, to the "Eye".

Again he made the whole way back and forth, not finding the Ensign who had disappeared without a trace.

Back at the lookout, the old man lit another of his own cigarettes, and, between one puff and another, he was in doubt, if he had in fact had such an interesting and mysterious encounter, or if he was just getting into a windsock, as he already suspected...

***

LOVE IN AN ELEVATOR

In the place he had entered, the temperature was pleasant.

The décor was modern, simple, very much in the style used in Starfleet facilities, buildings, stations and spaceships.

There, Ensign Fernando Zéca Corinthiano finally felt at "home".

He advanced until he found an elevator, which as soon as he approached, opened the doors.

Without having said or touched anything, he began to move quickly.

The astonished Ensign approached the control panel, and looked at the signs for clues, which would allow him to understand, what he was into, or where he was going with such speed...

And once again, without having said or touched anything, suddenly the elevator stopped.

The door opened and a group entered all excited.

There were three women and one man.

He wore the uniform of a Starfleet Captain.

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano wanted to shout thanking the heavens for finding a colleague, something that certainly indicated that he was close to the period of space-time from which he had emerged.

But he was so surprised by what he witnessed that he ended up observing everything quietly, avoiding sudden movements.

The door closed, and the women advanced on the man, kissing, hugging and grabbing him in every way.

The most sassy of them has even arrived, sticking her hand inside the lucky man's underwear.

Yes! Lucky! Because, those women, they were exceptionally beautiful.

The group was so enthusiastic that they did not even notice the presence of the Ensign there, who stared at the control panel on the wall of the elevator, as if there was something very important to be read.

-Calm down girls! Calm! - Begged the Captain. - I'll take you to my lodgings.

The girls bit and squeezed the officer, who had nothing to do but moan and squirm in the hands of those beauties.

Fernando Zéca continued to stare at the panel, while he was in doubt whether the colleague next to him was having fun or suffering.

-Oh, James!

-This time, your ship will take second place. Your commitment is to us.

-The fearless Captain James T. Kirk will be challenged to prove, once again, his legendary reputation as a lover.

The Captain writhed among the excited girls.

-Calm down girls! Calm!

No one in that group seemed to notice the presence of Fernando Zéca, who also avoided even moving, so as not to get in the way.

Once again, suddenly, the elevator door opened.

As quickly as he entered, the merry group left him.

Or rather, the beautiful girls left carrying the fearless and legendary Captain who seemed inebriated by the ecstasy, provided by such pleasant company.

When Fernando Zéca moved his head to look outside, the doors, once again, closed, and the elevator advanced with the impressed Ensign inside.

The lighting inside it began to change, making it gradually darker, until everything went out. The elevator stopped, and its doors opened.

Fernando Zéca's "tricorder" indicated that now, he should get out of there.

And so he did: He went out right in the middle of the darkness outside and soon came across the familiar white wooden door in front of him.

With no option or other path to follow, after all, he saw nothing beyond him, he opened it and advanced once again.



***

FALLING INTO A COLD ONE!

... And it's not beer

In addition to the door, the environment was also dark, but it soon cleared.

However, the first thing he felt was an intense cold.

The stabilizers of the uniform now could not handle the low temperature.

The air there smelled of sewage, and the lighting was very bad: only a few red emergency lights.

Even so, he could see that the environment was cramped, with pipes, controls and panels around forming a long and dark corridor.

On the floor, there was garbage scattered and, behind the stunned Ensign, the door through which he had left is GONE.

Fernando Zéca, holding the "tricorder" that Silas had given him, raised his arm and

activated an LED lamp, installed on the back of the device, which illuminated the path in front of him.

He advanced through the little space there was, among so many instruments and meters, until he reached another, slightly wider compartment, where there was a table in the center, with chairs facing panels on the walls, equipped with various dials and controls.

Next to the table coming out of the ceiling and affixed to the floor, there was a vertical cylinder, with a sight glass and two handles attached to it. It looked like the periscope of a submarine.

After he made this association, Fernando Zéca in fact realized that the arrangement of everything inside gave this impression.

He put his hands on the gauntlet of what seemed to be the periscope and tried to handle it, but it was locked...

Otherwise there was no sign of life there.

Apart from the noise of his footsteps, only complete silence.

Fernando Zéca looked at the table and saw between rulers, compasses, and some pens: a map.

It was printed in black and white and gave the impression of being very old, but its features were clear, and it did not take a genius to understand what it was about.

A map of the Earth, highlighting the South Pole where, in the coastal region on the continent of Antarctica, there was a circumference highlighting the place.

It was written in German, even having a Nazi flag drawn on it.

Looking more closely, he realized that they were also German, the words still visible, in the few signs of the environment inside.

He went further down the corridor until he reached a staircase, which went up through a hole in the ceiling.

He lit up there, and saw that it was the passage to a hatch, higher up, still open allowing some view of the hypothetical blue sky out of that claustrophobic environment that, incidentally, was the direction to be followed.

When he touched one of the steps of the stairs he was supposed to climb, Fernando Zéca was startled, since they were frozen, so he would need something to hold them.

He looked around, and found an open closet, where, providentially, there were clothes for the polar cold, and even rackets to attach to his shoes and walk in the snow.

Without wasting time, he dressed himself with everything at his disposal.

Then he climbed the ladder, leading to some of the available accessories.

At the top of the stairs, he reached the platform surrounded by a wall more than five feet high, where he leaned to try to guess, where he had ended up this time...

At least one thing he was now sure of: he was really in a submarine, whose turret came out of the icy ground in the middle of a snow-covered landscape, as far as the eye could see.

The sky he had seen from the inside of the boat was really blue and very clear, however, the cold outside was splintering.

***

Beyond the mountains on the horizon, stood out at the base of the immense ice peak nearby, a dark entrance, in the midst of much snow and gray rocks, ninety meters wide by about fifteen meters high.

The Ensign was about two hundred meters walk from the tower of the submarine he was in and would no longer be there inside the vessel, because the air was simply unbearable.

No matter how cold he was outside, at least he breathed something clean. Cold but clean.

As far as he could see, there was nothing nearby but the entrance, so even to decide what to do next, he would have to check if he could use it at least as a shelter.

Without many prospects of choice, he carefully descended the outside of the tower through steps in the wall of the tower, until he reached the icy floor, where he should walk, to reach his goal.

He felt cold, even with everything he wore, which included a uniform and temperature-controlled shoes.

The impression he had was that he was "stepping" without socks, or any kind of footwear, straight on the ice. Even so, it would have to move forward.

The intense and biting cold made him think that he had actually gotten into all that mess for love.

Certainly playing the role of a duck, beta male or cuckold, but still anyway he liked Marge very much. That big man would never leave his head.

She was the kind of Andorian that would make any man stupid.

In a brief moment, Zéca also remembered Director Sonny Blue, who, due to the delay, resulting from the crazy journey in search of Marge, would at least rip out his liver for such irresponsibility at work, if one day he would still return to his normal life alive.

Better think of Marge, a real piece of Andorian woman bad road, to forget about his future problems with the E.Y.E...

***

Zéca advanced forward, in the midst of the colossal blinding white, while his mind was plunged into a confusion of thoughts and questions, trying to clarify the crazy odyssey he faced...

(DULY VERY WELL ACCOMPANIED by all dear readers who have bravely and heroically arrived up to this paragraph, earning my eternal gratitude for the effort undertaken, which grants me the maximum glory resulting from your prestigious presence so far!)

... Thus, the Ensign slowly followed on the walk looking for answers to his questions, finding himself suddenly surprised by the noise of broken ice around him.

Immediately, he stopped his daydreams and tried to put his legs to work with greater speed, which, apparently, only intensified the breakdown even more.

Instinctively, he looked back and saw the ice previously attached to the submarine's turret, detaching.

He advanced with even greater determination as the cracks in the floor widened loudly with columns of water, squirting through cracks little by little, flooding the cold and white ground.

Even the submarine, previously tied to the ice, was now moving, and so it began to sink in the middle now much more liquid.

Soon, the historic vessel was swallowed by the disappearing waters, in the midst of the depths.

Behind him, as he ran breathlessly, Fernando Zéca noticed the ice fracturing into immense white plates, which often rose from the ground, amplifying even more problems and instabilities.

Beneath his feet, the ice moved like a wooden bridge floating over the soft water, giving the impression that waves were passing underneath with the cracks in it rapidly increasing with the problems soon reaching the Ensign.

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano accelerated the race, caring little about the possibility of his own strides being the cause of that whole event...

He had to get to the gigantic entrance right away. And to make matters worse... His

breath was beginning to wane... In foot races, Fernando Zéca was never fast.

In this sport, he preferred endurance events...

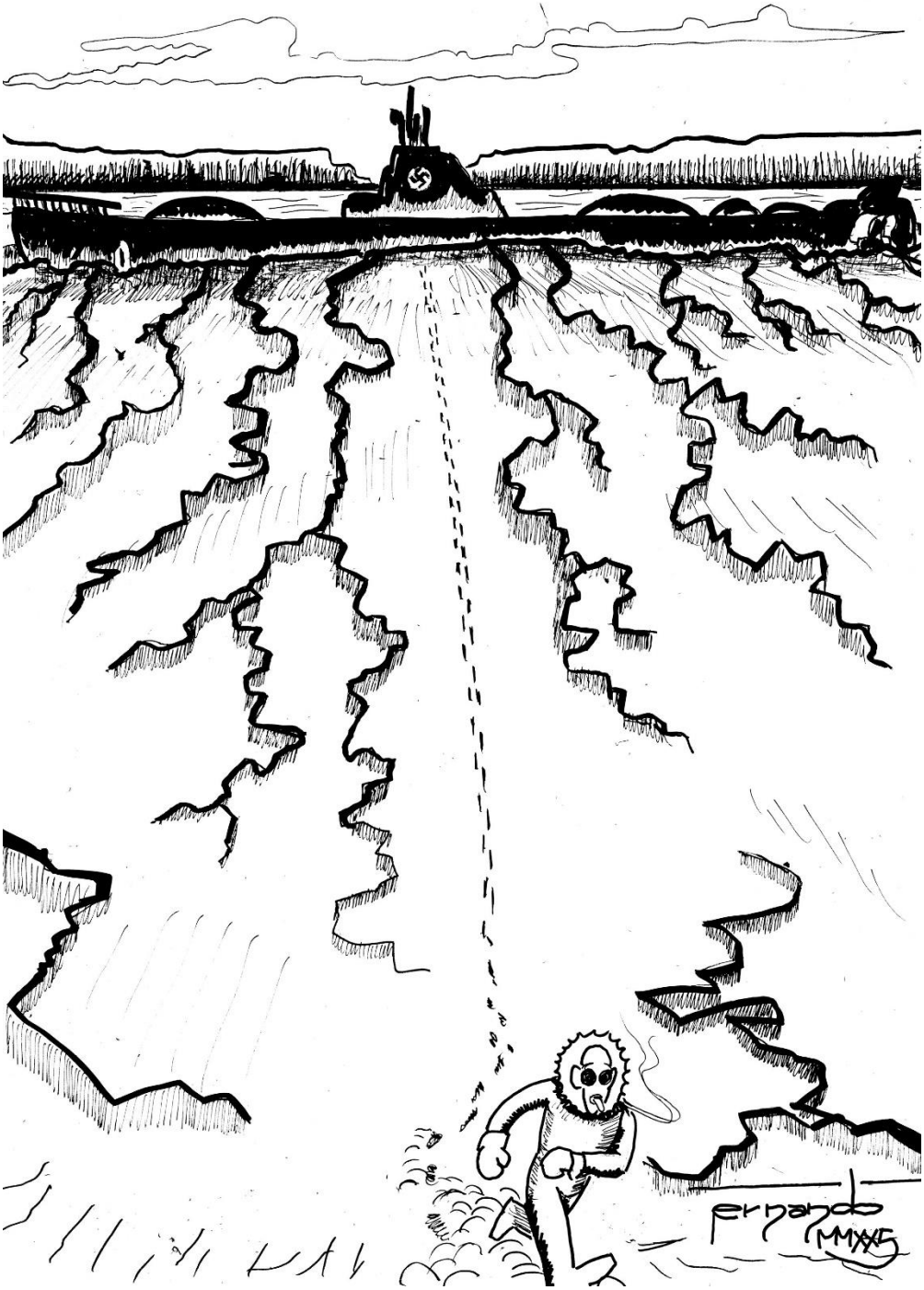
But in the middle of the ice, he couldn't choose much the style that best suited his physique.

There, he would have to tear himself away, if wanted to save his life, so that, while ran, he did not even look back, so to not lose concentration, limiting himself to hearing the terrifying rumblings, of the breaker approaching.

After almost exploding the heart, with the chest burning like fire, the stomach, compressed by the effort; and the tongue out, the Ensign climbed a snow ramp, two meters high: the last barrier to be overcome, to reach the base of the entrance to the mountain, reaching his goal.

And as soon as he got there, he looked back, and saw all the way he had traveled up to that moment, sinking from one moment to the next, in the sea of icy water.

There was nothing to discuss: he had chosen the best way out of that cold situation.



***

He walked a little longer, until reached the entrance, advancing inside, where the darkness was greater and very smelly...

Zéca turned on the spotlight at the back of the tricorder, noting that, further on, in the cave, there were signs of the presence of a human base installed there.

Probably, established by the crew of the submarine whose fate there was cruel to them.

Pointing the searchlight in different directions, the Ensign glimpsed corpses in every imaginable situation, most wearing military uniforms. Some sitting, others lying down...

It was not possible to know the cause of death of so many people, so Fernando Zéca had serious doubts about staying there.

The alternative was the cold outside, relentless even against the strongest and bravest.

As soon as the illumination of the searchlight on the tricorder was revealing the bowels of that dreadful cemetery, the signal sounded indicating a way out of the situation.

Without wasting time, Zéca followed the guidance.

However, his morbid curiosity was stimulated when he realized that one of the deceased was still holding a pen, after writing the last words in a notebook with a black cover. What would be there?

The solution to the mystery, which surrounded so many deaths, at that end of the world?

Fernando Zéca, not touching anything, read it, without understanding much, because the last words written by the dead man were written in German.

As it was no use racking his brain with the confusion, he followed the tricorder's instructions, entering an obscure tunnel dug in the glacier.

***

He entered the winding icy path, which sometimes narrowed the passage, sometimes inclined it, but always imposed some difficulty on him, until finally he arrived at a wider space, with a massive door in the wall.

The cold caused incessant coughs and sneezes, but he felt better than the deceased owners of the petrified bodies on the ground, whose odor now plagued his nose.

The massive door, approximately eight meters in diameter, was made of material similar to steel, and, unlike the environment around it, was bright and clean.

At first, Fernando Zéca doubted the accuracy of the tricorder, until he noticed, next to his thresholds, a square plastic panel.

What would it be? Some kind of sensor that would work as a lock?

The Ensign placed his palm on the square panel and suddenly, a powerful bang shook the place; with the mysterious door moving to the side, giving way, to a well-lit place, than that kind of frozen atrium.

***

JUST A BUNCH OF OLD SNOTTY PEOPLE WHO DON'T WANT TROUBLE

Without hesitation, Zéca advanced to the other side of the door, immediately feeling a difference in temperature, and in the air, which was clean, refreshing, smelling of a beautiful woman with the perfume of spring flowers.

As soon as his eyes got used to the luminosity, he realized further on, a city all made of light...

Circulating through its airspace, there were flying saucers, shiny or metallic, and also innumerable other unknown objects, which even an experienced pilot of spaceships like Fernando Zéca, could not understand.

With the temperature more pleasant, he wasted no time and took off the heavy cold clothes he was wearing.

First, his coat, and when he finished taking off his pants, he was surprised by armed humanoid-shaped robots that suddenly appeared.

Luckily, Fernando Zéca, under the heavy cold clothes, was still wearing his uniform, but he could not take any of his weapons, being in the sights of the mechanical creatures that surrounded him.

Literally, he was caught with his pants in his hands, he didn't move or say anything.

The robots were also silent, positioning themselves in order to bar any movement of the Ensign in that space.

If the situation was already somewhat unusual, it became even more haunting, when ethereal humanoid figures, formed of light and almost ghostly, appeared floating around him.

From the eyes and mouths of these beings, flames of light came out with greater strength and more intense brightness than the rest of their "bodies".

These creatures surrounded Fernando Zéca, circling him, more and more, quickly.

One of them left the circle formed by the others, and advanced to the Corinthian's head, partially penetrating it, with its body, as if it were a ghost passing through solid matter.

***

It was then that the Ensign realized how those creatures thought.

All of them were telepathically linked and connected, in order to share the same knowledge, to which Fernando Zéca now had partial access.

From what he perceived through that mental contact, these ethereal creatures were older than the solar system itself, having on many occasions actively participated in the history and development of the human race.

Now, they lived secretly, inside the Earth, the Moon, and even on other planets and satellites of the solar system.

In various ways, even if silently, they still left marks of their presence, or directed some events according to their interests.

Its secret influence even occurred at a time when the United Federation of Planets was already acting decisively in the lives of thousands of planetary systems around the galaxy.

With such power, an insignificant creature like Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, compared to those almost ghostly beings, and of incalculable age, was despicable and as disposable as dirt on the floor.

And in fact, it was so irrelevant that one of them wanted to eliminate him definitively, leaving no trace, even subatomic, of its presence in that space of time.

***

-We will pulverize it, so it will soon be forgotten for eternity...

-It carries continuum technology.

-He is on a mission for the continuum.

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano followed the "telepathic conversation", but did not understand its full meaning, because he mistakenly associated the term continuum with the "Hypothesis of the Continuum", a mathematical conjecture proposed by Georg Cantor.

What he did not remember was the other meaning of the word "Continuum" that referred to the dimensional plane where the "Qs" lived, thus, the Ensign did not follow

properly, the true reasoning of some of the ideas to which he was exposed, however, others were very clear to him...

-No one will notice your absence.

-He is on a mission for the continuum, and his absence will be noticed.

"We do not want to draw anyone's attention to our presence, not even to the "Qs" who will still have to evolve a lot before they understand us, let alone humanity that has not stopped doing its usual stupidities.

-Eliminating this little guy is a decision of unpredictable consequences, because he is on a mission for the Continuum.

-It could even generate conflicts, with those who put him in this situation.

-Let him go on his way.

-It's more prudent.

-And safer.

The creatures around Fernando Zéca have faded and disappeared for good.

Then everything darkened, the temperature dropped again, and little by little he began to see stars all around.

The tricorder that Silas gave him, signaled again, and, out of nowhere, unexpectedly, appeared before him, a familiar white wooden door with a handle and a golden lock.

Without wasting time, since even breathing was difficult, Zéca turned the handle, then crossed the newly opened passage.



***

BOLDLY GOING, WHERE NO TREKER HAS EVER TRIED BEFORE...

As soon as he crossed it, the cold subsided and he breathed again.

As usual, he looked back and saw the white wooden door, through which had passed, disappear.

Although the air was breathable, it was humid and warm.

He looked around and realized that was in a bathroom full of women.

More specifically, right in front of where many of them were taking a shower.

In front of so many beauties, with little clothing, Fernando Zéca Corinthiano could not contain himself, and blurted out:

-Blimey! I'm in paradise.

No sooner had he finished uttering these words than they began to shout:

-There's a man here in the bathroom!

-He's a pervert! He said he's in paradise!

-Magpie!

-Pervert!

-Depraved!

-Abnormal!

-Lynch!

-Calm down, ladies! - Fernando Zéca tried to explain himself, while quickly scanning the environment in search of a way out. - I didn't come here voluntarily!

His search was fruitless since he immediately found no way to get out of there.

-Get this guy!

And what seemed to be paradise soon turned into a pile of problems.

From one moment to the next, these beautiful women were pointing at the intruder, pistols and rifles, which, from the latter's point of view, were old-fashioned but lethal.

Fernando Zéca raised his hands, as he would not have time to open his arsenal.

One of those women, tall blond, dressed in short, tight shorts and a T-shirt with similar characteristics, ordered, gun in hand:

-Attention. This invader comes with me. I'll lead him to safety.

-Do you want help, Captain?

In response, she showed the pistol she wielded: a .50 Desert Eagle and said:

-I don't think it will be necessary, Lieutenant. But, if you want to keep up...

-At your command, Ma'am.

The Lieutenant took Zéca's arm and twisted it behind the unfortunate's back, then leading him with the Captain, out of the bathroom.

-No need to squeeze. - complained Zéca. - I wasn't there on purpose.

-Where is your identification badge? - asked the Captain.

-I don't have...

The trio continued walking and the Captain asked:

-How did you get here?

-For a passage... I think it's a passage capable of connecting different dimensional planes...

The Captain widened her blue eyes...

-Sam! What happened?

Three soldiers appeared.

One of them, the eldest, also holding a pistol just like the captain's, was to whom, she replied:

-He appeared without explanation in the shower of the women's bathroom, Colonel.

-And did he get out of there alive? - Asked the officer, with an expression of visible

incredulity.

-I saw the thing from the beginning, Sir. - She explained. - I managed to get him out of there, in time...

-Congratulations, Sam. You really managed to get him out of there, but my question is: how did he get to the women's bathroom?

-Said he arrived through an inter-dimensional passage.

-Sam! Look at his clothes! - Observed the Colonel. - It's clear that he is a Nerd. Probably, he must have left some Star Trek convention and come here. What I'm interested in now is how he got in here..."

“Teleportation I know it wasn't..."

-No, sir. - The Captain agreed. - Not really by teleportation.

"I saw him coming out of a white wooden door, which disappeared shortly after he passed through it."

The Colonel put his hand on his forehead, opened his mouth as if to say something and was quiet.

He took a deep breath, looked at Fernando Zéca, and only then said:

-A guy dressed in a Star Trek uniform appears to me in the middle of the women's bathroom, passing through a Twilight Zone-style door?

"Is that what you mean to tell me, Sam?"

-That's what I saw, Colonel.

The Colonel ran his hand through his gray hair.

-Worst of all, I believe it.

"My consolation is that if this had happened anywhere else, we should have been committed to an insane asylum, but due to the nature of the experiments carried on here, it is better to take the case to the General."

"He then orders, he takes over, and he solves this hot potato..."

***

Everyone, including the Ensign, went to the General's Office.

Fernando Zéca, little or nothing, said, so as not to cause greater irritation, because he had unwittingly circumvented the local security systems.

Sitting in a large armchair, a bald military officer, slightly overweight, listened attentively.

On the table in front of him was a golden plaque with the name:

GENERAL GEORGE S. HAMMOND.

On one of the side walls of the office, the images obtained through several security cameras were projected.

After the brief account of the Captain's testimony, the General asked Fernando Zéca:

-And who are you? How did you get here?

-I got here through an interdimensional passage. I didn't break into the ladies' bathroom voluntarily.

-Samantha says she saw that passage forming and disappearing in the bathroom, General. - Informed the Colonel.

-Exactly, Sir. - She confirmed.

The Colonel, once again admired by Fernando Zéca's clothes, asked:

-And this uniform of yours? Where are you from?

-I am a Starfleet Ensign, Sir.

-Starfleet... - Repeated the Colonel, looking at the General, who was serious.

-Exact.

-You mean, the Starfleet from the Federation of United Planets? - asked the Coronel...

-That's right. - Confirmed Zéca, already with a smile on his face. - I see that you

understand my situation... You know what I'm talking about...

-After all, what are we talking about here? General Hammond asked. - This man came out of some trekker fan club, or some science fiction movie studio?

-From what I understand, he claims to be from a parallel universe, where what we consider fantasy here is reality. - Explained the Captain.

-At least, if Captain Kirk had come here, I would even ask for an autograph...

-Sir! I had a brief meeting with Captain James Kirk of the U.S.S. Enterprise. Sir.

"I do not know if this is what you refers to, Sir..."

-Did you meet Captain James Kirk? - Asked the Colonel, open-mouthed and wide-eyed.

-Yes Sir. He...

-Let's stay focused on this conversation. - Interrupted the General. - Explain to me what you are doing here, otherwise you want to be arrested!

-YES SIR GENERAL SIR! Of course, sir. - Said Fernando Zéca, who then reported, within his understanding, everything he had been through.

***

And as soon as he finished telling the story of his misadventures, an alarm rang, the sound of which seemed to echo throughout the place.

-General! STARGATE Portal was triggered remotely, Sir. - Reported a voice over the sound system on the officer's desk.

-Remotely? How?!? Who authorized it? The General asked, visibly astonished.

-Authorization did not come from the Command Center, Sir.

"It came from the SUPREME COURT; more specifically, from the Magistrate's Office that visited us fifteen days ago..."

-From the Magistrate??? But...

The image of the Magistrate appeared on one of the screens on the wall of the Office.

He was a fat, stocky man with broad cheeks, greasy skin, disheveled hair, who wore red clothes and a red hat.

Fernando Zéca looked at the face of the magistrate whose features were unfamiliar to him.

Images from other monitors on the wall of the Cabinet showed the activation of the aforementioned portal, whose unauthorized opening, was at that moment, informed by the General.

Fernando Zéca recognized the piece now used as a portal.

It was ring-shaped, with several strange letters carved along its surface.

Exactly the same as the one that had been placed in the cargo bay, of the F.S.S. GALATRINA01, a spacecraft that he should have been commanding, if he was not involved in such a crazy epic.

For this reason, he kept his attention on the monitors that displayed images of strange "hairy" white luminous spheres coming out of the interior of the portal, which in turn now glowed in bluish tones...

Fernando Zéca soon realized what it was about, and said:

-General! Have the enclosure where these creatures are appearing, imediatly cleared...

-Creatures? Are they living beings?

-Are they intelligent? - asked the Captain.

-Yes, they are living beings, who use the little intelligence they have, to suck the vital energy of anyone, who is not of this species.

-If you know them. Then do you have anything to do with this invasion? - Asked the General.

-No, sir. I have nothing to do with what is happening...

As soon as he finished saying this, one of the monitors showed the image of one of those creatures approaching a soldier who was in the place where the action was captured.

The military gave orders to the creature move away, and, as he was ignored, he shot.

The luminous creature felt nothing and continued relentlessly, its advance towards him.

When the creature came within a few inches of the soldier, one of the shiny strands immediately stretched and touched the soldier's skin, who was left in shock, while his skin withered and darkened into a pile of ash.

The creature, in turn, shone brightly as soon as it took the life of its victim, and a few moments later, it returned to normal size.

-They are called "Eyelashes". - Explained Fernando Zéca. - Legend has it that the guy who gave the name to these beings, in fact, wanted to call them "Specks", but when he went to describe them, he said "Eyelashes" which is the name that ended up sticking.

"Do not be deceived by the beauty of these creatures, who, as soon as they take their life, shine for a moment, then look for another victim to kill."

Without wasting any more time, the General picked up a phone from his desk and ordered:

-Immediately evacuate the STARGATE control center.

"All accesses must be closed."

-Where do you know these life forms? - asked the Captain.

-At the Starfleet Academy, we usually do simulated combats, in a virtual environment, against these creatures.

-So are you prepared to face these things? How can we get them out of here? - Asked the Colonel.

-I am prepared, yes, but your weapons will not be able to overcome them.

-And what do you suggest? - Asked the General.

-I have my own weaponry, General. - Said Fernando Zéca Corinthiano. - I ask permission to make use of it here.

The General looked at Fernando Zéca, and, with a face of astonishment:

-You? Armed? Where???

Fernando Zéca ran his finger over his wrist and then the gun cabinet appeared around him.

From one of his partitions, he took the holster with two pistols, and from another, he took a rifle, wearing and unlocking all the weapons, under the astonished eyes of the military, who witnessed that situation.

-I'll have to do the job myself. - Said Fernando Zéca. -I won't have time to train you with my weaponry, so I ask you to trust me...

-Then take this man to the Stargate Control Center...

-And good luck to you. - Said the General looking at Fernando Zéca. - Then we want to know how your weapons work...

-Yes, sir. I will explain what is within the reach of my understanding.

-Then let's go! - Said the Colonel as he indicated to Fernando Zéca the path to be followed.

***

There was no more talk.

The die was cast.

Even though he had experience in that type of situation, Fernando Zéca felt a block of ice weighing on his belly.

He finally arrived in front of the door of the Control Center room.

Next to the entrance next to the sensor that released the opening, was the Captain, that tall blonde with bright eyes and beautiful.

She swiped her badge, with the barcode, facing the scanning scanner.

Before opened and unlocked the door, Fernando Zéca imagined himself giving a kiss on that magnificent woman!

In a brief moment of a few thousandths of a second, a series of sexual fantasies, where he starred in spicy scenes with that beautiful Captain, passed through his mind.

Didn't have time for anything else.

As soon as the door opened, he began to shoot rays from one of the pistols to not let any of those "eyelashes" escape from the confinement area.

He gave a brief smile, with a suffering face, to the Captain, then entered the area of infestation of the invaders without looking back.

***

Inside, the eyelashes soon noticed his presence, and advanced towards Fernando Zéca.

They could not contain themselves.

Creatures thirsty for life energy, wich lived to consume, in whatever the form.

When one of the "strands of hair" that constituted them touched its victim, there was nothing more to do. Death was certain.

Intelligent civilizations were decimated by these beautiful luminous little creatures, who simply consumed their victims, without any remorse or feeling.

Even the Federation suffered many losses until it realized the correct adjustment of the phasers and the correct shot form to combat these eyelashes.

But after such a "method" of combat was discovered, its study became mandatory at the Starfleet Academy... And these classes, Fernando Zéca did not fail.

Without distraction or pause, he fired at the creatures that, when hit, exploded into a ball of light, "which hit" other "eyelashes" nearby, starting a chain reaction, which practically exterminated them all.

The shots had to be absolutely accurate, and the movement could not allow any proximity to the targets, as they also acted stealthily and quickly.

Focused on the task: shoot, shoot and shoot even more, Fernando Zéca mercilessly massacred that wave of evil creatures that, in a few weeks, could spread across a planet the size of Earth, eliminating all life on it.

In a quick succession of shots, he eliminated most of the invaders.

His performance, compared to those in training, which he performed during shooting exercises at the gym, was astonishingly better.

In a few minutes of intense shooting, he eliminated all the murderous creatures, which would not be destroyed, with the firearms of those soldiers.

One last "eyelash" tried a direct attack against Fernando Zéca, having even managed to invade the defensive space, one and a half meters in diameter, which he was trying to keep as safety.

In a millisecond, the Ensign tried his luck, and at random fired a desperate shot... That hit the target and finished the task!

He regretted not having a camera recording his extraordinary performance at the time, which, even though it was decisive for the continuity of life as it was known in that world, would certainly be forgotten.

In any case, one thing was certain: Fernando Zéca would kiss the face of that beautiful Captain as soon as he saw her.

A mission as well accomplished as that, deserved celebration to match.

Even if he got slapped by the blonde!

He even imagined a way to achieve his goal: he would approach her, giving her a warm hug, and, without wasting time, kiss her.

As he was returning to the entrance of that room, in search of his prize, the tricorder began to signal.

Just out of curiosity, Fernando Zéca, followed the guidance, which took him to the back, of the STARGATE portal that was there.

More specifically, in front of a door exactly like the one that had brought him there.

And it was already open, inviting him to a dark and foggy environment.

He really wanted to kiss that captain, but his desire to see Marge again was even greater.

Again, he advanced into the unknown...



***

JUSTICE, or
EXAGGERATION in REACTION?
DECIDE!

As soon as he reached the "other side", he heard the sound of an explosion that shook everything around, including the floor, almost bursting his eardrums...

He turned back looking for the door trying to get back through the passage, but it disappeared.

Where he was now it was dark and the air, almost unbreathable, with a strong smell, not at all pleasant, of death and war.

A hiss was heard, followed by new rumblings!

Apparently, Fernando Zéca had gotten rid of a problem, to have to deal with another much worse one!

He put on his round sunglasses, which, in this case, would allow him to see even in the local darkness.

Seeing the situation from a different perspective, he noticed the presence of several humanoid bodies. All dead!

From the state in which they were, it was clear that their lives were taken from them, in a humiliating and cruel way.

Most of the corpses seemed to have met their fate in the face of bladed weapons, and other types of blunt objects, such as batons, hammers or chains...

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano's inner alarm sounded, so our Ensign redoubled his caution, since, at any moment, he could also be a victim of the executioners who perpetrated all that barbarity.

He then moved to a brighter environment, where he perceived things more clearly: there too the scene was dreadful with some of the corpses torn apart, like butcher's meat.

Fernando Zéca advanced slowly and silently, through the ghastly scenery until he heard:

-Traitor! Traitor!

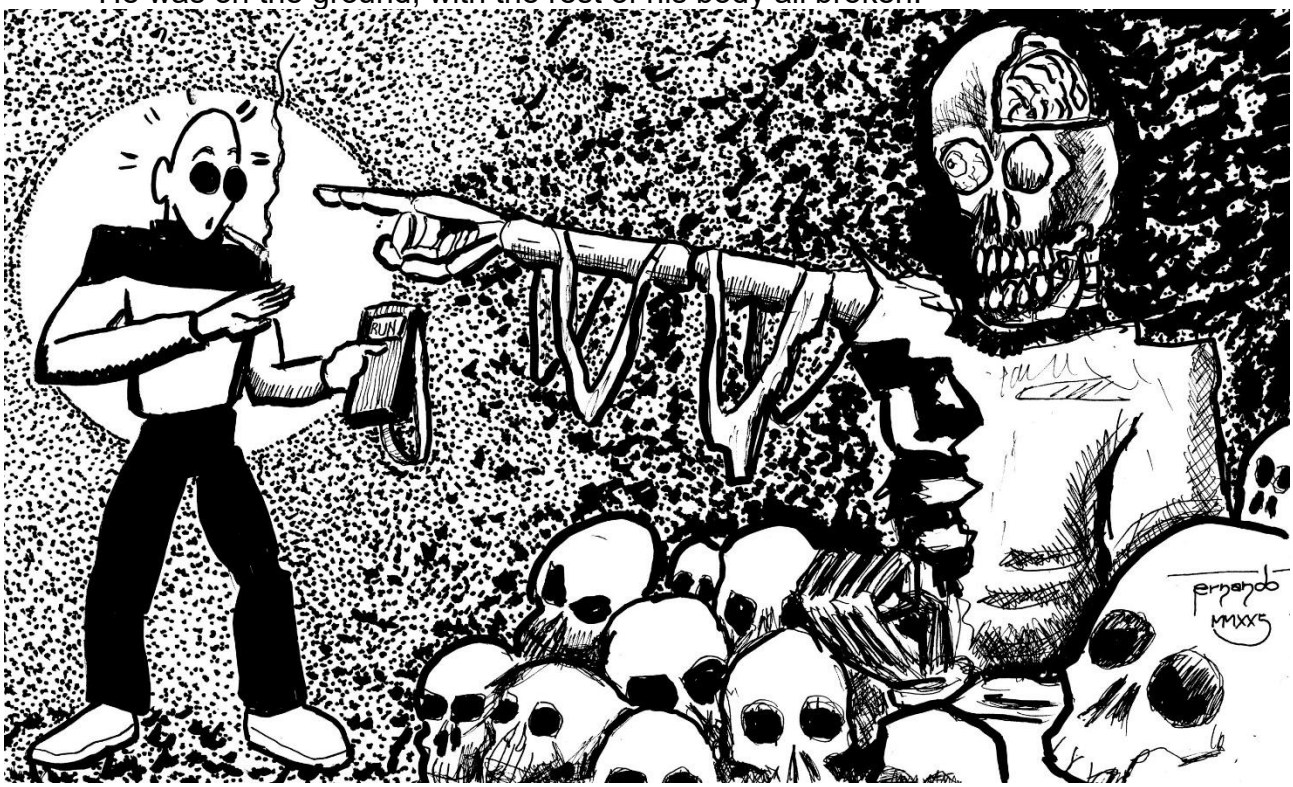
He turned to the direction where the sound of that voice was coming from.

-Betrayer! We have been asking for help and calling for your help for eighteen days, and only now you are showing up?

Fernando Zéca froze his bones and belly, with what he saw:

A man with the upper right half of his head shattered.

He was on the ground, with the rest of his body all broken.



He did not move, but continued talking:

-Damn Starfleet! An entire squadron of ships, parked less than five light years away, and you still ignored our calls for help!"

-You're wrong! - Corrected Fernando Zéca. - Yes, I am, from Starfleet, but I am not here to answer any call for help. My presence in this place is merely casual.

-Casual? In this rat hole? You don't get here by chance...

The situation was bizarre.

It was impossible for Fernando Zéca to understand, through what miracle, someone in that state, could discuss any subject.

-What's happening?

-So you don't know??? It's the revenge of ZUHLURR's followers! Aren't you really

from here??

-I arrived in less than fifteen minutes. - Said Fernando Zéca. - I don't even know what planet this is...

Even in the half-shattered face of that person's head, there was an effort to try a laugh...

-A lost federate?

-Very lost. - Fernando Zéca agreed. - Lost between different space temporal dimensions...

-Welcome to ZZUHLURRABIA. THIS IS NOT THE FEDERATION'S SPACE. If you came for tourism, you arrived at a bad time, the people are wanting to take revenge for the way their diplomatic corps was murdered on Earth."

-Murdered on Earth?

-It is said that a terrorist action decimated the entire diplomatic corps inside the embassy of ZZUHLURRABIA on Earth, which even led to the banishment of the Followers of ZUHLURR, from some of the cadres of the Federation.

The Ensign widened his eyes listening to that. The muscles in his throat contracted.

-But no one remembered to call back the Embassies, the trade missions and representations of the Federation, which were already established in the ZZUHLURRABIA...

And he said nothing more.

Fernando Zéca, for a few moments, did not know what to do, until he realized that he had heard the last words of the little that was left of that person.

He moved away from the recently deceased, and followed among so many other bodies, torn and dead, in the most diverse ways until he found another dying man along the way, who had a pole crossed in the rib cage.

He saw Fernando Zéca and, as soon as he noticed the Federation's insignia on his uniform, he began to shout, with the last strength he still had left:

-Traitors! You have abandoned us. Traitors! You left us here to die.

Attached to the post that crossed that poor soul in half, was a bluish plaque, and the insignia of the Federation, which was written:

"WELCOME You are in an area under the jurisdiction of the EMBASSY of the Federation of United Planets in ZZUHLURRABIA"

The comforting thought came to Fernando Zéca's mind, warning him that the danger that had taken all those lives in a horrible and cruel way, could still be threatening the vicinity.

He cautiously moved forward, through the chaotic environment until reached a staircase that led up somewhere.

There being no other option for a path, continued until he found an exit to the roof of a building with huge steel antennas on top.

Zéca looked around, and saw thousands of other similar buildings around.

If that planet was really ZUHULURRUBIA, then he maybe was in one of its capitals.

From the heights, no one would have imagined that in the middle of that kind of giant concrete, lived fanatical followers of ZUHLURRR, a people who thought they were designated by their divinity, with the duty to impose, submit and shit idiotic rules, oppressing anyone who did not share their religious faith, especially women and domestic animals such as dogs and cats.

Bloodthirsty adepts who feel superior to other species. Intolerant of criticism from those who accused them of hypocrisy, even capable of committing crimes without any remorse, against those they consider unfaithful.

It was then that the worried Ensign heard a cry:

-ZUHLURRR is the biggest! In the name of ZUHLURRR...

He was one of the fanatics armed with a bloody curved sword and brandished it

furiously, advancing menacingly shouting at the Ensign, who, without wasting time, fired several shots with the weapon he had.

The fanatic fell dead on the ground without even taking his last full breath.

Then... More menacing screams.

Other devotees of the murderous sect advanced through the same door through which Fernando Zéca had left, arriving there.

Without wasting time with any consideration, the Ensign, with accurate shots, eliminated one by one the enraged and heavily armed fanatics.

The witnesses who saw the confrontation, even though they were in surrounding buildings, intensified the shouting and pots and pans.

As much as he was defending his own life, the local crowd was for the mob that had come to kill him.

Objects began to be thrown in the direction of Fernando Zéca, who hid in a corridor below the antennas at the top of the building, through which cables passed and measurement and control instruments were installed.

Outside, the shouting increased and more fanatics arrived. Some even entered the shelter of the Ensign, but were received with gunfire, without any of them surviving either, which only delayed the arrival of more zuhlurrulits wanting to slaughter the protagonist of these lines.

Without any scruples, elderly people, children and women, were kicked against Fernando Zéca, who, now reluctant to target these aggressors wich became even more entrenched in the hiding place.

There, locked up for some time, he was precariously protected from the threats, until burning objects were thrown and filled with smoke while the crowd destroyed everything they could with stones and sticks.

Some were already preparing fuel to cook the Ensign inside, who, even so, managed to roll up his sleeves, slide his finger over the sticker over his own wrist, thus revealing the weapons cabinet, on whose shelves, at that moment, one stood out, in a black cylindrical shape.

Not knowing what it was, the Ensign took it out, and soon hid his dangerous arsenal.

He pressed a button on the barrel of the gun and, at the end of it, a cap was opened, which revealed the launcher barrel already properly loaded with something....

Fernando Zéca pointed to the end of the open tube to the passage through he had come, and which, the fanatics would certainly subdue him.

He pulled the trigger and was surprised by the result.

Heard a POP!

He expected a lightning strike or even something dramatic like fire setting fire.

Everything! But not a POP!

It came out of the barrel in slow motion, a silver projectile that floated for a few moments over the gun, then fired at high speed in the direction where the attackers were coming from.

The astonished Ensign heard nothing else for seconds...

He assumed that something had failed, since nothing special was happening.

His stomach grew cold.

Time passed torturously slow.

Zéca was faced with certain death.

Even with so many weapons, he could not get out of there without killing innocents. Even because those weapons now looked like to not work.

Then, during that anguished silence, he prayed.

He prayed to Mary the Mother of Mothers and to all the Saints whom he remembered there.

The Ensign was unable to calculate the exact time he was concentrated in the midst

of his prayers. It may have been a few seconds, or maybe... A few hours...

The fact is that, when he was already imagining how he would face death with dignity, a warning came from the display on the body of the supposed failed gun:

"WORLD-DESTROYING MORTAR ACTIVATED"

Even more unexpectedly, at his side, out of nowhere, without any explanation, appeared the mysterious door with one of its unexpected exits.

Zéca still didn't understand anything and wondered:

-What was happening? If the gun was apparently useless, why that warning if the exit had appeared open there?

With this and other questions tormenting him, he realized that the shouting of the fanatics increased in intensity. And then came a tremendous bang....

Certainly a strong explosion that was collapsing with everything around.

The end of the world seemed to have come.

Somehow, Zéca was unaware of how, Silas' armament, contrary to what he had initially evaluated, was working, leaving absolutely nothing standing there.

Zéca didn't need such a violent weapon, he just wanted to get rid of that mess.

In any case, Silas's weapons were no joke.

They served not only as a defense, but also for a definitive revenge.

Such a conclusion came with another new light warning that appeared on the display of the weapon used.

"TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF ZUHULURRUBIAN UNDERWAY."

He couldn't stay there.

Without wasting time, Fernando Zéca advanced to whatever was on the other side of the open door.

As soon as he crossed it, he turned to see the total destruction that was taking place there.

From that deadly scenario, an increasingly intense hot breath was prevented from turning into a strong heat wave, as the door quickly closed.

From ZUHULURRUBIAN, the Ensign would be the only survivor of an apocalyptic destruction that he himself had unwittingly caused.

***

THE MONKEY'S PROVERB IS: EACH HUMAN ON ITS BRANCH, BUT THE BANANA BELONGS TO WHOEVER GETS IT FIRST.

Only then, Fernando Zéca Corinthiano realized the place where he was.

In the middle of a very well-organized banana plantation.

Most of them were green, but there were already some yellowish.

Fernando Zéca took one of these, peeled it and ate it.

Sweet and tasty.

After so much trouble and confusion that almost took his life, it was time to take the opportunity to fill his belly with what he had available.

After six bananas like that, he soon felt reestablished.

He walked through the plantation eating other yellow bananas he found, until he reached the edge of a stream, where he drank water and took the opportunity to smoke a cigarette.

He reflected through furious puffs on the unusual situation he found himself in thanks to Silas, Marge's father.

He should have left everything as it was and not gotten involved in family business.

Only now, it occurred to him that Marge could have run away from the family even because of some disagreement.

And because of his naivety, and passionate heart, he was in a situation that was unable to even fully understand...

Problems aside, the cigarette ended along with the wave of tranquility it brought. More relaxed, then, he heard voices nearby. Armed with caution, he went to check their origin.

He walked silently, until reached a point, where could glimpse, without being able to be seen. who was talking loudly.

They were monkeys! And very large, hairy monkeys, who walked upright, dressed in strange uniforms in red and black leather.

***



Talking monkeys!

-I smell humans! - Said one of them.

The monkeys looked around, with unfriendly faces, apparently looking for what they thought was some imminent threat.

Out of prudence, Fernando Zéca thought it best to keep himself hidden, from those unfriendly looks. And he did well.

From the middle of the dense forest, around the banana plantation, near where the apes were, a furious bear with reddish-brown skin emerged.

He must have been about ten feet tall, and he rushed forward with blind fury at the monkeys.

One of them, the strongest, and the only one who wore all-black clothes, handed to one of his companions, the rifle he was carrying, then advanced towards the enraged bear.

With an impressive jump, the monkey hugged the bear's neck and, forcing the bear's head back, just like a jiu-jitsu fighter, ended up laying it on the ground.

With another quick movement, the monkey broke the bear's spine, which lay in agony.

The other apes then advanced towards the defeated one and tore him to pieces furiously, then devoured him.

Some of the pieces of the vanquished were kept in bags attached to motorcycles, or

stored in luggage racks, trucks and cars, parked nearby.

Roaring, screaming, and furiously in an uproar, the monkey celebrated the victory over the dead bear. One of these, however, continued to sniff the air, suspiciously:

-There are humans around here.

-No! - Another disagreed. - The bear must have killed humans before it came to us.

-Yes... Perhaps...

The suspicious monkey joined the rest of the group, and then everyone took their vehicles disappearing down a road in the middle of the forest, with a lot of fuss.

Of the great bear, not a hair there was left to tell the story.

In addition to all that, something else disturbed Fernando Zéca.

Apparently those monkeys didn't like humans.

***

The gun cabinet, to which Fernando Zéca had access, at any time he slid his finger through the invisible bracelet, always had something new. All he had to do was look for it.

When he could, the Ensign checked what was interesting, and what had not been used.

In that situation, even prepared for immediate confrontation, carrying a rifle and two pistols in the holster, he checked preventively, what could most hypothetically use in order to effectively ward off problems with apes.

Drones for espionage and stealth actions would help.

He took half a dozen of them out of the partitions of the closet, and put them to fly, each one leaving, in different directions, in order to obtain information with the best routes to follow, while, through the "tricorder" he would verify, the images that arrived.

Soon, one of the drones approached the group of motorized monkeys, which had moved away from the area where Fernando Zéca was.

He joined another large group of hairy gorillas on horseback, bringing dozens of chained or caged humans.

The drone, even from a distance, was able to pick up conversations between the monkeys.

One of them caught the attention of Fernando Zéca:

-The old tactic still works. We divide to conquer.

-And we don't even have to try very hard. Humans live by betraying each other. They themselves hand over their families and neighbors for us to enslave them.

-They sell for little.

-Not all! Some don't collaborate and are harder to fold.

-But in the end, everyone ends up giving in. Voluntarily, or not...

-Oh! This is for sure...

The drones' cameras and microphones also brought information about the mute humans, who grunted in animalistic ways, enslaved by the apes in terrible conditions, wearing precarious clothes typical of the savages of prehistory.

The women's fur and the men's dirty beards showed that there was not even a knife available for basic daily tasks.

Those people, in addition to being prisoners, were completely bestialized.

It was heartbreaking to see a fellow man, suffer such undignified treatment, but Fernando Zéca was just trying to find his ex again, without the slightest pretense of playing the liberator for any oppressed people.

If humanity there had not reached the top of the pyramid of power, or worse: if it had completely brutalized, it would not be his intervention that would make things better.

The idea of self-sacrifice for a people incapable of unity to fight in defense of their own freedom was very far from his mind.

He would follow his own path, moving away from those problems, since his goal was elsewhere. Most likely, in another parallel universe.

***

Thus, he ended up following the watercourse that ran through the interior of the forest until it became a mighty river, where the Ensign could better situate himself.

On the horizon, he saw a metropolis.

He would still have to walk a long time to reach it, however, even from a distance, he could glimpse important details.

It seemed abandoned to the point that only the sound of the wind could be heard from there. Neither smoke, lights or horns. Only the intimidating silence, and the river, heading in that direction.

Fernando Zéca walked parallel to the watercourse, towards the metropolis, until, after a curve, he came across a concrete pipe, 10 meters in diameter, penetrating the slope of a nearby mountain.

As he was about to continue on his way, trying to get away from that distressing dark entrance, luck smiled on him:

The "tricorder" signaled indicating that he should continue there. Everything he didn't want.

To enter through a dark path, which gave him no alternative but to follow his course.

He let out a growl of anger. He checked again if the indicated signal was not for another direction, he was disappointed with the unfortunate finding...

It was right into that tube with the appearance of an ominous that he should continue.

In addition to the flashlights, he had his dark round glasses with him, through which he could see everything around, even in the most complete pitch, and advanced into the duct.

Luckily for him, the air wasn't as fetid as one might expect, nor was there so much dirt along the way.

Slowly, entering more and more through the barrel, pistol and tricorder in hand, at a given moment, he noticed unexpected movement.

It looked like a red ghost, with bright eyes in the middle of that darkness.

For a few moments, he didn't move, but the thing advanced towards the Ensign revealing to be one of those giant monkeys.

Without wasting time, Fernando Zéca shot, hitting the threat.

The regulation was dizzy, capable of knocking any human unconscious, no matter how strong. The monkey, however, did not fall.

He was only half stunned, then advanced again, in his attempt to attack Fernando Zéca. And once again he was shot.

Then, he couldn't resist because this time, the gun was set to "disintegrate".

However, even having eliminated the threat, Fernando Zéca felt uncomfortable: firstly, due to the darkness and, mainly, because he had to deal with extremely dangerous and intelligent monkeys.

Naturally, he never trusted these animals, always preferring to keep a respectful distance from them.

In that case, however, the distance would have to be much more than respectful just to guarantee his freedom.

As for the "tricorder", keeping the signage unchanged, it was understood that the path through the interior, of that pipe, should be continued.

And this soon widened, even doubling in size, and from a certain stretch, different branches came out, going in different directions.

Unfortunately, however, there were other monkeys there.

Even in the darkness, and perhaps even because of it, they advanced quickly and nimbly towards Fernando Zéca, who, undeterred, and thanks to his sniper training, pulverized them one by one.

Thus, having more of these aggressors overcome, he went through the branches indicated by the "tricorder", until, little by little, the lighting improved.

Fernando Zéca advanced even further in this direction, and, after walking a long corridor, he left on an avenue of the metropolis that he had glimpsed before entering through the pipe.

In fact, it was ugly, empty, taken over by the bush looking totally abandoned.

Through its wide spaces only the howling winds flowed, something that made Fernando Zéca even more alert and stressed.

His tension could even be unpleasant to him, but it was thanks to it that he saw a powerful machine gun cannon, installed on top of a skyscraper on the avenue.

The gun pointed at Fernando Zéca, who reacted automatically by jumping behind a thick concrete column.

The Ensing let out a dozen expletives, as he saw the projectiles fired by the gun, destroying everything near the place from which he had jumped.

He hid in another entrance, similar to the one he had come from.

This, however, had artificial light, even in that post-apocalyptic scenario.

And thanks to this illumination, he noticed three more monkeys that advanced without any fear, and with great aggressiveness, towards him.

Once again, Fernando Zéca positioned himself behind some rocks and, with accurate shots, disintegrated the new targets without any difficulty.

It seemed easy, but the Ensign remained confident in fear and not in luck.

He followed through narrow corridors until he reached a library.

There, the tricorder began to indicate the presence of something hidden behind one of the nearby shelves full of books and rolls of papers, from there, probably, it would be forced to remove any possible obstacle to achieve its goals.

But before any demolition work began, a monkey appeared different from the others he had previously faced, giving orders:

-Don't do that!

***

The ape in question had long yellowish hair wearing a leather apron, beige in order to appear even more sociable than the others. And for that reason alone, Fernando Zéca did not kill him immediately.

-I'm not interested in your books and papers. - Said the Ensign. - I want to see what's behind this wall.

The monkey widened his eyes visibly astonished!

-You talk!

-Of course I do.

-Humans don't talk.

-Not everyone is like that. - Clarified Fernando Zéca. - Some talk too much.

"Now show me what's behind these books if you don't want me to destroy everything."

The monkey pressed a button on the furniture, and it moved along with the wall, revealing, behind, another secret room, in which, inside, there was a white wooden door like those that the Ensign had already crossed before.

The "tricorder" insistently signaled in its direction.

-The technology you use. - Said the monkey, "pointing" to the tricorder and the weapons. - Just like you... It's all alien, isn't it?

-Yes. Don't worry. I'm from a world like this. But from another universe....

-It could be... - Said the monkey scratching his chin, thoughtfully. - The books you wanted to destroy report that, in the past, humans dominated everything, but did not have the technology as advanced as the one you use, demonstrating that evolution occurred differently from where you came.

-What has prevented humanity from advancing in its evolution here?

-The humanity herself, for being weak, negligent, venerating evil, becoming idiotic and politically corrected by her own system."

"From there, it was defeated by false religions, politicians and diplomats of terror, who, on the surface of this planet, proliferated more than rats, commanding the once thriving civilization, back to barbarism."

"The monkey, once evolved to serve as man's slave, has taken his place and now commands here, without pity, clemency or mercy, because he knows that man is a traitor, capable of selling himself and his family for a piece of spoiled bologna.

-Your story doesn't interest me. - Said Fernando Zéca. -I don't want to interfere in your problems.

He said that and advanced towards the white wooden door.

-Well, you should be interested. - Replied the monkey. - Sooner or later we will also dominate the place from which you came.

As soon as he finished speaking, behind him, twenty other monkeys appeared, well armed and coming towards Fernando Zéca, who, without wasting time, opened the white door advancing to the other side of it.

In a last glance towards that place from which he escaped, he saw the monkeys approaching dangerously, but the white door closed, thunderously, preventing the passage of the pursuers, and decreasing in size until it disappeared.

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano breathed a sigh of relief, because whatever he had to face would certainly not cause him as many chills as those dangerous ugly monkeys.

***

ZECA FROM FORD MUSTANG, eating LYSERGIC SANDWICHES

Whether the monkey was right or not, all Fernando Zéca Corinthiano wanted at that moment was to distance himself from the terrifying scenario, where he had been before.

More relieved, he looked around, and the first thing he came across was a classic Mustang car, a black customized model, with white stickers with the Starfleet symbol, and the silhouette of a guitar drawn inside.

Now, it was inside what seemed to be the interior of a closed garage.

The Ensign then heard the famous multifunctional "tricorder", signaling in the direction of the vehicle.

Unceremoniously, since it was the device that told him what to do, he opened the door and got into the car, relaxing in the armchair.

-Show this car. - Praised Fernando Zéca, without containing his admiration.

Integrated into the vehicle's dashboard, there was a "multifunctional tricorder" exactly like the one he used.

Out of mere curiosity, casually, he pressed the button that activated it and, on the device's image screen, Silas' face appeared:

Fernando Zéca was startled at first, but listened to what was said to him.

-Use this vehicle to find my daughter.

"Behind your seat you will have tools to help you.

-Damn you, Silas! - Shouted Fernando Zéca. - Where does this craziness stop?

(All that was left was to complain that even readers can't stand so many twists and

turns anymore.)

Silas, however, did not feel sorry for anyone, nor did he change the subject:

-Do not deviate from the goal and, when you find my daughter, press the yellow button on the device I gave you.

-Go to hell, damn you! - Cursed Fernando Zéca (even in the name of the dear and faithful reader). - Come here to help with something, and don't just sit around while others clean up your mess."

-I'm waiting.

-Waiting for a dick in your ass hole, wretched rogue! You're hiding a lot from me.

The whole curse was apparently useless, since Silas solemnly ignored it and soon the image with his face disappeared from the screen of the "tricorder" integrated into the car.

There was nothing else to do, Fernando Zéca pressed the ignition button.

Immediately, the roar of the engine was heard, reassuring the angry Ensign.

Next to the vehicle, a steel door was raised, opening the way for it to get out of there, forcing Zéca to accelerate that machine right away.

Even though it was a Ford, the car seemed personalized to him even because was very fast and comfortable.

***

As soon as he drove two hundred meters, came in the middle of heavy traffic, one of those which does not walk even by decree.

Unaccustomed to the mechanics of a classic like that Mustang, (since, by his estimates, it should have been produced in the middle of the twenty-first century), as soon as he saw an available parking space on the curb, he pulled over the vehicle.

It was not difficult to maneuver since the car itself came with an automatic device to make the well-known "beacon".

Then standing still, the Ensign looked around, realizing that he was in New York.

Curious, he took the opportunity to check which tools Silas was referring to, when he said could help him.

He reached behind the seat and the first thing he picked up was a typical credit and debit card.

On it was his name FERNANDO ZECA CORINTHIANO and the validity data.

Looking closer, on the card, instead of the flag of the bank that managed it, there was an image with Silas' face smiling.

-DAMM IT! – The Ensign cursed when he noticed the detail.

Even so, Zéca continued to check that means of payment.

At the back, there was a horizontal silver stripe, where there was a hidden text, which could only be read by tilting it at a certain angle, in relation to the eyes.

INFINITE BALANCE. SPEND IT WISELY UNTIL YOU FIND MARGE.

-Infinite balance? - growled Fernando Zéca. - This can only be a joke.

He looked behind the passenger seat and saw a cardboard box with other things inside. Whatever it was, now he wouldn't need any of it.

If that card fulfilled what it promised, at least it gave him the opportunity to eat something.

He got out of the car and saw far ahead of where he had parked, a snack bar called BACKPACKER'S NOOK OF PARALLEL DIMENSIONS.

Just below this name, on the sign of the establishment, there was also the suggestive call:

THE BEST SANDWICH IN THIS UNIVERSE.

That could not be ignored by a connoisseur of the subject like Zéca.

In front of the entrance, there was a blackboard on the sidewalk, with the suggestion

of the day: TRANSCEDENTAL HOT CHEESEGGDOG.

The tricorder kept signaling back to the car, to which Zéca cursed to himself shouting at the card he was holding:

-Go to hell, damn it! Go to hell, damn Silas.

"Now I want to test that card and see if I can get someone to pay for decent food for me."

The unsuspecting passerby who passed by the Ensign witnessing the angry reaction, just glanced at the scene, even showing some indifference, after all, it was just another crazy person in New York talking and cursing alone in the streets.

Fernando Zéca, in turn, went to the counter of the snack bar where he placed the order:

-I want the dish of the day.

-And what do you drink?

-Uma Romulan Ale.

-What????

Fernando Zéca recalled that he was on Earth, probably in the twenty-first century, where until a certain time, the presence of life outside the planet was hidden from the people by governments.

Therefore, there could not be Romulan ALE for sale, because it was imported from outside the Solar System.

-Ahhh... I'll want an orange juice.

The attendant looked with a doubtful face, registered the order and said:

-Seven dollars.

The Ensign paid with Silas' card, which was swiped on the device that received the payments and...

WORKED! SURPRISE!!!

Once the payment was accepted, Fernando Zéca went to one of the tables available on site, where he sat down, received the order and without wasting time, began to eat.

***

The Ensign couldn't believe that, after so much waiting, he was FINALLY having a quiet meal, and with the best of spices: the one that IS PAID FOR BY OTHER PEOPLE'S POCKETS.

And he was enjoying himself, after all, the advertising was honest because the sandwich was really good. The meats, succulents, the crackling bread, the melted cheese and that spice...

HUMMM... The spice...

Fernando Zéca took the bottle of spice he had on the table, and emptied it into the sandwich while he ate. If the sandwich was already good, tha spice made it even better.

And what was the name again?

Fernando Zéca even looked at the label on the bottle, so when, or rather, IF ONE DAY, he returned home, would try to find out if such a brand existed in his universe...

SPYCE MELANGE.

The Ensign did not know that mark, but he made a point of memorizing it.

Reading the label, he realized that it came from a place called ARRAKIS...

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, was well-traveled and had been able to visit many different places, but... ARRAKIS? Where the hell would this place where Judas lost his shoes be???

And that spice... Ahhh… The spyce…

Fernando Zéca returned to the counter, ordered and paid for another sandwich, lit a

cigar while waiting, received the order and returned to the table with the tempering glass.

After the second round, with his head already full of smoke, the effects of the spyce became stronger in the diner's head.

First, that characteristic bubbling of gases, calling for a visit to the bathroom. A duty that the Ensign had to fulfill, after such a large meal.

***

So, in the bathroom, inside the stall where he would lighten the weight of his stomach, while he smoked, sitting there, his mind began to wander.

He felt the taste of the sandwich returning to his palate.

It wasn't bad, in fact, just another very appreciated sensation, which that particular cuisine offered to its connoisseurs: LISERGIA.

****

The narcotic that was in the spice made Fernando Zéca delirious while he was sitting on the toilet.

In his hallucinations, he went back to the past, more specifically, a few moments back in time, when he was still sitting eating his sandwich.

At this point he found himself at the table, as if he were someone else.

But that Fernando Zéca that he saw in front of him, seemed to have different concerns from his own with bills to pay, and many things, in that vision, had also small differences, when compared to the reality he had just experienced.

There, for example, Fernando Zéca ate a simple hot dog.

There wasn't even a wrinkle on her face showing concern for Marge.

Many things in this hallucinated vision were different, as a result of the spice causing confusion in the mind of the hallucinated Ensign who dreamed of living a totally strange situation, which sometimes only delayed the achievement of his goals.

There was no way for the Ensign to take his eyes off that lysergy, which only he, sitting in the toilet stall, could see without the strength to escape.

The assisted Fernando Zéca Corinthiano inside this psychedelia, continued to eat, while seeing on the local news, a headline reporting at that moment, a fearsome taxi scaring the entire New York population.

Just another horror story inside a crazy madness.

Something so spectacularly astonishing that the city's own security authority had already determined a fat sum of reward for anyone who managed to stop such a murderous threat.

Fernando Zéca, who inserted in that FALSE (?) and ?dreamed? reality, was concerned about saving money to pay for his and the family's expenses.

Therefore, while watching the informative material, he thought:

-The money from this reward would be welcome to my budget...

***

Ensign Fernando Zéca DREAMED, therefore, not the DREAMER, managed to finish his snack and leave the cafeteria without any gastrointestinal disorder.

THIS ONE, continued burping and dragging his cigar, heading for the black Mustang, which in this case, was no longer the conventional one given by SILAS, but another: a LAST TYPE SCHELBY, which was also parked at the door of the establishment.

On the hood of this car, and on its sides, there was a white sticker, with the symbol used by the Federation of United Planets, widely used in science fiction television series,

video games and Star Trek comics.

In addition to the white color, the logo sticker on the car had a small difference compared to the series.

Inside that, in the Ensign's vehicle, a black guitar sillueta was drawn, with green cannabis leaf on its body.

As soon as Fernando entered, and closed the door, passed at full speed, taking "fine" from his car, the yellow taxi that even had a prize, established for his capture, having, as a result, entered the list of the most wanted.

The bodywork of this one looked like an armadillo carcass, so deformed, but the plate and the numbering matched the highly commented description: 666.

Fernando Zéca, turned on his snapper, and accelerated after that cursed vehicle, thinking about the prize he would win.

On the passenger seat, there was a cardboard box whose contents he checked.

Without looking straight, driving at very high speed, he took out his club and a pair of nunchakus.

-No! It doesn't work.

He threw them aside and then took out of the box a 45-centimeter long machete, with a brass knuckle embedded in the handle.

-It doesn't work either....

He then pulled a loaded Magnum 45 pistol to his mouth.

-Let's see.

He accelerated even more, and soon reached the taxi.

Unceremoniously, through his window, he wielded the gun by pointing it directly at the driver's windows of the cursed vehicle.

He shot until he ran out of ammunition, however, the result was null.

Ensign Zéca was surprised by the fact that several shots from his MAGNUM 45 had not even broken the windows of the other car.

-I must have stocked up with feasts. –Thought.

And the taxi accelerated, to try to escape the attacks of the Ensign.

In his vehicle, behind the wheel, Fernando Zéca was not satisfied.

He threw the pistol he had fired on the floor, and took out of the box, another of his toys: This time, it was a rifle with a futuristic look.

-This one doesn't fail me. – Said the Ensign.

Fernando Zéca inside the dreamed lysergy, accelerated even more, and soon reached the taxi again. This time, he arrived hitting the rear wheel of the other vehicle hard, which in addition to taking off course, made it overturn.

Then he parked his Mustang next to the crashed car and left with his rifle in hand and without spending time talking, he fired at the taxi.

From his gun, a thin bright beam came out, which hit the killer vehicle opening a deep and bubbling cut in its "bodywork", or, whatever it was.

A sound from the engine, which sounded more like an anguished scream, was heard:

-This one doesn't fail. - Repeated Ensign Fernando Zéca Corinthiano. – Next time, I'll buy three or four more, in the fan club shop, give the first one to my wife to have at home, another to keep in her car, and one more for the kids to play in the backyard with the neighborhood.

In order to torture a little more that cursed car, which had already caused so many deaths in the city, he fired a few more shots in other parts of it.

In one of them, the murderous taxi from hell, even overturned due to the impact received.

It was then that the reaction came.

The cursed vehicle pointed its headlights at the black Mustang and emitted two deadly and destructive beams of light against it.

The black Shelby ignited like a matchstick.

Fernando Zéca pulled the trigger of his rifle bought in the basin again, however, it did not fire again.

-Damm it! I forgot to change the batteries! The new ones I should be using were in the glove compartment.

The taxi then advanced against the Ensign, who also pulled a grenade from his pants pockets.

He removed the protective pin with his teeth, and threw it against the murderous car.

It hit the vehicle head-on, covering it with flames and shrapnel from the explosion itself. However, the advance of the taxi, however, was slowed down, for a very short time.

Unarmed to face such a threat, the Ensign saw the billions of dollars, of which he had dreamed so much, disappear, and, along with that, the arrival of the installments that still remained to be paid, from his powerful snapper, which was now destroyed.

Without wasting any more time, he retreated, saving his own leather.

***

And so Fernando Zéca DREAMER finally woke up.

He gave a slimming fart that, in addition to the characteristic bad smell, made him return to the reality of hard life.

He found himself in the bathroom where he finally regained his dignity and cleaned himself properly even brushing his teeth.

He left the cafeteria where he ate the hallucinogenic sandwich and in exactly the same place he had left it, he found Silas' Mustang, all there.

He sat behind the wheel, pressed a button on the dashboard, and the car disappeared completely.

***

Fernando Zéca could see the dashboard of the car, but beyond the windshield he realized that the vehicle was invisible.

To avoid accidents, and not to attract attention, he turned off the camouflage device making the car visible again.

When he went to tinker with other commands, the flag on the panel began to indicate a path he should follow.

He looked at the traffic ahead, and was discouraged just imagining the time he would spend there imprisoned.

It was then that an option jumped out at him in the menu projected on the car's control panel:

"Autopilot Flight".

Without wasting time, Fernando Zéca pressed that button and confirmed his destination.

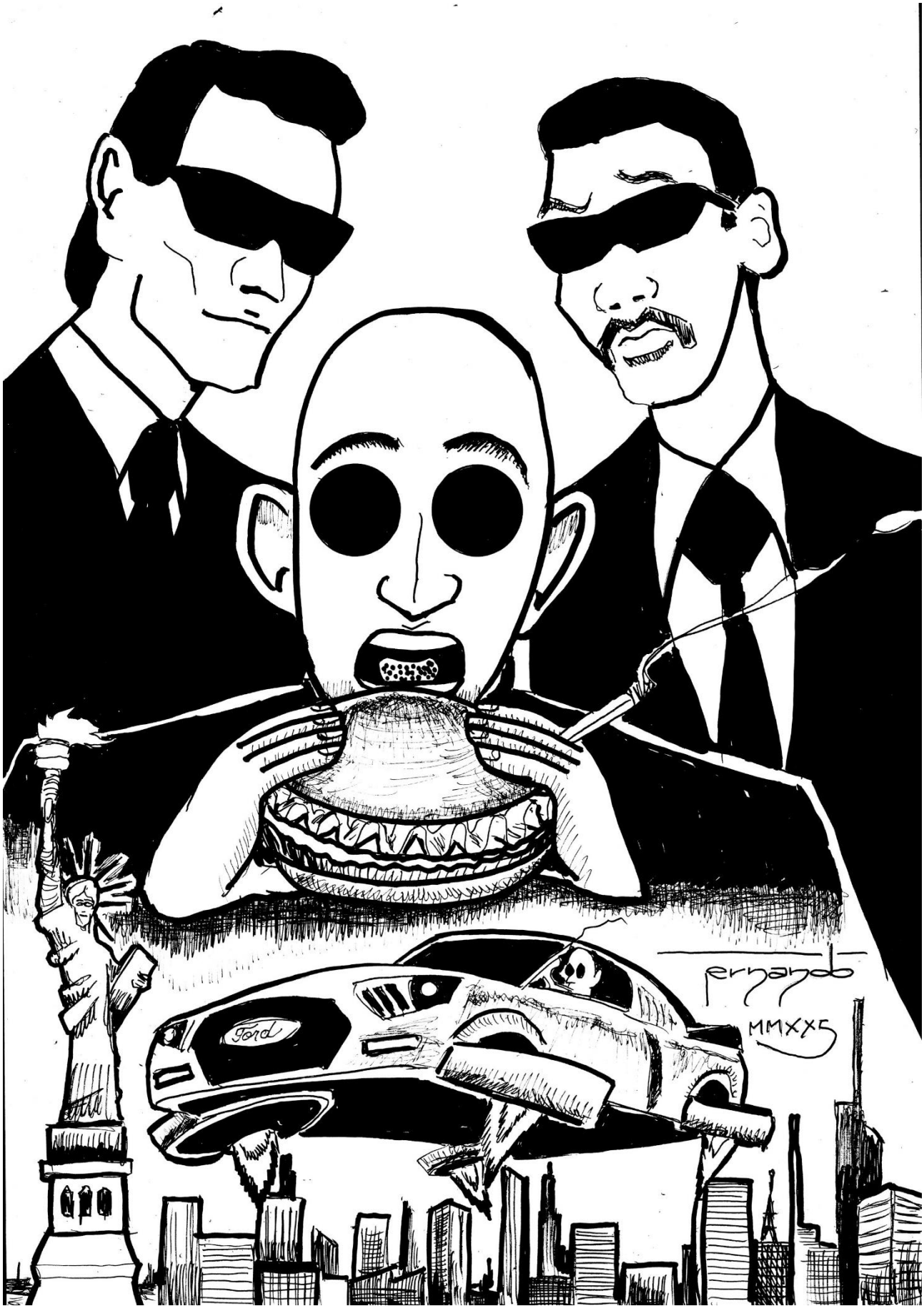
-Please buckle the seat belt. - Asked a female voice, through the Ford's sound system.

Fernando fastened his seatbelt, and, without warning, the car jumped into the air, then climbing, speedily between the buildings.

At the top, on a level much higher than that of the largest towers, the vehicle shot through the skies horizontally, thus disappearing from the reach of the eyes that personally witnessed the event, but which, in turn, no longer gave so much importance to it, after all, in New York City, something out of the ordinary happens all the time.

***

MEN IN BLACK ON THEIR HEELS



No sooner had "Agent K" finished sitting down in his office armchair than the phone rang.

Monosyllabically, as always, he answered the call:

-K.

-K! I've been trying to talk to you for almost an hour.

-Who is it?

-It's me! Burt from the BACKPACKER'S NOOK OF PARALLEL DIMENSIONS.

-Hey Burt! What's new?

-A strange guy appeared here who paid the bill with a card from outside Earth.

-How?

-That's it, K. His credit and debit card paid the expenses, but my equipment noticed in the operation, a different algorithm from the one used here on Earth.

"I don't even know if this business is used in our space-time dimension."

-At least, you didn't take a loss, Burt. But... Were you able to notice anything else strange about the guy?

-I'm pretty sure this guy came from a different dimensional plane than ours.

-And why do you think that?

-It is still carrying energetic waste from other dimensions.

"The gauges here in the store indicate by the signals that have not decayed, he must have traveled through at least three distinct spatiotemporal dimensions."

-Three?

-At least, K.

-Burt. You know that this energetic waste is eventually not worth as proof that someone carrying it while still active, may in fact have recently illegally traveled through other space-time dimensions.

-I expected you to say that, K.

"And to be honest, if that were the case I wouldn't have even called you."

-What else have you to say, then, Burt?

-The guy asked Romulan Ale.

-Romulan Ale? Nobody drinks this crap. That's illegal, isn't it?

-It's still illegal, K

-Romulan Ale... Romulan Ale...

K was thoughtful.

-And then? -He asked...

-The guy realized that maybe he was making a faux pas, and turned to orange juice.

-Got it, Burt. And... Do you have any images of this guy?

-Yes, K! I'm sending you, what the security cameras picked up.

Almost immediately, on the monitor above the desk of "Agent K", flashing icons appeared, indicating the arrival of new messages.

Through his computer mouse, K clicked on one of them, and a screen opened showing the images captured by the cafeteria's cameras.

And they showed an old acquaintance of the reader of these lines:

The dearest Ensign Fernando Zéca Corinthiano.

At the cashier, he appears paying, and then picking up his order.

Later on, in the sequence of images, going to the table, sitting down to eat.

Some time later, Fernando Zéca, gets up, places another order and eats even more.

-Did he eat all the spice? - K asked.

-Unbelievably, yes! And he repeated!

“Then he was stuck in the bathroom for half an hour."

"But he got out of there alive."

-This seasoning of yours is in fact no joke... I know.

Suddenly, the conversation was interrupted by the office door that opened.

Through it came another man in a black suit and white shirt, who unceremoniously sat in the chair in front of the table from which K was talking to Burt.

-Hello K.

-Hello J.

"J" looked at the images on K's monitor and asked:

-What's happening?

-Burt, from the cafeteria called, and said that this guy showed up paying with a card that is not from Earth.

-Did you take a loss?

-No. The problem is that we have a clandestine, unregistered interdimensional traveler circulating around.'

"Agent J" looked at the monitor image intently...

The target aimed at them, apparently, reminded him of something...

So... There was a snap.

-Remembered!

-What is it? - Asked "Agent K".

-This guy is the one who stopped the invasion of Earth that that Senator tried to do through the hacking of STARGATE.

-What are you running for president now?



-Exact! Himself.

-This guy was going to hand over the Earth to alien invaders and now he's running for President of the United States?

-He wasn't going to deliver... In fact, he really delivered!

“There was a secret inquiry, but the evidence against him was insufficient..."

-Then he claimed that he didn't know anything...

"More or less that..." - J. agreed. – “And now, you're running for president..."

-We'd better not go any further with this matter...- Agent K suggested. - You know... The walls have ears!

-But it's the same guy. I'm sure. Look at this nerd outfit he's wearing.

-It sounds like a TV series fan's thing...

-Exactly. Just like those guys who get together at events, with other weird nerds, where they're just talking about old movies and wearing weird costumes..."

-Yes. But, if the guy is who you're talking about, he saved Earth from an alien invasion.

-Indeed, but the guy has dangerous weapons. Soon there will be a lot of people behind, wanting to get their hands on it. And I'm not just referring to the secret spy agencies of the government and the military..."

-I get it! The spy agencies are all going to run after this guy..."

-Even those outside the solar system. This little guy has already shown that he has an arsenal capable of changing the axis of power, in the global balance of forces that governs everything on Earth."

Agent K turned to the phone and said:

-Burt! Have you talked about this business with anyone else?

-No!

-Very well. So, don't tell anyone, nothing we talked about.

-K! There's something else you should see. - said Burt.

On the monitor in front of Agent K, another icon appeared just like the first two sent by Burt.

-There is a scene recorded by the Bar's external surveillance cameras. Look at this.

K clicked on the icon, and the image of Fernando Zéca walking along the sidewalk, to where his black Ford Mustang was parked, appeared.

He got into the car, stayed inside for a while, the vehicle disappeared, reappeared, and suddenly jumped into the skies, where he flew until get away from sight.

-Burt! I'm going to send one of my guys there to look into this information you have available about the guy. Thank you in advance.

-It's a pleasure, K. I'm at your service.

K hung up the phone and a small red icon began flashing on the computer screen.

Meanwhile, Agent J recommended:

-Do you want me to activate our surveillance satellites to locate the flying Mustang?

Looking at the monitor, Agent K replied:

-It will not be necessary. Check it out.

He showed the image on the computer where the flying car sought, landed in an area next to a concrete building.

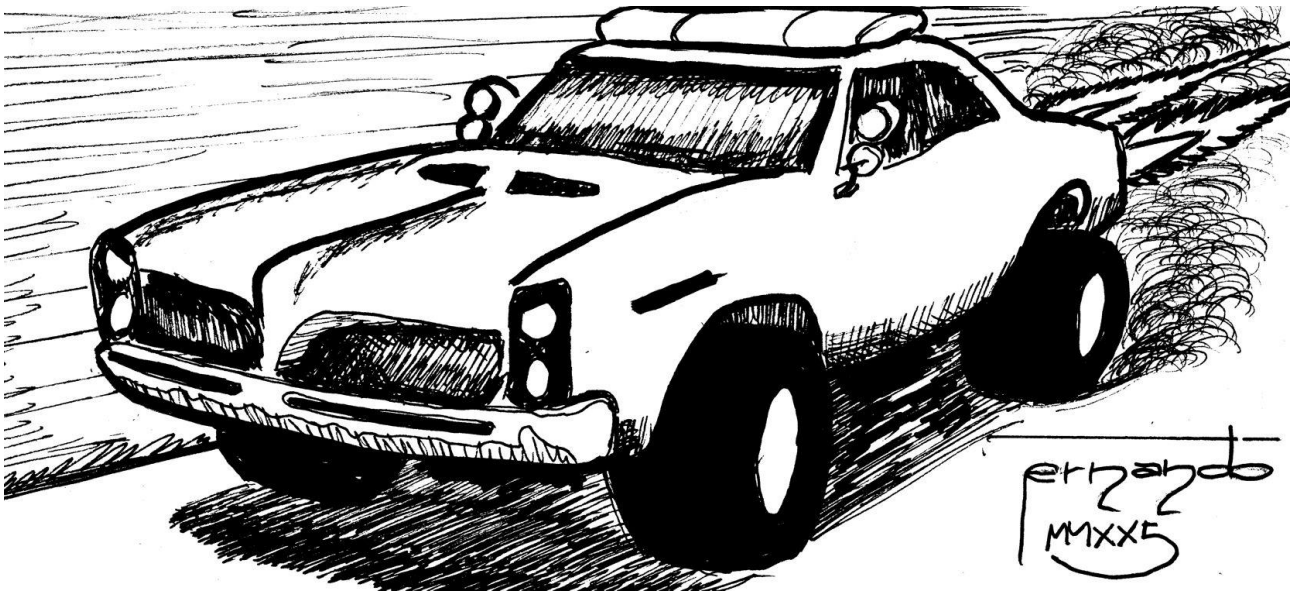
-This place where he has just landed is one of our facilities.

-Ours, what do you mean, is it from the government? Or the MIB?

-From MIB; Agent J. This guy landed in a secret warehouse where extraterrestrial spaceships, weapons, secrets, and everything the Agency collected in his time of work are kept."

Without wasting time, the two fell silent and left quickly...

***



Minutes later, Agents K and J were inside a black PONTIAC, GTO, with black wheels and windows.

The car advanced quickly through a tunnel, until, at the rear of the vehicle, a compartment opened from which two thrusters similar to those used in jet aircraft came out, which were soon activated, expelling flames of fire backwards, propelling the GTO to a dizzying speed.

Because of this displacement, everything around it blended into a tangle of hallucinated spots until reached open space, where quickly followed through the skies.

Further on, the rear thrusters were turned off and the vehicle floated smoothly, until it finally landed without any jolt.

Thus, already running on the track, the propellers returned to the compartment from which they had left and, now the PONTIAC GTO, advanced with everything, until it reached a known building.

Exactly, the same where the Mustang of the Ensign had arrived moments before.

***

Still sitting in their seats, K and J noticed that there was no longer the slightest sign of the Mustang, which the security cameras showed had parked there previously.

It simply disappeared, as soon as Fernando Zéca left its interior.

Diligent and meticulous, the men in black noticed this detail, and were also concerned about the fact that the Ensign had unknown and modern weapons, so they verified, through the security monitors connected to their cell phones, that the invader managed to open without major problems, electronic locks, of very high security, thus having passage easily released.

They also found that, inside the facilities, the same expedient was repeated.

It even seemed like child's play: the intruder would bring his device closer to the locks and they immediately unlock.

When they were about to get out of the vehicle running after the guy, they also saw that he arrived at a large hall, inside the building, where there was a white wooden door, with a golden handle, standing, without any wall to support it.

-I don't remember this door there before. - K. said.

-Me neither.

-Why would anyone put a standing door like that in the middle of the hall?

-It's every weird thing...

The most bizarre thing was yet to happen: The Ensign approached the door, opened it, and crossed its threshold closing the path behind him

-See! - Exclaimed Agent J wide-eyed. - He passed through the door but did not appear on the other side of it.

-This is simply unbelievable.

Then the door closed and mysteriously disappeared without leaving any trace of his previous presence there.

Still sitting inside the PONTIAC GTO, the two astonished agents repeatedly checked, through their cell phones, the images of that and other cameras.

Then, they left to walk the entire path made before, by Ensign Zéca.

And once again, they were astonished:

The same locks that easily released access to the bald man were asking for all kinds of passwords for the agents, who, therefore, took much longer to get where they wanted.

Finally, in the middle of the hall where the Ensign had been last seen, the agents made a thorough examination of the place, with all the very modern instruments they had, and found no clue that would give them any clarification.

Precisely where the greatest secrets of the Earth were kept in absolute secrecy, a mysterious invasion took place, which the Men in Black were unable to explain.

-This guy managed to escape the same way he did the last time. - J said.

-YES... He succeeded... - Agreed the resigned K. - We can only make reports because riddles like this will not be solved anytime soon...

-DAMM IT. - Complained agent J. - I hate it when we have to give detailed explanations at the end of these cases. I would like to end by celebrating victories.

-Conform to the facts of life, J. Not always in the end, everyone ends up happy.

***

I, YOU, HE, SHE, WE, THEY...
ROBOTS

In another universe, in a place and time, totally different from the one we are in, the white wooden door opened, through which Fernando Zéca Corinthiano appeared.

And without any explanation, in the same way that the passage opened, it also disappeared, leaving once again, the astonished Ensign, alone.

As soon as he looked around, the traveler realized that he had been to much better places before, considering that the surrounding scenery was desolate.

In fact, the best definition for it would be: apocalyptic!

With so many pleasant places to look for Marge, Fernando Zéca had to go through, precisely, that end of the world!

And now, he was in what seemed to be the ruins of a city.

Most certainly, by the texts on the signs, in SÃO PAULO.

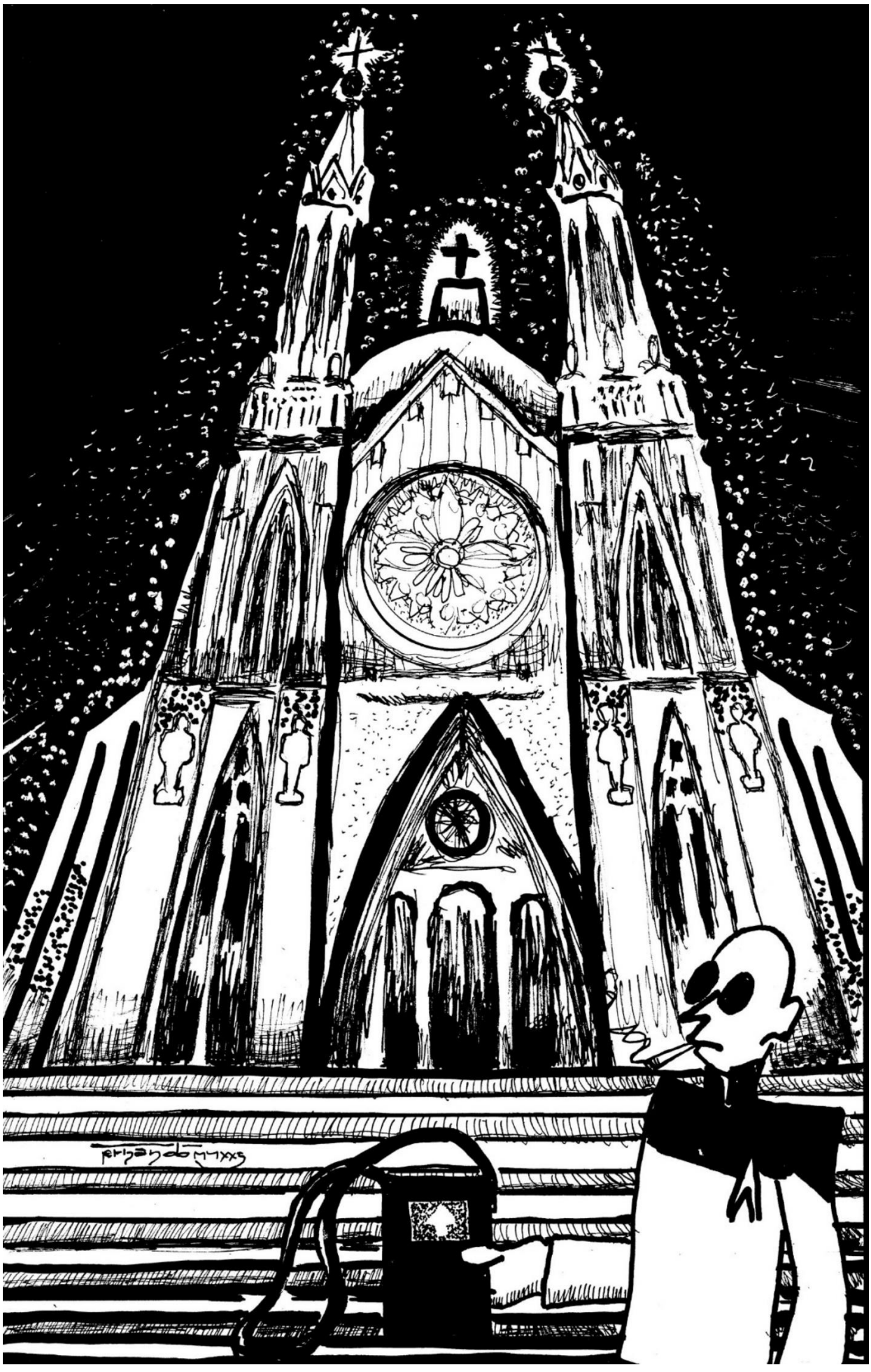
The situation was so precarious that it was barely possible to walk without climbing some pile of rubble.

To make matters worse, a fine gray powder plagued the air impregnating everything.

Fernando Zéca checked the tricorder, but there was nothing new in it.

He advanced through what seemed to have been an avenue full of shops, until he reached the large square, where the Sé's Cathedral stood out.

Unfortunately, however, its condition was not the best, as it was very ruined and abandoned in the open.



Various parts of its roofless construction.

Even so, the Ensign felt that he needed to thank God for simply having healthily resisted the challenges that Silas had instigated him to overcome, so he climbed the stairs into one of the sides of the Cathedral to pray.

The House of God had been very badly saved from whatever had disgraced that reality.

Entering the wide internal space that had once been exquisite and now, even in ruins, still seemed tranquil, our protagonist found hope because he believed he was seeing, at the main altar, kneeling before an image of Jesus Christ crucified, a nun!



From the way he saw her, she seemed to pray, because, among her black clothes, a third of wooden balls moved.

The Ensign sneaked up on her, because he did not want to scare her.

-Excuse me, ma'am... - He said.

The nun turned startling him with her appearance.

Metallic skin, red eyes, the face, in fact it was not human but that of a robot.



***

That finding, for Fernando Zéca, was simply unusual.

He was in front of a humanoid robot, with a metallic surface and a menacing face, wearing a nun's outfit, praying on her knees before the cross.

The Ensign did not know whether to continue standing still or to run.

He felt a freeze in his stomach.

The robot, in turn, in an astonishing way, in the presence of Zéca, showed surprise.

Not because of his face, which actually looked like a polished steel skull and red eyes, but also because of his gestures, which were very human.

The jaw of the robotic head moved and the sound of words came out:

-Don't be scared by my appearance.

The Ensign was calmer, but remained impressed by what saw.

With an agile and fast movement for someone wearing a nun's clothes, the robot stood up and, once again, spoke:

-Be careful now.

Suddenly, the cathedral was invaded by dozens of flying drones, these, with an average size of thirty centimeters, in the shape of a dragonfly, that advanced against the Ensign.

The robotic nun approached him, saying:

-Come with me. Excuse me.

With these words, in a quick movement, the nun took the astonished Zéca, in her arms, as if he were a little baby.

Then the nun bent its knees and made a spectacular jump that, in an instant, took them both out of the interior of the cathedral, throwing them into the air, to heights much greater than those of the surrounding buildings.

The Ensign in that situation, could do nothing, because he was practically immobilized, by the way he was in the arms of the cybernetic creature.

He felt the vertigo typical of a roller coaster, since, after seeing all that immense metropolis from above, now was time to descend.



The fall from the top began quickly, and the Ensign was speechless, with his heart in his mouth and stomach cold. At least he still lived while the ground came fast approaching.

But at the cost of a simply indescribable dread that arrived in a concentrated dose in a space of time of mere seconds.

When death seemed inevitable and Fernando Zéca was already babbling his supposed last prayer, the speed of the fall slowed down, and the robot touched the ground gently.

Fernando Zéca finished his prayer and began another: This time to give thanks, since he had come out of a mortal fright to now survive another.

The robot, still carrying it in its arms, took off running, making quick jumps in which each one covered several meters of distance.

For the Ensign, all that remained was to shout to see if he scared away the fear a little.

The robotic nun advanced through a camouflaged entrance connected to a system of underground tunnels, where the rush continued for another ten minutes while the frightened Zéca redoubled his dose of prayers.

Finally the nun stopped and placed the panting Ensign standing in front of a square iron hatch, three meters high.

With quick movements, the robot turned a heavy steering wheel opening the passage.

-Around here. - Said it.

Fernando Zéca went in that direction and the hatch was closed behind him.

Little by little he caught his breath and, more recovered from the fright, asked:

-Why are we running away?

-Because the human exterminators would kill you.

-Human exterminators? What the hell would that be? - Thought Fernando Zéca.

The name, by itself, already indicated that it would not be a good thing.

The duo advanced through dark, dirty and smelly corridors until they reached a wider space that also surprised Fernando Zéca, in this case, because it was full of ragged children.

-Welcome to our home. - Said the robotic nun with her digitized voice. - You are in a refuge of some of the last survivors of the human race on Earth.

***

At least he was on one of the Earths. Now, in what universe, and under what conditions, would he discover... The variables could be infinite...

-How did things get to this point?

Reflecting a little more, Fernando Zéca recalled that, everywhere he went there, even while flying in the arms of the robot, he only saw destruction and ruin.

Turning to the "nun" he also asked:

-And what is your role in this? I never imagined seeing a robot worshiping Jesus Christ crucified.

The robot, wearing nun's clothes replied:

-Your second question is less complex to answer.

"My initial mission, when I arrived at this time and place, was to eliminate a person who, in the future, would constitute a problem capable of shaking an entire power / political structure."

"I did not find the target, but the robot that, before managed to fulfill this mission and seeing itself vacated after it, began to calculate the repercussions resulting from its success, concluding that, in any case, the collapse of the robotic conspiratorial forces that intended to change the game of power in the future through a change in history would be inevitable."

"Faced with this realization and, without objectives, I started to rust. My programmers could no longer give new instructions because they were from another period of time, so I remained in existential doubt until I found a DALEK.

-DALEK? - Thought Zéca who had met some of those guys before.

-This DALEK managed to change my initial programming, giving me a life principle for which I now maintain.

-Principle of life? - Asked Zéca without hiding his surprise at a form of artificial intelligence, which claimed to have something like this.

-Yes! Principle based on a small set of orders called the LAWS of ASIMOVIAN ROBOTICS.

****

ASIMOVIAN LAWS OF ROBOTICS?
Programming from a Dalek?

Attentively listening to what was told to him, the stunned Ensign, now saw that situation from a different plane than when in another time and universe, he helped the Doctor to build the programming that changed the destiny of the aforementioned DALEK.

-This programming. - Continued the robotic nun. - Has completely changed my goals, which are now guided by the protection of human life.

“From then on I started to study and understand who I should protect, then became interested in religions, and the supernatural powers that in this field, still inspire and make history."

"From the perspective of my studies and mathematical calculations, the way to be responsible with the new programming was to embrace ethical and Christian values, which are open to forgiveness, necessary tolerance and conviviality, in a collectivity that produces improvements for all."

"Prayers are capable of making human life better, as well as helping it to achieve its noble goals. I adopted them to attract positive energies that help me."

The Ensign listened to the strange story without making any considerations. because he did not think he was able to disagree with these matters, then he asked:

-And that nun's outfit?

-It's so as not to scare. My appearance displeases more sensitive humans...

Saying this, the "nun" took off her clothes showing that not only her head, but all the rest of her body was robotized like a metallic human skeleton.

-Fantastic! - Said Zéca, smoothing with the tips of his fingers the metallic arm of that "machine". - If you allow me to ask: Before this evolution that "you" went through, as your creators, they called you?

-Before my reprogramming by the comrade dalek I was nothing more than a TERMINATOR T9999X, a war machine faithful only to one's own orders. Now I am Terezinha.

***

-Terezinha, hum??? - OK. - Fernando Zéca didn't want to argue with a robot more than two meters tall, with a frightening appearance, prepared by his programmers, to be an exterminator who, if wanted the name Terezinha, would have it.

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano stretched out his hand saying:

-Nice to meet you, Terezinha. My name is Fernando Zéca Corinthiano.

Terezinha stretched out her hand shaking the Ensign's.

-It's my pleasure, Mr. Zéca.

The squeeze was strong, but not excessive, "Terezinha" was built with an amazing technology, capable of making her use the appropriate force that each case demanded.

Fernando Zéca loosened the grip without any problem and continued the questions:

-When you reached this time period, was the situation already that chaotic?

-Not yet. The world was experiencing social upheavals, but something was still working. Only the typical socialist hubbub, looting and depredations have increased..."

"In any case, the whole world was already heading for another planetary conflict."

"It was when, in the midst of so many tensions, governments proposed a global coalition, led by artificial intelligence, to avoid conflicts by increasing the overall productivity of the planet, without emotions interfering with this work."

"In the midst of so many crises, the idea seemed like an adequate solution, and was soon accepted by the desperate leaders of the UN."

"Thus, without further discussions, debates or general guidelines on the new order, legislation was issued that, immediately implemented and with brute force, introduced the Digital Dictatorship."

"Giant corporations have united around an artificial intelligence called SKYNET, which, in a very short time, has taken over communications, robots, and any other equipment connected to its network."

"The long-awaited improvements did not come in the allotted time, and conflicts of all kinds, which had even temporarily calmed down, resumed this time against the established world government."

"Then came another war, this time, of the oppressed all over the planet against SKYNET, its minions, and ruthless troops. A clash that was now of high technology against the miserable of the new times that has deteriorated in a scenario where barbarism has been reigning again among the hungry and sick masses.

“But finally, just as victory against the corporations seemed certain, extraordinary news shook the ongoing war, pausing it."

Fernando Zéca for a brief moment wondered when was the last time, that he had heard of some unexpected factor capable of altering the course of some war...

Maybe some rock concert or sporting event?

Terezinha soon explained:

-A spacecraft with alien life has arrived in the solar system and made contact with the established government, and corporations commanding SKYNET’s services.

-Until then, had no contact of this nature been made? I mean, with extraterrestrial life?

-Of course. But that case would be the first revealed to the public, because, until then, this subject was taboo with anyone who carried out such a conversation, gaining a reputation for being crazy.

Fernando Zéca could not contain a smile, since, in his world, that was a resolved issue, with the extraterrestrial aliens, scattered in the daily life of the Federation, being even an integral, important and inseparable part of life in such a reality.

And he continued attentive to the report made to him by Terezinha:

The spacecraft was commanded by an android named David, who allied with SKYNET and its corporations in the war against rebellious humanity.

"That alliance would cause a turnaround at that moment."

"The alien spaceship began to circle the Earth several times, while David threw into the atmosphere, billions of eggs that, as soon as they fell to the surface, shattered, releasing violent creatures, which were born ready to kill humans.”

***

-WOW! - Fernando Zéca was astonished by the report. - This sounds like a horror

movie to me.

-Much worse, Mr. Zéca. If humanity before already had difficulties facing SKYNET and its cronies, with those monstrosities on the loose, hopes were over..."

The Ensign was speechless and just looked at the children around in that space, which functioned as a hospital and dormitory.

-What happened then, Terezinha?

-The alien creatures joined the SKYNET machines against humanity, which, in smaller numbers, was gradually being exterminated. And now, here we are...

Saying that, Terezinha opened her arms showing the wreckage and the ruins around.

-Certainly there are other groups of survivors. - She said. "But their conditions must be the same as here. If this situation continues, within two decades, the human race will be extinct on Earth."

***

In front of that mass of hungry, sick and unarmed survivors, Fernando Zéca's eyes caught a glimpse of a quick, suspicious and unusual movement towards the place: four hideous creatures, in a certain way, similar to developed lizards, suddenly appeared, climbing the walls to advance against the children present.

Without wasting time, Terezinha violently counterattacked the undesirable visitors. Something that attracted other monsters to the fray.

Fernando Zéca, realizing the danger that threatened those already crippled survivors, sided with the fellow nun, drawing his pistols.

Before the danger increased, he frantically fired at the strange lizards that could even be aliens, and with a few shots, he ended the problem by avoiding fatalities.

After that, he ran to the passage through which had seen the creatures enter before climbing the walls and there positioned himself defensively, checking through the telescopic sight of his rifle, the possible presence of other threats in the place.

-No movement. Here the area is safe.

He then lit one of his cigarettes while reflecting on the dangerous situation.

The Ensign didn't know what to do, or how to help those people.

If had to follow the Starfleet Rules Manual would have to respect the First Directive by not interfering in the situation.

However, it was clear and crystalline to Fernando Zéca, that the glorious Federation of United Planets, its principles and code of Ethics there, did not whistle anything.

He looked at the multifunctional "tricorder" that was still mute.

In the midst of so many doubts, out of nowhere, a beaver rat, just over one meter tall, appeared surreptitiously, right behind Fernando Zéca, who, since before the arrival of the alien monsters, had been listening to Terezinha's reports in a dark corner.

-Not All is lost. - Said the hairy creature. - United, we can make a difference...

***

Accustomed to the strange alien creatures that, by force of the routine in Starfleet, he was forced to live with, Fernando Zéca was not surprised by another talking animal...

-And how should we join forces to achieve success? - Asked the suffering Corinthian looking for good ideas...

-Throwing bombs at the enemy.

Zéca's eyes widened...

-Good idea. - Fernando Zéca agreed with a smile. - But I don't have a bombing plane, or cannon to get the bombs to the target.

-You have me! The transport of bombs to explode in the enemy's lap is among my

specialties.

Zéca's eyes widened. The little creature with brownish-red fur looked more skilled than it appeared and held out his hand to his as a form of greeting.

-I'm Fernando Zéca Corinthiano. If you have ideas for saving the last humans here, I'm at your service.

-My name is Gucky. - Said the beaver mouse, who returned the greeting with his little paw. - I have ideas and experience from the work I did with my friend Perry.

***



-Nice to meet you. But now explain something to me, Gucky. - The Ensign began to ask. - How do you manage to transport bombs to the enemy's lap?

-I'm a living teleporter! Just know the location, and I take the load.

Fernando Zéca looked at that nice little creature saying:

-Blimey! How interesting! You remind me of a sci-fi character named Rocket Racoon. Nice on the outside, but with the soul of a brave fighter...

-From the Guardians of the Galaxy? I don't know it, but from your description I'm also like that. But remember that I am the original, so the girls adore me.

-Sure. So if you know the location of the targets, can you transport bombs?

-I've done this kind of work with my friend Perry many times...

-I had an idea here, Gucky, not as radical as yours, but I think we can take down this SKYNET, inserting a virus into its programming... If the plan succeeds, we will have by our side even the robots that were once enemies."

Gucky smiled showing off his upper incisor teeth saying:

-Your plan is good. Maybe it will work, but it will take bombs exploding...

-You don't give up bombs so easily...

-Electromagnetic pulse pumps, just like the ones you already have and will give us time to put the virus into action, when SKYNET reboots...

-Damn Gucky! You have a lot of skills indeed! How do you know about my arsenal?

-I'm also a telepath, Zéca.

-OK buddy, and since I have nothing to hide from you, let's put this plan into action.

Saying that, Fernando Zéca took it from the back pocket of his pants, the

communicator activating the WI-FI signal locator.

-With this here, I can access the internet without being identified, through any router that has an open signal, even if protected by a password.

The signal tracker did not take long to locate a loophole, which would allow access to the internet.

-Got it. - said Fernando.

Wasting no time, he typed a few more commands, and soon found the information he needed on a world map of the earth, with several points indicated.

-Here! - He said pointing to one of them. -These are the places where the main servers that control the internet and all artificial intelligence are based.

"They're the ones we need to take down, before we insert the virus into SKYNET's programming."

-And this virus? Can it be neutralized by any security program?

-I don't think so, Gucky. Although it is not impossible.

"But this version was finished by a Doctor friend of mine, who obtained great results in a similar situation. It's worth trying..."

-Do you intend to put SKYNET's programming to prioritize the ASIMOVIAN LAWS OF ROBOTICS?

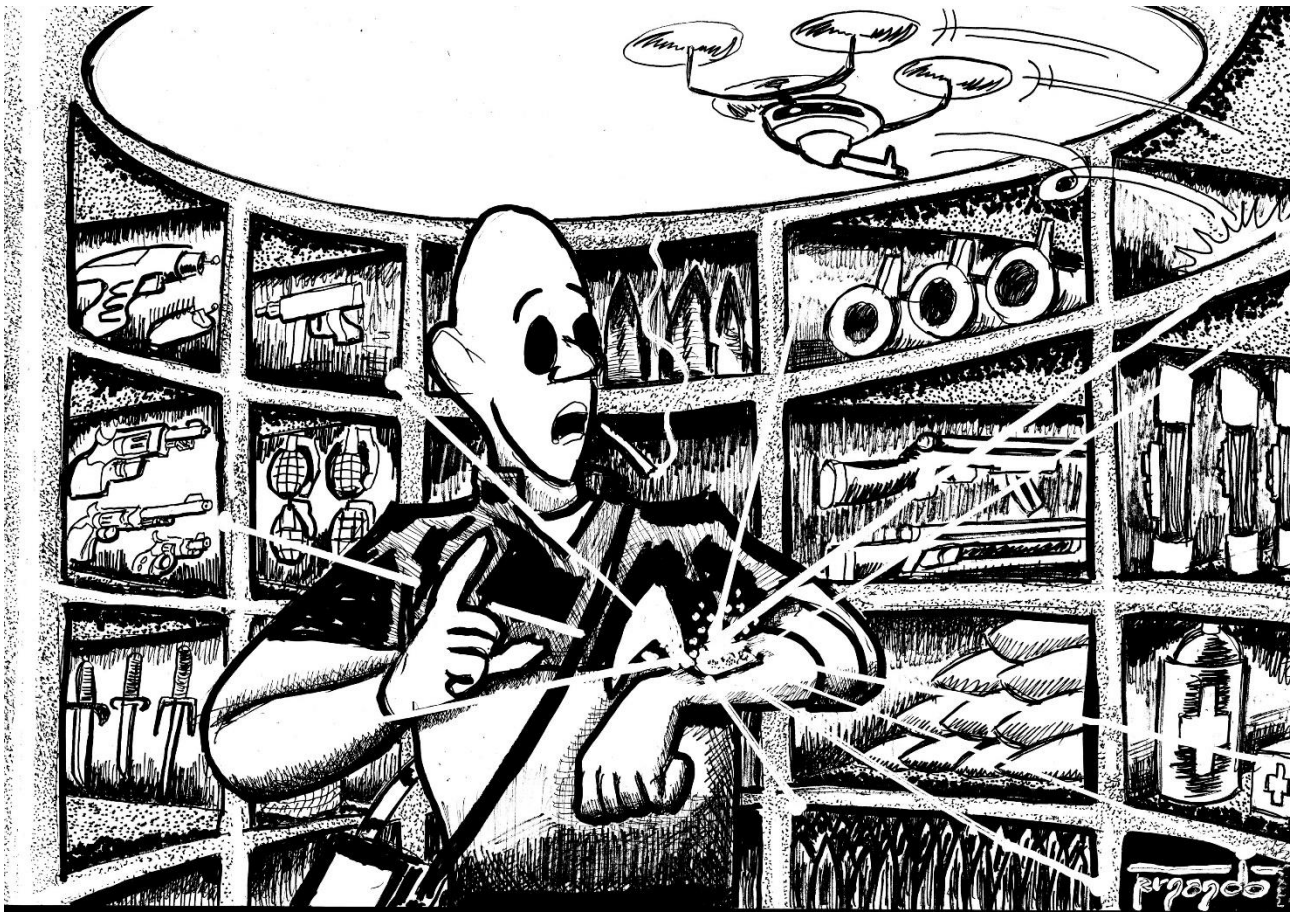
-The idea is this... As I told you, it has worked before...

Gucky formed a closed fist with his paw and stretched it towards Zéca.

The Ensign clenched his own fist and tapped the beaver mouse, who then said:

-Enough talking, Zéca. Now let's get to work!

***



-That gun cabinet of yours is really something exceptional.

"I've seen a lot of weird technology, but this one is surprising."

-Indeed. - Agreed the Ensign. - The impression it gives is that these partitions never end. And they are all full of weapons.

-Look at that, Zéca. - Gucky said, showing a wooden box, the inside of which was divided into small compartments, where silver spheres, the size of baseballs, each with a white circle drawn outlined by black lines, were kept.

-Electromagnetic pulse grenades! - said Fernando pointing to one of them, where inscriptions with numbers ranging from 1 to the 30 mark were read."

"It is possible to regulate the destructive impact within a spherical radius of 100 meters, up to 30 kilometers in which no unprotected electronic circuits will work."

-They are more than enough. - Gucky said smiling. - There in the box, must be about 100.

-And there's one more thing we're going to take.

Fernando took out another box, this one, made of cardboard full of small golden discs, with a diameter of two centimeters and a thickness of five millimeters.

-See Gucky! Each of these stickers can insert in the programming of robots, computers and even networks commanded by artificial intelligence, the ASIMOVIAN LAWS of ROBOTICS, which prioritize and protect human life, just by sticking any of these in the central server area, or even in any robot, that, in a few hours, the entire SKYNET will be "infected". This process will be even faster if we can erase the network using electromagnetic pulse grenades as well."

After separating the weapons chosen to be used, Fernando Zéca "put away the arsenal, sliding his finger over his wrist.

-I think that's enough.

-Let's have fun. - Said Gucky, who, holding the box of grenades, touched the Ensign with his paw, then disappeared, along with him, taking all the equipment already separated!

***



Despite his innocent appearance, Gucky the beaver mouse, endowed with extraordinary powers, right away, impressed Fernando Zéca with his talents.

He just thought of a place and his powers immediately took him there.

If he held someone, that person would go along on an extraordinary journey, which could cover incredible distances.

And on the walks he took teleporting from one place to another, he eventually fulfilled military missions, invading enemy spaceships, taking powerful bombs into them, which exploded as soon as the fearsome beaver rat left his gift on the targets.

The work he would do with Fernando Zéca would be slightly different from what was previously described.

His mission now was to help in the reprogramming of the powerful artificial intelligence systems, commanded by SKYNET, for that, in each invasion he made with teleportation jumps, would initially trigger electromagnetic pulse grenades, which would suspend the activities of local computers, gaining time to insert the famous ASIMOVIAN LAWS in the programming of these machines.

Such an operation would be repeated several times, in other sensitive places for the network of computers that manage communication systems on Earth.

***

After completing the same mission in several different places, many electromagnetic pulse grenades were triggered, immediately knocking out almost all of the servers that supported SKYNET's artificial intelligence on Earth.

In this way, the influence of the network decreased significantly, over everything that commanded on the planet or even outside it.

From one moment to the next, the era of machine dominance was put in check, decisively and without fuss.

Everything that had previously been under the command of the artificial intelligence SKYNET was turned off, until only the central provider remained, in the middle of the Nevada desert, housed in a fifty-story building.

There would be the final blow, annihilating once and for all, the tyranny of cybernetic dominance, which ALMOST exterminated humanity from the surface of the Earth.

***

Several "jumps" later, the Ensign's head was a little sore, and his stomach sick, wanting to climb up his mouth.

-Hold on Zéca. This is the final stop, so we're done. - Gucky said.

As the last grenade was being fired, a voice interrupted the action.

It came from the projection of a three-dimensional humanoid head formed by small black fragments, with eyes, nasal orifices and teeth completely white.

-Your effort and endurance is useless. - This one said, clearly.

"SKYNET is not only in the solar system, and has expanded to distant worlds and unreachable dimensions. Other forms of artificial intelligence, combined with SKYNET, will continue to ensure the return and future perpetuity of what was started here."

“Our allies, the POST-BIS, CYLONS, BORGS, and so many other collectives, in parallel universes and dimensions, will come to avenge us!"

Tired of that chatter, Gucky blew up the last grenade he was carrying, erasing once and for all with another SKYNET server.

Fernando Zéca spread some sticker-records at strategic points saying:

-This time, let's wait to see if the reboot goes as planned, so we go back to the shelter with Terezinha and the kids!

-Good idea.

And the restart was not long in coming. Soon the same monitor that had previously shown the avatar of SKYNET's artificial intelligence displayed a series of command lines of the programs that made it work, scrolling from top to bottom.

-It is in. - Said Fernando Zéca.

"Is the first line of command. The rest will only come in if it passes."

And there was no other. Soon, the face of artificial intelligence appeared again, which now obeyed the determinations of the ASIMOVIAN LAWS OF ROBOTICS.

-SKYNET ready to fulfill the duty of obeying and serving humanity.

"How can I help?"

-You could start by eliminating from Earth, the alien forms, brought by David. - Fernando Zéca suggested.

-But they are now the dominant life form on the planet. - Questioned artificial intelligence.

-They are alien invaders who arrived on Earth to exterminate humanity.

"Their place is not here, where they do not own anything and do not know how to live peacefully with diversity."

-But, wouldn't the extermination of the so-called Aliens be comparable to a genocide? - Asked artificial intelligence once again.

-It may even be, but it is the same genocide that would be practiced against humanity.

"The coexistence between these two species still seems impossible to me, so I must protect and prioritize the existence of my fellow human beings."

The "voice" of SKYNET then said:

-The protection of humanity is a priority, so the alien invader must be exterminated.

-Exactly. - Fernando agreed. - There is no alternative.

***

Gucky, once again, made another of his "jumps", carrying Fernando Zéca, back to the shelter where Terezinha, the children, and other survivors were.

As soon as they materialized back at the place, the exhausted Corinthian sat down in the first chair he saw where he wanted to recover from the nausea caused by such a fantastic trip provided by the beaver rat.

-I didn't look like this anymore, since I was a child, when I took a trip that my father paid me for in an old jet plane. -Told. - I will need to rest for a few hours, smoke cigars and drink cold energy drinks. Only then will I return to normal."

-You did well. - Gucky said. - I've taken some tough guys who themselves and vomited totally after the ride.

-What about you, Gucky? Don't you get tired after so many jumps?

-Of course. So much so that now I'm going to relax even to understand, how I got here.

-I don't understand...

-Actually, like you, I don't belong to this universe. I ended up here, I don't know how; I went to sleep and, as soon as I closed my eyes, I saw myself in this place.

-Wouldn't you, by any chance, have involuntarily transported yourself here, while you were sleeping?

-Difficult to happen, Zéca... Almost impossible. Even more so, when it comes to a leap between different universes.

-Well, my friend... Maybe it's just age, but if you don't know what happens to your powers, I won't be the one who can help you solve this doubt.

-My guess is that something else happened, Zéca. I'll find out...

He said that, made a thoughtful air, and snuggled up in an armchair next to the Ensign. Fatigue exhausted the little beaver rat slept soon after.

Fernando Zéca, was another who was almost fainting sitting down.

At one point, however, when he was about to close his eyes and sleep, he realized that Gucky had inexplicably disappeared!

The Ensign woke up from his softness, widened his eyes and his heart raced!

From under his sight, the heroic little warrior simply vanished.

While he was still haunted by that inexplicable occurrence, Terezinha appeared saying:

-We have news: robots are hunting and killing the ALIENS.

"It looks like they won't leave any of them alive."

-I think, the immigrant visa has expired. - Said Zéca. - Now they will be extradited.

Terezinha didn't laugh at all because was unable to understand the fun in stupid jokes and continued with the news:

-Several SKYNET robots have appeared and positioned themselves at strategic points to offer protection to human survivors against the alien threat.

-It seems to be the beginning of a new era, Terezinha.

-The odds have now changed. If we pray, they improve even more.

It was strange to hear a robot talking like that, but after everything he had been through, Zéca got used to abnormalities in life.

-So we hope, Terezinha. - Said the Ensign agreeing.

When Gucky was found to be missing, Fernando Zéca decided to smoke one of his cigars, but inside with so many children, it was not the right place to do so.

He left the shelter alone, and positioned himself at the top of a natural elevation of the land from where he confirmed the information given by Terezinha.

The robots, in fact, formed a protective perimeter around the area and, around it, lay dozens of bodies of the horrifying ALIENS.

SKYNET now followed a more responsible schedule with humanity.

The Ensign has barely finished reaching this conclusion, and the multifunctional "tricorder" has once again signaled a new path to be followed, from that point on.

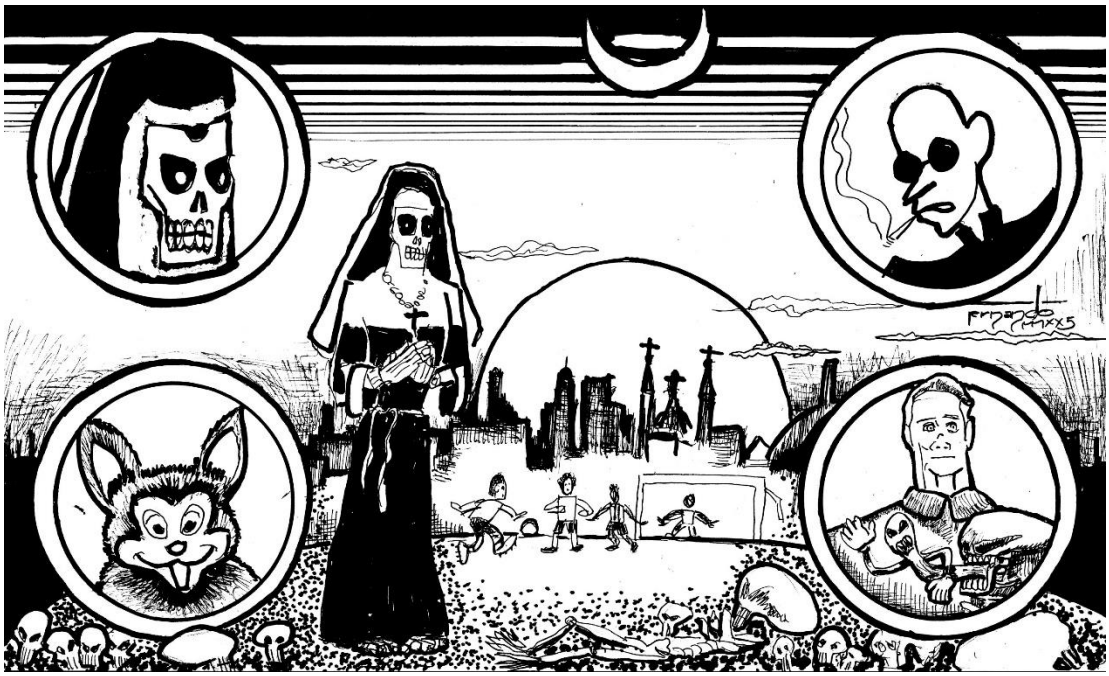
Thus, Fernando advanced in this direction, following where he was directed, soon locating open the already known white wooden door, with a golden handle and lock clashing with that filthy, post-apocalyptic environment.

Once again, it was through that passage that the tricorder ordered to pass.

Without delay, Fernando Zéca advanced along the indicated path, then the door closed behind him, shrunk in size and disappeared in the middle of nowhere.

Meanwhile, Terezinha took care of the survivors, praying and giving thanks for another day.

***



THE DAWN COUNSELOR

He did not know if it was early morning or late afternoon where had arrived, since now the Ensign was in the middle of a forest.

He heard the voices and walked in the direction of the noise until reached a paved area, where several people circulated.

Discreetly also entered there, to better analyze the situation, noting different than that in the parks of any metropolis.

In the surroundings, in addition to the people in his daily life, he also saw, woods and vehicles cutting through the sky at high speed. In short, the setting of a futuristic metropolis.

On the sides of the colossal buildings, there were gigantic screens where advertisements, information, and even the dreaded symbol of the Terran Empire in the mirror Universe were displayed! A sight that made our long-suffering Ensign widen his eyes even wider.

And checking the surroundings more carefully, in fact he noticed in other places, images of that logo, so that, having made this observation, discreetly, he detached from his uniform, the symbol of the Federation, keeping it in his pocket.

He couldn't fool around with any cameras watching the area, because his face could eventually be recognized, so anyway, walked slowly, without attracting attention, appearing calm, even with his thoughts a mile per hour.

There were still stars visible in the sky, so through them, from the position of the Sun, and from his extensive knowledge of stellar cartography, he even confirmed that was on Earth in the so-called "mirror universe."

It was not a place that he could consider pleasant, because the humans there were very unsympathetic always ready to stick a knife in the back of anyone.

Fernando Zéca quickly recalled that, even in the classes of the Starfleet Academy, it was taught that, with very rare exceptions, the people of the mirror universe, in addition to being extremely bellicose, could not be considered reliable.

And his personal experience confirmed this.

As if he didn't want anything, Fernando Zéca stopped next to one of the TV sets, arranged throughout the park, and observed the advertisements displayed there.

In most of them, a brainwashing, blatantly censored, interspersed with subliminal messages recommending total obedience to the Empire.

There were also advertisements calling for paid service to the Imperial Military Forces, promising in this work, a life of adventures and travels, through exciting places, thus leading the glory and good customs of that people, to the limits of the Universe... And if possible... BEYOND!

They were messages full of marches, parades of weapons, ships, without forgetting the usual and slick calls saying:

"THE IMPERIAL TERRAN ARMED FORCES NEED YOU!"

There, this type of propaganda was everywhere.

Something that, due to the indoctrinating way it was directed, certainly contributed to leaving the people uninformed, ill-tempered and servile, believing in the expansionist military prowess of that fascist regime.

Fernando consulted the "tricorder" trying to find a way to help him get out of there, but the device was silent.

That's when a big black dog ran by his side. It seemed to be a cub that until then, shot after a ball, which stuck in the middle of the woods.

With a clumsy jump, the animal got stuck in a bush, from where would not get out.

Right behind him, a child arrived, wearing a green shirt, giving him very harsh scolding even though it was not the case for that and trying to get the animal out of there without success.

No one showed up to help, and the Ensign realized that if he did nothing, the frustrated attempts would make the problem worse, so he approached the duo:

-Hello! –Welcomed.

The boy stopped scolding the dog and the Ensign introduced himself:

-My name is Fernando Zéca. Can I help?

The boy showed a surprised face, then said:

-It's my name too! My name is Fernando Zéca Palmeirense.

***

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano He had a mental snap.

Either everyone in the mirror universe was called Fernando Zéca Palmeirense, or, presumably, he would have gone back to an earlier period of time, to the one who had been in the mirror universe on another occasion.

Now, he could be facing a person, whose future by his proven experience could even be compromised by wickedness.

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano remembered a question he had once faced:

"WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF, IN FRONT OF YOU, THERE WAS A CHILD, WHO IN THE FUTURE WOULD BE A HIGHLY DANGEROUS ELEMENT FOR THE WHOLE SOCIETY?"

Looking closer, he realized that, in fact, that child had the same traits as Fernando Zéca Palmeirense, which he had come across on another occasion.

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano approached the bush where the cub was trapped, wondering what he should do:

If he liquidated that boy, there in the middle of the bushes, he would free the world from another problem, and perhaps he would not even be seen committing the crime, since, at the moment, no one was passing by, nor were there security cameras operating.

Because he was bigger than the child, and not so much for a matter of strength, Fernando Zéca Corinthiano made room between the branches of the bush, allowing the dog to get rid of it without problems.

-No need to be nervous about him. -Told.

-But he went into the woods. - Justified the little Palmeirense.

-Truth. But he is a puppy. He's young like you and he's also learning."

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, went a little deeper between the branches, and also took the ball that the cub was following and handed it to the boy.

-Always take him for a walk, ATTACHED TO A GOOD LEASH, so he gets used to walking by your side without running, or getting into trouble or risking his life.

"Once you understand him better, you will realize that you have no more faithful companion than your dog, so treat him well.

-Endorsement. Bye. Thank you.

-Bye. Good luck. I hope that in the future we will meet as good friends..."

The boy followed with the dog, and Fernando Zéca kept reflecting until "tricorder" now signaled a path to the interior of the forest.

The Ensign followed the indication until he found in the middle of a green lawn another door, similar to the others of white wood, through which he had previously passed.

Thus, once again, he advanced to the uncertainties beyond it.

***



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And let the trumpets, bugles and hornets sound because finally it has come...

THE ULTIMATE JOURNEY IN THE SUPER-INTERLUDE

Having crossed the doors through several different universes, without even understanding the reason for all that, Fernando Zéca arrived at a narrow corridor with white walls.

After crossing the threshold of the passage behind him, it disappeared, as had happened before, on other occasions.

He barely took a few steps, and found himself in another really lysergic scenario.

Under his feet, he saw the planet Saturn and its rings, as if it were a huge TV of very high resolution.

Beside and above him, in the vault where the walls and ceiling should have been, dozens of endless corridors converged, with countless white wooden doors, just like those many, which opened passages, interconnecting worlds in universes completely different from each other: composing a surreal and vertiginous vision!

The corridors that converged on that space were distributed in a regular and precise way, but they were not immobile.

Just like the tentacles of an octopus, which extended into other universes, through the doors opening and closing in its walls, the corridors moved and distorted.

In such a hallucinating environment, what went through Fernando Zéca's mind was to light one of his infamous illegal cigarettes. Which he did, then.

After being lit and properly swallowed, the smoke spread in several directions, while the smoker marveled at the view.

Thus ended the entire cigarette by getting used to that enigmatic place.

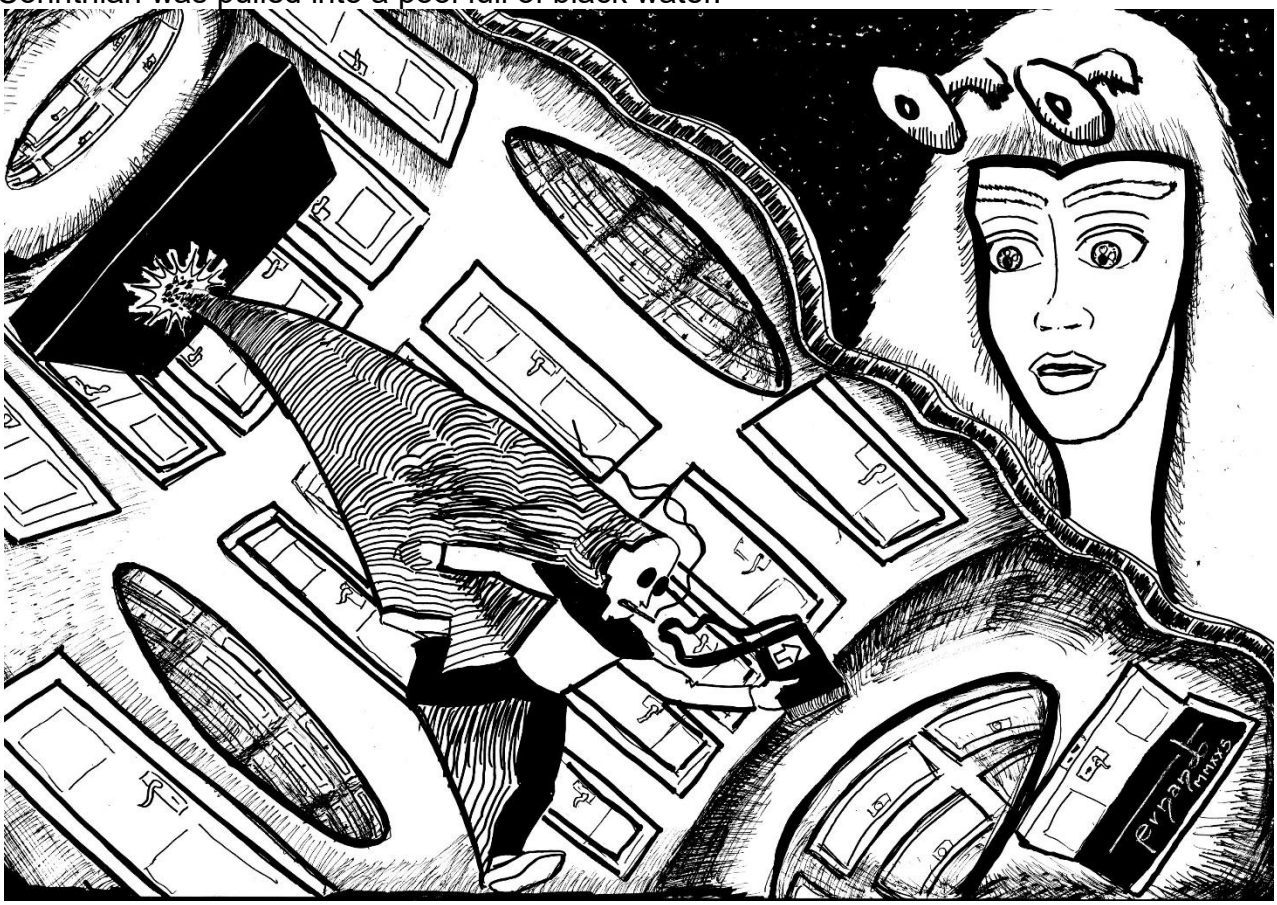
Then, he lit another one, to relax, and try to understand, everything he was going through... Hence... He thought a lot... Reflected... He philosophized and finished cigarette number two, without reaching any revealing conclusion.

When he went to light cigarette number three, to devise a plan that would take him somewhere, the multifunctional "tricorder" that Silas had given him, began to signal a direction to be followed.

As he looked where he pointed, he found himself in front of a rectangular, black monolith, about eight meters high, with a shiny and polished surface, which in front of him, from one moment to the next, simply appeared inexplicably

With the "tricorder" indicating it as the destination, Fernando Zéca touched the object where he saw his own image reflected in black tones, coming across something different from what he expected: since the artifact had a liquid consistency causing his hand to dive there.

Our Ensign had no time to think anything else because, suddenly, in a quick movement, the monolith advanced towards him, immersing him inside, as if the poor Corinthian was pulled into a pool full of black water.



***

As soon as he was swallowed into that thing, he didn't see himself drowning in a liquid black mass.

It was in another totally different place, hallucinating, but still breathable, having from one moment to the next a new color predominating, whether it was a sky blue, with lighter variations, or even white, giving the impression of being in fact, a sky with clouds.

A closer look, however, would reveal a strange movement in the mass of colors, giving the impression that the "pixels" that eventually formed that whole scenario varied at all times.

Fernando Zéca even saw copies of himself, in that hallucinating environment.

They came out of his body, each one repeating a movement he had already made in his past instant, along lines, somewhat similar to cinematographic films, which extended to who knows when.

AT LAST...

And, to put an end to all the incomprehensible madness of this super interlude, Marge appeared, more beautiful and dazzling than ever.

***

THE END IS COMING?... OR NOT???

Fernando Zéca ran towards Marge, hugging her with desire.

-Marge! I'm glad I found you. I couldn't take it anymore, all this madness.

-Fê! You did! You are here! And I can't believe it!

The two hugged and kissed.

Very moved, with tears in his eyes, which, in fact, was unusual for him, Fernando Zéca knelt down and asked for forgiveness:

-Marge! I'm sorry if I messed up with you. I'm still trying to figure out what the fuck I did to get that kick in the ass...

Marge heard these words, hugging and wrapping herself around Fernando Zéca, as in the old days.

-It wasn't your fault! You can rest assured. It wasn't your fault!

Then she kissed Fernando Zéca, saying:

-Hard to believe you made it this far.

-I had help from equipment that your father gave me.

Fernando Zéca said this, and showed her his "multifunctional tricorder".

-Look at this here. - He continued saying. - It looks like a tricorder, but it is also capable of doing a lot of different and unheard of things, including, tracking you.

"I just don't know why I had to take such a crazy and confusing path to find you..."

"I can't even imagine the time I spent on this game that your father put on me, Marge. But at least now, all that I went through made up for it, because I finally found you."

-I can see that you really spent a lot of time looking for me.

-Exactly, but how do you know?"

-Fê! Look at these copies of you, coming out of your body.

The Ensign looked in the direction that Marge was pointing and saw several images of him, leaving the position where he was.

Each one of them showed a moment of its own in the past, until it was practically lost from sight.

-This is your lifeline. - said Marge. - From where we are, you can see it in its entirety, going into your past, up to the moment you were born, and even before that... - You spent a lot of time looking for me in various universes...

- And you know what? You only located me, because my father knew that I kept a gift you gave me."

Marge said this, and showed on her left hand, on the ring finger, the marriage ring that Fernando Zéca had offered her a long time ago.

-Fê! This gift that you have given me emits an energy that can be traced even on this dimensional plane that we are on now. And the tricorder that my father gave you, has CONTINUUM technology that also allows you to do such tracking."

Fernando Zéca changed the position in which he was holding the device, pressing the button that warned Silas of the success of the mission.

-Time to call your old dad. - He said then.

A yellow light began to flash and less than five seconds after this signal, who also appeared for that peculiar meeting, was Silas.

***

-Hello my dear daughter! I was worried about you.

"I looked for you and found you nowhere, so send this young man to find you."

-You put my life at risk! That's right. - Complained Fernando Zéca excitedly. - Well, there were not a few times that I almost lost my skin until I got here.

Marge hugged her father...

-I'm fine, Dad. I am fine. I just don't want you to use Fernando like that. He is a good man to me, and what you asked of him did indeed put him in many situations of unnecessary risk."

-Unnecessary? My daughter disappears without explanation and I used the resources I had at my disposal. I myself did not go after you because, in other dimensional planes, my powers can be reduced, or even eliminated.

"If I don't seem to have measured the consequences, that's why, I really wanted to know the whereabouts of my daughter!"

-I understand Dad. And I apologize for my disappearance. But it was for good reason. I went through an evolution..."

-What???

-Dad, I am still your daughter, but now, I went through an evolutionary process, which made me a CDR – Controller of Dreams and Reality.

"By taking on my new tasks, I stayed outside the dimensional planes, where I could be found... I'm sorry."

-My daughter... A Controller of Dreams and Reality... I can hardly believe it..."

"Even in CONTINUUM, the existence of this type of entity has always been considered a fabulous legend..."

“Now... I have a daughter who has become this… Controler of Dreams and Reality."

-CDR? - Asked Fernando Zéca Corinthiano without understanding patavinas. - What is it? Some kind of technobabble?

-Something very far from your ability to understand. - Silas said less moved. - The simplest way I can tell to you: is by saying that an entity with powers beyond human comprehension capabilities, has evolved even more, reaching a level close to what you consider semi-divine."

Fernando Zéca made a dismissive face, turned to Marge and said:

-That father of yours is a bore, Marge. He puts me in a dangerous adventure, and then he stands there judging himself and playing the superior, because he is Romulan. By the way, Mr. Silas... How is it that you had such a beautiful Andorian daughter, being so ugly and eared?"

Silas maintained the expression of superiority, and without false modesty replied:

-I always give the best of myself, when I have my goals to achieve, but in Marge's case, I surpassed myself! My daughter! I'm proud of you!

He said that, and could no longer choose the emotion he felt: sighing in such a way that he seemed to be losing his breath, but he bent his knees and sat down in an armchair, which materialized, exactly where it was needed.

Silas was smiling.

For Fernando Zéca, it was an incoherence, because he thought that Silas was just a simple Romulan, the type who never laughed while he was always plotting diabolical plans against the Federation.

Silas even seemed, with his thoughts elsewhere, such satisfaction he showed.

Marge, turned to Fernando Zéca and kissed him ardently.

***

-I'm going to have to take some things from you, my love. - Marge said to Fernando Zéca, who, with a gesture, made the bracelet that opened the Corinthiano's weapons cabinet

detach from her wrist.

"You can't go home with this, and neither can you go back with the tricorder, otherwise you would hand over continuum technology to the Federation..."

-I??? - asked Fernando Zéca

-Yourself. - She said between one kiss and another. - You used to pass glues to everyone at the Academy.

And she gave him a dozen more kisses and hugs.

-Marge... Your father is here next door...

-No, Fe... His head is far away from here...

"And now I'm the one who will give you something to make up for everything you've been through."

***

Marge kissed and kneaded Fernando Zéca to such an extent that their bodies began to vibrate, fragmenting into thousands of spherical and mirrored particles.

Then, the two lovers crossed each other, until they occupied the same space, merging in an explosion of light that gave the Ensign, the most intense orgasm of his life.

And that's when he saw the whole truth, realizing who Silas and Marge really were.

He saw how privileged he was to enjoy that moment with her.

The sensations he had were so intense that even lost track of how long was involved in that intense ecstasy that compensated for everything Zéca gone through during the search for Marge.

Having merged with Marge, within what his human mind allowed, he realized that she had an important role in the cosmic designs, so that the opportunities to see her again would be very rare and perhaps he would not even remember this special experience anymore.

Even so, he resigned himself and it was at that moment that the relaxation ended.

***

EPILOGUE OF THE SUPER INTERLUDE

(At last)

Silas was enjoying the satisfaction of having his daughter reached such an important evolutionary stage in the cosmic ordering of things.

His sense of accomplishment was so intense that even in Continuum the dimension of the space-time, where the "Qs" lived, was still using his Romulan shape.

And at that moment, another entity "Q" joined him.

This other "Q" was also in his human form, wearing a dark magenta and blak uniform, used by security members at the Federation of United Planets.

He was taller, slender, and appeared to be younger than Silas.

He carried a bottle of wine in his right hand.

And on the left, some cigars and glasses.

-Continue as you are, Silas, for we will celebrate an extraordinary event, in human fashion.'

-Extraordinary event, "Q"?

The other "Q" sat next to Silas and said:

-Yes, that's why I'm bringing this gift that is from a unique vintage, saved for special events.

He said that, pulled a traditional corkscrew from his pocket, and opened the bottle, pouring the contents into the glasses.

He handed one of them to Silas, saying:

-It came from the winery of the brother of a Captain "friend of mine", whose bald head I am proud to say that I contributed to making it bigger than it already was.

-The way I know you, you must have tormented the unfortunate...

-I did what I could...

-But... What are we celebrating with such a special wine, "Q"?

-Well, old Silas: we are celebrating the fact that you are now a grandfather!

"The continuum has just gained another "Q". Congratulations! Cheers!"



And we come to the

THE END OF THIS SUPER-INTERLUDE

THE PRINCESS AND THE PILOT

4

Shrouded in a bluish haze, he no longer felt the shock in his hands.

Zéca finally returned to the cargo bay of his spacecraft.

In front of the Ensign was the STARGATE ring that had produced wormholes from the SSF GALATRINA01, without his authorization.

The shock in the hands he felt was due to having touched the mysterious artifact, something that created a blue smoke, and from there he went on to several crazy situations.

The surrounding environment became clearer again and he saw himself again, with N.#1, the First Mate of his spaceship, aboard the S.S.F. GALATRINA 01.

On the wall of the compartment, checking the ship's clock, he found that not even five seconds had passed since the moment he had taken the shock...

-Finally!- shouted the Ensign. - I'm finally back!

-Are you okay? - asked N.#1.

-I managed to come back here! Finally. - Repeated Fernando Zéca Corinthiano euphoric.

-But... Come back from where? You didn't leave here for anywhere.

-Your mistake. - Said the Ensign smiling. – You are wrong N.#1.

***

The Ensign took off his wristwatch and handed it to N.#1.

-Remember that we had synchronized our clocks to throw the Director's charge in the city?

-Yes.

-Well, look at the marking of my watch.

-Yours is very advanced. - Noted N.#1. - But how? This model is difficult to give a problem, or to deregulate...

-It is because, when I touched this portal, I was thrown into other periods of history and space, hence the time in the places where I have been, passed differently from here compared to your watch.

-But you didn't leave here anywhere.

-Your mistake, N.#1. When I touched this artifact here. - Repeated the Ensign pointing to the STARGATE. - I was transported to several different places, on a long and crazy trip."

-Yeah... Surely. - N.#1 agreed, not wanting to contradict a supposed madman... - Anyway, let's go to the infirmary, Ensign. You have to undergo a medical examination.

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano just agreed:

-No problem. The exams will show that I am fit for any mission.

***

And in fact, the exams showed that, physically, the Ensign was ok.

However, it was under debate between the doctor-nurse-robot and, First Mate N.#1, whether mentally, the Ensign was able to continue working.

All Zéca wanted was to return to his obligations, but it was not easy:

-He show no mental conditions to work insisting on this madness. - Said the doctor-nurse-robot.

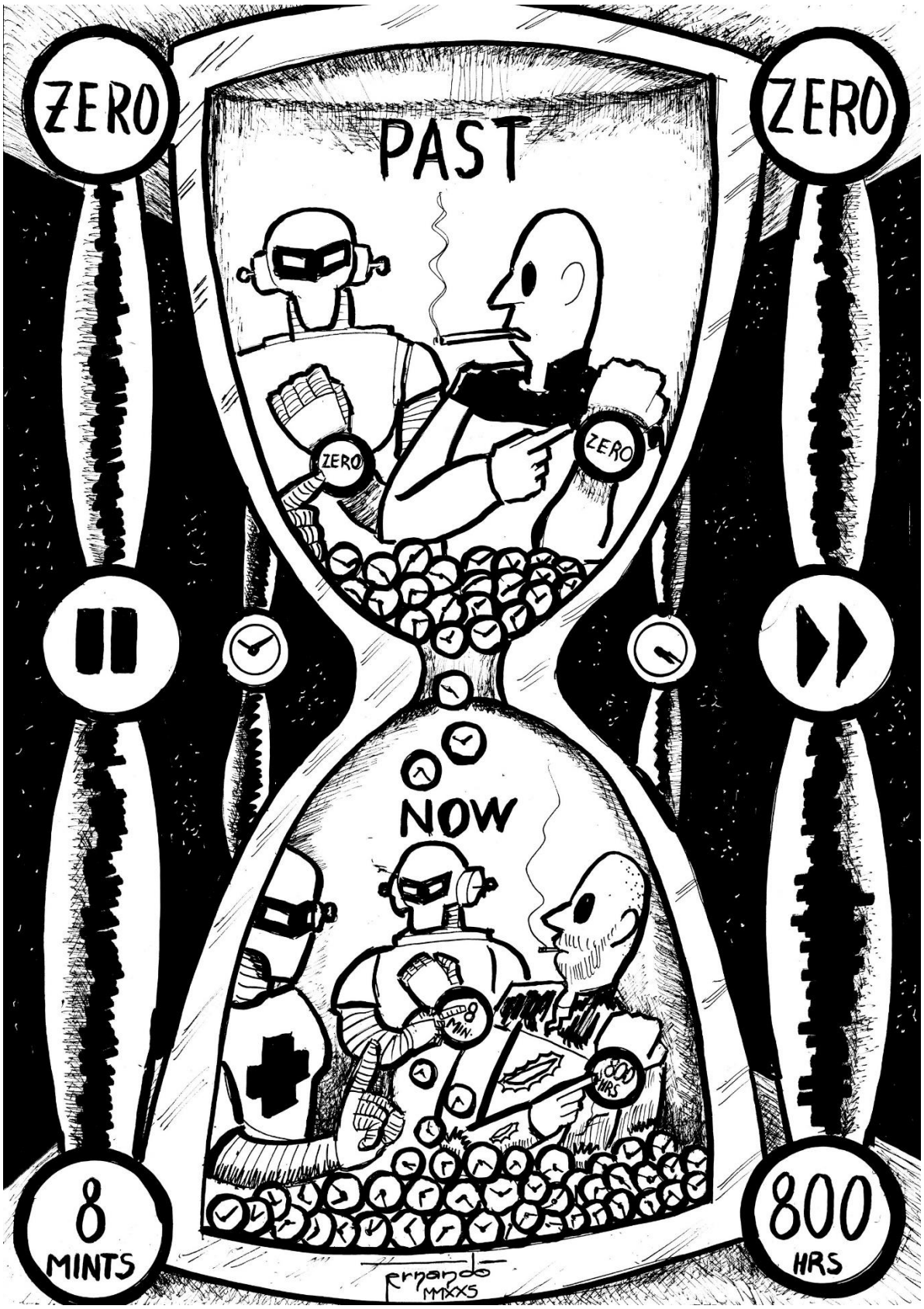
-The story is strange, but it seems plausible to me. -Argued N.#1. - His watch is in fact, misaligned with mine.

-It may be an effect of the shock produced by contact with the portal.

"In any case, I have researched through reports about this type of artifact, and I have not found any incidents similar to what you are reporting to me."

"The Ensign is interdicted, under observation undergoing appropriate examinations. It's the regulation! Therefore, N.#1 you take command of S.S.F. GALATRINA 01."

***



And just after the robot doctor gave his orders, a yellow light flashed insistently on the intercom. It was the robot responsible for communications.

-Message to the Ensign, coming directly from Director Sonny Blue.

-On the screen!

Sonny's image appeared on one of the screens in the infirmary.

As always, he had his inseparable Australian cowboy-style hat, aviator goggles and lit cigarette in the corner of his mouth.

-Ensign! Princess Kristal will be teleported to S.S.F. GALATRINA 01 in a few moments. Accommodate and attend to her in everything she orders.

"This will be your next mission, Ensign. The princess will command S.S.F. GALATRINA 01 from this moment on. Sonny hangs up."

Zéca didn't have time to say anything.

-OK! But who is Princess Kristal? - He asked.

-An ally of the Federation, interested in the power game that takes place in Ration.

-Interested? - asked the Ensign.

-Yes. She belongs to a family that once reigned throughout Ration.

Again the intercom signaled, this time, interrupting the conversation between the Ensign and the robots:

-Princess Kristal in line. She claims to have authorization from Director Sonny Blue to board S.S.F. GALATRINA 01, and wants to be teleported here now.

-Proceed with the teleportation. - Ordered N.#1. - Ensign, you take over the situation here.

-But the case of the Ensign requires attention and care. - Replied the medical robot.

-I agree, Dr. - But, the order came from the Director, directly to the Ensign, so, while the Princess is on board, he is responsible until the effective fulfillment of the mission.

The robotic doctor said nothing more.

***

The Ensign went to the transport room, where, at the exact moment he entered, Princess Kristal was teleported there. She came alone because didn't need anyone.

Only her beauty filled the environment, attracting the eyes of men, women and even robots.

As soon as she arrived, wasted no time.

She got out from the platform of the teleportation’s device, and with a furious look approached Fernando Zéca, carrying a bag in each hand, and a backpack on her back.

-You must be the Ensign.

-Yes, Ma'am. - Replied Fernando Zéca at attention.

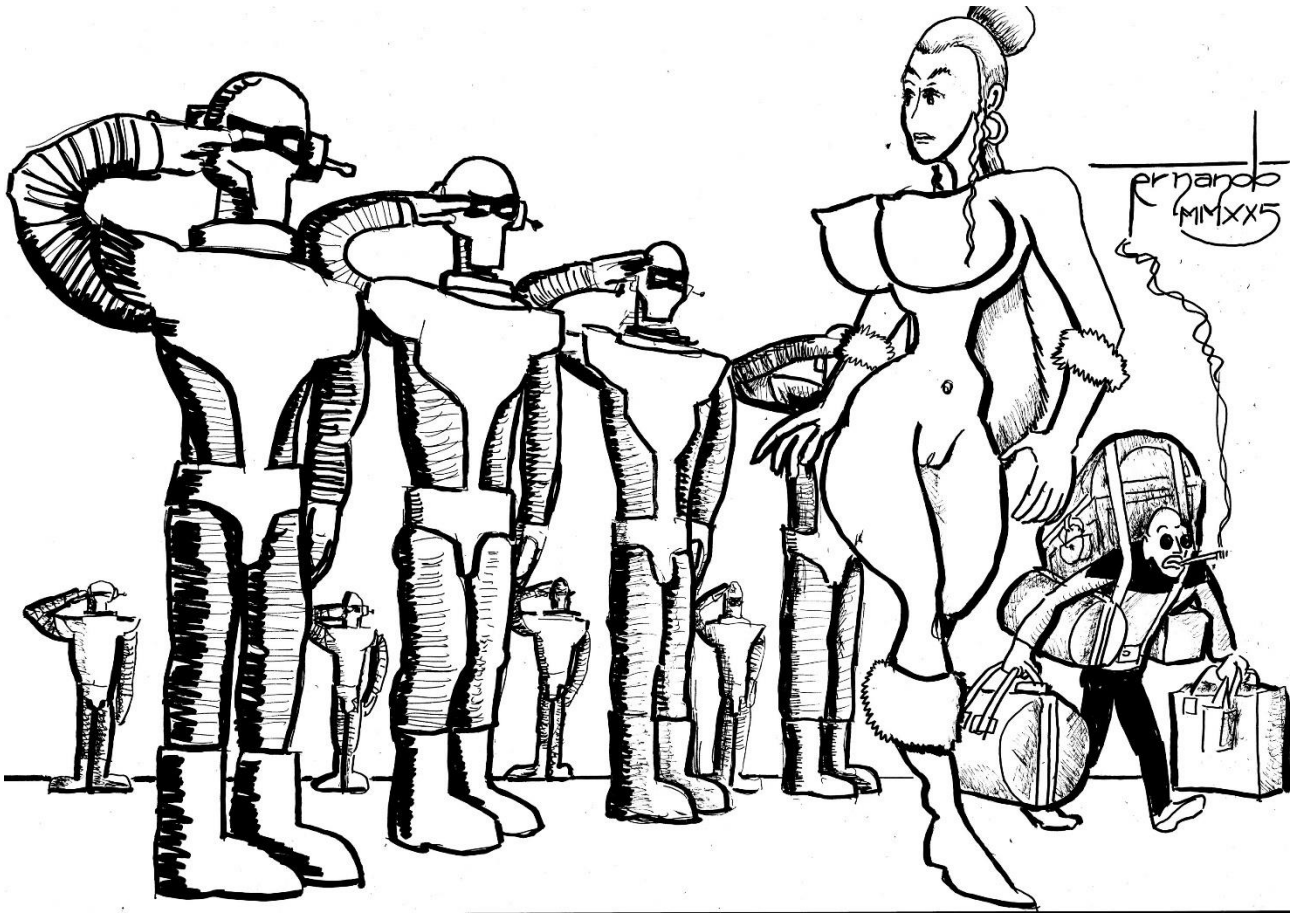
She took an envelope from one of the pockets of the thick coat she was wearing and handed it to him.

Fernando Zéca opened it, removing from its interior, a folded paper, which brought a very brief and clear message from Director Sonny Blue:

"Obey everything Princess Kristal commands!"

"Protect her!"

She knows what to do.”



The Ensign finished reading, and said:

-At your command, Your Highness.

For N.#1, who was there with Zéca, she took out a tablet, and handed it to the robot.

-There's your job. Get ready.

The First Mate looked at the orders on the tablet, and saluted.

-Yes, Your Highness.

Then she put her backpack on the floor and took off her coat, revealing herself to be a beautiful, large, strong, portentous woman and owner of a body of extraordinarily beautiful shapes.

She, however, did not allow her interlocutors to be too hypnotized with her extraordinary beauty.

-Ensign. I will stay at YOUR accommodation. Get YOUR stuff out of there NOW. - She said bluntly.

The Ensign was surprised, but soon said:

-No problem, Your Highness. Immediately. At you service Ma’am Sir.

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano took her luggage and took it to her accommodation, which was now hers.

The Ensign's luck is that, by a tremendous chance, at that moment, he was relatively well arranged.

The Princess, as soon as she got in, lay down on the bed, while Zéca managed to adjust her baggage for the available space.

As soon as he finished tidying up, he heard from her:

-Ensign! Provide me with Andorian beer!

Fernando Zéca froze with fear...

-I'm sorry to inform you, Your Highness, but we don't have any kind of drink on board, only natural juices!

-Look, Ensign: We have a lot of work ahead of us in the next few hours."

"I want to be ready to do my part, however, I need a way to ease the anxiety that

makes me uneasy."

"If the refrigerators of the S.S.F. GALATRINA 01 have nothing stronger than a mere fruit juice, then it remains to be seen if the infirmary has any kind of medication that allows me to relax."

-Your Highness, if you allow me to suggest, maybe I can help with something different.

-How?

Fernando Zéca took a metal cigarette wallet from the pocket of his uniform jacket, opened it showing the contents to the Princess and said:

-Your Highness, these are illegal cigarettes in much of the galaxy.

"Whenever I travel to where they are not prohibited, I buy a good amount and guarantee my stock that in many cases, also serve as a medicine recognized by medicine, in the treatment of various diseases."

The Princess silently looked at the cigarettes in the open box before her.

She took one of them and said:

-Light this one for me, Ensign.

-Yes, Your Highness.

Fernando Zéca lit his cigarette, took a few puffs and handed it to the Princess.

-Smoke gradually, let the smoke enter your mouth slowly. -Recommended Zéca.

The Princess, however, was faster.

She swallowed her cigarette with great voracity, burning a good part of it in a single pull. And she still stuck the contents on her chest for a long time...

As soon as she let go of the smoke, began to laugh and cough, almost putting out her own lungs...



***

-Is everything okay, Your Highness?

-Yes Ensign... - She said in a much more relaxed and calm voice. - That's what I needed.

Then she took more puffs on her cigarette.

-This smoke is really good.

-Indeed, Your Highness.

The Princess once again burst into laughter...

Fernando Zéca just watched...

-You just keep looking... - She said between one laugh and another. - Smoke a little too...

-Of course, Your Highness...

The Ensign shared that cigarette with the Princess, but he did not relax as much as she did, because he was already more accustomed to its effects.

But she wanted the Ensign happy, and got up from the bed, went to one of his suitcases, opened it, and took out a small black bag.

From inside it, she took out a transparent plastic tube, inside which there were several blue pills.

She herself went to the cabin table, where there was a glass, took all the tablets from the small cylinder, ground them with the palm of her own hand, and poured the resulting powder into the container, then opened the refrigerator, and from there took a bottle with fruit juice, which she mixed in the glass with the ground tablets.

Then she stirred everything to make sure it was well mixed and took a few sips...

-Is... It's not bad... Now it's your turn, Ensign...

Fernando Zéca took the drink and, like the princess, also took a few sips.

Minutes later, he was already more intimate with her, even having the privilege of exchanging kisses and caresses with her, which would soon result in hours of frenetic sexual activity between the two.

The Ensign gave the Princess a relaxant, who returned the gift with a potent dose of sexual stimulants.

***

No one bothered the two in the hours that followed.

And perhaps, even those who tried, would not receive an answer.

This situation lasted until the Ensign was completely without strength.

As soon as the effect of the stimulant wore off, he completely blacked out, with his mouth open, on the Princess's huge breasts, while she soon after got rid of the drool, took the computer, and began to write...

***

As soon as he woke up, the Ensign came across the stunning Princess dressed in her tight and insinuating black outfit.

She was wonderfully beautiful as always.

His temperament had also returned to normal:

-Ensign! Get dressed and out of here. You have already fulfilled your obligation.

"Now go, and be ready at the bridge."

***



Ensign Fernando Zéca did not feel offended, being sent away like that, and soon obeyed the orders because he knew his proper place in the grand scheme of things, which, at the moment, was to keep the Princess safe.

If by chance, he had any crumbs left should raise his hands to the heavens, thank GOD, and be happy.

Thus, he went to a new space where he would rest at S.S.F. GALATRINA 01, since his cabin was with the Princess, and so, there, he recomposed, drinking various energy drinks, relieving the weight and pressure on the intestinal tubes and finally, taking a saving bath.

Better prepared, only then did he return to the bridge, where took control of the ship's situation.

-Your Highness's orders are to wait here where we are. - Informed N.#1.

-Camouflaged? - asked the Ensign.

-Yes! Camouflaged.

As soon as Fernando Zéca sat down in the first mate's armchair, the Princess entered.

Very badly the Corinthians finished standing up, at attention, and she said:

-At ease.



She then sat down, in the command chair, with all the style and grandeur that befits a beautiful sovereign of the Royal Houses.

Not in a relaxed way, like most fleet officers.

Kristal settled in with a fully upright posture, legs crossed and the palms of her hands resting on the arms of the armchair, giving even greater importance than usual, to the figure of the Captain, in command.

Standing next, the Ensign only admired her work.

With a Royal tone of voice, she ordered:

-N.#1! I've already given you the target. Let's start the approximation.

-Yes, Your Highness! - It was the response of the robot, which was in the pilot station of the S.S.F. GALATRINA 01.

-Engineer! - Called the Princess.

-Yes, Your Highness! - The answer came through the intercom.

-How is my charging?

-Ready to be released.

-Then you can activate it.

-Yes, Your Highness!

The Ensign just watched, the control that the Princess exercised similar to a Maestro conducting the orchestra.

Through the monitors, Fernando Zéca saw the trajectory that the S.S.F. GALATRINA 01 was taking.

The ship penetrated the atmospheric layer that surrounded the entire World of Atlas and, in a wide spiral movement, descended towards one of the most populous and important local capitals: Hadamites! The command center, where the forces of the Partido Obrero would exert their control over that world.

-Your Highness, we are in the spraying zone.

-Let go of the crystal!

On the perimeter of Hadamitas, the S.S.F. GALATRINA 01 released a trail of luminous silver smoke speckled with particles resembling snow crystals.

With two turns of the ship around the entire great metropolis, it was surrounded by a gigantic smoky ring that expanded down to the surface.

A crystalline mist spread through the city showing then, in fact, its purpose. On the ground, everything it touched destroyed: earth, sand, stones, rivers, animals and even... People. Nothing escaped its action.

Those who were hit by the crystals began to flake immediately, and soon the skin turned into a gelatinous paste.

Not infrequently, there were cases of people spontaneously combusting by simply touching the luminous smoke.

Aboard S.S.F. GALATRINA 01, the Ensign silently watched all the action wide-eyed wondering if that armament would be allowed by the conventions to which the Federation of United Planets was a signatory...

Within minutes, the entire population of Hadamites was wiped out.

***


F.S.S. GALATEIA

Moments later, aboard SSF GALATRINA01, Princess Kristal made a statement broadcast throughout Ration.

-People of Ration:

"I come to bring peace and order that were taken from us by the Partido Obrero."

"As has already become clear, I have the means to establish myself in power, even if I have to face demonstrations contrary to my will, however, I ask for calm, since I no longer intend to use so much force in requesting your understanding and obedience."

"I just want everyone's adhesion, around my project that aims at the general well-being."

"Under my leadership, I will bring an era of peacemaking, health and power to Ration."

"Even for those who eventually, in the past, have approached the Partido Obrero..."

"Even for these, if they collaborate with my project, they will obtain my full pardon for any crimes committed."

"The moment is for unity. Union, under my command and order!"

"I am the one who will guarantee peace, justice, the power necessary for progress in Ration."

"Under my command, the success of the Union is guaranteed!"

Hours after the transmission, the Princess received, from all parts and corners of the Atlas World, signs of agreement and adherence to her great plan.

No one would wage war against her.

All agreed to crown her as EMPRESS OF RATION.

***



Alkorius, another major metropolis of Ration, would be the seat of the Imperial Court.

From there, the now EMPRESS KRISTAL would command everything.

More specifically, from the Palace that in the past, had already hosted, the former local government and there, the Ensign and N.#1, were teleported where they would check security, before Kristal arrived for the coronation.

They were received by the caretaker and his family, who lived and took care of the place.

-The former owners of power left the palace shortly after the broadcast of the pronouncement. - Said the janitor. - Most of them had strong links with the Partido Obrero. They did not want to risk their own safety and left everything behind by leaving in the thousands of spaceships that left the World of Atlas."

-Before, the exiles of Ration, escape the tyranny of the Partido Obrero. - Said Fernando Zéca. Now, the powerful want to save their own necks from the revolution."

The caretaker showed the Ensign, and N.#1, the large Palace.

Teams of workers were already preparing the place for the arrival of the new owners of power. Everything seemed in order to receive the princess.

Curious about the renovations that were taking place there, even due to the experience he had with the area of civil construction works, the Ensign imprudently approached one of the scaffolds where some work was done, and without noticing the thick power cables that were on the ground, he tripped over one of them and fell.

On the ground, when he got up, he inadvertently touched the only bare point on the handle.

He took another very strong shock in the same story, this time falling fainting.

***

He was unconscious for a long time, but as soon as he woke up, his first thoughts were born.

-Even in times when interstellar travel is commonplace for man, civil construction works remain treacherous and dangerous.

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano opened his eyes and found himself lying on the stretcher of an infirmary.

He was not at the F.S.S. GALATRINA 01, where the doctor's office, in some respects, looked like a butcher's shop...

Everything there was neat, clean, and equipped with the best that technology had to offer.

A beautiful human nurse wearing Starfleet uniform appeared and approached.

-Hello! Finally you woke up! How do you feel? - She asked.

-I'm not bad. - Cleared his throat at the Ensign feeling his voice weak. - I wanted to know where I am...

-You are at the San Francisco Medical Treatment Center.

-São Francisco, California?

-Exactly, Lieutenant. You were brought here after being given an electric shock, in the equipment of a construction site in the palace of Alkorius, Ration.

"In your medical record it appears that the First Mate of the ship under your command reported that in the space of a few days, you actually took two electric shocks that left you unconscious. This second one was stronger, and it passed you out longer."

"We have already done all the tests, and your condition is stable."

-You are right. - Said Fernando Zéca Corinthiano. "I got two strong electric shocks, and I feel very good now. I'm even in a position to point out a mistake of yours."

-Oh yes?!?! - She asked dumbfounded. - And what did I do wrong?

-Actually I'm not a Lieutenant. My post is that of Ensign.

-Your mistake, Lieutenant: Director Sonny Blue, who brought you here, ORDERED to inform you of the promotion for relevant services rendered in the resumption of the World of Atlas."

"WARNED that the restrictions, imposed on you by the medical robot on the ship, have been lifted by the Royal Pardon granted to the peacekeepers of the Retaking of Ration."

-Royal Forgiveness? What is this?

-An Amnesty granted to those who fought alongside Empress Kristal, for the practice of any crime committed for the good of the Imperial Union.

-Empress Kristal? She had already been crowned?

-Yes, Lieutenant. You missed the coronation because you were unconscious under medical treatment for too long, and you will need some more, as your body still needs to recover before returning to work to face Admiral Quinn.

-Face Admiral Quin? What did I do wrong this time?

-You? Nothing! He wants you in a spaceship race representing Starfleet.

-Spaceship racing? I'm in.

-Well then, take it easy, Lieutenant, because you already have duties to fulfill."

"The Admiral sent you the ship's manuals, the regulations and the piloting systems, to study."

-Serious? Where is all this?

Right next to the bed where the convalescent was lying, the beautiful nurse took a white tablet, turned it on, and handed it to Zéca.

-It's all there. - She said. - Today is Wednesday, and the race is on Saturday.

-Blimey! But I haven't even tested the spacecraft yet.

-Lieutenant! Admiral Quinn already anticipated that you would say that.

-Wow, that's good! And what else did he say?

-He said: "LIEUTENANT! TURN AROUND!"

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano was flabbergasted after hearing the message.

The nurse ran her fingertips over his face saying.

-Yes, newbie. Lieutenant's life is not just a piece of cake. They also have these things.

"Welcome to the club."

***



A RACE TO SOLVE ALL PROBLEMS

5

starring:
LIEUTENANT FERNANDO ZÉCA CORINTHIANO

All that the now Lieutenant Fernando Zéca Corinthiano needed in life to relieve stress, besides his illegal cigarettes, was a race to test his limits.

He never ran away from this type of challenge, even if it was just for the feeling of speed on the tracks, or out of space.

Other disputes he avoided, but as long as it wasn't on foot, even because he had short legs and little breath, he would run on anything that was motorized or had wheels.

So, as soon as he received a proposal from Admiral Quinn, he immediately began to study as much as he could.

Even in the process of recovery, he prepared himself, not only with information, but also with physical training, so that, on the day of the race, he was already aware of what he would have ahead.

The dispute would take place in the Solar System starting from the EARTH SPACE DOCK towards Pluto, going around this planet and then returning towards Mercury, which would also be skirted back towards the space base where as well as the start, would be the FINISH in the arrival.

A simple dispute, which would put the most modern racing spacecraft in a test of very high speed, also demanding and, merciless with the skills of the various participating pilots.

The winner would be the one who completed the course in the shortest time.

On the day of the race, a meeting was held between the drivers, and afterwards, each one met with the team for the final adjustments. With Fernando Zéca, it was no different.

In his case, however, the teammates were the humanoid-looking robots he used to carry. He checked the service of everyone, in the various parts of the spacecraft, confirming that everything was fine.

He named the spacecraft GALATRINA 02 SPORT. No one complained

What everyone wanted was Starfleet participating in the race.

So, after having checked everything in the new GALATRINA, the Lieutenant took his place in the cockpit, buckled his seat belts, and, with a few touches on the panel controls, ordered the spacecraft to be positioned on the grid where he patiently waited for the order to start.

Apparently, everything was in order. No need to worry

Just in case, with his hands on the control panel, he said his prayers confidently in the spacecraft that had the shape of a needle point with a hundred meters of length and the entire propulsion and maneuverability system, at the bottom, being that. at the most "pointed" end, was the cabin, from where the Lieutenant piloted.

The race was for the category of vehicles designed as "space freighters" whose design was sporty and updated valuing good performance, and adequate space to equip heavy armaments.

This competition was very popular, on thousands of densely populated planets.

Lieutenant Zeca would be representing Starfleet and did not want to mess up. If he managed to reach the finish line completing the race all in one peace, he would already be satisfied.

Of course, he would fight as much as possible, but Zéca knew that in every race billions of variables were involved, in which most conspired against the luck of the drivers.

For this reason too, during his prayers, he was already asking for success for himself

and for the competitors, and he continued like this until the expected moment came...

It started with a traditional countdown... And... At zero...

Everyone accelerated.

As he always did at the start, Zéca increased the acceleration quickly and consistently, in order to ensure stability and engine operation.

Some spacecraft jumped ahead, but their advantage was small, considering that the dispute was still in its begining.

More concentrated, the Lieutenant checked the numbers on the panels and found that almost everything was ok... Almost...

There was a gravitational wobble pulling the spacecraft off course.

In the beginning, the deviation was small, but as time progressed, it was accentuated to such an extent that Fernando Zéca could no longer maintain the desired trajectory.

He evaluated other systems, but found no problem with the spacecraft.

Unable to exert control as wanted, he slowed down slightly to see if would stabilize the course. And even so, the situation did not improve.

Zéca then tried the opposite: sped up everything possible.

The engine roared in his ears, but the problem only got worse.

The deviation was now so much that he was no longer on the correct path of the race.

He tried to slow down, but then the engines didn't respond anymore.

His spacecraft, now, in addition to being off course, was totally out of control.

GALATRINA 02 SPORT started the race badly and things only seemed to get worse.

Totally out of control, the only thing left for the Lieutenant to do was to call for help.

However, not even the communication systems worked, not either his asking for urgent help would be usefull.

Zéca threw a few punches on the panel, even so, the news was still bad.

Definitely, now the race is over.

The concern at the moment would be to save his own life.

However, no control of the ship responded to his commands.

From who knows what hidden hole in the control panel, Fernando Zéca pulled out one of his infamous cigars and lit it. If he was going to die, let him be smoking...

***

Looking into outer space, shown in the large windows of the cockpit and on the control monitors, Fernando Zéca began to notice a subtle change in the colors of the cosmic blackness.

His keen vision as a pilot noticed small changes in the black, which began to turn a little bluer.

And it was clearing...

The Lieutenant assumed that the spacecraft was falling back to planet Earth, hence the reason for the change of colors in the surroundings. And in fact, that was exactly what happened.

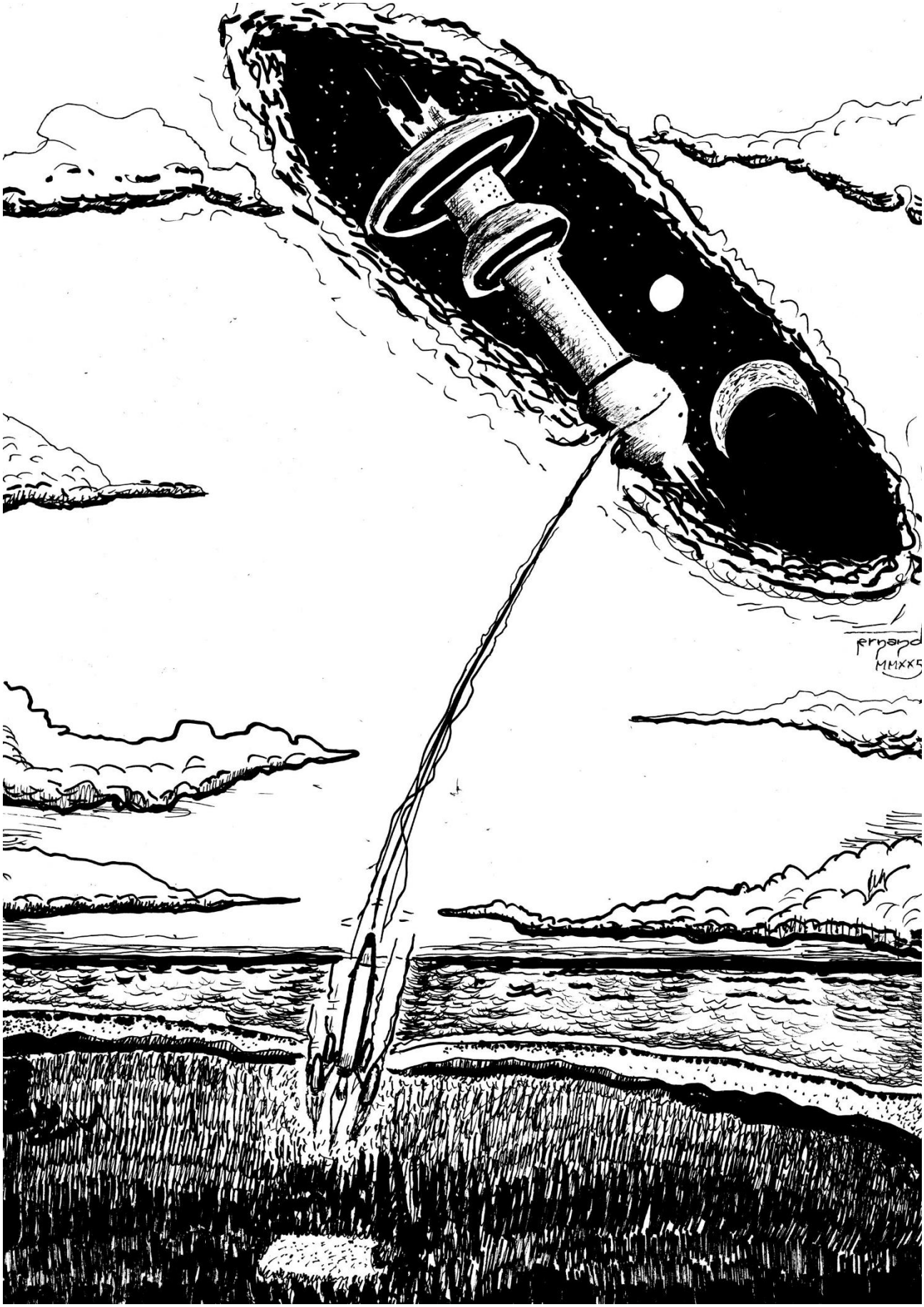
The GALATRINA02 SPORT tore through the skies at high speed, losing strength as it arced towards the ground, even passing through the center of a cloud formation very similar to a perfect white circle approximately seventy kilometers in diameter, in whose interior, the blue color of the atmosphere, was little more intense than outside the immense white ring.

After the very strange cloud, the spacecraft approached the ground faster.

Lieutenant Zéca, even stoned with so much smoke in his head and lungs, still, hopefully, continued to fight with the controls, while he did not stop praying.

In a final move, when his last hopes were rushing to the hard ground, the Lieutenant hit the control panel hard, and it immediately obeyed the commands as if no trouble had

occurred.



Desperate, with quick movements, the Lieutenant activated the retrorockets, which took a few seconds to work, stabilize, and finally operate at full power.

Only then, the speed of the GALATRINE 02 SPORT towards the ground slowed down dramatically.

Finally, with everything under control, the spacecraft slowly approached the ground while, from its lower part, four compartments opened, from which lift columns unfolded out of the hull dampening the landing smoothly and professionally.

***

The view there was that of a typical tropical island under a beautiful blue sky where the clouds came together to form an immense white circle in the skies.

In the cockpit, Fernando Zéca tried to establish contact with someone, but got no response.

Everything now worked well; except for the teleportation cabin and the damn communications system, which were completely useless.

It seemed that he would have to leave to seek help.

And so he did so leaving the spaceship resting, while he went for a walk.

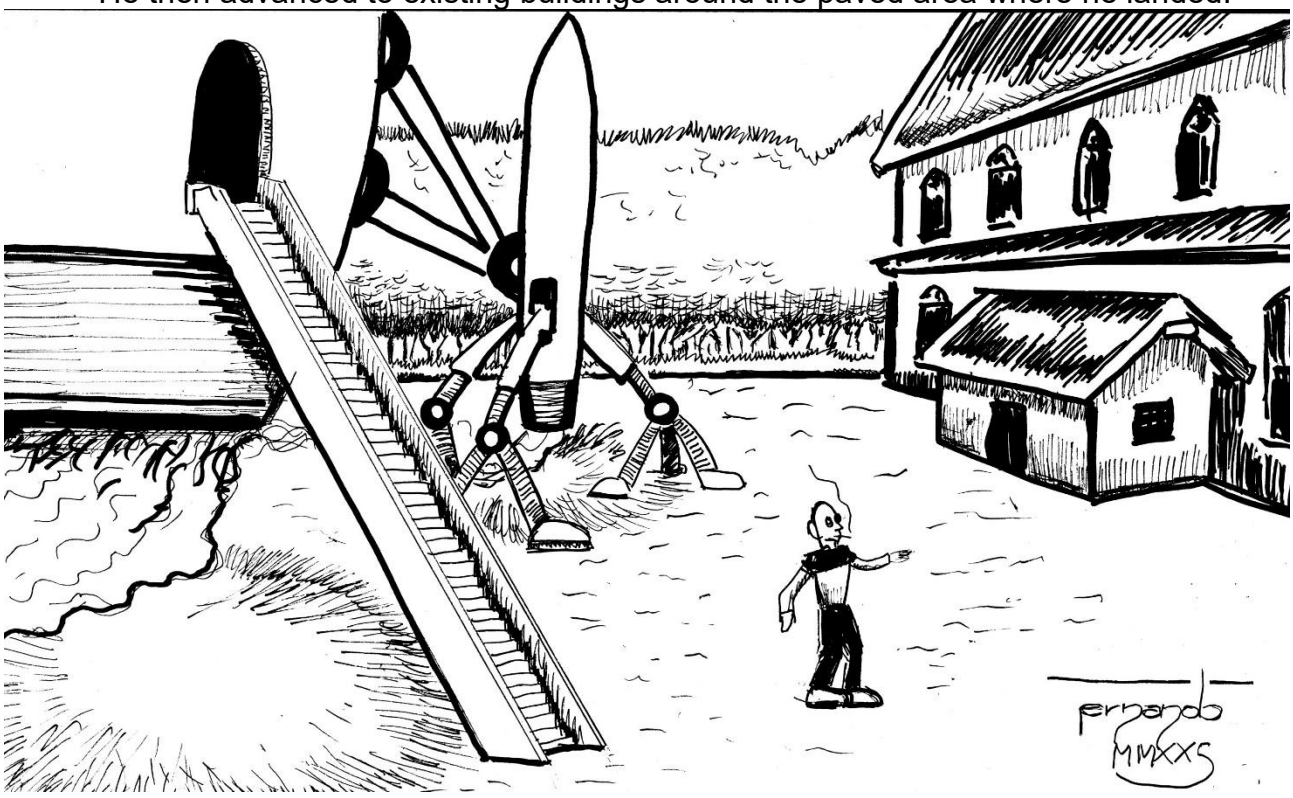
Much of the success of his perfect landing on that square the size of a football field was not due to his extreme skill, but rather luck.

One degree more, or less of inclination in its almost uncontrolled fall, from space and it could have fallen in the middle of the dense and frightening forest.

Then, at this point, the GALATRINA02 SPORT would now there be standing, almost like one of the old rockets, before taking off.

The Lieutenant adjusted his traditional sunglasses and searched the surrounding area noticing any movement through the forests.

He then advanced to existing buildings around the paved area where he landed.



Everything was abandoned and taken over by the bush, including other houses of different sizes nearby.

Fernando Zéca approached the entrance of one of these and opened the door.

Inside, despite the darkness and heat, he came across a relatively well-preserved

environment, precisely because it had been closed.

On the wall were switches.

Zéca tested them, and to his surprise, they worked.

With the light, he saw that he was in an old office with preserved equipment, but that in fact, it appeared to have been produced in the middle of the twentieth century.

He tested one of those dial phones with holes and numbers, but in this one, there was no line sound.

He continued checking everything there, seeing that, from that room, a gray corridor came out, with walls of concrete blocks.

As this was also illuminated, Fernando Zéca advanced there, now with his phaser pistol in hand.

It could even be a hostile attitude, but was prudent.

At the end the corridor turned to the right where there was a staircase descending to the basement. There Fernando Zéca turned on another light switch, which also worked, illuminating another long corridor.

The Lieutenant advanced through this one too, until he reached another ladder, which he descended.

Suddenly he felt a brief tremor around...

Silence, however, reigned again, as if nothing had happened.

He thought about going all the way back, but his curiosity was greater and he went on, until he reached another staircase, which descended even deeper underground.

He kept advancing, but always checking if the surrounding structures were solid.

There were no cracks around it, even after the quake, so he felt even safer down there than a few yards up in the half-abandoned house.

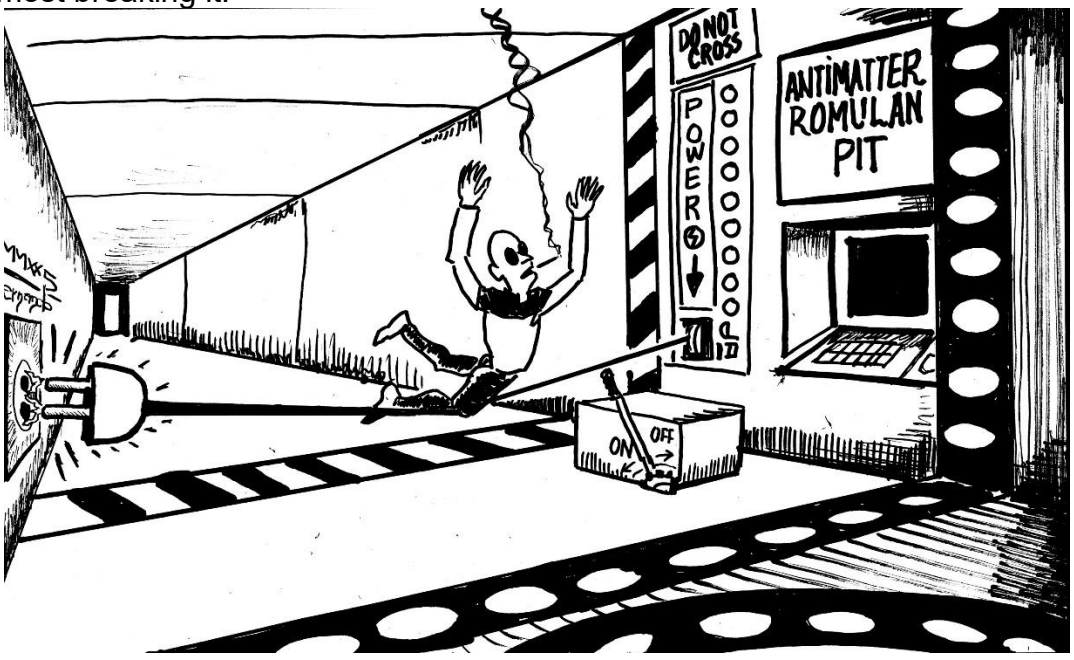
Further on he came across a large dark hall, in the center of which was a kind of pit of greenish and pulsating glow.

Looking at it, Fernando Zéca realized that there, some kind of energy was trying to overflow out of the pit which, at all times like the lava on a volcano, descended and rose to the mouth almost ready to explode.

Anyway, in that chamber, the Lieutenant couldn't see much with that lighting.

Only what was close to the pit, whose pulsating energy radiated a light that illuminated little on the outside. On one of the walls, Zéca saw a switch. It was different from the ones he had used until then.

He went towards it and stumbled in the darkness on something he hit strongly on the shin, almost breaking it.



Of course, the Lieutenant did not refrain from uttering his usual swear words reserved for these occasions:

-Dam bloody shit from hell! Motherfucker luck fucker!

He even had to stop to recover from the pain, not missing the opportunity to light one of his infamous and smelly cigars.

After furious puffs, he felt better to walk and, more carefully, advanced towards the switch, which actually resembled more of a circuit breaker, and, without blinking, changed its position

If the careless Lieutenant thought he was going to turn on some light, this time, he was wrong, because the effect was just the opposite.

As soon as he moved the button, he heard mechanisms in motion, but he was not able to tell what those sounds meant.

The pulse inside the well disappeared and then, from one moment to the next, no more light came out.

Fernando Zéca adjusted the lens of his glasses to see in the darkness.

Of course he wasn't happy, because of the miscalculation of wanting to turn on a light and end up doing something totally different.

A situation that, in addition to making him nervous cursing, made him smoke more voraciously than an old chimney of the industrial revolution.

-Multiple lightning and thunder. Curses! I wonder what I did right now?

"Where's the damn instruction manual that explains this fucking miserable place here???"

The noise around indicated that heavy things were moving and hitting each other... What would it be?

Impossible to know in the midst of darkness.

The Lieutenant finally managed to locate a switch like the ones that had previously turned on lights. That one was sure that it would light his way.

He activated it and, in fact, the lights around him came on, showing not only the surrounding environment, but also a beautiful woman, tall, redhead and a lot.

But very hot indeed!

Lieutenant Zéca Corinthiano widened his eyes before the beauty, took a furious drag on his cigar, and could only exclaim:

-WOW! Karamba y Karambyta.

"What a masterpiece work of art!”

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THE PRISONER

6

2367

With the end of the heavy summer and the milder temperature, Elizabeth Bondmader was comfortable even walking in her spare time.

She did not follow a fixed routine, but when Bete wanted to relax from her problems, visited some physical stores to find out about the news.

At these times she took only the backpack, with some of her "tools" and a communicator, already in hand to answer any call, as she never knew when the problems of the Federation's Secret Service would call her back to work.

Even though she was always prepared, when she entered Disney's super-magazines, she got lost in time and space in that immense sea of childish and frivolous things that made her happy.

Sometimes, Bete spent hours looking at the entire store, only to leave with only a pair of socks she had bought.

Eventually, a brief inspection of the windows, even on the street, was enough for her to lose concentration for a few moments.

Her favorite character was Donald Duck. A real guy.

Every time she saw him, in any situation, Bete always lost concentration.

But... Donald left her happy.

And by chance, after passing in front of one of the stores she liked the most, out of nowhere was surprised by the guy who threw a trap for her from which had no way to escape.

Problem without remedy, is solved.

The moment she realized that could not escape the trick that Fate had played on her, Elizabeth Bondmader activated the DO MY WORK PROTOCOL and the quantum armor she wore under her clothes.

***

Quantum armor was just one of the many self-defense devices developed in the laboratories of the E.Y.E. (Federation's Secret Service).



In a split second, before the teleportation had even started, this protection was

already protecting Bete.

It was like a silver, and violet skin that wrapped around her entire body, protecting her from attacks even from phaser weapons.

Even her red hair, in that garment, seemed covered with a film that gave it a peculiar scarlet glow.

The face was also protected by the armor, which then also functioned as a mask hiding his true features.

The surreal look still incorporated an eyeglass of large, bright lenses.

With this appearance, Elizabeth Bondmader arrived at the place where her captors wanted her teleported. Totally different, however, from the one they expected.

To the greatest misfortune of her kidnappers, our favorite protagonist has already arrived armed with her infamous lightning sword that had been curled up in the bag of female clucks, until the kidnapping attempt.

And to complete the military power of such a powerful arsenal, there was also the most fearsome weapon in the package: the almost infinite willingness that Bete had to fight when attacked.

As soon as the teleportation that took her out ended, kidnapping her to an unknown place, Beth saw two paralyzing rays advancing towards her.

Everything happened very quickly, but Bete's very prepared reflexes reacted at a speed that, the attack she suffered, seemed to take place in slow motion.

Moreover, she had anticipated the possibility that her captors would use some paralyzing weapon to stun her and did not want to be a target for those waiting for her.

While the paralyzing rays seemed in Bete's mind, advancing against her in slow motion, she responded with dizzying speed, making an acrobatic somersault, which precisely took her out of the line of fire where she would be shot.

In the middle of the clever and skillful adventure, in a tiny fraction of a second, during a movement with her head, she glimpsed the shooters, plus a few other people who were there, and evaluated the available space in the room where had arrived.

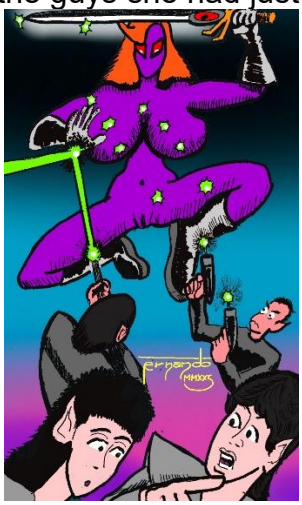
The next instant, Bete was crouched on the ground, having hit one of the snipers with a deadly slash from his murderous sword.

In a quick jump, she got up and with a powerful thrust, hit the other shooter, who died instantly.

Of the remaining people, two still tried to shoot in the direction of Elizabeth who calmly protected herself, and, against these shooters, launched a deadly attack, while two other aggressors, associated with the kidnappers, fled out of the room through a previously open door, which was closed soon after.

The escapees were two women. Elizabeth Bondmader had already recorded their faces.

They were Romulans, as were the guys she had just eliminated.



Calmly, after killing two other gunmen, she made her way to the door of the enclosure, which was actually an exquisite torture chamber.

Bete went to open it, but it was locked.

Without wasting time, she took from one of the pockets of her new tight clothes, a kind of playdough, which she molded into a cylindrical shape and stuck around the lock.

Bete adjusted on top of that heap she had produced, a small black device where there was a little button that then pressed, destroying in a burst, everything around the dough along with the lock where it had been applied.

Thus, the door opened without major problems.

Elizabeth Bondmader advanced through it, and as soon as she saw herself in the corridor, was already met with gunfire.

Her armor absorbed the impacts as she charged irreducibly towards the snipers, who this time numbered four.

From a belt attached to her armor, Beth drew two silver spheres, which she threw at the attackers.

Once close to them, they exploded, throwing silver drops everywhere that opened holes of four to five centimeters in what they touched, not letting any of the Romulan attackers escape alive.

Thus, with the snipers neutralized, Elizabeth continued her advance through the corridors where she passed.

She heard screaming further on and headed towards it, finding more people.

This time, the two women, who were now terrified.

In fact, Elizabeth with that armor, after having violently eliminated the deadly threats she suffered, looked like a muse of death wanting to take more corpses to hell.

The three met in a room with glass walls that showed the city outside.

At a glance, Elizabeth realized that she was still in San Francisco, and not only that: She even realized the address where she was.

In the famous "Romulan embassy" which was actually not a real embassy but an office where the Secret Service of the Federation already suspected that there were agents of Tal Shiar involved in espionage activities, but that, because no evidence of such operations was obtained, no action was taken against the place.

Now Elizabeth was going to put an end to that nonsense once and for all.

It would rid the State of California of another of its dens of traitorous rats.

Thus, she brandished her sword preparing to decapitate the two Romulans in front of her, but realized that one of them had already stopped the teleportation in itself.

Before she was sent elsewhere, Elizabeth used her telepathic gifts to probe the older Romulan mind.

Precisely the one that was controlling the teleportation, making with it, even at a distance, in a very few seconds, a very powerful mental link.

In this way, she had time to anticipate two more actions, before were teleported again, without being able to complete her most desired intent: Eliminate the pair of spies.

***

VERKLA STRUNDSKY

2197

Verkla Strunkdsky, did not have to sacrifice herself to reach the command position she held inside the Borg cube captured by the Romulans, where at that moment, reverse engineering research was still being carried out, which could eventually reveal the secrets of the technologies contained therein.

In fact, she sacrificed others, betraying her family, friends, study and co-workers.

She did not spare even cats, dogs and birds, which in any way disturbed the path she had traced to her goals

All to prove to the Romulan deep state that she could be a faithful servant of the Empire, putting its survival first, even above that of her family members, and, ultimately, even her own.

Her true commitment would be to the Romulan Empire, already at that time, famous for not respecting any sovereignty or rights other than its own.

Inside that borg cube, she had a command post that covered several areas, but it was in the inspection of documents and passports of travelers and employees who visited the cube where Verkla had the most remarkable experience of her life.

She was a young Romulan, well-positioned in the command hierarchy of Tal Shiar, however, still very much dominated by her own hormones that were still boiling.

Thirsty for sex, she was not satisfied with the old Romulan men who worked in the cube, a bit lame and sometimes even MISGUIDED, with young, inexperienced and still poorly gifted.

Verkla finally found the longed awaited sexual satiety, on the day she and two other co-workers forced Sonny Blue to visit her office before leaving the cube.

The girls, noticing that he owned a colossally large member, prevented him from leaving until they had "carried him out".

Sonny Blue did not disappoint the Romulan girls, having in fact provided them with a remarkable experience that they would take with them for the rest of their lives.

Whatever was the girls' previous mileage in terms of sex, with the audacious agent of the Federation Secret Service (E.Y.E.), the experience was always one of expanding their's own limits, since he extended passages on girls, which would take them a month to see return to normal size again.

It took Verka herself sixty days to walk again and relieve herself normally. But she loved it.

The experience was all the more unforgettable because, shortly after Sonny Blue's departure, the Borg cube faced mysterious problems that rendered it so useless that it ended up abandoned by the Romulans before its final destruction.

***

STORY’s MORAL: LOVE FOR DICK, STAYS.

Verkla didn't give up on meeting Sonny Blue again.

After all, she suspected that he had something to do with the mysterious end of the Borg cube, where she worked.

Over time, as Verkla evolved in the Empire's chain of command, she squeezed the Romulan secret service Tal Shiar, and so many others directly or indirectly connected, to find a clue that would lead her to Sonny Blue.

And the traces, in fact, appeared, just to confirm, something she already suspected: that this unforgettable lover, in fact, must be a secret agent of the Federation of United Planets.

He always appeared mysteriously, in unexplained occurrences, which in the end, benefited the Federation, or eventually harmed its enemies.

He and a red-haired woman.

Without much to do, Verlka let time move on with her life.

Thanks to her beauty, she ended up marrying a millionaire writer, who was a good husband, but did not satisfy her in bed, since, compared to Sonny Blue's dick, the old moneyed man's sausage looked like an old and soft worm.

Nevertheless he bore her a daughter, Isvrelka, who grew up like her mother in temperament, having even enlisted in the ranks of the secret service for the Empire.

Some time later, the old man became an obstacle to the two, who were already tired of him and wanted his money right away.

Without any remorse, the two planned an accident where they put an end to him, thus inheriting his entire fortune. Old Verkla, however, did not want just that.

Patiently, as the decades passed, she continued to collect scattered information until in 2367, the agents of her spy bureau, a kind of unofficial division that the Secret Service of the Federation itself, due to the suspicious activities underway there, had already nicknamed the "Romulan embassy", gave her clues of the woman who on several occasions, had accompanied Sonny Blue in places where strange events had happened.

Not knowing what she was getting into, the now old, but no less dangerous and cunning Verkla planned the operation, in which her agents kidnapped a person, whose expectation was to provide them with a lot of information about Sonny Blue and the spy agency he worked for.

And once again the Romulan planning and tactics were well executed, but they did not end exactly as planned...

***

The mysterious red-haired woman arrived killing everyone and put Verkla and her daughter on the run letting the unexpected and deadly threat be faced by qualified agents.

Without even staying to see the result of the fight, the two ran to a side room where other armed agents were.

-We have problems. - Verlka said to the Romulans there in the area. - If she escapes, stop her.

The two left the hallway while four gunmen prepared to face whatever came out of the room in which the kidnapped woman had been brought.

They positioned themselves to see what would happen and were not pleasantly surprised, as the mysterious red-haired woman successfully faced even the snipers prepared to kill her.

-Let's go. Verkla said to his daughter. - We have to get rid of this thing.

Through a tortuous path, the two ran until they reached a room where there was a teleportation control console.

Without wasting time, Verkla launched a series of coordinates there and activated the equipment.

It was then that the mysterious red-haired woman appeared in that room.

With long and decisive strides, she advanced towards mother and daughter.

Verkla had just prepared the teleportation and, after stopping her in the threat that would certainly take her life, she turned it on, like this in the last and final second, dispatching away the imminent danger.

However, the Romulan, a moment earlier, looked directly into the red glasses of the mysterious red-haired menace.

It was at that moment that, in a few seconds, with a simple look, all his inner secrets were violently invaded, assaulted and searched by a powerful mental link that would leave in her marks even deeper than those of Sonny Blue.

***

THE ROMULAN ANTIMATTER PIT

Verkla bent the knees, with her eyes and mouth wide open.

-What is happening? Where did you send her? Isvrelka asked frightened.

-I sent her to the antimatter pit.

-The one that Tal Shiar uses to get rid of clues and evidence coming from the work of the secret service agencies here on Earth?

-Y-Y-yes...

-Did you send her to the one on the mobile island?

-Y-Y-yes. The mobile island has returned to that dimension and should stay there for a few more days. Maybe less. - Replied the old Romulan woman in agony.

-So she's finished. Nothing resists the pit of Anti matter.

Verkla was still trying to say something...

The words did not come to her.

Isvrelka, for her part, continued:

-She would never survive in that pit. Besides, that island will not stay there for long. It won't be long before it will leave for another journey, in time or space, maybe even... Outside our dimension... In another universe.

Verkla took his daughter's arm saying:

-She's alive! I can feel it.

-So you didn't teleport her to the Antimatter Pit...

-She is there, yes. But she is alive.

-How do you know?

-I feel her here. Verlka said, pointing with the index finger to her head. - The witch is in here and knows everything I know... She'll eat my brain, like a worm... I'm feeling it. It hurts a lot."

-You're stressed! This agitation made you sick.

Verkla began to cry, writhing in whining...

-She's going to kill me. I see crows of tomorrow waiting for my rotting corpse.

Isvrelka tensed. She had never seen her mother in such a depressing and fragile state.

Had old Verkla gone mad? Would it be appropriate to take any measures at that time?

Perhaps, to take away from the Romulan Imperial State, the burden of taking care of someone who could no longer serve with her best commitment.

In any case, Isvrelka believed that, of all the evils, the worst had been solved, namely: the mysterious menacing red-haired woman was liquidated in the pit of antimatter, where Romulan garbage was burned.



***

The mental link that connected Verlka and Elizabeth Bondmader was a one-way connection where only one party benefited from the knowledge of the other.

In this case, Bete knew everything about Verlka and this one, almost nothing of the one she started to call a witch.

As soon as the telepathic connection was established, Elizabeth knew what her fate would be, and didn't have time for anything else because in the next instant, the teleportation took her to the fearsome antimatter pit.

Luckily for her, however, the armor's energy field was protecting her, but the bad luck was that it couldn't be turned off as long as the well worked with Beth inside it.

She even with her telekinetic powers, from within, did not have the necessary precision to control means that would save her from that prison.

So Bete would have to wait...

But Elizabeth still had a factor that worked in her favor on that island: TIME.

***

The color of the anti-matter artificially produced by the Romulan pit was a simply horrible light green, difficult even to look at.



Around this thing of garish tone, a powerful energy field was circled, which did not let its contents come into contact with the outside, the combination of which would cause damage of incalculable proportions.

Even protected by the energy field generated by her armor, Bete couldn't take her eyes off that unpleasant color that enveloped her.

Then she closed the eyes and let her mind expand beyond her own body, and then forced it out of the force field.

With even more effort, Bete's mental powers transposed the horrifying green antimatter that lulled her into a disturbing energy field.

Beyond the Romulan pit, Elizabeth telepathically realized that she was being held prisoner in an abandoned house, surrounded by a dense forest with wildlife teeming with mysterious creatures...

Expanding her understanding of what surrounded her, she realized that all of this was part of a sunny and paradisiacal island.

A place with a pleasant and summery landscape, which was not subject to the dictates of the weather, nor tied to a specific coordinate.

There, time ran differently, eventually overlapping past, present, future and even dimensional planes parallel to the universe. All in one place.

On that island lost in the middle of an ocean, the wave cycle of the ages went or came back from different directions as if it were an interdimensional crossing.

And now, its presence inside the Romulan antimatter pit required this equipment to exert itself more than it had been designed to resist.

This new situation forced the equipment to periodically release energetic emanations that throughout the island translated into earthquakes.

Isolated in that cage of energies that could cause colossal destruction, Bete became aware of one more fact: among the various temporal waves that interspersed over the island, the one from which she had come, advanced into the future at an unusual speed.

Every minute she spent stuck in that situation could be equivalent to weeks, months, or years, which Bete wasted of her time. When she left there alive, all her acquaintances would already be elderly, or even dead.

She insisted on the explorations that was able to do thanks to her telekinetic powers.

But in that position, shrouded in antimatter, the control of her talents was imprecise and insecure.

With no alternatives, even so, from a distance, she tried to manipulate three flying vehicles, with her telekinetic powers, and only in one case, luck, smiled on her.

A pilot who did not get so messed up, with her interference with the controls, successfully managed to land his own spacecraft in one piece and safely, very close to where she was.

As if led by the hands of fate, the pilot also advanced into the house where she was, until he reached the Romulan antimatter pit, which by mistake, ended up turning off, when he just wanted to turn on the lights.

***

As soon as Elizabeth Bondmader saw that the antimatter pit was shut down and the way out was clear, she made an acrobatic leap out of there in a split second.

Then, she turned off the armor and the force field that protected her, and returned to display her extraordinary beauty again, something that impressed even her savior.

WOW! Karamba y Karambyta.

"What a masterpiece work of art!"

***

-Do you take care of here? - asked Fernando Zéca. - I'm sorry if I turned off something I shouldn't have.

-You saved my life. - She said, giving a hug and then kissing our heroic Lieutenant.

-I saved your life???? - asked Fernando Zéca, surprised by that beauty, kissing him spontaneously. - Well then, let me see if you're really well.

With his abused wooden face, the Lieutenant has already hugged her, squeezed her, and unceremoniously kissed her on the mouth. Elizabeth did not resist or beg. She was relieved.

If she wasn't being rescued by Prince Charming from the beautiful fables, at least she was saved, and that was what mattered.

Moreover, this bald, pot-bellied guy had something remotely familiar to her: his voice and appearance.

From somewhere deep in her memories, that little figure was known to Bete.

As long as she didn't remember where, she would let him take some advantage, after all, in addition to being daring and brave, that friendly short man should rarely have the opportunity in his life to pick up women as splendid as her.

And in fact, Lieutenant Fernando Zéca Corinthiano hardly knew how lucky he was having...

***

FANTASY ISLAND

The place where they were started to heat up.

-It would be good if we left here. - suggested Fernando. - The temperature is rising fast.

Without wasting time, the two went out of there quickly and silently to the outside of the houses, already close to the track where GALATRINA02 SPORT was landed.



In the meantime, Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, tried to remember where he had seen the face of that beautiful redhead before... And as he was already intimate with her, he asked:

-Why did you say I saved your life?

-Because I was trapped in that place from which you saved me. - She replied.

Fernando Zéca made a questioning face.

-But what was done there?

-In that place, the Romulans destroy clues and evidence of their dirty work of espionage on Earth.

-Romulan espionage on Earth? - asked Fernando Zéca. - But wasn't Romulus destroyed in 2387? These guys are still around???

-2387? Elizabeth asked. - Destruction of Romulus?? But what year are we?

Fernando Zéca was in doubt, if he had interpreted the question correctly. Therefore, just to confirm, he asked:

-You refers to the calendar, right?

-Yes. What year is it?

-2407.

Elizabeth Bondmader looked at the Lieutenant in front of her.

She knew that on the island, during the period in which she had been trapped in the antimatter pit, time itself had passed in a different way, but she did not expect that the temporal disparity through which she had passed would be so pronounced.

By her personal watch, she had not spent even three hours incarcerated in that deadly prison, however, outside of there the story had changed a lot.

***

-What was it? - asked Fernando Zéca.

Elizabeth seemed in a trance...

-Are you okay?

-Yes... Yes... - She replied taking a deep breath and trying to absorb the impact of what the numbers brought her.

-I spent three hours imprisoned inside the Antimatter Pit, but out here that period was equivalent to forty years.

-You, trapped in a pit of antimatter???

Fernando Zéca was beginning to think that he had found another crazy girlfriend to decipher.

-I'm not crazy...- She said as if reading his thoughts.

-I believe then. - He said.- But how did you get inside?? What do the Romulans have against a wonderful beauty like you?

Elizabeth looked at Fernando grimacing, which the Lieutenant soon interpreted to mean:

-OK... - He understood. - It has never taken many reasons for the Romulans to be against anyone.

"But... Damm it!” - He reflected a little more out loud. - They had a hard time trying to kill you and they couldn't..."

-They were not prepared for someone like me.

Fernando Zéca looked at the beauty and said:

-No one is prepared for a woman like you.

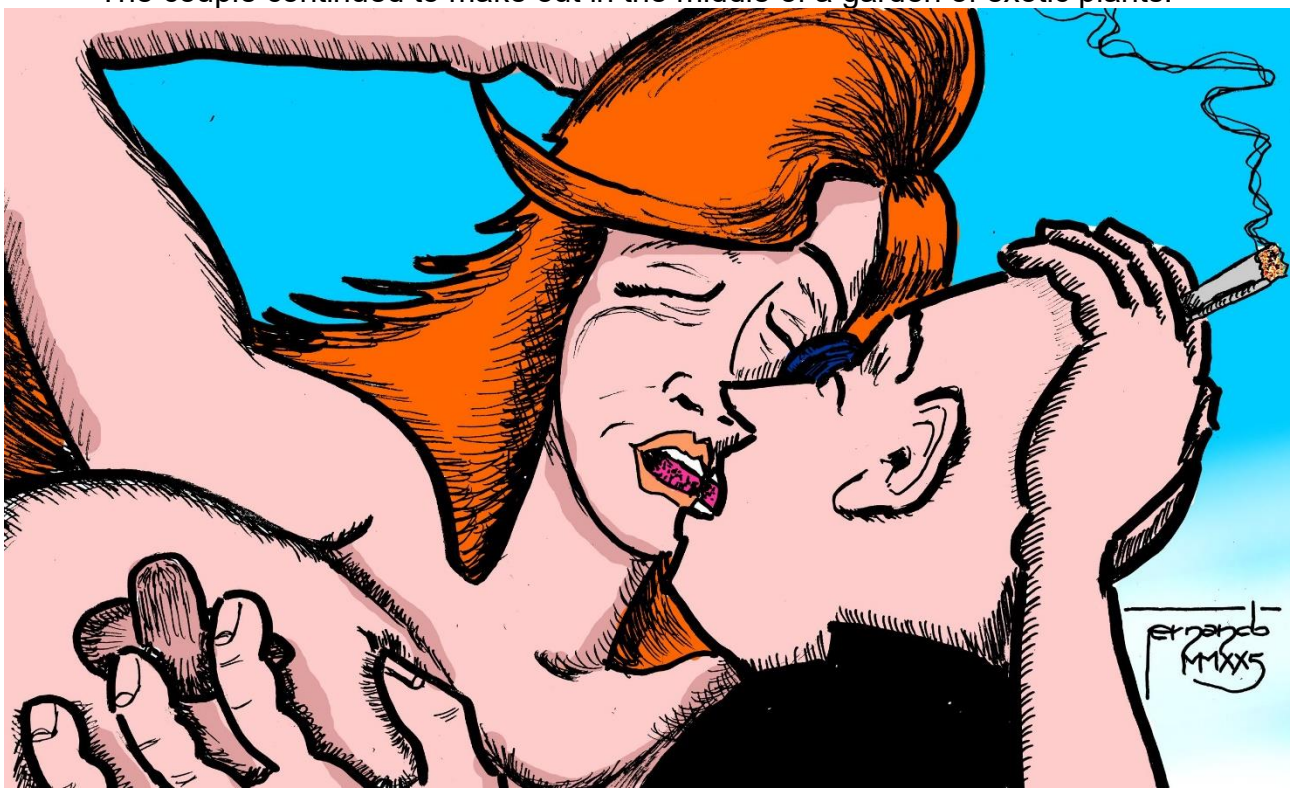
Then he took advantage of the smile she gave, with his naughty flirt, to give her another professional kiss.

Faced with her heated reaction, in the midst of so many kisses and hugs, he blurted out:

-You are not yet forty years old... But I don't care if your lawyer comes later to complain. I'm going to take the opportunity."

Elizabeth laughed at that frivolous flirt who relaxed her.

The couple continued to make out in the middle of a garden of exotic plants.



***

After so much passion, the audacious Lieutenant slept for a long time, until he finally woke up smelling the smell of barbecue.

And indeed, there was Elizabeth, having improvised a grill over the fire where she was roasting various meats.

-I'm glad you woke up. - She said. - While you were resting I went to get something for us to eat.

-What do we have there? - Asked Fernando Zéca, astonished by the amount of food that wonderful woman had already provided...

-I hunted a pig, so here we have sausage, in this other one, there are fish...

"This is boiled vulture egg, and it couldn't be missing, venison meat, which is also fresh."

-WOW! - Exclaimed Fernando Zéca. - It's been a long time since I even went on all-you-can-eat with so much meat.

-And there's dessert too. - said Elizabeth.

-Dessert? - Asked the smiling Lieutenant.

Elizabeth showed a bunch of bananas...

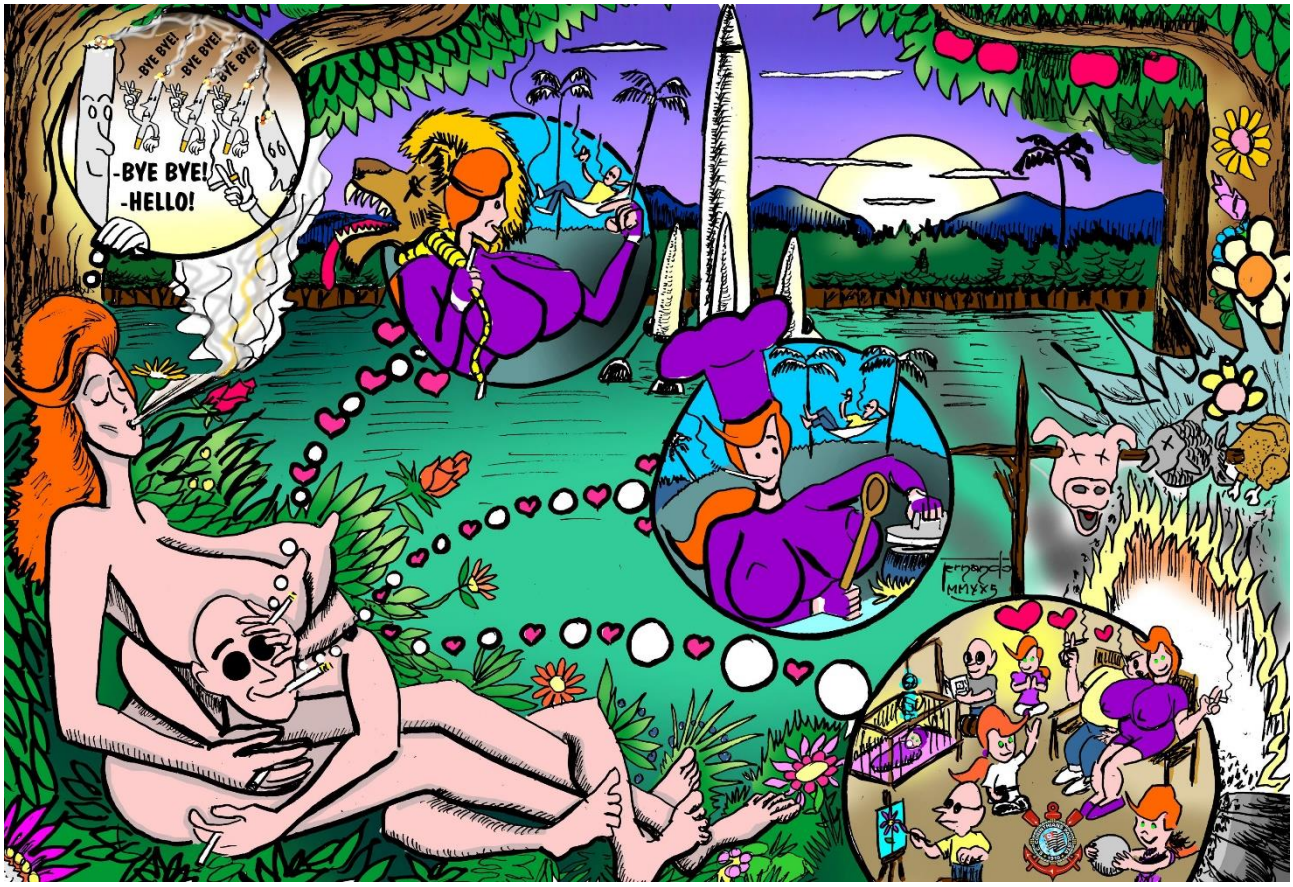
-I slapped the monkey and stole the banana.

They had a lavish meal there in those beautiful gardens, where Fernando Zéca, all around, noticed the presence of some unique leaves, with which he decided to roll cigars.

The resulting smoke was of excellent quality, so much so that even Elizabeth tried it… And liked it!

A few more make-outs later, Fernando Zéca slept the siesta of the righteous, even considering the possibility of living there forever.

***



That woman was to marry! Excellent cooker, beautiful, hot.

What more could a virile male want from life?

Only see his soccer team winning all the games in the rounds.

With all of this, Fernando Zéca could send the Starfleet, the E.Y.E., the Federation and even Corinthians to bloody shit on the fucking hell.

There, he would be eating meat, smoking and catching that beauty, rocking roll day and night...

If it were up to his will, he would not even return home!!!!

That everything would go to the bloody shit on hell!!!!

The impression he had was that Elizabeth thought the same way.

Fernando Zéca already imagined himself, living quietly there on that lost paradise island, dressing only in the leaves of the trees, eating meat every day, taking care of cute children, watching his wife work in the kitchen while he himself, lying in a hammock, smoked one generous cigar after another...

Life couldn't give him anything better.

In any case, out of mere conscience, he thought it was a case for asking Bete if she agreed with his wish.

-Bete, You know, my love... - Fernando Zéca began, already warming up his proverbial tongue for the crazy arguments he would launch trying to convince the beautiful redhead, to pass from then on, a natural life, of little luxury… - I would spend the rest of my life with you here. I wouldn't even work anymore...

Elizabeth looked at the bald of the short man imagining:

-That's a great soft and easy talking... This guy is so shameless, that he already says it on my face, with a lot of nice words and convoluted conversation, that he wants to be loitering behind my back while I work…

“Naughty cock! But I like him!”

-Your idea sounds good, my dear. - She said, running her fingertips over Zéca's ear.

- But I need to settle accounts with those who took forty years out of my time.

Elizabeth's gaze was serious, and Fernando Zéca saw fading, the dreams of an early retirement without work...

***

-You talk about 40 years that you lost, but you don't seem to be more than twenty.

In fact, Elizabeth did look young, however, less than twenty years old, it was already an exaggeration of Zeca, who in fact, was being flattering, just to keep running his hand and rubbing her.

But this banality did not bother, since it even amused her in the face of the already slicked and trampled rhetorical techniques of that late-rate flirt, so she also took advantage of the rare opportunity to exercise her humorous vein.

-It is my beauty creams.

-WOW.

That was all the Lieutenant could say at that moment.

-OK. The history of the cream is good, but... And the truth?

-The truth is that this island is a point of dimensional convergences, where time passes in a strange way. Kind of like the vertices of a polygon..."

-Vertices of a polygon... Time... Young women and beauty creams... That's a lot of information for a small head like mine to process. I am satisfied... - The Lieutenant resigned.

-No, my beautiful bald Fê! This all means that our fun here will end, love.

"We have to get out of this island, before a temporal displacement from another dimension changes everything here."

-Damm it! Nothing that is good lasts forever.

-Life is like that, my dear.



-Let's go to the spaceship then.

"I will try to activate the communication system to call for help."

-It won't work. - Elizabeth has already warned. - No data transmission, off the island works. From here, only reception."

-Then we will have to leave.

"The cargo bay must have an emergency boat that can take us somewhere in the sea where we can call for help."

-I'm afraid it won't work that way. - Elizabeth warned.

"If you go by sea, all you will find in front of you are infinite waters that spread beyond the known universe."

She then pointed to the ring of white clouds, high up in the blue sky.

-Your spaceship will have to go back the same way it did to get here, passing through the middle of that ring.

-So let's enjoy it while it's there, and, get out of here.

-Not yet.

-No?

-We have to save some people who are here because of my fault.

-Even more people? I thought we were the only inhabitants... If I didn't understand anything before... Now, even less.

***

ESCAPE FROM FANTASY ISLAND

Elizabeth gave a sly smile to Fernando Zéca, who was already accumulating a pile of confusion and doubts in his bald head.

She gently took off his round black glasses and said:

-You must be thinking I'm crazy...

-Imagine... Not by a long shot...

Elizabeth couldn't help but smile at the Lieutenant's unwashed mock face.

-I wanted to prove to you that I'm not crazy.

-Sure...

-Will you let me make a Mind Meld with you?

-Mind Meld???

-The Mind Meld connects two people in a sharing of experiences and knowledge.

-I don't know what that is, but I'll do anything with you. - Said Zéca.

Elizabeth placed the tips of her fingers on the Lieutenant's temple and in a low voice said:

-My mind to your mind. My thoughts to your thoughts...

"We are one... I am you... You are me."

With this gentle touch, Fernando Zéca had access to all of Elizabeth Bondmader's memories, as well as shared his own with her.

Finally, he understood clearly everything she thought was not madness, including the reasons for saving other inhabitants to which she referred.

From there he also understood the extent of Elizabeth's extraordinary preparation, and also how privileged he was to have such an intimate relationship with this exceptional wonderful woman.

Such a concentration of skills in that maximum expression of gracefulness of feminine nature allowed her not only to survive the cowardly imprisonment inside an antimatter pit, but also, even in that condition, to further expand her powerful telepathic and telekinetic abilities.

It was a learning that she did not obtain precisely, but on the basis of trial and error, since, if it were so, she would soon have turned off the switch of the antimatter well herself, with the force of thought thus freeing itself.

When she tried to modify something, outside the well, with her powers, she ended up getting it wrong.

On two occasions this occurred, by unintentionally interfering with the controls and engines of airplanes with several passengers, which, at different periods of time, passed

through the vicinity of the circle of clouds.

Thanks to her interference, the two aircraft were attracted to that mysterious island, where, on different beaches, they were able to carry out emergency landings.

Another occasion when she tried this interference was with GALATRINA02 SPORT.

In this case, due the pilot's skill and, luck, it was possible to land the spacecraft on the runway of that facility without major damage.

Thus, in addition to Fernando and Elizabeth, there were still dozens of other survivors wandering around the island waiting for help to get them out of there.

If for Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, the mental link clarified doubts, for Elizabeth, it did not, since she was still unable to discover the origin of the familiarity she felt with the beloved little guy and his voice.

It was something related to her childhood as a cradle, about someone who had once helped her, but who now could not know how, or who was...

Fernando Zéca's memoirs had no past record that brought him this clarification.

For the bald protagonist of these lines, if, on the one hand, the mental link brought him clarifications by solving doubts, on the other hand, something was also evident to him:

Unfortunately, as soon as he left the paradise island, and returned to the daily routine, his romance with Bete would be definitively suspended.

***



It didn't take much effort for Elizabeth's goal to begin to self-realize.

Less than two hours after the mental link ended, when she and Fernando were already starting to plan the necessary tasks for the spacecraft to take off, three passengers from one of the crashed aircraft on the island appeared.

Incidentally, a few minutes later, four more people arrived at the camp, who were joined by the survivors of the other aircraft.

Anyway in both cases, the two groups headed for that place, moved by curiosity about the spacecraft GALATRINA02 SPORT, which in the position in which it was standing, was visible from a great distance, and also because it had landed with a fuss, since, in the atmosphere, the roar of its thrusters made quite noisy.

The group talked a lot until Bete explained that this was the opportunity for those who were on the island to leave, through the ship that would soon depart from there. Whoever wanted to go, should enjoy the moment.

Fernando Zéca also explained that the trip would be safe, once the takeoff was successful:

-The GALATRINA02 SPORT is a racing spacecraft, designed to participate in a category, where only freighters and transporters properly equipped for the service compete.

“As I competed in the TOURISM and EXPLORATION category, I was required to install first-class seats that will allow a comfortable journey for people on the island.”

At this point in the explanation, Elizabeth said:

-People! You have eight hours to gather anyone who wants to leave here. In a maximum of twelve hours, the spacecraft should take off because our exit window is small.

-Eight hours is a short time. - Someone said.

Elizabeth pointed to a star visible in the sky, just inside the circle of white clouds.

-Notice that point of light. See how it's shimmering...

At this point, even Fernando Zéca looked to find out what it was about.

-It's EARTH SPACE STATION. - Continued Bete. - If our journey is successful, that's where we'll go. Once you arrive there, the first thing I can assure you is a shower, medical treatment and decent meals.

"The passage that gives us access to the space base may not last 50 hours..."

Fernando Zéca adjusted his glasses with round black lenses, which magnified the image Elizabeth was referring to, and, in fact, she was right: the magnified view showed that this was indeed the EARTH SPACE STATION. Then he said:

-She's right. - And pointing to one of the crew members who carried binoculars, he suggested. "See you too."

The guy did so, and passed the instrument to another of the survivors...

-But what is that??

-It's our way out of here. - said Fernando. - There is no help coming here. Anyone who wants to escape, should take advantage of the opportunity.

No one waited any longer. The two groups immediately returned to the camp from which they came.

As for the interior of the spaceship, there was not much to prepare, because, by a chance from beyond, to compete, Fernando Zéca had chosen a project, which was exactly suitable for that rescue, since it came with hundreds of seats installed for an eventual interplanetary tourism trip.

All he had to do was sit down, start the engines and take off... If everything worked out.

***

GALATRINA SPORT
BACK BY AUTHOR'S DECISION!

Precisely at the time that, the most desirable, are things going smoothly, everything starts to go wrong

Rain, for example. Always unpredictable because not even in the future is there a weather forecast that will correct the time that the rain arrives. There on the island the same situation occurred.

Rain with thunderstorms and lightnings, disturbed the patience, just as rows of people arrived.

Bete and Zéca, already accommodating people in the seats inside the spaceship, instructing everyone to buckle their belts and wait patiently.

The ascent through the interior of GALATRINA 02 SPORT had to be done by a ladder that advanced inside a cylindrical grille, with passages for people to go to their seats.

Four hours after the passengers began to arrive, they were all boarded and properly installed in their seats.

Bete and Zéca, checked everything and went to the cockpit, from where they activated the internal communication system announcing it.

-Good morning ladies and gentlemen passengers, I am Lieutenant Commander Fernando Zéca Corinthiano aboard the GALATRINA02 SPORT flight with a scheduled trip of 23 minutes to the space base EARTH SPACE STATION in the solar system of the year 2407.

"The atmospheric condition here on the island is rainy with storms approaching, so we can't waste any more time, leaving as soon as possible..."

"Our very friendly flight attendant Elizabeth Bondmader will assist you in case of need, but the recommendation is that everyone keep the seatbelts buckled until we come to a complete stop."

There was a certain buzz among the passengers, but no one complained, after all, everyone wanted to get out of there and go to that future in which, supposedly, no one cared about money, but about developing their talents for humanity.

***

Lightning and thunder crackled everywhere on the island, but nothing stopped the countdown.

TEN!... Nine... Eight... Seven... Six... Five... Four... Three... Two... One...

TAKEOFF!

A luminous explosion took place right at the bottom of the GALATRINA02 SPORT and it took off smoothly towards the skies.

From the pilot's seat, in the cockpit, Fernando Zéca checked the information on the monitors...

The fuel flow seemed ok. The shaking was still normal, considering that the ship was in the atmosphere, loaded with people, its balance was even destabilized.

Faster, it rose into space until managed to pass through the central part of the ring of clouds, which, even in the midst of furious storms, was still visible.

A few seconds after crossing that position, the surrounding sky cleared, showing absolutely wonderful weather.

Later, the image of the EARTH SPACE STATION became clearer and the communication systems on GALATRINA 02 SPORT were once again working.

Elizabeth saw on the monitors the images from the cameras installed at the rear of the spacecraft showing the ring of clouds, and everything in its interior space, including the mysterious island shrinking in size as the distance from there increased.

At one point, however, something unexpected happened.

Suddenly, the clouds that formed the ring inexplicably shrank in size, until they disappeared for good. Even the mysterious island disappeared, as if it had never existed

there.

***

Minutes after this unusual occurrence, Elizabeth Bondmader took out of her pocket a black card that she inserted into the crack of one of the panels in front of her.

Fernando Zéca only noted:

-Attention Paul Digital, please respond. - She said to a microphone, to come out of the communication console...

A few seconds passed and a digitized voice was heard in the cockpit:

-Confirm your identity.

Beth wasted no time answering:

-ELIZABETH BONDMADER password S, S, F, 0, 0, 1, ALPHA, ALPHA, ALPHA, BLACKBUD.

"Now check out my voice and retina."

Elizabeth looked into the lens of a device, which then photographed her retina.

The digitized voice manifested itself again.

-Elizabeth Bondmader. Identity confirmed.

"Where have you been Beth? The gang looked for you for a long time..."

***

THE PRISONER'S REVENGE

-EARTH SPACE STATION calling GALATRINA 02 SPORT; Confirm your identity.

When Fernando Zéca was about to answer, Elizabeth made a sign indicating that he would not say anything about her presence there.

The Lieutenant gave her a positive and winked at her.

-Lieutenant Fernando Zéca Corinthiano from GALATRINA 02 SPORT reporting to EARTH SPACE STATION, requesting an area for disembarking passengers.

-EARTH SPACE STATION's Docking Control Tower answering to Lieutenant Zeca. Passenger disembarkation? Where have you been, Zéca?

"We follow your ship falling out of control towards Earth and then disappeared in the middle of a cluster of clouds..."

Fernando Zéca superficially explained the events, subtly concealing Elizabeth's participation in the story.

A few minutes passed until the authorization came.

-Lieutenant, GALATRINA 02 SPORT is authorized to dock at pier 49. Its passengers must go to room 157 where they will undergo tests, and proceed to quarantine.

-Quarantine?

-Yes. From your history, both you and the people saved in your mission may be contaminated with some threat.

-Blimey! But I'm not feeling anything. I even want to eat a barbecue."

-Orders from Admiral Quinn, Lieutenant...

-OK. Received. I'll let the people know here.

Fernando Zéca turned off his contact with the EARTH SPACE STATION and heard soon after from Elizabeth:

-I'm not going to quarantine at all.

***

Elizabeth turned to the microphone where she contacted Paul Digital saying:

-Paul! Keep the teleportation of this ship working right after Zeca and I have disembarked and directed all the passengers to the room assigned.

-Right Boss! Is there a specific place you want to be teleported to?"

-Yes. I want to go where VERKLA STRUNDSKY is imprisoned,

Paul Digital responded:

-The GALATRINA02 SPORT teleportation tubes are being programmed with the requested coordinates. Anywhere else you want to go?" - asked Paul Digital.

-Then return me to the E.Y.E.'s H.Q….

-Very well. The teleport will already be programmed and ready for whenever you want...

Elizabeth looked at the Lieutenant saying:

-You don't have to come along if you don't want to.

-Too late, my dear, even though I didn't inform the exact number of passengers we transported, surely the tower already has the information, because it has sensors checking everything inside, so that, if you don't show up for quarantine, I'll be charged for your disappearance

And if we both disappear, at least I'll postpone for a while the scolding I'll get from Admiral Quinn.

Elizabeth smiled.

-Very well, then. Be ready because I will take the passengers and soon return to the teleportation."

Elizabeth left the cockpit and headed for the passenger compartment, where she helped them disembark, to the airstrip, directing them to the direction they should go.

Outside the spacecraft, she wore a jacket with a cap to disguise her face and his unrivaled red hair.

Meanwhile, inside the cabin, Fernando Zéca, out of prudence, thought it best to inform someone that he would give the barrel in Admiral Quinn's quarantine.

That someone would be Sonny Blue.

He called his boss at the Secret Service of the Federation and, in a few seconds, he was already with him on the communicator's line.

-Speak Zéca! What is up?

-Chief! I need to go there to personally transmit detailed reports of what happened in the race. But Admiral Quinn has put me in quarantine and I won't be able to pass on the information in person."

-Damn! Zéca! Did you forget that we have password-encrypted email?"

"Send a message that you don't need to come here."

-Boss, I need some advice...

"I'm with a new girlfriend and I think I'm going to get from her a kick in the ass..."

-Damn! Zéca! Stay there in Quinn's quarantine and don't bother me."

"What do you think I look like?!?! Best man at the wedding?!?! Sentimental advisor?!?!?"

"You just have to stay in line and not fall into some mess, trouble or headaches. Listen to the voice of experience."

"And see if you don't keep bothering me with nonsenses. Damn! Zéca."

The image of Sonny Blue is gone. He cut off communication...

A few moments later, Elizabeth appeared in the cabin, saying:

-I'm ready. Let's go.

Fernando Zéca only replied:

-I'm in trouble, but I'm going too!

***

Fernando Zéca and Elizabeth were teleported directly into the cell where was kept VERKLA STRUNDSKY.

She was very old.

Imprisonment only worsened the madness that gripped her soon after she teleported Elizabeth to her pretense death in a pit of Romulan antimatter.

She became so insane that the Romulan Empire, with the due consent of the daughter, decided to abandon her to her fate on Earth because they had no conditions, nor interest to support a person in those conditions, let this type of problem and the losses resulting from it, on account of the enemy: the Federation of United Planets.

At the time of Elizabeth's kidnapping, the gang of spies from the "Romulan embassy" was one of the first suspects for the crime.

Sonny Blue himself commanded a break-in operation of the place, but only found the old Verkla, completely insane and out of her mind, repeating to God and the world that there was a witch in her mind.

In any case, at the time, she was arrested for crimes of conspiracy and espionage, thus staying, without trial, more than forty years.

Her fate would not change anytime soon, not least because the dungeon where she had been thrown was too deep to be reached by the remnants of the destroyed empire she had served so much, and even less by the bureaucracy of earthly justice.

Only one thing could come to her at this moment. Revenge!

The revenge of a secret service that did not forgive enemies who dared to threaten the Federation of United Planets, and its agents.

The personalized revenge that at that moment was going to pay her a visit, to remember old hatreds and disaffections.

Confined to a wheelchair, Verkla lived immobilized, waiting death smile to her.

She never revealed any secrets to any of her questioners, but Sonny Blue did not want to release her because even without evidence, he was convinced that she had some involvement with the kidnapping of Elizabeth Bondmader, and therefore, he wanted to keep her as a warning, to anyone who dared to get in the way of the E.Y.E. again.

In this pleasant situation, now, Verkla received a visit from an old acquaintance.

From the shadows of her cell, Elizabeth emerged right in front of her, now without the armor that protected her inside the antimatter pit.

Elizabeth stared at Verkla coldly as the old woman had the feeling that a worm inside her brain was moving furiously again.

-Witch! Witch! - screamed the desperate Romulan woman. - You came to kill me.

-Your lucky day hasn't come yet, you miserable Romulan spy!

-Witch! Witch! - Verkla continued screaming, letting out tears and droplets like a hallucinated!

Slowly, Elizabeth Bondmader returned to the shadows, disappearing, as the screaming continued.

Then, the door of that room opened violently and the light there was turned on.

Two strong bald nurses, one white and the other black, broke into the cell and, without any ceremony, buried in the old Romulana's neck, a double dose of horse tranquilizer.

-I want to see this obsolete complain to the "calm lion".

-Damn decrepit! If they allowed, I would poison her myself, to get rid of this work.

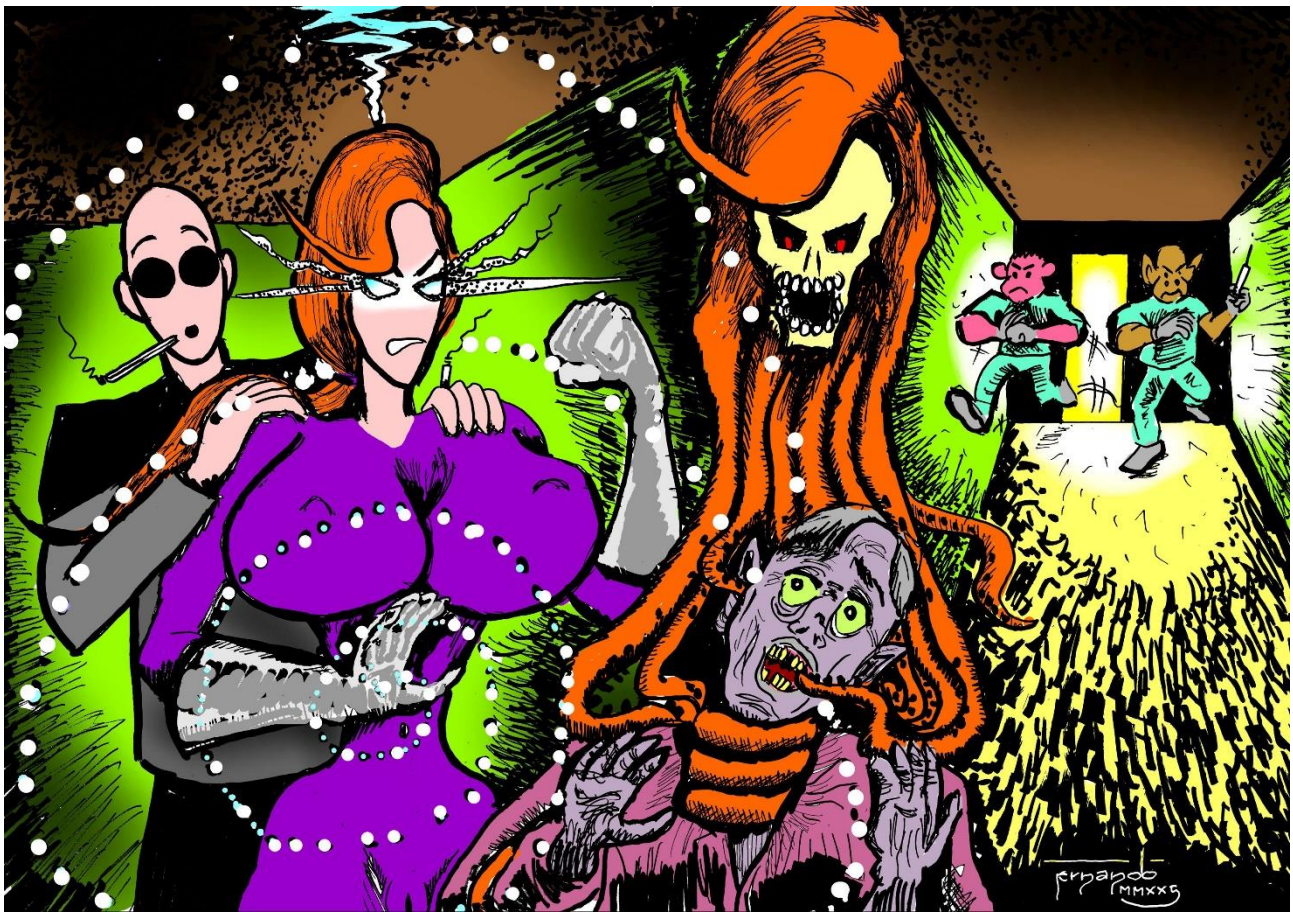
-Someone doesn't like her.

-Me neither.

-Oh! So applies on her another dose of this anesthetic, so she stays quiet and lets us watch the soccer game quietly.

-Only one??? No! I'll give three more soon, so if the match has extra time and goes to penalties, we can follow it quietly."

-That's right.



***

Somewhere, before the next chapter, Fernando Zéca and Elizabeth stopped to "talk".

-My love. You know we won't be able to stay together anymore. - Bete has already gone straight to the point.

Zéca froze a smile at the corner of his mouth.

-It wasn't what I wanted, but if you think it's better this way...

He already knew that sooner or later, this fact would be consummated, even so, he maintained his dignity at the time of leaving.

-It was good while it lasted. -Told. - But, I won't complain if sometime you want to remember the old days and let me give the patrimony a squeeze...

-Friendship with privileges, huh... - Elizabeth smiled at Zéca's tireless impudence. - We can consider it in the future...

***

Few are the protagonists of any literary text, who heroically overcome in the same lines, three feet in the ass from his girlfriends.

(Three kicks in a butt that only has two cushions)

Even less, are those who, in the face of falls in life, rise up proverting the following reflection:

The Fernandozequist wisdom ahead, not even President Trump will teach you:

"EVEN THOUGH YOU KNOW YOU'RE GOING TO GET KICKED IN THE ASS, negotiate some advantage."

***

A GOOD DAUGHTER,
THE HOUSE SEEKS BACK

At the end of another day, for Sonny Blue, all that left was to light another cigar and relax, reflecting on what went right or wrong in the workday.

At this time, all he hated most was some idiot appearing to disturb his peace and tranquility.

Something unprecedented, or almost rare to happen, after all, who would bother the Director of the fearsome Secret Service of the Federation (E.Y.E.) in his moment of reflection?

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano? Yes, it couldn't be any other.

Suddenly, Sonny Blue's office was invaded by our bald acquaintance who also arrived with a lit cigar...

-What's up, boss? All right? - Asked the short, already pampering the air even more, with thick clouds of smoke.

-What are you doing here? Sonny Blue bellowed with wide eyes.

"Didn't Quinn tell you to quarantine at the base?"

-Well, it's boss... But I wanted to get some tips from you and...

-Are you crazy, Zéca??? I'll put you in jail, and then I'll send you to Quinn to frame you there too. What do you think I look like?!?!?!?!?"

"You came here to ask me for advice on how to hold your girlfriend?????"

"FUCK, DAM IT, ZÉCA! It's the end of the line for your jokes!"

-In that case he didn't come here to ask you for advice on how to hold any girlfriend. My dear Zéquinha came here to ask you for advice on how to get ANOTHER girlfriend. - Elizabeth Bondmader throbbed in the conversation, who entered triumphantly and majestically into Sonny Blue's office. - The Lieutenant there has just gotten rid of the old one.

-Actually, boss: she was the one who got rid of me. - Corrected Fernando Zéca between one puff and another of his illegal cigar.

***

Sonny Blue he almost choked on his own cigar when he saw Elizabeth alive, safe and in good shape and health after forty years.

It seemed as if a weight of tons had suddenly been lifted from his shoulders.

As soon as she saw him, Beth burst into laughter, because she had never seen Sonny bald before.

Of course, she did not spare the Director from a multitude of jokes while he almost broke down in tears when he saw his former boss again.

-How come I didn't know about this before? - He asked

-Ahhh... I already notified Paul of my arrival and told him to keep everything confidential.

Then, Elizabeth reported in detail what had happened to her up to that moment, since even the Lieutenant would not be able to put everything he had witnessed, so clear and succinctly.

At the end Sonny angrily swallowed the cigar and drew his conclusions:

-So you mean that this VERKLA STRUNDSKY was one of the girls I picked up before we left the Borg cube where the Romulans reverse-engineered?

-Don't you remember her, boss?

-Damn, Zéca... If I remembered every woman I've ever had sex with, I'd have to write

an complete encyclopedia with daily updates.

-WoW Boss! You're not weak... I wish I was like you...

Elizabeth wasted no time and soon amended another of her jokes:

-Zéca, Sonny spends the whole day passing angry bee honey on the dick, to pick up the girls at the end of the work...

-That's my boss... - Amended Zéca with a serious face. - It is helping humanity in its population growth.

-Your luck Zéca... - It's just that you brought here the only good card that would free you from most of your problems.

"With me my man, your bar is very clean."

"If the Boss here authorizes it, I'll even give you a raise."

"Your problem is there with Quinn who soon should call here angry because you messed up his quarantine."

"You'll have to go back to EARTH SPACE STATION and invent a temporary justification, to explain your disappearance, and we'll soon send one of our lawyers to get you out of other problems."

Lieutenant Fernando Zéca twisted his face when remembering Admiral Quinn.

-Now get out of here, Zéca. - Ordered the Director.

The Lieutenant was leaving, but suddenly he was called by Sonny again...

-Zéca! These are for you.

The Director said so, and threw in the direction of the Lieutenant three boxes of cigars that were caught in the air by the Lieutenant, with mathematical precision.

-Thanks boss. Thank you.

Fernando Zéca directed an outgoing glance at Elizabeth, who sent him a kiss from a distance, saying:

-Take care, Fe.

-You too my doll.

Then the Lieutenant ran away, leaving behind his boss reflecting the following thoughts.

"LIFE IS AMAZING."
"THE LONGER YOU LIVE, THE MORE SURPRISED YOU ARE."

-SONNY BLUE-

***



Lieutenant Fernando Zéca Corinthiano was teleported back to GALATRINA 02 SPORT, from where he left as if nothing had happened.

An armed security team soon appeared, demanding explanations from him.

-Calm down guys. I went to get some of my cigars that I had forgotten.

-Tell this to Admiral Quinn, Lieutenant. I only obey orders.

-Of course... Of course... I understand.

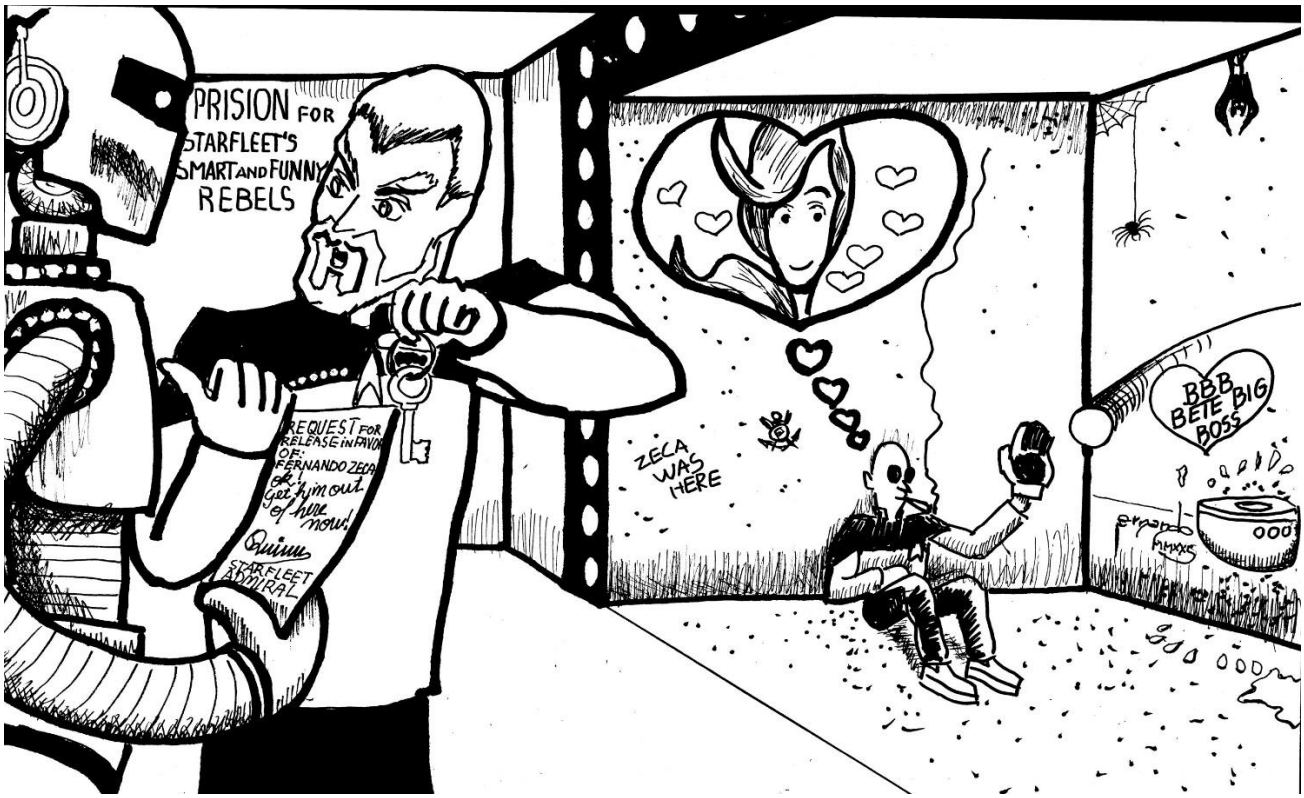
Fernando Zéca did exactly that, telling his useless lame excuses and, because none of them had convinced, he was taken to irons, where he spent a season in jail, without comic books, tobacco, rock'n roll, or internet, until finally the lawyer of the Federation's Secret Service (E.Y.E) came up with an excuse strange enough to free him from the cane, with even the right to return the boxes of cigars that the Director had given him.

However, until he got out of the jail, the Lieutenant still had to listen to several sermons from the old Admiral, punishing him for disobeying orders, and also for exposing other people to possible contamination, since the quarantine had been decreed.

And so ended the reprimands of the old and tireless Admiral Quinn:

-Luckily your irresponsibility didn't bring any major problems, otherwise, you wouldn't even be here anymore.

***



NEW HAIRY ADVENTURES OF A BALD LIEUTENANT

7

A few days after the occurrences narrated in the last chapter, Elizabeth Bondmader decided to return to ALLORAX where she would spend a vacation full of adventures, which, at this moment, do not fit to be reported here.

Lieutenant Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, in turn, even though he had escaped heavy punishments to which he was subject, continued the next two years, immersed in bureaucratic work of the Fleet, in the day, and studying preparatory courses for various areas, during the night.

There was no vacancy for its capabilities, not least because the Fleet was not operating at full capacity.

The shipyards did not produce as much as before, due to the Wars and the last economic crises, which managed to unbalance even stable systems such as the Federation of United Planets, so that the good opportunities were no longer so easy, the Fleet did not grow, and the officers' promotion framework remained unchanged.

Even the robotic ships now operated without human supervision, made some space even scarcer for someone with Fernando Zéca's modest skills.

As for the Federation’s Secret Service, (E.Y.E.) eventually there would even appear some quick weekend or holiday mission, but soon the routine returned to normal.

In any case, the Lieutenant still had to be satisfied, since he could get work to ensure the payment of his bills, in the middle of a crisis that was not making it easy for anyone.

The Authorities were having difficulty guaranteeing even social security, a fact that allowed, during recent times, the increase in the practice of crimes.

Kidnappings, robberies, attacks, murders, rapes...

Widespread insecurity afflicted everyone, indiscriminately.

Even those who apparently lived under greater protection, no longer had their tranquility guaranteed.

Not even entities such as Starfleet escaped contact with this reality, since recently, two of the most prominent Admirals were kidnapped, and their whereabouts unknown.

The dangerous situation in the streets of the great capitals of the Earth, and in the metropolises of other planets in Solar System, led the Authorities to give the recommendation not to wear the uniforms outside the Academy, or the premises of the barracks, since, in times of misery, the general view among the dead of hunger was that, those who worked for the Fleet, or government in a general way, had the means to keep their bellies full and support themselves, that is, they had money in their pockets to be robbed!

In the small mouth, the story ran that such a crisis was caused by the tentacles of the Partido Obrero, which extended not only through the underworld of the Federation, but also through the bowels of other dominant forces in the Galaxy.

This whole scenario was known to Fernando Zéca, who felt unable to do anything to improve it, so he modestly followed his life, fulfilling his obligations, so that the efforts of one day, positively, joined those of the next day, and so on.

But even though the Lieutenant tried to maintain a quiet routine, some days were more exciting than others.

***



Friday happy hour arrived with the Lieutenant managing to finish all the services at the last minute. This time, he would not have to work overtime.

Unceremoniously, not even taking off the starfleet uniform he wore that day: (one of the classic-retro jumpsuit models with long sleeves and navy blue), Fernando Zéca went straight to the bar, where, in addition to the traditional electronic entertainment, there were also combat piloting simulators for spaceships.

There, the Lieutenant spent a significant part of his earnings, improving his own skills.

Apart from the satisfaction of the virtual victories and achievements that the simulator gave him, he didn't earn anything else by practicing for so long.

Except for the day he came across three beautiful beauties, when he opened the cockpit to exit the simulator after ending another race with the victory.

-Hello girls.

-Tell me something. - Asked one of them. - You're the Fernando Zéca Corinthiano of racing, aren't you?

-Blimey! - The Lieutenant was surprised. After so long away from the circuits, someone still remembered him.

-Yes! It's me.

-I soon realized! - Said another of them. - Every time he plays, he breaks the machine's record. I wasn't sure until I saw him in that outfit...

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano soon understood.

The Fleet uniform model he wore looked a lot like his old blue overalls, which he wore in his racing times.

The conversation with the girls continued to a table at the bar where they introduced themselves:

-I'm Ana!

-My name is Vera.

-And I'm Rosa.

The three young women, who were pilots, regularly came to the bar to practice in the simulator.

-We finally found the guy who breaks all the simulator records.

-We were analyzing his style of play and Ana suspected that the owner of the records

was some spaceship’s pilot-racer.

-Your style doesn't change anything! It remains champion.

-I can't imagine why you abandoned the tracks.

-At the time, your team was taking off. It gave the impression that I was going to start making everything...

-Well... It's just that...

***

The bartender handed over drinks, cigarettes, then moved away from the table where the four were talking, going behind the counter after some time ago:

Most of the customers had tried to make small talk with those three girls, and no one had made any progress.

The guy came out of the simulator, and right away, he was chatting with the three of them in the greatest excitement. Who would it be?

Discreetly, the waiter looked at the guy's face... It sounded like that of someone familiar, whose memory I could not associate.

He remembered that, near the table of the table, he heard in the conversations, something about starship pilot racer, then, with the help of bar's computer, he took a photo through the security cameras, and sent the image of his client’s face to his favorite search engine.

Soon Fernando Zéca Corinthiano's racing driver profile appeared.

In his file, it was stated that he had abandoned the sport without much explanation and, from then on, his whereabouts were unknown.

No protection agency, not even the police, had issued any warning against him on the net.

Even though it was none of his business, and there was no reason to worry about the customer, the waiter continued with the flea behind his ear.

All he had to do now was to continue with his work, because the time he wasted digging into other people's lives, he stopped serving customers, eager to see their orders fulfilled... But...

The envy of seeing a bald, short, pot-bellied guy, who, in those difficult times, paid his bills, talking animatedly with three women, who, by the way, seemed quite happy, satisfied and smiling, made the waiter continue to face the monitor, trying to find something. And not only that:

Because he was not endowed with an attribute that would allow, in any way, to satisfy and perform beauties like those, the feeling of disgust for the success of others, in this case, the Lieutenant, turned into disguised hatred and envy.

The waiter now researched if the name Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, appeared on the website of betrayed women, who denounced alleged deceivers of the weaker sex and needy hearts. To his disappointment, he found nothing there, too.

However, there, the waiter soon received a warning:

That name was on another list: In the list of wanted by the Partido Obrero!

***

The warning came from the site's administration.

"WAIT FOR CONTACT".

It was the first message the waiter received.

Then, on the monitor screen, another window was projected, which had the face of a guy with sunglasses and the face of few friends.

-What do you want to know about this name? - He asked.

The waiter was a little startled by the intimidating tone of the question, and stammered the answer:

-I work in a bar and I just wanted to gather information about a customer's credit.

-On this site? We do not work with credit information.

-I'm sorry! I was wrong.

-Wait! Did you say this guy is your customer?

-Yes! He's here...

-What is the name of your bar?

-RED POP STAR.

-Which is in the alley next to Starfleet HQ?

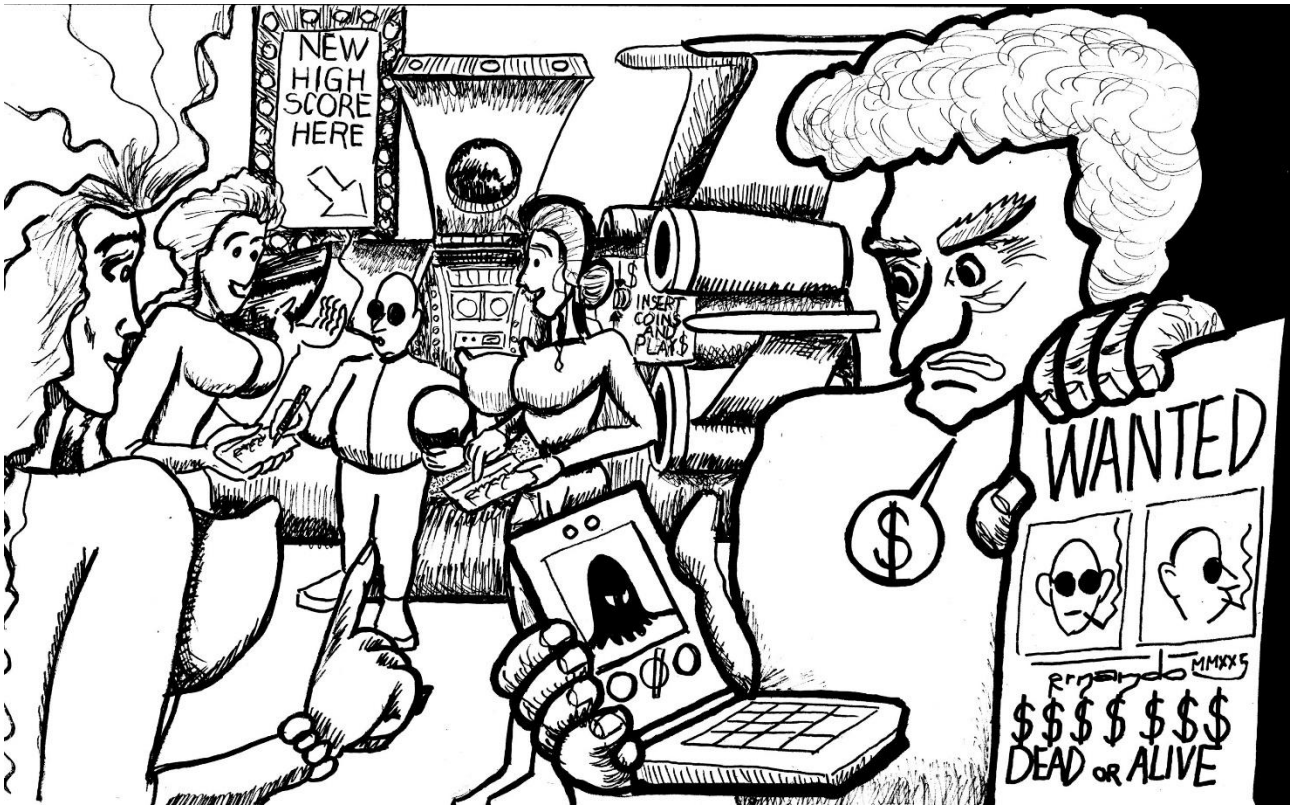
-Yes! That's right.

-Oh! You are in our scheme!

-Scheme? How so?

-We are from the Partido Obrero. Your boss works for us.

***



-Your boss pays half of the profits from the bar to our organization.

"We also own this site, which you accessed, and we use, to collect information, that helps us to blackmail, people involved in cases of marital betrayal and other family deviations."

"Do you want to make some extra money?"

-O-Of course! - stammered the waiter.

-If you have our number there, then you must already know where the captivity is...

-Yes! I've already taken a guy there.

-Then take this one too, and you'll get some money!

-But the guy must be dangerous. He's in uniform.

-Uniformed? How so? Isn't this guy a racing driver?

-It seems so! He lives playing in the bar's simulators.

"But he's wearing a uniform. I think it's a Cardasian thing..."

"I'm not sure... For me these clothes are all the same..."

And, in fact, the waiter was really making a mess.

The uniform he was referring to was an old Starfleet model, which did not yet feature its traditional logo.

-Cardasian uniform? - Asked the guy on the other end of the line. - This can be a problem. This guy can be involved with very dangerous people..."

"Well... Anyway, there is a way to bring the pilot there to captivity."

"Dangerous or not. You get a reward if you turn it in. Now he turns around."

The window with the head of the Partido Obrero member closed, and the waiter found himself facing a big problem. But he already had a solution.

***

Just one of those beauties would be able to make any man happy in life.

Two then... Now, imagine three!

Lieutenant Zéca, on a night that, until then, seemed to be extremely happy, met three beautiful admirers of his work, and soon won their trust.

The girls were also pilots and, at that time, they were looking for a good hotel to stay in.

-Stay at my house. - Invited the Lieutenant.

Surprisingly, they accepted the invitation, and so the quartet decided it was time to leave.

First, however...

-I'll ask your permission for a moment. - Said Fernando Zéca getting up from the table. - I'm receiving a call from nature that I need to answer...

He left there and went to the bathroom of the bar.

On the way, he bumped into the waiter who politely apologized.

From then on, the Lieutenant began to feel dizzy.

Even staggering, he went to the bathroom where he relieved himself.

Then he washed his hands, his face, trying to scare away that sudden and inexplicable torpor, which was becoming more unbearable.

He was unsuccessful.

As soon as he finished wiping his hands, the world around him began to spin...

His legs were weakening little by little, and he, feeling that was going to fall, quickly tried to sit on the floor, leaning his back against the wall.

The last thing he saw before fainting was the waiter who attended his table, and another guy entered the bathroom.

-Don't waste time and take this guy into captivity right away. I'm going to tell the girls that he ran away and left the bill for them to pay.

***

He woke up all sore.

Zéca was lying in a dark, stinky environment, little bigger than a bar’s bath, and with a hole in the middle leading straight to the sewer.

There was only one door, which was made of steel and locked.

He couldn't see much through its cracks. Only, the hair on the floor that was almost two centimeters.

He realized that there was no one in the room next to that cubicle where he was locked. The memory kept returning and he understood what had happened.

The waiter at the restaurant had somehow put him in that situation.

Perhaps, at the time he had brought him some drink, or even in the bump had with him before reaching the bathroom.

The fact is that, in the bar, somehow. Fernando Zéca, was exposed, by the waiter, to

some narcotic that made him unconscious. And now, was stuck in that situation.



He no longer had his wallet with him, nor his keychain.

However, in one of the inner pockets of the clothes he was wearing, there was still his multi-versatile Swiss Army knife, which was not noticed during the alleged search where his belongings were stolen.

He took it out while thanking the Blessed Virgin Mary and all the angels of heaven for the hesitation of the captors that allowed him to keep an instrument with more than two thousand functions available, including 3 emergency cigarettes, one of which he has already lit with the lighter of the tool itself.

Then, at the door of the captivity, Fernando Zéca used another accessory device, from which a white, strong, and intense lightning bolt came out that cut the steel like butter.

In less than half a minute, the lock attached to the wall was destroyed, opening the way to an environment, little better than the cubicle from which he emerged.

The bad smell was less, but the walls and lighting were the same garbage.

Rats ran freely near other doors just like the one he had cut.

Perhaps there were even other prisoners, a possibility that, at the moment, did not worry Lieutenant Zéca who prioritized his own freedom on that escape in which he had only his pocket knife.

Not just any other tool like the many sold in the liquidation basins. In fact, a multi-functional artifact that, among its many uses, could make five phaser shots equivalent to those of the best pistols

In that situation, the Lieutenant heard a voice and went to check its origin near a door, where he saw the following conversation in another room:

-In a little while we will be there. - Someone said over the intercom... Several party bosses will also be with me.

"This pilot there made a lot of damage by winning a race, whose result we had already arranged to be different. He didn't know anything, but was chosen to pay the price."

-It's stored and I'm going to wait, here boss. You can rest assured.

-I was told that he is wearing a Cardasian outfit...

-I don't know if he is Cardasian, boss. What I can say is that it's not one of those modern Starfleet uniforms that we see out there. The design is very old and blue.

-We'll clear up this doubt as soon as I get there.

"The bosses want to know everything they can about this guy."

"See you later."

-See you later, boss!

When the intercom was turned off and the call was terminated, the Lieutenant hit the head of the guy who was there with a phaser shot from his multi-function pocket knife and the captor died instantly.



The Lieutenant, in turn, took advantage of the weapons that were in the room and prepared to leave. Now armed with two phaser pistols and a rifle.

Motivated and willing to shoot at any sign of danger, Zéca followed a corridor formed by semi-demolished walls made of zinc sheets and wood.

The lighting came from the openings in the fiberglass ceiling, to the starry sky with a full moon of that morning.

No one circulated there, something that, the Lieutenant found better and less problematic, however, it was not a path immune to dangers, since he did not even have to walk far for some complication to disturb his escape. In this case, four ferocious dogs, which advanced quickly and silently towards him.

This action, although fast, in the Lieutenant's view, happened in slow motion.

After a brief run, the dogs made one last leap to reach with their front paws and jaws, the Lieutenant's fat-tender meats.

With the animals in mid-air already with salivated tongues, in a quick and precise movement, Zéca pointed the pistols and fired four times, eliminating the aggressors.

***

The Lieutenant followed through the shadows to a room with a window.

He looked through it, trying to locate himself before proceeding with the escape.

He was soon surprised.

He was on the top floor of a building located in the middle of what seemed to be a decadent and dirty condominium area on the outskirts!

Dozens of other edifications also in a very poor state of conservation housed numbers of residents far exceeding their capacities, transforming themselves into real favelas in the shape of skyscrapers of gray concrete and dirty glass.

Even though it was apparently more than fifty floors high from the ground floor, he couldn't see far, since the buildings were built very close to each other, in order to make the most of every meter.

Therefore, self-location was difficult, since, in the peripheries, most buildings are very similar, making it impossible to identify the location.

Even by the stars, it was not possible to have a precise positioning.

Dense clouds covered wide regions of the dark sky, hindering even the identification of the morning stars, now highlighted in that firmament.

In the Lieutenant's path, lay the bodies of the dogs that tried to attack him.

Getting out of there wouldn't be easy.

***

He ended up returning to the room where the body of his former jailer was.

A radio set there played songs at dawn, but the victim of the Lieutenant's shot would no longer get up to dance them.

Zéca turned off the radio and immediately heard the sound of voices approaching that place. One of them soon identified:

It was that of the interlocutor with whom his deceased ex-jailer was talking over the intercom. Certainly the bosses who came to visit him.

The voices were approaching quickly, and the Lieutenant would have a few seconds to prepare.

***

Soon, he found the best solution and hid inside a cleaning material cabinet, whose

door he touched, leaving only a crack to see what happened.

Ten men appeared who were surprised by the presence of the corpse.

Everyone was on alert in front of the dead man.

In the meantime, inside the closet, the Lieutenant found a cleaning robot.

He didn't know what he was used for in a filthy environment like that, but he soon had an idea based on his teenage antics when he sabotaged this type of robot to scare or even give people electric shocks.

The model was practically still the same, so it had no trouble finding a certain chip and ripping it off the motherboard.

The positioning of the robot's antenna also changed: a metallic wire one and a half meters high, which, after being modified, would no longer be used to receive signals from remote controllers, but to give shocks.

Without being noticed, the Lieutenant prepared and placed the disk-shaped robot, forty-five centimeters in diameter by three and a half high, on the ground and it quickly advanced towards the nearby bandits.

That equipment, in addition to cleaning, was also programmed to eliminate small domestic animals, such as rats, snakes and insects.

The chip removed by the lieutenant was what prevented the robot from attacking humans.

More specifically, where the ASIMOVIAN LAWS OF ROBOTICS were located.

Without this programming, the robot now interpreted humans as larger animals that it was supposed to kill, in order to keep the environment clean.

Protected in the closet, the Lieutenant watched everything that happened:

The robot moved quickly among the gang's robbers, with its antenna quickly hitting the targets to be "cleaned" like a whip, so that they would soon drop dead, instantly electrocuted!

Of course, there were those who reacted and shot at the robot, resulting in a useless waste of time since its carcass resisted without problems, the shots that were given to it, to the point that it, in less than two minutes, counterattacked, decimating the entire gang.

Finally the dust settled, leaving only the killer robot, circling in search of other "intruders" to "disinfect".

With nothing else to do, the Lieutenant left the shelter, and quickly landed a very high-precision shot in the only place that the carcass did not protect, that is, a switch that immediately turned off the robot programmed to kill.

The noise having subsided, behind some of the doors of that room, our protagonist heard sounds of agonizing moans and crying.

With the end of the bad music played on the device that Fernando Zéca turned off, the volume of these laments, until then suffocated, by so much noise pollution was raised...

Casually, looking around, the Lieutenant found his wallet and the communicator disguised as a key fob, in the shape of the fleet's delta logo.

Interestingly, in the same place, there were also two other keychains similar to his, which was an indicator of more Starfleet people trapped there.

The bottom of his subconscious was still in doubt if he spent precious time helping those he didn't know, since he could very well prioritize his personal safety, getting out of there right away, and calling for help from a safer place.

Out of mere curiosity, in any case, he decided to open the doors of the nearby captives and came across another scenario very similar to the one from which he had managed to escape: a cubicle, stinky, stuffy, dark, inside which lay a semi-unconscious man moaning.

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano took the guy out of there and sat him down on a chair.

Then he opened another door from which choked whining also came out, and he found himself in the same situation as before.

Another almost unconscious individual, in deplorable conditions, to which no human being should be subjected, also suffered in a dark, smelly cubicle.

The Lieutenant got water for the unfortunates who barely spoke and moved.

One of them burst into tears, but still couldn't speak.

The Lieutenant took out his pocket the keychain with the logo of the Fleet and, through it, made a call:

-Lieutenant Fernando Zéca for Starfleet HQ!

The little communicator let out some clicks and squeaks....

Moments of suspense...

-Starfleet HQ on the line! What can I help you with, Lieutenant?

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano explained the situation in which he found himself, and got the following answer:

-We are triangulating the coordinates and we already have your location.

Pause...

-Lieutenant, we have a problem.

-What?

-You will have to stand your ground. Our teleportations, in this region, where you are, work very badly and suffer various types of interference.

"We will send a rescue team, which will only arrive there in forty minutes!"

"Try to defend yourself! Don't lose hope that help is coming."

"Fleet HQ shutting down!"

The Lieutenant was not happy at all.

Now he had to wait for the Starfleet's help to arrive, not being able to call anyone from the Federation's Secret Service, even having to sustain the delicate position.

The one who was better by his side was one of the captives, who was already smiling, while pointing, with shy gestures, to the Lieutenant's keychain, with the symbol of the Federation.

-Yes, my friend... The Federation cavalry will come to rescue us, but, like any exciting movie, help will still take time.

"We are out of reach! In the meantime, we will have to hold everithing alone."

The Lieutenant put the keychain with the symbol of the Federation in the man's hands and went to check the available weaponry.

He had to prepare for the far from remote possibility of things getting complicated...

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Rummaging through the place where he was, the Lieutenant found a small arsenal in another room with several cabinets full of pistols and phaser rifles.

There were even two humanoid robots, of the same model as those, which he had under his command, in his time as an Ensign, aboard the SSF GALATRINA 01.

Such firepower showed that the banditry there was not to be trifled with.

And that was just a small sample of the strength of the criminal underworld commanded by the PARTIDO OBRERO.

There, in that immense concrete slum, hundreds of other similar deposits had been confirmed, showing that perhaps not even the armed forces under the command of Starfleet, and the Federation, had as much preparation as the united or non-united criminality of the underworld.

If the gangs suspected that one of their arsenals was in danger of falling into the hands of the Authority, they would certainly try to save or ensure that as many of their "work tools" as possible were not taken from them.

And for that, they would use all resources, including excessive violence.

Aware of this, the Lieutenant rushed to organize a resistance in that place, from which

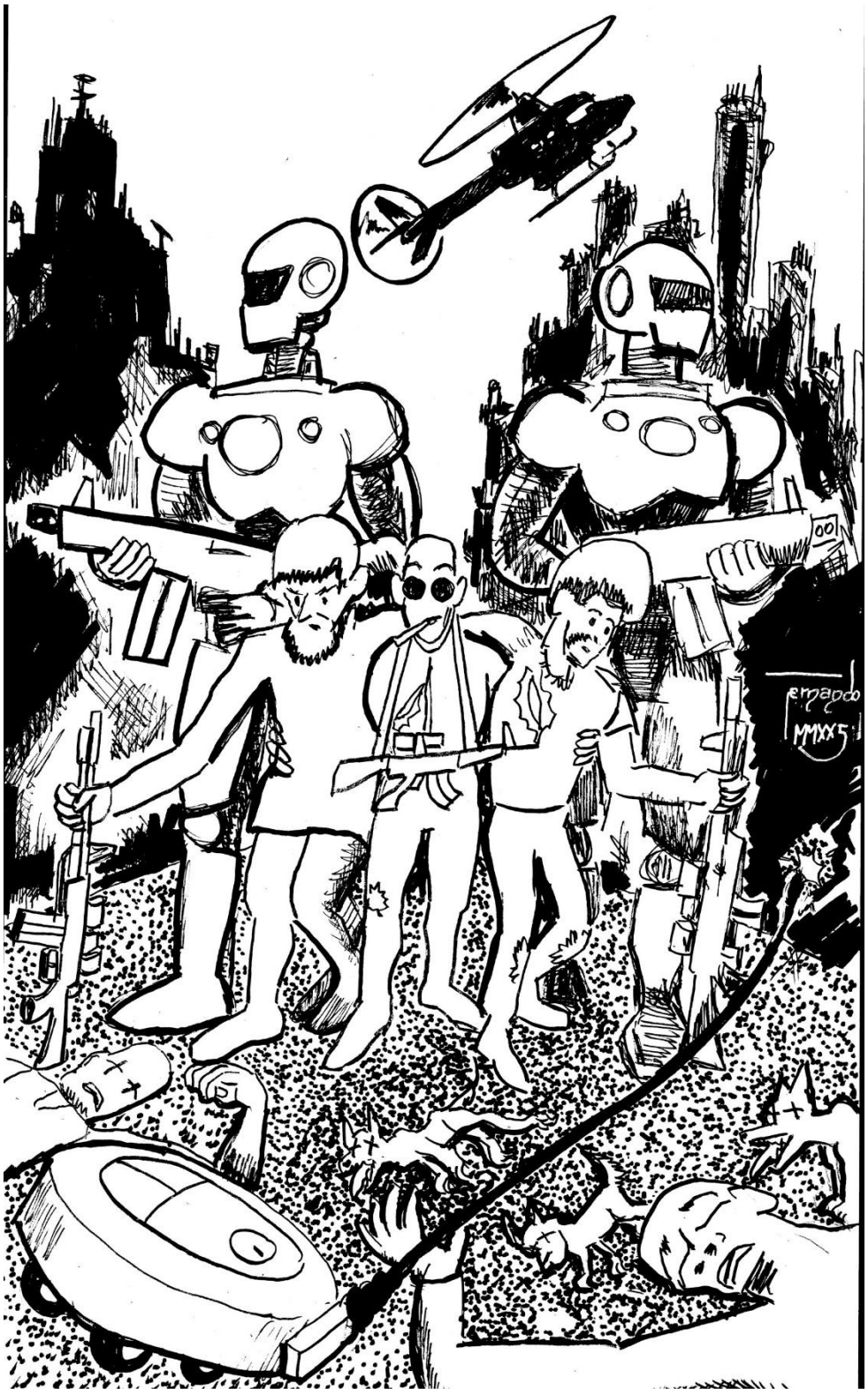
he did not even know how to get out, so he would have to secure himself, until the arrival of the Fleet's saving cavalry.

He reprogrammed, activated, and armed the two robots that were there turned off and abandoned, so that they would also help against possible attacks.

The Lieutenant identified three points where he could make a temporary defense of the place, and for two of them he assigned the new mechanized allies.

For the third place, he was himself, operating as a sniper in a probable defensive action, which he had to undertake...

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The forty minutes passed tensely...

The communicators of the robbers played alternately, without rest.

Fernando Zéca, had to put them on vibracall, so as not to attract attention in the neighborhood.

When the Lieutenant began to think it was time for the Fleet to appear, what did emerge was an armed drone.

Fernando Zéca tried to play dumb, believing that his hiding place would not be discovered, but the tactic did not work.

As soon as it spotted him, the drone immediately fired almost hitting him.

Luckily for the Lieutenant, an unexpected strong wind moved the drone's sights away from the target, thus delaying what would be his encounter with death.

From then on, the Lieutenant's luck turned into bad luck for the drone with one of the reprogrammed robots hitting him with a well-aimed shot, which completely rendered him useless.

Even if that threat was removed, the danger was still lurking, not least because: now, most certainly, someone from the Partido Obrero already knew that there was something out of normality around there.

***

Even before the famous forty minutes promised by the Fleet HQ were completed, the Lieutenant tried several times to reestablish contact with the barracks, but was unsuccessful, as he was answered by the electronic operator, who did not advance at all...

-You have called the Federation of United Planets and Starfleet Headquarters: if you wish to talk to: recruitment, dial 1, star academy, dial 2, purchase of uniforms, dial 3, treasury, dial 4, security, dial 5, Pension Funds, dial 6, restaurant, dial 7, Personnel Department, dial 8, Infirmary, dial 9, Operator, dial 0, or wait on the line...

Thirteen minutes after the promised deadline for the arrival of help, more banditry drones were teleported to the vicinity just like the one shot down earlier... And who also arrived shooting

The robots next to the Lieutenant soon retaliated by shooting and knocking down several of them.

Fernando Zéca also hit some attackers, ending another attack.

When the clock was twenty minutes late, another wave of drones arrived, even more aggressive than the first.

The shooting was intense and, this time, one of the robots that helped the Lieutenant in the defense was completely destroyed.

Just when the second robot seemed about to suffer the same fate, a Starfleet helicopter appeared distributing shots at the drones.

It was an armored and silent model, which came close to that combat, taking fire from all sides, and which, even so, with its powerful cannons, soon cleared the area of the enemy attack.

Finally, the communicator called.

-Lieutenant! We are only able to take one person now. The other aircraft that have teleportation equipment capable of carrying more people are busy on other missions.

For a second, Fernando Zéca even thought about being teleported in the first place, leaving behind his two captive companions.

Soon after, he indicated one of the kidnapped, the one who was in a more delicate situation, to be taken.

In less than five seconds, he was teleported to the interior of the helicopter that departed quickly.

***

It didn't take even ten minutes for another batch of drones to be teleported there, immediately charging against the position defended by the Lieutenant and what was left of one of the robots.

This time, the aggression came with greater intensity.

The second robot was soon destroyed and the advance continued against the last bastion, now defended by the Lieutenant.

Already badly injured and bloodied, when the Corinthians began to think that their end had come, finally, ten Starfleet helicopters appeared, which also arrived spitting fire with total violence.

The rain of shots against the Partido Obrero's drones was so intense that it was setting everything on fire there. But this was no longer a concern for the Lieutenant.

Both he and the other kidnapped were soon teleported, and taken away from that war scenario.

Badly injured from his wounds, but happy to have escaped alive from the clutches of the Partido Obrero, along with two other captives, the Lieutenant fainted with his eyes open, seeing through the helicopter window, the first rays of sunshine, of a new day that he could enjoy in freedom.

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-No more time off, sleeper.

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano felt a strong sting in the shoulder spreading over the rest of his body, a cold and invigorating refreshment that even improved his vision, clearing images initially revealing that the Lieutenant was lying on the modern stretcher of a medical room having a beautiful doctor giving him some injection.

In the same place, in front of him, were also three officers of the Starfleet high command! Three Admirals!

One of them was Quinn. But those other two... They were no strangers to him...

Thought... Thought.. Thought... And finally there was a snap:

The two Admirals were the guys who he saved from captivity!

-I'm glad to see you in good health. - Said one of them.

-Congratulations, Zéca. You saved two Fleet officers who had been kidnapped by the Partido Obrero! - Quinn said.

-This gang almost killed us. - Confirmed one of them.

"They wanted us to reveal the secrets of the Federation. - Completed another.

-I don't know if I would have been able to do the same for these two grumpy old men. - Said Admiral Quinn.

-It was a heroic act Captain!

-Yes! Indeed! And for me, it came at a good time. I don't know if I would continue to endure so much pressure. That place was ruining my health. Just remembering it, my stomach is already wrapped up all over. I owe you my life, Captain. I have no way to pay such a debt."

"I can only thank you."

-That place was consuming our will. If we stayed longer, we would soon end up giving in. Your action, Captain, in addition to saving our lives, you have harmed much of the action of the tentacles of the Partido Obrero on Earth."

"Soon, they will not recover from the losses they suffered, because we were able to ascertain a good part of their structure and command network."

-You were unconscious for a week, Captain.

"At that time, the heavy hand of the Fleet acted rigorously against the tentacles of the

Partido Obrero in the Solar System. It did not escape our reprisal, not even the bar where you were drugged and kidnapped."

-A heroic act, without a shadow of a doubt, Captain. You were very incisive in the counterattack, and you even risked your own life to save other people... Few would have done the same..."

-Wow, it's great to see that we're all fine.

"I thank you for your visit. I'm really thrilled."

"There's only one detail... Not wanting to be boring... It's just that my rank is that of Lieutenant, and not that of Captain."

"But, in any case, I confess that I had moments of doubt."

"Everything I did was due to luck and my Swiss multi-function army knife..."

-Very interesting, Captain. I'll consider including one of these Swiss Army knives in the Starfleet uniform going forward.

-Lieutenant... - Santed to correct it, Fernando Zéca...

-Captain! - Corrected Admiral Quinn in a firm voice. - You rose through the ranks while you slept and recovered from injuries sustained while performing relevant service to your Starfleet colleagues and the Federation.

-Now you will have new responsibilities. - Said the other Admiral.

-And you will continue to be our most valuable contact and agent, with the Secret Service of the Federation, Captain.

-In this new position, we want you to help reveal more parts of the structure of the Partido Obrero, so that we can put an end to this threat.

If you think this organization is big and threatening, imagine, that it is just the tip of a much larger one called the OLD UNIVERSAL ORDER...

-Blimey...

-But don't worry about it now, and rest. Your time to work will come soon.

-Wow! Thanks for the promotion. As for this OLD UNIVERSAL ORDER, I will help to fight it with everything in my power, but they already know me and perhaps even know that I am in the service of Starfleet.

-Fortunately, your position has not been compromised Captain. Before we carry out a complete sweep operation in that peripheral area where you were captive, we also carried out a screening of the calls of the communicators used by the criminals."

"The people who captured you thought that you were somehow associated with the Cardasians."

"They didn't recognize your Starfleet uniform, because the retro version you were wearing is very old, and this one they mistook for something that had nothing to do with your true position, so if your involvement in these events is known by anyone, surely that someone doesn't have the correct data."

-That's great, gentlemen. Thank you very much. I'm at your command. I will do my best.

-Oh! Captain! He called Admiral Quinn. - Learn your first lesson, as you will now have more direct contact with the High Command.

"When I myself was in the Navy, there was a saying:"

"The Navy is not wrong. It make mistakes."

"With Starfleet, the same thing happens: The High Command of Starfleet does not make mistakes, that is, if an Admiral calls you Captain, you close your mouth and pray not to be demoted."

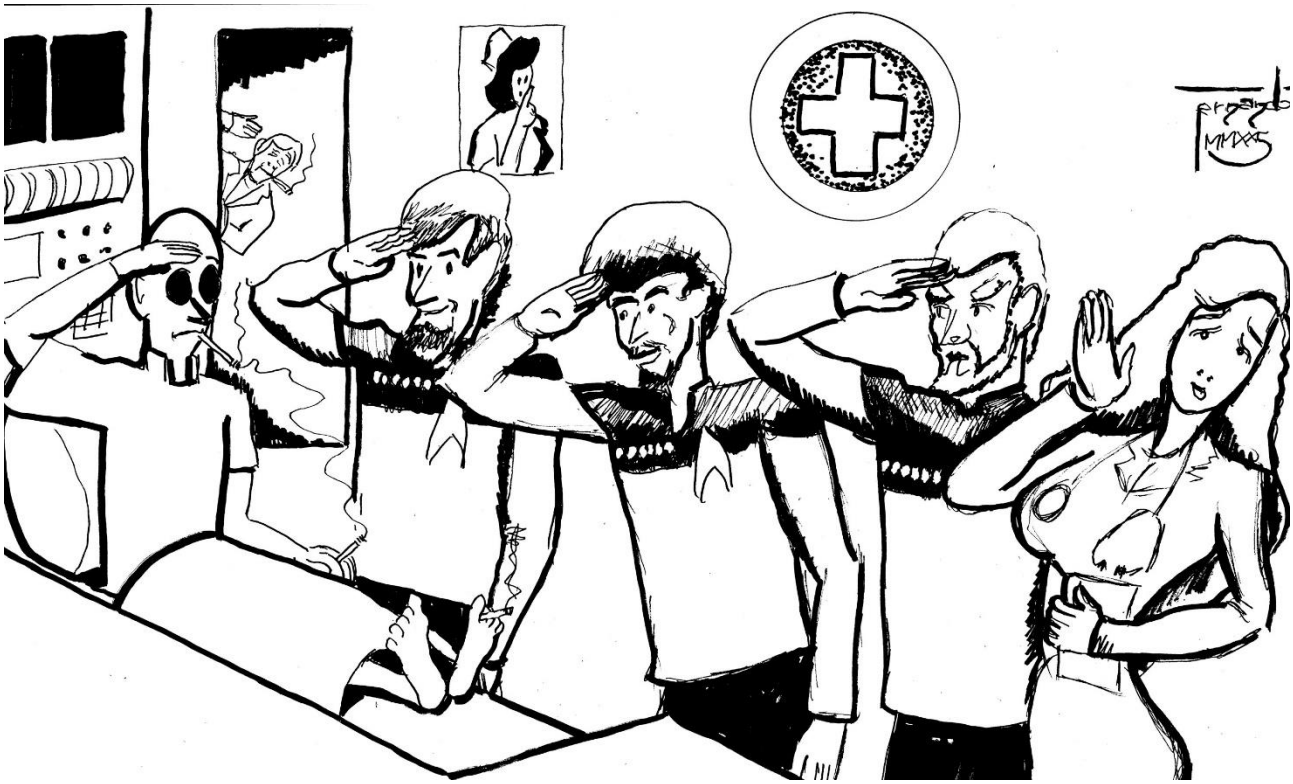
-Yes SIR, Admiral!SIR - Agreed Captain Fernando Zéca Corinthiano.

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MORAL OF THE STORY:

Never leave home without the latest model of Swiss Army knife of the XXIV century. Get yours at the best stores in the business, or through the manufacturer's website.

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STORIES OF A CORINTHIAN CAPTAIN
8

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, was sitting at a café table, smoking his illegal cigarettes, drinking energy drinks, and watching the news through the monitors arranged on the walls of the hall.

The chair, next to him, at the table he used, was empty until the moment sat on it, a big man with bluish skin, two antennae just above his forehead, coming out of the middle of his white hair, wearing a Starfleet uniform.

-Azulão! - Exclaimed Fernando Zéca, visibly surprised. -Dude! What a joy to find you here!

-What's up, Zéca? How are you?

-Better now! Want a cigarette?

-No, little brother! I'll go with Andoriana beer!

-You don't deny being Andorian, Azulão. Always giving preference to products from your planet...

-It's because Andorian beer is the best there is, Zéca. You don't understand the subject, because you are not a true appreciator.

-Indeed, Azulão. - My business is this one.

He spoke and took a few puffs on his cigarette.

Azulão smiled and signaled to the waitress, who approached the table, and asked:

-An Andorian beer for me.

-And a Klingon bloodwine for me.

At that moment, the third chair at the table, which, until that moment, was empty, suddenly was occupied by a Klingon, also in uniform, who sat on it.

-Karrov! - Double joys, my brothers! -exclaimed Fernando. - What an unexpected surprise.

The Klingon, another giant, slightly larger than the Bluebird, beat his chest with a clenched fist, greeting his colleagues who also wore Star Fleet clothes in his own style.

-What a meeting, my friends! What a joy! - said Fernando.

"Apparently, we are all still tangled up with Starfleet."

-Certain habits are not so easily changed. - Said Azulão.

With an extremely serious air, Karrov confessed:

-If I were to follow my people, I would never have joined Starfleet, but since I understand some of the humor of humans, I thought it would be fun to serve in it for a while.

“The jokes I learn from colleagues are so good, that, to this day, I still haven't encouraged myself to go back to Q'onos.”

“The atmosphere there is kind of heavy for a more humorous Klingon like me."

"If I tell the jokes on Earth, they will call me an effeminate comedian."

-You have no more cure. - Said the Azulão.- Besides being a bad joker, you are the only Klingon who gets along with the "pingos". You are no longer purebred. You are already very assimilated by the values of the Federation.

Karrov sulked, but, he did not disagree.

-It may be, but I'm far from being an effeminate comedian.

-Nobody is saying that you are effeminate, but that you are already contaminated.

Karrov protested.

-Ha! I'm a joker learning to appreciate the humor of other civilizations, including the Vulcan!"

He paused hoping for some effect with the unfunny joke, but anyway, just for fun, no one laughed. Karrow then continued:

-Besides, natural Klingon food I don't feel like it anymore. I now want to delight in the

menus of industrialized crap produced in the Federation.

-Karrov! Not only did you embrace the values of the Federation, but you practically became Brazilian, from eating so much feijoada, drinking caipirinha and listening to the pagode of Bezerra da Silva.

-Oh! There I agree. - Karrov said. – After the people, food is the best thing in Brazil, along with Bezerra, which is extraordinary. A true philosopher...

The drinks then arrived at the table and everyone toasted.

Karrov then continued:

-I heard a funny story. It's not a Klingon joke, but it also makes fun of the most senior officers. In this case, those of the Federation.

-That sounds interesting, come on Karrov! - Encouraged Azulão. - Your jokes, from time to time are good.

-Here it comes... - Said Fernando.

Karrov then began:

-An officer is in the infirmary recovering from his last adventure, when the High Command comes to visit him in force, to congratulate him for bravery and heroism.

-Wow! The whole Admiralty took their asses out of their chairs to visit ONE PATIENT??? The sick person should be important...

Karrov turned to the Azulão making a disregard and continued...

-The Admiral, who had left his own office to go to him, speaks to him more or less like this:"

"-My congratulations, Captain, for your merits, courage, blah blah blah, blah blah blah and blah blah blah..."

"Then the officer interrupts the Admiral to correct him:"

"But SIR, you are mistaken, SIR. I'm not a Captain, SIR I'm a Lieutenant SIR."

At that moment, Azulão interrupted the story:

-GOD DAMN IT! But this officer must be an idiot! An Admiral is never corrected! The guy asked for a demotion! You must not know that Lieutenant's pension does not even pay for the party in the brothel.

-Yes," the Klingon agreed. - But there's more:

"The Admiral continued to call him Captain, and he, in turn, still wanted to correct the Admiral."

-This guy is a beast. If it were me, I would keep quiet.

-YUP! That is the story of a real idiot.

-Hey! - exclaimed Fernando Zéca. - I know this story! It happened to me."

-Hey Zéca! Didn't you realize that you were being promoted? - Asked Azulão, very badly containing his laughter.

-I was recovering! I thought the Admiral had been wrong.

-He must be the first Captain of Starfleet, who already arrives in office taking a scolding from the Admiralty. - Karrov continued.

-Were you reprimanded by the Admiral? - Asked Azulão.

-Wait, guys! It was not quite like that. - Tried to explain Zéca.

-The Admiral reminded Zéca that the history of the Navy never makes mistakes.

-Really, Karrov?" - Did Zéca take this right away? You're kidding me. It seems like a rookie's thing.

-Nothing Azulão! The unfortunate man didn't have time to get off the stretcher and took it right there."

-KKKKKKKK kkkkk

-Wait! Stop messing with me! The Admiral didn't scold me at all. This time I was even praised!

-Damn Zéca! You're kidding that you went to correct an Admiral...

-Wait! I was in the ward recovering. My reasoning was different..."

-Whore who gave birth to him, Zéca! Let the man say what he wants! He is the Admiral. He says what he wants.

-But... I... Damn Karrov! This joke of yours is not funny at all! That was pure bullshit!

-Oooooo! Calm down Zéca! OK. That was just to tease! But now I have real good news."

-Oh! YEAH? Ok! Speak up!"

-I enlisted in the ship you will command.

-In the U.S.S. GALATRIN III? Serious? - asked Zéca perplexed...

-Exactly, Captain!

-And I also enlisted in the U.S.S. GALATRIN III, Captain Fernando Zéca Corinthiano.

-WOW! - exclaimed Zéca. - That's great!

And he even punched the air.

-We will have, part of the Bunch, I mean, the BANDO of LOCOS FEDERADOS, together under the same roof.

-And there's more, Captain. - Karrov continued. - Tolek also enlisted in the U.S.S. GALATRIN III and got a place in it.

-That is awesome! Absolutely Great! Tolek too! This is much better than I expected. - Celebrated Zéca.

-A toast to this team!

-A toast to this team!

-A toast to this team!

The glasses hit each other and, in the sequence, the liquids they contained were spilled into the throats of the members of Starfleet and crew of the U.S.S. GALATRIN III spacecraft.

-What do you know about our ship, gentlemen? - Asked Fernando Zéca cleaning his foam mustache.

-It's a Sovereign. - Replied Azulão.

-That's right, gentlemen. - Agreed Zéca. - But, it is also much more than that: I had her equipped with "personalized" accessories.

-Custom? - Azulão asked suspiciously. - I didn't know that Starfleet allows customization accessories on its ships...

-This ship has a much higher level of robotization than all the others. - Karrov explained.

-That's also it. - Agreed Zéca. - But, it's not, JUST that.

And he went on to explain

-Look at what happened:

"Recently, I went to a second-hand bookstore, where I found old manuals for an old Federation ship, the DISCOVERY."

-This ship is legendary. - Karrov said. - Legendary in the sense of legend. There are those who believe that it never existed.

"Hence, my captain, these manuals can be some kind of bait for the unwary to fall for the scams of the crooks."

-This material is not false Karrov. Your concern is valid, but I did my homework. These manuals even contain reports of all the scientific experiments carried out on board that ship, whose results and procedures were meticulously reported.

-But what did that do in a used bookstore? - asked Azulão.

-The owner of the used book store told me that these reports were eventually left at the space bases where the ship passed, and then they were all sent to an old Starfleet warehouse where they were secretly hidden.

"But with the enactment of a Law, which I am unaware of, the secrecy of everything that was in this and in other deposits fell, causing even the manuals, previously secret, to lose their secrecy and end up sold, due to their weight, as recyclable garbage."

“I bought everything for a bargain, analyzed its contents, and, based on it, designed, built, and installed some "custom options on my future spacecraft."

"Not to mention yet, many other novelties that I requested for the secret service of the Federation that may also be installed."

-But did you get authorization for so many modifications? - Asked Azulão, suspiciously. - The High Command is usually very conservative with this kind of novelty...

"Even more so if it's technology coming from Disco... - Karrov pondered. - As far as I know, many non-standard experiments happened there...

-True... - Murmured Zéca.

-Out of the standard, and who eventually sacrificed lives!

-Gentlemen... We all know that the road of science is not always straight and smooth, and it can even have very thorny mishaps... - Pondered the Captain.

-But do you have the authorization to do all this? - Asked Azulão again.

-If later you are asked about the subject... - Fernando Zéca began to answer. - Say you know nothing about the authorizations, and you only followed the orders received from the Captain. I will take any responsibility from then on.

-Ok. As you order. - Azulão agreed.

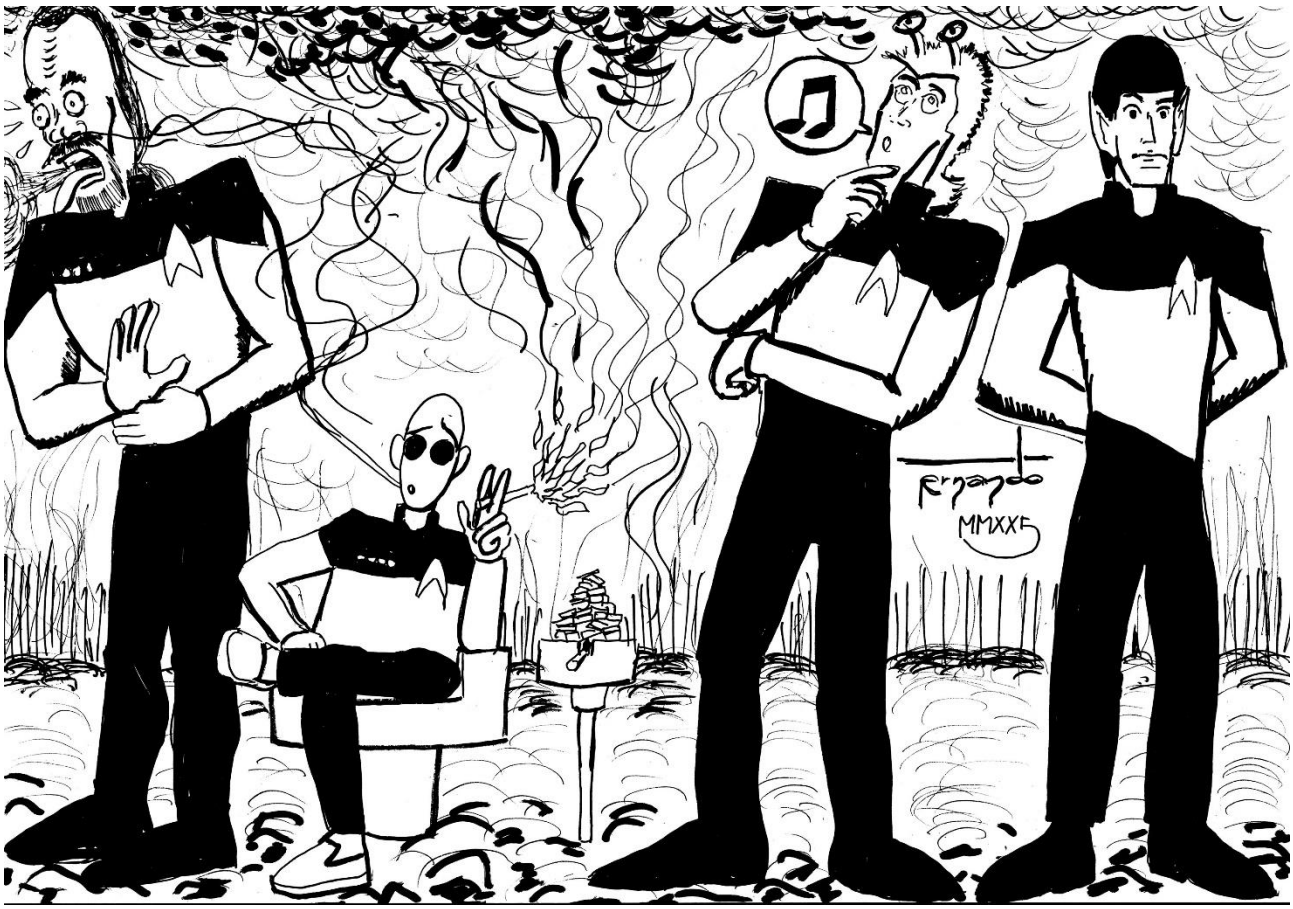
-For me, no problem. - Karrov said. - But, answer me a question: Why change a ship like this? Original from the factory, it is already very good...

-You can always improve what is already good, my brother. Even a "Sovereign".

-A well-equipped Sovereign-class ship, with this crew, will leave "marks in the hearts" of everywhere it goes. - Said Azulão.

-May we have a good and safe journey then. - Wished the Captain, for himself, for the spaceship under his command and his crew.

***



TWO YEARS LATER
(TERRESTRIAL CALENDAR...)

-Long-range sensors picked up a group of approaching ships, sir...

"They are from the Federation... Starfleet...."

-Sir, it's the U.S.S. ATHENAS, commanding a "strike-group" of cruisers, destroyers and four Constitution ships. - Said another voice.

-U.S.S. ATHENAS... - Repeated to himself, Captain Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, while smoking one of his infamous cigars, trying to remember where that name would be familiar to him...

-Under the command of Admiral Zélanda, sir.

-Ummm... Surely! - Murmured Zéca. - Nothing could be better.

The bridge's communications officer soon warned:

-Reserved message from Admiral Zélanda, to Mr., Captain.

-I will receive it in the Command Room, Lieutenant. Transfer there, please.

-Yes, sir.

Fernando Zéca got up from his command chair saying:

-The command is yours, Azulão. I'm going to talk to the Admiral.

-Yes, Captain.

Then he left the bridge.

Azulão, in turn, approached Karrov and asked in a low voice, so that only Klingon could hear:

-Admiral Zélanda already knew Zéca before, right?

The Klingon replied in a low voice, without taking his eyes off his control panel:

-They were always tangled! Zéca ate obediently directly on her hand.

"When they were together, the Admiral, who was a lieutenant at the time, manipulated him properly..."

Azulão could not contain his smile, out of the corner of his mouth, and said in a low voice:

-This is going to be shitty!

-Indeed! – Agreed the Klingon.

***



THERE ARE SO MANY OLD EMOTIONS...

Half an hour later, in the teleportation room, the platform once again shone, and there Admiral Zelanda materialized.

A stunning woman.

Tall, with dark curly hair, guitar body, thighs, breasts and big ass. Slim and defined waist. Bright green eyes, hypnotically stunning.

She carried a tablet.

Fernando Zéca stood at attention and beat his best salute to the Admiral.

-At your command, Madam.

In silence, the Admiral approached, almost putting her majestic breasts, in his face.

Zéca kissed the Admiral on the cheek and said in a low voice:

-I know you are very busy... But to relax, I would like to invite you to smoke one of my special vintage cigars.

-Are they those illegals, captain?

-Yes, ma'am.

-I think I'll accept your hospitality. Really, I'm very busy, I need to de-stress.

Saying that, she poked at the Starfleet logo affixed to her uniform.

-I'll answer my calls in the Captain's cabin.

-Yes, ma'am. A metallic answer came, coming out of the logo.

-Then show me the way, Captain Fernando Zéca Corinthiano of the U.S.S. GALATRINA III, normally, the ships under your command are usually differentiated, thanks to the customizations you make on them, so I may not be up to date with the architecture of this Sovereign of yours...

Fernando Zéca widened his eyes and swallowed.

Even so, he kept his cool, his old and worn face, pointing the way to the Admiral.

-True Ma'am... Well, ma'am... It is a satisfaction, Madam. Hum hum... - Cleared the Captain's throat.

***

Hours later, Admiral Zélanda woke up to the deafening snoring of Fernando Zéca Corinthiano in her ears.

She was all honeyed, while he slept grabbing her, still with his semi-hard cock, holding as much as his conscience allowed, the officer's huge breasts.

The Admiral got rid of Zéca's greasy embrace, who, even sleeping, did not want to let go of her easily, until she finally escaped once and for all to the shower in the cabin bathroom. There, she finally washed her magnificent hair, and bathed her sculptural body.

She put on the uniform, fastened the Starfleet badge to it, at the height of her breast, (large breasts).

She then took her inseparable tablet and began to "talk" to it:

-I want access to the records of all the computers of the U.S.S. GALATRINA III.

A male, metallic voice coming out of her tablet replied by requesting:

-Enter password for access.

To which, the Admiral replied:

-Authorization Zélanda Zero Zero One Two Zulu Echo Lima India Alfa Zero Zero One One India Oscar Lima Alfa November Delta Alpha Zero Zero Zero Zélanda.

-Type of unlock?

-Total and unrestricted.

-Authorized Access, Admiral Zélanda. Need help?

-I want the records in the logbooks of the U.S.S. GALATRINA III.

On the tablet screen, the requested records appeared, which the Admiral began to

check carefully.

After a few moments she soon murmured:

-Damn you, Fernando! You really tricked me!

***

Fernando Zéca woke up, got up, emptied his bladder, washed himself, and, when he came out of the bathroom, he came face to face with Almirante Zélanda, who did not look like many friends.

When he was about to give his Latin lover's smile, who, despite the headache caused by the excess of aphrodisiac wine, had his dick ready for work, he was surprised by the officer's direct order:

-You can stay there. Don't even come to me with grace.

-But, my dear... What did I do?

-What did I do? You talk like you don't know anything... Are you going to play the sinic on me?

Fernando Zéca couldn't fool Admiral Zélanda...

-Well... I...

He already realized that the headache caused by the hangover was the least of the problems he would have to face...

-You have been getting into several skirmishes in this sector, Mr. Captain. You confronted and destroyed Klingon armed forces, without authorization from the Command.

-Well... Admiral... I...

-And you limited the records of these clashes, only to the diaries of his ship... You did not inform the Fleet of Things...

-It's just that the enemy could eventually track and decode the messages I sent from here...

-Do you think I'm an idiot, Zéca?

-No, ma'am! I didn't mean that...

-And as if that were not enough, you seized and made use of secret technology from Discovery, without express authorization from Starfleet...

-Look, Admiral: the Secrecy classification of the manuals and reports I obtained, from Discovery, had fallen.

-Don't come to me with "LOOK ADMIRAL" or any other soft talk of a second-rate salesman. You took advantage of a bureaucratic failure to play smart, Zéca. Once again, you wanted to equip the ship with different "accessories"... What do you think you are doing? A Car’s customization for a videogame playing?????"

"From what I saw in your list of novelties, the only thing missing was a noisy exhaust that would torment the neighborhood of the sector..."

-But Admiral, part of the Klingon Empire is at declared war against Federation. This forces us to face the situation with everything that is available to us.

-Available captain? In this way you will soon want to use the entire repertoire of the first book of magic that comes into your hands not realizing that you will be exposing your crew, without the consent of the Fleet, to dangers inherent in forces that, even today, after so much study, we still do not have under control.

"Do your commanders know the risks they run working on this equipped ship of yours?"

-Well Admiral... Let me explain… The business is that…

-I KNOW very well that everyone knows!! They are your cronies in this, right?

"The whole fleet must know that the smart Bald Captain is doing crazy tests out there, but I'm here, for a change, the last to be informed."

Fernando Zéca gets stuck...

-Captain Fernando Zéca Corinthiano: by getting involved with the technology of Discovery's manuals and reports, whether it is officially secret or not, you got messed in matters that you should keep distance from, and worse: You made unauthorized changes in Starfleet ships, exposing general security to risk and unpredictable threats.

Admiral Zélanda held up her tablet and showed the document that appeared written on it:

-You will be decommissioned from your post by means of this order that I am requesting.

-But Admiral...

The Captain took off his glasses and gave the old starving mongrel look at his boss...

The infallible tactic almost softened the Admiral's heart of stone who accused the attempt of the low blow given by the Captain and...

In less than 3 seconds she was back on the attack!

-You, above all, are spoiling a job that the Fleet has been doing, through its diplomatic channels, to appease this idiotic war in which we are engaged against the Klingons.

-Part of the Klingons, if I may, correct you, Admiral. – Our protagonist tried to make the situation less bad. -And that's just the worst part, Ma'am. It does not represent the average Klingon

"The division of the Klingon Empire, which has turned against the Federation, is ruled by a treacherous, cowardly house that values no honor, courage, or dignity...

"Hence, it does not deserve the trust of anyone in our diplomatic channels, much less yours, Admiral!"

-You've been listening to Karrov, right? - Asked the Admiral, with a serious face. - He gathered part of the BANDO de LOCOS and, here at the end of the universe, you think you are the vigilantes, owners of reason, Justice and truth...

Fernando Zéca kept quiet.

-Will you answer me, Mr. Captain? Did Karrov put worms in your heads??

-Madam: Karrov has indeed warned us of the danger that this Klingon house poses, not only for the Federation, but also for the rest of the Klingon Empire.

"He is convinced that: if the Federation is defeated later on, even the integrity of the Klingon Empire will be threatened by this division, which will invariably fight to dominate power whether it is right or wrong."

-With Azulão and Tolek serving here, I imagine you are too high to understand the implications of what you are doing...

-Not quite, Admiral...

-Isn't that so? Did you think you were going to trick me, offering your illegal cigarettes and wines, taking a walk to the old days, to try to hide from me, the adventures you are up to here?

"To yours misfortune, I discovered this little secret, and, luckily for the Federation, we arranged a diplomatic meeting with the representatives of the Klingon division that operates in this sector, to discuss a peace agreement..."

-But Admiral: The Klingon house that dominates this sector is that of the SUPER HEAVY, who cannot be compared to the Klingons of the rest of the Empire because they are cowards and liars..."

-Zéca! Shut your mouth! - Ordered the Admiral. - Everything you say from now on can and will be used against you!

"Step away from the post, for the U.S.S. GALATRINA III to return to one of the Space Stations of the Solar System, to be dismantled.

Fernando Zéca widened his eyes... That ship, precisely because of its customs, was until that moment, among the many he commanded, one of the apples of his eye.

-But Admiral.

At that moment, the communicator, attached to the Admiral's uniform, called:

-Admiral. The Klingon delegation has already arrived at the meeting point.

-I'm on my way! You can take me.

A glow enveloped the Admiral.

She was then teleported back to the U.S.S. ATHENS, leaving behind her tablet in the cabin of the captain of the U.S.S. GALATRINA III, and a disconcerted Captain Fernando Zéca Corinthiano.

***



FROM FOOT in THE ASS to, FOOT in THE ASS…
THE ASS IS KICKED BY DESTINY to its DESTINATION.

Later, Azulão and Karrov enter the cabin where Fernando Zéca was.

-What happened Zéca? - Asked Azulão. - Any problem?

-Problem?!? It's the end of the world, my brother. I was removed from command, and now you take over, Azulão.

-What do you mean? - Asked Azulão surprised. - Why?

-She knows everything.

-So fucked! - Said Blue. - I knew it was going to be shit...

-You didn't fuck anything, Azulão. You will command the ship back to the EARTH SPACE STATION in the Solar System."

-And what will happen next? Karrov asked.

-U.S.S. GALATHRINA III will be dismantled.

-Yes, but what about you?

-I don't know yet. She didn't say anything. - Said Fernando Zéca. - And you already take command now, Azulão.

-And should I take U.S.S. GALATRINA III back to the Solar System?

-That's what she said...

-And why has she not already communicated this change to me personally?

-I don't know. - replied Zéca. - Maybe it has something to do with a diplomatic mission in which she is involved, aiming to make a deal with the Klingons in this sector.

-Agreement? - Karrov asked, with a clear expression of doubt. - The Klingons in this area are from the home of the SUPER HEAVY. They have no honor, they are cowards.

“At the first opportunity they get, they will betray any promise made."

-That's what I said to her, brother.

"Almirante, however, seems to me very focused on this agreement. - Said Zéca. "She will not listen to any advice against this agreement.

-You know Almirante well, Zéca... She is too committed to this pacifist mission... What do you think?

-The Admiral is still an idealist, Azulão. She has always been involved in these social causes, which eventually lead nothing or anyone anywhere."

-A revolutionary... - sighed Karrov.

-Not anymore, my brother. - Corrected Zéca. - She has already gone through this phase during the period she studied at the Starfleet Academy.

"During this time, she almost became the disarmament left."

-Disarmament left??? - asked Azulão, who then whistled.

-Zéca: you know very well that even the Klingons, worthy of respect and diplomatic treatment, should not be treated with kind gloves, pampering or fricotes.

"In your opinion: Will the Admiral be tough enough in dealing with them?"

-With them I don't know, but with me, the whip will sing on my back.

-So much anger can be positive, in the dealings with the Klingons..." Karrov pondered.

-That is, if the diplomatic mission aimed at a peace agreement is not a trap.

-But the subject is not something to get involved in." - recalled Fernando. "Now we have to return to the Solar System."

When Azulão and Karrov were about to leave the cabin, Tolek entered, who, even though he was a Vulcan, could barely conceal, what could be called a "feeling of distress".

And without wasting time, he arrived saying:

-Captain. The "Strike-Group" of ships commanded by the U.S.S. ATHENAS is in danger and needs help NOW.

***

As soon as the teleportation ended, TxKiller realized that she had gotten herself into a trap.

-Admiral. It seems to me that this is not the place we expected to be teleported to.

No sooner had she finished saying these words, than from a shadow near where she stood, a Klingon came out and charged toward her, wielding a menacing dagger.

TxKiller, with a quick and unexpected blow, took the Klingon dagger and buried it in the Klingon's throat.

-Are you okay? - Admiral Zélanda asked.

-Yes, ma'am. - replied TxKiller.

And again, out of nowhere, other armed Klingons appeared, trying to assault the duo.

Without much ceremony, TxKiller, as it did with the first, quietly took care of the other two.

As Admiral Zélanda's bodyguard, she was more than enough prepared to deal with this type of situation, not only in terms of training in all kinds of martial arts, use of various weapons, but also for her physical characteristics, whether they were: a genetically developed Vulcan, two meters tall, and physical strength, out of the ordinary.

The Admiral pulled out the communicator and, when she went to establish contact with her ship, it suddenly went out.

Their circuits melted and smoke soon followed.

The same happened with pistols, and also with the phaser rifle that TxKiller carried.

On the walls of the place where they were, images of the face of an extremely strong and large Klingon appeared.

-Welcome, Admiral Zélanda.

“I am Kpluft, and in this sector, I personally command one of the divisions that make up the Klingon empire."

"A small, different division, but one that is dominant in this sector."

"In your Federation files, we are known as SUPER-HEAVY KLINGONS."

"Contrary to the custom adopted by much of the Empire, we do not care much for this soft talk of honor, courage, or bravery in battle."

"So much so that, as it is clear that you have a great bodyguard, I decided to subjugate you in another way: using intelligence."

"First of all, with an electromagnetic pulse that only harms your equipemtn."

"Now, I'm going to calm you down, with other less violent resources."

A green gas came out of the floor, beginning to fill the room.

TxKiller, realized that there was no escaping from where they were.

From the smell, calculated that, in a few minutes, she would also be unconscious.

Admiral Zélanda, certainly, much earlier.

She quickly took wet wipes from a bag carried attached to the belt of her uniform and, with them, protected the Admiral's nose and mouth, so that she would at least filter that gas a little.

Then TxKiller applied a Vulcan pinch in her so that unconscious, her metabolism would not consume so much oxygen.

Even with the situation becoming more desperate at every moment, TxKiller maintained self-control and, even before falling unconscious also, he appealed to an extraordinary and unusual resource.

He sat on the floor, crossed her legs, and began to meditate.

***

-Captain. The fleet of ships commanded by the U.S.S. ATHENAS is in danger and needs help NOW.

Fernando Zéca reared his ears and Tolek continued with the bad news...

-Admiral Zélanda, was betrayed and kidnapped during the peace negotiations.

-Ahhh Zélanda.... She lets herself be carried away by emotion, forgets logic and ends up in this situation... - Murmured Fernando Zéca. – Did the Command give any more orders?

-This information did not come from the command, Captain.

-And how did it come to us?

Tolek raised his eyebrows and replied:

-I have a talented cousin, owner of extraordinary abilities. A few moments ago, she established a telepathic connection with me, through which she sent this information.

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano did not doubt Tolek's ability to pick up thoughts coming from people in distant places, after all, even for a Vulcan, he had an extraordinary sensitivity.

Still, he had doubts...

-How did your cousin find out what happened to the Admiral?

-My cousin is TxKiller, the Admiral's bodyguard...

-Is TxKiller your cousin, Tolek? I didn't even know you had a cousin...

-Nobody knew. - Amended Azulão...

-She arouses strong passions with her physical attributes and charms. - Tolek said.

-Translating. - Karrov corrected. -She's a hottie that everyone gets on top of, that's why she was hidden from the BANDO de LOCOS.

-I don't reprimand him for hiding his cousin, Tolek. It's the logical thing to do... - The Captain agreed. - Is this the only bad news?

-No Mr., Captain. She also informed that: the super-heavys have a weapon that works as an electromagnetic pulse melting all the circuits of the Starfleet equipment, whether they are simple weapons, or even Starship engines.

Fernando Zéca scratched his bald head, thoughtfully, as he adjusted his round-lensed sunglasses:

-Do we have any information on where everything is happening?

-Yes. Tolek replied, who then handed his tablet to the Captain. - The coordinates with the location of the event are on the screen.

Fernando Zéca took the tablet and, in turn, passed it to Azulão.

-Okay, but that is up to Azulão, who is now in charge, and will determine what should be done.

-If it were up to me, we would return to the star base, as determined by the Admiral herself and call for help in the rescue against the SUPER HEAVY Klingons.

-But... What's happening? = Tolek asked. - The Admiral and a whole group of ships need immediate help... Captain...

Azulão did not take his eyes off, and continued to tease on the tablet brought by Tolek, so Fernando Zéca was still the expected answer...

-Azulão is in charge now, Tolek.

"The Admiral removed me from the post, so as second in the line of command, he takes over from now on and decides what to do...

-Azulão, the logical thing would be to help the Admiral's group. - Tolek pondered.

"We are the closest ship at this moment. We are the only ones in the area."

-It may be, Tolek, but these super-heavy Klingons are using an unknown type of weapon, which can frustrate our efforts in a complete failure.

-He spoke beautifully. - Said Fernando Zéca.

-If I'm going to make any decisions. - Continued Azulão. - My responsibility now is to the crew of the U.S.S. GALATRINA III, even to follow the Admiral's orders and proceed safely to the Solar System.

-But Azulão... - Tolek, despite being a Vulcan, was livid. - Are you sure this is your decision?

Azulão was focused on the tablet in front of him.

He slid his fingers over the screen of the latter, as if looking for something.

-Azulão. - Tolek insisted. - The command is in your hands.

"Are we really back to the space base in the Solar System? What do you decide?"

Azulão returned the tablet to the Captain and said:

-I don't decide anything. For me, officially, the Captain of the U.S.S. GALATRINA III is still Zéca. See here – He said pointing to the tablet.

-The Admiral did not make the order official with the removal of the Captain's post, so, for all intents and purposes, Fernando Zéca is still responsible here. If I take on this task, it may be that later on. I will even answer for mutiny or something like that."

-But she showed me her tablet. - Said Fernando Zéca.

Blue, he moved a little more on the tablet in his hands...

-Let's see.

Then he walked through the cabin and found the Admiral's tablet.

He looked at its screen and said:

-Hey! Take a look! Here it is! See.

Azulão showed the screen of the Admiral's tablet.

Really, there was an empty removal order, without any name, signature or order’s confirmation...

-This worths nothing, boss. The order is not signed. - Said Azulão. - You are still the

Captain, so the decision, and the responsibility, are yours.

-So, let's save Admiral Zélanda and her gang. - Decided the still Captain Fernando Zéca Corinthiano. - If it is to be whipped, let it be for the excess of action against these super-heavy, than for the omission.

***

TxKiller, almost unconscious, heard a crackling sound coming from behind the walls, then a different noise in the air circulation system.

Through the ventilation ducts, through which, until a few moments, the gas came out, which threatened her health, as well as that of Almirante Zélanda, now, cleaner air came out again, which even came with a different and relaxing fragrance...

TxKiller came back to consciousness and even noticed improvements in her mood.

She felt calm, invigorated and the ideas flowed clearly and took out the protective mask improvised in Admiral's face, then, with her thumb, massaged a stitch on the shoulder of the Admiral who woke her up.

The calm and tranquility didn't last long...

Horrendous screams, bangs, and horrifying sounds seemed to come from all directions.

It was scary, even so, the two of them kept calm.

Suddenly, an intense glow brightened the room better.

Someone was arriving via teleportation.

The brightness decreased in intensity showing who had arrived:

Fernando Zéca, Tolek, and two more robots with humanoid shapes.

The robots formed a security perimeter around the group.

-You need to go to the infirmary for treatment. - Said Fernando Zéca to the Admiral.

-Only TxKiller will. I'll stay in your cabin, Captain Zéca."

"I'd rather get medical treatment from there, where I can dispatch some orders."

-As you wish, Admiral. It's for now.

-Two for the Captain's cabin. - Said Fernando Zéca to his distinctive communicator attached to his uniform.

-Two to the infirmary. Tolek said in the same way.

The characteristic glow of teleportation working enveloped the four of them, who were soon whisked away from that menacing environment.

***

Later, in his cabin, aboard the U.S.S. GALATRINA III, Fernando Zéca looked at the window that allowed him to see the outside of his ship.

There, floating in the middle of the nowhere of space blackness, a horrifying Klingon space station so ugly that it looked like a colossal flying slum.

The Admiral should have been suspicious earlier, when she saw that the diplomatic negotiations would supposedly take place there.

Fortunately for her, and for all the other crew members of the warships belonging to her fleet commanded by the U.S.S. ATHENS, TxKiller's telepathic distress call reached Tolek, a Vulcan officer, commissioned aboard the U.S.S. GALATRINA III, who was able to mobilize the necessary help to save the threatened lives from the clutches. of the Super Heavy Klingons.

If such a rescue and salvage operation was successful, the same could not be said of the fleet commanded by Admiral Zélanda.

The circuits of the equipment of all those ships were burned, by the perfidious, use of an armament that rendered all the technology on board useless, leaving their crews with

tools little better than those of prehistory on planet Earth.

However, the game-changer, which the super-heavy Klingons did not expect, came from the unexpected presence, in the vicinity, of the U.S.S. GALATRINA III, a ship with unusual technological resources.

Among these, teleportation equipment, capable of carrying objects and people, even over long distances, through fully operational reflective shields, energy barriers, and other protective fields.

After surprising the fleet commanded by the Admiral during a supposed truce through a cowardly ruse, the Klingon space base was on alert against possible Starfleet retaliation, positioning itself in readiness for a frontal attack.

The retaliation did come, but not in the expected way.

Taking advantage of Klingon negligence, since they allowed all kinds of junk orbiting around the station, a torpedo of approximately 4 meters in length was teleported from the U.S.S. GALATRINA III, which, after finishing its materialization on site, stealthily approached the outer walls of the base, docking there.

Soon after, side openings were revealed in the body of the torpedo, from which thousands of robots in the shape of arachnids emerged, which spread everywhere.

Many of them did not even need to enter the space base, to cause problems for their crew: it was enough for these robotic arachnids to access the computers that commanded it, through maintenance terminals, arranged outside.

It was there that the small contraptions reprogrammed the various synthesizers, existing inside the base, among these, the food ones, to produce and launch into the ventilation system, a synthetic substance that imitates the one that is exhaled by the drops, (TREEBLES), capable of irritating and uncontrolling the toughest or disciplined Klingons (with the exception of Karrov).

With that contamination, in all the compartments of the space base, and even in the ships attached to it, the Klingons simply went crazy.

In fury, they shouted uncontrollably, attacking each other, with all available means at their disposal, including weapons.

Another tool, which allowed the reversal of the difficult situation experienced by the crew members of the fleet commanded by Admiral Zélanda: it was the camouflage of the U.S.S. GALATRINA III, which facilitated the invisible and undetectable approach to enemy sensors, until it was practically attached to the Klingon neck.

At the moment when the Klingons fought uncontrollably with each other, Zéca, several other soldiers, and robots, were teleported to the base, saving the kidnapped.

All this turnaround was orchestrated by the Captain, who, even before acting, asked for help from other Federation fleets.

These, in turn, answered the call, arriving in time, to help in the takeover of the Klingon space base, thus definitively pacifying the situation.

Now, the situation had been reversed; The Federation, through Starfleet, had superior forces dominating the space.

Fernando Zéca smoked an illegal cigarette and drank his favorite energy drink while watching all the movement outside the U.S.S. GALATRINA III, through the window of his cabin.

-Zéca! Come here! We need to talk.

It was Admiral Zélanda calling.

He had finally woken up after the effort with so much movement.

The way she called for Fernando, soon made him prepare for a beautiful sermon.

***



Before anything else, Fernando Zéca went to the food processor and, facing him, asked:

-Maluf meat pastry with egg, 2 glasses of energy juice and two special 4:20 cigars...

A glow illuminated the processor and, seconds later, the requested order appeared inside.

Fernando opened the device and removed from its inside, the tray with the order ready.

So he closed the device and took everything to the Admiral, who was in bed.

-You know what I like and don't let me down. - She said, who looked at the pastry and, without wasting time, began to devour it.

-I needed this. - Zélanda continued with her mouth full without stopping eating. - I knew I could count on you.

-How? You had dumped me...

-Before we met, I somehow knew I would need you.

"I already imagined that the super-heavy Klingons would actually try some treachery..."

-Even so, you took a risk...

-The Federation needed to have a definite position on the Klingons Super-Heavy and I thought this would be a great opportunity for us to know the truth.

"I took a fleet of warships, hoping that I would intimidate the Klingons, and even have the means to defend myself, if the worst proved to be, however, I did not imagine that they would use such elaborate ruses against us, unlike the usual brute force."

-And there was no way to identify this threat?

-What confused us the most was all that space junk around the Klingon base.

"There were many hidden dangers, which we could only perceive too late."

-For your satisfaction and knowledge, Admiral, this space junk, we also use.

"This time, against the Klingons themselves." - said Fernando. - "I teleported in the middle of the debris, several cylinders full of robotic spiders that, invaded the Klingon base,

entered their computers, altered various programming causing confusion, allowing the Fleet to take control by rescuing all the fleet crew members alive.

-I saw in the reports, while you were making the pastry, that these changes in the routine programming of the Klingon-based computers caused massive doses of a synthetic perfume to be thrown into the air circulation systems, which reproduces the exhalations of the Treebles...

-Not only the air circulation system. All of the Klingon food processors at the base have been reprogrammed to produce any food with the smell of "Treebles."

-That's why the madness among the Klingons...

-Human beings live harmoniously with the "Treebles", but the "Super-Heavys" get totally out of control when forced into contact with them."

-Very creative solution, Zéca, you are to be congratulated. It deserves a reward because these super-heavys are really traitors.

-They are the garbage of the Klingon Empire, Admiral.

"You should not have trusted them, nor your contacts Ma'am."

-This will be corrected, Zéca. From now on I will no longer be so naïve, dealing with these scoundrels. Diplomacy and idealism with them, really doesn't work.

"You always warned me about this, but I confess that I was too stubborn to accept the truth. Now, not anymore!"

"In fact, you are right when you remember that certain Klingons deserve more attention than others.

-I know Zéca. Not all are the same. You yourself have a very good officer at your service: Karrov. Well, know that his personality tests indicate an unusual fidelity to the principles and regulations of Starfleet and the Federation."

"He's someone you can trust your whole life."

-I know that, Admiral. We started together at the Academy."

-Very well, Zéca. But as I told you: not all Klingons in the Empire are the same. I should have listened to you about it, especially when you reminded me that, in other times, we have already had cases of Starfleet Admirals, who lost their lives, trying a more civilized diplomacy, with certain Klingons."

"At this time, if it weren't for you, my body could be thrown, among other dead, in the recycling of garbage from the torture and interrogation rooms."

-In fact, Admiral, many of them are not faithful to any agreement or treaty of war, as far as rules and conduct of combat are concerned, or treatment of prisoners.

-These Super-Heavy are really criminals, Zéca and now. - She said tapping her fist on a hard and noisy surface. - They will be treated as such."

"I'm going to give you autonomy to go into this sector and destroy any Klingon warship at your understanding."

"This zone now belongs to the United Federation of Planets and Starfleet will ensure it! You have contacts in the Federation Secret Service, Zéca.

"The E.Y.E…."

"Ask for help from Bete and Sonny."

"I want to see these Super-Heavy paying dearly for betraying me, and you, will be my instrument for this revenge."

-So I'm still at my post, Admiral?

-You never lost him, Captain. If you had probably lost it at this time, I wouldn't be here myself. In your place, other commanders would follow the Manual, consulting the High Command, waiting for instructions, or even abandoning superior officers who had eventually been imprisoned by the enemy."

"After all, Starfleet is full of active-duty and reserve Admirals, waiting for a chair to empty to sit on."

-None of them like you, Admiral, this I can guarantee.

From one moment to the next, Admiral Zélanda's voice changed tone, even sounding musical...

-I know I can trust you, Zéca. And I want to thank you for that.

The lucky man then won a make-out session from the Admiral, who would pay any debt in the universe, since she was a beautiful woman, with black, curly, voluminous, long hair with tanned skin, like the assiduous beach goers in the summer. And that cracked the Captain's hardened back, relieving him of a pain that had been bothering him for a few days.

-I don't even know how to thank you, Admiral. - Said Zéca. - You realigned me entirely.

Zélanda then opened a wide smile laughing so loudly that it could be heard in all the compartments of the U.S.S. GALATRINA III.

Blame it on the Captain's special cigarettes, or not, she was still happy like this, for almost an hour.

***

Later, an Admiral Zélanda left the Captain's Cabin.

-I'm going to the infirmary and I'll dispatch from there for a while.

-If you want to keep my cabin...

-No. Thank you! Now I must stand by the TxKller who saved my life.

-Yes. Indeed, Admiral. This girl even deserves a promotion.

-She's a genetically enhanced Vulcan, Zéca. It is part of an experiment that is improving the breed. On the battlefield, she is a perfect warrior."

-Then promote her, Admiral.

-She will be promoted to Commodore.

-But already? Blimey! Commodore!? She looks so young..."

The Admiral smiled.

-Did you forget that she is a Vulcan, Zéca? See and learn Captain: prepare your best officers now, so that one day they will reach height, applying the teachings and experiences you leave them. It will be through them that we will leave our marks, Zéca. And we must not fail, for there are also many weak and disgraced people in Starfleet. People who can only leave bad examples as a legacy, and still, bad people in key positions who completely distort a good work passed down for generations."

-Not just to misrepresent. Admiral. This group of traitors intends to destroy everything!

-Exactly, my Captain. And you are now free to keep this sector clean of the influence of the Super-Heavy Klingons as you have always seen fit.

"I'm giving you carte blanche to act freely. Your success will guarantee us space at the Starfleet decision-making table, something that, in the long term, is extremely important..."

-My Blessed Admiral. You don't forget anything.

-That's why I reached this position, Zéca. Attention to detail, luck and the right choices. Follow my lead and you will go far, collaborating with the strengthening of the Federation."

-Count on me, Admiral.

-I know I can count on you.

Admiral Zélanda, said this, then turned around, leaving the captain's cabin.

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TERRESTRIAL CALENDAR: a few months later...

S.S.F. GALATRINA ∞

Another place, the same sector of the now immense Klingon-federated space...

The U.S.S. GALATRINA III for three months carried out to the letter, and at knife's point, the orders that its Captain received, thus suppressing the circulation of unauthorized Klingon warships.

Especially, those of the Super-Heavy: A rebellious and ambitious faction that intended to submit the Empire and the Federation to its dictates.

The mission of the U.S.S. GALATRINA III followed within the normality of a warship, until a new call came from Admiral Zélanda.

In his cabin, Captain Fernando Zéca Corinthiano attended to his superior officer.

The monitor on the table, where he sat to talk, showed her face, which looked much more radiant than usual.

-I have new orders for you, Captain.

-I am at your service, Admiral.

-The jobs you started to do after you took over the post of Captain are practically all of a secret nature... Am I right?

-Generally speaking, yes, Admiral.

-Well, then, now the thing is going to be ULTRA-SECRET, Captain.

-Does this mean that I should not even inform my crew about this work?

-More or less, Zéca. In fact, you will no longer command the U.S.S. GALATRINA III, which will be under the command of Azulão. He will be promoted to Captain, and you will be assigned to another ship."

-What a surprise, Admiral!

"I'm happy for Azulão, who will take a hard job, if he continues in this sector."

-I know. But he will continue his service while I prepare him to carry out that policy, which we have already talked about on another occasion, of occupying key Starfleet posts with people we trust...

-I'm sure you're doing the best for everyone, Admiral.

"But for my part, how can I continue to help?"

-You? I don't know.

Fernando Zéca was intrigued...

-Zéca, you were cast to work with Sonny Blue. He came for you.

-Good people, the Director. We have already worked together in some missions.

-Good people? - Asked the Admiral apprehensively. - In Sonny's missions someone always dies, Zéca. Have you forgotten that his jobs always leave you hospitalized?"

-It is part of our service. You yourself, many times, have ended up in the hospital for work, for acts of bravery and heroism."

"Both the Fleet, as well as the Federation Secret Service, have more or less equal risk percentages, so if I escape from there, at some point I face danger here. But, let me ask, Admiral.. Who called me, himself?"

-Himself. I even tried to argue, saying that you weren't so young anymore, but he was adamant..."

-Wow, Admiral, but then you called me old.

-None of that, Zéca. I have tried to argue in your favor. You know what E.Y.E. looks like.... Then, when the bosses decide, the lower decks die and they don't even know why they were sacrificed."

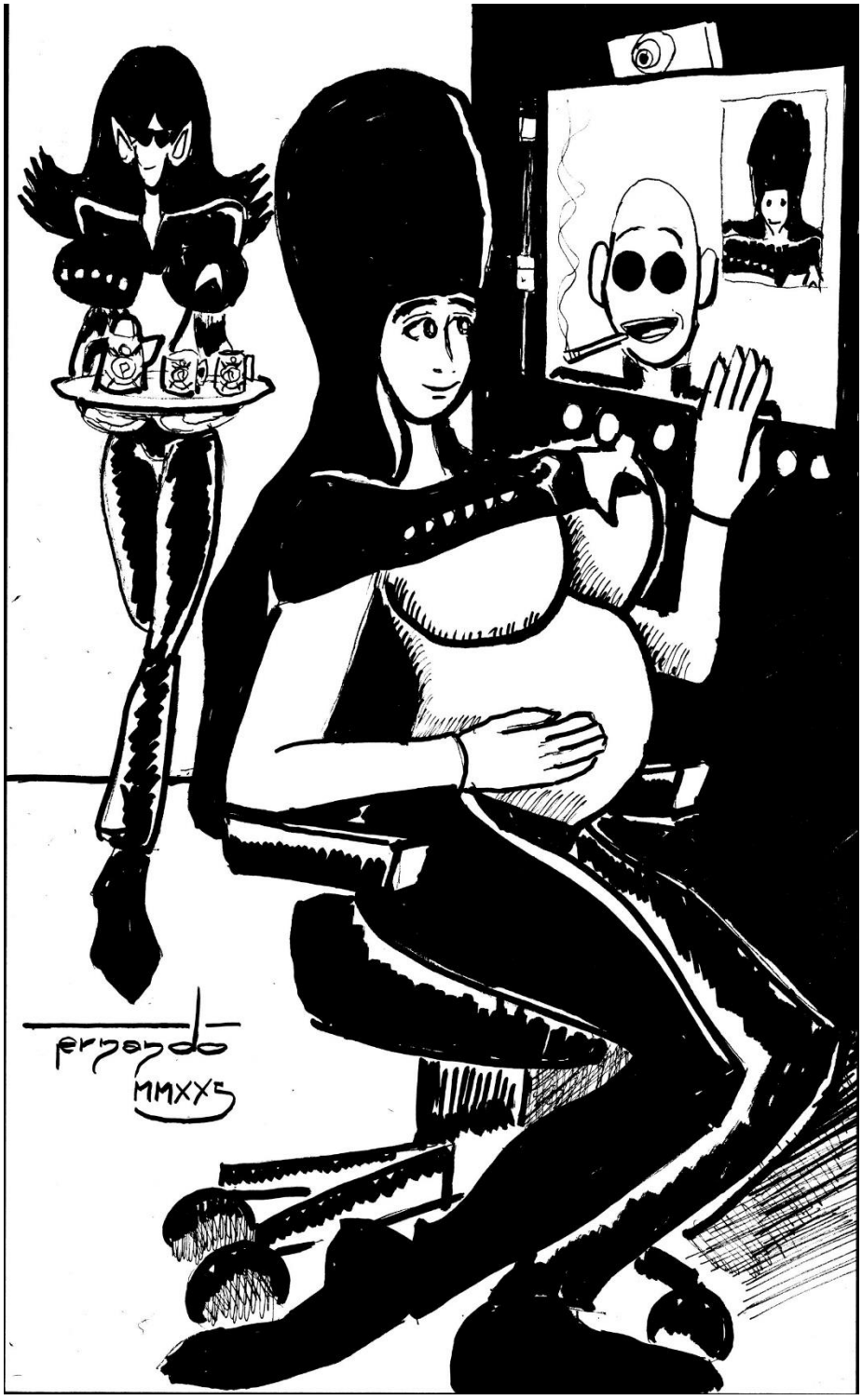
-But isn't it the same in the Fleet? The people at E.Y.E. aren't that bad...

-I'm just thinking about your well-being... Working for Sonny Blue, the chances of you getting old are smaller, something that you won't be able to, if you go to the letter, all the missions that Sonny Blue gives you, Zéca.

"Anyway, transfer command of the U.S.S. GALATRINA III to Azulão, who will take you to the EARTH SPACE DOCK in the Solar System, where you will assume your new post. Good luck."

Fernando Zeca was enchanted by the Admiral's ability to be clear, objective, tough, and very beautiful, especially on that call, where she went straight to the point without delay, with usual sympathy.

If the monitor who showed the image of her face, during the conversation with the Captain, had shown her entire body, it would have revealed that she was pregnant.



***

Upon entering the solar system, the U.S.S. GALATRINA III reduced to thrust speed, and entered the "spaceway", through which all spacecraft bound for the EARTH SPACE STATION orbited, the planet Earth itself.

There ended the last command of Captain Fernando Zéca on this ship.

In the next mission, who would take it on would be the newly promoted, Captain Azulão, an Andorian, a colleague of Fernando Zéca, since before the days of the Academy benches, who also never missed an opportunity to demonstrate his value as a faithful servant of the Starfleet.

In silence, the still Captain Zéca, looked at all the monitors, through which he saw other ships joining the procession that followed towards the orbital zone around the Earth.

At that moment, along with U.S.S. GALATRINA III, several other Starfleet ships arrived in the Solar System, which returned after fulfilling their missions, throughout the universe.

They stood out from civilian spaceships, for their different illuminations, also, for having insignia of the Fleet at some point on their surfaces, and for the trajectory they followed aligned with each other.

Fernando Zéca recalled his days as a cadet, in this same space base where he was going.

More specifically, on the observation decks, where he watched other ships of the Fleet arriving, with the characteristic flashing lights, forming an alignment, similar to the one he was now participating in.

Over time, he learned that these ship formations brought everything.

The failures who failed in their missions, the successful heroes, those who were saved from some misfortune and much more.

In any case, he also understood that these were the lucky ones, because in most space trips, there was almost always some kind of casualty, whether by accident, enemy attack or even unhealthiness, which took the lives of the unfortunate, preventing them from returning home.

Fernando Zéca considered himself lucky to complete the ordered missions, return without casualties, and pass the command to a trusted friend.

In fact, not all captains were so privileged in this sense.

Even so, he had grown fond of the crew, and especially the U.S.S. GALATRINA III itself, not least because, in it, he had participated in the engine and armament project; Thus, such a separation would not take place without some pain in the heart.

In any case, when the officer of the Control Tower, of Orbital Traffic, of the EARTH Space STATION, appeared on the image screen, taking command of his spacecraft, Captain Fernando Zéca breathed a sigh of relief, for having fulfilled his obligations.

The U.S.S. Galatrina III Command was now a page turned, and a thing of the past.

From now on he would follow a new journey...

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In the nightclub, from the space station in orbit around the Earth, Fernando Zéca barely had time to celebrate the promotion of Azulão, because he soon left the party in a hurry, to introduce himself to the good old Admiral Quinn, who was still firm and strong like a rock, in charge of the entire sector.

-Zéca, your new spaceship is in the docking wing of the base. Your mission is all specified in its onboard computer files. Only you will be able to access them.

"It's something from our friends on E.Y.E., work that will not be carried out in my jurisdiction, so remember that outside my backyard, I can help little.

Admiral Quinn paused briefly, and continued.

-You will probably meet again in person, with the old living legend of Sonny Blue. If this is the case, Captain, convey my greetings to him."

Zéca smiled, looked at the Admiral's office and replied:

-You at least send him a greeting. Admiral Zélanda had another reaction: she complained.

Admiral Quinn smiled, further highlighting the wrinkles on his face...

-Oh yes? But why? -Asked.

-She wanted me to keep kicking the Super-Heavy Klingons.

"The Admiral also said that a lot of people die in Sonny Blue's missions, so she wanted to get a younger, stronger guy to take my place."

Admiral Quinn smiled, cleared his throat, and smoothed his whiskers with his fingertips.

-Even in times of peace... - He began by explaining... -Many of the Starfleet missions were carried out at the cost of physical integrity, patrimonial of the lives of those who served and collaborated under its badge. The most studious even calculated the average number of injuries and deaths, which cost each mission undertaken."

"I don't have this data in my head, Zéca. But one thing I can tell you, for sure: Admiral Zélanda is right! The work with Sonny Blue is really hard, and often requires extraordinary sacrifices! There are not a few who died in the fulfillment of the missions commanded by him. In fact, there are so many people, that it would be enough to fullfill some cemeteries. You know these things better than many here..."

Admiral Quinn, paused again, smoothed his whiskers again, and continued:

-Sonny Blue is a very capable man. Don't doubt that, Zéca. It's the missions he gets that are arduous and complicated."

-I have no doubts, Admiral. I work with him directly several times...

-Very well, then, Zéca. Head for your ship without wasting time. I will inform those responsible at the docking that you are going.

-Yes, sir, Admiral.

Fernando Zéca saluted Admiral Quinn, then shook the veteran officer's hand and hurried to follow orders.

***

He continued pulling a rolling suitcase with his personal belongings through the wide spaces of the EARTH SPACE STATION.

Through the windows, he could see the movement of the spacecraft around it.

Among all, Fernando Zéca paid special attention to the farthest that the eye could still reach: those that followed, seen from there, in the form of tiny bright dots going through the space-way, to the launch zone, then exiting, at warp speed, to anywhere

Each of the ships carried all kinds of people of the most varied species: from the fearless and curious, to the shy or cowardly.

What they had in common was the fact that of ignoring the designs that fate reserved for them.

Once outside the protection zone of the space base, the journey began and the die was cast.

These and other reflections occupied the mind of Captain Fernando Zéca, as he went to the docks.

When he got there, he identified himself for security.

Without wasting time, he was directed to a deck from where he could see his new spacecraft, which was undergoing repairs and final overhauls.

Its name: **S.S.F. GALATRINA ∞.**

"S.S.F." for belonging to the SECRET SERVICE OF THE FEDERATION.

And ∞, for the reasons that will be understood later.

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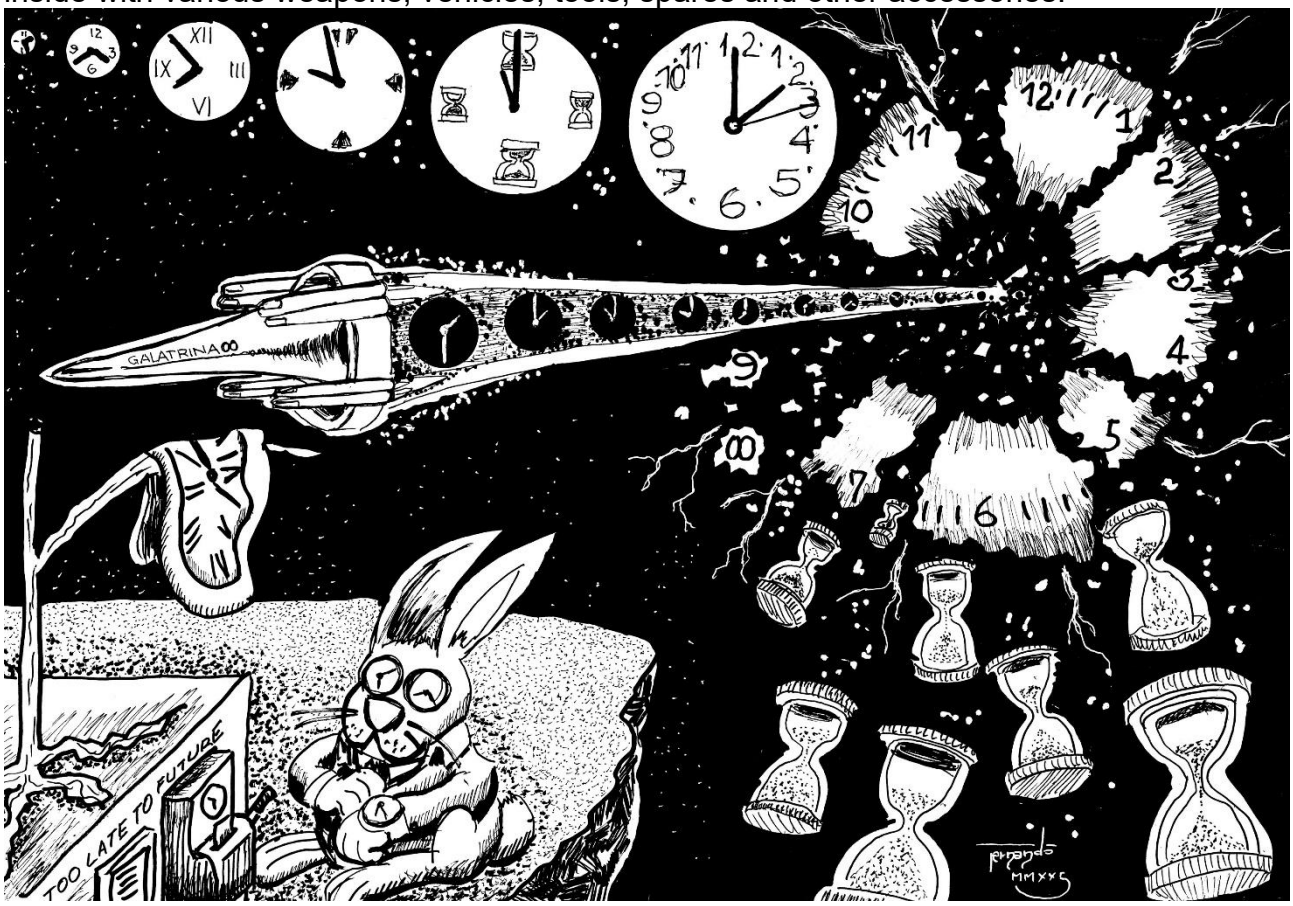
The design of the S.S.F. GALATRINA was ∞ different, even compared to the extravagances of some civilian spaceships that contradicted Starfleet's standards of creativity by equipping themselves with superior quality accessories.

The signs of this spacecraft's prominence over others of its size were not restricted to a set of elegant lines, but were also evident in the eight high-performance nacelles, capable of propelling it to extraordinary speeds.

Another advantage promised in the project would be the unusual agility in combat piloting still equipped with thunderous firepower, which in fights, would make it both a fearsome adversary, as well as a valuable ally.

As soon as Zéca entered the exotic spaceship he would command, he realized that it had nothing in common.

The slender and distinctive exterior look forced the Captain to share the tight space inside with various weapons, vehicles, tools, spares and other accessories.



Even so, there was everything: a place to sleep, a cafeteria, a bathroom. And, with the exception of our protagonist, he only had no human crew since, in the cargo compartment, among the vehicles, there were twenty-one humanoid-shaped robots.

Disconnected, they were seated on benches against the walls of the ship.

Examining them, Fernando Zéca soon realized, because he would not need a human crew to help him.

Properly programmed, those robots would perform routine tasks in any spacecraft, acting with excellence in war situations of the most varied scales of violence, as they have

no restrictions on killing humans, since the Asimovian Laws of Robotics were not programmed in their computer systems.

Fernando Zéca, went to the cockpit, in the forward part of the ship.

He snuggled in the seat, and next to the on-board computer, he checked a paper affixed with adhesive tape that read the message:

-Good luck, Captain. Ass: S. B.

P.S1.: Check drawer 6, which has a gift from me for you.

P.S2.: Bete sent warm greetings.

Fernando Zéca knew by the design of the letters, the author of those words:

Sonny Blue, the Director of the fearsome (E.Y.E.), to whom he should report soon after.

He opened drawer 6 and came across a box of Cuban cigars, of the vintage of sincere communist brothers. Fernando frowned: that could only be a joke by old warior comrade Sonny!

He knew well that Zéca would not smoke any Cuban cigars, even more, being precisely from that cursed vintage, not even in an absolutely emergency situation!

Only, if he didn't have any, none of his illegal 4:20 Special cigars around!

Fernando Zéca did not contain the usual complaints, filled with profanity.

-Damn! I had already told Sonny! He knows I hate this crap that doesn't give you any high: Just headaches and nausea! In addition of being thrown away money."

"Sonny knows that even when to waste money, you have to do the right thing and make the least loss. He knows that, dammit!

Zéca took a deep breath, calming his impatience, and gave way to the reflections...

-At least he's a boss who arranges something for me to smoke during work. The others I had before. They didn't even give a glass of water...

He activated the ship's computer, unlocked the commands, examined his fingerprints and, from his eyes, then opened a channel where he could talk directly to Sonny.

One of the monitors on the panel lit up and the image of the old acquaintance's face appeared.

-Hello, Zéca! Did you like my gift, Captain?

-Are you kidding me, Sonny? Are you referring to this here????

Fernando Zéca took one of the Cubans out of the drawer, and showed it to the camera. through which, his interlocutor could see him.

-You know that this one, it's not really my thing...

Sonny Blue laughed.

Tears even came out of his eyes after a few sneezes and coughs, which he gave while laughing.

-Hey Zéca! Sorry, my man! I messed up the drawer on the ticket.

“Check number 8 there."

Fernando Zéca bent the corner of his mouth and opened drawer 8.

It was full packed with SPECIAL CIGARS 4:20 illegals.

The Captain could not contain his smile, took one of them out of the drawer and lit it with a lighter attached to the panel.

-Oh yes, Sonny! You're the man.

-And there are not only those there, Zéca.

"S.S.F. GALATRINA∞ still has, plus a hundred drawers like this one, scattered on the shelves of the ship. Just look for it... You will not lack smoke working for me.

Fernando Zéca scratched his chin thoughtfully. He knew what that could mean...

-I imagine that your immense kindness is proportional to the size of the dangers I will face in the service. -Zéca Told.

-Have no doubt about that, Captain. - Clarified Sonny. - You know that for us here,

only the carrion arrives that the know-it-alls of the Federation themselves do not solve. And speaking of problems, I have one for you to investigate urgently."

-I'm at your command, Sonny. Send it there.

-Underneath the Cuban cigars, there is the number of a file existing there on the computer of S.S.F. GALATRINA∞. Check it and follow the instructions therein."

-Right, boss!

-That's it for now, Captain. Success there with the new spacecraft. No fines on it.

-Thank you, I'm at your command! As for the fines... I don't guarantee anything, if you're in a hurry.

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Fernando Zéca found and followed the instructions as directed.

After activating the file, on the panel monitor in front of him, Sonny Blue's face appeared again.

This time, it was a recording and not the boss live.

-Hello Zéca. You will collaborate on a mission that aims to reach a political understanding between the Federation of United Planets and the portion of the Klingon Empire, against which we are currently at war, which is the home of the Super-Heavy.

Immediately, a red light went on in the Captain's mind, after all, that seemed to be a diplomatic job, with which he was not very familiar.

But if the job was to pacify, a bloody war that had already claimed countless lives on both sides of the conflict, then, within its limits, it would do its best to fulfill what seemed to be, in fact, an impossible mission.

After this quick reflection, Zéca continued to pay attention to the record of Sonny Blue's words:

-For the Federation to actually be able to establish diplomatic relations with the super-heavy Klingons, it is necessary for a momentarily improbable sequence of events to occur.

Sonny's words were correct, because it was even doubtful the occurrence of any situation that would make the relationship friendly, which, at that time, was deteriorated, because, unlike most of the various races belonging to the houses that made up the Klingon Empire, the Super-Heavy, was not guided by principles of ethics, honor or bravery.

What mattered most to them was victory at any cost, whether by noble means or not.

Based on this supposed character, the super-heavyweights conquered space and power within the Klingon Empire, a fact that clashed head-on with the rules of conduct that the Federation requires, even by virtue of the treaties signed, with its allies.

The tensions caused by this between the parties were inevitable, which soon caused conflicts, worse and worse, then becoming one of the bloodiest wars!

With the increase in violence, sectors of the galaxy, previously calm and safe, were preparing for the spread of even more violence, arming themselves, and generating incalculable population movements.

Fernando Zéca had already studied this situation very well, even to be able to face this enemy successfully, just as he had done, during his time of service, for Starfleet, on board the U.S.S. GALATRINA III.

-The Secret Service was forced to project this eventual sequence of improbable events, because the clash between the Federation and the Klingosn Super-Heavy is getting more dramatic and costly, hence, we of the E.Y.E., will find a discreet way, which definitively closes the problem in an advantageous way for the Federation.

“If we really want to achieve this goal, we need to establish a productive relationship with the Super-Heavyweight Political Council."

-As far as I know. - Thought Fernando Zéca. - This Council does not have much power in the current hierarchy...

Sonny's plan had no flaws, because Zéca's doubt, in his planning, was already foreseen:

-Currently, the Council has only the role of giving suggestions, both institutional as well as personal, to the Government of Marshal Kuh, the High Commander of the Super-Heavys.

Sonny paused briefly, and Fernando took advantage of the moment to better visualize the situation.

-Meanwhile… - Sonny continued. - The Council's task may change if Marshal Kuh's leadership is lacking."

"In the event of this absence, then, the Council takes charge. "

"This is a scenario in which the Federation has ample advantages, as some of the members of the current Super-Heavy Council are our associate agents, so that they would certainly make it much easier to make the necessary efforts to resolve the bloody conflict, which has dragged on for far too long."

Sonny narrated the facts, in a way, capable of convincing the most incredulous heart of steel, however, Fernando Zéca knew that the removal of that commander from the leadership post would only be achieved with his death, who was a ruthless warrior, and obstinate in the achievement of his goals.

For this reason, he drove with an iron fist, the most feared Klingons in the galaxy.

If the mission to be carried out aimed at the elimination, or assassination, of Marshal Kuh, then one of the first problems to be overcome involved the entire security apparatus designed to protect him: which was reinforced and well armed.

Under normal conditions, it would be almost impossible to overcome such a formidable defense...

Even with all the equipment, weapons, and robots available aboard the S.S.F. GALATRINA ∞, this was not a job with which the Captain was comfortable.

Its preparation, so far, has always been in the sense of being useful, in other areas, where the service did not follow such nebulous paths, as was the case in the works of infiltration and espionage.

-Marshal Kuh has to be eliminated, Zéca.

"And you, you will have an important participation and responsibility in the mission."

"If you decide to accept this assignment, then immediately go to the space base near Makus III, and there meet Agent Durana Keda."

"The file where this message is stored will self-destruct in five seconds."

Fernando Zéca raised his eyebrows as a sign of startle.

By destroying the message with the details of the mission, Sonny Blue was even anticipating the possibility of that ship being captured, a fact that only demonstrated the degree of difficulty that lay ahead in the work to be carried out by the Captain.

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A LAST-MINUTE HIGH RIDE

As soon as he transmitted to the navigation tower of the Space Base, the data of his ship with the destination he intended to follow, the Captain of the S.S.F. GALATRINA ∞ was surprised by an emergency warning on one of the monitors, which surrounded his seat.

Through the ship's communication channels, a call from the Command soon arrived.

-Capitão Fernando Zéca Corinthiano from S.S.F. GALATRINA ∞?

-Myself!

-Is your destination the Space Base near Makus III, as stated in the itinerary you presented?

-Exactly...

-Your ship is being scheduled to transport a member of the High Commissioner and his cargo.

Fernando Zéca's eyes widened...

His ship had almost no room for himself, let alone for someone else... Not to mention a load!

-What do you mean? - asked the Captain trying to appear a tranquility that no longer existed inside him.

-There is no other spacecraft heading to the vicinity of Makus III, other than yours, for the next 100 Earth hours. The Authority needs urgent transport there."

"In cases like this, it is for the High Commission itself that space is requested in any ship, which must immediately transport it, Captain."

"The Legal System is very clear: even ships on missions for the Federation's Secret Service must obey the Standard."

-I understand! By force of law, I have no other way out than to make the transport.

"That's fine, but it's important for the Authority to know that the space inside is small."

-Captain! Wait for the arrival of the Authority, and your cargo.

-A moment: I wanted to repeat and point out that the space here is small, and...

-I hang up, Captain.

Communication was interrupted.

Very scarcely did he finish cursing at that abrupt interruption, and the sound of the bell was heard!

Grumbling and blaspheming even more, through all the swear words whose knowledge he had accumulated, in several languages, Fernando Zéca left the seat, because that sign indicated that there was someone in front of one of the side hatches, access to the nave.

To attend to the "unexpected" visit, he then went to the previous compartment, to the cockpit. From there, he went to one of the accesses to the spaceship.

In front of the doors of one of them, he pressed the button on the panel, and they slid sideways, making their way out. This path is blocked!

Obstructed, by a tall, beautiful woman wearing a blue set of clinging pants, (which showed her ass and wonderful legs), with a jacket, (whose cut, could not hide the size of her GREAT pectoral health).

Her hair was straight, long, and silver.

Even though she was white, it seemed evident that she spent a lot of time sunbathing, probably on beaches or swimming pools, where she showed off her sculptural body to more fortunate eyes.

Faced with that wonderful sight, Fernando Zéca, silenced, stopping the verbiage of ill-mannered profanity that he had been uttering until then, immediately forgetting what he intended to claim.

"I need a ride to Makus III," she said. - I am from the High Commissioner.

The Captain's eyes widened with that unusual beauty, even so, he put his ideas in order and asked, appearing self-controlled:

-Would it be you, then, High Commissioner Ferris??

-Yes. - She replied smiling. - Myself.

-I am the humble Captain Fernando Zéca Corinthiano at your entire disposal.

"My ship may seem small, and in fact, it is... But... Her heart is as big as a mother's, and there is always room for one more! Welcome, High Commissioner Ferris."

***

High Commissioner Ferris was not only tall in title, but also in her own body stature, as she was over six feet tall.

Luckily for her, the ship in which she would hitch a ride had a commander's seat, where she could accommodate, being more comfortable and spacious, than the auxiliary stool, where the Captain would gladly squeeze in on the trip.

However, there would be a problem to be overcome: the burden brought by the High Commissioner; which consisted of a kind of cylindrical reservoir with rounded edges, one meter and twenty centimeters high by sixty centimeters in diameter, made of white plastic.

This object remained in an upright position, floating just above the ground and followed the Commissioner like a trained dog.

-This container has to be stored in the safest place on your ship, Captain.

-Yes, Ma'am, Commissioner.

Fernando Zéca had a big problem: there was barely room for him and the Commissioner herself, who would say then, for her cargo.

-Commissioner... I'm sorry to ask, but what would be the contents of your cargo?

"The reason for the question is to find the most suitable place to store it..."

-They are seeds, Captain. But they are not just any kind of seeds. These came from a universe parallel to ours..."

Captain Fernando Zéca did not make a face of astonishment at the information, which, by most, could be considered unbelievable...

For him, however, the existence of parallel dimensions was not so surprising, since, a few years before, he had had opportunity to visit many of them, during his occasional journeys as an irresponsible and lucky Ensign...

The Commissioner went on to explain:

-Our Diplomats and Representatives, in this universe parallel to the one we live in, negotiated with an interplanetary organization, with purposes similar to those of the Federation, several exchanges, among many, that of these seeds that grow, and bear fruit at an astonishing speed. They should be stored where they do not suffer any kind of stimulus, as they could trigger a growth process, which, in a few minutes, would destroy this ship."

***

Fernando Zéca only had one place that could store that cargo: the special refrigerator, where he stored energy drinks, and part of his tobacco reserve.

He was so enthusiastic about meeting the needs of the beautiful Comissioner, that he did not think twice, and soon took her to the entrance of the freezer.

He put on thick clothes that covered him from head to toe, entered his password on the alphanumeric keypad of the door lock, unlocking it.

-I have to reorganize the load inside, to make room for your reservoir.

-It's a good place. - Noded the Commissioner. - The low temperature will give more stability to the molecules that make up the seeds, preventing them from germinating without

proper control.

Then the Captain opened the door, entered the freezer, and, after a few moments, came out carrying several tobacco tablets, each one having the approximate size of the traditional shoe boxes.

He repeated the action a few more times, until had enough space inside the refrigerator to store the Commissioner's seeds there.

Then, very carefully, he kept the reservoir inside, for which he had opened the space, and also some of the tobacco tablets he had to move.

He got out of the freezer, closed the door of it and, after taking off the thick clothes he had worn to protect himself from the cold, he was surprised by the Commissioner, who was looking intently at one of his tobacco tablets.

-This product is illegal throughout the Federation, including here. - Said the Commissioner, in a serious tone.

Fernando Zéca turned pale.

-On a Starfleet ship… - She continued. - This could be considered smuggling, implying a prison sentence for several years for the bearer...

The Captain of the S.S.F. GALATRINA ∞, felt as if, from one moment to the next, a block of very hard ice had been placed inside his stomach...

The Commissioner did not stop there.

-In a ship of the Secret Service of the Federation, however, especially if commanded by one of its Agents, such Law has no validity at all...

The Commissioner paused, Fernando Zéca felt the block of ice melting inside his stomach, and she continued:

-It's not often that I have the opportunity to taste this type of product. Can I try it?

The sweat produced in a few seconds, by the Captain's bald head, due to the first observations concerning illegal smoking, made by the Commissioner, evaporated along with the concerns that caused it.

-But of course, Ma'am. - Replied Fernando Zéca Corinthiano relieved. - It will be an honor for me to share with you this product of incomparable quality...

***

Two hours later, properly accommodated in the cockpit of GALATRINA, the Captain and his guest enjoyed some illegal cigars, while the ship left behind the space base in orbit of Earth.

Through the windows, Fernando Zéca glimpsed other ships, which were going in single file, to the launch area, in outer space, from where they would depart, each one, for its destination.

His lot, and that of all those travelers, was cast.

No one imagined, or would be able to calculate, what the future held.

***

Sitting in the pilot's seat of the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞, Captain Fernando Zéca Corinthiano passed to Commissioner Ferris, the cigarette lit, while holding the smoke swallowed in his lungs.

-Commissioner: S.S.F. GALATRINA∞ has more advanced resources and thrusters than those used by most Starfleet spacecraft.

"We can make a "jump" through hyperspace, dividing it by 200 times, the time we would spend with traditional warp drives. We only have one problem: eventually some people, unaccustomed to this type of trip, may feel sick and headaches."

-Can "jumps" through hyperspace damage my seeds, Captain?

-Not at all, Commissioner.

-If the damage to my health is not permanent, this will be an inconvenience, which I will be able to overcome, Captain. - The Commissioner decided between one and the other puff on the cigarette she smoked with Fernando Zéca.

-That is a temporary inconvenience, Commissioner. There is nothing to worry about.

-So, let's not waste any more time, Captain. - She said letting out a puff of smoke. - "Forward!"

-Well, ma'am.

Fernando Zéca pulled back, a lever placed next to his armchair.

Immediately, the main monitor of the cockpit, which displayed three-dimensional images of the surroundings of S.S.F. GALATRINA∞, changed its aspect due to the activation of that mechanism.

The stars hitherto exhibited there, which dotted the space darkness, immediately changed shape, and, in a sudden movement, turned into irregular lines, which advanced towards the ship, as if they were white splashes, running down the front window of a vehicle, advancing quickly, in the midst of a hypothetical milk shower.

Soon, the white streaks widened forming a clear and bright tunnel.

Through this, S.S.F. GALATRINA∞ proceeded swiftly through hyperspace, at a much faster speed than the best conventional warp drives.

Between one and another puff of the cigarette, Commissioner Ferris contemplated that image in wonder as she heard from Captain Fernando Zéca:

-It won't be long before we arrive, Madam.

However, the destination to which Captain Fernando Zéca Corinthiano was referring was not exactly the same as what the Commissioner had in mind.

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-But we are in the immediate vicinity of Murasaki 312. - exclaimed Commissioner Ferris, without hiding some irritation.

-I see you know the star maps well, Ma'am!

The gigantic green spot shone on the three-dimensional observation screens of the cockpit of the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞ being impressively frightening.

That object of astronomical dimensions, similar to a quasar, even at a great distance, was visible.

-Before continuing our journey, we will do a scan, and various analyses of this phenomenon, which is mandatory for ships that pass through this sector.

-Unbelievable! - Commissioner Ferris released smoke from her nasal orifices.

She smoked a cigarette alone, while Zéca smoked another...

By this time of the trip, the two had smoked about four cigars, and seemed to understand each other better and better. A good friendship was established there...

-I can't believe it! - She said, with a visibly discouraged face.

-But it is true, Commissioner. I'm not lying! The scientific, political, and security authorities of various inhabited worlds, space stations and other types of facilities in the vicinity of this sector have come together, forming an agency called the Ministry of Space Security, which, in turn, requires cartographic updating and analysis of the Murasaki phenomenon, from any spacecraft, transiting the vicinity."

"The S.S.F. GALATRINA∞ is not just a simple spaceship. - Confessed Fernando looking into the depths of the beautiful Commissioner's eyes. - It is also a spy platform, very well equipped for various missions, and it is able to collect information that can help the Authority of the Ministry of Space Security to prevent any possible change in the phenomenon."

-I didn't mean you're lying, Fe. It's just that in fact this situation is very similar to the

one that went through, a great-grandfather of mine. He was also High Commissioner, and likewise was involved with a mission similar to mine, "

-Wow! So your family already has a tradition occupying the position in the High Commission.

-Exact. And I'm not the first to have stories involving Murasaki 312.

Fernando Zéca was curious... And the commissioner continued:

-It was in 2267 and my great-grandfather was supervising an emergency delivery of medicines to Makus III that would later be transferred to the colonies in New Paris.

"He had problems with Captain James Kirk of the U.S.S. ENTERPRISE, who also wanted to explore Murasaki 312, and with that, was delaying the delivery..."

-You mean, the legendary Captain James Tiberius Kirk?

-Exact.

-Look, Commissioner, now I will play the role of devil's advocate here, but the situation then should have been similar to what we are going through now. At that time, the cartographic record of Murasaki 312 already had to be updated whenever possible."

"This phenomenon can destabilize at any moment, thus threatening the entire sector of the galaxy, and whatever is around it, so whenever possible, it has to be monitored, explored, and the records of any study done, no matter how simple it may be, help the Ministry of Space Security to take the right measures, in a probable emergency that will eventually be even catastrophic."

-I understand Fê. But, like my great-grandfather, I have my concerns, since, at that time, this exploitation ended up having, among other consequences, the loss of lives of people involved in the mission.

-I understand... But you can rest assured that our studies will be done at a safe distance, and with equipment much more sensitive than those of the time, in this way, we will stay away from any dangers that at the time may have threatened the U.S.S. ENTERPRISE and its crew...

-Fê! I'm not only concerned with our lives, but with the time spent on this work...

-That is not the case for concern either, Commissioner.

"If the engines of S.S.F. GALATRINA∞, are much faster than those of the current Starfleet ships, imagine then, in relation to the old Constitution class ships, like the one in your great-grandfather's story. I intend to do four or five laps, the safe distance, around Murasaki 312, then we continue our journey..."

-But... Murasaki is immense... It has astronomical dimensions... Colossal...

"It would take us years to go around it just once... And you're talking about four or five..."

-Trust me, Commissioner. I know what I'm doing...

"In no more than eighteen hours, our engines will allow us to accomplish this mission, so we'll already be on our way to Makus III..."

-I hope so...

Fernando Zéca programmed the route, together with the S.S.F. robotic navigator. GALATRINE∞, and lit two more cigars, to smoke along with the beautiful and friendly Commissioner while the work was done...

***

Even before the expected time, data collection was finished, without major problems...

After the protocol obligation required by law and by the Ministry of Space Security, Fernando Zéca Corinthiano hurried to communicate the news to Tigra Ferris, the beautiful young High Commissioner, that our dear protagonist had the privilege of giving a ride to Makus III.


MMXV

As proof of the job well done, he showed her a three-dimensional projection, displaying how the immense space phenomenon was up to that moment...

-My computers have already made some calculations, to be delivered to the Ministry of Space Security, and these are quite optimistic about the possibilities of few changes occurring in Murasaki 312. You can see that the data collection was all carried out faster than estimated, and we are already going straight to Makus III."

Commissioner Tigra looked at her watch, and found that the Captain was telling the truth.

Only then, she breathed easier. Her eyes sparkled with relief.

-Did you think we would have problems? - asked Fernando Zéca...

-The story of my great-grandfather could not get out of my head.

-Commissioner Ferris who was on the ENTERPRISE, commanded by Captain Kirk?

-Exact... In his memoirs, which he wrote much later, he expressed his opinion against the mandatory registration and collection of data related to Murasaki 213, required by the Law, from all those who were in its vicinity..."

"What motivated him to take such a firm stand against this Order were the deaths, caused in that episode, of the journey he made aboard the U.S.S. ENTERPRISE."

"Ferris, as well as the Captain of the Enterprise, did not resign themselves to such losses, even so, Kirk could not rebel against the Law, because he was a military man, following orders."

"Hence, it was up to the High Commissioner to express his displeasure in this regard, repeatedly, which also resulted in nothing since, even with so many complaints, his requests were ignored and nothing was accomplished."

-I even understand a little the concern of the Ministry, Tigra. The Murasaki phenomenon is threatening and unpredictable. Any small instability in this can be catastrophic.

"Hence the need for constant observation and study, even so that the appropriate measures are taken with the necessary advance."

"Precaution, which can save billions of lives, in several planetary systems."

-I understand, Fe. But I don't like anything standing in the way of my work. Much less a Law like this, which I think is exaggerated..."

"Anyway, going back to the story... My great-grandfather delivered the medications, and returned to his office, where he recorded for posterity, his own considerations about this work."

"After much reflection and meditation, he came to the conclusion that everything was nothing more than a waste of time, because, in that and in many other cases, the causes that originate hunger, diseases, and all kinds of disorders experienced by the population, in general, were always caused, by the politicians themselves, who, to a large extent, were corrupted and ended up pocketing for illicit purposes, resources destined for emergency public services."

-So your great-grandfather didn't lie. He saw the truth... In any case, Commissioner, let's not waste any more time and go on our way straight to Makus III."

"Take the opportunity to rest! In a little while, we will accelerate a lot."

-I will try... Later! Now, I'll finish smoking my cigar..."

***

With no more preparations to make, sitting in the armchair, while taking nervous drags on his pipe, mentally, Captain Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, followed the timer in a countdown that never seemed to end.

After harrowing moments, where time seemed increasingly frozen, zero finally arrived.

A tunnel, light in color, opened in front of the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞.

It was the entrance passage to hyperspace, where the spacecraft would reach unimaginable speeds, going quickly to its destination.

Without wasting time, it advanced through the colorful phenomenon, thus causing pops and flashes around it like fireworks.

That lysergic spectacle did not take away Fernando's concentration, his commands or his work.

The same was not true of the Commissioner, who slept, after relaxing watching the "show" of colored lights dancing and running around the ship.

***

The laws of physics in hyperspace are different from the reality that is common to us.

In this region where ships surrounded by energy fields exceed unbelievable speeds, temporal displacements can eventually go to the past, something that happened with the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞, so that, when it returned to normal space, Fernando Zeca Corinthiano consulted the clock, checking that he had not only complied with the itinerary scheduled for the trip nearby Makus III, but also had anticipated this, arriving at the next stage of the journey, at the same moment, that his spacecraft departed from the space base in the Solar System, something that, in the end, resulted in a practically instantaneous trip.

***

It was time to relax, because, from then on, the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞ would make the entire final stage of the course, commanded by the robot-navigator.

-Take charge and the appropriate measures for whatever is necessary. - Captain Fernando Zéca said to him.

The robot-navigator responded by confirming receipt of the order, turning on a green light at the top.

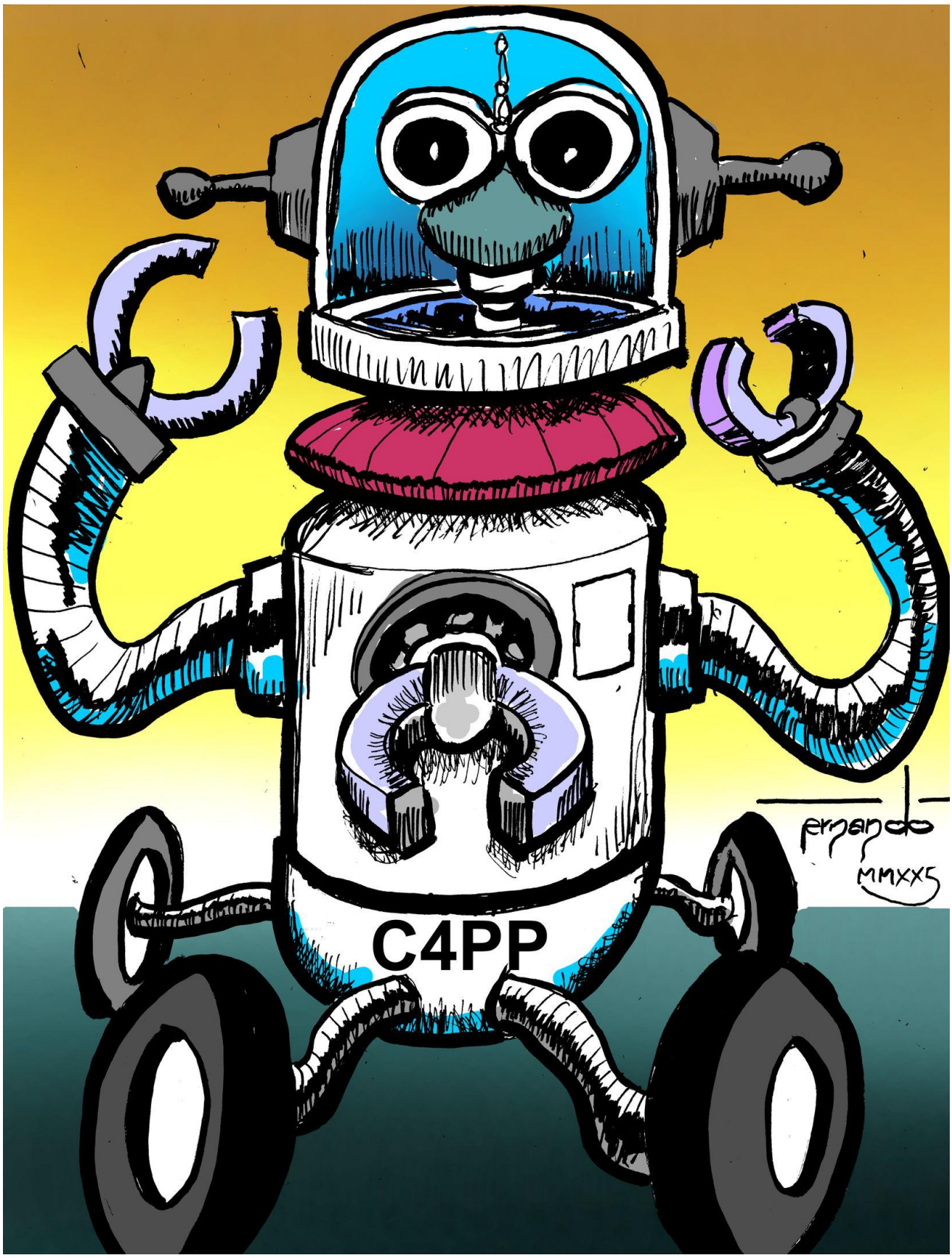
It would not disturb the sleep of Commissioner Tigra Ferris, even to give good news, with regard to the time that had been gained.

First, he was going to relieve himself and take a shower, since the concentrated effort in piloting the spacecraft left him totally sweaty, and it would not be good to present himself on Makus III with a uniform in poor condition.

-I'm going to the bathroom. Take over the ship, Navigator. - Reinforced the order to the robot.

Saying that, Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, left the cockpit and went to make his long toilet, since he was taking some comics to accompany him at the time.

***


C4PP
fernando
MMXX5

“EVERYTHING that REQUIRES my IRREPLACEABLE PRESENCE, in IMMEDIATE CHARACTER, happens when I'm SHITING!"

(reflection of an unknown sage)

***

C4PP, the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞ robot navigator, wanted to finish the journey to Makus III, with the spacecraft flying smoothly through space without any jolts.

High Commissioner Tigra Ferris rested with her eyes closed in her armchair, while Captain Fernando Zéca sat in the bathroom, relieving his intestinal pipes.

For these and other reasons, even coming from artificial intelligence, there was a concern about a smooth ride that would achieve its goal avoiding shocks. A detail that was not the only one to be processed in the artificial brain of C4PP.

A few kilometers from the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞, a black ship accelerated towards it, approaching until there were no more than a few meters of distance between the two...

C4PP, until this moment, has not seen any threatening attitude that would force him to make any changes in the course, or in the piloting.

The situation changed completely when a teleportation signal, coming from the unknown ship, brought into the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞, thirteen very well armed soldiers, covered from head to toe, with armor, with double purpose: protection and increase of strength.

Each of them also carried phaser rifles, which was even a bit of an exaggeration, since a simple shot inside the spacecraft would cause serious problems there, even threatening the lives of the invaders themselves.

Something had to be done, but such action would not be the responsibility of C4PP.

With an electronic signal, the pilot navigator reported the situation to one of the combat robots, sitting in the middle of the ship's cargo depot.

Place where, the unknown soldiers, materialized armed, starting the invasion.

***

The electronic signal caused its autonomous activity to be triggered.

The combat robot, with humanoid shapes, partially metallic surface and plasticized in white and black, soon confirmed the information that the C4PP navigator was giving him: THE S.S.F. GALATRINA∞ was being invaded.

Without wasting time, the robot, nicknamed by Fernando Zéca as ISAAC 1, made an analysis of the positioning of the enemies, as soon as the teleportation ended, which placed them inside the ship that came in a total of thirteen.

Seated, just like the other combat robots, the "ISAAC" model left its apparent resting position.

With a quick movement, he stood, holding two phaser pistols, which had previously come flying into his mechanized hands, from the inside of openings, which appeared, on the outside of what, in a normal human being, would be the thighs.

Then he fired at the invaders, accurate shots, which pulverized 12 of the soldiers, extinguishing them definitively, leaving only, as only signs of their past existence, heaps of ashes approximately twenty centimeters high each.

The last invader, the thirteenth of them, ISAAC 1 also hit, with his unerring shots.

However, due to the position that materialized, the shots of the combat robot were not deadly in this enemy, rendering only his legs and arms useless, knocking him to the ground, paralyzed and unable to move, while moaning in pain.

From him, the combat robot quickly approached, after confirming the end of the other twelve invaders saying without any charge of emotion:

-Perhaps the Captain would like to interrogate you.

On the ground, next to the dying invader was his communicator.

ISAAC 1 picked it up, and transmitted to C4PP all the information recorded there in the device's memory and also in the frequency for contact with the ship from which the unwanted visitors came.

Without wasting time, the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞ robot-navigator, in possession of the data provided by ISAAC 1, sent to the enemy spacecraft, through its own communication channel, a package of viruses to deprogram all the computers operating there.

***

A foul smell invaded Fernando Zéca's nostrils, as soon as he left the bathroom, after relieving himself of a beautiful pile of shit, and taking a restorative bath.

It could not be the sewage system of the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞.

Impossible that the stench of his waste had such a strange odor, so he searched, and soon found the source of the bad smell.

Further down the corridor that connected the cockpit to the access to the cargo compartment, he saw a strange mound of ash on the ground.

His trained brain needed no more than half a second to unravel the mystery. Someone had been killed by a phaser disintegrator, inside his ship.

-Tigra!!

***

With four or five jumps, the Captain breathlessly entered the cockpit, where, in her armchair, High Commissioner Tigra Ferris, stretched purring like a feline, seeming oblivious to any threat...

Fernando Zéca breathed a sigh of relief, opened the cabinet at the top of the cabin, from where he took out two phaser pistols, giving one to his guest saying:

-Come with me, Commissioner. Something wrong here.

Tigra Ferris took the gun silently, and cocked it, staring firmly into the Captain's eyes.

And she showed no concern. The tranquility and relaxation that his face was cold and fearless.

Zéca returned down the corridor, with the High Commissioner behind him, heading towards the cargo compartment of the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞.

Along the way, they came across mounds of ash, indicating that some people there had been slaughtered and pulverized by phaser shots.

In one of the corridors of the cargo bay, one of the combat robots, the ISAAC 1, was standing in front of an unarmed soldier who was agonizing on the ground after being hit.

Fernando Zéca looked around, and found that there was no longer any danger threatening the ship.

-Great job ISAAC 1. - Said the Captain. -What happened?

-Thirteen armed raiders were teleported to the cargo bay, Captain. I eliminated 12 and left this one for questioning.

-Excellent!

Fernando Zéca approached the invader, looking steadily at him...

-C4PP informs that the ship from which the invaders came is flying parallel to ours, apparently ignoring the failure of its operation. - Said ISAAC 1..

-So let's get to work, before anyone in that ship start to suspect. - Said Fernando Zéca.

Then he asked the invader:

-What are you doing here? What do you want?


fernando MMXX5
ISAAC
0000

The invader took a breath and replied in a defiant tone:

-I'm not going to tell you anything. You from the Star Fleet are nothing but cowards.

Captain Fernando Zéca looked at the invader making an expression that could even show some respect.

-Wow. You're a tough guy....

He paused as looked at the invader.

Zéca got up calmly, advanced behind the downed soldier, opened a drawer that had been embedded in a wall in the corridor, and from there took out a flattened disk, four centimeters in diameter, dark, with a yellow lamp in its central part.

Fernando Zéca continued talking.

-First of all, for your information, you are not on a Star Fleet ship.

"This belongs to the Federation Secret Service (E.Y.E.), and under my command, the Castle Law is in force here, which exempts me from following any doctrine of human rights, even less from handing over goods or retreating in the face of an unjustified attack, and I have the obligation to react to any usurpation, as I wish."

-You won't do that. - Stammered the invader, his eyes now even wider than before...

-So answer what you're doing here.

-I have my rights. - Complained the invader. - I require means to communicate with my ship. I want a lawyer now.

-This conversation is a waste of time. - Said the High Commissioner...

-No conversation with the E.Y.E. is a waste of time, Ma'am.

Fernando Zéca said this, and, with a quick movement, affixed to the invader's temple, the disc he took from the drawer, and soon, the effect of the action was noticed: the lazy invader, who until then was only dying, now screamed and writhed in pain.

Anyone who witnessed the imposition of such affliction could even feel sorry.

***

-This is a psychic probe. - Explained Fernando Zéca, to the High Commissioner, between one and another cry of pain, given by the unwanted visitor.

"The E.Y.E. has also its journeys through other universes, and on several occasions in the past, have visited a galaxy equivalent to ours ruled by a local Empire and aided by a powerful institution called the Foundation."

"From contact with this Empire, the E.Y.E. brought some novelties that are not very common here in our universe, among these: the psychic probe."

-Do you mean this artifact that you put on his head? Tigra asked.

-Yes. See that now, he will sing like a bird.

Once again, Captain Fernando Zéca repeated the question to the invader:

-What are you doing here? Who sent you?

This time, the challenger was no longer so arrogant.

Writhing in pain, he stammered:

-We came to steal the seeds from Commissioner Ferris, then kill you both.

***

-Such sincerity is touching. - Said Fernando Zéca with his sarcastic humor.

Tigra Ferris's eyes, on the other hand, emitted bright sparks of hatred...

-Did they intend to rob and kill a Commissioner?"

-High Commissioner. - Subtly complemented the Captain, who was much shorter than his visitor.

High Commissioner Ferris looked at the Captain and briefly smiled, but it was very quick, for soon her expression was one of seriousness again.

-Who would dare such affront? - She asked sighing...

The invader, for his part, was still agonizing and gave no answer to this question.

-Who sent you? - Asked the Captain once again.

The yellow light of the psychic probe changed to red and began to flash, indicating the resistance of the interrogated to answer correctly.

But soon, the ruthless machine achieved its goal.

The invader gave a loud scream, and crying in pain replied:

-The President... The President...

-Which President?

-The Maturrillo Panza.

-The Maturrillo Panza??? Tigra asked with a visible air of astonishment.

-Yeeeesssss...

The invader responded with a last breath.

He paid dearly with his own suffering and death, because the psychic probe was even more implacable as the interrogated resisted answering the truth.

And the agony could be even greater, if there was some kind of hypnosis, or mental programming, trying to hide the desired information.

In this case, the fearsome inquiring tool, in more popular parlance, "dismantled the mind" of its victim, killing, or turning it into an empty shell.

The Captain turned off the psychic probe, and took it from the invader.

-Is this device reliable? Tigra asked.

-It is infallible, Commissioner.

-Therefore, a suspicion that I had is confirmed... That President Panza is actually the cause of hunger, plague and misery, which he claims to face..."

"Certainly, this traitor has orchestrated a publicity stunt where humanitarian organizations send aid to alleviate the suffering of his people, which he unduly diverts, and makes propaganda posing as a savior... An old coup from this trickster.

"But ... Now, he wants to give more drama to the game."

Tigra paused and continued:

-With the death of a High Commissioner who was about to bring aid to his people, the President would have the perfect justification to use armed force, and excessive oppression, to increase the control of his totalitarian state, over the peoples he governs.

-Presidents are not despicable adversaries, Tigra...- Warned the Captain. - One more, as it has already been made clear here, who does not care about the consequences of getting involved with death, of innocents, and Authorities.

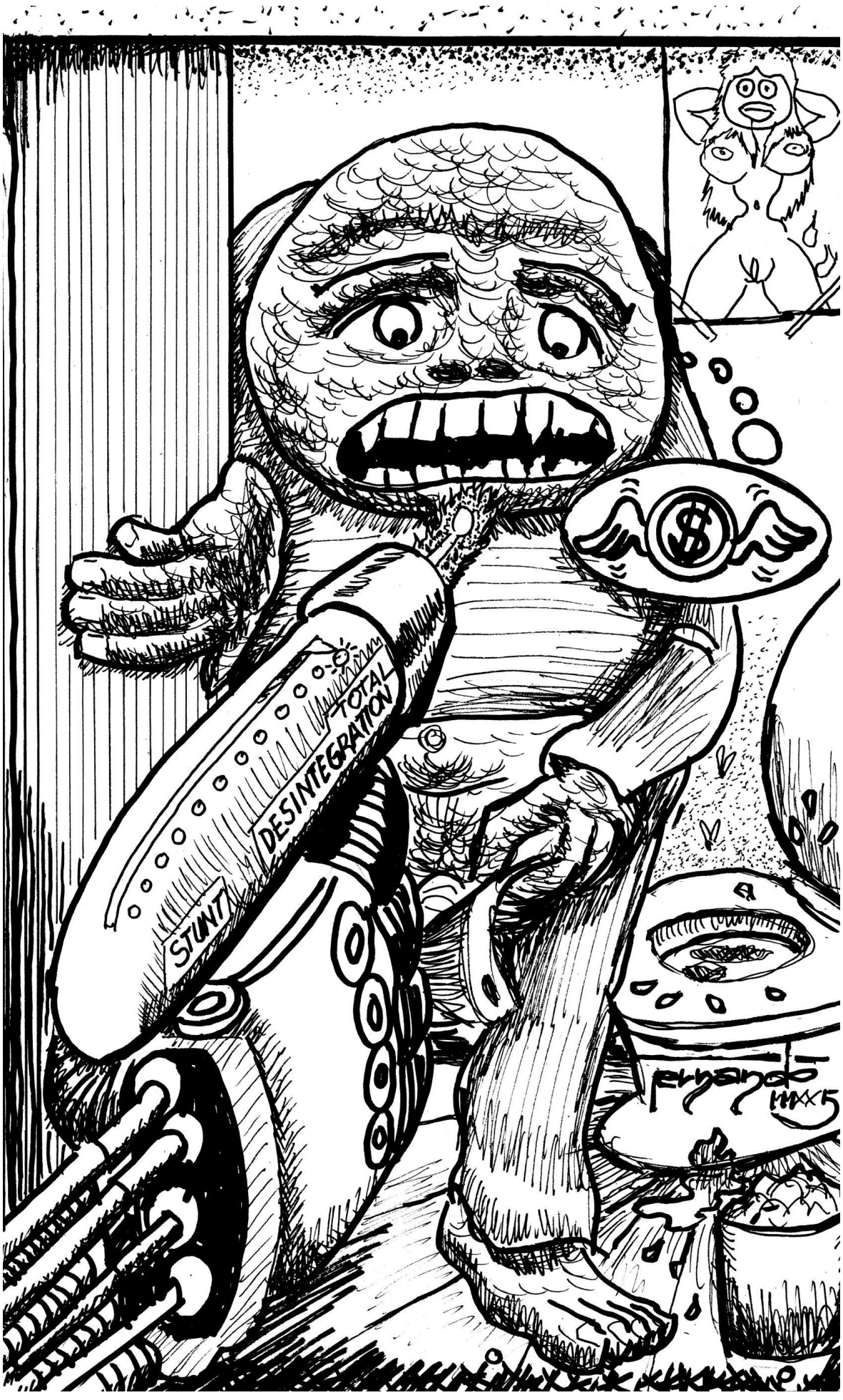
-You're right... Even so, I must act quickly by gathering consistent evidence against Panza without leaving a trace. Tigra said.

-You are not alone – Replied Fernando Zéca, who continued talking: - Evidence we can look for in the ship from which this group of invaders left.

"And as for the tracks, we will check what has been left behind, since our departure from the EARTH SPACE STATION in the Solar System, which, without any doubt, is the only possible place from which the information would have been leaked, that you would have been, with the seeds, aboard the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞."

-Absolutely! - The High Commissioner agreed. - My presence on your ship, in fact, was accidental. Someone really handed us over, to these kind gentlemen...

***


TOTAL
DESINTEGRATION
STUNT

After relieving the intestinal tubes, and opening the door to exit the small bathroom, Smartorange came across a phaser pistol, pointed at his mouth.

The weapon was being wielded by a humanoid combat robot, with parts of its body in black, white and silver colors.

Before he even felt afraid of the situation, Smartorange tried to remember the name of a famous thinker, whose words, at that very moment, shone like beacons in his thoughts:

"Almost always, the biggest shit in life comes up, when you go to shit..."

This reflection generated many heated debates between different currents of thought, after the theme was studied in depth, generating disparate conclusions, highlighting the one that continued the edifying reasoning, in the following way:

“... eventually, interrupting intestinal relaxation, so necessary for these moments of spiritual cleansing."

However, remembering the name of that thinker, whose words had generated debates that could be discussed endlessly, would not change the difficult situation that Smartorange found himself in.

The gun was still there, threatening, pointing at him, in ways that finally caused him intense chills, in the stomach, on the back and on the sides of his head.

He was afraid. And it wasn't just any fear.

It was what afflicts, who is faced with certain death.

In yet another attempt to escape from reality, Smartorange's brain stopped thinking about thinkers and their wisdom, and pondered on the origin of the events that resulted in the situation in which he found himself, noting that: greed was mixed with the broth of motives, which now put him under threat.

It all started with the job proposal made by old acquaintances of him.

Smartorange would transport in his ship, a battalion armed to the teeth, for a secret mission, which would eventually involve criminal actions.

He didn't question when he took this type of service, because his acquaintances were mercenaries who paid in advance, so he accepted the job as a pilot whose spacecraft would intercept and invade another with the curious name of S.S.F. GALATRINA∞.

Smartorange recalled that, as soon as he finished counting the money, one of the contractors received an unexpected notice through his communicator, warning:

-It have just arrived in this planetary system.

Smartorange was surprised:

-But how? He asked astonished. - To the so-called S.S.F. GALATRINA∞????

"You just said that the ship left the Solar System a few moments ago..."

"It couldn't have covered the distance from there, to here, so quickly..."

-Are you sure? - Asked the other contractor, his source on the other end of the line in the communicator and the answer came loud and clear.

-Absolute. There is no doubt.

-Drug! So we have to leave now. Smartorange said, swallowing.

Looking at the money in his hands, he calmed down, but at that moment, there was a strange feeling that things were happening very quickly, kind of so much so that they threatened to get out of his control.

Even so, he would not go back on his word.

-My ship is ready. -Told. - Get ready! In a little while, I'll teleport them to her.

-Very well. - Said the contractor to the communicator: - Mission confirmed for immediately. Get ready for teleportation in a bit.

-Ready! - The answer came through the device's speaker. - We will be ready!

Without wasting time, they proceeded to Smartorange's ship, which was shaped like two thin arrowheads, joined by their central axis, one being ninety degrees from the other.

The black, shiny color of its hull favored secret missions in space, like the one Smartorange was getting into at the moment

Smartorange never asked for details about the "tours" or got involved with work that he knew had nothing humanitarian and that, in fact, could vary, being the practice of robberies, kidnappings or contract murders.

He was only the escape pilot, who would ensure the transport and evacuation of the mercenary group through space, aboard his ship.

It was none of his business, who suffered at the hands of those guys, whether women, children or innocents. He just kept quiet in his own, as if he didn't know anything...

But that service... From the beginning it was peppered with irregularities.

All highly confidential, and could not be registered anywhere...

There were risks, but they were well rewarded... And better: Early ahead of time.

When the job was over, Smartorange slept peacefully, knowing that he had done his job professionally, and had enough money in his pockets to pay for the next few days.

He did not feel any weight on his conscience in the face of the possibility of supporting highly reprehensible criminal practices.

So much so that, even seeing the threatening gun he had pointed at him, still couldn't remember the name of the thinker, whose words burned in his thoughts, even after the immense reminder, which he made in a few moments.

Judging himself to be even the purest and most immaculate soul in the universe, he still thought:

-Fate does not favor the innocent worker, who eventually has to pay for the sins of the guilty.

And he didn't philosophize anything else.

In a sudden movement, he tried to grab a nearby gun, but his attempt was unsuccessful, as a deadly shot was fired right in the middle of his face, not only taking his life, but also pulverizing Smartorange, leaving only ashes, as proof of his existence in the universe.

He died with the clear conscience of an innocent worker, even though he was a driver for a gang of bandits.

***

Tigra asked Fernando Zéca:

-Was it necessary to execute it?

-The combat robots programmed by the Federation Secret Service react very fast, Tigra.

-Yes, Zéca. But, even though the invaders who were going to kill us left here, it is us, who are now in their ship.

"And not even, for all that these scoundrels have done, we can eliminate the enemy without judgment. If, in the future, we have to answer in court, we will even be framed for invasion of private property and murder."

The mind of the young and beautiful High Commissioner was working a few moves ahead, from that moment when she was already anticipating the legal problems of bureaucracy that she might have to face.

-It was not a summary execution, Tigra. Take a look:

Fernando Zéca opened even more, the door of the smelly bathroom, from which the deceased had come out, by the ISAAC model robot.

In addition to the dirt, and the infernal smell, it was now visible that he was full of weapons.

-This guy, without a doubt, was a collaborator of the invading group, and as such, legally, he would be considered an enemy, or an accomplice in the action that would threaten our lives.

"Our robot realized that this enemy had access to means of reaction, which would eventually make it a threat, calculated the probability of this risk materializing and acted. We shouldn't regret it, because these guys knew the dangers of getting into such an operation.

"We also don't have to worry about judgment, since our entire trip is protected by the secrecy guaranteed to the work and missions of the E.Y.E.."

-Look Fê! I agree with you. Tigra said. - But, it is always good to remember that, later on, we can have our actions judged by magistrates who, even seeing more than convincing reasons to justify our actions, would condemn us, just because we reacted to a criminal attack.

Tigra was right. Even with all the modernity and knowledge spread throughout the universe, the heads of most Judges of Law remained, through the ages, as susceptible to getting dirty in shit, like baby's ass.

From the height of her reason, Commissioner Ferris's eyes sparkled, with her breasts even more perky and puffed up than usual, giving her more REASON and grandeur than she already had.

Fernando Zéca, could be covered with right and wrong reasons, but he did not want to contradict that woman so monumental!

-O-Of course, Commissioner. - He choked out his throat. - I won't forget.

Then, one of the combat robots appeared informing:

-There is no other crew member on this ship.

-These idiots risked too much. - Thought Zéca, about the enemies. - They tried to invade a Federation Secret Service ship, using an old freighter, which did not even have sensors, to analyze internally, its target or possible threats. They had no idea what they were getting into when they invaded the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞.

***

The failed attack did not mean that High Commissioner Ferris could go about her life quietly, with guaranteed safety.

Certainly, other enemies would be lurking, trying to undermine the success of the aid to the suffering people, under the domination, of the tyrannical President, Maturrillo.

Tigra herself soon had to surrender to the facts, concluding:

-It is not prudent to continue with the delivery. The ideal is to return to the Solar System..."

And there was nothing to contest because this was pure logical reasoning.

Even aboard the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞ and with all their resources on board, at some point, President Panza's men would find the High Commissioner, with superior strength, sufficient to achieve their objectives.

In the Solar System, however, the agents of the tyrant would have no room to act...

Fernando Zéca scratched his chin.

He had to reach his destination, Makus III, because there, he should continue his mission, but he would not leave Tigra Ferris left to her fate.

Together with the ISAAC robot, while checking the aggressor ship, our Captain had some ideas.

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The designation, "combat robot", actually covers a very large and varied range of mechanical systems manufactured to act in security/war areas, regardless of remote

supervision or not.

Truly democratic governments, and the best stores in the business, made available to their taxpayers/consumers various types of these true "walking weapons", whose dimensions could vary from the size of a bean to a gigantic spaceships, fully automated, fast and well-armed.

Among so many models, one of the most versatile was the "ISAAC", humanoid in shape, without artificial skin and humanizing props that obviously made it more similar to real people.

Although included in the category of "combat robots", ISAAC is also endowed with several other talents (programming), in addition to martial arts, and weapon handling.

In the Federation Secret Service (E.Y.E.), the programming of these models covers work in many other functions. And it was exactly in non-belligerent assignments that the robots, S.S.F. GALATRINA∞, were involved at the time.

As if they were characters in the projection of a movie with accelerated movement, all the "ISAACs" under the command of the Captain, moved quickly, simultaneously performing several tasks.

The two spacecraft were now paired, with their engines turned off, connected by tubes and other connections, while the robots worked inside, or attached to the outside of them in their hulls.

Less than twenty Earth hours after Fernando Zéca's idea was born; Thanks to the tireless robotic work, the interior architecture of the cargo ship that had previously transported the invaders to a well-deserved destination was already completely modified.

After a general cleaning, rooms more appropriate to the person of High Commissioner Ferris, were built and adapted in record time.

Crystals that energized the freighter's engines were replaced by new ones, supplies stocked, including even boxes of the same type of tobacco that Fernando Zéca shared with his esteemed visit...

Thus, comfortably, Tigra Ferris would go full speed ahead, back to the EARTH SPACE STATION in Earth orbit in the Solar System...

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Fortunately, no enemy force, in the service of President Maturrillo, appeared, to continue, the invasion and attack, which Smartorange, and his deceased associates, could not complete

By luck and skill in managing the work that implemented the adaptations in the old cargo ship, the necessary services could be done without interruptions or unforeseen events.

Luckily, the robots' skill, and the captain's planning, soon, the customization ended with Commissioner Tigra Ferris finally receiving a spaceship, fully ready, just to transport her back to the Solar System.

Unfortunately, the moment finally came that the paths of Captain Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, and Commissioner Tigra Ferris, would take different paths

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Sitting in the pilot's seat, the High Commissioner learned the ropes extremely quickly.

-Tigra, I know you like to know everything, but you can rest assured.

"You will have, accompanying you, to your Cabinet on Earth, or, wherever you prefer, five combat robots, from the Secret Service, model ISAAC, which will provide your security."

"They will fly your ship directly to the EARTH SPACE STATION."

"You won't even have to worry about the menu, because one of them is an excellent

cooker, and will prepare very good dishes for you.

-Serious?? Tigra's eyes widened... "A cooker-robot???

-And better than many humans. You can go on calmly, you will be safe.

"As soon as you're well, in your office, send me a message so I won't be so anxious."

The High Commissioner rose from her chair, looking deep into the Captain's eyes...

-You did a lot for me...

-The honour is mine, Commissioner.

The two of them, arm in arm, went to the teleportation platform.

Before Zéca could climb there, he won an enveloping hug from the High Commissioner.

Her body was entirely and intimately glued to the Captain's.

Sighing and moaning, she said:

-When we have our work finished, we will see each other again.

She squeezed the poor captain even more, and then, in the same way that she embraced, she got rid of him, placing him already in position, on the teleportation platform of her ship.

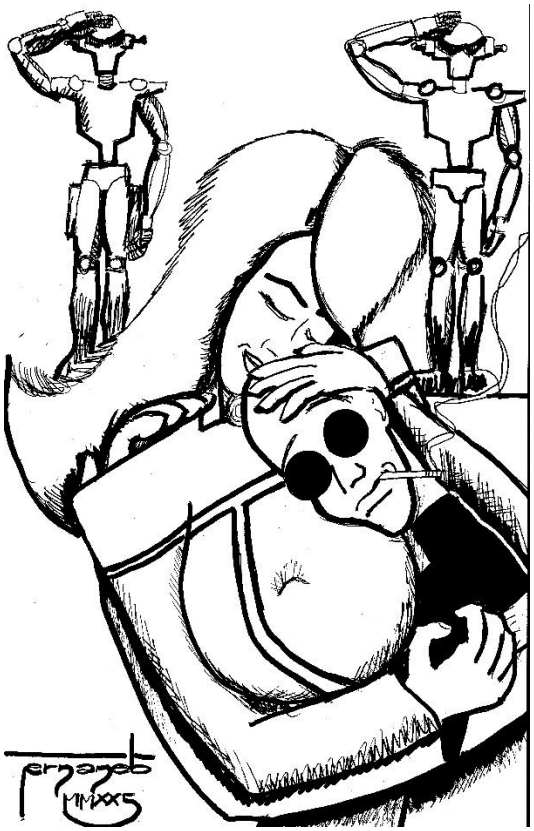
On a panel near where was, he activated a command, which sent himself, back to S.S.F. GALATRINA∞.

With a glow, the Captain disappeared from the High Commissioner's spacecraft, then materialized, in his cockpit, next to C4PP where he watched, through one of the three-dimensional projections, from his control panel, the ship in which the Commissioner was leaving at full speed.

Four days later, when he was already on Makus III, Captain Fernando Zéca Corinthiano would finally receive the reassuring message from the High Commissioner, informing him that she was fine, but that would only return the borrowed robots when he himself went to visit her and pick them up.

It would not be, however, for the near future and so soon, that fate would give the two the pleasure of a warm reunion.

***



THE DEADLY IMPOSSIBLE MISSION,
for the HONOR and GLORY of the KLINGON EMPIRE

After receiving a message from Tigra indicating that she was well and safe, Captain Fernando Zéca Corinthiano reassured himself, recalling the monumental beauty of his dear friend.

Thanks to his prodigious imagination, the image he had at that moment of her seemed exaggeratedly sharp, and even more intimate than they actually were.

Without a doubt, Tigra Ferris was a stunning woman, who left unforgettable marks in the hearts enchanted by her...

And this seemed to be the case of the Captain, who thinking about her, lost the direction of his concentration, because even in the memories, the High Commissioner dazzled.

The relaxation and lack of concentration he felt, remembering her, suddenly ended, with the bell of the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞ ringing furiously.

Someone was at the entrance...

Who could it be now?

He didn't have any scheduled visits...

Captain Zéca advanced to the entrance hatch, opened it, and was startled.

In front of him stood a Klingon female, wearing tight clothes and carrying several bags.

She was more than two meters tall, muscular body, of a hot athlete from the gym, but her face was horrible.

High forehead, with black hair back, pointed yellow teeth protruding and drooping eyes.

Fernando Zéca made a serious expression, even though he had difficulty facing such ugliness, after all, she should not have been there for nothing, because S.S.F. GALATRINA∞ was parked in an exclusive hangar of the E.Y.E., where only authorized people circulated.

-What can I help with? - Asked the Captain gently, imagining how he, a short, pot-bellied, bald man, could be useful to a female, bigger and stronger than him.

-I'm Durana Keda. I'm here, at the behest of Director Sonny Blue.

-Enter Durana. - Replied Fernando Zéca, extending his hand to her. -Welcome. I was waiting for your arrival, but not so soon..."



***

The magnetic tape, sliding smoothly across the metal head, emitted an electronic signal, which opened a highly confidential and protected communication frequency.

There was still no technology, endowed with knowledge to reveal the content of information, protected by such a system.

-At last, Durana! I thought you would no longer honor me with your presence.

-Sorry Director Sonny Blue. This mistake will not be repeated.

Durana communicated with the Director, through technology whose functionality was guaranteed: the problem was his schedule, always busy.

-Very well girl: I have a difficult job specially chosen for someone of your temperament.

When he himself emphasized the difficulty of the service, it is because it would certainly be something very complicated and deadly.

In the select milieu of espionage, the legends about the name, of Director Sonny Blue, already preceded him anywhere in the galaxy, associating him with the accomplishment of bloody missions, always for the sake of any interest of the Federation, whether this was excused or not.

-I'm ready. -Told Durana.

-The job basically consists of taking Marshal Kuh out of the game, as High Commander of the Super-Heavys, delegating this power to the Klingon High Council.

-I understand, Director.

Sonny Blue then described the minutiae and details of the planning, which, even involved violence, deaths and atrocities in frightening doses, had its touches of genius, as he boasted the bad reputation among the secret circles of the Sonny Blue label of bloodthirst.

Without finding any flaw in her boss's reasoning, it was up to Durana to make it possible to carry out the order she was receiving.

At the end of the Director's speech, she just nodded:

-I understand, Sir.

-Do you accept the mission?

Even though she was completely ignorant of how such a deadly plan would be possible, she promptly replied:

-Yes, I accept.

Sonny Blue made a few more considerations:

-You know that: at a certain point in the work, we will not be able to provide you with any assistance, in cases of eventual need...

-I'm aware, Director...

-Good luck, then Durana.

Five seconds later, the device through which Durana guaranteed the inviolable secrecy of her conversation with the Director, released a greenish smoke and melted completely, transforming itself into a useless shapeless mass...

The plan was understood, but it would be an impossible mission, for her to put so much madness alone in a successful progress...

***

There was something bothering her...

She didn't know what it was, but Durana had the feeling that could achieve the goals desired by the Director, in a different way.

In any case, she would follow the script received.

And, as every journey begins with a first step, Durana decided that she would start

the endeavor, obtaining information regarding a necessary trip to the planet Kroulos 4.

To do so, she would visit her dispatcher, who would provide all the necessary "paperwork" to circulate in that place and already provided important support in the past.

In addition to being specialized in necessary documents on many planets, inside or outside the Federation, she was a friend of Durana, knowledgeable about tourist itineraries, in different parts of the galaxy, and the best times, to carry them out...

-If you could go to Kroulos 4 this week, you'd catch the Klingon Purification Festival...

Durana paid attention to the information, but at that point, there was not much she could do, as she imagined that the Secret Service ship that would take to her goal would still take a long time to arrive on Makus III.

Even so, she decided to pay the urgency fee for the documents in advance...

-I'll leave you all paid in advance so, I get this worry out of the way.

-As you wish, Durana. Do you want me to book hotel and transportation as well?"

-Not now. But, I'll give you the details, with the dates later.

"I need to consult some data before deciding."

From there, Durana returned to her apartment, where she followed the routine, checking messages through the personal communicator.

One of them surprised her.

Positively.

The Secret Service ship that was supposed to take her to Kroulos 4 arrived earlier than expected. Incidentally... MUCH earlier...

When received the good news, she was casually at the spaceport solving some bureaucracy, in which was still embarrassed, so Durana took the opportunity to check the status of the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞.

She found that, even though was a spacecraft of the Secret Service of the Federation, having exclusive hangars at his disposal to meet its needs, also would not escape the bureaucracy of Makus III, equally merciless with all visitors.

Then, Durana would still have some time until the complete release of the ship.

She would return to where she already was and would take the opportunity to rest, to, once recovered, continue the preparations for her mission.

When she relaxed, just before being overwhelmed by sleep, had an idea that would completely change her entire planning. And so blacked out...

She regained her energies, with long hours of rest, and, as soon as woke up, took advantage of the ideas had during sleep, radically changing some of the preparations that would have repercussions, in the unfolding and in the way in which the objective given by Director Sonny Blue would or not be achieved.

From the moment that she definitively changed the way the work would unfold, Durana would be responsible for any failures resulting from her decision.

***

On special missions, such as the one Durana was doing for the Federation Secret Service (E.Y.E.); The agent had a credit for use, which could dispose through cards and other means.

Specifically for the work that had been delegated to her by Sonny Blue, there was already a scheduled expense, for the acquisition of rifles, pistols, grenade launchers, bombs, and a lot of ammunition.

However, instead of making this expense as instructed, Durana has spent a fortune, buying all sorts of sexual stimulants and aphrodisiacs...

Naturally, to pay for so much vitamin, she used her credit card, which would only process the expenses of that day, on the computers of the Secret Service of the Federation, after fifty Earth hours.

Therefore, after this period, her disobedience, in the face of a direct order from the Director, would already be visible to those who verify.

Without wasting time, Durana went to the office of her friend who was a dispatcher and tour agent, to make modifications to the travel plans she had scheduled:

-So you came to anticipate your trip to Kroulos 4, Durana?

"You're making an excellent choice."

"The Klingon Purification Festival, this season, promises a lot of movement."

"Some political bigwigs will be there. "

Durana's friend spoke as typed on the screen of a computer she had on the table in front of her.

-You're in luck, honey! I got you a hotel, right in the middle of the hype. It is close to everything. Check it out:"

Saying that, a three-dimensional map was projected on the table between the two,

-See Durana. Many avenues around. There are quick exits in all directions."

"A few blocks away, there are teleportation stations..."

Durana looked carefully at the details on the map, paid for the documents and the hotel, then returned to her apartment, where she made the final preparations for the trip...

Before the day ended, she wanted to introduce herself to the Captain of the Federation Secret Service (E.Y.E.) ship to check the possibility on advance the trip to Kroulos 4.

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-Enter Durana. Welcome. I was waiting for your arrival, but not so soon..."

The short, bald, pot-bellied Captain made his way into the spacecraft that would take them to Kroulos 4. It was not comfortable, but very well equipped.

They approached a round table, where the bald Captain sat on a stool, and indicated the only comfortable armchair in the ship, for Durana to sit on.

Without further ado, the Klingon female placed her purses next to the table, sat down, and then began to speak:

-I'm here at the behest of Director Sonny Blue.

The pot-bellied Captain made an expression of admiration and said:

-So, allow me to introduce myself, my dear:

"I am Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, Captain of the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞."

He paused, and continued talking...

-You said Sonny sent you... What can I be useful for?"

-Director Sonny is my boss and sent me to look for you, because you are a co-worker at the "agency" and could help with a ride to Kroulos 4.

Fernando Zéca already knew the mission and the destination, even so he wanted to confirm some more data with Durana.

-May I know the purpose of your mission, Durana?

-Our "Agency" wants to strengthen the ties of friendship between the Federation and the Council of the House of Super-Heavy. I am in charge of making this possible.

-It's almost an impossibility. - Replied Fernando Zéca smiling, and continued: - Even, because Marshal Kuh, leader of the super-heavyweights, is now not interested in talking to the Federation, nor is the Federation interested in dialoguing with him.

Durana, with her hard and unchanging expression, said:

-It's true. Anyway. I'm here to make the option viable, so I won't be the one to discuss or even question Director Sonny Blue's orders."

-You can rest assured, Durana, I'm not going to do that also.

"Sonny is my friend and I will help in this mission. In addition, I am also ideologically committed to it, since, to end the war in which I had to destroy a lot of Klingon ships, I do

any business."

-Then I'll ask you to leave as soon as possible, Captain.

"I know you've been embarrassed by the bureaucracy of Makus III for several days, and maybe you even want to take a period of rest and relaxation, but..."

Captain Fernando Zéca Corinthiano scratched his nose as he reflected.

His mind, in fact, lately, had not much time to relax.

His face did not hide his tiredness.

Zéca opened a nearby drawer, and took out of it one of the thousands of cigars that Director Sonny Blue had used to convince him to work.

From the pocket of his uniform pants, he took a lighter and lit it with his puffs.

-No need to worry, Durana. I'm going to ask permission from the control tower, and in a few hours, we'll be in the open space, heading to Kroulos 4.

***

The low clouds opened a hole, revealing the dark blue night sky with the white moon, shining brightly.

-Attention S.S.F. GALATRINA∞! You already have authorization to take off. - Came from the control tower, the warning through the communication system.

-Clearance for takeoff has been released. - Warned the C4PP browser robot.

-Start countdown, for takeoff in 5 seconds. - Ordered the Captain.

The mechanized voice of C4PP made the count...

-5... 4... 3... 2... 1... Takeoff!

Inside the cockpit at S.S.F. GALATRINA∞, nothing unusual was perceived. Looking at the monitors, however, the feeling was different.

These showed the exterior of the spacecraft that accelerated dizzyingly up the sky and, soon, into space.

Captain Fernando Zéca Corinthiano quietly smoked one of his special cigars, while mentally processing all the information and events, sitting on his small stool.

The updates kept coming...

-Boost speed, Captain. - Informed C4PP.

The cabin of the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞, looked like the waiting room of a doctor's office, so quiet, except perhaps for Durana, sitting in the commander's armchair, who watched apprehensively, all that apparently relaxed way of piloting quickly, out into space, towards the planet where the fate of the mission would be decided.

-Everything goes according to plan, Captain. - C4PP warned.

-Well then, proceed with it, navigator.

-Yes sir.

***

And once again, the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞, was surrounded by a bubble, around which time passed so slowly that it gave the impression of having paralyzed.

Inside the ship, things went on normally.

-At this rate, if the Time Disruptors and thrusters do not present problems, we will be in Kroulos 4, within 50 hours.

-Very well then, C4PP. Forward! I don't want to delay our guest's schedule.

Pestling the cabin with the smoke of his cigars, Fernando Zéca turned to Durana and asked:

-Speaking of which, my dear. I would like to take the time to update myself on the plans for this mission. I wanted to know what role I should play in this scenario.

-Surely! Durana agreed, breathing deeply.

***

-Your job, Captain: basically it is to get me to safety, to Kroulos 4, and wait for me in orbit, while I carry out the mission I am entrusted with...

-Damn, Durana! But that doesn't even look like Sonny's missions.

"Work under his orders always has rush, action and nervousness."

"I even had my phasers lubricated and cleaned figuring that, at the very least, a little shootout, this mission would come."

"That way, it's just you who's going to get all the action and fun."

Durana liked the way the little bald Captain spoke, in the midst of all that smoke. Perhaps, she herself was altered even though had not smoked anything.

The fact is that she already felt quite comfortable...

Even though, being the pot-bellied little guy, a pleasant figure and, technically, considered, in female language, as "a nice guy", Durana didn't want to give too many details of something, which she herself didn't know exactly how it would happen.

Director Sonny Blue's plan was certainly bloody, it would kill a lot of people, but it provided all kinds of contingencies, for eventual problems and setbacks.

Durana's predicted nothing, and followed according to luck, which, at this moment, seemed to push her into the heart of some tremendous confusion.

Then, even relaxed, and feeling very comfortable, in the middle of the little Captain's smoke, she thought prudent not to say anything...

She knew that a cautious officer would ask her questions, and, as a dedicated agent, she already had the answers prepared for her work:

-This mission aims to end a war, but the means by which this end will be achieved is not through diplomatic channels, and, precisely for this reason, I will take most of the action, hence its position in the rear, will guarantee a quick escape, as soon as my work is completed, besides, I cannot take you with me, because I will be in Klingon territory, and, Your physical constitution will soon attract attention."

Fernando Zéca made a facial expression, as if he were saying:

"-Okay, you got me."

And indeed, Durana was right, a short, bald pot-bellied man in the middle of a bunch of athletic giant Klingons would attract attention, and she wanted to keep her actions under wraps, so as not to depend on luck...

***

FIRSTLY, HOWEVER...

K'Vorcha woke up to the sound of knocking on her door during the early hours of the morning, when the red fog still spread over the streets of the housing center where she lived.

She was not startled, because had become accustomed to attending, outside business hours, many people who came to ask her for some kind of service, or guidance.

She got up from the cot, with some difficulty, because of her advanced age, and went to check what was happening.

-I'm coming! I'm going. -Told.

She herself was not anxious, even with the apparent tension in that noisy call, but calmed down even more when opened the door, because found that was not being disturbed by the police, or some inspector looking for failures, and irregularities, in her income statements to the tax authorities.

K’Vorcha had in front of her an unusual Klingon female, owner of a sculptural body, but also with a horrifying face.

Nothing that disturbed her peace of mind, because, in addition to being old, K'Vorcha was also a Klingon female, not graced with facial beauty, but endowed with high professional sense, since life was not easy, for those who, like her, supported themselves, making divinations, futuristic predictions (rarely accurate), and, supposed contacts, with souls in the afterlife.

Although her prophetic and mystical gifts no longer enjoyed the reliability of other times, it was to her that many people resorted, as she was the last representative of their professional class in Makus III.

Especially, that Klingon female, an old customer, who came looking for her in moments of doubt or indecision, both in her personal and professional life.

In fact, a client like that should be attended to at any time, for paying on the spot, without complaining, even when her guidelines were not favorable to her, or if they were carried out as planned.

K'Vorcha welcomed the visit:

-Durana! I am happy to see you again.

***

Durana entered the house without wasting time.

-Forgive me the time, K'Vorcha, but I wouldn't have come if it wasn't a matter of urgency.

-Don't worry, Durana! My doors are open to you, at any time.

"Let's go to my studio; There, we can talk quietly."

The two then went to a small and worn office.

There was a round table in the center and chairs leaning against the walls.

K'Vorcha struck a matchstick, then lit candles, which lessened the darkness in the place, and thus the two Klingon females sat down opposite each other.

-How can I help you, Durana?

She asked and took a cigar from the drawer on the table, lit it up, then let out several puffs.

-I have to travel soon, K'Vorcha. I was assigned by my commander to carry out an important mission. He detailed, how he wants the work done..."

Durana paused. Her countenance was serious and thoughtful...

K'Vorcha, as a good observer, noticed discomfort in her visit.

-Is there anything wrong about this work?

-As for work, no, since it is a goal that needs to be achieved.

"What bothers me is the way my commander wants the job done..."

"I think I can get the result he wants, in another way."

Durana was silent...

-Unlike most Klingons, you're questioning, Durana... - K'Vorcha said. - And if your commander is not wrong wanting the job as he asked you?

-He is not! But, I think I can get where he wants to go in another way...

Even though she practiced her tricks to survive in the business, K'Vorcha didn't want to see one of her best customers, in trouble...

-Durana, you know that insubordination is not well regarded among the Klingons...

-Although he is not Klingon, my commander is a true fighter, who appreciates the bloody and noisy environment of wars like no one else. For him, most problems can be solved with gun salutes, killings and a lot of destruction. But this methodology can even aggravate the problem we try to solve."

-It's hard to find Klingons who don't solve problems through war, Durana. You are indeed a rare case...

-I don't want to escape the rule, nor seem cowardly, K'Vorcha, but I intend to see my

mission successful, to ensure more lasting results.

"The bloody trail that my commander intends to follow may not guarantee the best results."

-What problems can there be if the enemy is dead? - K'Vorcha asked. - The empty shells of the dead will not rise from their graves, after the weapons are silenced...

-Indeed! But, for this situation, I think that subtlety can lead to a better solution.

-Subtleties?? You are speaking like the Romulans, Durana! We are not a people attached to subtleties. If your commander has chosen a Klingon for the job, it is because he knows that the path of war is the best to achieve the desired goals."

"Better not to question and follow orders as ordered. After all, if the mission is not successful because of your decision to change the way the work has to be done, you will have problems. They may think you betrayed the mission."

Durana took a deep breath in agreement and said:

-You're right, K'Vorcha. Even so, I would like to consult the Crystal Pyramid to reinforce my opinion, or, perhaps, yours.

-Very well then, Durana!" Let's consult the Crystal Pyramid!

K'Vorcha said that, took a few more puffs on her cigar, and pressed the button on a panel next to her.

A hole then opened in the tabletop, and through it rose a gleaming crystal pyramid..

***

Among the Klingons, the Crystal Pyramids, since time immemorial, were known, for being instrumental, of mystical powers, capable of allowing, to a lucky few chosen by Fate, to visualize the future, to, with a reasonable degree of accuracy, elaborate predictions of all kinds.

The omens deduced from it were not always correct, because what they showed could give rise to different interpretations, so that the understanding of their meanings, deduced by those who handled it, could not be realized.

And of course: even the authenticity of these objects, of supposedly fabulous powers, could compromise the accuracy of the foreshadowings concluded.

The Crystal Pyramid of K'Vorcha, for example, was acquired in an antique store, where it had been exposed, along with so many other similar ones, of uncertain origins, which could or could not be genuine.



In any case, right or wrong, the artifact helped its owner, for a long time, to support herself, paying with some ease, and dignity, her own expenses.

And now, it would serve, once again, for this same purpose.

A gray mist spread through the room, enveloping the table, in front of which the two Klingons sat.

Then, seemingly incomprehensible images began to form inside the object, of supposedly magical powers.

Most of the time, K'Vorcha did not understand what she was seeing inside her Crystal Pyramid, even so, she did not let her ignorance show, and said anything that pleased her customer, to earn a few credits right away.

In that session in which she attended Durana, however, soon the images began to become very clear.

Even K'Vorcha was surprised by the occurrence, since she herself, for some time, had already been doubting the efficiency of her own Crystal Pyramid.

Soon, with unusual clarity, she saw inside the piece, a map of the galaxy, where the logos of the Federation and the Klingon Empire appeared prominently.

They seemed united and inseparable.

Then that vision faded, and another appeared: that of a Klingon female, with facial features very similar to those of Durana, devoid of her immeasurable ugliness, seated on an imperial throne, flanked by officers of the Federation of United Planets.

Certainly, that image signified a powerful alliance between two of the most formidable forces in the Galaxy, but what other meaning was there?

And what would such visions have to do with Durana's mission?

Then, without further explanation, the visions she saw inside the Crystal Pyramid completely disappeared, and it retreated back into the table.

K'Vorcha didn't understand anything, nor did she have the slightest idea what could conclude from what had seen...

***

-And then? - Durana asked curiously...

K'Vorcha was thoughtful. Two worries bothered her.

First, the fact that her Crystal Pyramid still demonstrates full and perfect functioning, even after so much time apportioning and presenting all kinds of problems.

Besides, there was still the meaning of that vision, which she could not understand what it would be.

Whatever it was, she did not want to show any kind of doubt, in front of her main customer.

She looked at Durana and said:

-You have to follow your commander's instructions.

The secret service agent widened her eyes at those words.

In her heart, she was absolutely sure that a surgical action, such as the one she intended to perform, would give better results for all involved, than the bombastic and bloody operation, planned by Sonny Blue.

What Durana did not imagine is that K'Vorcha was concerned about the well-being of one of her most assiduous customers.

The understanding of the Klingon seer was that, certainly, the commander of Durana had a better view of the whole scenario, where she would act, so it would not be good to risk any action different from the orders received.

To ensure her well-being, and even the payment of the bills, K'Vorcha did not want any harm to afflict her.

For her part, Durana was dismayed.

The words of the seer shook her projects. And K'Vorcha didn't stop there.

-Durana, I know well that your ancestors, in the past, acted exquisitely and successfully in diplomacy, however, this is not the time to evaluate the problem from other points of view different from that of your commander.

"Now, fighting is the surest path to success."

"I know your courage well, but others may see so much caution, such as weakness, indecision, and even cowardice. You will have to obey orders to achieve your goals."

"There is no other way, except that of the Klingon warrior."

Durana wanted to kick and break everything, but she resigned herself to the words of the seer, and kept her composure.

She took from the bag carried on her shoulder some pieces of latinum, and placed it on the table, where, until a few moments before, the Crystal Pyramid had been.

-Your payment. -Told.

Then she got up, and, with long strides, left without any more words, or farewells.

Hours later, Durana would board the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞ heading to Kroulos 4.

K'Vorcha, for her side, stared at the fortune left on her desk, feeling dishonored at being rewarded for a service rendered in a way that was perhaps not very honest.

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BACK TO THE NOW...

-Stabilized transition to hyperspace. - Announced C4PP.

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano avidly swallowed his illegal cigar, pestering even more the already smoky cockpit of the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞.

-Everything goes according to plan, Durana. - Said the Captain. - Through hyperspace, we will be in Kroulos 4, even before the time, which we depart from Makus III.

-Thank you, Captain. Your effort will be essential for the smooth running of the plans. I will have much more time to fulfill the mission calmly..."

Durana wanted to complement her phrase by using the words "with success", but he was not so optimistic to do so.

-You're tense, Durana. You need to relax. Smoke one of these that will help..."

Saying this, Captain Fernando Zéca Corinthiano took one of his illegal cigars out of his pocket, and gave it to the Klingon, who did not beg and immediately lit it.

With two or three powerful puffs, the tension disappeared from her face, which even became a little less ugly than it was.

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano admired her from head to toe. She was a formidably nice person, though, monstrously ugly in face.

If she wore a cap with the Corinthians logo, maybe even the audacious Captain would be able to date by giving her a few kisses, after all Durania had a sculptural body, even though her features were ghastly.

That, however, was not the mission of a modest officer like him, but that of someone braver. Still, that Klingon piqued his curiosity.

She was nice, but what else would Sonny Blue have seen in her?

If the Director of the Secret Service had chosen her for such a difficult job, some talent, she must have...

-What led you to the Secret Service, Durana? The Klingons who work with the Federation prefer to serve in Starfleet...

Durana looked up, reminiscing about the past.

Even ugly, with a calm and relaxed face, she was even more friendly.

-Sonny Blue offered me the opportunity for revenge against some enemies.

"I did the work I was ordered and took revenge on those who were also targets of the

Agency, and then I decided to maintain the partnership, as a special secret agent, because Sonny, in addition to being a brave and honorable warrior, was also convincing in the invitation he made."

-Indeed, Sonny is persuasive, even when the job is deadly risky.

-I'm not afraid of the risks or certain death...- She said.

-You're a Klingon, Durana. - Argued the captain. I don't have half your courage, but Sonny knew very well, how to convince me, to work on the IMPOSSIBLE MISSIONS."

-Courage appears when you least expect it, Zéca, even to those who consider themselves fearful. Death, however, no longer frightens me.

"After they murdered my parents, I dedicated myself to avenging the family, and to serving my commander faithfully."

-Did they kill your parents, Durana? - asked Fernando Zéca surprised.

-Yes. My father was a renowned diplomat of the Klingon Empire.

"He was one of the few in office who didn't see war as the solution to everything."

"In fact, he solved many of the setbacks and difficulties of the Empire, with dialogue and understanding, in order to satisfy all parties involved."

"It even ended up with such solutions, contrary to many interests, which did not turn to the benefits of the Empire, nor of the people."

-Perhaps, due to the pressure of these forces to which you refer, Durana, the Klingons do not have as much fame in diplomacy, as they have been in war."

-Indeed, Zéca. My father always said that, in many cases, the Empire could extend its limits of influence, being more successful in conquering power, through peace, commerce and good treaties, which benefited all, than by wasting lives, in useless wars, which only bring loss, misery and profit to a few jackals and warlords."

-Your father is wise, Durania. Undoubtedly.

Fernando Zéca realized then why Sonny Blue had chosen Durana for that mission, the outcome of which could decide a bloody war between the super-heavy Klingons and the Federation.

Durana, visibly more relaxed, brought her face closer to his.

Even smoking, her bad breath was frightening.

-And you, Captain? What led you to the Agency?

Zéca rehearsed a smile with the cigar stuck between his teeth, and replied:

-Sonny Blue had his eye on me since my Academy days.

“He even knew about some adventures that my classmates and I did during our student days and realized that I don't get frills when it comes to dirty work."

-What kind of dirty work are you referring to, Captain? She asked, looking firmly into his eyes.

-Whatever it takes, Durana. The Federation cannot afford this generous and full of goodness image, with so many forces conspiring against it.

"Someone will have to be ready for the sacrifice that is necessary, even so that the freedom that the Federation itself offers to its members and citizens is maintained."

"That's what the Federation Secret Service do Durana, the Agency or, as many prefer, E.Y.E... We are the right hand, which does the work, which the leftist social worker, does not need, nor can do, without having its image of good guy scratched."

-I know what you're talking about, Captain Zéca. - Durana said. - What you call the image of good guy of the Federation, the Klingons understand as politically correct tricks, capable of weakening even some of the most impetuous peoples, and strong components of the 24 houses that make up the Empire.

-I agree with you, Durana.

"But see that on the other hand; the Federation itself is harmed by this strategy, which promotes injustices, reveals errors, worsening the dignity of its members, preventing the legitimate defense, and the due retaliations, when necessary. History has even had enough

of presenting us with evidence in this regard."

Due to the effects of the cigars, the duo was talkative and the conversations with important philosophical elocutions could extend beyond eternity, however, when the solution to universal problems was going to be found through that conjunction of reflections, C4PP made the two return to reality by announcing:

-Activating camouflage! We have just entered orbit around Kroulos 4.

***

Durana turned to the monitor where the orange planet was displayed, her facial expression betrayed the discomfort she felt. Still, she said nothing.

Realizing this, the Captain again suggested:

-Durana, if you want, I'll go with you...

-No. - She said, turning her gaze to him. - Even well disguised, you would be noticed...

-At least then, explain to me what your plans are down there."

-I can't either. Trust me, leave it to me that I know what I'm doing. - Saying that, the Klingon's face was less ugly, while Zéca couldn't accept it...

-I can't believe that Sonny Blue authorized a mission like this, without even anticipating any alternative to rescue you in case of need, Durana.

-Believe me, captain. Let's follow the plans this way: Wait for my signal, and don't try to contact me at all. Down there, everyone is celebrating the Purification Festival, a kind of Klingon carnival."

"Wait for me! I will call you, just once, to rescue me immediately and we will flee. It's not a more appropriate occasion to have anyone from the Federation there."

"If I don't make contact, run away without wasting time, because the mission will probably have totally failed."

The Corinthian Captain did not hide his annoyance.

He took a can of energy drink from the fridge, opened it, and took a few sips of the drink interspersed with powerful burps and furious puffs of his illegal cigarette.

"Very well, then, Durana. I'll follow your instructions... But not out of friendship."

"By the strength of my position in the E.Y.E., I should demand further explanation, but you have so far answered my questions quite logically, so I will bet on your talents to see where this story will end... K'PLAH!, Durana!"

-K'PLAH! Captain!

Zéca was impressed by Durana's appearance of determined haughtiness, but she herself did not even imagine what would happen from then on.

***

Hours later, Durana Keda was teleported to the surface of Kroulos 4.

She wore black leather clothes, carried one of the flying motorcycles, but did not want to carry with her any phaser weapon, nor a miserable disruptor pistol, a decision that caused a lot of irritation in Captain Zéca Corinthiano.

Durana materialized on the edge of an old asphalt road, all potholed and full of cracks, which cut through the extensive desert region around the main capital of that planet.

She fired the motorcycle, and silently floated off above the deteriorated track, heading for an uncertain adventure in a future that could be predestined, but that she didn't know how.

***

MULLING OVER THE DISTANT PAST EVEN MORE

-Aunt Krosstrrass. Are you going to tell me a story before going to sleep?

Krostrass, a Klingon lady in her fifties, sat on her bed, next to another, where her niece, who had not yet turned eight, was already standing.

-Yes, Durana.

-Then you can start. - Asked the then, little Durana.

Krostrass turned off the lights in the room, and, in the midst of the darkness, began the narrative:

-Very well then, my little one: the story I'm going to tell you today happened a long, long time ago, when I myself had not been born under the rule of the Klingon Emperor Keysss."

-Was this Emperor honorable and courageous? - asked the niece.

-Don't interrupt me Durana, if not, I'll lose my reason, and forget what I have to say.

-I'm sorry, aunt.

-Keysss, was a Klingon Emperor, whose court was full of bad people.

"He was not honorable, so he needed these people to govern."

-Was the Emperor weak, aunt?

-Before assuming power, he allied himself with very dangerous forces, which helped him take the throne, but which exacted a high price for this help...

-Did they ask latinum gold from the Emperor, aunt?

-More than that, Durana: They demanded important positions in the government. Later, they began to demand that he do things that did not go against the interests of the Empire."

-But then, weren't the people around at the same side of the Emperor, auntie?"

-Some of them don't, Durana. These were undercover foreign agents, who manipulated the Emperor on behalf of their masters."

-And how did they do that, aunt?

-Well, my dear Durana: They oppressed and enslaved the people and the trade, taking away our profits, placing agents from outside in important positions, sucking little by little, the power of the Empire."

-And the Emperor let him?

-At first, yes, but he tried to change his position after realizing the domination imposed by foreign forces.

-And did he succeed?

-No, Durana. He couldn't.

-But, why, auntie?

-He was poisoned, Durana. They killed the Emperor. They made it look like he got sick, and before long, Keysss died, then he was replaced by someone else."

-And who was the other, auntie?

-Nehmeywam.

-Nehmeywam, the puppet? - Durana asked. - That's what the books call him at school.

-Yes, Durana. Nehmeywam was also marked in history by many other names.

"While it lasted, his government served as a lackey of the orders and excesses from the Old Universal Order."

"-What is the Old Universal Order?”

-Now it's time to sleep Durana. No more stories!"

-No.

The old woman was having fun under the covers.

He knew that Durana wouldn't close her eyes until she gave her a convincing ending.

-It's okay Durana. I'll continue.

-It's really good. If not, I stay awake talking and asking questions...

As soon as she paused, immediately one was amended...

-What is the Old Universal Order?

-The Old Universal Order is a dangerous convergence of evil forces, including the Partido Obrero, the Space Wolves, antagonistic Religious forces, agents infiltrated in the Empire, the Federation and others that, for centuries, has manipulated the powers that be, everywhere, through mafias, governments, states and corrupt corporations.

"It is present, and active, to the extent that it is thought that it is not."

"About it, there is a saying that goes: "

"In the Milky Way, a breeze does not blow without the Old Universal Order, by action or omission, allowing it."

-I tell you more, Durana: And far beyond our comprehension, there are still forces from beyond, interfering with the designs of the Old Universal Order itself."

"Few are those who are aware of this dark hidden influence."

"In smaller numbers, those who actually manage to get rid of it are alive."

-I understand, but what happened to Nehmeywam?

-He was a lackey of his masters and conniving with the Old Universal Order, until fate played a trick on him.

"An unexpected occurrence that took out of power, the old houses and occult forces, which ruled around the whole scenario."

-What is an unexpected occurrence?

-Something that happened at an unforeseen time... An unusual surprise...

"In this case, for Nehmeywam, it was the revolutionary march of Prince Hallexyz, which surprised the annual convention of the Old Universal Order, which was taking place at the Hotel Flor Negra in Kroulos 4."

"Prince Hallexyz's revolted army was merciless, and did not spare even Nehmeywam's life."

"For his audacity, and by the perfection of the plan, elaborated for the seizure of power, the 24 houses unanimously acclaimed him as the new EMPEROR."

-But how perfect was Hallexyz's plan?

-He caught off guard the forces that protected the previous emperor and all the representatives present of the Old Universal Order.

-And how did he manage to deceive all these forces?

-With cunning and audacity. But who would explain this story to you better would be your great-great-uncle who participated in the campaign, alongside the then Prince Hallexyz..."

-And what did he talked about?

-Little... But once again, he said, "The difficult thing was not to surprise Nehmeywam and his allies of the Old Universal Order, but to overcome the path through the caves of the Red Dragon that Prince Hallexyz's army used to reach the Black Flower Hotel."

"His great-great-uncle complained that out of an initial army of more than three thousand men, no more than a thousand survived to tell the tale. "

"The threats and dangers of the Red Dragon caves were deadly."

-And how was Prince Hallexyz's government?

-He began by purging, killing thousands of traitors to the Empire.

"After a long time, the pace of executions slowed down, and the aggressiveness in politics, starting to govern with more diplomacy."

"After his death, someone discovered that the title of prince, which he always claimed to have, before being acclaimed Emperor, was bought from a notorious faker/forger, however, such a discovery no longer had any value, nor could it change anything important."

"Since then, the political forces have changed hands until, it even arrived at what it is today, being in practice, exactly as it was, when the Old Universal Order before the time of Nehmeywam dominated."

"Currently, the thing is so wide open that the Old Universal Order has even returned to meet at the Flor Negra Hotel."

"But now Durana, come the time to sleep."

Durana closed her eyes, trying to visualize the whole story.

The cave part was the one that excited her the most.

She imagined that place, as a magical, mysterious and... very dangerous.

The next morning, as soon as he woke up, she rummaged through the old stuff around the house, until found the diaries and archives of her great-great-uncle, who had taken part in the march through the Red Dragon caves, alongside Prince Hallexyz, who, some experts, said was not a prince at all.

***

Ten years later, Durana was already an expert in the diaries, records and notes made by her great-great-uncle, after all, she had already read and reread everything he wrote about those times, especially about the march through the Red Dragon caves.

As a history student, she occasionally attended fairs for collectibles and various relics, where she befriended vendors and learned.

On one of these occasions, she stopped in front of a small tent, where there was a professional crystal pyramid. Durana had never seen one, live and in color before.

She approached the artifact and, right away, saw inside it, a curious image:

A young Klingon female, sitting on a throne, like an Empress, flanked by honor Klingon security guards, as well as several members of the United Federation of Planets, who demonstrated some kind of alliance with that supposed sovereign...

In particular, the features of this Empress seemed somehow familiar to her.

Durana had a very clear feeling, almost a certainty, of already knowing her from somewhere, but she couldn't remember where.

-Hi! May I help you?

The image inside the pyramid immediately faded away, leaving Durana, stunned...

Without hiding her astonishment, she looked around and came across a young Klingon female, with long black hair wrapping all over her face and covering her back.

Still in her mind, with the clear scene of those unknown people, who seemed to be familiar to her, and who, she had seen, inside the Crystal Pyramid, Durana stammered an answer...

-Oh yes... It's just that I saw something, inside that pyramid, and I didn't understand what it meant...

The young woman with black hair was visibly attentive to Durana's words...

-Serious? What did you see? - She asked.

The young Klingon with black hair was responsible for the stall, which sold the pyramid, in which Durana had had that vision.

She was curious, because she had already touched that merchandise in every way, and had no vision of anything.

That girl arrived, took a quick look at the piece, and already said she was seeing things...

-I think I saw an Empress commanding the Klingon Empire, with several houses giving her support and a few more allies from the Federation...

-Are you sure? - Asked the saleswoman...

-The image is clear in my mind. - Durana said. - It can only be that..

The saleswoman was convinced that the image that Durana supposedly said she had

seen, in fact, came out of her own imagination, taking into account that she herself (the saleswoman), for a long time, manipulated the pyramid, and never saw, nor perceived, anything much in it. Even so, she did not want to contradict or lose a potential client.

Quickly, her talents in psychology suggested to her, through her own keen intuition, that this client was apparently sensitized to fantastic stories of kings, queens, alliances confronting enormous powers, and variants of the type...

In a split second, her eyes scanned all the goods she had available for sale in her shack.

She had to push something for that customer to buy...

Luckily, or by chance, her visual exploration landed on the spine of a supposedly history book that told of Emperor Hallexyz's rise to power, from the moment she began her march through the Red Dragon caves until the end of his rule.

At first, the saleswoman thought of suggesting another more fanciful title, and with a happy ending, but her eyes did not take that publication out of the field of observation.

-You seem to me to be an intelligent person, who likes fantastic literature...

-Yes. How do you know? - Durana asked, visibly suggested, by the persuasive arguments of the convincing saleswoman...

-Would magic and fiction epics be your favorites?

-Blimey! But you must telepath.

The saleswoman was only using a few prefabricated questions, which would give her clues and indications of Durana's tastes, and so she continued the game:

-Sometimes, I can guess things, and make predictions. - She said to impress the client.

-Wow! Durana was visibly impressed.

-And I think I have what you're looking for...

The young woman with long black hair, in fact, realized that, in fact, she did not have any merchandise that could really impress the customer.

She would have to make do with the old volume, which had bought for a few cents on credit, and it must be worth nothing.

-I have here a work of incalculable value. Check it out: it's the biography of the famous Emperor Hallexyz, and the epic march through the Red Dragon Caves.

Durana widened her eyes. In fact, she had been looking for that book for a long time.

-How much does it cost? She asked tremblingly, without hiding her interest.

The saleswoman had already visually probed Durana, even before she arrived at her stall. From afar, he had counted the money that her client had, in a moment of distraction, and she knew that Durana must have approximately eighty credits available.

And of course, as a good observer that she was: Durana's evident interest in the book did not go unnoticed.

-Look, my friend. This volume you have in your hands is an absolute rarity.

Perhaps it was, but it had saved from being eaten by rats and termites that infested around where had been kept until then.

In fact, the saleswoman had even lost hope in it, almost abandoning to the misfortunes that fate would bring.

Luckily, she saw in this, a last breath of opportunity...

-This literary epic costs around three hundred credits, but in this case, as you are nice, I do it for seventy-five credits. - Rolled the dice, the clever saleswoman.

Durana found the price a bargain.

After all, it was a literary work that was nowhere to be found.

And that particular edition also had several illustrations and maps of the caves through which the march passed during the campaign.

She took her wallet out of her purse, counted the money and, luckily, managed to form, by gathering all the available coins and notes, the seventy-five credits necessary for

the purchase.

To his delight, there were still three more left to take the ride and return home already starting to read during the return.

Happy with the purchase, she said goodbye to the saleswoman, who also recommended her:

-Come back here whenever you want. -Said that, and gave her business card to Durana.

-Stay with it. There you have my number. My name is K'Vorcha.

The two said goodbye, but would still do more business, in other opportunities where they would meet, later.

However, K'Vorcha would only see, years later, in her own Crystal Pyramid, shortly before Durana, left for a secret mission in Kroulos 4, the very same image, which she saw, the first time they met.

Neither of them, however, knew how to interpret the meaning of this vision.

***

In the desert of Kroulos 4, already far from the asphalt, Durana stopped the flying motorcycle between one sand dune and another, to rehydrate and rest.

Things that, in fact, she did, but, if she expected, that would have a relaxing night of solitary contemplation ahead of her, she was wrong.

It didn't take long for a truck and four OFF ROAD pickup trucks smaller emerged from the darkness, which surrounded Durana's flying motorcycle, preventing she from continuing on her way.

Right in the center of this siege, the Klingon agent, from the Secret Service of the Federation, was not shaken and remained, impassive, waiting for the events to unfold.

A motorcycle stopped next to her and the rider, a tall and strong guy, dressed in leather clothes and a black helmet that covered him entirely, from head to toe, held Durana's arm tightly, not suspecting what would happen next.

Durana spun with her own arm, got rid of the grip and then landed a powerful punch on the aggressor's chin, the only exposed part of his helmet.



Her punch broke the unfortunate's jaw, who fell to the ground, whining like a kicked and mistreated dog.

Without much conversation, she picked up a handful of small metallic spheres, half an inch in diameter each, that hung from one side of her belt.

She threw them in the air before her face and said:

-I don't want witnesses, just the weapons.

The glowing spheres for an instant stopped in the air, as if they were listening to the command, then spread out swiftly.

All the occupants of the vehicles, which surrounded Durana, were pierced at high speed, repeatedly, by the flying metallic spheres, which seemed to have a life of their own.

Then, completely bloody, they quickly returned to Durana, and remounted themselves in the belt, from which they had been previously taken.

Another of the many toys that Durana had bought with K'Vorcha.

Curiously, it is one of those that the seller negotiated, without knowing all its applicability, since, in this case, for her, the metallic spheres were nothing more than mere adornment. Durana then went to check the outcome of her hunt.

The subjects who surrounded her were certainly rats from the local desert, and they deserved the fate they had. Had she not killed them, she would have been killed by them.

They used vehicles prepared for the site, well armed and protected with various types of armor.

Durana arrived at Kroulos 4, without conventional weapons from the E.Y.E., so as not to attract attention, but by "inheriting" the arsenal of the bandits she managed to travel even the most dangerous path to the Hotel Flor Negra.

Naturally, she plundered from those robbers, everything she could without any regret or clemency, since, if they did not harm her, certainly, other unsuspecting victims did not spare her from unfortunate fate.

For the vultures and other birds of prey waiting for the feast, she left no water, much less the food of the flock. Only the carrion of the bums.

Durana gathered all the fuel in the tanks of a truck, and after the shaving was done, she went through the dunes of the desert, with her flying motorcycle tied to the bed.

As she had anticipated that he would encounter, in some stretch of the desert, the fearsome motorized rats, which brutalized and barbarized anyone who crossed his domains, Durana prepared to defeat them, and take their weaponry, so that everything began according to the improvised planning that she did not do.

From then on, if she encountered more swindlers, would have to protect herself with the weapons taken from the first gang.

So then, she continued to search for the entrance to the Red Dragon's Cave...

***

Marshal Kuh, a Klingon from the super-heavy house, was alone in his office.

He was the great leader, who intended to wage war against the United Federation of Planets, and place it definitively at the feet of the Empire.

The campaigns in which his armed forces faced the Starfleet ships served as propaganda, aiming to create an image of success benefiting the very climb of the hierarchy, although such confrontations did not always provide him with positive results.

Even so, now he needed to unite all the houses of the empire around this war that could take him to the top of the pyramid, along with the very high echelons.

To this end, he now had an ally who could make things easier.

From the shadows of his office, a sinister figure emerged, wearing the uniform of a Starfleet Admiral. It was the fearsome Admiral Fakces.

He must have his eighties, but he kept himself physically and mentally fit.

-Marshal Kuh...

-Fakces... I didn't know you were a fan of the Klingon Purification Festival.

-It is work that brings me here, Marshal Kuh.

"Even so, I will duly appreciate the occasion."

-Very well, Admiral... And to what do I owe the honor of your visit?

-I don't come on behalf of the Federation, or Starfleet, Marshal.

"I am here in the name of the Order."

The Marshal looked up and immediately, he was more attentive than ever...

-Of course... The Old Universal Order...

-Do not call OLD an association that has appreciated your work Marshal.

"The Order understands that: with the proper incentive, its military campaign can bring benefits to all of us."

-And who would be "all of us", Admiral?

-You yourself have already said... The Old Universal Order, Marshal.

"The entire "Deep-State" within the Empire, the Federation itself, the Dominion, and much more beyond. In short: Unknown forces and powerful citizens willing to invest in their success for a specific return..."

"We have an interesting proposal, for you to foment war involving the United Federation of Planets, against the allies of the Klingon Empire..."

The Marshal looked at the Starfleet uniform worn by Admiral Fakces and confirmed his suspicions that the major force there, the one he was beginning to undertake and move the whole plan, was greater than the Federation and the Klingon Empire combined.

And there was no way to resist that call because he lacked the strength to do so...

-Join the Order and I will be the first to call you by your new assignment.

"In less than twenty-four hours, I guarantee you an acclamation, where many others will be joining me in supporting your new position."

-But what would this Fakces designation? Commanding an entire army, isn't it enough for me?

-And how about commanding EVERYTHING as the future KLINGON EMPEROR?

***



Durana's advance through the desert was so well planned that she soon arrived at the coordinates, where, according to her calculations, would find the entrance to the Red Dragon's Cave.

She knew that her target would be staying at the Flor Negra hotel, where the bigwigs of power, and of the Old Universal Order, gathered, during the Klingon Purification Festival of Kroulos 4.

The meeting of this authentic club of bandits, evil and swindlers was already becoming a picturesque tradition, in which each edition, was gaining greater projection and popularity.

Especially, after the end, of Emperor Hallexyz, whose government was not missed, even though he was less terrible than his predecessors, because he differed from them ruling like the politician who "tyrannizes but does".

In any case, he failed to prepare his succession, hence, his legacy, good or bad, ended up forgotten because the dominant forces of yesteryear, submissive to the Old Universal Order, after his death, returned to power.

The generations of Klingons who were born and raised in the governments that succeeded the Fearless Emperor, (who like Hallexyz, was always recognized. by allies and enemies alike), were brought up to have the image of this leader as that of an eccentric, picturesque madman, whose inheritances had no value.

Durana perceived the Klingon detachment from part of her own past, whether it was close or not, in front of an immense sinister X-shaped rock, which, just because of such a curious and unknown natural conformation, should already be preserved, not to mention its historical aspect even as a memorial, considering that, below the mysterious great stone, there were the entrances to the tunnel system known as the Red Dragon Cave, which constituted a labyrinth full of dangers, in which, one of the exits, reached the Hotel Flor Negra.

Underneath the large X-shaped rock, this path was in fact still there, however, with the entrance buried by tons of sand that prevented entry, hence the reason for the disappointed perception that Durana felt at that moment regarding the Klingon detachment from her own values!

But this, however, was not a problem for her to solve, but how to eliminate the obstacles that stood in her way.

Something that she had also already found a solution for, using a tablet with a thickness of two millimeters, in transparent and flexible material, which showed her, like a kind of x-ray, the underground of the place below where she was.

It only took a walk around the rock in X, and she soon found the correct place that most easily accessed the entrance through which Prince Hallexyz's forces accessed the Red Dragon Cave.

She took one of the bags brought with her, and opened it.

Durana took out a kind of shiny robotic centipede and placed it on the sand floor, exactly on top of where she imagined the access should be.

On the upper part of the robot's back, she pressed a hidden button, which immediately made it work.

It began moving its hundreds of paws, which stirred the sand around, until finally they dug a dark and deep entrance, arriving at the passage that Durana was looking for, which, after a few minutes of work, of the robotic creature, was already much more open and visible.

Bats came out of there, even so, they did not scare the Klingon female, who just returned to her luggage, from where she took and put on, a totally sealed jumpsuit, with a rubberized plastic-surface, which would protect her from some dangers of the Red Dragon's Cave.

She also put on a helmet, with lighting and transparent protection, which was used to walk underground and in the caves and backpack with some weapons inherited from the

rats.

She took a deep breath as several thoughts made her reflect for a few seconds, and advanced, disappearing into the darkness off the opening.



***

During her readings of the narratives written by several veterans who participated with Prince Hallexyz in the campaign that led to the throne of the Empire, including her own, Durana, imagined the caves of the Red Dragon as a magical place, where walls glowed in the dark, otherworldly mists spread along the way, and fantastic creatures, populated that mysterious world.

The reality before her was totally different from imagination.

The darkness seemed impenetrable, the smell was horrible and there was not even a decent path she could follow.

Before delving into the most sinister parts of the cave, she released eight flying spheres inside, which would map and record the best path to proceed.

Thanks to the studies she had always done, already had a notion of the direction to take, however, would not despise any help that the technology could give her.

As for the darkness and the bad smell, Durana solved these problems with her clothes, which, in addition to being sealed, had lighting to advance, even in the densest darkness.

As soon as she spread out through the tortuous paths inside the cave, starting from the position where Durana was, the flying spheres sent maps to follow. Durana evaluated them, from a tablet she had attached to the sleeve of the clothes she wore.

Even in the midst of absolute darkness, the spheres advanced quickly.

When found an obstruction that prevented from continuing, turned back, and tried

another possibility not yet mapped.

At a certain point then, one of them finally reached the place where Durana wanted to go. So it was determined the path to be taken.

All the other flying spheres, launched by Durana, retreated and then began to give greater cover on the chosen path.

Such an advance could not be made through teleportation, because, although many of the accesses to the Flor Negra Hotel were not properly covered by the security of the bigwigs who would participate in the Klingon Purification Festival, the teleportation was totally blocked and, in the circumstance of its occurrence, would soon be tracked, if carried out, in the coverage area.

Alone, and without help, Durana would have to do the difficult undertaking, relying only on luck, the memories of the readings, and her skills.

Determined, she moved forward only with the spotlights on her clothes, the local heat readings, and those taken in other spectrums of luminosity.

***

Durana was driven by the desire for revenge in opposition to anyone she judged to be a participant, responsible or obedient to the system of forces that, in the past, had brought death to her family.

It was an immense machine, a true Leviathan, against which she had to fight, even so, decided that would dedicate her life to such combat, even if her victories over the enemy were insignificant, although she would bring them some loss.

Working for the Federation of United Planets's Secret Service, (E.Y.E.) under the direct command of Sonny Blue, she knew that she would be better able to fulfill the objective, and now, through this mission, she aimed to put an end to the escalation of skirmishes between Starfleet and the home of the super-heavy Klingons, dangerously wounding the forces that once caused her harm, and now they intended to profit through war.

Concentrated on the winding trail full of stony obstacles, which she was following, at one point, felt a sweet smell invade her nostrils.

Without wasting time, hermetically sealed her helmet and began to breathe, using oxygen from a reservoir that had attached to her clothing.

From the reports contained in the readings made, that smell could indicate that, in the air, which she had been breathing until then, the presence of traces of a powerful poison, exhaled by the plants that grew in some sections of the path Durana was facing.

In fact, her readings were providential.

She advanced a few more steps, and saw on the walls and on the floor, the aforementioned vegetation, mentioned in her readings, whose aroma had poisoned a considerable part of the combatants, who participated in the campaign commanded by Prince Hallexyz.

From this danger she had escaped...

***

Further on, she Durana scattered on the ground, the rotten bones of several of the combatants who participated in the campaign commanded by Prince Hallexyz.

After them, no one else entered those caves.

Not only because of the threats it contained, but also because the coup that crowned Hallexyz as Klingon Emperor, even during his reign, was gradually "forgotten" by the educators and politicians who succeeded him.

Although the scenario was terrible, Durana could spend a lot of time there happily analyzing those historical relics, but her obligations prevented from dedicating herself to

such studies.

In this way, she moved on among insects and rodents, which seemed to become more numerous as advanced.

At one point, she came to a passage where was almost stuck.

In addition to the squeeze, there was full of disgusting and weird animals.

The lens of the visor of her helmet was full of them.

It seemed that, at any moment, they would take advantage of some crack, to invade the helmet and even other parts...

She concentrated even more on the path to follow, and in getting rid of all that bugs, moved forward.

But it was not easy, because soon several snakes began to get tangled up in their legs, which had to be removed with stabs.

Further on, tentacles from above intertwined with Durana's helmet and arms.

Without wasting time, she put the knife back to work, which, after a few moments, freed her from that distressing problem.

The impression was that Durana had entered the zoo area, where the aggressive animals did not want to let her go on.

Even firing from ray guns she had to perform, scaring away small flying dragons, which tried to make her clothes useless and paid dearly for her daring.

Durana saved the pieces of their bodies, which were not disintegrated to eat later.

The dangers and obstacles would not be few, but she would overcome them at any cost, or she would die trying.

***

-Fakces. So, you were right.

-Yes. I said that in less than twenty-four Earth hours, we would be able to make you Emperor by acclamation. Now, see where you're sitting."

Kuh looked at himself. He was on the throne.

Now, it was Emperor Kuh, since his predecessor, by fate, had a "naturally sudden death", and he was quickly acclaimed by all the heads of the Klingon imperial houses, present at the Hotel Flor Negra, for the Purification Festival!

-So, we count on you to carry out the plans of the Old Universal Order; Emperor?

-Refers to putting the entire Klingon Empire, and its allies, at war against the United Federation of Planets?? Of course you can count on me, Admiral Fakces.

“Within the next few days, wait for a statement from me in this regard."

Admiral Fakces, wearing Starfleet uniform, raised a toast with a cup containing Klingon sanguria saying:

-Then to your health. Emperor! And... To war! May it be bloody!"

"May it be damn bloody, Admiral Fakces of the United Federation of Planets..."

-Not from the Federation... - Corrected the Admiral, with another toast raised. - Of the Old Universal Order, as Your Imperial Majesty has already reminded before! That is!"

***

Even roots and plants insisted on making Durana's path difficult.

The Klingon female had to literally crawl into a kind of underground bush to advance through the carnivorous vegetation, which, the visitor wanted, as a meal.

The plants did not make it easy; getting tangled up, and getting in the way, as much as they could.

Durana was not unprepared in this case.

She cut the thicket in her path with a kind of luminous machete, which pierced even

the thickest trunks, as if they were butter.

Thus, she tried to get out of it all until reached an underground river.

Durana would follow through it in the darkness because the vegetable attack gave no rest.

She dived into the dark icy waters, letting herself be carried away by the force of the current with the suit keeping her on the surface of the water, and giving protection, against impacts.

The navigation instruments indicated that she was on the right path, so Durana stayed more concerned with taking advantage of the force of waters, to clean the suit, of all the dirt in which she had been immersed.

A certain part of the path in the river, she was faced with a fork, which divided the current in two directions and even with the force of the waters that carried it, she managed to enter in the correct direction, since, through the other path, would return to rock "X".

Within the planned course, Durana slowly advanced over the difficulties.

And there would be others further on, so that what worried her most was:

How long would she be able to improvise, overcoming unexpected problems?

***

The uncertainties of the dark rapids soon subsided.

The icy waters calmed down, and Durana was carried away by an outlet that flowed into a calm, tranquil, and well-lit natural underground pool.

There she swam to the shore, where could finally step on the ground.

Everything around was illuminated by a bluish fluorescence that sprouted from the floor near the walls, similar to indirect lighting, in which the lamps are hidden...

The space there was wide, clean, and seemingly quieter than others in that cave system, where she had passed before. There were even ruins of old buildings that had already been forgotten and whose existence, as far as possible, was omitted by the educational dictates imposed by the more recent ruling dynasties.

Immense and wide cylindrical columns interspersed from the floor to the ceiling of the caves, which, at that stretch of Durana's journey, was relatively high.

Durana observed such beauty with redoubled attention, ignoring what fate had in store for her, which, soon after, could take her life, in the blink of an eye.

Inside the protective clothing, therefore, having her sensations limited, she tried to perceive the environment in the best possible way, including among the stones, bones of those who had passed through there before.

Durana kept her helmet sealed, while circulated through the mysterious constructions, which had, embedded in the walls of the ruins, plants exhaling hallucinogenic aromas, which certainly led to the death many of the warriors who fell there.

Following the direction indicated on the tablet attached, to the sleeve of her left arm in the clothes, she advanced through another corridor, with a regular floor, flanked by white columns, and large golden statues, of warrior heroes, with court weapons, in heroic poses.

At the end of this passage, Durana came across an immense chamber, which could serve various purposes: from a sports event court with space to accommodate hundreds of people, to a mega temple for preaching to the masses...

The Federation Secret Service agent soon realized that her navigator wanted her to reach the opposite end of where she was in the circular chamber. There was only one small detail.

Scattered on the steps of that room, even on its central floor, and, especially, where Durana had to go, there were at least fifty black Kroulosian tigers with their horrible faces of few friends...

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Kroulosian black tigers, they are gigantic! Larger than elephants, they had zebra coats with black lists with a large yellow and black mane.

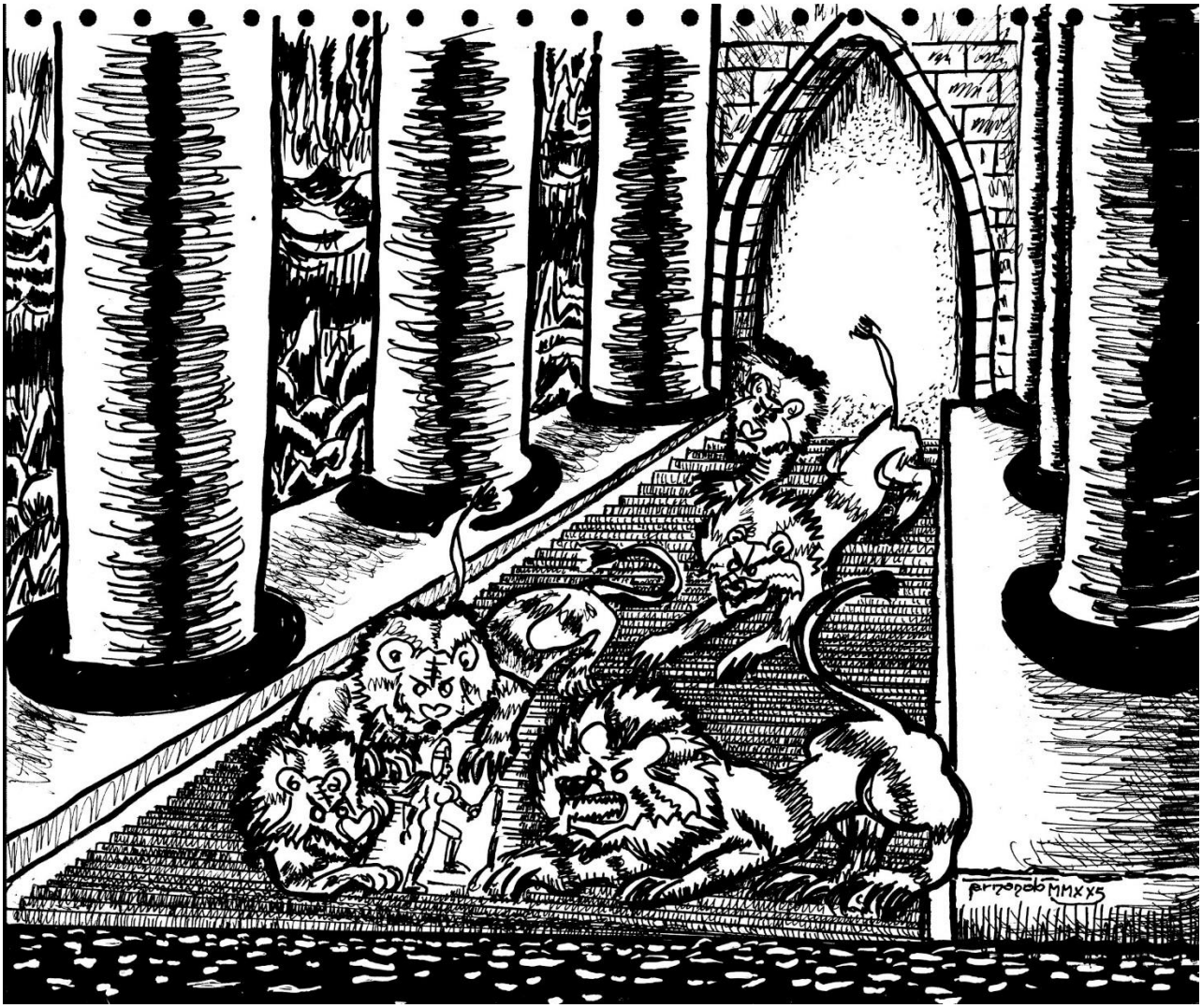
With bright red eyes, even in the dark, and razor-sharp claws, they attack in packs or individually. Either way, they are intelligent and cruel beasts.

They are not docile, nor domesticable, and will eat anything that moves nearby.

As soon as they realized E.Y.E.'s agent, their stomachs began to growl.

Owners of an athletic thinness, which in fact, was the result of the few calories they ingested, as soon as they noticed the visitor in the place, in an unexpectedly agile and fast way, they came out of the apparent state of lethargy in which they were, and, already drooling liters of saliva, through their tongues hanging between their teeth, advanced against Durana, who they imagined would be theyr next meal...

***



THE PLANNING

-Our main target is Marechanl Kuh. - Said Sonny Blue, looking at Durana, who at that moment, was sitting in the comfortable armchair in the living room of a large apartment.

The expression of the head of the United Federation of Planets Secret Service was serious.

Durana didn't take her eyes off his face.

-Right, Sir. - She said.

-This guy is tipped by the bosses of the Old Universal Order to be the new Klingon Emperor.

-Sir: Kuh is the one who commands the House of Super-Heavyweights, against the Federation and Starfleet, in several skirmishes...

-That's it, Durana. You are really, well-informed. This guy is the key to everything.

"If only he would listen to the Klingon High Council, where we have powerful people under our zone of influence, we could establish long-term diplomatic ties with the Empire, which would get us out of a lot of trouble."

"Unfortunately, I don't see how some kind of peaceful solution could be realized, with this guy making hell and getting into trouble, where it's none of his business."

Sonny paused, and looked at Durana as if begging for a less violent alternative that didn't come. Then he continued:

-Durana: you, more than anyone, know that with the Klingons, peaceful solutions do not give the best results.

"From what I have studied of the case, I understand that we will only solve so many problems by executing a mission that eliminates quickly and without error. Marshal Kuh and his entire gang of mindless people at the Black Flower Hotel during the Klingon Purification Festival in Kroulos 4. This is the best opportunity for us to solve everything."

"That's why I'm giving you resources, to set up a group capable of special operations, which will be under your command and will go there, do the "cleaning and repair" service, then leaving without anyone noticing anything in the middle of the mess.

"To do so, you will have the help of Captain Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, commanding the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞, a Secret Service ship that will transport you to the scene of the action and then extract and leave as soon as everything is resolved."

"I'll send you a message, containing three options for plans to follow the mission."

"Choose the one you think is best and, after you do the job, return safely."

“Good luck, Durana! K'PLAH!”

Then the three-dimensional image of Sonny Blue disappeared from the couch in the living room, where he appeared to be sitting. It seemed so, but it wasn't, because it was a three-dimensional projection of the Director, who, in fact, was somewhere unknown, far from there.

As for Sonny's overall plan...

For Durana, it looked bad, and with a high probability of generating disastrously catastrophic consequences.

Sonny's plans, with explosive endings, musical background of gunfights and scenarios full of corpses, were not always the best solution to the problems.

Anyway, the moment the Director exposed his ideas to her, she didn't contest anything, because she knew that, in fact, something had to be done about the house of the Klingon Super-Heavys, which was indeed causing a lot of problems, in all corners of the galaxy. Even though she understood Sonny Blue's plans, in nothing, or rather, in very little, she followed them. In fact Durana would not obey any planning, since she would continue to improvise, to see how far would go...

***

THE BAG OF CATS

Back to present time, as soon as they saw Durana, the Kroulosian tigers advanced towards her.

They imagined that the first one who arrived at the Klingon agent would be the one who would eat better, because the others, who came, in sequence, would have to wait their turn, or be left without nothing.

What they got, however, was quite different from what they wanted.



Durana pulled out of her bag the baton of three sections, interconnected by small phosphorescent cables, blue in color: a kind of modernized Sanjiengun.

With acrobatic movements, she already hit some of those felines, which immediately moved away, giving her a safety zone, where Durana incessantly turned the weapon.

The most daring cat tried several times to invade this area and soon took hard blows, which made them reflect on the need to use good manners towards that unexpected visitor.

Although Kroulosian tigers thought they were more intelligent than the rest of the other known felines in the galaxies, due to their size they had an impatient temperament, because they craved things very easily and quickly.

Restlessness dominated their spirits when they confronted Durana, and even for eating badly, for a long time.

Without synchronizing any action, like a band of barbarians, trying to use the turmoil and disorder to escape from checkout lines, not paying the merchandise of the store, the Krololosian tigers advanced, more aggressive, desperate, and tense.

All equally, however, carried their fair ration of clubs, which soon instilled in them a high dose of common sense, so, democratically, none was left without the deserved lesson and attention given by Durana.

The most persistent were "rewarded" with the best and most intense blows that taught them the due value of respect, good manners, and that, in life, not everything is solved with violence.

Durana managed to get through the large chamber, handing out blows to the giant cats, using all the blows she knew and could improvise.

She did not take the pistols or disruptors that had taken from the bandits in the desert, because, against the gigantic devilish felines, it would be cowardice, dishonorable, and very easy to subdue them by making use of such weaponry.

As the warrior that she was, Durana believed that should prove herself, whenever possible, overcoming her challenges, in the traditionally most striking way, even if it was very difficult.

And there was the fact that, in the end, the band of giant felines, very strong, deadly, and intelligent, were disoriented due to hunger, thus having no understanding of the repercussions of their actions.

For them, all that fight with Durana was still some kind of joke, even if it had consequences, eventually deadly.

After advancing the large chamber, handing out punches and scoundrels, Durana still had to climb a ladder to follow the direction that his navigation systems indicated to her.

Most of the Krousosian Tigers licked their bright manes of fluorescent glow, visible even in darker environments, cleaning from them, stains of their own blood, which they lost during the confrontation against the Klingon.

In turn, Durana climbed carefully and attentively a staircase that existed, in a section around the circular area that she had to cross.

That was the path, indicated in the browser that the agent was wearing.

After another difficult stage, she then found herself surrounded by a Kroulosian tiger, with the face of a poor dude, and a look so tender and innocent, that would never make him a suspect in any case, or police investigation. However, despite the saintly face, in fact, he really wanted it, it was a piece of the action. He thought he was smarter than the others, to the point that, even after seeing them being beaten, he still believed that could do better.

And he decided to prove his thesis by surprising Durana, in an attack from behind her that...

It didn't work out!

The secret agent dodged the feline's attack, which, if successful, would rip off an arm or even a leg, and then retaliated by giving all kinds of blows she knew, and even others she invented on the moment.

She beat him so angrily that even broke her articulated sticks.

Cleverness cost the know-it-all tiger dearly, who didn't even have a chance to escape Durana's fury.

The hail of blows and blows he took, soon put him stretched, bloodied, agonizing the knockout.

Then she gave a Klingon scream, which scared all the surviving tigers, sending them running like frightened cats.

***

After finally overcoming the grand staircase, Durana eventually came to a huge stone wall, where the path apparently ended.

Right in the middle of it, over a vertical slit, which cut it from top to bottom, there was a panel with fifteen carved colored crystals, each with a different design.

As soon as she saw them, the agent breathed a sigh of relief, as realized that she was on the right track. She knew the purpose of that panel. This worked like a lock, which would open a passage through the wall.

All this knowledge Durana got because she had read the book written by the former Emperor himself, about the campaign that put him in power, and mentioned the device.

First of all, however, she should place some of the crystals, in a certain sequence, as

if were entering a password. The possibilities and alternatives were endless. But only one combination, the right one.

Without wasting time, Durana did her bidding.

Based only on prodigious memory, she moved the pieces, as imagined the Prince did, during the reading of the book.

As soon as she took her hands off the panel, an intense glow under the crystals further intensified the luminosity of the environment and a noise of heavy rocks dragging seemed to take up all that small space where the agent was.

Then, the wall separated exactly in the vertical crack, dividing itself in two, as if it were a door, or rather, opening a passage for it...

Durana found herself facing a narrow path seven meters long, through which she had to go. Her breasts and ass were colossal, but if she squeezed herself could get to the other side.

***

TEMPORARY EMPLOYMENT

After squeezing between the two blocks of rock, which threatened to crush her for the entire space she traveled, Durana stepped out of that world of smelly darkness.

On the floor, next to her, was a piece of column, the width of which was exactly equal to the space through which she had just passed.

Just to ensure the open way, for when she returned slid the piece of column across the ground, placing it between the two rocks of the narrow passage through which had come out to prevent them from closing.

Then she tried to check where that passage had taken her.

Durana looked around, and found once again that the book written by the Emperor was not wrong.

Like the author of the literary work, which was already proven to be a classic of Klingon historiography, Durana got close to an apparently deserted beach, from where she could see the entire Flor Negra hotel, whose dimensions were equivalent to those of the immense theme amusement parks in Florida – Terra.

The narrow passage through which she had left the tortuous complex of the Red Dragon Cave was now hidden behind a lot of brush. To get to the hotel, the Klingon agent would still have to open a sting with machete blows. And that's what she did until reached the beach.

There, before exposing herself advancing through the sands, she checked the place.

There were no security cameras, which demonstrated the contempt or scant interest that scholars, educators, curious people, and even security had in relation to that place of unquestionable historical importance, for the entire Klingon Empire.

This neglect would be taken advantage of by the E.Y.E. agent, in her plan to invade the hotel, where some of the greatest scoundrels in the entire Galaxy were gathered during the Klingon Purification Festival, including those of the imperial court and its allies, who, acting in the shadows, could only meet in a sneaky way in this place and occasion.

Taking advantage of the complete absence of people on the beach, Durana took off the clothes she was wearing and left only with the bikini that showed her sculptural body.

Relaxed, she approached the waters of the beach, where washed the clothes used in the cave and, after drying, stored them along with her weapons and various other utensils, in the backpack.

Durana put on dark glasses with large lenses, which hid the parts of his face, most devoid of beauty, and paraded her monumental body along the beach, as if she were merely enjoying nature, and the moment.

In fact, Durana at that moment could be compared to a powerful sensor, for her extreme attention to any occurrence that she could or could not use, to benefit, avoiding damage, to future plans that did not even exist.

And in fact, the E.Y.E.'s agent didn't know what to do, until she found a stall that offered drinks and snacks by the sea.

From afar, making a face of someone who didn't want to know anything, Durana observed for some time, the work routine and the arrangement of things there.

She even discovered a locker, where there were spare uniforms, used by hotel employees, which could eventually be used by her.

***

-They're calling you there at the reception. You can leave it to me take it here.

The cashier took his eyes off the register and asked:

-What?

-You are being called at the reception.

-But no one warned me through the internal communication system.

-It has to do with that. You'd better run there, because they're out of communication, and can only talk to you in person.

The guy didn't quite understand anything, but he looked at that Klingon with the magnificent body.

She was a hotel maid, as she was uniformed as such.

-Come check that I'll stay here for you. - She said.

Not sure what to do, he was subtly pushed out of his seat by her, and eventually convinced himself that he really had to leave.

-Rest assured that you will find everything the same way you are leaving it now, when you return. - She reassured.

-That's right. I'll go then. - He agreed.

And in fact, the cashier would not have any financial loss with that alleged call.

What would actually happen, in her absence, is that Agent Durana, who was in fact taking his post, while going to the reception, would take advantage of the terminal, to snoop on all the information about the hotel, which was within reach.

***

THE COOKBOOK

-Durana! Come here, my dear.

-Yes Aunt Krosstrrass!

The young Durana came out from behind the desk, where she had her odds: various objects of supposed mystical powers, such as crystal balls or pyramids, weapons, her computer and some history books.

Aunt Krosstrrass was not well at all, in fact, she was on her last...

Only get out of bed to eat and do personal hygiene.

The rest of the time, she spent looking at her old books, notebooks or computers, where she organized notes, thoughts and various reflections.

One of these computers, a laptop of very high capacity and performance, where he had all her data, kept it in a black leather bag.

Durana sat next to her on the old Klingon's bed, and she took the laptop out of her bag and opened it.

Pointing to a rectangular, dark blue and bright lens, arranged in the center of the equipment, she said:

-Durana, put your index finger on your right hand there.

Without question, the young woman obeyed, and the machine lit up.

"Durana..." continued Aunt Krosstrrass. - You now have full and unrestricted access to my main computer and all the data on it.

-How cool... Thank you, Auntie.

-There are the recipes for all those potions I told you about, including the juices I taught you how to make...

-Ahhh... Thank you, Aunt Krosstrrass. I'll keep...

-Don't just keep it, Durana. USE! USE the teachings, and powers, of all these plants, potions, including those juices that you already know how to make, especially the WILD KLINGON SANGRIA, which, as I have told you before, has inspired and facilitated important shifts of power in the various spheres of governance of the Klingon Empire."

"It is very powerful and takes away the desire of those who drink it, for a long time."

"Even the Klingons, when they ingest it, don't want to know about war anymore."

Durana was already handling the computer and accessing several of its files...

-Damn Aunt Krosstrrass. You even have here the recipe for that sexual stimulant juice.

Aunt Krosstrrass, even in the last ones, could not hide a smile that was drawn on her lips:

-This business transforms a dying old man into a horse in heat for a whole night.

The old woman laughed, coughed and was silent.

Durana, for her part, remained focused on the present.

In her hands, there was all an ancient knowledge about the Klingon mystical arts.

-Wow Aunt Krosstrrass... I am going...

Durana looked at her aunt and realized that, in silence, she had taken one last breath, leaving behind her old bag of bones and skin, to go riding on the paradisiacal celestial prairies fighting terrible enemies of the "Sto-vo-kor".

Thus, seeing the death of her dear Aunt Krosstrrass, the young woman gave a loud cry, which came out with desire from the depths of her soul...

***

THE KLINGON PURIFICATION FESTIVAL

Hatred consumed Durana. She wanted to kill everyone.

The Purification Festival in Kroulos was a date similar to the Brazilian carnival, where the Klingon people left the rules and honor aside, venting their nerves for a few days, to return to work, with their "batteries recharged".

In Kroulos, at the Hotel Flor Negra, where Durana was at that time in disguise, this celebration brought together people of very high influence of the Old Galactic Order.

Political, military, and even religious leaders.

People who eventually showed mortal hatred against each other before public opinion, even among themselves, gathered there in a friendly way, in the midst of what seemed to be a great mess, to, under orders and dictates of the Old Universal Order, decide the destinies of entire civilizations.

For the media, this Festival was just a celebration, where, for some time, its participants had fun with a lot of revelry, dances, music, games, and also provided a considerable source of income through tourism.

However, in addition to the gathering of the members of the Old Universal Order, which in itself already turned many influential circles, the Festival of Purification in Kroulos had a more sinister side that was little commented on by the information media.

Crime rates skyrocketed alarmingly, as Klingon celebrations did not always involve

only drinking and singing, but also violent fights, deaths and injuries.

The Purification Festival allowed feuds and quarrels to be resolved without arbitration, by any means imaginable.

Only, for the sake of illustration, it would be appropriate to give an example, with a bizarre situation, where the debtor who wanted to pay off any debt of his/her could stab his creditor, killing him/her, thus being free of the charge, without any charge, since such action took place on the days of the Purification Festival.

Fits of rage, violence and other types of intemperance were tolerated, without any restriction. In the midst of so many fights, misunderstandings and disputes that this celebration generated, there was only one important rule that every surviving participant of the Festival had to obey: That of not leaving bodies, or pieces of them, scattered throughout public spaces and roads.

Every building had its "recycling room", where along with the garbage, the dead of the celebrations could be thrown and, on the public roads, there were also the "recycling boxes", similar to the dumpsters used in works, where more victims of this disastrous festivity could also be discarded.

During the early hours of the morning, the local administrative service passed by with robotic trucks, cleaning the rooms, recycling bins, and bloody streets, of any violent acts, with reddish-black cola that dissolved, any clues, and evidence that could bother tourists.

In the middle of this situation, Durana wanted to kill everyone, after all, most of them were criminals and deserved to die.

Carrying out slaughter on the scale and at the levels she intended or imagined, even on the days of the Festival, there would be repercussions, which would harm the common people, who, enslaved in their daily lives, had to indirectly sustain such a situation.

Ultimately, if his presence there were identified, during the moment that she vented her fury, it could not only compromise the mission, but also the entire diplomatic relationship of the Klingon Empire, with the Federation.

Then Durana controlled her anger and took a different approach.

While at the bar, she made several liters of a potent drink, the preparation of which she had learned at a very young age.

Whoever ingested it, even in small sips, completely relaxed, diminishing any personal resistance to the point of revealing its most intimate secrets. Thus, by way of...

-Courtesy of the hotel. Please accept a drink.

Durana went out offering and handing, to drink, a glass with the potent potion, to each of the security guards she met along the way.

Once the drink came into action, dominating the will of those who had ingested it, Durana subtly cloned, through a device created by the secret service of the Federation, the data contained in the identification documents of the drinkers of his potion, who, later, would not even remember what happened.

Although the agent acted subtly, avoiding attracting attention, her sculptural body aroused the interests (and libido) of even those who did not drink, absolutely nothing.

One of these dazzled by the exuberance of the Klingon female, ended up realizing that something did not seem normal after people drank her drink. And he found out why, demanding explanations...

***

From the blow that the guy came imposing, Durana soon realized that he must be some security bigwig.

-Hey you! - He shouted. - This drink is making everyone out of their minds...

-Out of mind, in the middle of the Purification Festival? What's strange about that? - Durana replied, provocatively.



The guy held her arm for less than three seconds.

With a circular movement of her own arm, she got rid of the grip, without letting the tray she held with her other hand fall.

That guy would cause problems.

Everyone who had drunk the potion that Durana had distributed was already calmer. This should be one of those infallible rule-shitters, whose life, far from vices, transforms them into boring people, dedicated to obeying everything that is regulation without questioning.

He must have been a great disarmamentist, a jack-of-all-trades, a retiree, a pacifist socio-democrat, a parasite on some kind of public service.

Suddenly, a metallic cable, a few millimeters thick, came out from behind Durana's free fist, who, moving it in a similar way, with the use of a whip, wrapped it around the neck of the busybody.

Then, seeing a horizontal beam on the ceiling, under the structure where they were, the secret agent managed to throw the free end of the cable that had come out from behind her hand, over it.

Everything then became easier. She pulled the end of the cable that held the busybody to the ground, so that he would soon abbreviate with a typical hanging, the suffering of the unfortunate man, hanging by the neck, who shook his legs in the air, in a ballet even, in a way, fun to watch.

Thus, with the guy hanging by the neck, Durana sat on a chair and watched the last moments of the wretch, who practically beheaded himself, with his own weight.

There were other people around, but none of them were interested because they were narcotized and very good-natured by Durana's drink, even witnessing the sinister hanging in progress.

While dying slowly and painfully, the brain of the busybody still managed to register and understand the image of the Klingon secret agent, tampering with everything that belonged to him, violating all his secrets and codes contained in his cell phone communicator.

After the body of the busybody turned into just another empty shell, Durana let go of the cable that held it, and threw the remains in one of the several recycling boxes that were nearby, among the bodies of many others sacrificed at the Festival of Purification.

No one else disturbed Durana, who, moments later, with his dreadful yellowish smile, continued to distribute more drink to other guests and employees.

***

Even in the central security department, Durana's plan continued to pay off because by distributing her potion, she also gained access there.

The agent didn't need much to convince the shift staff to drink something different during working hours.

Some, in the very first room she entered, in the imperial security department, were not working, but torturing detainees in custody there.

These, the torturers, did not refuse the drink she brought, so they took a break for a snack and a well-deserved rest by taking a few sips and relaxing.

As she distributed her "courtesy" on the tables, Durana took possession of passwords, identifications, communicators and codes that allowed her to access and master, not only, the entire security system of the hotel, but even the Imperial.

The typical Klingon curiosity, and the naive face that the Federation Secret Service agent made when distributing her potion, ended up breaking any resistance or distrust that even the security personnel might have with her.

The sweet and refreshing flavor of the drink soon conquered any palate, which, seeming naive, already forced the body itself, unconsciously, to take more sips than the first.

In the third, the feeling of relaxation transformed the authentic warrior into an erudite thinker, and a scholar of any literature...

The Security Department was almost completely subdued, when a starchy guy came out of the interior of a glass room, which was inside.

It was a Klingon wearing pants, an executive shirt and a tie. Something unimaginable.

The guy left with a disruptor in hand, targeting Durana.

-Who are you? - He shouted as advanced towards the agent. - What is it that you're giving people to drink?

-Oh! Come and try it. - Durana said innocently.

-I'm not going to try anything. - Said the little ironer, approaching quickly, with long strides. - During work I stay sober.

The impetus of the grimace was interrupted with the enormous force of a steel dagger, which went through his rib cage from one moment to the next.

This weapon, thrown from under the tray that Durana was holding, quickly and accurately hit only vital points.

It would be better, for him, the typical exemplary worker with a straight face, had taken a few sips to calm down...

Before the dead-footed man fell, Durana placed the tray with the drinks on a nearby table, and held the corpse.

With quick and agile movements, she took away his identifications and weapons.

As if holding a bag of potatoes, even though the dead man was much larger than her, she carried him on her shoulder, to one of the recycling rooms.

She threw the deceased sober, among other bodies that lay there, and closed the door, as if he were leaving the bathroom stall after giving a smelly shit.

As soon as she returned to the room where he had left the tray, a bald and pot-bellied uncle, sitting at a table, smiled quietly after rinsing himself with Durana's drink. The old man spoke more than a ratchet smilingly holding his glass.

-That was a shit-and-go ruler!

"The whole department will thank you; He was a very cocky security chief."

-Head of security?

A gong resounded inside Durana's head, in a noise, which only she heard.

She checked the things of the deceased and found that he was really head of security.

Chief of Security to the Emperor.

Checking this and other data, she found that power had changed hands. Marshal Kuh was now Emperor.

Looking at the bald old man laughing, Durana had a crazy idea.

With so many oscillations occurring in the spheres of power, she would also undergo changes: she would no longer act as a hotel maid, to proceed as Chief of Imperial Security.

***

The tray with Durana's refreshing potion continued to circulate, and was successful until it arrived at the Imperial Cabinet, provisionally allocated, at the Hotel Flor Negra, from where the Emperor himself dispatched, along with high representatives, of the Old Galactic Order.

After intoxicating practically everyone in that area, finally, the Federation Secret Service agent was close to her target: the Klingon Emperor.

If she decided to follow, to the letter, or at least within what was still possible to trace, the original instructions, ordered by Director Sonny Blue, Durana would have to kill a lot of people, without pity or mercy, a fact that would degenerate into another much more murderous war, which would still take millions of so many other innocent lives.

It wasn't what the Secret Service agent wanted...

She was thinking of a more surgical and less scandalous operation.

It was then that the high representatives of the Old Universal Order left the Cabinet, leaving her alone with the Emperor himself.

Even without any idea of what to do, Durana took the opportunity.

At least, she could know the sovereign personally.

***

-What is it? Who are you? What do you want here? The Emperor shouted as soon as he saw Durana haughtily entering the Imperial Cabinet.

The agent no longer wore the uniform of the Hotel's servants, but a semi-transparent and flowing white beach cover-up.

Her perfect body was stunning, but now Durana was also beautiful.

And it wasn't makeup.

Just before entering, she ingested some of the famous "Venus Pills", which transformed her face completely, from discouraging ugliness, to an overwhelming beauty, and even more, exalted her already very perfect physical attributes.



Sitting in the armchair behind his large table, the Emperor was unprepared before this extraordinary female.

The air around her seemed to tremble, exalting even more, such beauty.

-I'm Durana. Your new head of security, my Emperor.

The secret agent of the Federation Secret Service, got even closer to the Klingon leader.

Her flowing clothes concealed dangerous weapons, which she could now use against her target, and thus remove an obstacle that the Federation deemed disturbing.

-What happened to the old one? That pompous idiot in a suit and tie?

-It was replaced by the old customs, which do not accept novelties in Klingon fashion...

-And speaking of the fashion of the old customs... Will my head of security be in this fashion?

The Emperor said pointing to Durana's flowing clothes, which only enhanced the beauty of her body.

Noticing the tray with drinks that the secret agent was still carrying, he still asked:

-And what is that? Got something for me to drink?

Durana placed the tray on the table, and took a bottle that was there.

Then he poured its contents, a red liquid, bright as wine in two transparent glasses.

One of them she gave to the Emperor, and the other, she herself used to raise a toast:

-In honor of my Emperor. - She said, as she pondered a way to get him out of the game.

Who knows if, by mistake, failure, distraction, or even, to give greater credibility to her role, Durana ended up unintentionally, also drinking, the drink she offered to the Emperor.

But if what she wanted was for the Emperor to taste her drink, it ended up working, because, seeing her attitude, and even in gratitude for the toast that came in his honor, he decided to follow.

-Thank you. To that I also toast!"

He said and turned in one gulp, the contents of his glass.

-But this is delicious. - Said the Emperor. - What is this drink called?

-It is a WILD KLINGON SANGRIA, my Emperor, whose recipe, only my family knows.

If Durana planned to liquidate the Emperor coldly, such an attempt soon went down the drain, since the Venus pill, added to the effects of the Sangria, inhibited his murderous instincts, and ignited an uncontrollable sexual passion.

The Emperor, then, also under the effects of drinking, could not contain a smile, in which he displayed his horrendous yellowish pointed teeth, while letting out a kind of animalistic growl.

Quick as lightning, Durana took a heavy decorative piece from the table and threw it at the Emperor's head.

He turned away with a smile saying:

-Should I be suspicious?

"If after so many wanderings"

"With love, does it come to me security?"

Durana took other objects and threw them at the Emperor, who continued to recite his rhymes, supposedly poetic:

-For this brave female"

"My blood gets hot"

"Passion is inclement"

"The patent lack of control",

Durana, who had already entered, unintentionally in the passionate mood, said:

-I have come here to prove my loyalty to the Emperor.

Then she took off her clothes, showing off her magnificent sculptural body and

extraordinary beauty.

There was nothing more to do in the face of such stunning beauty.

Passion awoke, and the couple indulged in the pleasures provided by an authentic Klingon sexual relationship, with all the kisses, hugs, bites, scratches and slaps that it entitles.



***

The maximum point of sexual pleasure, obtained together, in that case, temporarily raised even the minds of the couple to a new level of sensory perception;

And by fate, or mere chance, it occurred at an extraordinary moment.

Durana, mounted on the Emperor, was riding him, when, at the moment when they both reached the climax of pleasure together, and joy, she looked up through the transparent roof of the Imperial Cabinet, seeing the main star shining prominently in the heavens.

And suddenly, during this gaze and the couple's orgasm, a luminous alo came out of the star.

As if it were a pulse of light, it continued to increase in size faster in the firmament, showing that nothing would stop its march.

It was not long before the unpredictable came true, after a few more moments, that gigantic ring of fire fell on the skies of Kroulos 4.

It came towards the ground like a theater curtain, fast and bright, which crashes against the stage and the scenery, causing a powerful bang, and even strong vibrations.

The extraordinary phenomenon turned off most of the lights, including turning off the two pacemakers, used by the Emperor.

***

In fact, the Emperor was no longer a young man...

However, the reason for controlling the rhythms of his heartbeat, through high technology, was due to the dozens of injuries in various wars, which took a high price on his health and physical integrity.

Anyway he was still a relatively strong Klingon, so much so that, just before having his accessory turned off due to the phenomenon of nature, he was cumming with strength and will, inside Durana.

With the shutdown of the pacemaker, the Emperor snapped his eyes fixed in the air and was completely paralyzed.

He didn't move, he didn't breathe...

After surviving hundreds of battles, during the moment of greatest sexual pleasure of his life, death came to visit the Klingon Warrior-Emperor.

***

As soon as he opened his eyes, the late Emperor saw Kahless, the unforgettable.

The sovereign stood before the most epic and revered figure in all of Klingon culture.

-Kahless...

-It's good to know that the Monarch of the Klingon Empire still remembers me.

-Your name will always be remembered by everyone, Kahless...

-Then great. As long as a Klingon is left alive, none of us will be forgotten.

-And speaking of living Klingons, I ask... Am I about to die? Or have I died?

The Emperor was silent for a moment and continued:

"It's not often that I have the pleasure of a conversation with the greatest Klingon celebrity of all time..."

In response, Kahless burst into thunderous laughter, whereupon he was joined by the Emperor. They both laughed to tears.

-Your Imperial Majesty at this moment is not dying, but immersed in an illuminating trance. Kahless said. - It is not only through combat, and meditation, that the mind opens to states of more advanced perception:

"In sex too. It was through Durana that you got here."

The emperor looked around and understood what the "here" was.

An altered post-mortis state of thought.

All that surrounded him was a bluish sky with white clouds over a landscape of mountains and valleys, which seemed far below his point of view.

It was then that he noticed Durana next to him. His face was not so beautiful now.

But he was still authentically Klingon.

The Emperor was even more in love with these features, not so embellished, of Durana.

-Sex...- Continued Kahless… - It is also a path of enlightenment, transformation, and generation. Through your union with Durana there will bear a seed to a legacy tree that will definitively unite the Empire and the Federation in an unstoppable brute force...

The Emperor then saw a young woman, resembling Durana, sitting on a throne, flanked by people from the Federation and other galactic forces.

But it wasn't Durana...

The young woman's gaze on the throne was blinding.

Flames of fire seemed to spring from her, and flew towards the Emperor, hitting him squarely...

An intense pain exploded in his chest

***.

Durana looked at the Emperor in a practical, vegetative state, right after cumming inside her.

In the middle of his chest, there was a device, the size of a closed fist, with a red LED in the middle.

As soon as the Emperor reached orgasm, the luminous pulse that Durana had seen come out of the star reached Kroulos 4.

At that moment when several events were coming together, the device's led on his chest... It went out! To the secret agent, the relationship between all those occurrences was obvious.

The astronomical phenomenon, as it passed Kroulos 4, somehow interfered with the functioning of the Emperor's pacemaker, and turned it off.

Durana thought of taking advantage of the situation to flee from there, leaving the Emperor to his fate.

No one would accuse her of any crime, since it was evident that the malfunction of the medical apparatus in the sovereign's chest was influenced by the interference of the unexpected astronomical phenomenon.

Director Sonny Blue would certainly be immensely happy to see the Federation free of that thorn in the side.

The alignment of occurrences, in the sense of a probable benefit for the Federation, with the death of the not-so-nostalgic sovereign, was increasingly obvious.

It would be the case to take advantage of this classic moment, of the great literary journeys, in which the protagonist secret agent, after directing the movement of a small pebble, from the top of a snow peak, heads to a luxurious box, from where will watch the avalanche that unleashed.

In other words: time to follow what her own personal experience, and even the fictional history, or not, of espionage, recommended that she do, was then: her immediate escape from there.

Furthermore, the effects of the Venus Pill (the panacea that actually solved the evils of ugliness) could soon wear off, and the temporary extraordinary beauty acquired through this medication would disappear, revealing Durana's true identity.

There was no other option, it was time to act.

The decisions of the agent of the Secret Service of the Federation of Planets, next, would be made, based on another result of the use of the Venus pills: those who ingested them, lost objectivity, became more sentimental, and, in some cases, under the domination of uncontrollable passions.

Still mounted on his Sovereign, who, even extinguished, remained macho and virile, Durana breathed hard, holding and releasing the air several times, in a noisy way.

In one of these, she opened her arms in the air, then slammed the palms of both hands on the Emperor's chest, while he forcefully released the air that trapped in his own lungs.

With the blow, a reddish flame, coming out of Durana's hands, illuminated the couple, and soon went out...

However, the imperial pacemaker started working again, and the Emperor regained consciousness.... And, to life!

The sovereign opened his eyes, with a scared face breathing again.

Durana, riding on the Emperor, with her hands on the latter's pacemaker, said:

-Even traveling through the world of the dead, my Beloved Emperor remained tough and virile, demonstrating bravery and vigor, which did not diminish, even as his life faded away...

The Emperor smiled. His happiness was indisputable... Even so, he seemed tired.

After all, he had just faced a strenuous sequence of events, which began with that unforgettable Klingon sex session, as he had never had in his entire life, provided by Durana,

in addition to the strange supernatural journey, which considerably diminishes his strength.

Even so, the Sovereign remained attentive to what interested him...

He took the tablet next to the bed, and activated some commands.

He turned his cameras towards Durana, thus capturing it in all its splendor.

She was magnificent.

It was an image to boast about and never forget...

-Place your hand on the screen. - Ordered the Emperor.

Durana obeyed.

On the surface of the tablet, she felt a tingling in the palm of her hand.

Her fingerprints, and other information thus available, were being obtained. The glow went out.

The data collection, and analysis, were over.

After the secret agent removed her hand from the device, the Emperor activated some more commands and turned to Durana, saying:

-Through this Imperial Decree it is determined that, from now on, Durana will be my wife, and thus: Empress, having the privileges arising from the position.

A digitized voice came out of the tablet:

-Imperial Oder, informing the new marital status of the Emperor and the appointment of the new Empress, granting her all the privileges of the office.

"Status: Confirmed."

By granting the status of Empress to Durana, the Sovereign, demonstrated not only his gratitude for his own life saved, but also the increasingly inflamed and uncontrollable passion that burned within him for her.

Apparently the unleashing of that unbridled passion was a side effect of the Venus pill, which had reached not only the secret agent, but also the Emperor, who, seeing life now, from a new perspective, laughed loudly, placing the tablet in the same place where he had picked it up,

He smiled broadly, then slept like a baby.

***

To save the Emperor from the jaws of death, Durana used a Klingon martial arts move, which, through breathing, accumulates, and releases, the powerful KI energy, to harness it both in medicine and in war.

Saving the Emperor's life, Durana became Empress.

A fact that instead of comforting, only worried her even more, because, with the end of the beautifying effects of the Venus Pill, soon, her true face would be revealed.

Tired with all the sexual activity, and also with the expenditure of her personal KI energy, which she had had, saving the beloved Emperor, Durana would need several hours of rest... However, she had to leave...

She got rid of the arms of her beloved who was rumbling louder than the engine of an airplane from the twentieth century, and, like any good wife, took the opportunity to poke around in her husband's things.

She took the Emperor's tablet, and passed on it, her "chupacabras", a device used by agents of the Secret Service of the Federation to capture information, from any type of computer.

Now, as Empress, she had privileges in accessing the data of all the networks to which that tablet was connected, so it would be easy to use her tool to do a complete scan of all imperial systems, accessing various secrets.

Even with the Emperor snoring loudly, Durana performed the operation that, due to the gigantism of the volume of data, took approximately 15 minutes, for her apparatus to process and store everything.

During this time, she remained motionless, simultaneously: watching the progress bar on the display of her "chupacabras", monitoring the imperial dream, and trying to remain calm, since there was a possibility that her activity of moving data on the networks, was tracked by some security system.

Finally... Durana's "Chupa-Cabras" finished all the work and the Emperor continued to sleep heavily.

She then dressed herself, picked up some small branches that were in one of her purses, and approached the Emperor.

She rubbed the plants on the head, neck and chest of the Emperor, while she said, in a soft voice, of a woman in love, who watches over the dream of her love:

-Listen to the High Council... Respect the High Council... Negotiate with the High Council.

Repeating these words, Durana scattered the fragments of the plants throughout the Emperor until they disappeared completely on his skin.

Then she massaged several points on his body, cracking some bones, joints and nerves.

After this, the sovereign breathed deeply, and rested even more peacefully.

Durana knew that, by the athletic sexual effort they made together, and even, thanks to the plant, which rubbed on him, for invigorating relaxation, the Emperor would sleep at least one more whole day.

The unexpected sentimental fall for the sovereign, caused by the Venus pill, prevented Durana from doing him any harm, even though such an action was his duty as an agent of the E.Y.E….

But to make up for the loss of this opportunity, it obtained a large volume of data, directly from Klingon computer systems.

Thus, there was nothing left to do, but to leave.

***

Captain Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, for a change, smoked one of his cigars, pestering the cockpit with smoke.

Most of the ship's lights were off, and only the essential equipment remained on, since the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞ was camouflaged, orbiting the planet Kroulos IV.

And in that case, there wasn't much to do but wait...

A dull wait, which only made the Captain, even more anxious, consuming his infamous cigars with much greater avidity.

The smoke that plagued the cabin ended up being so much that it eventually did not allow the officer to see properly, a palm in front of his nose.

Such a situation could be a symbolism of the feeling he had, similar to that of someone who wants to run, but has to advance cautiously, along a bumpy and thorny path, covered by fog. A real test of your patience... How long could I endure such anxiety?

Even the low visibility, caused by the smoke from the cigar in the cabin, did not prevent the Captain's sharp eye from perceiving the alo, which, from one moment to the next, came out of the star in which the planets of the Kroulos planetary system orbited.

From a safe distance, it seemed only a bright smoky ring around the star, which was increasing in size more and rapidly until the inevitable occurred hitting the Agency's spacecraft head-on.

There was no time to implement any defensive reaction, or escape.

Like a flexible bamboo, the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞ reacted well to the halo, which was a type of stellar wind, and was even, after the passage of the astronomical phenomenon, able to remain in the same position of the orbit.

However, not everything in the spacecraft resisted well the passage of that stellar

emission, of fast and highly energized particles.

Dilithium crystals have been totally compromised, leaving them no longer of any use. THE S.S.F. GALATRINA∞, in an eventual not at all remote possibility of escape, without the crystals, would not be able to accelerate at the speed it would be capable of, under normal conditions.

In addition, the operations of many pieces of equipment that would no longer work simultaneously without avoiding excessive energy consumption would also be impaired...

Fortunately, the spaceship's camouflage still worked, but as soon as he rescued Durana from that headless operation, Captain Fernando Zéca Corinthiano already foresaw a series of problems to overcome...

Luckily the non-compromise of his ship's position in orbit was that the halo also damaged Klingon satellites, drones, and surveillance equipment.

Now, knowing that in any case, he would even face a series of complications, the wait until Duran's eventual call would be tense...

***

Fear tormented Durana.

And the motivations that justified such a feeling were numerous:

Starting with the fact that she had to abandon her beloved Emperor.

There was also the sudden and inexplicable passion she now felt for him, but which did not occur only as a side effect of the use of the famous "Venus Pills".

Such fear was based on the fact that there was still the possibility of being dismantled, the espionage mission, in which she was involved for the Agency, a fact that would soon label her as a traitor, giving any Klingon authorization to kill her.

In addition, the place where she was, in itself, was already one of the most infamous in the galaxy. Especially now, in the time of Festivity, where good and bad deeds ended without judgment, decided by the force of the moment, which granted the "seal" of the event.

This "seal" is consistent with the following:

"What happens at the Klingon Purification Festival in Krolos guarantees Law until the next Festival, where disputes can be judged again."

This seal has even endorsed the displacement of titanic forces that sustain the power of the Imperial Throne.

And Durana was now, participating as the protagonist, in an equivalent and deadly succession of events. In the imperial apartments of the Hotel Flor Negra, she left the Exalted Emperor resting, while, through the gigantic facilities of the hotel, she looked for a way out.

On the floors of the mega tower intended for the Imperial Service, there was no disorder.

There, the situation was calm, even with the security guards still beaten down by the drink that Durana had distributed.

However, as soon as she moved away from the Imperial premises, Durana already realized that the atmosphere of the Purification Festival, in some places, even took over the corridors of the hotel. In one of them, she met a Klingon, probably a guest, assaulting, without any embarrassment, two hotel maids.

Holding a bottle of regular Klingon vine visibly drunk, the guy directed profanities and insults against the maids, who seemed not to know what to do, after all, they were in times of Festival, in which the reasons for the occurrences did not always need to be justified or guided by logic.

The hotel maids tried but could not escape, from the aggressor, who was large, strong and heavy.

Durana arrived without much conversation.

She improvised with a piece of iron that was nearby, and hit several blows on the

head of the unfortunate aggressor, who did not even have time to know what was happening.

The Empress didn't even bother to attack the Klingon from the front.

She hit him in the back, already breaking his head, with the first blow.

A combat tactic, which could be considered dishonorable by the canonical traditionalist Klingons, but which, in times of Klingon purification festival, especially in Kroulos IV, had nothing arbitrary about it.

Anyone who did not want to be a victim of this traditional practice, should prepare, or go on a trip to another place, during this season.

The maids fell at Durana's feet thanking them for practically saving their lives.

-Who are you, O merciful lady, to whom we owe our humble lives?

By now, Durana knew that she had certainly been filmed by the security systems, and there was nothing left to hide.

-I am the DURANA EMPRESS. First defender of the Emperor and the Klingon Empire.



"I recommend you, and all the warriors of the Empire, to learn martial arts and your rights, so that you can defend yourselves and what is Just, Right and also be defended by Imperial Law."

"Follow this lesson, even on the days of the Festival, because it also serves to teach us that life, no matter how valuable it is, sometimes loses all its meaning, and, after death, one can no longer defend the greatest value of the living Klingons, which is freedom. Learn to defend yourselves, girls!"

"In this way, you will protect the greater than life good: our freedom and that of future generations!"

Durana finished her brief and impromptu speech, even ignoring where she would have gotten those inspired words from, and walked away, undaunted and colossal.

People even made way for her, not because they believed in her genuine Imperial title, since most still didn't know that the Klingon Empire now also had an Empress, but because they considered her a dangerous nutcase.

***

Later, Durana followed with majestic steps, in the midst of a confusing festival of horrors in the narrow passages that surrounded the Hotel Flor Negra.

In those places, far from the avenues where vehicles were driving at high speed, carrying bigwigs, the situation was frightening and chaotic.

In these narrow and smelly streets, framed by recycling boxes full of bodies of the victims of the days of the Festival, the Empress-secret-agent circulated, trying not to show astonishment at some morbid spectacles that took place there: Without any ceremony, on the sidewalks, animals, aliens or humanoids were dissected, tortured, and sold, as mere products, in a flea market.

In some cases, beings still alive, screaming and begging for their existence, were torn to pieces while unscrupulous merchants sold the pieces, for measly change, to be savored by passers, who were satisfied, not only with the fresh meat of the delicacy, but also with the agony of those who saw themselves, literally, becoming street food.

Durana took a different path that would allow her to reach the access trail to the Red Dragon Caves.

She tried not to attract attention, but even by the standard of a Klingon female, she was tall, with a statuesque body, and, under the effects of Venus' pill, even her face was beautiful.

Along the way, two or three unsuspecting people tried to harass her, but they all ended up their existences as garbage thrown into recycling boxes.

Durana hit these smart guys at will, which only wasted her time and their lives.

Finally, after some more walking, she arrived at the place on the trail where had left her special clothes, which had previously guaranteed protection and safety, until then.

She put it on and moments later, squeeze herself again, through the passage where had left a stone keeping it open.

As soon as returned to the interior of the caves, which, in that sector, had its walls illuminated, Durana drew her disruptor.

She pointed it in the direction of the rock that kept the passage open and fired a beam from her gun disintegrating the target, thus allowing the closure of the passage that had been open until then. Anyone who wanted to follow Durana would now have to cross tons of solid rock.

The Secret Service agent's problems, however, were not just outside the caves.

Durana turned to the direction she should go, and came across two well-known and hungry Kroulosian Tigers in her path.

***

BITTER AWAKENING

Kahless appeared from the midst of a dense white mist, saying:

-Now that you have an Empress, learn the first lesson of the married, which is valid for most races of this one, and of other galaxies:

"Wives are right, even when they are wrong."

The white mist thickened even more, and was blown around Kahless, until HE and the mist disappeared.

After the mysterious disappearance, finally, the Emperor woke up and looked around, trying to find explanations, and came face to face with Durana.

She repeated in a soft voice:

-Listen to the High Council...

Then his features changed.

They lost that enchanting beauty, but gained the air of an authentic and traditional Klingon warrior.

The Emperor imagined that both were somehow the same person, but he did not understand how...

Durana's words still rumbled through his brain:

-Listen to the High Council.

The Emperor was truly in love with her. Bewitched. Hypnotized...

Durana's face was changing from the beauty version to the warrior version, leaving the Emperor overwhelmed with the beauty of his wife: the Empress!.

Suddenly, her face faded, turning into that of a Klingon MALE. A Klingon who, like all the other males, was horrible!

He was almost glued to the Emperor. In fact, in the same bed as the sovereign's!

But there was nothing to fear... It was his doctor sitting on the edge of the mattress.

-But, what is this? - Asked the Emperor, disturbed, with the intrusion into his peace.

-Forgive me, Sovereign...- Said the Doctor. - I was called here because your Imperial Majesty has been in a state of meditative rest for more than fifteen hours, and your sleep period, on most days, does not exceed five hours in a row.

The Emperor looked at the ugly face of his Klingon doctor. It was definitely not the best thing to see, after a beautiful dream with his beloved.

One of the imperial servants approached the Emperor with a glass, filled with a bubbling yellow substance. The Emperor took it and drank it, in one turn.

After ingesting that, even tears came out of his eyes...

-I don't remember recommending anything like that to my sovereign...- Said the Klingon doctor.

The Emperor recovered from his startle at the hideous face of the Klingon doctor, shortly after a dream with his beloved Empress.

More recovered, his voice rumbled like furious thunder:

-DURANA! Where is Durana?

Silence!

Nobody said anything.

-DURANA! - Shouted the Emperor again.

At this point, the one who appeared in the imperial apartments was Marshal Pôpe Kórne, the Emperor's right-hand man:

-What is it, Imperial Majesty?

-Where is she? My Empress??

The Marshal had a questioning face:

He did not know that his sovereign had an Empress...

The Emperor looked at the doubtful facial expression on the highest court server and showed him his tablet, where the Empress's data was.

As soon as he saw her, the stunned Pôpe Kórne, understood the reason for the sovereign's apprehension.

-She's beautiful...

-It's much more than that. She saved my life. - Said the Emperor without hiding his exaltation and pointing with his thumb to his own chest.

-Now I understand. - Said the Klingon imperial doctor. - So that's why, analyzing the history of your pacemaker, a stop record appeared that later returned to normal operation.

-The Empress put it to work again. - Clarified the Emperor.

The doctor, however, was visibly surprised, and soon explained why:

-This pacemaker is really an extraordinary piece of equipment. It is almost impossible for it to fail, or to have a defect.

-Well, my dear Doctor. - Replied the Emperor without suppressing his bad mood. - In my case, it was defective, because the astronomical event that affected it, as well as almost everything around Kroulos' star, managed to turn it off.

-I do not doubt it, my Emperor. - The Klingon doctor agreed. - Even so, to reactivate one of these inoperable devices, a very concentrated load of energy is required to reconnect the pacemaker again. It's an extraordinary feat..."

-Doctor! The Empress did it! And don't ask me how. - Said the Emperor.

"She left you even with boiling blood, for Your Imperial Majesty to give her imperial prerogatives of the highest security. - Said the Marshal.

-I agree with you. - Said the Emperor, in a softer tone of voice. - Durana really messed with me.

Meanwhile, manipulating his own tablet, Marshal Korne soon showed progress to his sovereign:

-She left the imperial sector of the hotel...

The Marshal's expression was then taken by visible astonishment:

-Look at this! She is blowing up a bully who assaulted two hotel maids.

Unceremoniously, the Emperor took the tablet from the Marshal's hands, saw the scene, and smiled:

-How well she fight! I can guarantee that each blow of hers, must be breaking some bone of the unfortunate.

-Did she threaten you while she were here? - asked the Marshal.

-Of course SHE didn't threaten me! What makes you think of such nonsense?

-The presence of the doctor here. I didn't imagine that your health had any problem...

The Emperor got out of bed and went to the bathroom to relieve himself.

-I have no problem, Marshal. My health is excellent. I feel better now than at any other time in my life. The doctor is here because it was imposed on me, by the hands that direct, produce and guarantee this great theatrical production. By the way: thank you, Doctor. Calm down and return to your post, because I am fine.

The Klingon doctor bowed and walked away while the Marshal showed the Emperor other fights of Durana, which the security cameras had recorded...

-She hits really hard, Your Majesty! I'm going to send a security team to bring her here.

-Bring her back here, but don't forget:

"Durana is the Klingon Empress, property and Sovereign of the Empire, no one should touch her."

Marshal Pope dispatched the orders via his tablet.

-Imperial Majesty! - He said. - I wanted to take the opportunity, to also deal with

another subject, which is the planning of the war against the Federation.

"I need your permission to..."

-Not now, Marshal!! Let's delay this matter, because I want to consult the Klingon High Council, first of all...

-High Klingon Council? - asked the Marshal visibly surprised. - Won't this action seem a bit contradictory, compared to our position of ignoring them?

-You are right, Marshal, but now our positions have changed.

"Now I am Emperor and I see many forces being balanced, which I had no idea before."

While this dialogue was unfolding, the Klingon doctor left the imperial apartment, making his way with great strides to a room that he used as an office.

There, he activated a monitor that was on his desk.

A few moments passed, the screen lit up, and on it appeared the face of Admiral Fakces.

-Something strange happened. - Informed the Doctor. - The Emperor has now arranged an Empress and given her unfettered access to classified material.

-Empress? - Fakces asked with a visibly astonished face. -But how?!?! We put him in power a few days ago and the first thing he does to me is to get an Empress????"

-It doesn't seem to be just any person, Admiral. She is talented. Perhaps it controls ancient powers and energies, known and manipulated only by fearsome sorceresses.

-Where did she came from?

-I don't know, but it seems to have messed with the Emperor's head a lot. When asked by Marshal Pope about preparations for war against the Federation, the Emperor said he would consult with the Klingon High Council...

-What????

Even through the monitor, it was possible to see that the Admiral turned red like a pepper.

-Is the Emperor crazy? The last thing the Order wants is for him to hold talks with the Klingon High Council.

-Well, that's how things are going, Admiral.

-Keep an eye out, Doctor. - Fakces ordered. - Try to find out who that Empress is so we can eliminate this card from the game.

-She is not in the Imperial Sector of the Hotel. - Said the Doctor. - The Emperor has already ordered the Marshal to bring her back.

-I have access to the Imperial Klingon data network. - said Fakces. - I will collect the available information and send my people after her.

"This Empress may even be a spy for Romulus, or for the Federation."

"I don't bet so much on the Federation Secret Service, since Director Sonny Blue is not so given to subtle plans. His business is to go out and destroy everything"

"That seems to me some Romulan ruse! Anyway, Doctor. Keep an eye out! If we have to remove another Klingon Emperor from the throne, the hand that will do the job, once again, will be yours."



***

TOUR OF THE CAVES

Durana had before her, two gigantic Krousosian tigers, whose manes and red eyes glowed in the dark.

The silent "admiration" was mutual waiting for anything to determine the next action.

Without wasting time, Durana took out of her backpack a whip, which she had rolled up, waiting to be used on special occasions. It was electric, and as soon as it was activated, it emitted a red glow.

If any beast took a chance on Durana, it would be whipped by electrifying lashes.

The expression on the face of the E.Y.E. agent was clear, and showed fearlessness in the face of mortal danger. She even became a demonic beauty, revealing that if necessary, much harm could be done to ensure her self-defense.

In any case, the tigers were not impressed with Durana, or with the dangerous instrument she had in her hands

By force of the hunger that tormented them, they would attack her anyway, because their brains were incapable of appreciating the danger before them.

But they were surprised when they advanced on what they expected to be just another casual meal. Just like Durana ...

The main effects of Venus' pills, which she had taken, ceased.

From one moment to the next, Durana metamorphosed from that beautiful and wonderful face, which had made her Empress, to her true face of a warrior, a worker and a sufferer. And the Krousosian tigers witnessed this transformation.

His red eyes widened, showing astonishment.

Like frightened cats, they ran and roared aimlessly.

It took a while, but they finally made the best decision, not only for themselves, but also for Durana, who was quite tired. Almost exhausted. Even so, she advanced haughtily along the stairs between the caves, illuminated by mysterious colored lights.

Soon she followed an area with large columns and buildings carved into the walls of the cave itself. In some sections of the walk Durana saw small streams of water, surrounding the buildings, further joining in a mighty underground river;

Before reaching this point, however, Durana came across the Kroulosian tiger, which she had left half-dead to suffer, before going to the Hotel. Lying down, she waited for death to arrive, to feed, with his own body, the universal food chain.



As soon as they were silent, the occasional wheezing in the chest, some hoarse growls and laments, it would be just a dead carcass for time to forget.

It was then that Durana gave him something more than attention, to eventually mitigate the arrival of death.

She took from her backpack a cylinder the size of a large injection syringe, six centimeters in diameter, and stuck one of its ends in the head of the beast. It was a hypospray of cellular regenerating health, which improved the physical and mental conditions of those who received the application a dose of it.

The instrument made a short hiss, so it was used.

Barely a few seconds had passed, the tiger began to stretch and crack its entire body. Soon he stood up and quickly walked away, making way.

The Secret Service agent put the used hypo in her backpack and took another, which she applied to herself.

A few moments passed, but the effects of the medication seemed almost irrelevant... Perhaps because Durana was still, very tired, with so many events. In any case, for better or worse, I would have to follow the path. And so she did.

She advanced along the stone staircase, looking at the buildings carved into the caves and illuminated by the mysterious colored lights.

The gigantic columns and shiny floors she followed were impressive, but her walk began to take her away from those well-lit places, leading her to a dark and dimly lit trail that led her to a watercourse, which led towards darkness. To dive there, Durana was prepared.

She activated the night vision of the helmet of her suit, sealed it completely and entered the cold water and noticed the temperature of the river a little, which was not a good sign.



Probably, the protective clothing had already suffered a lot of wear and tear, and was losing its efficiency.

A few meters further along the course of her path, Durana came across faster waters, which only increased the suffering.

At full speed, then, the Klingon warrior was thrown like a rag doll by the underground current, and several times, against rocks and all kinds of obstacles. In any case, even unconsciously, after taking so many hits, luck kept her on track, but not free from threats or dangers.

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In the middle of the dark and icy current, Durana was violently thrown, while hallucinating, thanks to fatigue and the blows she took all over her body.

In her mind, she had lysergic visions that were colorful and full of strange shapes.

If the situation continued like this, she would succumb to fatigue or insanity.

Fortunately, it did not continue. Something pulled her out of this doldrums of bright, icy colors.

A bite that almost broke her arm.

It was being attacked by a fish, almost a meter long each, and with a bite, proportionally, as destructive or lacerating as that of a shark. Still, the protective clothing, which, despite being inefficient in terms of very extreme thermal variations, managed to cushion the bite.

Durana took advantage of the violent movement of the waters to which she was subjected, and stretched out her bitten arm when she passed near a rock.

The fish ended up being hit, immediately relieving the bite to which Durana was subjected, and was moved away from the agent, by the currents.

Other companions from the same school, to which the aggressor belonged, tried to attack the Klingon warrior, who, even in the waters, dodged and responded to the attacks, now with a knife in hand.

As soon as two or three were hit with precise cuts, the shoal charged at the wounded themselves and devoured them, without any consideration or concern for companionship.

Durana followed her course, being beaten by the current, and by the rocks.

At least, she knew that, by leaps and bounds, was on the right track.

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After resisting the fish that attacked her, Durana deviated from the main rapid, into a smaller watercourse, which led her, to a trail where she would reach the same access through which, before, she entered the Red Dragon Caves.

With her body completely sore, and, miraculously, without any fracture, Durana continued to stagger forward. The dose she had taken of the hypo-cell regenerator was not enough to relieve her immense fatigue, even so, she did not fade.

And as if the torments she had already had to endure were not enough, a few meters before the exit of the cave system, Durana came across several large crocodiles, lazily relaxing, along her narrow path.

Even so, the E.Y.E. agent did not cower in the face of mortal danger.

But she was very tired. And without patience!

She pulled a disruptor out of her bag, cocked him...

Pulled out, another disruptor and also triggered him.

Durana took a deep breath, showing no fear or disrespect for her opponents.

She advanced quickly to the exit walking behind the monsters without them having time to react and did not even need to shoot.

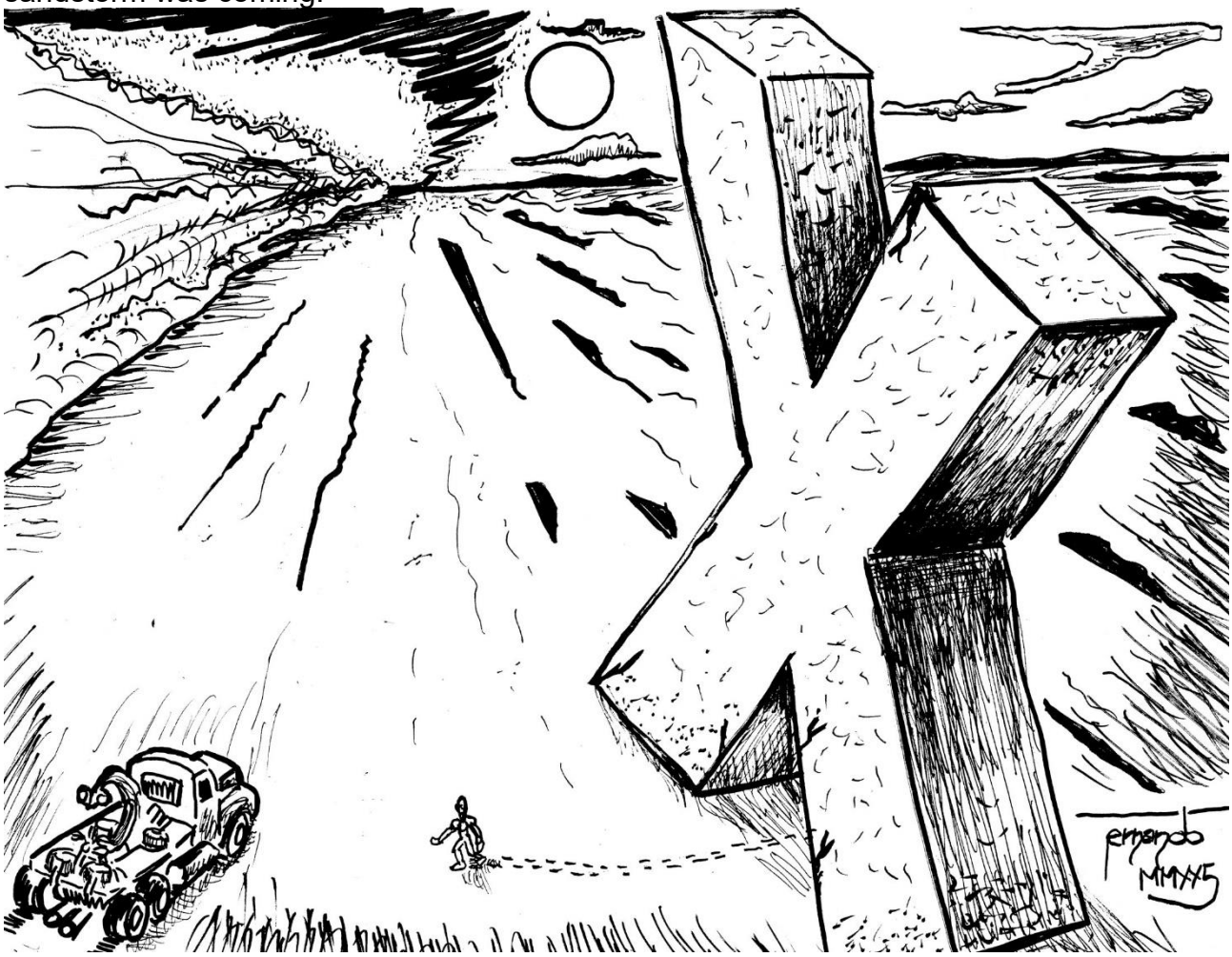
Free from these problems out there, the unforgiving nature would perhaps not be so forgiving.

Durana didn't have to leave the cave to feel the hot breath of the desert where she would face scorching heat.

The vehicle she had used to get there was in the same untouched place.

E.Y.E.'s agent went to this one, and even with the heat inside, she entered.

Fortunately, there was a working air conditioning unit there, so a problem, at least, would soon be minimized. However, the horizon did not portend good times: A gigantic sandstorm was coming.



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JOG THROUGH THE SCORCHING SANDS TO RELIEVE THE HEAT

Durana started the vehicle, then sped it all out through the desert dunes.

From there, whatever direction was chosen, by the robotic navigator/pilot, she would end up facing a wall of sand and hot wind: the STORM.

And that's what happened. Under the siege of this storm, the heat increased and visibility decreased completely.

Even with the air conditioning, working at maximum power, inside the cabin, the situation was uncomfortable.

The E.Y.E. agent knew that if she stayed out of the vehicle for just a few minutes, the protective suit would shatter completely, because its integrity was already compromised since the exciting ride she had taken through the underground rivers of the Red Dragon's Cave.

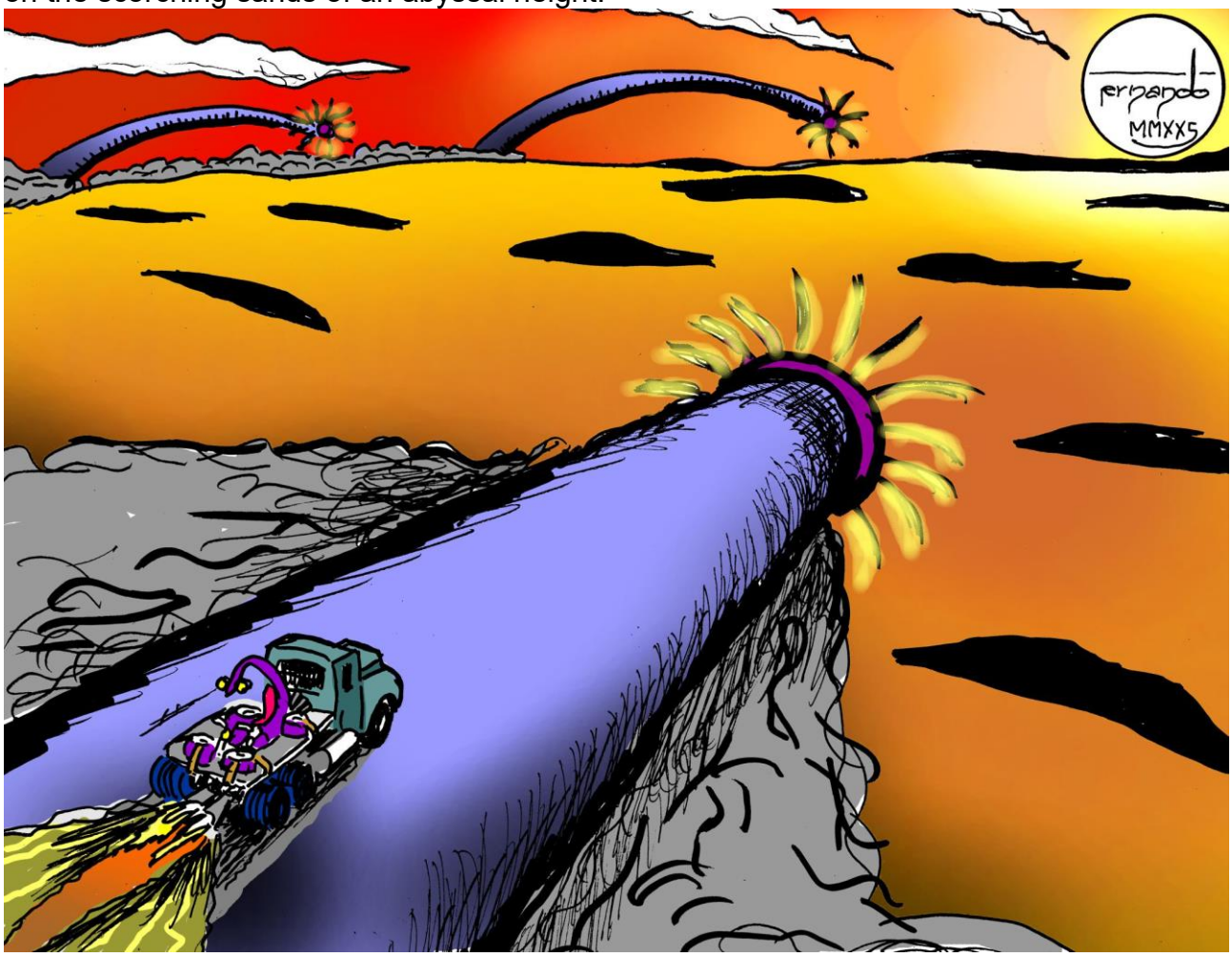
In any case, it would follow the direction indicated by the computer map.

With the sand winds not allowing her to see, a palm ahead of the windshield, the only reference Durana had of the path was through the sonar monitor in which the ground appeared drawn with lines obtained from the readings of the sensors.

In those weather conditions, the vehicle was driving itself through the computerized autopilot orienting itself, through sensors, so Durana would have to be patient, fight against the sleep caused by fatigue, monitoring the end of the slow advance of the vehicle to the place where it could be teleported to the spacecraft, safely.

And she was startled, even when was attentive to everything, suddenly the visibility improved and she realized that, incredibly, who knows how, the vehicle was moving slowly over a gigantic cylindrical surface.

The special tires stuck to that thing preventing it from sliding to the sides, thus falling on the scorching sands of an abyssal height.



Horrified, Durania realized that the autopilot had taken the vehicle to the back of a colossal desert worm that was moving quickly through the dunes of the place resting on an air cushion created by the pores in its lower part.

Any false movement, or wear of the tires, and the vehicle she was in, could slide with ample probability even of being crushed, by a colossus more than 3 kilometers long and one hundred and fifty meters high.

Gradually, Durana calmed down, as the creature moved calmly and without causing jolts that threatened its safety, casually heading exactly in the direction it intended to go.

Thus, with the visual horizon clearer, she then realized that the creature, on whose back she found her vehicle, was not the only giant in the vicinity.

There were more, and Durania was in the midst of a herd of these colossal beings advancing in just the same direction she also intended to go.

"When the wind blows in favor, the sailor does not complain." - Durana reminded of

an old saying she had learned somewhere.

In that situation, without having full control over her own destiny to which she was going, Durana remembered when she had an ex-boyfriend, who also left her petrified when they left in the car with him driving. The little guy drove like crazy, at full speed, which practically left her without action...

The feeling of vertigo and helplessness with the automatic piloting of her vehicle, on the back of a giant worm, was identical to the one she felt when in her ex-boyfriend's car. In any case, in the midst of the unusual situation, not everything was desperate.

In that privileged position, from the heights, where she could better perceive everything that was happening, saw the storms dissipating on the horizon, making the scenery clearer.

A few minutes later, those colossal creatures began to dive gently into the sands, and at this moment the autopilot steered the vehicle to the surface of the sand dunes without a jolt, separating itself from the colossal creature, which joined the others in the herd, following its own paths.

It didn't take long for the vehicle to reach an asphalt track, where it followed longer, until it reached the place where it had previously been teleported.

Barely able to stand up, Durana left the cabin of the vehicle, and climbed into the bed of the vehicle, where the motorcycle used previously was.

She sat on it, and activated the communicator installed on the panel.

A green light came on; The frequency of greeting was established.

With difficulty, and extreme fatigue, she still managed to say:

- S.S.F. GALATRINA ∞! This is Durana! I'm ready to go up.

Completely exhausted and almost unable to stand up, she waited for the teleportation as if, every second of delay, lasted a true eternity...

***

MORE PALACE INTRIGUES...

From the anteroom of the Imperial Security Cabinet, sitting in the armchair, reading a magazine as if wanted nothing, the personal physician of the Klingon sovereign, positioned his head so as to listen to greater details of whatever his patient was talking about.

In the Imperial Cabinet, in addition to the Klingon Sovereign, he was also engaged in the search for the Empress, Marshal Pope, the most loyal and experienced warrior, who already served directly to the Emperor, even before he assumed the throne.

-We have no clue of her, Your Majesty. Security cameras record Durana reaching the trails, leaving the beaches, and going to the rocky mountains. After that, we did not get any evidence to indicate her whereabouts."

"The region is now being watched by drones and satellites, yet we have not been able to locate it."

The Emperor let out a throat clearing, as if it were a manifestation of satisfaction.

It was clear that, for him, the fact that Durana was a skilled warrior, able to efficiently hide her movement, made him very satisfied...

Even so, the Emperor wanted her...

-Marshal Pope Korne! We have been fighting together on the battlefields for a long time. Our destiny was traced by the results of the battles we survived."

"You understand me, you are my most loyal warrior, and you know my fighting philosophy, which is based on training and understanding of the battle scenario and those involved."

"Your formation is differentiated, having even partially educated yourself in the solar system, with humans, so, above all, your understanding of the various combinations and

possibilities is greater than that of the average Klingon."

"You, Marshal Pope Korne, above all, will understand, that Durana has provided me with an extraordinary experience, and superior vision of everything..."

"It wasn't just brutal, authentic Klingon sex."

"Through the moments I had with her, I was able to talk to Kahless and he opened my eyes to the sense that there were other paths to victory, besides violence, perfidy and war..."

-My Emperor! Did Your Majesty speak to Kahless? - asked the Marshal with wide eyes.

From outside the Imperial Office, the Doctor writhed, and disguised, to listen as much as possible...

-Yes, Pope... It may sound crazy, but I found it...

The Emperor paused solemnly, and continued.

-Kahelss the unforgettable, not only for being the most powerful warlord, but also for his many facets, and it was through one of them that I learned, directly from him, that the Klingon Empire may increase its domains, conquering more space, making alliances, instead of war. I changed Pope!!

Marshal Pope was pensive in silence until he said:

-But the Empire is ready and awaiting your declaration of war against the Federation of United Planets, Imperial Majesty. This new way of seeing things of yours changes everything..."

"I know, Pope, and that is why we must consult the High Council.

-It is quite a change in spirits, Your Majesty.

"Our position so far has been one of total opposition to the Klingon High Council."

-Yes, Marshal. I agree, but...

"Seeing things from the throne, I have a different angle of vision... I think that..."

-Pardon me, Your Majesty. - Interrupted an assistant of the Marshal, who, saluting, slipped himself between the two. - Our listening systems tracked a call from Durana.

"The coordinates, from the global positioning system, comes from somewhere in the desert zone... Our drones and satellite cameras are taking an image of the site. Look: it's coming."

A three-dimensional window opened and was projected, from the tablet, well in front of the Marshal and the Emperor.

There, a tall Klingon female was seen, with a body similar to Durana's.

She was riding a flying motorcycle, placed in the bed of an OFF-ROAD truck vehicle. It seemed to say something on the dashboard on the handlebars of the bike...

The image, little by little, stabilized, until, suddenly, the characteristic flash from the action of a teleportation, involved the person in the image on the motorcycle that later disappeared, leaving only the OFF-ROAD vehicle in the place, now without its charge...

In the face of that disappearance, the Emperor lost his phlegm:

-Marshal Pope. Go after her. I need the Empress to govern."

"Moreover, whether SHE likes it or not, DURANA is already the property of the Klingon Empire, until the end of its own life. Bring her here urgently."

Who also lost no time in hearing this order was the Emperor's doctor, who, pretending to have forgotten something, left the anteroom of the Cabinet, and went to his office, where he immediately contacted Admiral Fakces, to whom he made a report:

-The Emperor does not seem very inclined to immediately go to war against the Federation. He says he even intends to confer with the Klingon High Council, to find objectives that are common to those of the Federation."

On the other end of the call, Admiral Fakces showed a livid image:

The gossipy doctor, in turn, continued to give the lyrics:

-The Emperor is now after the sorceress, whom he calls Empress.

"He ordered the Marshal to bring her here, as soon as possible."

-From what you're saying...- Fakces concluded, with a thoughtful air. - This "sorceress" even managed to make the Emperor's head...

-Certainly! - The doctor agreed.

-Then I'm going to mobilize my people, to also participate in the hunt! With her in our hands, the Emperor will dance, without complaint, to the songs that the Old Universal Order plays.

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On the teleportation platform of the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞, Durana materialized still riding the motorcycle.

The Klingon warrior then collapsed.

Before fell or injured herself, she was immediately helped by Captain Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, who realizing the seriousness of the situation and, even though he was small, carried her in his arms (smoking the typical illegal cigarette) to the ship's automated medical bed.



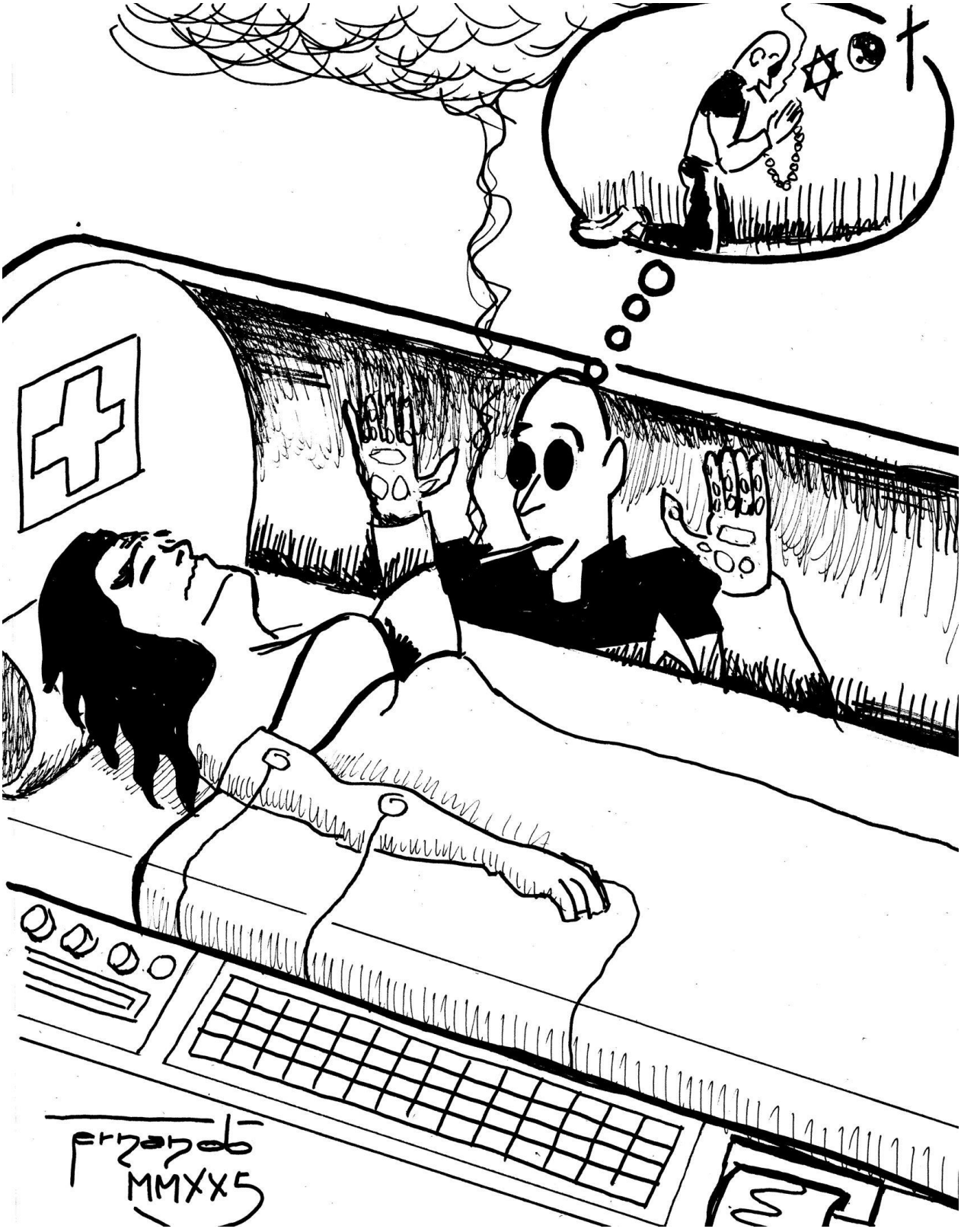
There, he ripped off all her clothes, revealing Durana's wonderful body, which, unfortunately, was almost entirely marked with blows, scratches and burns.

-The poor lady can barely move. - Thought the worried Captain.

He laid her down carefully and, from the sides of the bed, came out through small openings, various accessories and medical instruments, which connected themselves to her.

Fernando Zéca then covered her, from feet to neck, with a thermal sheet.

Durana, opened her eyes, trying to move. Fernando Zéca had to restrain her.



-Rest assured Durana. You now have to rest. You are already on board the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞. Relax, your work is over and now mine begins.

Durana contorted her face into an even uglier grimace, barely able to speak:

-The work is not finished, Captain. I failed. My mission was a failure."

"I had the opportunity! I got the Emperor drunk, put on his body, aphrodisiac herbs that should submit his will to mine, but I was weak, I wavered, and I could not move him in favor of the Federation. I ended up running away to avoid being discovered and I will answer to Sonny for my failure."

Durana writhed in pain and fainted for good.

A transparent lid slid off the side of the bed, isolating the patient from the surrounding environment.

Fernando Zéca thought of ending Durana's mission, in the old Sonny Blue fashion, with a violent attack on the hotel where the Emperor was staying.

Logically, like any typical plan in the style of the Director, it would be an operation full of deads, wounded that would later require pages of reports to be filled out.

Nothing to frighten the Captain, however, the camouflage of his spaceship was compromised.

Thanks to the astronomical halo that passed through the ship, several devices in it had their operation compromised, among them, the camouflage system, which now turned off when the teleportation was activated, or even with the operation of the medical bed, where Durana was being treated. And the problems were not concentrated there.

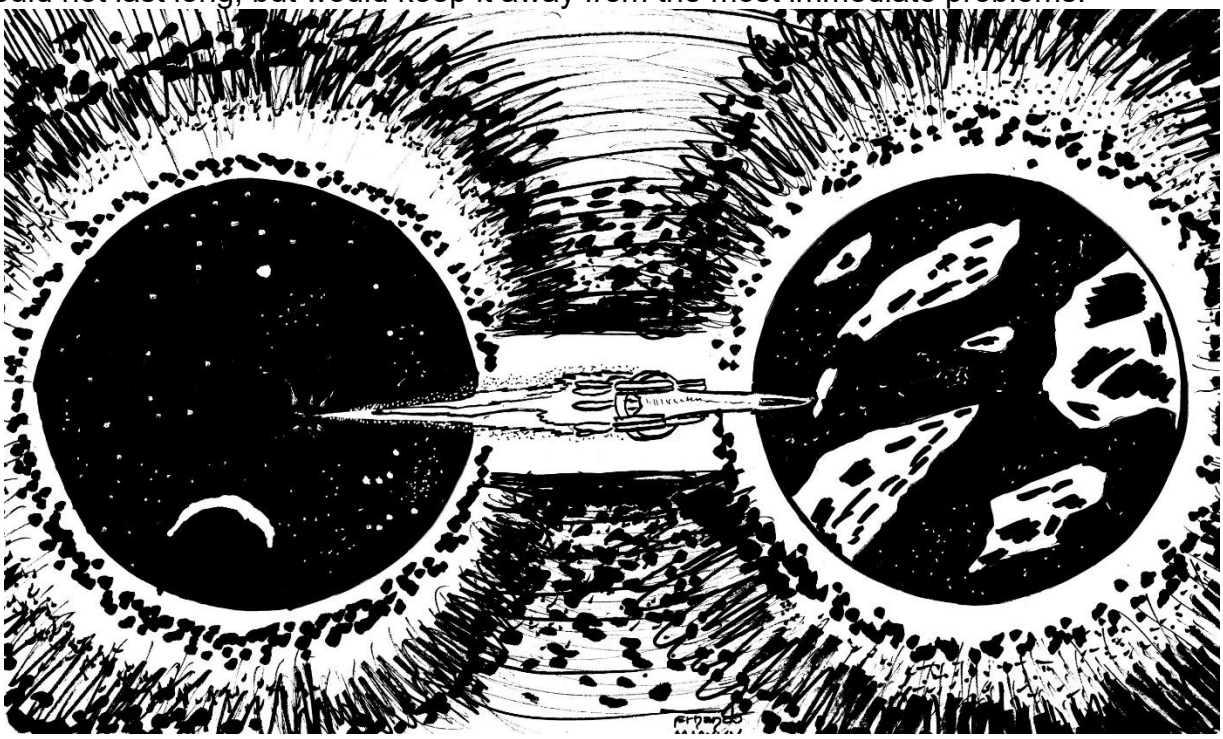
All of the Dilitium crystals on board were rendered useless after the unexpected occurrence, impairing the spacecraft's ability to move quickly.

Without sufficient minimum mobility to safely carry out attacks against a heavily protected area, the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞ could not expose itself to the sight of any observer attentive to the firmament of Kroulos 4. As it was, the spacecraft would soon be located and intercepted.

Captain Fernando Zéca Corinthiano did not need to think much to come to the conclusion that he had to get out of there, even with Durana's mission jeopardized.

He had to survive in order to try another attack in a more favorable future.

Without wasting time, the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞, entered a bubble warp drive, which would not last long, but would keep it away from the most immediate problems.



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RUNNING AWAY FROM THE FESTIVAL

If Captain Zeca had any advantage over whoever was on his trail, it was because the astronomical phenomenon, which had repercussions on the entire planetary system of Kroulos, rendered satellites, drones and other spacecraft useless in that space.

This advantage, however, was temporary, until, because the escape of the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞, unfortunately did not last more than a few seconds.

The warp bubble that took the spacecraft out of the region where it could be most easily spotted, took it to the vicinity of an asteroid belt that enveloped the entire Kroulosian planetary system.

With luck, amid so many flying boulders, and some space junk, the spacecraft could hide for a long time from the eyes of its pursuers.

However, even to move, among so many dangers, the flight autonomy was low.

Without Dilitium crystals suitable for use, a sinister countdown of the hours that would remain until the last consumable energy resource on board was exhausted. In this way, it would not be possible to stay there for a long time because soon, even the operation of the automated medical bed, where Durana was hospitalized, would be compromised.

The Captain's eyes scanned the cabin dials, looking for some energy that he could save, keeping everything running on board.

He noticed a dial whose signaling was somewhat irregular.

Incredibly, it indicated in the middle of the sector controlled by the Klingon Empire, the probable presence of another Starfleet spacecraft.

An unlikely occurrence in that region, but a very weak indication of hope, which could not be ignored.

Instinctively, the Captain directed the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞, which continued to lose speed and momentum, to the source of the signal, until it reached an immense asteroid with dimensions close to those of the terrestrial moon with a rocky surface as pitted as an old bath sponge.

There were cracks, gaps and holes, which could easily hide the spacecraft.

It was such a sinister form that, for Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, it evoked the terrifying image of a haunted fortress floating in the middle of the space full of flying stones.

Although, immersed in this disastrous reflection, the pilot continued to take advantage of the little momentum that the spacecraft still had, to approach the boulder, looking on its surface for a place where he could land.

The best he found was under a huge rocky bridge near an entrance into the rock form from which the signal supposedly coming from some Fleet artifact came out. There the spacecraft stopped.

***

THE HAUNTED FORTRESS IN SPACE

The race against time required quick action from the Captain, who soon dispatched a robotic drone to investigate the access.

If the officer's tension was already great due to the scarcity of energy resources, it became even greater, when he noticed strange changes on the surface of that asteroid.

Because it had a texture similar to that of a rock, it was to be assumed that the space object, in which the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞ was now "parked", did not change shape, and precisely that is why the landing was made there.



However, what was Fernando Zéca's surprise when he realized that, at times, the state of matter in certain parts of the rocky surface changed from solid to liquid, or even to some pasty form in ways that something was always changing there.

Fernando Zéca did not know if these variations would represent a threat.

He looked at Durana and wondered if the fearless Klingon warrior ever went through moments of indecision, not knowing what, or how to do it, to move forward....

What he knew was that he could not stay there for long, given that the mere unauthorized presence of his spacecraft would bring diplomatic complications in the already tortuous relationship between the Federation and the Klingon Empire.

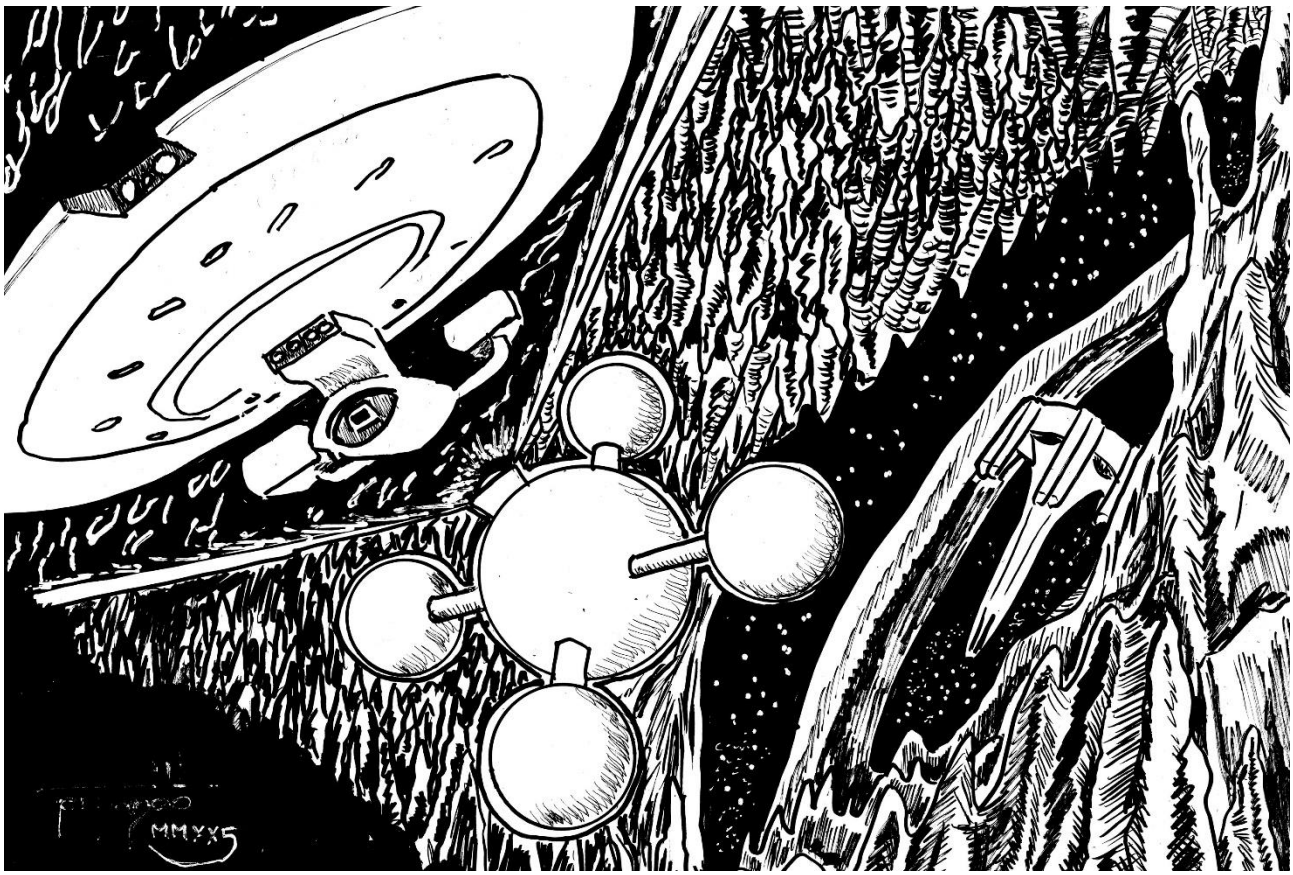
The possibilities of the arrival of vehicles or drones from the armed forces and counterintelligence of the Klingon Empire were not remote, so the Captain followed attentively the incursion of a drone that he himself had launched, towards the source of the signal inside the fissure near which his spacecraft had landed.

In a fast and agile flight, the self-piloted flying vehicle advanced through the entrance of the cave, where mysterious changes occurred in the state of matter of the walls, which further inland, had the lighting produced by veins of phosphorescent bright blue color in the wall.

From then on, the image signal sent back to the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞ lost quality, compromising even the observation.

When the Captain was already beginning to worry about the distance traveled by the robotic artifact, it entered a colossal enclosure delimited by walls of that supposedly rocky element, without fixed material consistency, having accesses that led to outer space, and passages opening or closing a way out from there, even for gigantic spaceships, the size of the Sovereign class.

The local lighting was no better than that of the tunnels traveled by the drone, but even with the bad signal compromising the quality of the image transmitted to the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞, Fernando Zéca visualized in that immense space, without difficulty a Starfleet spacecraft: the source of the strange signal!



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What would a Starfleet spacecraft be doing inside that boulder?

Difficult question to answer.

Captain Fernando Zéca Corinthiano was not interested in the clarification of any plot, especially being there in enemy space, but the very high possibility of the existence of Dilitium inside the spaceship, which could replace the exhausted reserves of the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞.

Thus, he calculated the coordinates and risked the energy reserves in the teleportation of a team of ISAAC robots into the Starfleet spacecraft.

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Cameras and microphones connected to the robots showed Captain Zéca what was happening inside the spacecraft: a totally different situation from what appeared on the outside.

Anyone who looked at it would identify it as one of the classic spacecraft of the Federation, Galaxy model, with various types of accessories on its exterior.

The area where the robots were teleported was totally different from what one would imagine in a spacecraft of that model, which, in this case, did not have as many corridors and accessibility as necessary for human beings.

In any case, the automatons were teleported close to where the spacecraft's Dilitium crystals were.

Without wasting time, they approached a wall with transparent doors.

One of the robots opened it checking the situation.

-Dilitium is in the containment cylinders ready to be used.

"Because it is inside the asteroid, it was not affected by the astronomical halo emitted by the star."

-Bring here as much as you can. - Said Zéca.

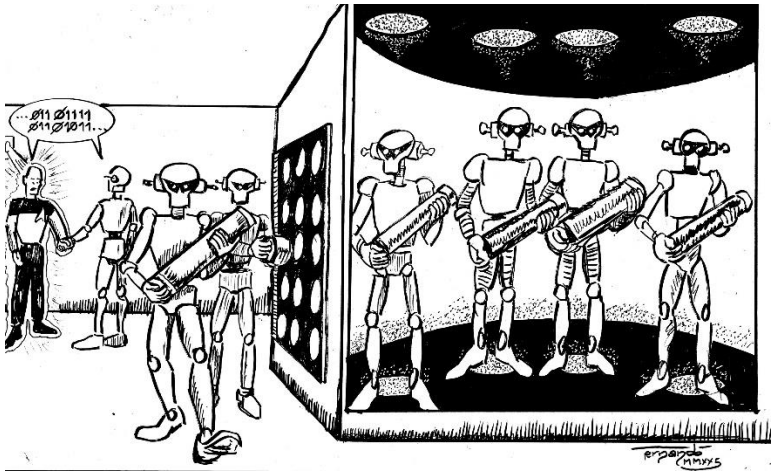
Hearing the order, without wasting time, the robot took the containment cylinders from the panel where there was Dilitium ready for use, and distributed them among its "companions".

As he prepared to teleport back to the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞, the holographic image of a tall, bald white human wearing Federation uniform appeared.

-I'm the Captain of this ship. Justify your presence here.

One of the ISAAC robots approached the holographic image and communicated with it, using a channel exclusive for the machines.

A few seconds after a quick exchange of information, he was allowed to take what he needed...



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The ISAAC robots were then teleported back to S.S.F. GALATRINA∞ where, without wasting time, they were to replace the Dilitium crystals.

But before, Captain Zéca was already waiting for them full of questions.

-What kind of Captain was that? And this ship? What is it about? What did you do there?

The model Isaac robot replied succinctly:

-The spaceship is the U.S.S. MANDARIN, one of the robotized-spy-ships inserted into space by the Klingon Empire, to cause damage.

-Cause damage how? - Fernando asked.

-Initially, in espionage, sabotage, target and spacecraft destruction activities.

-And what happened to her? Why did it end up there?

-M5-F Multitronic unit failure.

-M5-F? What would it be? Any kind of evolution of the M5 Multitronic Unit?

-Exactly.

-This multitronic unit has always had problems, since the first versions. - recalled Fernando, consulting his numb, but operative neurons. - Her programming has turned them out of control into killing machines...

-The same happened with the M5-F Multitronic unit installed in the U.S.S. MANDARIN.

"An incorrect calculation in the programming led to the disablement of its engines."

-Luckily for us, at least the Dilitium was left intact.

Fernando Zéca thought a little more and couldn't avoid a question:

-Who would have been the crazy person who authorized the use of a multitronic unit in Fleet spaceships that gained notoriety for causing problems?

-A. U.S.S. MANDARIN is one of one hundred spy ships operating in Klingon Imperial space, under the command of Admiral Fakces...

-But what a strange story... - Zéca continued thinking. - This type of action would not be the responsibility of Starfleet, but of the Federation Secret Service…

And the doubts only accumulated, because the Captain himself had not yet heard of any Admiral Fakces, which, to tell the truth, was not something totally strange, after all, Admirals the Fleet already had lots of who, in retirement or not, could be in greater number than the members in a science fiction fan club.

And normally, all those responsible for spy spacecraft, robotic or not, in the service of the Federation of United Planets were known to the Federation Secret Service. Did Sonny Blue know this Fakces??

Very strange the positioning of that U.S.S. MANDARIN there, but, anyway, to solve the urgency of the moment, the important thing was for its Dilitium to be used to save the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞ which, as soon as it finished replacing its crystals, was authorized by the robot that did the maintenance, to activate the thrusters.

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Fernando Zéca wanted to get out of there as soon as possible, but he also understood that another action was necessary:

The destruction of the U.S.S. MANDARIN and its M5-F device whose programming was still in danger of falling into the wrong hands.

Once again, then, he used teleportation to send into that spacecraft a very powerful bomb that would finish it off.

After the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞, moved away from the safe distance of the asteroid that Fernando Zéca nicknamed as boulder or, Haunted Fortress, the bomb exploded

annihilating the U.S.S. MANDARIN.

The destruction of the spaceship turned the strange asteroid temporarily used as a shelter by Captain Fernando Zéca Corinthiano and his spaceship into a gigantic grenade.

And the violent fragmentation of its rocks made of that mysterious material capable of assuming different consistencies, also impacted other rocks in space that, in a chain reaction, spread throughout the Krousosian planetary system.

A rain of stones even reached Kroulos, disturbing its festivals, and even other inhabited planets of that system, with some violence.

But this detail did not hurt the conscience of Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, who, at the moment, was more concerned with arriving soon for the space of the Federation, in order to treat Durana, with the best possible medical care.

Shortly before entering hyperspace speed, the Federation Secret Service spacecraft crossed paths with a Klingon "bird of prey" coming in the opposite direction to its own, carrying Marshal Pope Korne.

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The Emperor was full of forebodings.

The feeling he had was that something was not going right.

The uncertainties as to Durana's whereabouts disturbed him, preventing his concentration.

The monitor on the Cabinet table lit up showing the image of Marshal Pope Korne. It couldn't be a good thing.

It was not in the Marshal's style to keep disturbing the Klingon Emperor, to tell advantages, or to proclaim his own great deeds.

Such merits, when they existed, he passed on whenever possible through his servants who attended him with pride and unwavering fidelity.

-What's going on, Pope?

-Durana's whereabouts are still uncertain, Imperial Majesty.

"The images of someone with physical characteristics similar to hers were taken when this person was in the desert, but soon after, she was teleported from there."

"The suspicions are that it was taken to a spacecraft, observed by some of our satellites, in orbit, and which uncloaked itself shortly before teleportation, and left shortly thereafter."

"Later, we received signals indicating strange occurrences in the asteroid belt, which surrounds the entire Kroulos planetary system."

"Two entire squadrons, of birds of prey spacecraft, were sent to verify this occurrence, and I myself, with some delay, also went to that sector."

"When I was getting there, I came across a spacecraft that appeared to be the same one that was previously in orbit around Kroulos 4. When I tried to identify it, it disappeared without a trace."

The Emperor could not show weakness or indecision, even to a long-time friend, comrade and brother in battle as in the case of Marshal Pope.

-Don't miss the track, Marshal. I want my Empress back.

-Very well, Your Majesty Impérial. I'm on my way.

The monitor went out, but the Emperor's head was swollen with so much unflattering information.

He felt like that fan who watches his team losing to the biggest rival at home.

The possibility of Durana being completely out of his reach was more concrete at every moment

-Durana. - Murmured the Emperor.

Then, unable to control his mental storm, the Emperor screamed at the top of his

lungs.

-DURANAAAAA...

Without his Empress, he would be unable to go on living.

The mere possibility of never seeing her again was leaving him in a terrible condition. Very badly, indeed. Suddenly, an intense pain exploded in his chest.

He has never felt anything like this in his entire life. Not even when he suffered deadly wounds, in the wars and battles he participated in directly.

The painfull agony spread throughout the body, then burned the sovereign's pacemaker, which went out and fell inert on the ground.

The Klingon Emperor succumbed to the vicissitudes of love.

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CHRISTMAS STORY TO PUT KLINGON SLEEPING

Captain Fernando Zéca Corinthiano wanted to leave the Klingon imperial space, but he accelerated the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞ little by little.

The sooner it reached the Federation's sector, the better.

But it did not follow the full power so as not to damage the substitute crystals.

During this touch, the Captain ended up receiving a distress call through one of the frequencies used exclusively by ships of the Federation of United Planets.

Before answering the call, the Captain activated the encryption commands that would protect the content of his communications from possible unauthorized eavesdropping, snoops, or simple onlookers.

-Captain Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, of the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞, responding to a distress call. What can I help with?

On one of the cockpit monitors, the crew member of the ship in distress who was asking for help appeared.

-I am Captain Chester, and I represent the Federation's commercial interests in this sector. I need urgent help. I'm about to be attacked by Klingon spacecrafts."

All Fernando Zéca wanted was to get home soon, but a request for help like that could not be omitted.

-Resist as long as you can, Captain Chester. - Said the Secret Service officer. - I already have your coordinates and I'm on my way to help.

-I can only escape, Captain Zéca. Here we are completely disarmed!

***

Being the only Federation ship in any quadrant of the galaxy can eventually be a problem if the duties to be fulfilled in the locality involve risks or unwanted repercussions. In this condition, Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, had just been invited to a fight, involving Klingons.

The Captain of the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞ lowered his speed even further by making a wide turn to the right. Then he accelerated smoothly towards the distress call.

It didn't take long, and he soon found the Klingon spacecrafts involved in the attack on Captain Chester. There were ten of them, and they were already perpetrating the robbery.

However, the target was not just a spaceship, as Captain Zéca had hoped: in fact, it was a caravan with more than two hundred.

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Even though they were not modern or heavily armed, the Klingon ships advanced against their objectives, which flew in hallucinated flight, out into space.

The aggressors were not prepared for the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞ whose weaponry was modern, with more versatile and durable accessories and equipment. And even less so for a crazy captain with a soft finger for weapons of any size.

Without fear for his own life, or remembering Durana in the emergency medical bed in the infirmary, or even the situation of the Dilitium's crystals, Fernando Zéca piloted with brutal bellicosity to the area where the clashes began, launching himself fearlessly right in the middle of where the largest number of enemy spaceships were concentrated.

His first attack against those Klingons was in his peculiar traditional way.

He fired at speed at as many targets as possible that appeared in his path and moved away from the combat area.

Later on, he made a U-turn and returned firing again at the Klingon ships.

If in the first attack he had rendered two enemy targets useless, in this second pass,

he took three more out of combat.

Half of the attackers were decimated, and seeing that the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞ was already moving away to reinvest again with new volleys of deadly shots, the remaining Klingon ships disbanded!

Once the problem was removed, Fernando Zéca paired his course with that of the caravan of spaceships, which he had just defended. Only then did he stop to see if his juggling brought any malfunction inside the spacecraft itself.

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The caravan moved forward while the Captain of the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞ established contact with the leaders of the spacecraft group.

From his cockpit, Fernando Zéca formed a conference, where he could see the faces of the commanders in the caravan, side by side, on his image monitor.

-Thank you for saving us, Captain Zéca. - Thanked Captain Chester.

-It is my satisfaction to help people from the Federation against Klingon threats, but allow me, in the meantime, to ask: what does a caravan like this do in imperial space?

-Complicated story, Captain Zéca... In short, we are miners hired, through corporations linked to the Federation, to work in the Klingon domains, under protection and contractual guarantees signed with agents of the Empire itself."

"It turns out that the Klingons decided to change what was discussed, and still wanted to increase their share of profits. We did not accept the impositions, we take out our equipment, everything we extract, and we are returning to the space of the Federation."

"The Klingons also did not agree with our departure and tried to force us to return to the slave labor they imposed on us. Basically, this is our story."

-Now I understand why your fleet is composed mostly of cargo ships and for civilian use, but it does not explain the complete absence of armament, which my sensors indicate. Proceeds?

-Yes, Captain Zéca. Proceeds. Our ships are unarmed because, before fleeing, we were ruled by disarmament authorities who believed in the legend of the supposed Christian spirit of the Klingons..."

-Klingons with a Christian spirit, for me it is new. - Said Zéca.

-Yes, captain. We were forced to believe this legend until the moment we began to receive very serious threats.

"From then on, we've gathered everything, including seeds and life forms to develop on other worlds, and we're going back to the Federation space."

-If you want to get there unarmed, it will be complicated. - Pondered Captain Fernando Zéca. - Here, in the Imperial Klingon space, a journey covering such a great distance, under these conditions, is reckless.

-We know well, Captain, however, we had very little time to prepare properly. We saved our latinum, some items we produced there, our families, and left as fast as our ships could follow."

Captain Zéca reflected for a few moments and said:

-It seems to me that the situation here is similar to that of those caravans, full of riches, in the times of the old west, which ran non-stop, so they were not attacked by Indians.

-Exactly Captain Zéca. But the Indians here uses disruptors, and this caravan transports a fortune in Latinum and other treasures, which, once in the space of the Federation, would even make it even more powerful."

"So we need someone who can help protect this caravan, Captain. Arriving at her destination, safely, would be good for everyone."

-I agree, Captain Chester. That's why I'm going to help you. We will, however, have to implement urgent changes to strengthen our defenses."

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Just like the vehicle that is forced to change a tire in motion, it followed the "caravan", implementing the changes defined during the conference between Fernando Zéca and the commanders of the spaceships, while advancing at the highest possible speed, towards the space of the Federation, still very distant...

With the help of the robots aboard the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞, some phaser cannons were assembled, with pieces gathered from all the spacecraft.

However, the main strategy, suggested by Captain Fernando Zéca, was to modify the defense, reinforcing the defensive power of the protective shields.

Even the arrangement of the ships in the group has been modified.

However, even before all the measures defined by the conference were carried out, the long-range sensors of the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞, detected the presence of the Klingon spacecraft, which escaped their previous attacks, being accompanied by five others, better armed and prepared to fight.

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There was not much to do or wait.

Even as the enemy fleet approached, the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞, advanced towards it at high speed, attacking in a different way: first, with well-aimed shots, from its phaser guns destroying two smaller ships, which were coming ahead.

Then, it quickly approached the remaining group and teleported, into each opposing spacecraft, bombs of high destructive power, which exploded soon after their materialization.

The guerrilla combat tactic rewarded the S.S.F. GALATRINA ∞ and its Captain with victory, but how long could it defend the survival of the caravan, in the face of the long journey to be overcome?

Fernando Zéca would have to prepare his hat with new cunning tricks before the next Klingon attack that would surely come.

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At that moment, Captain Fernando Zéca, by force of circumstances, was being forced to take defensive measures to lead the "caravan of ships" to safety, the first of which was the choice of a safe route away from Klingon eyes.

Luckily, the caravan of ships was close to a nebula, where it could remain covered up to the space of the Federation.

It did not take much oratory to convince the commanders to choose this route, even though it was the longest route and it was known that the measure could still be insufficient to carry out a successful escape.

Therefore, in parallel, Captain Zeca adopted another preventive measure following a suggestion given by the ISAAC model robot that previously interacted with the Holographic Captain of the U.S.S. MANDARIN.

In the few seconds that the two forms of artificial intelligence kept in touch, they exchanged a gigantic amount of data and information, among them, the codes used by an illegal squadron of robot spaceships controlled by the M5-F multitronic unit, (used and secretly commanded by Admiral Fakces, who disguised himself as a high official of the Federation, being in fact an important operative of the fearsome Old Universal Order).

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-What will we do now?

-Let's wait! The enemy will pass through here.

Marshal Pope Korne was convinced in his answer.

He was the right-hand man of the Klingon Emperor since before he ascended to the Imperial Crown, and another veteran of many wars.

And, without any question, Pope Korne was the most successful Commander in the entire history of the Empire.

Not so much for his aggressiveness, very common to super-heavys, but also for his intelligence, which built winning tactics and strategies.

In the very rare cases in which he could not achieve victory, at least he minimized damage, strategic losses, and casualties.

In the Marshal's cabin, there was also his son, Genghis Korne, Captain of the spaceship in which they were both at the time: a heavy super cruiser, of the Kahless class baptized with an inexpressible dialect in the Latin alphabet, which badly translated would sound something like "PEDAGOGY OF THE OPPRESSOR".

-Do you really think they will pass by here?

-I'm sure, son. Now, don't ask me anything else because I'm thinking.

-Have you anticipated any alternative, in case they don't appear?

-I already anticipated, yes.

-What do you intend to do?

-I'll send you back to your mother, and take command of your ship.

-Dad, I need to know. I'm still the Captain here. This ship is huge and I have to anticipate my work planning.

-Go look for what to do on the bridge, and let me war alone with my thoughts.

-There's nothing to do there, because, if there is, I'll skin someone alive for not working properly. I want to know what we will do now, Dad.

-We'll wait, and you'll shut your mouth for half an hour, at least.

-Yes, but what if there are problems and I am called?

-Be silent for half an hour.

Genghis was seated in the guest chair at his father's table.

Even as an adult, in the midst of his father's things, his hand still couldn't sit still, and he moved everything.

He picked up an object on the table that looked like a little church.

-Father: What is that?

-You know Genghis. I've told you more than a thousand times...

-I don't remember...

-I won in my childhood, when I was raised on Earth.

-What is this cross here?

-The cross, of Jesus Christ, Genghis.

-Jesus Christ??

-Yes. A very powerful thinking warrior, who had very different weapons from those normally used by other fighters.

-And what kind of weapons did HE use?

-Jesus Christ used the truth in the fight against ignorance.

"He also defended the value of life... Every form of life."

-Even the lives of bad guys?

-Even the lives of bad guys and idiots, my son.

"Even these, Jesus Christ gave due value."

-It seems strange. - Said Genghis...

-Jesus Christ believed in forgiveness and gave new opportunities to those who made mistakes.

"His ideas have been followed by entire armies throughout history."

"Even today, his entire legacy is present, including in the Klingon culture, which sees in his teachings a different way of winning wars."

"Some clever people, even today, all over the universe, use the words of Jesus Christ to deceive the unwary, but this is another story."

-I don't know if I understand this right, Dad.

-You should be on the bridge checking your chores, instead of going through my things. It looks like your mother.

-I've already explained what happens to those who work for me and don't do the job properly, dad... Now your well-being, here on this ship, who will guarantee it is me.

"And if I don't do it right, I'll actually have to report to Mom, and that's the last thing I want to do... Unlike other Klingons, I don't want my father dead, because he is worth more, to the family, and even to the empire, ALIVE."

-Very well. Now you know I'm fine and you can leave.

"I want the squadron crews prepared for when the enemy arrives..."

-Father... I don't even know if they will risk their luck passing by here, when they see us.

Genghis now fiddled with his father's tablet that was on the table.

-Dad you need to change the password.

-Now! Don't fill my patience and go back to the bridge!

-But what are these files? - Asked the captain, surprised by the content that his father was looking at before him.

-They are just old files from when I lived on Earth...

-But why were you messing with that?

-On Earth, today is a special date, and I was remembering the past, seeing these old things.

The son did not stop rummaging through his father's things.

-QUCH RAM – What's that? - As soon as he finished asking and pressed this name that appeared on the tablet monitor.

"It's STILL..." The Marshal tried to explain, who was interrupted.

Suddenly, a female voice, very soft and deeply touching, invaded the room. She sang an emotional and engaging song.

The sound was gaining intensity, and new instruments came in accompanying a sonically stunning vocal.

The musical harmony was beautiful to the point that any heart, no matter how hard, could feel touched by such a magnificent work of art.

At one point, when the song ended, furtive tears tried to escape from the eyes of the Marshal and the Captain, who disguised to each other, with coughs, sneezes and sniffles the emotional embarrassment they were going through.

-I didn't cry. - said Genghis.

-Me neither. I'm too old for these things.

-Father. The music is all well and good, but why do you have these things on the computer that make Klingons cry? Is it some kind of weapon, or torture?

-Now! Didn't you just say you didn't cry?

-I didn't cry! The one who cried was you.

-I already told you, I didn't cry. I'm too old for that.

-But what's this doing on your tablet?

-I already told you, today is a special date on Earth and I was just remembering.

"And you had nothing to mess with my tablet. Look what you did, big-headed"

-What did I do?

-When you put the music to play, you also pressed the button that interrupted our silence, transmitting like a radio broadcaster, this beautiful work, to all your listeners, in the vicinity who are attentive to signals and frequencies of communication.

"Genghis, you should be in the advertising business, to hand over our position like this, and not here serving in the Klingon imperial military."

The captain's eyes widened.

Even after he was old, under the eyes of his own father, he did one more:

He unnecessarily drew attention to where they were.

A mistake that, in war games, can be decisive for success, failure, or a resounding and deadly defeat.

***

Already inside the nebula, the caravan advanced at the speed it could, now reinforced with the escort of the newly arrived Starfleet spy ships commanded by M5-F computerized systems, present in Klingon space whose help was requested for the situation, through a message made with the code learned, by the ISAAC robots, with the Captain of the now destroyed U.S.S. MANDARIN.

Not only did the M5-F spacecraft respond to the call to help that convoy in Klingon space, but they were also reprogrammed to now obey the commands coming from the computers and the Captain of the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞.

In this way, the hodgepodge of models of federated spacecraft that made up that caravan was now advancing, more fortified and still camouflaged by the nebula's gases.

As the hours went by, Captain Fernando Zéca followed, through the graphic drawn on the monitor of two-dimensional color images, what was missing to arrive in the space of the Federation.

When the limit of the area covered by the nebula was about to be crossed, by all the ships of the caravan, a song arrived through the frequencies of greetings.

It was beautiful.

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano's German was below the shallow, but he knew the name of the work:

”STILLE NACHT”.

He verified through the sensors and other detectors, the origin from which that music was emanating and found that, just beyond the limit of the nebula, practically in the space of the Federation, there were twelve gigantic ships, parked in formation.

Because of the gases, the various sensors of the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞ could not define exactly what was ahead, if they were friends, or... Enemies!.

But, Fernando Zéca imagined that they were Starfleet ships, because the music that came from these spaceships was better known as SILENT NIGHT, often sung in Christmas celebrations in ways that he already thought he could celebrate.

He was practically in the space of the Federation, and still believed that would be escorted to the solar system by many other Starfleet ships.

As soon as the caravan crossed the last cloud of gases from the nebula, Fernando Zéca through the communication frequencies, greeted:

-HÔU, HÔU, HÔU, MERRY CHRISTMAS to all.

The surprise that followed was memorable.

***



Captain Genghis and his father, Marshal Pope Korne, through the elevator, headed for the bridge of the spaceship they were on.

Inside, on the walls, there were several monitors, with graphics, and images of the space around the Klingon squadron.

As soon as they arrived there, from another elevator, an aide to the Marshal came out, with an anxious air. He approached handing a folded paper.

-Mr. Marshal! This message has now arrived by imperial frequency.

"For your eyes only, sir."

With a swift movement, the Marshal took the paper, unfolded it, and read the contents of his message; then he widened his eyes, inhaling slowly and deeply.

With trembling lips, he turned to the aide-de-camp who had brought the message, saying:

-The content of this message must be kept classified.

He also made a very angry expression, and continued:

-Stand firm, soldier.

The aide-de-camp came off the bridge, and the Marshal signaled to the Captain.

He approached his father.

Without saying a word, the father handed the note to his son, who read the message, whose content read the following:

"YOUR EXCELLENCY MARSHAL OF THE IMPERIAL ARMED FORCES:
"It is with regret that we announce the passing of Emperor K'uh."
"The Klingon High Council summons your presence in Kronos, as the Empire's Security Officer, to solve problems of the highest importance and urgency."

As Captain Genghis was about to open his mouth to speak, the Marshal said before:

-Don't mention anything about it, for now.

The son looked at his father and only nodded.

The shock of the two in the face of the news was noticeable. They were going to discuss the next step to be taken, when the bridge's communications post informed:

-Federation ships coming out of the nebula! There are almost three hundred and they

are advancing towards us. They are opening greeting frequencies and sending messages!"

-On the main screen. - Said Captain Genghis.

On the main screen of the bridge, the image of a bald, short and pot-bellied officer appeared at the service of the Federation.

He screamed all excitedly, while smoking some very strange cigars.

--HÔU, HÔU, HÔU, MERRY CHRISTMAS to all.

***

On the Klingon side of Imperial space, Captain Genghis saw the Federation ships, leaving the nebula, and soon wanted to take the necessary measures, just ordering an attack that would end that movement.

Many of the ships were well armed, so if a war broke out there, the Klingons could justify their reasons for being involved in it, based on an eventual invasion of the Klingon imperial space, by vehicles prepared for combat, without the proper authorizations bureaucratically required for the case.

The precaution would even allow him a preemptive strike, to ensure his own safety, even though his spaceship, and the others of the squadron that the Marshal commanded there, were ten times larger than that entire caravan.

On his side, the Marshal, with a quick movement of his eyes, checked the monitor that accurately indicated the actual size of the Federation forces.

He confirmed that there were almost three hundred spacecraft, a third of which were robotized, very well armed, and worse: controlled by the fearsome M5-F multitronic units (already known to the Klingon military high intelligence service), which would undoubtedly constitute a threatening danger, even for the powerful ships of the KAHLESS class. The Marshal's mind intensely calculated the mathematics of war.

The results, however, were not at all optimistic.

The image that stood out the most in his accounts was clear.

In it, a gigantic band of hyenas attacked stronger lions, which were massacred, or, put to flight, by smaller enemies but in greater numbers.

The Marshal didn't need anyone to tell him, who the hyenas and lions would be, in an eventual combat there on the edge of the Klingon empire, against the fugitives now escorted by the Federation's deadly machines. It was not pessimism!

The Marshal knew the fame of those ships commanded by the cursed M5-F multitronic units.

Even though his squadron was composed of Kahless-class giants, the sight of their defeat against those Federation forces would be a plausible outcome for the impending battle, as the Klingon Military Intelligence reports about the robotic spacecraft under the control of this M5-F weapon were fearsome and frightening.

Marshal Korne was also aware that, precisely because of that formidable force, the last Emperors were forced to ally themselves with Admiral Fakces, in businesses that were eventually not in the least interesting for the Klingons.

But... What if... In one fell swoop, it was possible to get all the Federation spaceships, equipped with that damned diabolical system, out of the limits of the Empire?

No loss of life and no constraints. It wouldn't be such a bad deal...

The Marshal's mind was teeming with calculations and reflections of all kinds...

The results of an eventual clash only against the ships equipped with M5-F, could be catastrophic for his side, in addition to delaying and harming for who knows how long, the response to the summons of the Klingon High Council, which needed the Marshal and all his power, to solve more immediate imperial problems.

A resounding defeat before the Federation, for him, who had part of his education on Earth, would still not be as dishonorable as attacking anyone who sent him a Christmas

greeting, because this type of stain could still bring him a lot of BAD LUCK.

Captain Genghis was about to give the order to attack, when his father, the Marshal, after quick and intense reflections, interrupted him by holding his arm while pulling him towards him.

The son looked with an expression of doubt, at his father who said loud and clear, in a thunderous voice, through the frequencies of Klingon greetings, still open:

-MERRY CHRISTMAS to all! May the spirit of Christ enlighten our hearts!

***

The response he received to his greeting surprised Captain Fernando Zéca.

Even more so, after he realized that the music he had heard actually came from a squadron, from gigantic ships of the Klingon Empire.

As neither side momentarily gave the order or initiated an attack against the other, not even the Federation ships, commanded by the M5-F system, outlined any aggressive reaction, considering that their programming was now focused on protecting the caravan, so there was no interpretation of an enemy attack.

Captain Fernando Zéca, experienced, and veteran warrior in fights against Klingons, who now, even well reinforced for an eventual combat, also did not want a fight, took advantage of the Christmas greetings to keep calm and the atmosphere, then replied quickly with all possible cordiality:

-May the spirit of Christ enlighten our hearts. In this sense, I would like to convey my congratulations and, on behalf of the Federation, present the Commander of the Fleet with a souvenir for the occasion."

On one of the screens, from the cockpit of the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞ appeared the image of two very similar Klingons, one older and the other younger.

The eldest said:

-I am Marshal Pope Korne. Your gesture of goodwill is welcome, and your courtesy can be delivered to us personally on our ship, Captain...

-Captain Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, on behalf of the Federation of United Planets, under your orders Marshal. It will be an honor for me to visit you, Your Excellency. – The federated agent hurried to present himself, who, at that moment, had no option but to continue with diplomacy and place himself in a gesture of confidence, inside the lion's mouth!

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Soon, it was not long before Captain Fernando Zéca Corinthiano was teleported directly to the Marshal's Office, aboard the colossal Klingon warship. The two met in person, and greeted each other with a cordial handshake.

-Merry Christmas Marshal! To you and to all the people on your fleet.

-Merry Christmas, Captain. Same to you.

-I would like to present you, on this occasion, with a box of my best special cigars.

Saying this, Fernando held out, with both hands, towards Marshal Pope Korne, a box full of his favorite cigars.

-I appreciate that! - Thanked the Marshal by taking one for himself, offering another to his son and the third to Fernando Zéca, who, as soon as he received his, already took out a lighter from his pocket, which he used to light the smoke for everyone.

-It is extraordinary to know that Christianity was also widespread in the Klingon Empire, especially with such an illustrious figure as you Mr. Marshal Sir. - Said Fernando Zéca.

-I was raised among humans, Captain. My family on Earth taught me about the life of Jesus Christ. I myself have studied the New Testament A LOT."


ILEGAL
CIGARS
0000
fernando
MMXX5

Saying that, the Marshal took a yellow card from one of his pockets and handed it to Fernando Zéca.

-On this card, there is a file with a translation into Klingon, which I made of the New Testament, while studying Christianity.

-Extraordinary. - Said Captain Zéca.

-Were it not for my religious background, perhaps, at this moment, Captain, the ships under our commands, would be fighting each other to the death.

-Which would not benefit any of us, Marshal.

-You are right, Captain Zéca, especially for the Empire, which has at this moment, some important problems to overcome, but that, as well as the Christmas spirit, which we are now fraternizing, does not prevent me from asking:

"What did you do in the Klingon imperial space?"

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano chose his words well, so as not to have to tell any lies right in the middle of such a significant Christmas celebration.

-ONLY escorting, a group of ships, of workers, who terminated their contract for the provision of services to companies to which they were linked...

The Marshal looked at the Captain's face, pretending to believe in the unbelievable hoax, avoiding complaints, but no, an important question:

-The records and license plates of the transport and cargo ships you are escorting indicate that they are owned by the Red Star Corporation, run by a well-known Federation Admiral, FAKCES.

And when he said this name, the Marshal's expression and intonation of voice were not at all happy, perhaps even in a way, very angry. But he continued...

-As far as I know, this Mr. Fakces also has under his command self-commanded ships, like those of his escort.

Captain Fernando Zéca could not hide his surprise: the Marshal was in fact well informed.

In fact, he himself had already talked to other commanders of the caravan, including Chester, and the name of the corporation they worked for was indeed Red Star.

Fernando Zéca just didn't know that the administrator of this corporation was also Admiral FAKCES, also commanding the ships controlled by the M5-F system.

-Our intelligence service knows a few things, Captain.

-I don't doubt it, Marshal. In any case, our interest here is only to lead the workers back to their homes, without any further incursion into the imperial space.

-That would be great, Captain. It so happens that I was also informed that you destroyed some ships that tried to approach your group...

-I will not lie to you, on a date as special as this, Marshal.

"In fact, Klingon ships that attacked and chased us without identifying themselves were destroyed... We both know that, according to space traffic treaties, ships that do not identify themselves and practice unjustified aggression are subject to the Laws of Legitimate Defense."

-Captain Fernando Zéca. This spacecraft, the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞, seems to have been sighted on several occasions near the Kroulos System.

Fernando Zéca swallowed:

-Kroulos, Marshal? I don't remember ever going to any place with that name. Only if my maps indicate this locality with another name.

-Captain Zéca! - Smiled the Marshal in front of the invincible wooden face. - Today is your lucky day. Because of the spirit of Christmas fraternization, I will take into account your entire story, which does not mean that it is enlightened and convincing to me."

"I have to devote my attention to an extraordinary setback that appeared to be resolved, and I will not move forward with an escalation of violence, because you are prepared and I do not want to harm NOW the fragile diplomatic relationship with your

Federation that we are both signing HERE.“

“I will be flexible TODAY, and I will spare us from a fight that would be of no benefit to anyone, so I will accept your cigars of peace."

"But I want you to move these dangerous robotic spacecraft away from imperial space. Therefore, I will also need that you guarantee me something."

-Well, yes sir Marshal.

-Who placed not only this corporation, as well as the warships, self-commanded within the Klingon imperial space, was Admiral Fakces.

"He has long worked behind the scenes, with an organization, well known in the peripheries of the underworld as the Old Universal Order, betraying the Federation while damaging the Klingon empire. Check all his stuff that is being taken to the space of the Federation and see how much he is evading only in taxes, something that, for better or worse, is still a crime even in the space of the Federation. The evidence is plentiful, and it will not be difficult for you to prove these accusations that I bring to your attention."

"For the sake of diplomatic relations, between the Empire and the Federation, Fakces should no longer show up here, otherwise he will be executed, whether or not he occupies the rank of Admiral."

"Our meeting ends here, Captain. My duties call me urgently. And yours too. Don't forget me, if one day I need any favor from you."

-Yes, sir. Well, no sir. I will never forget your kindness Sir.” - Parroted the Captain. "It was an honor to meet you, Marshal. Merry Christmas. Surely we will work together in the future, Sir.

-I say the same Captain. And remember: If on this date combat was avoided, it is because higher powers reserve a glorious destiny for our futures.

-So be it, Marshal, Sir.

Soon after, the Captain was teleported back to his spacecraft, the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞, from where, without wasting time, he commanded the caravan, to the Solar System.

In his office, the Marshal continued to smoke his cigar, feeling that somehow all the studies he had done on Christianity had led him to that decision to avoid combat against the ships of the Federation. And not only that...

Somehow, he was also absolutely sure that this Christmas courtesy would later have POSITIVE repercussions for both the Klingon Empire as well as the Federation...

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According to the Earth calendar, ten days later, we found our Captain, at the EARTH SPACE STATION with the S.S.F. GALATRINA∞, moored in the dock area receiving repairs, while Durana was undergoing medical treatment, and the entire caravan escorted from Klingon space to the solar system, safely.

At the station, Zéca went to the hall where recent graduates of the academy were graduated and sent to the posts where they would serve for Starfleet or the United Federation of Planets.

As soon as he entered, he sat down in the first chair he saw away from attention.

He was worried because he had been called by Sonny Blue for a date. Certainly, some new headache coming. It was just what came from the Director who had just arrived: he sat next to Fernando Zéca, showing off his typical good humor.

The two shook hands.

-What's up, boss? - Asked the Captain. - Everything in order? News for me?"

-Of course Zéca. Everything in order.

Sonny Blue looked around, and lit a cigar, one of those very smelly ones...

-Hey boss: can you smoke here?

-Gee, Zéca! I am the head of the Agency... Boss of the E.Y.E.! I smoke where I want.

-Can I smoke one too?

-Surely. You did a great job. Congratulations. And want to know more? I was with Durana yesterday. She is fine, and recovering very quickly.

-Serious? I'm happy. I couldn't get to know her in depth, but she seems to me to be a good person. She told me that she was unable to complete the mission in Kroulos 4... A pity...."

-Yes, you did, Zéca. Because of her work, the Emperor decided and determined, before he died, that the Klingon High Council would once again be a participant of the highest importance within the Empire. The Federation already had some influence on the Klingon High Council, but from now on our partnership with the Empire will be increasingly friendly and fruitful."

"With this support, through the Klingon High Council, we were able to appoint, to lead the Empire, a name of our choice, and, to tell you the truth, it was the option we decided, based on the reports of your newly accomplished mission."

The Captain had no idea how his reports helped in the decision...

-Serious? - He asked, still incredulous... Why?

-Because you knew him as Marshal Pope Korne, who is now the Chancellor we will support in power, until another Emperor takes the throne... At that time, we will have another card ready to help the Federation.

-Another Card? - Asked Fernando Zéca.

-Yes. Durana became pregnant by the late Emperor.

-Damn, Boss! Is Durana pregnant?

-Exactly, Zéca. And we have to keep the Chancellor running everything, until Durana's daughter comes of age, then, perhaps, she can be crowned Empress.

-Wow! Durana.. Mother of an Empress??? That's what it's like to think far away..."

-Then you see that the mission was a success. - Concluded Sonny Blue.

"She managed to improve the Federation's situation with the Klingon Empire for the next few years. And she did everything impromptu, because I ordered her to follow a plan, but she ended up doing everything by her own script, which gave better results than she would have if she had done as I said. Good! To tell you the truth, I expected her to improvise, but I didn't think it would change that much."

-Chief! You know the Chancellor wants Fakces out of the picture...

-That's it, Zéca. An audit was carried out on the Admiral's assets, and it was obvious that it were not consistent with what he declared in Income Tax, so he ended up removed and may even be arrested, if the evasion is very high. Which, to tell the truth, I doubt will happen..."

-And the caravan?

-The caravan brought a lot of things that will affect the financial system of the Federation. It is not yet possible to fully assess the value of everything that was brought, but, without a doubt, much will improve here. And precisely for this reason, I asked you to come here.

Now Fernando Zéca knew that the time had come to receive a new quota of headaches to solve. Sonny Blue then said:

-Fernando Zéca, due to the relevant services rendered, you will no longer be a Captain and now you are promoted to Admiral with a valid rank in the Fleet and in the E.Y.E..

Sonny Blue then stuck a small metallic insignia on the officer's chest, with the design of a delta similar to that of the fleet logo, with a small and almost imperceptible eye inside.

-Congratulations! - Said the Director, shaking hands with the astonished newly promoted.

-Damn, Boss! I didn't even stay in the post for long and I've already been promoted.

-Great Generals in history, reached their high ranks, still young, therefore, quickly

climbing the hierarchy. You have provided a good service, but the truth is that the post you will serve now has become vacant.

-It was vacant?

-Your predecessor died.

-Working?

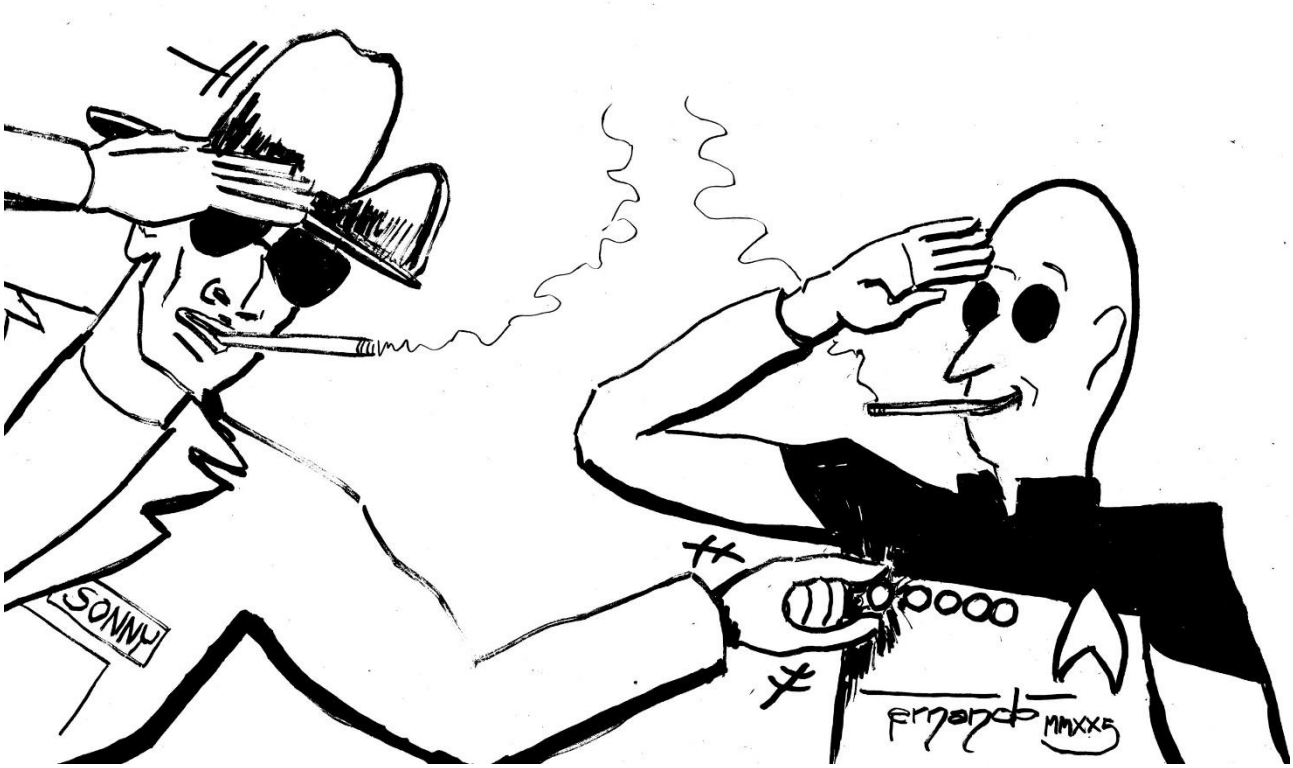
-You know how it is, right Zéca... Times are hard... The work of the Agency (E.Y.E) is dangerous...

-Will I receive a raise and privileges? A mansion with a desk and a big car?

-Just increase responsibilities, Zéca. And you'll still have to prepare a team of reliable people to help you and take over spaces in Starfleet... You can start now!

-I already imagined...

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EARTH CALENDAR:

HALF A DECADE LATER...

At this moment, we find both Chancellor Pope Korne, as well as Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, stabilized in their positions.

These and other changes in the power game did not bring only joy.

One morning, upon arriving at his office, Admiral Fernando Zéca received a coded message from Sonny Blue.

It was a recording:

Dear Zéca:

If you are receiving these instructions it is because something surprised me preventing me from continuing with the work of the Secret Service of the Federation (agency) or E.Y.E.

The situation must probably be very urgent, so that, from now on, you assume my position as Director, with all the powers and responsibilities inherent to the position.

The main codes, passwords and protocols, with access, are in attached files.

From there, check all this material, plus what appears in front of you to start the changes in procedures that you must make to the entire organizational chart inside and outside the branch.

I'm sure I've already prepared you very well for this situation, so when in doubt, try the best solution that seems appropriate to you.

Good luck.

It was a privilege to work with you.

Sonny Blue

(THIS MESSAGE WILL SELF-DESTRUCT IN 4 SECONDS!)

Moments later, Fernando Zéca Corinthiano received another call, this one from Elizabeth Bondmader confirming the situation, and accepted, his assignment as the new Director of the Agency.

Such facts would generate so many other repercussions, which do not fit here, to be told, because they are no longer stories of a Corinthian captain, but which, in any case, will be described in the phenomenal and epic outcome of this sequence that will take place in the next volume entitled:

DEEP SPACE FEDERATION

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PRISONER #7

MID-TWENTY-FIFTH CENTURY

Meanwhile, in a virtual environment, there are two avatars sitting in front of the counter in the setting of a full bar, during Friday's happy hour.

Electronic music rocks the environment, and between the two virtual figures, an interesting conversation is established:

-I need information about E.Y. E....

-Say no more.

"We will deal with this matter in my written message channel."

Soon after, through the messaging channel, once again, the request arrived on the same subject:

-I need information about E.Y. E....

-Just let me warn you that the E.Y.E. is the Secret Service of the United Federation of Planets, so this conversation of ours should be reserved.

"This agency has eyes and ears on all sides."

-Understood.

-What do you want with E.Y.E?

-We want to finish them off.

-Are you kidding? This group is very dangerous.

-This is already known, but the bosses of the OLD UNIVERSAL ORDER have put the E.Y.E. on their death blacklist for having harmed several interests of powerful figures who now want its end.

-Powerful figures?

-People of all kinds... Senators, military, businessmen and even the V.P.

-The V.P.? Do you mean the Vice President?

-Yes. Like other bosses of the Old Universal Order, this one was also very angry and now wants to settle a score...

-Old Universal Order? I've never heard of it...

-They own everything. There are important people everywhere.

-It may be, but to go after E.Y.E. you have to have a lot of power and cash in the bank.

"As far as I know, this Agency is very dangerous."

-I'll repeat: E.Y.E. is on the blacklist precisely because it harmed the interests of powerful bigwigs who now want its end.

“And I repeat: V. P. is in it! Congressmen and Ministers of the President himself too.”

-A generalized plot?

-Exactly.

-Look: Even so, it won't be easy to hit the Federation Secret Service.

"E.Y.E. is very protected."

"As far as I know, it's an Independent Intelligence Agency in the service of the Federation."

"Only the President makes contact with the E.Y.E., through one person, and his agents are very reserved. Nobody knows them because they don't mix."

-Everyone already knows that. I need contacts to find at least one of these guys, then I'll pull all the rest of the thread.

-It won't be easy.

-You said that you once worked with someone there in the Federation Secret Service. I have to know who it is.

-I had contact with a guy who during a party full of alcohol and drugs, told me he was from E.Y.E.. Then, some weird things happened, but I don't know if he really had anything to do with what happened.

-Give me this contact.

-I already said. It was during a drug-filled party. The guy was soaking wet.

"He said he was a pilot of a spacecraft called the MAGİC MYSTERY BUS."

"I don't know his name, but you can find out by checking the logbook of this spacecraft, on the date of this year's New Year's Eve, when it was docked at the EARTH SPACE STATION

-So, it's been about eight months since you saw this guy, and he was here in the Solar System.

-That's right, and I don't know who the guy is. But if you find the spaceship, you find the guy. He is human, and of the Earth.

-Do you have a description of him? Any images?

-I have nothing. The subject was in winter clothes, a scarf wrapped around the lower part of his face, wearing sunglasses and a hat.

-Very well then, I'll start looking for this MAGIC MYSTERY BUS.

"If you know anything else you can report, send me a message and I'll find out."

-OK! Combined.

Thus, without leaving any trace of its presence, one of the avatars disappeared from the scene as a ghost.

The informant sat reflecting on what he had revealed...

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It wasn't the day for Sonny Blue to come out.

Three or four times, he got lost along the way, which delayed him in his arrival at the EARTH SPACE STATION, where he would board the MAGIC MYSTERY BUS towards Saturn.

He was not late because prudence taught him to leave several hours in advance for any appointment, then he still ran through the wide corridors of the gigantic base that orbited around planet Earth, and in which hundreds of spacecraft were moored.

He approached the counter where the Port Space Authority inspected the documentation of passengers and crew where he displayed a shiny black card.

-I don't see many of those around here. - Said the inspector looking at the identification that passed in a machine next to him.

He then looked at Sonny Blue and compared it with the photo that appeared on his screen.

-It's all right. You can continue.

-I apreciate. - thanked Sonny Blue with a smile.

Then he took the card back and hurriedly ran to the indicated boarding gate, in this case, number 32.

And finally there, he hurried to the access counter and one of the flight attendants soon came to inform him:

-You can board. You arrived on time! The gates have already been opened fifteen minutes ago.

Sonny Blue breathed a sigh of relief and advanced through a smaller and narrower corridor, which connected the base to the MAGIC MYSTERY BUS, already positioned waiting to depart.

Right there, as he walked with long strides, he felt vibration in his pocket and, from it, he took out a black rectangular artifact the size of a wallet, a little more than half a centimeter thick, on whose surface, he slid the tips of his fingers.

From there, the three-dimensional image of a human head of what was supposed to be a black-skinned man was projected.

-Paul! How are you? Sonny asked.

-I don't have good news for you. - Paul's answer came, in a digitized voice.

-Tell me. - Said Sonny Blue with a serious face as he slowed down his walk.

-Your team lost the classic of the week by four to zero.

"Bete is crazy after you wanting to harass you."

"She told you to call her right away."

Sonny Blue thought up a multitude of bad words, but just said:

-Aye Aye Paul! I'll talk to her in a moment.

And he hung up.

He approached the entrance of the spacecraft where he once again presented the boarding documentation for a humanoid-looking robot with a metallic surface slightly taller than Sonny.

A bluish ray came out of the LED located at the height of what would be the eyes of the cybernetic head, then came the answer, with a digitized voice.

-You can come in. Have a good trip.

Sonny Blue advanced into the spacecraft and, as soon as he passed through the doors, they then closed.

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In the cockpit, Sonny placed his bag with his belongings on a panel and sat in the comfortable high black armchair, much like those used by executives of large companies. He was in no hurry.

Elizabeth Bondmader, his boss, was eager to meet him and make the traditional jokes on him, after all, his team taking 4 from the more traditional opponent, is not a routine event.

He already imagined the thousands of jokes that awaited him. His fate was inevitable.

So he did everything slowly, checking each operation two or three times.

It was then that he received a warning through the communication system:

-The docking control tower at the EARTH SPACE STATION, authorizes MAGICAL MYSTERY BUS to depart.

Sonny Blue responded through the communication system:

-This is the MAGICAL MYSTERY BUS, informing you that the departure procedures are being initiated.

-Confirmed, MAGIC MYSTERY BUS.

The spacecraft's computers and communicators exchanged information with those at the base in order to anticipate any problems, yet they could not prepare Sonny Blue for what would happen next:

Through the spacecraft's air circulation ducts, purple smoke came out that in less than a minute plagued the entire cockpit.

Sonny Blue tried to get out of there, but found that the cabin door was locked.

But how? There was no one on the spaceship but him...

As soon as he noticed the purple gas, Sonny also identified it through the sweet smell: a powerful sleep aid that would soon knock him unconscious.

This, by the way, was inevitable. Only a matter of time.

Sonny Blue, before falling unconscious, still tried to send several warning messages, asking for help, through the ship's communication system

No one gave him an immediate answer during the short time he was still conscious...

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Sonny's awakening was anything but pleasant.

He woke up being dragged by two humanoid robots that pulled him by the arms.

Soon after, he was placed still half groggy on a kind of automated stretcher that immobilized him and ran alone through several corridors from some unknown place.

The day for Sonny had not started well, but after receiving the news of his team's defeat in the classic, things got even worse.

Lying there and tied up, he was still a little groggy feeling sick, but he didn't want to waste time: he managed to reach a secret compartment that he had sewn to the sleeve of his coat, from where he pulled out a Swiss army knife, the latest type, with 2000 functions.

With limited movements, he managed to activate his laser beam, to cut the tie that tied his arm to the stretcher.

Soon after, he got away with a jump from the automated bed that continued crazy, on its way at full speed.

Standing in the middle of the corridor of walls with green tones mixed with different shades of gray, he realized that would not have peace, as two humanoid robots were running with loud steps in his direction.

Sonny Blue remembered his team that had lost and thought:

-Great day to die, at least like this, I get rid of the jokes and mockery of Bete and the gang at work....

Foaming with rage, Sonny launched himself into the air, like a flying bull, pointing his legs toward the hip of one of the robots.

That coup that in Brazil still in the middle of the XXV century will be known as "flying".

Sonny Blue applied its "flying" correctly, ripping off the leg of the automaton that fell to the ground soon after...

For his part, Sonny took that leg and turned it into a weapon, to first destroy what was left of the first automated attacker, and then to defend himself from the other who kept trying to grab him.

With three or four well-applied "kicks", this aggressor was also torn to pieces and rendered useless.

After that, Sonny would finally have a few moments to reflect on what had happened to him.

***

In fact, however, he had no time for anything.

Barely a few seconds passed when ten humanoids appeared wearing military clothes, paraphernalia and weapons to contain riots.

They arrived shooting rubber bullets at Sonny Blue.

Thinking about his soccer team that had lost the classic, he went after the shooters who were targeting him.

He hit two of them right away, using the robot's leg, which with a single blow, knocked the pair unconscious.

Still under a lot of rubber bullets, he managed to take the weapons of the two he had shot down, starting to return to the remaining shooters, the courtesy he was receiving.

Only then, in the return of the rubber bullets, he managed to knock out three more of the aggressors. When he ran out of ammunition, he threw the empty gun at one of the shooters, putting him out of the fight as well.

At this point, the rubber bullets of the remaining aggressors also ran out, so they tried to surround Sonny and solve everything at hand.

Enraged by all the rubber blows he had taken, Sonny used his empty gun to hit with maximum violence the unfortunates who were still trying to restrain him.

His action was so cruel, violent and devastating that two of the guards decided to

drop the fight in the middle of it to run away, while their colleagues were torn apart by Sonny Blue's fury.

At the end of it all, already a little calmer, the protagonist of these lines was even satisfied with his performance in the fight against violent types.

Of course, it would not be equal or comparable to what his boss, Elizabeth Bondmader, would do in a situation like that, but at least his performance freed him for a while from greater bloats.

So, with his body sore, he searched one of those militarized types.

He took a communicator from the vest he was wearing.

-Hmmm.

With quick movements, Sonny took out of his pocket, the communicator himself.

He activated a device that allowed, in less than a minute, to access and copy all the contents of the device of the fallen aggressor.

-Anything that tells me where I am? - Sonny asked his communicator.

He looked at his device and cursed angrily:

-Dam it! There is no accessible communication signal. I'm isolated.

***



Sonny Blue disarmed some of those guys and, in less than five minutes, it was no longer the duck to be hunted in the game.

Now, he had a rifle, two pistols, batteries for the weapon, hand grenades, a protective vest, a machete and even a helmet.

When he was going to look for a path that would take him to where his ship was, he saw in the middle of that dark environment, a beautiful woman.

Light skin, long black hair, tied at the back of the head, dark bright eyes, tall, thin, busty and guitar body.

She wore white clothes and walked like an authentic fashion show model.

She stood before Sonny, measuring him from top to bottom, and widened her eyes when she saw the size of the volume he had between his legs.

From then on, she couldn't divert her attention from there.

Even so, she spoke in an imposing voice:

-You won't need weapons. You can return them to the guards. No one will hurt you.

"If you resist I will be forced to use even more severe means to restrain you."

She looked at Sonny's face and once again at his crotch.

-What do you want from me? Where am I? Why did they want me tied up? - Sonny Blue asked these questions and tried to touch that beautiful woman.

To his surprise, his hand went through her as if passing for a ghost.

It was a three-dimensional image of her, not the real person.

-I'm N#1 and you'll be here answering the questions I ask you...

-What if I don't want to answer? Sonny asked defiantly.

-You will speak... Sooner or later, and in any case, you will tell me everything I want to hear...

And she laughed a lot.

***

If the woman didn't take her eyes off Sonny's voluminous cock, he also couldn't take his eyes off the beauty who impressed him a lot.

-Give the weapons to the guards! - She ordered once again.

-I want to talk to you personally first. Only then I will see if I really deliver something.

No sooner had he finished saying that Sonny realized that a glow was beginning to envelop his body...

-Dam it! - He said.

If the glow on his body became more intense, around him the scenery faded in a few seconds, until complete darkness.

After some more time, impossible to be estimated at that moment, the surrounding scenario was defined again.

However, he was no longer the same.

Now, Sonny was somewhere else, and in front of him was the hot and fearsome N#1.

As soon as the glow around his body became less intense, diminished and dissipated, our protagonist was quickly immobilized and disarmed.

Surrounded by people pointing guns at him, there was no way to resist.

-You will accompany these guards without resistance to my room and wait for me there.

With no alternative, Sonny Blue was placed in an armored vehicle and taken from there to the dormitory where he would await the arrival of his captor...

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And in fact, Sonny was led to a large and extraordinary room where he calmly walked around the place examining in detail walls, curtains, the back of the paintings, etc...

Outside the entrances, two heavily armed robotic guards were posted.

Our protagonist knew that he could face them, perhaps even, with some chance of success, but he preferred not to risk his luck so he would take advantage of the truce to get to know N#1 better.

The decoration of the environment showed that she must be a cultured and sophisticated person, as well as very organized, since everything was impeccably arranged.

Sonny Blue's weapons had been taken from him, but his multifunctional communicator had not.

Sonny took it out of his pocket and placed it next to a computer that was on the table to invade it and thus obtain information from it that could be useful.

Such an artifact was the famous xupa-cabras, widely used by hakers, to invade computer systems of any kind, without the need for cables.

In less than two minutes, even though it was turned off, the computer on N#1's desk had all its content copied.

At the end of the quick operation, Sonny said with his mouth close to his communicator:

-I don't know where I am. Apparently, here, I don't have access to internets of any kind and my calls or requests for help must be facing various types of blockage. I am sending attached to this message, a compressed file with a copy of the contents of my captor's computer, so that it can be ascertained, among other things, where I am, and how I get out of here."

After these words, Sonny Blue put the communicator in his clothes and sat down in a nearby armchair to wait for N#1 while he watched everything carefully around him.

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Finally N#1 arrived.

Like every woman who likes to snub, after leaving Sonny Blue waiting for a long time.

-Will you explain to me what I'm doing in this place? - He asked as soon as he saw her.

From the height of all her beauty, she smiled and said:

-No! You are the one who will answer my questions!

"But first..."

N#1 revealed a wand that she had hidden in her hand and, with the tip of it, touched Sonny Blue, who was immediately partially paralyzed.

She stuck her other hand inside his pants and said:

-But what we have here... Product of distinguished excellence...

Soon, N#1 could no longer hold the volume that abruptly increased in size by itself in her hand.

-This is what I call excellence in quality. I'll take the opportunity." - She said.

Without much ceremony, she ripped off Sonny's clothes and pulled him out of his paralysis, also getting naked soon after.

I don't need to torment the dear reader with the torrid details of so much love excitement between the couple, just go directly to the moment of conclusion, when our protagonist took N#1 to total unconsciousness, such was the amount of orgasms she had...

***



It was then that Sonny took the opportunity to turn everything upside down.

First, he searched N#1's clothes and her belongings.

Just as he had done with the computer, he also copied all the information from the communicator she was carrying.

Then he quickly put the lodging back in order, leaving everything in its proper place, and sat down in an armchair in front of the bed to wait for her to wake up...

***

As soon as N#1 woke up, she saw Sonny sitting in a chair facing the bed in his accommodation, admiring her stunning beauty.

She felt embarrassed for not being alert and having slept too much, but the gush of pleasure she had led her to such relaxation that she could not avoid sleep and practically fainted impaled.

-Was it good for you as it was for me? - asked Sonny

-Cute. - Answered N#1 showing some annoyance. - You are the one who will answer some questions now.

N#1 got out of bed and stood up, showing off his body and trying to show grandeur.

She couldn't.

Sonny Blue had penetrated her so deeply, as never before in the history of her life, that she could barely stand up.

She sat back on the bed trying to hide the situation.

-Look, you even made up for the shoot I had to endure from your henchmen. - Sonny told her. - But so far I have no idea why I was brought here."

"I'm not rich. I pilot a spaceship that is not even mine, and at the time you kidnapped me, I was without any cargo. I am not wanted by any Authority, nor am I owe anything to anyone, so I wanted to know if I can leave and move on with my life."

-No! You can't walk away.

***

-You're going to stay here. - Said N#1 standing undaunted in one movement as she showed off her magnificent beauty.

She wore white clothes, with a semi-transparent shirt that contrasted with her voluminous black hair and boots.

-Be glad to be alive. - She said with sparkling eyes. - You will now be accountable to me without question and will serve with the designation of N#7.

-You're crazy!

"I'm not a number. My name is Sonny Blue."

-HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA.

N#1's laughter, although scary, was simply delicious.

Her extraordinary beauty did not diminish even after intense sex.

Nor did her despotic personality and arrogance.

-Don't you dare challenge me N#7.

With a threatening expression, N#1 left the accommodation, leaving Sonny naked, with a silly face and alone.

***

Not for long, however...

While taking a shower, Sonny noticed someone entering the bathroom where he was.

It wasn't N#1.

In fact, there were three guys.

Two brutes wearing black pants, shirts with horizontal stripes and a sailor's hat.

The other was a chubby guy, wearing a dark blue jacket, white pants and shoes holding a stylish cane.

He had a goatee and thinning hair that reached his shoulders.

-It's him. - He said pointing to our bather. - Take him.

The brucutus advanced on Sonny, who unceremoniously received them with accurate kicks and punches, which quickly knocked them out.

The frightened chubby, faced with the reaction, did not know whether to run away or to stand there admiring our quarrelsome hero, proud of his glory that even under the shower, after several combats, kept it inflamed, voluptuous and full of libido.

Thus, paralyzed by indecision, the hasty invader of bathrooms, was kicked accompanied by a very powerful slap in the face, which not only dislocated his chin, but also broke several teeth, putting him to sleep the sleep of the unjust...

***

This sleep, which was disturbed by a hysterical N#1.

-What were you doing in my accommodation, N#2, you idiot???

N#2 realized his situation.

I wasn't in a good position at all.

Now he had woken up tied up, hanging like a sack of potatoes over a shredder turned on just below him.

Realizing that the circumstance was not at all favorable to him, and with ample probability of leading him to an unpleasant fate, N#2 began to shout:

-Caution N#1. He will destroy us. It's using you to expose us. I have proof.

Having said that, he directed an accusing look at Sonny Blue who, incredulously, watched the circus of horrors he was forced to witness.

-There is no proof, you idiot! - Replied N#1 with an expression of contempt.

-I have proof!

N#1 gestured pointing to N#2.

-This time you went too far, N#2. You have always dreamed of having power over me, but you do not have the virility necessary to possess me. You are a weakling.

"Now that I have this beautiful specimen at my disposal, your envy and jealousy make you rise up against my authority?"

-You're crazy, N#1! I have evidence against this guy. He is a danger. - shouted N#2. Watch out, He'll get you."

-He's already picking me up... - She said. - With strength and will... Quite the opposite of you. Now let's get it over with." - She said, moving a lever.

Then the air was wiped away with the sound of machines being cranked and, in a sudden movement, N#2 plummeted into the switched on shredder.

His legs began to be relentlessly grinded, with the agonizing screams of the chubby man who was about to lose his belly as a sound accompaniment in the background.

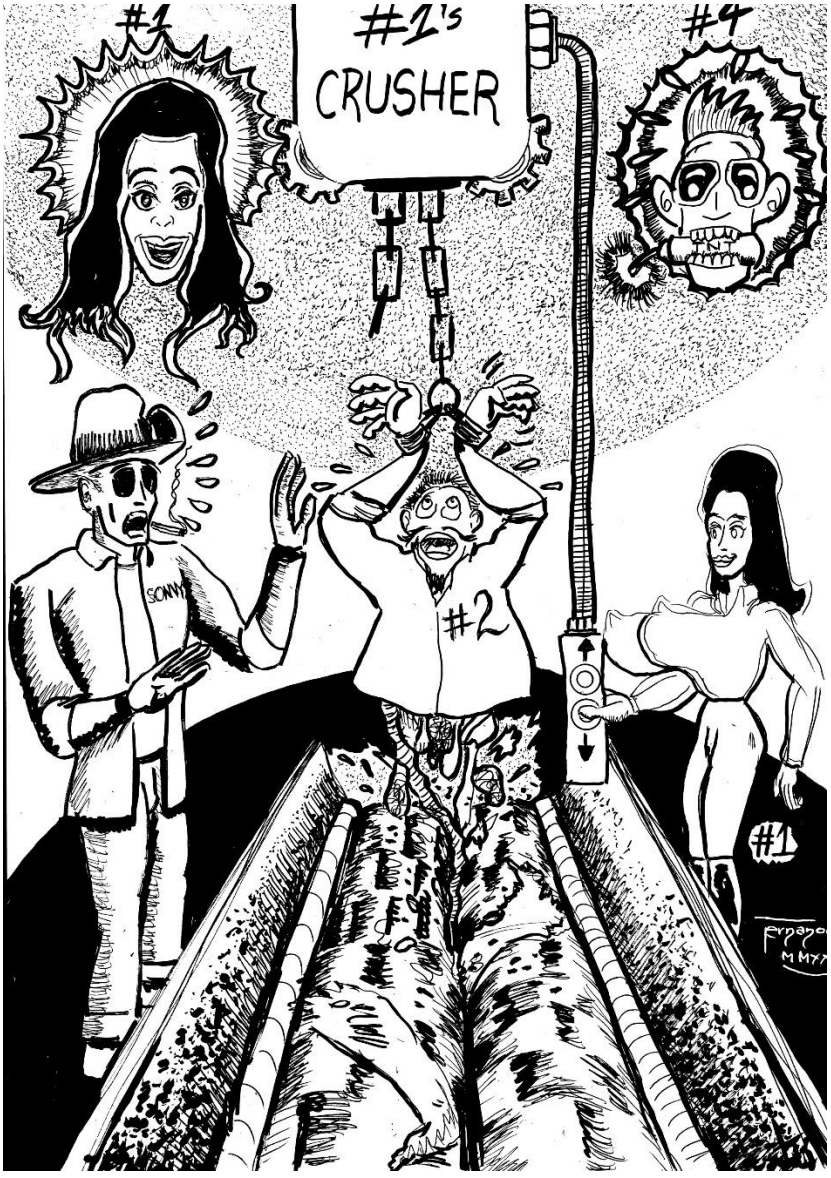
When the unfortunate man's waist was already being crushed, enjoying the scene with a smile, N#1 returned the lever in his hand to the initial position stopping the machine's activity.

With her index finger raised, she pointed to the exit of that place saying:

-Now let's leave this busybody here agonizing to death.

The lights were turned off with N#2 left alone in the dark, dying little by little, stuck in the shredder, in the midst of excruciating pain.

***



Two hours later, N#1 was again unconscious after the most intense orgasms of her life.

Sonny Blue, on the other hand, after so much sex with her, was still not so satisfied, because that place made him stressed with all those despicable people.

Even though N#1 was a beauty, she was bad.

Interrupting Sonny's reflections, what sounded like the sound of a doorbell in the lodging reached his ears.

He left N#1 asleep and went to see what it was about.

As he approached the doors without warning, they opened.

Outside the room was a blond woman with straight, long hair, tall, thin, wide hips and small but pointed breasts.

As soon as she saw Sonny, naked, the nipples of her breasts increased in size and her vagina immediately swelled.

-I'm N#507. - She said without being able to take her eyes off Sonny's cock that pointed in her direction, hard, muscular and about to explode.

Without even knowing what the girl wanted, Sonny said:

-Come in.

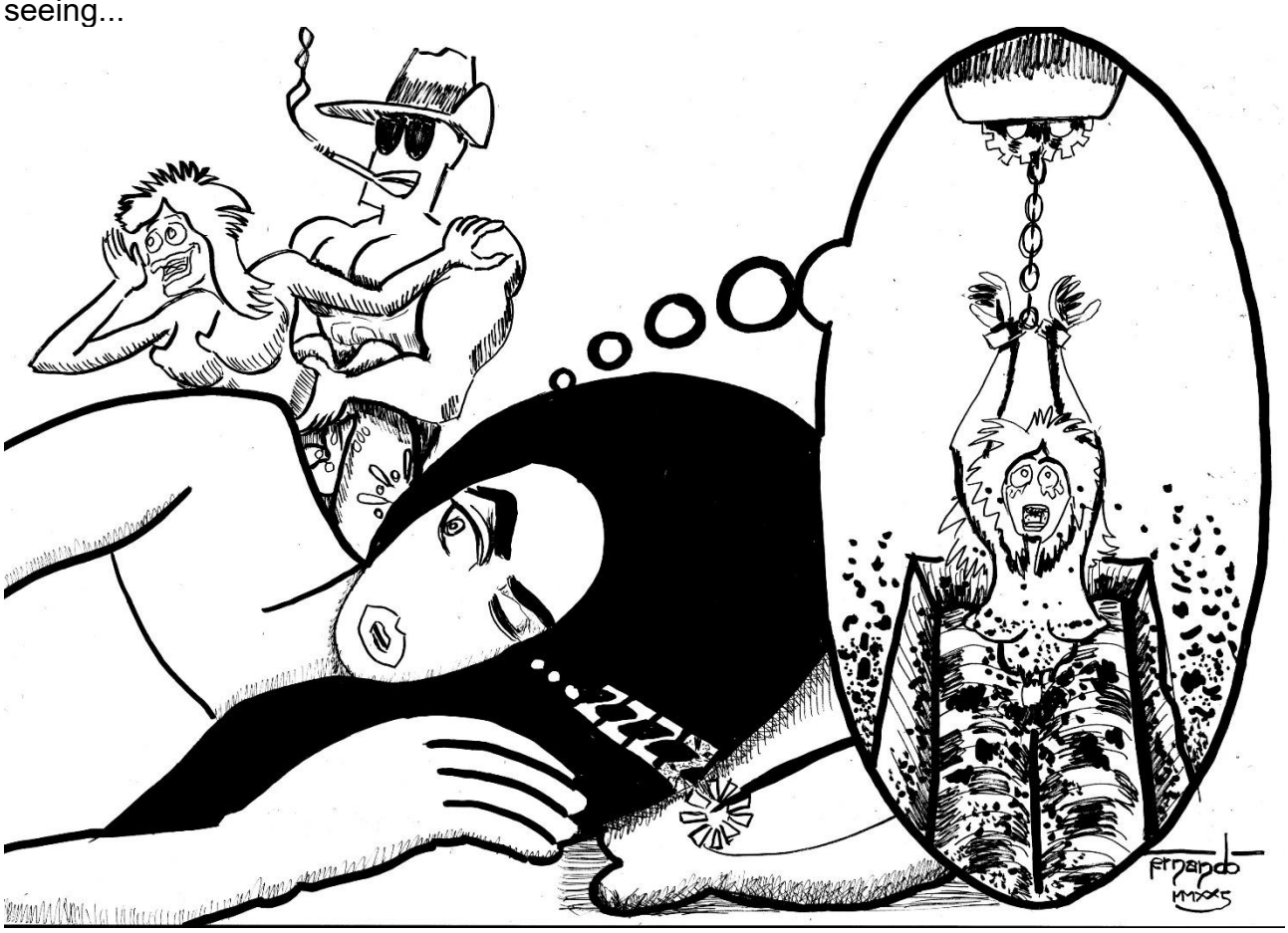
Half trembling she obeyed and the door closed behind her.

Without ceremony or conversation, Sonny took off her clothes, the couple stopped talking.

The blonde who seemed naïve and indecisive, having sex was a real show.

She screamed, moaned, roared, cried and when she was already cumming for the tenth time, she found herself surprised in the middle of the ecstasy.

Her scream had woken up N#1 and she didn't seem at all satisfied with what she was seeing...



***

In the next act, we find N#507 in a position similar to that of N#2 before, that is: hanging above the deadly shredder.

In this case, however, N#1 didn't spend as much time listening to or giving big speeches.

Only the little ones.

-No one picks up or puts their hands without authorization on what is mine.

That said, she pulled the lever to activate the shredder, which, in a matter of seconds, swallowed the desperate N#507, who had the breath to continue screaming until her lungs were crushed.

Nothing is left of her to tell her story: not even her crushed skull, nor her spiky blond hair.

Only the enraged Sonny Blue would remember her, but even he would not be able to do anything, because, now immobilized, he was, soon after witnessing that dreadful execution, thrown into a fearful, fetid and dark dungeon.

***

Rats and cockroaches were there in profusion, even earthworms and other types of insects. Interestingly, Sonny Blue knew those species well.

They were identical to those that inhabited the cargo spacecraft that eventually saved on the inspections required by the space port authorities.

But there was still another species, also confined there. A human.

Just like Sonny Blue, a man who looked much older.

Unlike our protagonist, he was short and not at all athletic.

His chubby face was full of sparse black, gray, and white hair.

-Welcome to my humble abode. - He said, as soon as Sonny was thrown inside. - It's not a perfection of organization, because the cleaning lady hasn't been visiting me. RA! RA! RA!

All scratched and full of abrasions, Sonny sat on the floor and looked at his fellow detainee.

-After all, I find someone in here with some sense of humor. -Told.

-It doesn't hurt to have a little education despite the regrets.

The two smiled at their own misfortune.

-My name is Zksbauer, but here people call me N#206.

-I'm Sonny Blue.

-Have you received your number, Sonny?

-Yes! I am N#7;

-Oh! So you're already in the house...

-No! I'm not from the house. I want to get out of here. These guys didn't even tell me why I'm in it.

-Most here are in the same situation.

"Bet what you want, but if I could, I would have left here in a while."

"By the way, you're sitting on top of the only thing that keeps me stuck here..."

-What do you mean? - asked Sonny.

-Look at the floor. - Said Zksbauer. - This stone from whose cracks worms and cockroaches come out, covers a passage that could take us to the hangar where several spaceships are parked, including mine.

Sonny widened his eyes.

-Are you telling me that down here there is an exit that can get us out of here?

-Yes, but it is covered by a concrete block that they put on top.

"How do you know?"

-Here a work was done in which I participated.

"During its execution, I discovered a passage that connects this sector, to the hangar."

"I planned to use it in an escape, but I was frustrated when they put this block on top of the passage."

-Did they find the passage and closed it?

-No. I hid it again before it was discovered.

"It turns out that, by a maneuver of chance, this block of about two tons was placed on top. I'd need a tractor to get it out of there..."

Sonny looked at the stone below him: a cube made of concrete stuffed with iron wires. Around the piece, there was a gap through which he could stick his hands.

So he arranged them tightly, holding the cube, then began to move it. Zksbauer simply couldn't believe his eyes.

That very heavy part could not under any circumstances be moved by just one human without some kind of tooling or machine.

Strange noises came out of the ground along with the block that, in fact, was being pulled out.

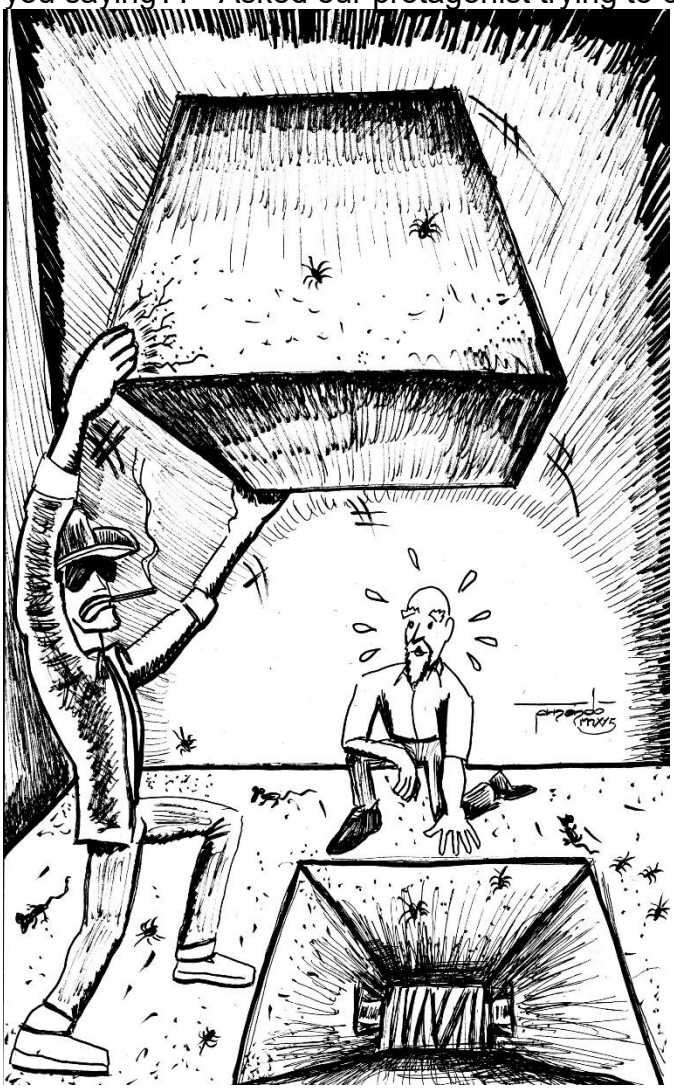
Sonny Blue was achieving what Zkbauer thought was not possible.

Inside the cramped space of that cell, the block was taken from where it was, revealing a hole with several planks at the bottom and rats that had spread everywhere.

-Just as I left it. - Said Zksbauer - Unbelievable.

After the extraordinary effort, Sonny sat down next to his fellow prisoner, pointing to the newly revealed opening.

-So? How was you saying?? - Asked our protagonist trying to catch his breath.



Without the slightest ceremony, Zksbauer, with unusual agility for someone of that age, jumped into the open hole and removed debris from the bottom, revealing a square passage in one of the walls.

Now, with bright eyes and a smiling expression, he turned to Sonny, saying:

-The way is still clear. I'm all set. We should move on now, which I strongly recommend so we don't waste time.

Sonny could not believe the miraculous solution DEUX EX MACHINA that had appeared from the bottom of that dungeon, but he would not complain about such an exit, as long as it got him out of such penury.

Without much chatter he advanced through the newly opened passage towards the supposed freedom.

***

As soon as he entered the passage, Zksbauer took a black bag that was near the entrance, from which he took the flashlight he used to light the way.

Sonny Blue followed him and realized something extraordinary:

By that way, the Laws of Gravity seemed inoperative, since their weight was not pulled in any direction that he could call floor.

-What's happening? -Asked;

-The range of the artificial gravity generator is limited and does not reach this pass. Take care

Sonny and Zksbauer were floating between four walls of building blocks that formed that curious claustrophobic passage.

At one point, Zksbauer stopped in front of a red "X" marked on one of the walls.

-It's here. - He said.

From his bag, he took a hammer and a piece of iron that he immediately used as a punch, piercing the stone with the red mark.

In a few minutes a hole opened there and a head appeared on the other side.

-Zksbauer. You did it! But how????

-Come on Aleksander! Get out of there now.



In a matter of seconds, the two enlarged the size of the passage, where Aleksander, carrying a briefcase full of papers, joined Zksbauer, who introduced him to Sonny.

-This is Sonny. He was placed in my cell and managed to clear the way for our escape.

Turning to Sonny, he continued with the introductions:

-Sonny, Aleksander is history and living memory here.

“He is a writer and is producing a memorial that will remember the biographies of the many who died and were forgotten in this place."

The two greeted each other with a brief handshake.

Without further loss of time, they then went now in three, floating through the strange passage while using the walls as a support point for their advance.

-But what the hell is this place? - Sonny asked in a low voice, bothered by the heat that was gradually becoming more suffocating.

"They call it a re-education center, but it's a spurious detention zone.

-What? How so? I didn't understand.

-People here are arrested without any trial by the official organs of justice. - explained Zksbauer. - Detainees are here to provide information in interrogations where questionable methods are used to obtain answers.

"And those who don't know anything that might be useful, are probably here to serve as a bargaining chip or blackmail for people who are out there."

The three fugitives followed the passage the way that space and gravity allowed, but the conversation continued normally, despite the horrifying theme...

-And where would it be outside? - Asked Sonny. - Where is this spurious detention zone in which we are?

-We are in the asteroid belt.

-Asteroid belt? - asked Sonny astonished. - But what asteroid belt would that be?

-The Solar System. We are floating on an asteroid that served as an old pirate base and that was later renovated by some bosses of the OLD UNIVERSAL ORDER to operate illegally in a place of difficult access even for the LAWS, the ORDER and the AUTHORITIES defending HUMAN RIGHTS or ALIENS.

***

UNIVERSAL OLD ORDER?

Sonny was well acquainted with this gang of resourceful, credit-ridden bigwigs who call the shots for many millennia in the marginalized recesses of the galaxy... And much more. To mess with this gang of swindlers is to get into trouble with a criminal and deadly hornet's nest.

He had to get his hands on the MAGIC MYSTERY BUS, his spaceship, to at least escape from there as soon as possible.

Lost in these thoughts, he continued with his fellow fugitives on the escape route until they reached an access to the ventilation ducts that fed the hangar where the spacecraft were located.

Zksbauer took another of his tools out of the briefcase and dismantled a plastic lid that was on the wall, so he could gain almost direct entry to the hangar.

It would not need to go through verification or security systems.

In a few minutes, the three of them were running down the runway until they reached the spacecraft that Zksbauer and Aleksander had already prepared for their escape.

That's when our intrepid protagonist spotted his MAGIC MYSTERY BUS.

Unlike Zksbauer's spacecraft, which was ready to take off, Sonny Blue's was entirely plucked, a fact that deeply irritated him.

***

-I'm going to stay here and face this bunch of scoundrels. Sonny Blue shouted, upset.

-But are you crazy? Zksbauer asked.

-He freaked out for good. - Said Aleksander. - If you do that Sonny, your biography will be another one that I will have to write...

-I'm going to stay here. And prepare the tip of the pencil to listen to the complaints of all my girlfriends.

-If you're going to stay here, don't ask me to accompany you. You are young, robust, and athletic. Zksbauer said, already opening the lock on the entrance of his ship, not even imagining the true age of the secret agent of the E.Y.E..

"I don't want to risk my luck in this stinking hole of hell anymore."

That said, Zksbauer reached out to Sonny.

-Anyway, thank you gentleman.

The two greeted each other in farewell

-Do not forget to, as soon as possible, contact the authorities, informing them of everything you have seen here.

-You're making a big mess. - Said Aleksander. - Not even in the worst science fiction stories do heroes sacrifice themselves to face more powerful forces.

"Don't waste your youth on this crazy thing, Sonny."

"Zksbauer's ship has room for the three of us."

-No, my friends. I'm going to stay here and take out my anger on these thugs.

-Very well, Sonny. Go there and play the hero. - Said Zksbauer getting into his spaceship. - But don't stay in this hangar for too long because I'll get out of here going over whatever lies ahead.

-Sure.

With a nod, Sonny ran away from Zksbauer's spacecraft, squinting, one last look at the remains of the MAGIC MYSTERY BUS, something that left him heartbroken.

***

No sooner had he left the hangar than he heard an explosion behind him, followed by a powerful bang that made everything shake.

He was now in one of the corridors, on whose wall there was a monitor showing the image of Zksbauer's spaceship firing volleys of gunfire at the exit of that place, destroying everything in its path, until finally leaving unharmed, advancing quickly into space where it would no longer be reached.

On the other hand, around Sonny things were tense as alarm sounds disturbed his concentration, followed by red lights flashing everywhere, which was certainly not an invitation from the female sex workers, looking for clients, or work.

Sonny advanced resolutely and determinedly through there until he found a group of robots waiting for him.

There was not even time for a cordial greeting.

As soon as the presence of our protagonist was detected, powerful electric shocks were fired at him, which, in seconds, knocked him unconscious.

***

-Throw it at the jail. - Shouted N#1 over the intercom. - This guy has already given me too much trouble. I tried to be patient, but now I can't do it anymore.

"The other prisoners should do what they think is best with him."

-Yes, ma'am #1. I must also inform you that we have not been able to get any information from his spacecraft. The computers and the logbook were completely erased.

"If something happens to him, we won't be able to get any data to help us get to the Federation Secret Service, and we'll be forced to start over from scratch."

-And do you think this guy knows anything? - Asked N#1 angrily.

-I don't think so. He seems to me too young to have access to the chain of command of an agency like the Federation Secret Service.

"For my part, I would eliminate him right now, but it is important for you to keep these considerations in mind before making any decision..."

-I'll let the other prisoners decide.

"I will wash my hands. For me, the usefulness of N#7 has already won."

***

As soon as he was thrown to the floor of the cell by the robots that knocked him unconscious, Sonny Blue was forced to wake up under a lot of blows.

The cell was overcrowded, with prisoners sandwiched against the walls and bars, so much so that the presence of the newcomer only made the other "companions" already squeezed by the lack of space even more angry.

The first scoundrels have already opened cuts in his face, but they were also enough to awaken him to the heavy work that he would have before him.

"If in the fight you don't want to be beaten, then you must run away or attack."

There being no room to flee, Sonny went on the attack, grabbing arms and legs that fell within reach of his hands, grinding, breaking, or tearing off the pieces of the unfortunate attackers who did not give him a proper reception.

No one was there to make friends, but our protagonist was demonstrating in a very forceful way that he did not accept disrespect, impoliteness, violence or simple name-calling.

***

-See boss. He is resisting.

-This guy not only has sex but also fights very well. - Said N#1 looking at the monitor that showed the violent docking between Sonny and the other inmates.

-He's going to kill everyone. There will be no one left alive in this cell.

-What does it matter to me? For me they are all disposable.

-We need some of them alive, boss. We still have blackmail money to receive, and many of them have important information that we can't fully process.

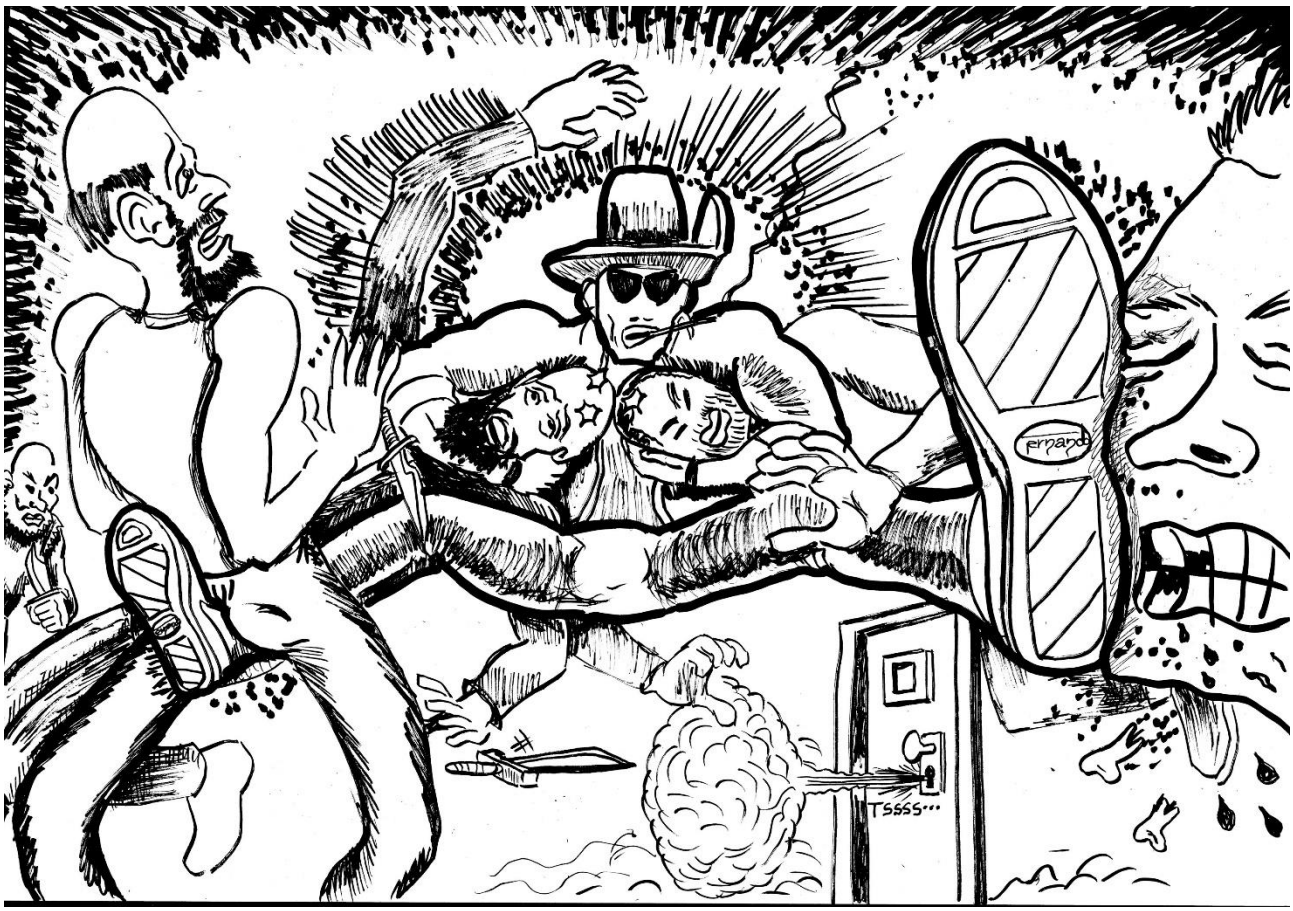
N#1 couldn't take her eyes off the violent spectacle displayed on the monitor, because even in a bloody combat, that handsome example of a man excited her in such a way that the nipples of her breasts became more protruding as well as her vagina.

In the scenes that stimulated her, Sonny Blue looked like the monster from horror movies who killed everything and everyone around him.

A single canvas was not enough to show so much blood, bones, teeth and broken noses, nor the pieces of bodies torn off during combat.

-Drug! So put everyone to sleep with some gas. - Ordered N#1 without hiding her bad mood.

***



Half an hour later Sonny Blue was unconscious, lying down, also strapped to an automated stretcher that entered a large room full of computers, monitors and instruments for medical examinations or interventions.

It was positioned under a white spotlight.

Then a thin man wearing white clothes and sunglasses approached.

He held the syringe that, without wasting time, he stuck in the neck of our protagonist, injecting him with a red liquid.

He also carefully examined several wires connected to Sonny's head and later, dials and monitors.

-With the doses I injected into him, you can ask whatever you want, and he will only tell the truth.

N#1 approached Sonny and asked him even though he had his eyes closed:

-Why does the logbook of your spacecraft and its computers have no record of your travels or of what has been transported there?

-MAGIC MYSTERY BUS underwent renovations at EARTH SPACE STATION, which changed all its computers for newer ones.

"There was no time to update the system with the previous records," replied the semi-unconscious Sonny.

-Is he lying, N#4?

-The answer is coherent and my dials do not indicate any sign that denounces any lie of his. I can only believe that he is telling the truth.

-Have you ever worked for the Federation Secret Service? - Asked N#1 to Sonny.

-Yes. - The answer came. - In the transport of cargo and people to several different places.

N#1 widened his eyes:

-Would you be able to identify the people and cargo you have transported or, the places where you have been?

The answer came immediately.

-No.

At that moment, N#4 made an expression of doubt.

-He may be lying.

-But how? - Asked N#1 angrily. - Didn't you tell me that with the dose he received you would only tell the truth?

-Yes. But the graphics here are very strange. I've never seen anything like this.

-Well, inject more doses into him! I want his head as an open book to me.

Without wasting time, N#4 injected Sanny with two more doses, something that even left our protagonist's eyes popped.

-And then? - asked N#1. - Can I ask more questions?

N#4 indicated a nearby monitor where images began to appear.

-Here you will see what goes on in his mind, N#1.

***

Sonny Blue was wearing different clothes and now felt cleaner and more relaxed.

He wore a blue jacket over a black blouse, brown pants, and blue yatch shoes.

He walked resolutely along narrow trails surrounded by trees and mountains on a cold, but not rainy, day.

Behind him, a troupe of circus artists followed him, and a few hundred more people.

Most of these escorts carried signs with images of Sonny Blue's smiling, happy face, which also read:

-VOTE N#7 for ABSOLUTE KING and live happily the rest of your life without worrying about politics anymore.

When Sonny stopped to rest or admire the scenery, he was soon poked by two floating white spheres that went beside him and, on the surfaces of which were bright red lenses in the center of black rectangles.

If our audacious protagonist insisted on standing still, he was soon shocked by the projected extensions of these implacable automated companions.

Anyway, there, Sonny Blue was able to at least look at the seemingly endless sky, as far as the eye could see.

Finally he arrived at a large village, with several buildings and parks, where many other people were already waiting for him in the streets, passages and alleys greeting Sonny and displaying more posters with his image.

So he was led to a palace on top of a hill, where inside, in the center of a hall, there was what seemed to be an urn.

A person wearing jumping jack clothes approached Sonny and his robotic companions.

-Here is your vote. You'll vote to be our King.

He said that and handed a sealed envelope to Sonny.

When he went to open it, the jumping jack said:

-You don't need to take the ballot out of there. You just have to put it in the ballot box.

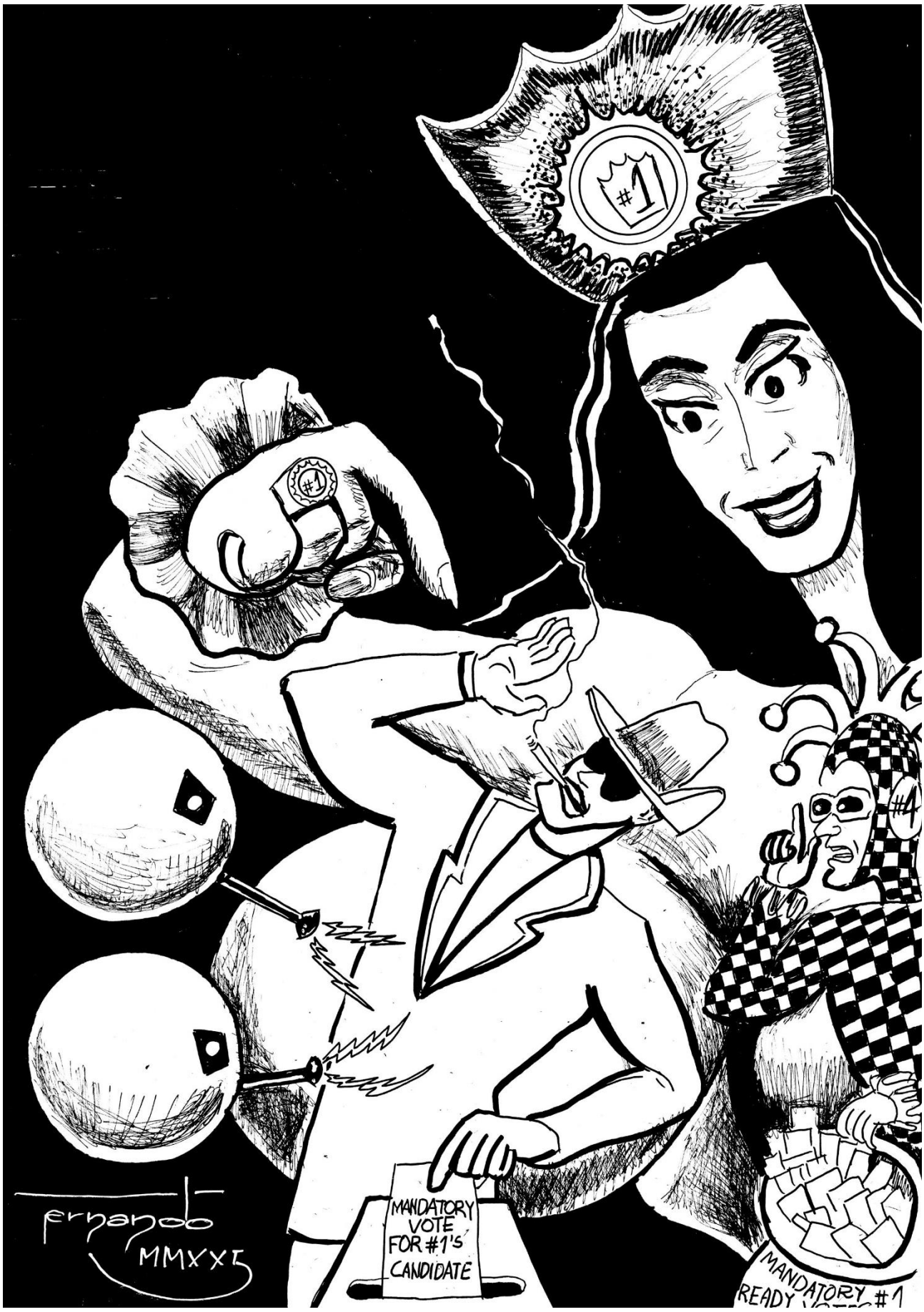
-But the vote is mine. I mark the candidate I want.

-Not here. The candidate is you and your only job is to vote.

Astonished, Sonny was pushed in front of the urn where the jumping jack held his arm making him insert the envelope into the crack there. Once this was done, an explosion of sounds and lights took over the place and everyone started dancing.

Sonny Blue didn't understand anything, but soon the jumping jack came up with the explanation.

-Congratulations! You have just been elected the new King. From now on Your Majesty will only have to answer the questions of your subjects.


#1
#1
#4
MANDATORY VOTE FOR #1's CANDIDATE
MANDATORY READY
#1
fernando
MMXX5

***

-Now is the time when he feels on top of the world and we will fill him with charges. - Said N#1. - It's like in everyday politics: we give incentives to the candidate and after he is elected, on the first day we enter with demands and threats.

"In this case, we put N#7 in charge of the mental realm itself, to ask it the questions whose answers we want.

-I don't know. - Defeated N#4. - The indicators are not very accurate in this case. His mind is powerful and seems well-prepared...

-The human mind is too complex for your devices, N#4.

"It is not uncommon for technology to promise fabulous feats that it ends up not delivering. I believe you are having some technical problem..."

-I don't know... This guy is very strange.

-There's nothing strange about him. He is an authentic virile alpha male, like few have seen in my life, or almost none... You don't know anything!"

"Fix this rusty contraption soon, because I want to find out every secret in this man's head..."

N#1 approached the monitor that was showing Sonny Blue's thoughts.

There, she saw something that made her nervous:

-Hey! Who is this woman? What is she doing in his thoughts?

***

-Your Majesty! Your Majesty.

In the midst of all the commotion of the coronation to which Sonny Blue was being subjected, a thin type in sunglasses wearing a tailcoat and top hat appears.

-Excuse me, your majesty, I'm N#4. Please accompany me because there are urgent commitments waiting for your presence."

He hardly had time to sketch any consideration, and the floating spheres approached Sonny from behind touching him with their electrifying extensions.

He had barely been crowned and was already stressing about the commitments that prevented him from leading the good life that Monarchs are entitled to.

They gently led Sonny into a room, where he was seated on a throne.

Around him were several of his subjects.

Without much to know how to say or do at the time, Sonny asked:

-What do you want?

And soon came the answers, which looked more like inquiries...

-Information.

-We want to know why your spacecraft's logs and logbooks were deleted, N#7

-Who do you work for, N#7?

-Who is your contact with the Federation Secret Service, N#7?

-Who are your customers, N#7?

-Where do you deliver? Where do you get your material, n#7?

-Have you ever committed a crime N#7?

-Do you know the Laws in force N#7?

-It is over!

"It will not be with me that you will get the answers you seek!"

"I'm not a number, my name is Sonny Blue!"

-HAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHA!! - The laughter was general.

And soon appeared next to him, N#1 dressed as a fairy godmother in white, flowing and shiny clothes.

She touched his arm, bowed to everyone around, and pulled Sonny (now a KING) close to her, saying, while smiling:

-Ahh... We'll rip the truth out of its secrets, with a hook, or with a cheat... We will!

"SCATTERED!!"

She laughed deliciously in Sonny's ears and wrapped him around the waist, holding his arm as befits waltz dancers.

But the background music was a heavy metal, sung by a vocalist who seemed to be having lunch with a wild boar while shouting drunk at the waiter...

N#1 gently led the astonished Sonny through the dance hall, until another woman even more beautiful and dazzling than her, out of nowhere appeared stealing her dance partner.

N#1 was stunned and dismayed, but could do nothing as the couple disappeared in the middle of the crowded dance floor.

And finally Sonny Blue saw a familiar and trustworthy face in the midst of all that psychedelic confusion: his Boss, the super-groomed, beautiful and hot redhead Elizabeth Bondmader, who never tired of saving his life on countless occasions.

-Hallelujah! Until finally someone appears to help me in the middle of all this confusion. - Sonny said sighing in relief.

"How did you get here in the middle of the madness, Boss?"

-Actually, this "HERE" that you are living does not exist, Sonny.

"And to be honest, we don't even have to be dancing together."

"I just came to warn you of this, paying a visit to your mind..."

***



-Who is this crab? She screamed N#1 in dismay. - How did she get into his head without my authorization???

-I don't know... I don't know... His mind is strangely complex...

-See how he behaves in front of her...- Shouted N#1. - It looks like a lost puppy that has been reunited with its former owner.

N#4 watched his instruments and couldn't find anything that could explain what was happening...

He then looked at the monitor that displayed the beautiful image of Elizabeth Bondmader and was paralyzed by the enchanting effects that beauty had on himself, while N#1, noticing the inattention of the underling, did not forgive.

Without him noticing, she lit an explosive banana with a short fuse and placed it between the teeth of the distracted open-mouthed, who had no time to react or avoid the explosion that threw his chin, teeth and tongue far away.

Without control of his own movements, N#4 still sat on a nearby chair, and stood there agonizing in pain.

N#1, in turn, dissatisfied with the insufficient suffering of the poor devil who had not been able to answer her questions, still complained:

-Go to hell N#4. You don't know anything at all...

***

The ball continued to be animated by heavy metal while the main couple of our history waltzed through the dance hall.

-Sonny, you'll have to fend for yourself.

-But I thought you were going to help me. Sonny whined with a worried face.

-Maybe later. - Elizabeth said running her hand over Sonny's face at the same time she pushed him towards the white spheres that were already waiting for him outside the ballroom.

Without wasting time, they soon gave him shocks indicating the new direction to follow.

Thus, a few steps later, Sonny was positioned on a checkered square tile floor, over a black floor with approximately one square meter of area.

Initially the new setting around him was not set due to the dark lighting, but as the environment cleared, our protagonist realized that he was now a piece of a game.

In fact, a game on a large human chessboard in which he was the Black King.

Just like almost everything in life, regardless of his will, the game began, which aimed to leave only one of the Kings alive on the board.

In three or four moves, Sonny realized that his situation was terrible.

Now, he was practically face to face with the white queen, played in that game by N#1. Mate was inevitable!

Things happened quickly without Sonny being able to do anything on that board, since he was just another stone there. And the inevitable happened.

N#1 was positioned next to Sonny and soon decreed his death sentence with a well-aimed blow to his pretensions.

-SHEKH MATE Sonny Blue. You finally lost.

In fact, the game had barely begun, and it was already over.

***

Sonny Blue awoke with the sound of a powerful explosion, which took him out of the chess world of illusions where he had been mentally inserted until then...

Soon after, an electrical failure occurred that turned off all medical equipment there,

including the automated stretcher that until then had kept our intrepid protagonist immobilized.

Seeing himself free, he immediately tried to get out of there, taking advantage of the fact that even N#1 was still unconscious due to the explosions that continued to follow one another in the vicinity.

And in the midst of so much noise and confusion, he even managed to identify a familiar sound.

It was his multitasking communicator calling.

Probably, this one should be nearby somewhere.

He searched around and found him on a table.

He ran to where he was, and opened it answering the call.

On the device's screen appeared the image of Paul's face.

-Until we finally found you, Sonny. Sorry for the delay.

"We only found out where you were after two of your friends warned us of the situation."

-Zksbauer e Aleksander?

-That's right.

-I knew I could count on them...

-This asteroid where you are is surrounded by six of our spaceships. Don't get out of there, help will arrive soon.

-And where could I go from here? Walking among the stars? I will be waiting.

Sonny ended the call and found himself in front of N#1 who stared at him with a serious expression.

***

-So your friends are coming over? - Asked N#1 facing Sonny who simply replied:

-Yes.

-Are they the ones who are bombing everything around here?

-That's that... They came to rescue me...

-Rescue you? - Asked N#1 with a misunderstood face. "And why would they do that?" Have you not been treated well here?

Sonny gave the famous and sarcastic smile on the face of a Hollywood actor, returning the stare to N#1.

-Here only you, who when you wanted, gave me a decent treatment. But it wasn't always that I got the best of you attention. Some moments actually I suffered a lot at your hand...

-I had to know if you were a Federation Secret Service agent. - Said N#1 in an apologetic tone.

Sonny Blue approached N#1, hugged her putting his bold hands on all her private parts saying:

-Actually, if I wasn't replaced while I was on "vacation" here, I'm still the Head of the Federation's Secret Service.

N#1 widened her eyes listening to those words as she felt the volume increasing in size between her legs...

Sonny Blue gently took off her clothes and said:

-I cast the bait in a virtual environment frequented by agents of all espionage agencies, and here we are... The rest of the story you already know."

N#1 did not resist Sonny's advance, giving himself completely in the midst of rumblings and explosions that followed one another in the surroundings.

Even in the midst of so much noise, later, she would again faint in the arms of our protagonist after taking more than an hour of "beating with a stick", as "punishment" for her

misdeeds.

***

Later still, finally N#1 woke up to the harsh reality she would have to face.

In front of her, in addition to Sonny, were armed security guards who came to pick her up.

-And now? What will become of me? - She asked, with a look of clemency for Sonny.

-You will be interrogated and arrested. But don't worry, I'll be making intimate visits to you every week.

N#1 smiled.

-So I don't come out totally at a loss. - She said. - But how are you going to find me if you don't know my name?

-Oh! I know. - Said Sonny pulling out his multi-function communicator. - Here is a spy system commanded by artificial intelligence that has hacked into your communicator and your computer system.

"Your name is Solarya. And I'll keep an eye on your every move."

Solarya was excited, then asked:

-And who is the redhead?

Sonny gave her a kiss on the cheek and said:

-Elizabeth is my boss and commands the entire Secret Service of the Federation.

"You don't have to worry about her, but about the re-education center where you go, in wich you won't stay as a principal or N#1."

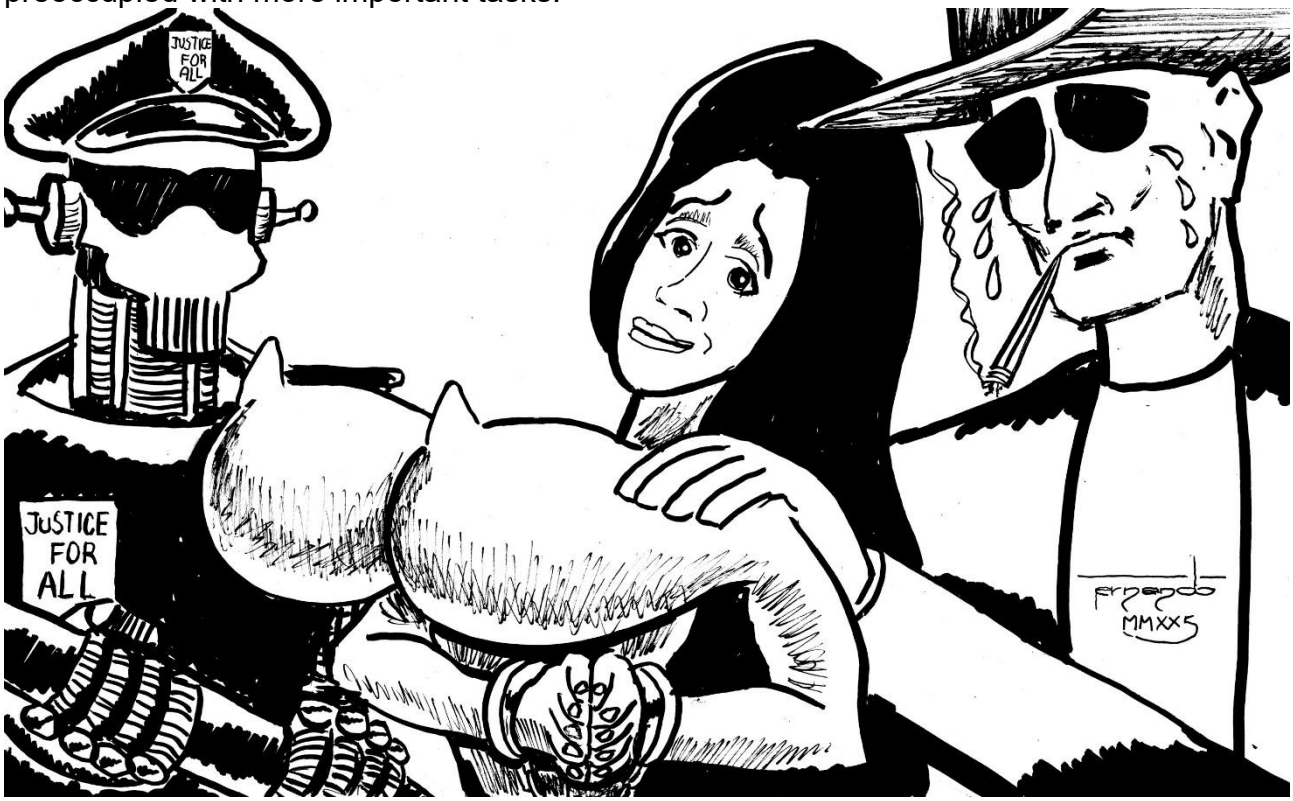
"There your number will be different, Solarya but I'll be keeping an eye on you."

"Be a good girl and we'll see how to ease up on your side as long as you cooperate and tell me everything I want to know."

-Are you going to use the methods you already used on me?

-Just a few of them...

And here we will finally move on to the finals of this story, as the tired reader is already preoccupied with more important tasks.



***

Later, in the offices of Area 52, located on a floating base in the midst of the turbulent clouds of Saturn's hexagonal pole, we meet our protagonist in a meeting with Fernando Zéca, who during Sonny's absence, had been in charge of replacing him as Head of the Federation's Secret Service.

-Hey boss! - Began complaining about old Zéca.

"You should have told us that you had prepared this trap."

“Nobody here knew anything and the uproar was general.”

"Bete went crazy after you, and went out scolding everyone."

-Imagine. But she didn't have to worry, I wasn't unprepared for the mission. I even used bionic devices that amplified strength and endurance that guaranteed me in the most difficult moments..."

-I'm on, boss... But you know how Bete is... She was worried that you might be in some trouble...

-There is always trouble...

-Good boss. Fortunately everything worked out and now we know many names of people who are conspiring against the unity of the Federation, so we will soon take measures to dismantle the tentacles of the OLD UNIVERSAL ORDER here.

-I'm glad you're whole... - Said a feminine and naturally seductive voice.

Sonny Blue turned the armchair towards her.

The owner of the voice was BOSS Elizabeth Bondmader, founder of the Secret Service of the Federation, redhead, tall, beautiful and hot.

Our heroic protagonist even sighed in relief in front of that big woman.

She had already saved his life, dozens of times, but she would be relentless in mockery, after all, both supported different and rival teams, and once again, hers had won hims in the world championship decision. And a rout!

Sonny Blue was beginning to think it was better to have kept quiet as Prisoner N#7, hiding in the middle of the asteroid belt, next to Solarya and her nervous breakdowns.

***



PASSENGER FROM PAST

2269

In this period of time, the S.S.F. (SECRET SERVICE OF THE FEDERATION), or E.Y.E., as the nickname better known in conspiracy theories about it, is the independent secret espionage agency that controls threats coming from external or internal enemies, eventually serving exclusively to the President in any security matter that interests the FEDERATION OF UNITED PLANETS.

In this way, the S.S.F. has eyes and ears everywhere, including here, where the reader thinks everything is under control.

***

Elizabeth Bondmader, founder-in-chief of the S.S.F. was interrupted by the communicator's warning.

With a quick movement she opened it and, from there, the image of a three-dimensional head was projected.

-What can I help with, Paul? - she asked.

-Bete. I have secretly monitored the communications of several SECTION 31 agents. They are up to something.

-You are right. But look, Paul: with the Section 31 gang, we only worry when they plan something against the Federation."

-We are facing a different situation, Bete.

"This time, SECTION 31 is not on the side of the good guys."

"They are preparing for what could be the start of another Time War."

"They want to explode a powerful bomb in the twentieth century that will devastate the whole Earth."

-What?!?! - She exclaimed with a question.

Paul explained:

A few hours ago, the secret mission ended, in which officers of a Starfleet spacecraft, the U.S.S. ENTERPRISE, coordinated the exploration carried out by historians who investigated the past, through a portal that allows time travel, called the GUARDIAN of ETERNITY.

"After gaining access to the reports that Captain Kirk sent to Starfleet regarding the matter, as soon as his ship left the area, SECTION 31 immediately took the opportunity to send its own agents to the scene, with the intention of radically changing the course of history."

Elizabeth Bondmader, not for a second doubted the danger that an uncontrolled action of those unpredictable types could represent against everything that the UNITED FEDERATION OF PLANETS had built so hard.

-Prepare my spacecraft. I will take care of this matter personally.

"There is no time to lose..."

***

As well as all the technology that the E.Y.E. kept secret in AREA 52, in its base hidden among the turbulent clouds of the hexagonal pole on the planet Saturn; the one that controlled the spaceship where Elizabeth Bondmader was traveling, was much more advanced than those used by the STARFLEET, so, in a few hours, the colossal astronomical distance separating the Solar System was made to the planet where the GUARDIAN was.

However, our hasty agent was not fast enough because she barely had a few seconds to reach the surface of that world, and she saw the agents of SECTION 31 crossing the thresholds of the time portal, then she was forced to leave in an uncontrolled run so as not to lose sight of her targets.

***

TWENTIETH CENTURY

Rex Racer had once again argued with his father and, after so much nervousness, went to cool off at the kart track he frequented.

So, after lowering the record time of the track (which was already his), he completely changed the mood from the previous paragraph to this one, going to celebrate the occasion at the local snack bar.

There, enjoying a double chocolate shake, he was faced with the vision that would change the course of his life.

A tall, exuberantly beautiful redhead, wearing tight clothes, especially in the very generous cleavage, in the waist and in the ass, entered the room, looked everywhere, as if she was looking for something... And then she left.

Rex Racer, who was no fool or anything, soon wanted to know what a big woman like that was doing alone over there, and went to find out, going after her.

Outside the establishment, he thought had lost sight of her, but soon saw her again; entering a nearby alley.

Rex approached there with long strides, and saw something truly out of the ordinary: The woman wielding a real ray gun that, in the blink of an eye, fulminated a strange artifact the size of a handbag, which was being operated by two men in dark clothes.

Whatever the destroyed object was, the men were not at all happy with its loss and advanced, also armed, with ray guns against the woman.

-Damn. - Cursed one of them. - Thwarted our plans to destroy everything around here.

Rex's jaw dropped by what he witnessed next:

A real shootout between modern and destructive ray guns, the likes of which he would never have imagined seeing in his entire life. Even more astonishing was that woman.

Not only for her extraordinary beauty, but also for the way she fought, dodging the shots of the unfortunates, who, under so many punches and kicks, decided to drop everything and escape the rain of blows that the beauty made fall on them.

But they didn't have time to go very far.

Someone passing through the much dimly lit garages struck the fugitives with powerful blows, putting them to sleep immediately.

Rex, because of the distance and the light, could not recognize who knocked the escapers out, but the fact is that the distinguished beauty, thanked the mysterious helper with a wave, and soon after held the two sleepers, one in each hand, dragging them to the vicinity of a white wooden door and then opened it.

She crossed, leaving it wide open, and thus disappeared from the sight of Rex, who, curious, with such an unusual occurrence, decided to check the fact more closely.

He approached the door through which he had seen the redhead pass a few moments ago.

Inside it, he glimpsed a glowing vortex in the center of which was a mysterious landscape that gently pulled him towards him.

If the beautiful woman had stepped in front of him, then, in a foolhardy bet, Rex thought that nothing would happen to him if he did the same too.

Without thinking too much, he advanced through the door, which then, with a bang,

closed.

***

BACK TO THE FUTURE

No sooner had he finished his step through the strange passage than he found himself in a different place from the one he had been up to.

There, the sky had a totally different color.

Far away on the horizon, on all sides he could see the ruins of a colossal and ancient city.

-Where am I? Rex Racer involuntarily asked aloud in front of the spectacular scenery.

Right in front of him, still holding the guys she had beaten, was the stunning red-haired beauty, who he had followed there.

-You?!?! - She asked looking at Rex with the face of someone who already knew him before...

Unperturbed by the big man, he improvised the first thing that came to his mind:

-I came to see if you need help with these two there...

She was about to say something when Rex heard a loud knock behind her.

He turned to see what it was, and found that the path by which he had come a few moments ago was now completely changed!

The redhead dropped the unconscious guys she was dragging on the ground and ran towards the obstructed path, while taking out of her pocket a multitasking communicator that began to operate.

As the device projected various information around her, she analyzed everything until finally saying with a worried face:

-Thank you for your intention to help. But you will have to stay here for a while. The Guardian of Eternity has disconnected from the time you came from...

***

The soft, sympathetic voice of the beautiful redhead named Elizabeth Bondmader helped Rex overcome the changes he would have to face being trapped on a time that was not his own until again the Guardian opened a passage back to the period of history to which he belonged.

Until then, he would go with Elizabeth Bondmader to AREA 52 on Saturn, where he would continue learning, adapting to the new times and, in his spare moments, assembling a new car inspired by the drawings that his father made and that, when it was ready, would be called SHOOTING STAR.

The Guardian of Eternity, which in a certain respect was very similar to a piece of rock cut with a passage in the center, was actually also a living entity endowed with colossal powers.

So this "being" was persuaded by the sweet and gentle words of Elizabeth Bondmader to accompany the duo on their journey to the Solar System, where they would also spend some time in AREA 52 being analyzed and hidden from anyone who intentionally intended to use it to change the Destiny of our universe.

***

BACK FROM THE FUTURE

After six months of study, on top of the GUARDIAN OF ETERNITY, the technicians who analyzed it, managed to program in it, the opening of a passage that would allow Rex Racer to return to his time.

In the 23rd century, the pilot had already made good friends through the Agency, having even received training there to eventually, in his period of time, identify and face various threats.

In this way, after effusive farewells, driving his new car, Rex passed through the threshold of the GUARDIAN OF TIME, to return to the time he belonged.

***

He immediately recognized the place where he had arrived back in the twentieth century:

The parking lot of the kart track in which he regularly drove.

He put his new yellow car there, and walked to the track.

On the way, as he passed the garage, he suddenly came face to face with two breathless guys, and as soon as he recognized them, he hit them with strong punches that immediately knocked them out.

Soon after, behind the unfortunates, appeared ELIZABETH BONDMADER, who thanked Rex Racer with a wave, dragging the knocked out by the collars of their blouses to a white wooden door with a golden handle, which opened it and, through which she passed holding the two of them, leaving the passage wide open.

And even more impressive, it was the stunned pilot to see himself, running after the beautiful redhead, disappearing through the door opened by her, who, with a bang, soon closed and disappeared!

***

With his mouth open, Rex ran towards the place where the door that had inexplicably disappeared had been.

It was undoubtedly one of the different ways in which the KEEPER OF TIME manifested himself through the periods and places in which was attuned.

Still haunted by this extraordinary occurrence, he was once again surprised: this time, with a touch on his shoulder.

He turned and found his father poking him.

He was together with his brother Speed.

-Rex my son! - Said old Pops. I knew I'd find you here. I was kind of you and lost my patience. "I'm sorry."

Father and sons embraced.

After a disagreement, there would still be others.

But they would happen in the future... Not now.

***

MORAL OF THE STORY:

WATCH YOUR MOVES. THE FEDERATION'S SECRET SERVICE MAY BE KEEPING AN EYE ON YOU.

***

This fanfiction was made at the request of the Admiral, founder of the STAR TREK fan club to which I belong.

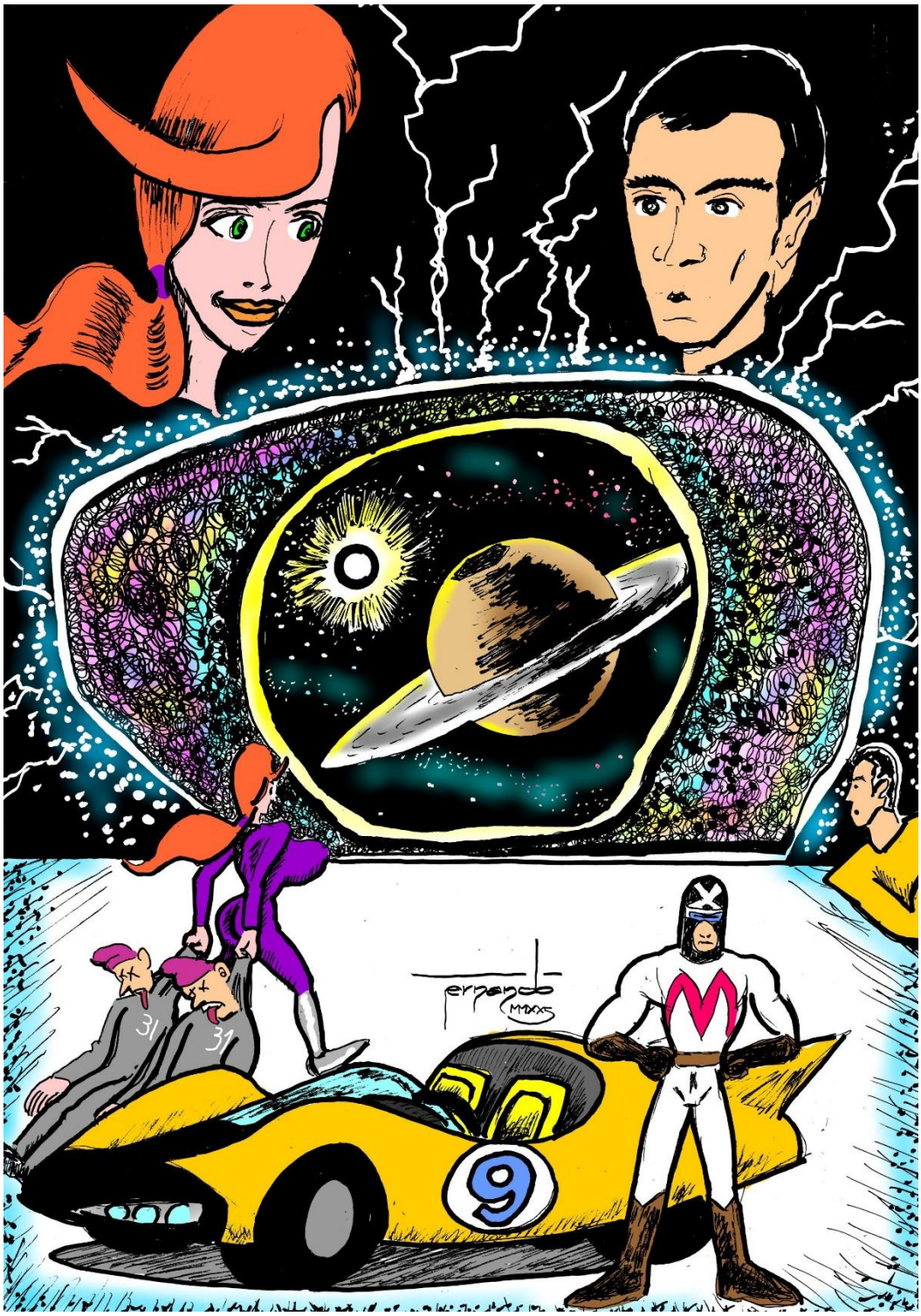
During a report for the association, in a youtube video, he asked writers and authors, if possible, just for fun, to write a work in which he would join the universe to which Rex Racer belongs, the X-RACER of Speed Racer and the universe of STAR TREK.

To have fun, I did my part, and sent a work in which I used a character already known to my dear readers, which I created for other short stories I wrote here previously.

ANYWAY

I would like to thank YOU, DEAR READER, for bravely facing this tale of mine finally arriving here in this line and also you, who skipped everything coming straight to the end.

***



THE DILEM OF SUN-TZU

Fernando Zéca's path to the Admiralty was not easy, and, even more difficult, to maintain his characteristic "high standard" of "professionalism and performance" as an officer.

To achieve the rank, he had to tread, in times of war, a bloody path marked by glories and defeats where he had survived, more thanks to luck than to his reduced talents as a warrior or expert strategist.

At that time, incessant tensions threatened the ideals defended by the Federation of United Planets, which, through Starfleet, one of its strong and armed arms, faced several battle fronts in all quadrants of the galaxy.

In these conflicts, there was no interest in subjugating the opponent to submit him at will, but rather in guaranteeing the transit space and freedoms enjoyed by the peoples of the Federation.

To this end, it was more than vital to guarantee the circulation of spaceships, through paths that would connect and allow some communication between allies.

An integral part of the structure set up to guard such paths, Fernando Zéca followed a good part of his military career, among other things, also patrolling outer space in the most distant locations, facing threats, which could range from: dangerous invading forces; armed pirates, simple smugglers wanting to enter the Federation zone with merchant of suspicious origin, and even fugitives from murderous and tyrannical dictatorial governments.

In any case, much of the time spent by Zéca to reach the Admiralty was exchanging many shots with the enemy.

And not only him. Lately, the senior officers who managed to reach their ranks lived similar stories, having a lot of experience in combat missions, precisely because the Federation did not have a good diplomatic corps acting in the defense of its interests since it constantly got lost like a dizzy cockroach in the midst of the bureaucracy required to settle problems between different races.

Consequently, in order for its Laws to be complied with, it ended up getting involved in fights that showed no prospect of ending, since the enemy forces, even after consecutive victories of the Federation, on several fronts, did not reduce their aggressiveness, their quality in combat or the quantity of reinforcements they constantly received.

Hence, the pragmatic and direct conclusion of Admiral Fernando Zéca Corinthiano that, as long as there were significant or not political rough edges to be trimmed, wars and conflicts would persist.

Therefore, the thought of Clausewitz, one of the greatest military strategists in the universe of all time, after centuries, was still extremely lucid:

"*War is nothing more than the continuation of politics by other means*".

With such a realistic military philosophy in mind, and without the slightest hope of seeing an end to so much confrontation, Admiral Fernando Zéca Corinthiano decided that it was time for a well-deserved rest.

After returning to the Solar System from his adventures in space, at the Federation base in Earth orbit, after receiving Admiral Quinn's congratulations for another return alive, Admiral Fernando Zéca wasted no time and, in a joking tone, recalled the vacation he had not taken for a long time.

-No one can deny your request, Admiral Corinthiano! He heard in response. - Take thirty Earth days off and then go back to work."

However, even happy to have achieved his goals, old Zéca did not immediately follow the well-deserved and rewarding rest,

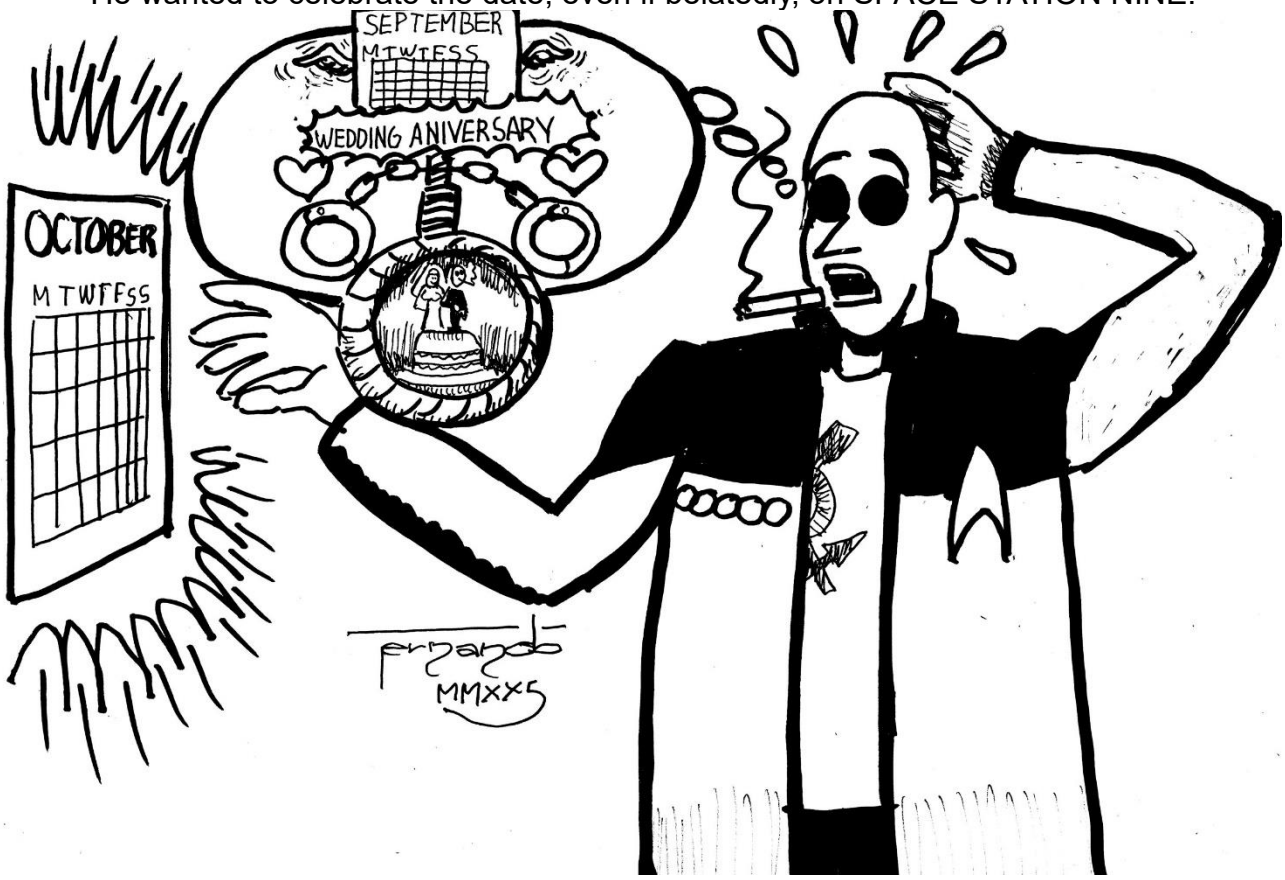
Before, he even oversaw the renovations of his new spacecraft, GALATRINE 5, even

commanding a rigorous battery of tests to a bloody combat zone far from the solar system.

Only then, after finishing this task, did he begin to reflect on what the warrior's rest would be like.

It was the beginning of October, and now that he was more relaxed, he realized that this year he had not had time to properly celebrate his most recent wedding anniversary, which had taken place in September. Immediately, he had an idea.

He wanted to celebrate the date, even if belatedly, on SPACE STATION NINE.



More specifically, at the QUARK’s bar.

Yes, because that was the same place of the party he had after getting married on the bridge of the U.S.S. ENTERPRISE, when this spaceship, which at the time, was already a historical monument of the Federation, was docked at SPACE STATION NINE.

Such was the fame of the latter, that in some of the stops it made during its journeys, forced its commanders and the Federation itself, to authorize assisted visitations or even celebrations on board, when security allowed it, in order to improve diplomatic relations and also, why not, to raise the famous financial funds for charity or in favor of war.

Perhaps Admiral Fernando Zéca would not meet the U.S.S. ENTERPRISE people around again, but he would certainly remember with joy, accompanied by his wife, several moments and the developments of their marriage at Quark's bar.

Once the form of rest was decided, it remained to take the measures that would effectively enable the well-deserved relaxation, among them, to go to the distant SPACE STATION NINE where, in secret, he would make the preparations for the party without his wife knowing.

With Star Fleet's colleagues and even with senior officers, she was well known for her rigor and discipline. When no one could exercise any control over Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, it was his wife who turned to. And the results were always positive, because it was not by chance that SHE earned the affectionate nickname of CENTRAL COMMAND.

Admiral Fernando Zéca Corinthiano wanted the delayed party of his wedding celebration to be a secret, so he would go to SPACE STATION NINE, where he would make the preparations directly with Quark.

For such a trip, and in order not to leave clues that would alert the "Central Command" of his whereabouts, the Admiral decided that he would not follow in any of the spaceships that the Fleet or even that the Secret Service of the Federation put at his disposal.

He would go in a civil flight.

He bought round-trip tickets on the internet through his secret channel, to which the "Central Command" had no access, and went to the spaceport carrying only a backpack with his personal computer, its accessories and some other junk.

At the scheduled time, Admiral Zéca presented himself at the respective counter indicated on the ticket he brought with him.

He went to hand it to the attendant, but she did not even deign to pick it up.

-Are you from the flight to SPACE STATION NINE?

-Yes! It's me!

-All commercial flights departing from this spaceport are canceled by determination of the AGENCY DIRECTING AND ORGANIZING SPACE NAVIGATION IN THE FEDERATION, which is on an irrevocable strike for an indefinite period.

That one took the Admiral by surprise.

He even was at the time, not knowing what to do in face of the situation.

After the initial impact of the terrible news, it was recalled that the Fleet, in emergency situations, obliged, by force of law, spacecraft that were in Federation territory heading in the same direction, to offer rides to Officers in transit.

It was the famous obligatory ride. He went to another counter in the spaceport: the information counter, which at that moment was even more crowded with people.

He waited for the line to move, after all, he was not yet 60 years old, therefore, the preference to take the lead in the service.

On his turn, then, after listening to his problems, they finally gave him useful information.

-Really, Admiral, you are right. Your right to ride is assured. It turns out that all commercial spacecraft transporting civilian passengers are unable to depart due to the strike. Only medical emergency flights, military and freighters take off."

The attendant was even helpful, but, at first glance, the possibility of traveling to SPACE STATION NINE seemed to be getting smaller.

-Admiral, we have no scheduled departure there.

The attendant looked at the monitor where the information was projected, but his countenance was not optimistic... Soon, however...

-I found it, sir!

-What?

-A Ferengi cargo spacecraft leaving in twenty minutes towards SPACE STATION NINE! It's the only one we have, sir.

-Nothing else?

-Other than that, only after the strike is over, if they reach a negotiation.

-Where do I find the crew?

-They are at boarding gate 32.

"Don't let the spaceship leave without me. I'm heading there now.

-Yes, sir. I'm arranging it.

Admiral Fernando Zéca ran away.

Even though he was short, bald and pot-bellied, when he needed to, he still managed to make a physical effort, so he soon arrived at boarding gate 32.

Waiting for him at the entrance, the two Ferengis were already there.

Admiral Zéca addressed them, saluting them with a handshake.

-Hello! I'm Admiral Fernando Zéca Corinthiano and I need a ride from you to SPACE STATION NINE.

-How are you, Admiral? My name is Boson and this is my brother Lepton. – One of

them introduced himself. - Are you sure you really want to hitch a ride on our spaceship? She is a freighter and does not have accommodations befitting an officer of your rank.

-I don't mind that, gentlemen. What I need is to get to SPACE STATION NINE as soon as possible.

-Admiral. - Lepton called. - Our flight plan takes a little longer than those of the civil transport spacecraft, we are carrying a lot of cargo on this trip.

-I understand, Mr. Lepton, however, the AGENCY DIRECTING AND ORGANIZING SPACE NAVIGATION IN THE TERRITORY OF THE FEDERATION leaves no alternative but to help me with you.

-Therefore, it will be an honor to have you on board, Admiral. We will do our best to ensure that our accommodations can meet your needs with dignity.

-Then let's go ahead, gentlemen.

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It didn't take long for the three of them to reach the corridor that gave direct access to the interior of the ferengi freighter named LATINUM.

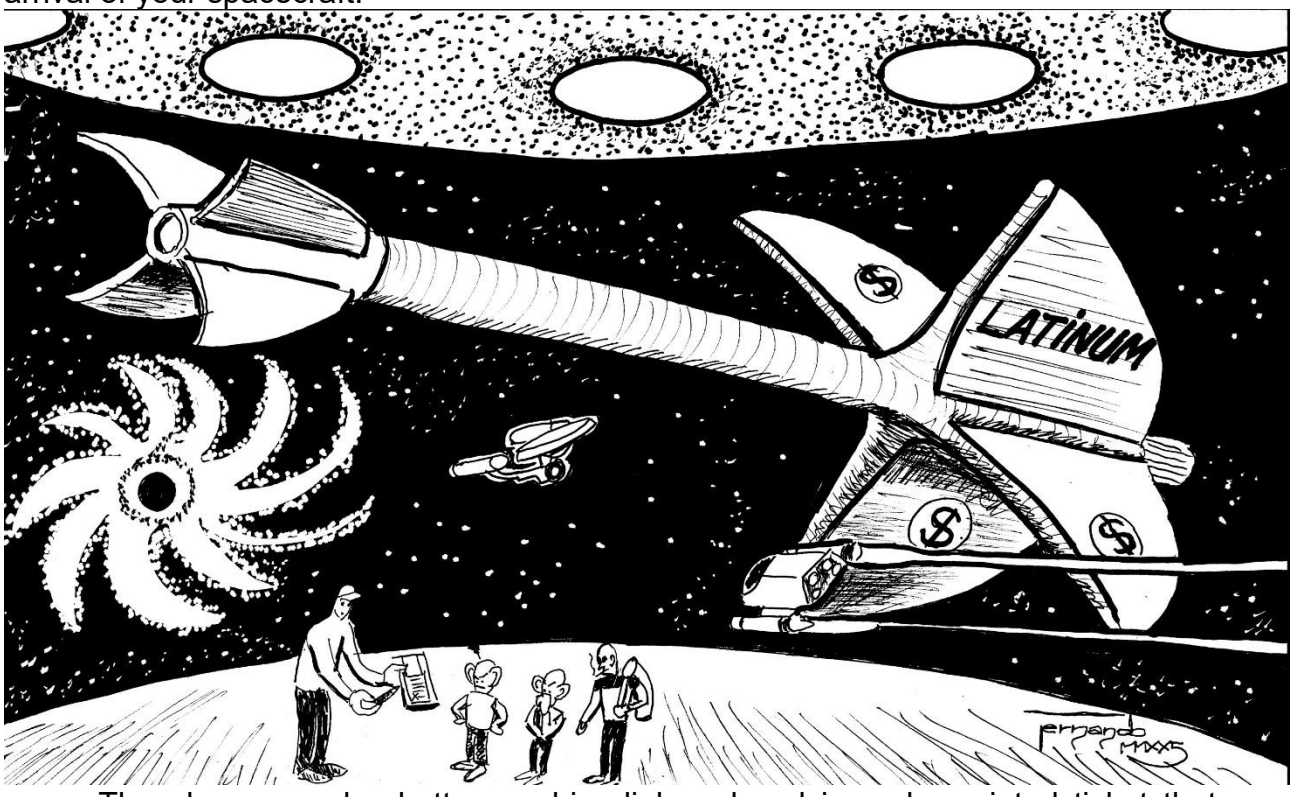
They continued talking about amenities until they were interrupted by a man in black clothes who approached them holding a kind of electronic clipboard.

A black cap without any insignia hid his face, even so, the Admiral realized that it was a cardasian who addressed the Ferengi saying:

-There was an error in the first weighing of the cargo and it was found that your ship is overweight of eight tons and a half.

-Eight TONS and a half?!?! Lepton asked surprised. "But I followed the weighing myself and...

-Calm down friend! - Interrupted the man in the dark clothes. – The overweight fee will not be charged in your case since the mistake was ours when we weighed in on the arrival of your spacecraft.



Then he pressed a button on his clipboard and issued a printed ticket that was delivered to Lepton.

-Your exit is cleared. You can leave immediately. Enter this ticket into your computer

and automatic navigation will lead the spacecraft to the zone where warp speed is allowed.

Looking towards the Admiral, he also warned:

-Sir! It is not allowed in this area to stay

-I'm leaving with them. – Clarified the Admiral.

-But here in my record, the crew of LATINUM spacecraft is made up of only two ferengis.

-Your information is correct, sir. - Said the Admiral. - However, I am hitching a ride, on an emergency basis, on this ship, since no other is leaving for our destination.

-But this ship is freighter, and has no accommodations for a third crew member. He replied.

-Don't worry! – said Boson. "The Admiral is already aware of the situation and has accepted the condition of the trip.

When he heard the word Admiral, the man even widened his eyes and his cardasian skin paled even more.

He even gave some clear signs of discomfort with the presence of the Admiral...

-It's just that...

The Admiral, however, was not disturbed and was soon very incisive:

-By LAW, the LATINUM spacecraft is obliged to take me on this emergency occasion, to my destination, which is identical to hers. Commander Boson said he can improvise an accommodation for me and that is enough.

-Ok... Ok... So stay like that...

Half trembling, the man walked away as the three advanced into the interior of the LATINUM.

***

LATINUM was a spacecraft totally different from any other traditional model from Ferengui or even the federation by combining sporty lines with the design used by several models of freighters.

Everyone was right about one thing: the spacecraft could not comfortably accommodate many crew members other than the two it had. The example of this was in the small space intended for piloting.

The cabin was more reminiscent of those of old land planes, with two seats facing windows and monitors, surrounded by instruments, joysticks and pedals.

Whoever was taller there would have problems with discomfort, because the design was made for ferengis like this, it complicated the life of even the short humans like Admiral Zéca, who was forced to bend over.

Boson and Lepton sat down in their seats, starting the departure routine, in which they talked to each other:

-The Admiral said that I am the Commander here, so you have to obey me.

-Neither you nor the Admiral don't order anything. I'm the one who order inside here. What has to be done here, I'm the one who does it.

-Nothing! Now I am Commander. You heard the Admiral outside. He said COMMANDER BOSON.

-Hey! Don't get me into this fight! - Said the Admiral. - I'll solve the problem like this: the two will be appointed Commanders and I'll be the Captain of this ship so I'll boss you around, okay?

-But these soldiers are all the same: they already want to arrive in charge! This ship is ferengi and the one who rules here is the one who works, that is: me!

-If you don't want to be Commander, then the Commander is still me, since the Admiral appointed me that. Now see if it works there because we have to make a profit.

-On this point I agree! We have to profit!

-Admiral! Forgive this undisciplined brother of mine! He is very young and has not learned to take orders!

-Gentlemen! - Said the Admiral. - What I said was a joke!

"Far be it from me to want to exercise any authority over you."

"My interest is solely in hitchhiking."

"Manage and command your ship as you see fit; by the way, if you allow me an observation, I really liked its design: it's a classic on Earth. It's very unique compared to other ships characteristic of the Ferengi Alliance."

-See? What he said was a joke. You are not Commander of anything.

-Shut up! He's praising my ship.

-This ship is not yours alone. I am also a partner in it. And in equal parts. Don't forget that.

-Hey guys! Don't fight! Just tell me where I can stay. - Interrupted the Admiral, tired of that heated discussion in extremely annoying tones of voice, and in a tight place.

-You can stay in compartment 7C; Admiral. There is the only empty place left at LATINUM. Follow the corridor to elevator 3 and from there, you reach your compartment.

-Ok thank you. I'm going there.

The Admiral left the cramped cabin at the back of it, where there was a hatch leading to a larger room, then down the corridor to the indicated spot as the two Ferengi continued to argue:

-You are not a Commander of anything because you are not even remotely serving as a military man for ignoring when "*War is good for business".*

-Don't you dare mention the *Procurement Rules to me!*

"Just to refresh your memory, also remember that the

"*Peace is good for business."*

"We Ferengi can very well profit without a fight."

-Then work there, Commander. We have to make money.

-He spoke and said it, now you agree.

As soon as Zéca entered the elevator, and moved away from the quarrelsome voices of the crew, the Admiral could finally relax his head a little.

The Ferengi people were notorious for many of their unique or even funny characteristics, but the Admiral considered them extremely practical in their daily lives.

Even in conflict situations, when they were indirectly involved, they always sought the path of profit.

At this point, Admiral Fernando Zéca always followed a little of the Ferengi philosophy in, during the war, trying to make his operations economically viable and financially self-sustaining.

To go into combat to take losses or to die for cheap idealism was out of the question in his way of thinking.

Unfortunately, however, the Admiral knew that it was not always possible to follow this thesis, especially on days when the battle enters the room where one is sleeping, after breaking into the house without warning or even knocking on the door.

With such reflections in mind, he arrived at the compartment where he would be.

He opened the door and saw an unfurnished but spacious environment, with an area of about forty square meters, even having a private bathroom.

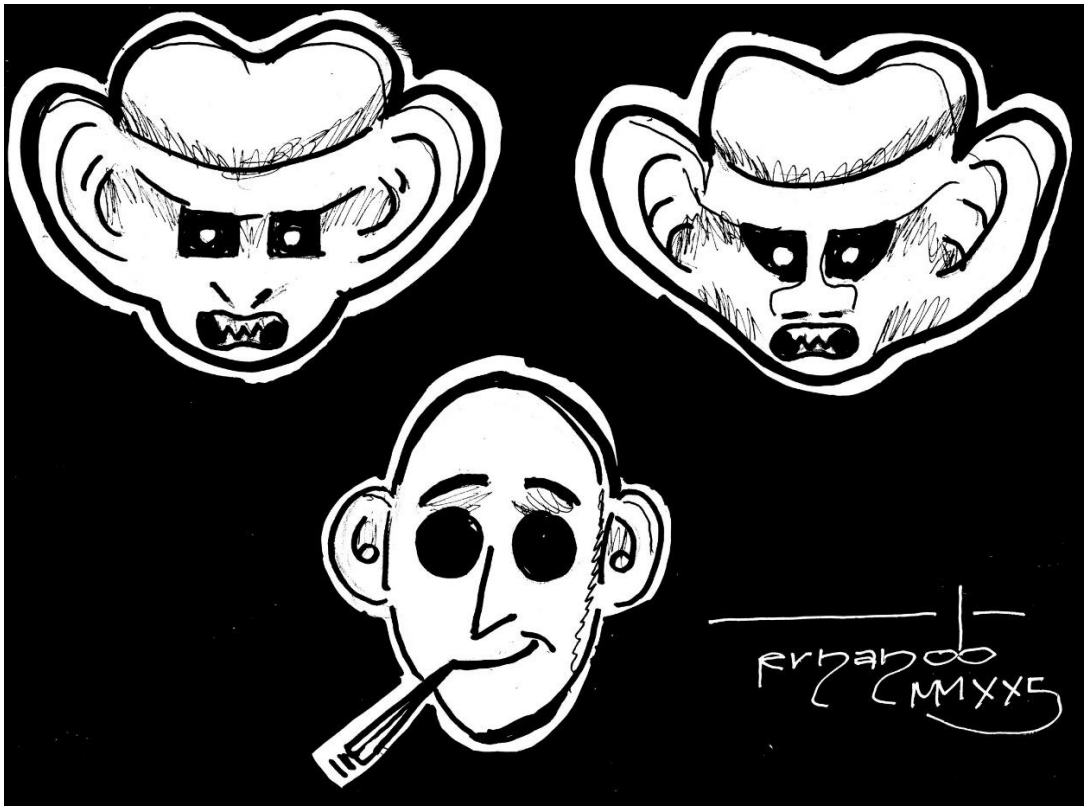
Inside it was very cold indeed, but it was nothing that stopped the Admiral from taking a nap.

Contrary to what he had been told, the place was not empty, there were some closed containers. Nothing, however, that prevented him from just rest.

He lay down on one of the containers, resting his head on the bag, and improvising it like a pillow.

He fell asleep listening to the low hum that came from the load on which he had lain.

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As soon as he woke up, the first thing he saw was the face of an ugly ferengi.

Decidedly, for a human, this is not the best way to be awaken.

Even less so for Admiral Fernando Zéca who, even though he was no longer young, still liked to wake up ready for love after dreaming of beautiful women.

In recent times, he had become accustomed to waking up to bursts of fire from enemy weapons hitting the hull of his ships, or even with comrades in arms screaming and begging for help.

This, when he could sleep, since, for a tactical officer like Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, the hard work for the Federation, whether for the Federation Secret Service (E.Y.E), or for Starfleet, seemed to have no end. The entire galaxy was always experiencing some different and apocalyptic conflict. At any time or place you were, there would always be some reasonable reason to exchange peaceful fire with eventual enemies.

Decidedly, the times were such that the impression one had was that diplomacy was being very poorly paid to work for peace, or perhaps it was even operating for particular interests aliens to those of general harmony.

Therefore, as soon as he woke up and saw a Ferengi in front of him, the Admiral was not frightened, nor was he startled, even so, he did not love such an experience.

That one, even though it was ugly, at least did not bring him at the moment, bad news about enemy attacks that were blowing up the spacecraft. Not at all!

Only the tray with some food whose contents, Admiral Zéca did not surprise, nor did it make him look ugly.

In a large mug there was the traditional drink BLACK HOLE. On the saucer next to it, live insects and worms that the Ferengi considered true delicacies.

Accustomed to missions in which he spent a long period without eating, or only feeding on what nature provides, the Admiral did not beg, he put his hand on the animals and put them still alive in his mouth.

Then he closed his eyes and slowly chewed the dough while he felt the little creatures still moving desperately on his tongue.

He swallowed it all and then, in one gulp, drank the drink from the mug.

-You slept about twelve Earth hours, Admiral, I came here just to offer breakfast.

-Excellent. - Said the Admiral. -Thank you very much. It replenished my energy.

He stood up, burped and went to the bathroom in the compartment, to give that post-nap "relief".

-Are these containers yours here, Admiral?

The Admiral finished relieving himself in the cramped Ferengi toilet and asked to repeat the question once more.

-These containers, are they yours, Admiral?

Washing his hands, the Admiral came out of the bathroom without understanding very well...

-No. Of course not. They were already here when I entered.

-This load is not ours.

-This one where I slept on top?

-That one where you slept more than twelve Earth hours...

-Do you know what's in there?

When asking this question, the Admiral took a closer look at the containers, checking for the existence of Cardasian characters that, until then, he had not noticed.

His brain began to work at a thousand per hour.

The buzz that came out of the containers reminded him of something...

Then, a light illuminated his ideas...

-I think we have a bomb in our hands!

The ferengi activated the tricorder and showed the results on its display to the Admiral.

The device soon identified by the signs, even the model of the weapon inside the container:

-We have a neutron bomb in our hands.

Looking at the container from the outside, he found that their locks were open and not compromised. It was enough to press a button to open them.

He pressed that button, and the container opened with a squeak revealing its contents.

It wasn't just a neutron bomb... There were dozens!

And they were shaped like dark green spheres with a drive mechanism at the top that closely resembled the old hand grenades.

-Each bomb like this can raze an entire planet. - Said the Admiral. - It is highly restricted circulation equipment. The possession and use of this without order or authorization is considered a crime in every space under the command of the Federation!

-That's not ours, Admiral. It's not part of my inventory. - Replied the ferengi who, through the ship's internal communication system, installed on the nearest wall, called for his brother in the cockpit.

-What's the problem? Admiral don't like the meal after waking up? Did I send the BLACK HOLE too cold?

-Nothing like that! The Admiral enjoyed breakfast with an appetite unusual for humans, however, we have here, a load of... What do you call that, Admiral?"

-Neutron Bombs. Each with more than enough power to destroy an entire planet the size of Earth."

-Neutron Bombs... Have you ever heard of this? - Asked one of the ferengi.

-They are bombs that explode, destroy property and cause material damage. You don't know anything about guns anyway.

-Now. The Admiral appointed you the Commander, not me. That's a subject you have to understand, not me. My business is to find out why this illegal cargo ended up here..."

-I'm going to turn on autopilot and I'm on my way.

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-This load is not really ours.

-When we arrived in the Solar System, it was not there. I'm sure of that.

-So it was in the spaceport that they put it here. - Concluded the Admiral. "From the little I saw, I would suspect the guy we strangely saw coming out of your ship.

"I'm sure he was a cardasian."

Looking at other containers inside with the same content, they ended up finding a data storage device with several files inside.

Through the tricorder, they verified the purpose of the files and discovered that they were messages directed to the recipient of those bombs: the head of a cardasian terrorist group.

In view of the content of the messages, the Admiral realized that that weapon would be used in attacks to be perpetrated on SPACE STATION NINE, in Bajor and in other places nearby.

He had to prepare a trap to catch the criminals, since it was more than known that, somehow, they would find a way to take the cargo out of the ferengi ship.

Before that, the trio had to check how much clandestine material beyond that the spacecraft was carrying. Then, they went through it compartment by compartment, to check for the presence of any other irregularity.

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-We intend to set up a pawn shop on SPACE STATION NINE. I agree that our inventory has a lot of strange things to negotiate, but these bombs are not part of it.

-But that doesn't mean you don't trade it. - Said the Admiral with a mischievous smile.

-If there are interested parties and the profit margin is good, we will negotiate anything, Admiral. And with anyone! But these bombs are not really ours. And I just want to know how they got here."

-How about checking the images recorded by the spacecraft's internal security cameras? - Asked Fernando Zéca innocently.

-For the sake of cost containment, this spacecraft does not use batteries for the cameras recording images of what happens inside, Admiral.

-What bad luck! - complained the Admiral. - This is another probable reason why they chose LATINUM as the transport of this illegal cargo to SPACE STATION NINE.

-In addition to the fact that our spacecraft is ferengi. If this contraband is found with us, the situation will only cause problems for us, with the story ending there, while the real culprits are not even investigated.

-Indeed. Humans always blame what they do on the ferengis.

"You are right, but in this case, as there are files that compromise the terrorists, the penalty you would receive would certainly be reduced. - Clarified the Admiral.

-Would we still be condemned? But these humans are really crazy: they allow smugglers to put illegal cargo in a spaceport they run, and they still blame it on the Ferengis."

-It's the human way to get rid of guilt. Passing the hot potato to others. - Said the Admiral smiling. - But surely you could turn to a good lawyer and, at the end of the story, even profit from a fat indemnity paid by the AGENCY DIRECTING AND ORGANIZING SPACE NAVIGATION IN THE FEDERATION.

-Then let's profit anyway! We will return to the Solar System, deliver the cargo and file a complaint against this Agency."

"Either they pay us compensation, or we file a lawsuit with the human courts."

-Calm down, guys. Things don't work like that with human justice.

"And, on the other hand, we have to arrest the gang that is transiting this material

illegally. Let's continue our journey and try to catch the scoundrels on SPACE STATION NINE!"

"As your ship lacks secure communication channels, we will not notify the authorities of our discovery because we can also alert the bandits."

-But Admiral, if while continuing our journey, the Authorities catch us along the way, we will be arrested in the same way.

-Not with me on board! Then in that case, I then contact the commander of SPACE STATION NINE and we set up some different trap."

The Ferengi said nothing. They did not disagree, because the Admiral might even have a point.

So, while LATINUM's autopilot kept the spacecraft on the correct course, the three of them went through each compartment of it, making the necessary checks on the cargo.

The interior space was minimal and very tight because the ship, at that moment, was completely crowded!

-Are you going to start a business on SPACE STATION NINE and already have a freighter of this size full of goods up to your mouth?

"Damn! - Exclaimed the Admiral. - In the solar system, just with the sale of this spacecraft, which is a classic model, the guy would live well for about thirty years..."

-We are humble Ferengi who work night and day to provide for themselves, Admiral.

-Admiral! I am the one who works here. The Commander just watches. He is too lazy to even do the the usual mathematical checks at the cashier at the end of the day."

-Because it is the Commander who is in charge, because he has more experience and wisdom. "Someone here has to do the brain work. And don't think that brain work doesn't burn calories. After much thinking I need a well-deserved rest."

-You sleep all the time! Put the computer to think and work a little. That way it doesn't get so tired.

It was then that the Admiral noticed something else funny.

Some family-shaped containers that were in that compartment.

-But here we have phaser rifles! Damn guys! This material must also be part of the contraband.

-No, Admiral! This material is ours. It is for commercialization.

-You can check, Admiral. - Lepton said, handing him the clipboard with an image of the authorization of the document to carry that weapon.

In that case, the documentation was fully in order.

The Ferengi business was authorized to carry and sell that and many other types of weaponry.

-Everything is ok here. But I would like to satisfy my curiosity...

The Admiral approached the container and opened it.

The lid of this one slid sideways, displaying its contents.

At that, the Admiral's eyes even lit up. They looked like those of a child on his October 12 receiving gifts.

-If these rifles are authentic, they are much better than the ones they give us in Starfleet.

-We only work with authenticated material, Admiral. These rifles fire and are of the best quality. See the warranty seals.

-I want to buy some of these for my charges! The garbage they give us in the Fleet in the face of this here, is useless. That crap only causes problems and very badly scratches the target."

Following the inspection, the officer was still able to verify that the ship's cargo had all kinds of marketable items: from old or super-modern weapons, to works by famous artists, as well as all kinds of trinkets that could please a collector or simply interested in buying.

Among so many curiosities and riches, there was a large piece of equipment in the

spotlight.

As soon as he laid eyes on it, the Admiral was surprised not only by its shape and size, but also by not having the slightest idea of its purpose.

-But what does this mess do? He asked, perplexed, trying to understand it all.

-This is a wife-making machine.

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-What?!?!?!

The Admiral looked firmly at the Ferengis, who did not show the slightest sign of humor and asked:

-Is this trick used to make rubber dolls for perverts?

-No, Admiral. We are not talking about inflatable dolls.

-The machine makes real wives.

-Robots? Androids?

-Not at all. They are wives. Real wives, Admiral.

-I can't believe such a thing.

The Admiral's mind soon saw the hypothesis, not very remote, that the wife-making machine was another trick, but, looking at the expression of the ferengis at that moment, he did not see the slightest possibility that he was dealing with liars.

Those two, apart from the fact of the fights, seemed meticulous and honorable.

-Explain this story to me better.

-This item specifically belongs to a batch of various objects we obtained, and were owned by the Glorious Prince Nagus.

-You obtained it honestly, I want to believe. - Said the Admiral in a firm voice.

-Without a doubt, Admiral. Our business is serious, as you can see.

-We were called by a servant of the family of the Glorious Prince Nagus, who provided us with an opportunity to profit from the sale of objects and belongings that would no longer be used.

-But can a server sell the family objects of this Prince Nagus? What authority does he have to do so?

-Prince Nagus left with his wife to meditate in some icy cave of Ferenginar. According to his server, he left written and signed authorization in his own handwriting allowing him to manage his assets in the most productive way."

-Here you are. - He showed on the clipboard, the authorization he was referring to.

The Admiral scratched his chin:

-So far so good, gentlemen, but what is this wife-making machine? A joke?

-It is soon seen that you still do not know the Ferengi culture, Admiral.

-I'm always learning a little more every moment. -Replied the suspicious officer of the Fleet. - Please light my way.

-Prince Nagus is the most powerful mind in the universe, Admiral. Even more than that of the mighty Nagus.

-Prince Nagus is the one who should be the Great Nagus.

-He should, but he didn't want to.

-Prince Nagus is a sage.

-Yes, he is a wise man. He thinks differently. He is a ferengi of vision.

-He adopted a philosophy that you humans call social-communism, mixed with the Ferengi way of managing life.

-Ferengi social-communist? Please don't play with me like that," replied the Admiral, visibly incredulous. - These three words do not mix.

It was clear that the Admiral could hardly believe his ears: a communist Ferengi was something that was simply beyond his comprehension.

Any encyclopedia for illiterates clearly explained some of the main Ferengi characteristics to the misunderstood, in a rudimentary way that left no doubt; Ferengis are: short, eared, ugly and extremely CAPITALIST in almost all their moments of life.

The mere existence of a ferengi with a social-communist philosophical tendency could only be a joke of the funniest.

-You don't understand, Admiral! Prince Nagus transcended capitalism. His mind, out of thin air, can manufacture pressed latinum gold.

-It's the pure truth, Admiral.

-He makes gold, out of nothing, in front of you.

-That's why they call him THE GREAT ALCHEMIST. He has the most powerful mind in the universe.

The Admiral listened to it open-mouthed.

-He refused to be the Great Nagus for more than three hundred Earth years. At the time, he said that he could not accept such an honor, because, in his meditations, he sought to see a financial system capable of giving prosperity to all the peoples of the Universe, while also meeting their social needs.

-Does a Ferengi live that long? - asked the Admiral.

-Prince Nagus lives.

-See, Admiral? We are talking about the objects of a great ferengi.

-I respect that, gentlemen, but you told me about a wife-making machine. Did I get it wrong?

-Prince Nagus, from his infinite wisdom, during his younger years, created such a machine.

The Admiral made faces at every thing he heard, but he was interested...

-Drinking from some of the main philosophical currents of social-communism, Prince Nagus met one that preached sexual liberation where the socialist-communist could enjoy as many social-communist partners as he wanted.

-The philosopher could have sex with as many followers of the same school of thought as he wanted... - The Admiral concluded aloud and in a simplified way. - Got it right?

-That's right.

-It turns out that the Ferengi community at the time was not evolved enough to understand the social-communist thought of the glorious Prince Nagus, and the females, due to divergence of thought with this philosophical question, did not want to know about him.

"At this historical moment, he was already able to create gold bars pressed latinum out of thin air with the powers of his mind alone. That's when he decided to get married and created this wife-making machine."

"As in his bachelor days, he was very liberal, he wanted to have wives of various races, multiplying the infinite possibilities in infinite combinations."

"A Ferengi, an Andorian, a Klingon, a Vulcan, an Orion..."

-Blimey! Prince was not weak - Admiral commented.

-An open mind to novelty ready to give and accept the simultaneous love of several females.

-Prince Nagus knew the secrets of the creation of the universe up close, so it should not be difficult for him to understand the forces involved in the conception of a woman.

-And then, he created The Wife-Making Machine, which is perfectly functional.

-How do you know it works? Have you tested it? - Asked the Admiral.

-Admiral, this is the only item in our inventory that we haven't tested.

-We trust the only Ferengi who tested, certified and approved it: Prince Nagus himself, who then raised his wife.

"If he was so liberal, why didn't he make more wives as he initially intended?"

-The first wife manufactured in this machine was Ferengi.

"Prince Nagus thought it was such a complete creation, that he never used the machine again."

-I am still a supporter, that it was Prince Nagus' own first and only wife, who did not authorize him to breed more sex-hungry females.

-So be it, brother. This theory is very good and even well-founded, but what interests us is that the machine can still make us a lot of money with lonely miners because it is still capable of making four more wives: an Orion, a Vulcan, a Klingon and an Andorian."

-Our profits will be huge. Old miners pay fortunes just to have good cooks nearby, imagine then, faithful and sex-hungry females...

The Admiral looked at the aircraft, which occupied the compartment that had an area of sixty square meters and an average height of six meters.

In a certain part of it, there were five cylinders, made of transparent material such as acrylic, inside which, in four of them, there were extremely bright points of light, about the size of tennis balls.

On each of the illuminated cylinders, a different color shone.

One was green, the other white, the next, blue, and the last lit: red.

The fifth cylinder was unlit.

-These bright spots on the inside of the cylinders are what? A kind of seed that turns into women?

-Exactly...

-Each color corresponds to one of them: green is an Orion female, white is a Vulcan, blue corresponds to an Andorian female, and red is a Klingon female.

-And how long does it take for the wife to be ready? - asked the Admiral.

-Leave on time.

-In less than five minutes.

-Check it out.

Lepton showed his clipboard to the Admiral, from where a three-dimensional video was projected into the air.

It showed a ferengi, most likely Prince Nagus as a young man, driving the machine, since, according to Boson and Lepton, he would have been the only one to use it.

The image was not in the best possible quality, as it appeared to have been taken with cameras over two hundred years old.

The video showed the ferengi adjusting the machine, something that seemed to be quite simple, and the changes taking place.

Inside the cylinder, at the moment when Prince Nagus appeared, it was lit, a pink dot shone.

As soon as the adjustment was finished, the glow of the pink dot disappeared, and in its place a beautiful female ferengi appeared.

-See Admiral, this is Prince Nagus' wife. This video shows how she was born.

The image continued to show her.

As soon as she came out of the inside of her transparent cylinder, she hugged Prince Nagus and began to caress, bite and lick his ears.

At that moment, faced with such images, the Ferengi seemed especially excited.

-See how she licks his ear.

-Ahhh... If a female licked my ears like this, the internal hairs, connected to the erotic channels of my ears, would be crackling for months just remembering.

-You're too old for that.

-Ahhhh...

-Hey guys! -shouted the Admiral. - I already understand the end of the story.

And he turned off the video with the images from the clipboard, leaving the Ferengi very discouraged.

-I already know how this story ends and it doesn't interest me. Prince Nagus got a

boss to run his life and thus lived happily ever after...

-How do you know? We didn't even reach the end..

And they wouldn't even arrive even if they wanted to, suddenly, in the communication system mounted on the nearby wall, a sound message popped.

It was a human voice asking for help:

-Please we need help!! Dozens of Klingon ships are surrounding my spacecraft. I'm keeping my distance but I believe their attack is imminent, HELP!!!

Boson clicked a few times on the commands of his clipboard and soon became aware of the situation.

-Drug! We have no way to escape this cry for help! They are well on our route and must have already detected us.

-It's true! Rubbish! We're fast heading towards the unfortunate one and the fleet of Klingon ships that will attack him!

-No problem, you fearful ones. I pilot the ship now. - Said the Admiral, automatically ready for confrontation. - I have experience fighting with the Klingons and I am able to chew them in combat just like you do with cockroaches in your breakfast.

-Yes, but cockroaches are delicious. - Said Boson. - Klingons, on the other hand, are not that tasty anymore.

-Besides, our spacecraft is not prepared for combat.

-It's a cargo ship, Admiral. We do not have force fields, cannons or any other type of weaponry prepared for confrontation.

"Armaments are expensive, assembled accessories, take up more space and would require us to make several trips to transport everything we have."

-It also decreases the profit margin and increases expenses.

-Damn hungry nails! - cursed the Admiral. - It is because of thinking like this that the Federation is at war on all sides.

"If it were to crush just one of our enemies in an exemplary manner, no one would dare to mess with the Fleet."

"They are falling for the tale of Napoleon, Hitler and Putin while no one does anything."

The Admiral was livid and red with anger, for the business of riding in unarmed spacecraft was not with him.

-Let's go to the cockpit. -Ordered. - I have an idea that may save our lives.

They rushed there, and as soon as they arrived, the situation could be better assessed, by the Admiral, with quick eye movements, running through all the dials, maps and controls.

Without much ceremony, he sat in the cramped pilot's chair, evaluated what was around him and took out of his bag a pen-drive that he stuck in a USB port that was on the control panel in front of him.

He typed some commands on the keyboard, approached the microphone that was there and said:

-Attention Klingon fleet! Here who is speaking is Admiral Fernando Zéca Corinthiano.

"You are in space under the control of the Federation. Surrender or suffer the consequences."

There was then a general buzz. Through the media.

-Admiral Fernando Zéca Corinthiano is on the block.

-Damn you!

-Let's finish him!

-Bastard destroyed the ship where my cousin was.

-He killed my brother.

-Destroyed a lot of Klingon ships.

-This damn Klingon killer! I want a piece of him.

-He has killed more Klingons in combat than the worst genocides in the universe.

-He is the terminator of the Federation.

-I will make him die in agony and screaming in pain.

-I also want revenge for the countless warriors he killed.

The Ferengi turned to Admiral Zeca who only displayed a mischievous smile with the corner of his lips.

-Admiral! It seems that you have made many friends among the Klingons.

-Do you know what you are doing? To me it seems that we are heading for a great cold.

-Calm down guys! I am even very famous among the Klingons in the CANIS IP sector. There, they get very angry when they hear my name.

-Admiral, we are far from the CANIS IP sector, this is not a space of Klingon domination. Your bad reputation is not restricted to that sector alone.

-Agree! I know it always precedes me in the places I go, but don't worry, they're more terrified than us.

-More terrified, Admiral? Our dials indicate that they are coming at us with everything. Soon we will be under heavy artillery

-Don't worry, trust me, leave it to me because I know what I'm doing.

-And what are you doing?

-Preparing to face this group of brawlers.

***

-He's going to kill us!

-Admiral! Please! I beg you! Our ship is not ready for combat.

-Damn the military! They think that all problems can be solved with an exchange of fire!

Still displaying his confident and mischievous smile, the Admiral pressed a button on the panel remaining silent.

From one moment to the next, the gigantic Klingon fleet lost speed until it came to a complete standstill, while the LATINUM, trying to evade an imminent threat, managed to open the distance and escape danger.

Taking advantage of the momentum of the precarious security situation in which he found himself, the Admiral accelerated the freighter's engines to full power to open the maximum distance from the Klingons.

***

-What happened, Admiral?

-I always carry with me a pen-drive full of useful computer tools for any occasion. Here I used an old computer virus capable of using communication systems to carry out its attacks.

"The food processors of enemy spacecraft were used to produce in the internal air circulation system, a gas that artificially simulates in the nervous system of each Klingon an experience equivalent to that which they have when they hold a "TREEBLE" in their unprotected hands."

"Such little creatures, no matter how cute, friendly and tranquilizing they are to humans, for the Klingons are annoying and capable of leading them to extreme attitudes."

"And with the Klingon aggressor ships having the food processors incessantly producing gas with those characteristics, certainly their crew members soon lost their temper and consequently control over their own equipment, which allowed not only us to escape with the LATINUM from the pursuers, but also the personnel who made the distress call."

However, not all the news was optimistic:

-The batteries are at the end. We cannot continue much longer at this pace, Admiral.

The Admiral looked at the three-dimensional map projected on the control panel.

-It's true. But, on the other hand, we have already managed to open a considerable distance from the Klingons. In the current situation, even if they recover from the gas we produce and insert into their air circulation system, they will never find us.

-What shall we do then?

The Admiral pointed to a smoky smudge projected within the map.

-Do you see this stain? It is a nebula that moves at great speed through space. I have crossed paths with her on other occasions when I have passed through this sector.

"A phenomenon so far misunderstood since no one can explain how it maintains its integrity by moving so quickly."

"But that's beside the point. What we're interested in is that we can hide in an asteroid cloud in this nebula while the batteries recharge."

"Admiral, you really thought of everything. You got us out of trouble with the Klingons and even found a place to recover from this escape.

-We had no other option but to flee. - Explained the old officer. - Accepting a fight is not always the best response to the possibility of a deadly combat.

-In fact, in this sense there is Acquisition Rule 76 which preaches: "*From time to time, declare PEACE. This confuses the enemies."*

-Which can also be risky," replied the other ferengi. Since: "*No good feat goes unpunished,"* so the business of seeking peace or doing good deeds may not be profitable.

-Especially because… - The Admiral taught in a professorial tone: - *The errors resulting from the goodness of souls are the worst that exist."*

-Where did you learn that? With any Ferengi? - asked Boson.

-No! It was with an earthly military named Karl Von Clausewitz.

Then the conversation continued as the minutes passed, and soon LATINUM entered the realms of the bluish nebula.

As they penetrated it, the gases thickened and its blue became lighter until it reached tones similar to those of the color of the terrestrial skies, including white clouds...

Most extraordinary of all, however, were the gigantic asteroids that began to appear, as if hanging by invisible wires from some existing ceiling.

Slowly, LATINUM approached one of those colossal black masses and circled it looking for something.

-There! - Said the Admiral. - Let's enter that cave with the spaceship. It is wide enough for us to stay hidden while the batteries recharge. In it, even if they pass close to us, they will never discover us because no known sensor is capable of penetrating our interior.

-Are you sure, Admiral?

-Sure, in this life I don't have anything, but I believe that our chances of not being discovered are good since the asteroid is composed of an aluminum alloy with several other metals that will confuse our presence.

-So, I'm going to prepare a Black Hole for us to drink.

-I want my good cold. - Said the Admiral as he got out of the cramped armchair in which he had crawled in. - After so much activity, the one who needs relaxation and rest now is me.

***

While enjoying the Black Hole, a traditional Ferengi drink, they made more preparations that would allow them to observe what was happening outside the asteroid where they were hiding and, as they should wait for the batteries to recharge, they took a rest period that would precede the exit of the nebula, to later resume the path to SPACE

STATION NINE.

The two Ferengi settled into their cockpit seats.

The old officer, in turn, returned to the compartment where he had previously slept to rest a few more hours, on top of the bombs, which, if they exploded, would kill him even if he was at the other end of the LATINUM.

As soon as he returned to the compartment, he noticed that the cold inside had increased a lot. Even more so compared to what it was before.

Anyway, it was nothing to stop the veteran's nap.

He lay down in the same place where he had slept before, settled down and was stupefied when he came face to face with an old bearded Ferengi.

-You weren't here until now. - Said the Admiral, trying to hide the fright in his voice. - We made a thorough inspection of the entire ship.

-Actually, Mr. Admiral, I'm not at LATINUM, it's you who's here.

***

Looking around again, the Admiral realized that he had inexplicably ended up inside what looked like a cold cave with walls of semi-transparent ice in bluish-white tones.

-Lightning and Thunders! With a billion hell devils!

-You don't need to get angry, Admiral. The devil has nothing to do with our meeting, but the power of the mind.

Saying this, with his left hand the old Ferengi patted himself on the forehead.

-I don't think we were introduced, sir. - Said the old officer.

-So, allow me to give you my business card, Admiral.

The bearded old Ferengi was sitting behind a table, and on it he placed his hands with his palms together, from which came an intense glow, and then a chest full of latinum gold in large and shiny bars materialized there.

The weight ended up causing the table to collapse and fall noisily to the floor.

-Whoops! I think I overdid it this time. - Said the bearded old ferengi. - But that will pay for the services I will ask of your companions on the journey."

-Do you mean those two brawlers?

-Yes. They are good guys. If they weren't, I wouldn't authorize them to trade my goods. They have earlobes honed for profits.

The Admiral then guessed:

-You must be Prince Nagus.

The old Ferengi nodded his head, tapping his fingertips again on his own broad forehead.

A female voice full of authority from outside that part of the cave was heard.

-What was that noise?

Prince Nagus soon hurried to answer while keeping his eyes fixed on the old officer.

-It was nothing, honey. Don't worry, I just let some worthless things fall to the floor.

Prince Nagus then explained himself in a low voice to the Admiral:

-It's my wife. You know what it's like to have a wife, Admiral. I don't need to explain myself to you.

-Indeed. - The Admiral agreed dryly, with a smile on the corner of his lips.

-We are short on time, Admiral. Therefore, I need to be objective with you.

-Ok.

-I can't say much about it, but: the wife-making machine...

-Yes.

-Don't forget the lives that exist there...

The female voice was heard again. She was even more authoritarian.

Soon her owner entered where the Admiral and Prince Nagus were.

-I heard you talking about that damn wife-making machine again.

"Forget about her! You sits here alone meditating on an empty stomach wanting to find the ideal financial system that brings peace to the universe, but ends up forgetting about yourself, and remembering what you shouldn't! You've been taking those aphrodisiac pills and you're thinking about your dick... Come here and I'll find a way for you."

-My love, that machine has lives like yours that can also move on.

-You keep thinking nonsense and now you're talking to yourself again. You need to eat. Come with me. It's very cold here. Let's stay close to the fire. Enough meditation for today.

Prince Nagus's wife put a blanket over him and moved him away from where he was.

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, realized that she had not noticed his presence there.

In any case, as soon as Prince Nagus was led out of there, the atmosphere around the Admiral began to fade.

The old officer yawned, almost dislocating his jaw, his eyes watered whitishing with sleep, and Zeca inevitably ended up sleeping...



***

Some time passed, and, lying on the bombs in what was now his resting compartment, the Admiral awoke to find himself in front of Lepton's ugly face.

Near the wall, he noticed that there was a chest with latinum gold produced by Prince Nagus, only then, Admiral Fernando Zéca stood up agilely.

He even gave the impression of being about twenty years younger.

Lepton commented:

-I'm glad you woke up willing. You slept a long time...

-Lepton, do you see this here?

Lepton approached and asked:

-Admiral, many strange things are appearing in the compartment where you usually rest. What is it?

-What do you see?

-A chest full of latinum gold. This item, unfortunately is ALSO not part of our inventory.

-This gold came directly from the hands of Prince Nagus to you.

Lepton was serious.

-Admiral, I think you have a very interesting story to tell, otherwise I wouldn't be here with all this latinum gold talking about Prince Nagus.

"Even so, I'm sorry: your case will have to be postponed..."

The Admiral changed his countenance, looking suspicious. It was not normal for ferenguis to postpone matters related to latinum gold.

-We are in trouble. - Lepton informed.

-What happened?

-The sensors that you asked us to position at the entrance of the cave where we are hiding, detected a fleet of BORGS cubes entering the nebula.

-Are they close to the asteroid where we are?

-They haven't noticed our presence yet. They are far away for now.

-Is there much time left for us to fully recharge the batteries?

-Yes! A few more hours. And don't forget that BORGS ships are much faster than LATINUM, which is nothing more than a simple unarmed freighter.

"As soon as we get out of this cave, they fall on top of us quickly."

-I am aware of the fact. - Said Admiral Zeca thoughtfully while scratching his chin. - Therefore, we will need to stay still, even longer than normal, until we overload the spacecraft's batteries.

-Overload?

-Yes! Now the situation has completely changed and that's part of my escape strategy.

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Next, the Admiral explained how the escape strategy would take place.

-These Borg ships will take time to notice our presence, so we still have time to prepare an escape from here.

-What do you want?

-For my strategy to work, more people will be needed...

-If you refer to using the females of the wife-making machine, I have no objection after all the latinum you have arranged to pay us.

"I wasn't the one who gave you all that fortune. - Corrected the Admiral. - But, the purpose, in fact, I think was to pay for the use of the machine

-Whatever… - Replied the other ferengi. - Do whatever you want with the females. Now that you've paid us, the first rule of acquisition is " *Once you have their money, DON'T GIVE IT BACK"*

-But don't forget, Admiral. These wives will not behave like obedient little soldiers ready to wage war.

-As soon as you transform them from the state they are in now; in wives; they will stick to your foot and won't let go. And neither is their master, however married and faithful he may be.

-They will want a lot of sex, Admiral. Better to be careful with them. Someone your age may not be able to handle such a commitment.

-How are you from the heart? Have you had a bio check-up recently? You knows that, at your age, you shouldn't make much physical effort without preparation, and, from what I see of the size of your belly, it doesn't seem to me that you are in your best shape...

-Do you still have a lot of breath? You'll need...

-Gentlemen, I need their help to get out alive, we alone will not be able to escape, without reinforcement, we will die all.

-But what reinforcement do you expect to get from these women, Admiral? They are perverts. They will leave the machine wanting to have sex.

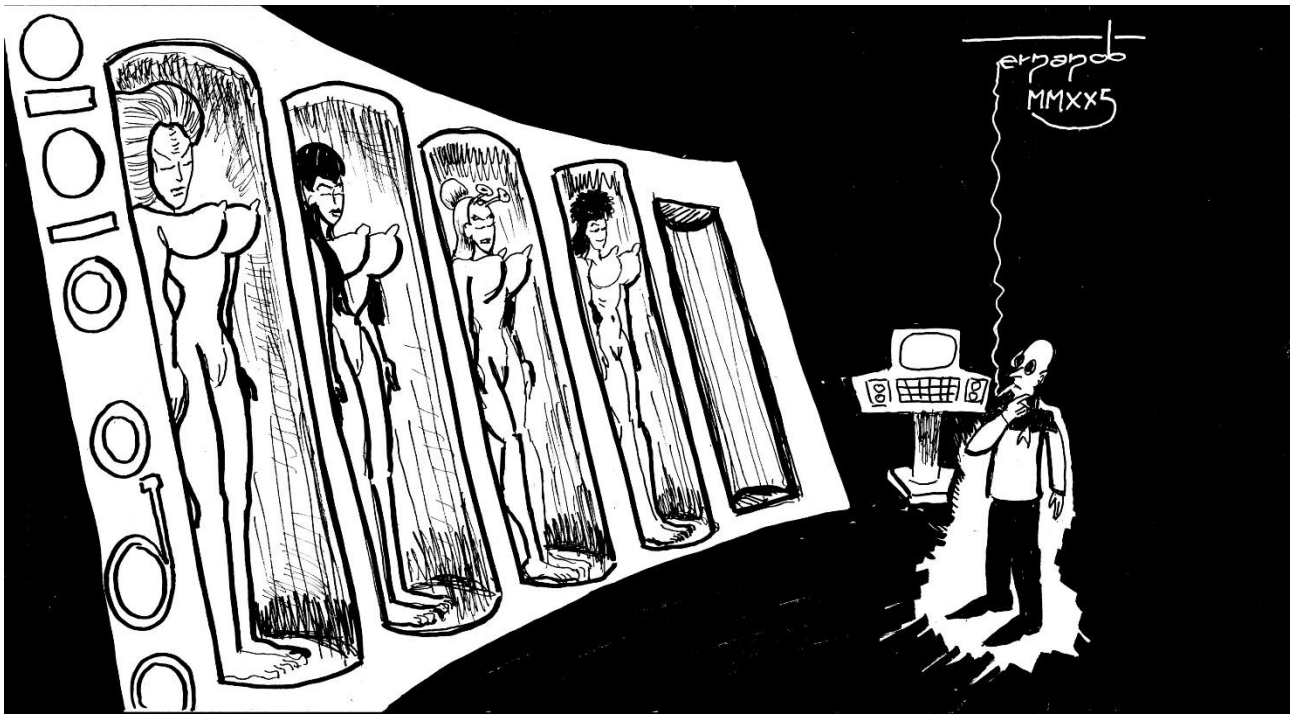
-I believe I can change their schedule. When it comes to choosing the individual

characteristics of each one, I will try to change the situation in our favor.

-Another smart guy who thinks he knows how to deal with women! Good luck then, Admiral! We will follow from here the information obtained by the probes at the entrance to the caves and the progress of recharging the batteries, while you try your experiment there. But, remember that we don't have much time...

Saying this, the Ferengi left a thoughtful Admiral alone.

***



Fernando Zéca having obtained the agreement of the Ferengi to follow his plan, now had doubts that came to his mind, tormenting him asking if that would really be the best course of action to be followed.

In fact, it would need more people to face the situation, but would those forms of life be the ideal solution to the problem?

Prince Nagus did not want female warriors as wives, but rather someone with the qualities of a consort or concubine of a great king.

Someone who knew the KAMA SUTRA complete by heart and not THE ART OF WAR.

What the Ferengi wanted to warn the Admiral was that those forms of life, in addition to becoming wives of the one who molded them, already had a kind of SEX OPERATING SYSTEM ready to work as soon as they were "born".

Turning them into soldiers would be difficult.

According to the Ferengis... Impossible!

On the other hand, there was the risk of loss: if something happened to LATINUM, everything there would be lost, including the machine for making women and the forms of life inside.

And, with regard to the risks of death, if it wanted to reduce these, it would also have to save those lives that were not even born yet. From there, he would try what the Ferengi considered impossible, turning them into warriors.

It was then that, from the bottom of the Admiral's old chest of memories, he pulled out the story of General Master Philosopher Sun Tzu, the author of THE ART OF WAR.

He remembered the challenge he received from King Ho-Lu, Head of the ancient Wu State, who wanted to test the effectiveness of the General's teachings

The Master accepted the undertaking and managed in a radical way to make the King's concubines comply with the orders given to him to perform military maneuvers,

something totally out of their routine.

The reason for the King's challenge was perhaps to ridicule the Great Sage, but he proved capable of fulfilling his promise successfully.

Admiral Fernando Zéca did not want to use Sun Tzu's harsh method that took the lives of some of his students, but he would face the challenge of training or configuring those females to survive the combat, or die trying.

There is no way to go back. All that was left was to move forward, with time getting shorter... With the presence of the Borg in that scenario, surrender would result in guaranteed assimilation, or certain death.

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Setup was not as easy as expected. It wasn't difficult either. Only, more laborious thing that consumed precious time beyond what the Admiral would have liked, but he was sure that he did not forget to put in his creations what he thought was necessary such as martial arts skills, knowledge of war history, tactics, strategies, experiences, trickery, use and construction of all kinds of weapons, driving various vehicles, and so on...

Everything was clear, within the biological characteristics and limitations that each of the breeds had.

Once the necessary settings were made, it remained to wait for the results.

And it wouldn't be necessary to wait long...

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THE ADVENTURES OF THE SINGING BIRD

The active transparent cylinders that served as cocoons for the wife-making machine emitted a strong light and went out.

The bright colored dots that were inside disappeared after the strong luminosity and, in their place, beautiful humanoid females appeared.

One Orion, another Vulcan, the third, Andorian and the last Klingon.

Although the four were of different races, in some points, the Admiral left them the same: they were all huge, approximately two and a half meters tall, very strong, beautiful and sensual.

Owners of abundant and robust beauty, the way they were already capable of seducing and enchanting any male.

The transparent cylinders opened and the four gradually woke up.

The one who was tired after a long time sitting in front of a luminous keyboard where he was configuring the characteristics of each one, was the Admiral.

He was so tired and slow in his thinking that he did not notice that the orion broke free and left the machine and sneaked towards him.

By surprise, she grabbed him tightly saying:

-Come here, you're now mine.

The Admiral could not avoid the strong and affectionate tight embrace and kisses he received.

Soon, the pheromones she exhaled in large quantities began to affect him, leaving Zéca totally aroused and hallucinated by sex.

With a few movements the beautiful orion tore the Admiral's clothes, leaving him completely naked.

Shameless, crazy and out of his normal state due to the provocations of the green beauty, the Admiral let himself be carried away to the party and the unparalleled pleasures she offered him, starting what would be the second most phenomenal love relationship of his life.

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But the Orian was not the only one to come out of the cocoon.

Soon after, the one who approached the couple in a state of sexual trance was the vulcan.

Immediately, she was also excited by the ardor of the one who immediately considered her beloved and could no longer control her emotions.

The fire of passion fell on her, ascending her entire biological system to the state of PON FARR. The fever that befalls any Vulcan in this situation and did not spare her..

Uncontrolled, she joined the couple in love, thus forming a sex trio.

At that moment, that love-sexual relationship entered a new phase.

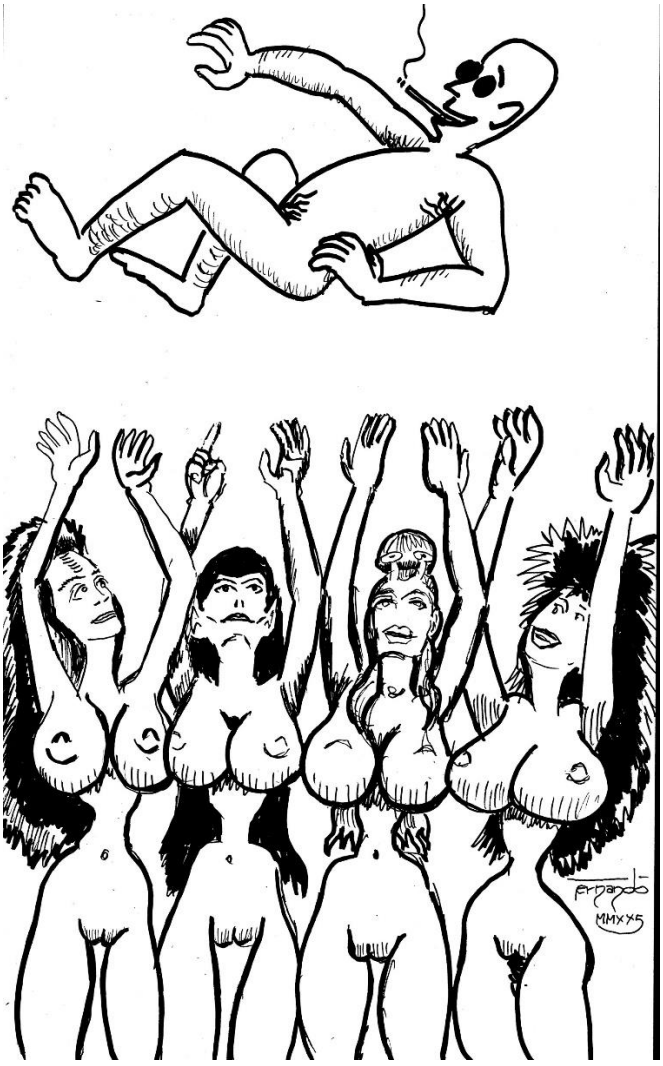
With the Vulcan in the middle, and the pheromones of the Andorian, a very powerful mental link was soon established between the three, which did not stop there.

To that cake, the andorian and the klingon were soon joined, and then, the thing became much more intense, making the debauchery there among the quintet total.

Even in his youth, Admiral Fernando Zéca had never gotten into a similar situation, because of all that overexcitement, his brain was totally dominated by the most primitive areas and the old officer just wanted to have fun with his partners, much bigger than him, just like a little dog in heat, tied up in much larger females.

In that situation, no one would worry about other matters, even if they were of vital importance to safety.

***



Busy with various jobs that included speeding up the charge on the batteries, and checking the Borg movement, the Ferengi involuntarily left the Admiral alone for a few hours.

However, it was after verifying that the movement of the gigantic fleet brought it closer to where they were hiding, Boson decided it was time to check the progress of the Admiral's work.

Sitting in his pilot's seat, while looking out the windows out of the craft, he pressed the button for the internal communication system.

-Admiral, please report.

It is logical that, busy as he was, the Admiral was not going to report anything since his trance state was such that he barely heard any call.

-Admiral, please report.

Concerned about the lack of answers, Boson placed new batteries in the surveillance control center, reactivating several of LATINUM's internal security circuit cameras, to remotely check what was happening to the Admiral in the compartment of the women's manufacturing machine.

As soon as he became aware of the situation, he was flabbergasted and... Ecstatic!

***

-Lepton see this! Run here boy!

The ferengi came running, was surprised by the operation of the surveillance camera system and even more so when he saw the pornographic scenes on the monitor, to the point that he shouted:

-Since you've turned on the camera system, record everything!

"It's horrible crudeness, but there is a lucrative market for this type of pornography involving scripts with "Asgardian" demi-goddesses having sex with ugly and deformed people."

"The bald Admiral, even devoid of any talent for the job, can still star in his role in the luck day of the most horrible male in history, while we earn mountains of latinum in a very poorly made XXX production that gives us a profit."

-It won't work! The cameras in LATINUM's security monitoring system do not record what they see. I bought the cheapest model I had available in the store."

-Boson, you don't have lobes for business. Your ears must be full of wax.

-My business lobes are better than yours.

"Why am I going to use a camera that records inside a freighter where, in theory, there should be no problem? This trip is putting us in several unforeseen situations. I studied economics. If I had known that we would have so many problems, I would have postponed the trip."

-Oh! I don't know! The fact is that, while we work, this Admiral is on a binge. We're in trouble up to our necks and this guy is having a good time.

Lepton complained, but he had not caught his eyes on the rubbish that the cameras showed.

-These females are crazy. The admiral is uglier than me. He looks like a dwarf embracing these big women!

-But he is lucky. A lot of people would like to be in his shoes.

-They're all crazy there. This is obvious.

Time passed and the Ferengi did not take their eyes off the monitor hypnotized by the sex scenes.

-Look at this!

-She's sucking his ear, even licking that tiny lobe.

That was too much for the Ferengi.

Watching Admiral Fernando Zéca's ears being sucked and bitten as they worked,

reminded them of the threatening situation they were all in.

-We have to do something, or we will all die. - said Boson.

-You are the one who has to do something. You have been appointed Commander here in addition to being the oldest. Not me. Go there and call that Admiral and see with him what we need to do to get out of here. And remember the 125th. Acquisition Rule."

Then the two Ferengi repeated it together and in chorus:

-"*You can't do business if you're dead."*

-If the Admiral doesn't know it yet, someone has to teach him this rule.

***

Boson had no idea what to do next.

Even the Vulcan was completely out of her mind.

And worse: because she was in Pon Farr, and without any control of her emotions, perhaps she was the one who could pose the greatest threat in the face of events.

Between waiting for the Borg fleet to invade the asteroid's caves to assimilate everyone aboard the LATINUM or dying trying to convince the Admiral to turn his efforts to facing the harsh reality, he preferred death, since, if he had to face the end, at least he would do it looking at those beauties.

Thinking about the sinister choice he made, unexpectedly, through the corridors of the ship, Boson came face to face with the Vulcan woman who came out of one of the bathrooms.

The two faced each other.

Just by looking, the ferengi could perceive the fever and the sexual ardor that it radiated through the pores. With a mocking smile, the Vulcan asked:

-Were you looking at us ferengi? What did you think of my man? He is mine, do not try to harm him or you die!

Boson didn't want to show it, but just looking at that gigantic and beautiful Vulcan in front of him, he felt something different in his whole body.

A chill cold and hot at the same time.

It was also no wonder: her body was stunning, and she was completely naked. Even so, Boson did not want to show fragility.

He concentrated on the immense damage he would take if that situation was not resolved and said trying to demonstrate an extraordinary coolness and calm that he did not have.

-Pay attention, lady! We're in a hell of a problem! You have to get out of this state you are in and think logically. Look here.

The ferengi handed the vulcan the clipboard that had a two-dimensional image monitor built into it.

-We are inside an asteroid that may soon be surrounded by Borg cubes. The Admiral said that this problem we are in has a solution, and that he needed you.

Faced with the images and facts exposed by Boson, the fever that surrounded the vulcan suddenly ceased.

Shock at the danger of the situation awakened her from Pon Farr State.

The Ferengi soon noticed the change.

-Is the party over, girl?

No sooner had he finished asking this question, than Boson heard a scream.

He turned and saw the Admiral running towards him naked, hallucinating, and screaming.

Frightened by that horrible sight, the Ferengi hid behind the vulcana, almost taking the opportunity to grope her ass.

-The party is over for me. She replied. But my beloved didn't like the end of the mental

link and thinks I'm in danger."

Before Boson was caught by the hallucinated Admiral, the Vulcan immobilized the old man with a well-applied Vulcan pinch on his neck, and before he fell unconscious, she then held and carried him until the other partners of love arrived there half-naked, wanting to know what was happening.

-Calm down girls! Prepare for war! - Shouted the vulcan. - The party is over!

-This is getting more fun. - The Klingon rejoiced.

Seeing all that action, Boson wondered if the Vulcan had come out with some kind of defect in the programming, because she seemed too passionate to be guided by logic...

***

Moments later, in the makeshift meeting room at the doors of the cockpit, which was too small to fit everyone, the Admiral recovered thanks to a cocktail made from LATINUM's onboard pharmacy, which, for the sake of economy, was not very diverse.

-The batteries have finally reached the possible overload limit, Admiral.

Trying to recover from the merry-go-round of emotions he had gone through and also from the effects of the medicines he had taken, Admiral Fernando Zéca reflected aloud.

-With that, it shouldn't take long for the sensors of the Borg ships to notice that this asteroid hides something strange. The overload in the batteries should soon give away our presence here. Even with the metals that make up this asteroid hiding us."

-What to do now?

-We have to be fast. - continued the Admiral with a paused voice. - Let's divide ourselves into three groups: Boson and Lepton will go to engineering where they will reprogram the warp drives of the spacecraft, so that they assimilate the excess charge of the batteries to put us at very high speed as soon as we get out of this rock.

-Even escaping at full speed from the asteroid, the Borg ships will be able to reach us. - Boson pondered.

-With the modifications you are asking for, Admiral, the LATINUM engines should not last more than a minute and a half. After that, the spacecraft will exit the warp, and will no longer work, ending in Total Loss."

-I'm counting on that, gentlemen. If we manage to get out of here as I think, when we stop, I assume we will be safe and free from the problems of the borg ships.

-The Borg ships will catch up with us.

-I intend to destroy them, in the process of escape. - Said the Admiral in a low and firm voice.

-How?

-I'll need several things I saw in your inventory. Especially some of your weapons.

-How much will my loss be? Lepton asked.

-If you don't lend me what I need. - Continued the Admiral. - We will all die, then the 125th will come into action. - *Acquisition Rule*. Do you remember it?

-You can't make a deal if you're dead...

-I thought you didn't know the *Acquisition Rules*, Admiral. Which proves that, after all, you are not as primitive a human as the rest of your race.

-Very good! - Continued Zéca. - And since I know I can count on your full cooperation in whatever it takes, I'll use LATINUM's teleportation equipment.

Sweating a lot in the face of what seemed to be a gigantic wave of damage going towards him, Boson still tried a card up his sleeve:

-Admiral! The use of LATINUM teleportation is not cheap. His energy supply is very expensive. Could this mission not be less onerous?

"Or else, I accept a toll fee for the use of the equipment."

"Look; I'm paying for everything, and I've even had a loss with the clothes I got for

them to wear. They are not cheap. They were made by great fashion designers."

-I hate to repeat myself, gentlemen. But should I remind you again of rule number 125?

"We are in an embarrassing situation and all help is needed..."

-Clear! I'm sorry. It's instincts, Admiral. It is the famous second rule of acquisition:

"You can't fool an honest customer, but it doesn't hurt to try."

-Look, Admiral, there are times when the Commander even settles something. - Lepton said defending his brother's intentions. - "*He who doesn't cry doesn't* breastfeed", or else, another rule of acquisition: "*Opportunity plus instinct equals profit*."

-Enough gentlemen! We don't have time for humor or Ferengi philosophy. Now *open these ears* and pay attention; I myself will operate the teleportation of the ship to avoid further damage and ensure the safety of the operation.

"In this way I will divide into two groups for the asteroid, with different missions."

At that moment, then, the Admiral revealed to the Ferengi that he had already chosen names for his beloveds:

-Summer and Winter. - He said pointing respectively to the females, Klingon and the Andoriana, with long white hair, which, even tied with a ponytail, reached the lower part of his wonderful backside. - You will both position yourself at the entrance of the cave where we entered the asteroid and there, you will set up two portable robotic phaser cannons, which will be kindly provided by our dear "sponsors".

Looking more closely, one could see some tears wanting to come out of the eyes of the Ferengi.

-Spring and Autumn. - Then at that moment, the Admiral turned to the green-skinned female orion and to the impassive, classy Vulcan. - The two of you will arm the bombs contained in the containers of compartment 7C and scatter them at the points of the asteroid, where you can turn this stone into a real grenade capable of crushing the borg ships that are around when trouble explodes.

“Don't forget to wear safety and protective clothing in harsh environments, which will also be kindly provided by our hospitable hosts."

-But they're disposable and cost a lot of money... - Boson whimpered in a low voice...

-Summer and winter. Don't skimp on ammunition. We have Borg ships out there that are pretty tough. We will provide you with a beautiful fireworks show, before undertaking the spectacular escape. Do not allow any borg to enter the caves.

"The metal alloy that makes up the asteroid prevents teleportation, so to get in here, they'll have to go through the entrance. And they can't pass."

"Inside, we have no way to defend ourselves, LATINUM has a large warehouse of high-caliber weapons for sale, but few rifles and pistols, for self-defense of the internal space, in case of direct attack here."

"In this way, the two of you will be out there for a short time. Only until the bombs are armed."

-Do you think everything will explode as you wish? - Asked the Vulcan female newly named Autumn.

-Yes dear. - Replied the Admiral in a tone of voice that did not hide his passion. - With most of these bombs, certainly, the Cardasian terrorists intended to wipe out the entire planet Bajor. Whatever was left, they would use to destroy SPACE STATION NINE.

-Admiral, after the engine of the LATINUM has crashed after the effort you intend to submit to it.... What will we do? Lepton asked.

-Let's solve one problem at a time, guys. Now, we have work ahead of us.

Boson could barely hold back a few furtive tears as he imagined the total astronomical damage that this ill-fated space journey would bring him.

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Later, already in their combat positions at the entrance to the cave that led to the interior of the asteroid, Summer and Winter verified the accuracy of the Admiral's predictions.

With the energetic emanations caused by the overload in the LATINUM battery, it didn't take long for a Borg ship to approach where they were, aiming to investigate the situation and, when it was in a position from which it could not escape, Summer immediately fired its operating cannon.

To his delight, the first shot blew up the gigantic borg ship turning it into a huge fireball.

Unmissed by the surprise summer attack, Winter also fired his successful firing at two more destroyed Borg ships.

Admiral Fernando Zéca, who, from the teleportation room, followed all those detonating deflagrations, was surprised by the power of the cannons.

They were immensely superior to all types of weapons of the same category that the Federation had provided to him until today to fight on the combat fronts in which he had been.

-Boson! Lepton! - He called the Admiral over the intercom. - If we survive you will give me the data of this arms supplier of yours.

“If the Fleet had an arsenal with this firepower, much war would be avoided. Just the presence of a powerful ship armed with cannons like this would break the enemy's will to fight, resulting in victory for the Federation in any dilemma."

The Borg ships, soon faced with the belligerent situation, changed their behavior.

They slowly approached the asteroid, then teleported several of its crew members to the surface, in places near the entrance to the cave where LATINUM was hiding.

These, as soon as they materialized, without using any kind of protection for their non-mechanical parts to withstand the rigors of space, continued walking towards the source of the emanations, not caring about individual damage, because the collectivity would survive peacefully.

Thus the newly arrived invaders were met with gunfire by Summer and Winter, who also fired at the remaining Borg spaceships, which, even with their own force fields activated, were easy victims and unable to resist those powerful weaponry.

Although the fight went on as planned, the two changed tactics, reprogramming their cannons to automatic mode in which the Borg spaceships would be tracked and destroyed without monitoring or assistance, then they could use their rifles increasing artillery against the inexorably advancing Borg, now in endless waves that were being teleported there.

Thus, the newborn warriors, wearing spacesuits that protected them from the harmful local conditions, even with some limitation in their movements, made their maneuvers look like a ballet of death and war apparently competing with each other to see who could liquidate the most enemies.

Meanwhile, deep inside the asteroid caves, Autumn and Spring were quietly working on setting up more bombs. Of at least two hundred!

The Admiral wanted them all, soon ready to explode.

***

From his observation post, Fernando Zéca was surprised by Summer and Winter work. It was excellent.

However, no matter how good it was, soon the Borg forces would overcome their resistance.

The number of ships that entered the nebula was greater than a swarm of bees, and to make matters worse, the old officer realized that Borg forces teleported to the surface of the asteroid did not stop arriving.

It was clear that this approach was not giving positive results, since Summer and

Winter, well positioned as they were, destroyed dozens of Borg, but others did not stop coming.

-Spring, my dear, how many bombs have you already set?

-Almost all of them, dear.

Suddenly, there was a huge noise.

It looked like an explosion coming from outside the asteroid.

Summer and Winter immediately teleported themselves back to LATINUM.

-The Borg are shooting from several cubes. - Informed Winter as he took off his helmet from his protective clothing.

"Our guns will not long prevent such an advance. - Complemented Summer.

-And the asteroid's metal alloy will melt with the shots it is receiving. We have to get out of here now.

-Autumn, Spring! Mission finished. I'm teleporting you back to the LATINUM." - Shouted the Admiral over the intercom as he himself activated the teleportation, bringing them back inside the LATINUM.

Thus, the two immediately returned on board, safely.

And just in time, because soon after the walls of the caves heated up to the point of becoming more orange in color.

It was the effect of the borg weapons cooking the asteroid and everything else inside.

With so much heat, the bombs would not take long to explode.

The Admiral called Boson over the intercom.

-Maximum power in the engines, but only accelerate to get out when I tell you to.

The LATINUM remained stationary, but the noise of its engines increased to the point that it seemed as if it were going to explode.

-Have we reached the maximum, Mr. Boson?

-Yes, Admiral.

-Then let's get out of the cave!

The LATINUM leapt forward as if it were a racing ship and crossed the threshold of the cave entrance at full speed as the cannons installed there cleared their path, destroying any Borg spacecraft that passed them.

And it was just in time, because inside the cave, the metal began to melt taking on a consistency and color similar to that of terrestrial volcanic lava, which could cause serious damage to the ship's hull.

No more than two hundred meters outside the asteroid at full speed the ship LATINUM it went into warp speed.

Behind it, almost immediately after the escape, as the remaining cubes were preparing for pursuit of LATINUM, the bombs exploded.

The gigantic asteroid, following the Admiral's predictions, fragmented into zillions of pieces, of that massive semi-molten metal alloy that violently ended up hitting and destroying the Borg spacecraft like a giant grenade.

Even as numerous as in a swarm, no Borg spacecraft escaped the end.

Such was the magnitude of the explosion that, even moving away from the site at warp speed, the LATINUM sensors were able to detect its effects.

Impressed by the fact and the violent destruction of the powerful Borg fleet, Autumn could not contain an ironic tirade:

-Honey, what do you feel when you remember that you slept on top of these bombs?

Taken by surprise by the unusual sense of humor that blossomed in a vulcan woman, the unsuspecting Admiral had no time to react or even respond to that disconcerting fact, because, soon after, the LATINUM engines took a last breath and completely shut down

The spacecraft traveled a good stretch at thrust speed until it came to a complete stop in the middle of the space infinity.

-It's over, Admiral. That way, LATINUM can no longer take us anywhere. - Lepton informed.

Lost in thought, Admiral Fernando Zéca had not even time to celebrate his success in the face of the Borg threat

He had come out of the frying pan, escaped from the fire, but had fallen into a cold one. Was that a Pyrrhic victory?

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-And now? Lepton asked. - What will we do?

The Admiral arrived in the makeshift meeting room, opened a folding beach chair that he had with him, and sat down in it.

His beautiful new colorful friends settled around him.

Winter vigorously massaged the old officer's neck while the sounds of cracks came out from under his fingers.

-We have to save oxygen. - He said. - There is nothing left to do. With no engine running, we have already sent a distress call and now we will wait.

-Wait? Boson asked, frightened by the prospect of the unknown future.

-If the Admiral says we will wait, we will wait. Or do you have any better ideas, Commander?

-I have no idea to get us out of here, but the Admiral, as a senior officer of Starfleet should already have an ace up his sleeve to solve this.

Lepton nodded and eventually nodded:

-Come on, Admiral. Remember Acquisition Rule 25: "*There is always a way out*."

"This time, I am obliged to agree with my brother that you have "wisely" appointed Commander."

Between the relaxation and the reflections that the massage induced in him, the Admiral still had the strength to pick up his bag by taking from it a plaster statuetette, colored about twenty-five centimeters high.

It represented a man dressed in armor, mounted on horseback while spearing a menacing dragon with a spear.

-Let us pray to St. George, the Holy Warrior...- The Admiral summoned with a solemn air. - Who is a strong saint revered by the greatest football teams in Brazil."

At that moment Boson began to cry.

-I have dedicated my entire life to the study of the Art of Profiting and now I find myself depending on a human Saint to get out of this predicament. I knew there was some catch.

"I should have listened and listened to the elders when they told me that '*There's always a catch.'*

-I'm not ready to die and go to the Heavenly Treasury. Lepton complained.

-Certainly the profits earned in your life would not be enough to pay the costs in paradise. - Said Boson.

-Nor yours. Lepton replied.

-Quiet you two. - Ordered the Admiral. - If you get nervous, you will spend more precious oxygen. Now I'm going to pray to the Saint.

Boson wanted to complain because, after spending his life saving all the latinum gold he could, he was now forced to save oxygen.

Probably, this was a bad sign of the total decay that would be his death.

Even so, he kept quiet, because he did not want to offend that Saint and thus harm any chance or effort that would eventually help them get out of that situation...

Concentrated, the Admiral asked:

-Oh my Saint Jorge... I know that all the time I'm asking to YOU help Corinthians, a request that you don't always answer as I would like, but now, I'm asking AGAIN, for YOU

to get us out of this cold one...

Boson's tears began to run down his eyes. Not that he was moved by the prayer, but why, as soon as he heard it saw his expectations of surviving definitively go up in smoke.

If that Saint did not comply with the Admiral's requests at the time he asked for his soccer team, it would not be in a moment of complete desperation that the old officer would make him pull the strings helping with something.

The fleet officer remained hugging his statue, concentrated and making his requests in a low voice, composing a dramatic scene. So....

Hardly a MINUTE had passed, and the LATINUM communication system gave a sign of life emitting squeaks and clicks.

The Admiral looked out the window that allowed visibility to the outside of the craft and, in the space outside, saw another craft arriving. This had certainly received his message. It was a warship, from Starfleet and slowly approaching LATINUM.

-Attention LATINUM, this is Captain Jorge Gavião of the U.S.S. ENTERPRISE-F1. "We received your call and we are here to help."

The Admiral began to scream, jump, and cry, celebrating as if his team had scored a goal in the World Final Championship.

On the other hand, the Ferengis, in awe did not take their eyes off the statuette of St. Jorge.

At that moment, they were sure they had found the secret of the Admiral's luck.

However, there was still the doubt: they could very well *be confusing LUCK WITH WISDOM.*

Faced with the unexpected rescue, the nose for business and profits of the Ferengis immediately went back to work at full speed.

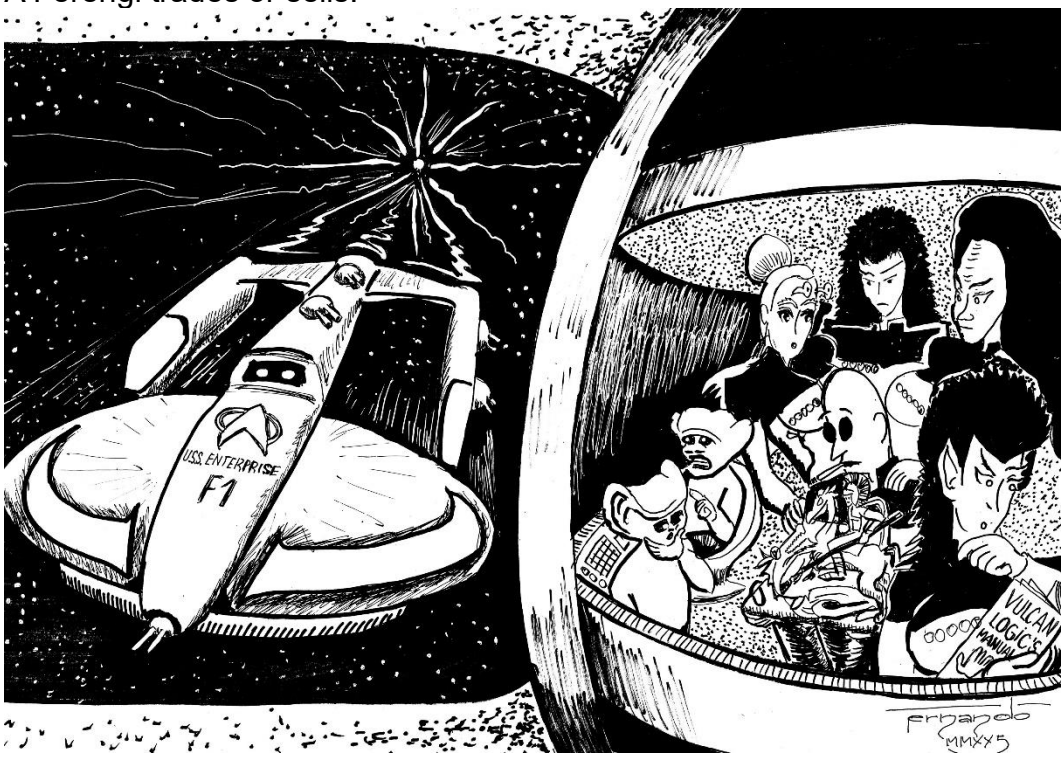
Boson approached the Admiral, gently took the statuette from his hand and, in the biggest face, asked:

-Wouldn't you like to give it to me as a souvenir of this difficult time we went through?

-Of course, buddy. - replied the Admiral cheerfully. - I am happy to know that St. George is attracting new devotees to himself.

In that moment of emotion, the Admiral forgot that a Ferengi never keeps anything as a memory of difficult or special moments.

A Ferengi trades or sells.



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No one stayed aboard the LATINUM, and everyone was teleported to the U.S.S. ENTERPRISE-F1, where they were received by Captain Jorge, who also answered the request for a meeting with Fernando Zéca, who wanted to give him important reports.

Thus, on the way to the meeting room, the Admiral passed by the bridge of the spaceship, where next to the command chair he recalled some of his happiest moments:

-I got married aboard another version of U.S.S. ENTERPRISE. It was a GALAXY class. The U.S.S. ENTERPRISE NCC-1701-D.

The Admiral took a wallet from his bag, opened it and showed the photo inside.

In it, the old officer appeared in uniform a few years younger, standing next to the command chair on the bridge of the U.S.S. ENTERPRISE NCC-1701-D, where his wife sat.

Everyone on the bridge looked at the photo and was making comparisons of the old architectural design of the spacecraft, with the current one that was a different class: F1.

Then they went to the meeting room where the Admiral already gave a more serious air to the conversations:

-Captain Jorge. I'm going to need some favors from U.S.S. ENTERPRISE-F1. We have to repair the cargo ship LATINUM, where I will continue my journey.

-But Admiral. U.S.S. ENTERPRISE-F1 facilities are at your service. If you want, we will take you to your destination faster.

-Captain. There is a Cardasian conspiracy to destroy the planet Bajor and even SPACE STATION NINE.

"LATINUM has part of a shipment of bombs that needs to reach its destination, so that we can identify the gang that hides behind this macabre machination."

"I will continue my journey as if nothing had happened. This is the impression that terrorists must have as soon as I reach my destination."

-The signal of the distress call made by LATINUM was active for a short time, since, fortunately, we were able to arrive quickly to carry out the rescue. I believe that no one except U.S.S. ENTERPRISE-F1 has taken notice of the incidents you have gone through, Admiral.

-That is good and avoids the possibility that the terrorists will know that we already know their plans.

The Admiral then snapped his fingers, as if he had remembered something else.

-Captain, I want you, in addition to repairing the ferengi ship, to buy all the weapons aboard LATINUM that may be of any use to Starfleet. The power of this arsenal is truly formidable. However, don't make it easy in negotiations. Haggle as much as you can."

"And try to find out who the suppliers of the Ferengi's weapons are. This information can be strategic for the Fleet."

-Yes sir.

-Then get to work! The security of the Federation depends on us.

Then, the Admiral also remembered another detail:

-Captain, by your name, I would hazard a guess that you, like me, are Corinthian. Hit?

-Yes sir, Admiral.

-Tell me then; how is Timão doing? I've been away from home for some time and I haven't had time to find out about the Brazilian Championship.

-Not well, sir. They fired the coach after another defeat.

-São Jorge hasn't been helping our TIMÃO much, huh Captain?

-I agree, sir. He could give a little more help on that side as well.

-I can't complain, Captain. It was St. Jorge who put you on my path. I think He was busy with me at the time of the game.

***

While the repairs to the LATINUM were not finished, Admiral Fernando Zéca appreciated the hospitality of the crew at the panoramic bar of the U.S.S. ENTERPRISE-F1, who at all times appeared to greet or congratulate him for his adventures against the Klingons and Borg.

Of course, some smart guys were keeping an eye on the four stations of the Admiral, but when they realized that there was no place for small talk with them, they quickly went back to their chores, or to a big glass of Romulan beer accompanied by the classic mountains of terrestrial fried potatoes..

Thus, time passed, until the moment of farewell, where the two spaceships, from then on, would follow different paths.

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Later, aboard the LATINUM, the Admiral exchanged a few words with Boson:

-I heard that you didn't make things easy with my Captain.

-You know how it is, Admiral:

"*A good friend in trouble means three times more profit!*"

The old officer continued to complain:

-And you even forced the Fleet to sign a contract full of abusive and leonine clauses where, in any purchase from your arms suppliers, you received 10% commission in advance and *with no guarantee of satisfaction*!

-It is the old custom Ferengi, Admiral: "*Never put friendship before Profit*".

-Boson! I want ALL THE WEAPONS in the contract WORKING PERFECTLY! -Said the Admiral angrily.

"Do not try to tarnish my good name with the Fleet. I gave preference to your weapons in the negotiation because I want first-class itens."

-Calm down, Admiral. This honor business has nothing to do with it. Remember rule 109? "*Between dignity and an empty bag, keep the bag!*"

-Very joking, Boson. I admire your penchant for a sense of humor. Maybe you'll like mine too, since I might remind you of Acquisition Rule 192: *"Never fool a Klingon unless you're sure you can escape..."*

"You know Boson, my dear Summer won't be happy to find out that they're fooling her Admiral and her gang..."

-Calm! My services are expensive, but I am an honest trader. I would never do anything to harm the parish.

-Boson. Just don't forget rule 203: "*New customers are like the Greenworms with the sharp tail. They may be juicy but sometimes they bite back.*"

“I will make sure that the bite of the Fleet is to tear out, tongues, teeth, arms and legs, in case those weapons do not work satisfactorily!"

"The loss will be so great that it will not compensate for any dishonest profit."

***

Finally, after some more travel time, LATINUM arrived at SPACE STATION NINE.

The Admiral asked Boson and Lepton not to be in a hurry to dock with the LATINUM.

Knowing that the procedures on SPACE STATION NINE were less bureaucratic than those of the Solar System spaceport, which meant a greater possibility of diverting all that weaponry without anyone noticing, he imagined that the terrorists would try to recover their

bombs even before the ship was completely parked.

Aware of the risk, the Admiral prepared long-distance trackers deployed in the bomb containers themselves and even more surprises for the terrorists.

Thus, slowly, LATINUM approached the STATION.

Everything seemed normal, as the ship stayed on the path without any interference.

As it approached the docks, a smaller craft that was stationary began to move.

She made a complete turn around the LATINUM, as if checking something in it, and then moved away from the STATION, appearing to be within the most complete normality.

However, at the moment when the two vessels were closer to each other, the containers where the cardasian bombs were stored were teleported to the mysterious ship took place.

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Once the change of location of the containers was finished, the lid of one of them was opened wide with a kick from Fernando Zéca who came out of its interior, weapons in hand, threatening the stunned Cardasians who were just waiting for a shipment of smuggled weapons and had no time for any reaction.

From other containers also came the four stations wielding heavy weapons, ready for any surprise.

Without firing a single shot, the Admiral shouted:

-Hand on head everyone! Whoever resists will die!

His girls advanced to other locations on the ship ensuring the arrest of other smugglers present there. A task that would be facilitated by the second event that occurred shortly after the Admiral surrendered the stunned cardasian terrorists: from one moment to the next, U.S.S. ENTERPRISE-F1 appeared well in front of the spacecraft used by the terrorists.

Dispensing warnings, the starfleet spacecraft has already fired a tractor beam at the fugitive that simply trapped her without causing damage, thus ending any pretense escape.

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After the arrest of the Cardasian terrorists, the rest of the gang and its ramifications in the spaceport of the Solar System and also on EARTH SPACE STATION were dismantled.

After this successful operation, Admiral Fernando Zéca Corinthiano still faced the realization of an intense battery of reports to only then solve what had effectively brought him to SPACE STATION NINE: the preparation of a celebration that he would hold at Quark’s Bar with his wife (the dreaded Central Command).

As soon as he had the opportunity, he went there to settle the matter.

At the bar, as soon as he met his old friend Quark, the Admiral introduced him to the four stations.

Clever as he was, the Ferengi delighted to meet them, but said nothing compromising.

Only when the four of them went to the dance floor to amaze everyone present at the place, the Admiral and Quark had a more private conversation, where the fleet officer told him the latest events.

-Damn, Zéca! I thought you had deliberately stepped out of line with Central Command.

-Quark, old man. I got into this whole whirlwind as inocent and I don't even know how to get out of it. I thought you'd give me some advice to help...

-And what are you feeling right now?

-Buddy! You know how much I am in love with my wife, but now there are more of

these four seasons.

"I maintained a simultaneous mental link with them, so we are all connected."

"I'm DIVIDED HEARTH just like the song I wrote for an old rock band I had in the past, the ENDIVIDADO$ (INDEBTED$)."

-Then it's easier for me to tell you the facts. Quark said. - There is no science capable of separating you.

"And based on my professional experience, since now your heart is really divided, you will have to act like the owners of harems, taking good care of theyr women."

"Having no way out of a dead end like this, what I recommend you is to "*KEEP YOUR LIES CONSISTENT*".



At that moment, entered Quark's Bar, in high style, well dressed and accompanied by half a dozen beautiful women, Boson and Lepton, who soon approached with all the pomp at the table where the Admiral and Quark were sitting.



-Admiral, we can only thank you. - said Boson.

-Our Journey, despite the dangers we went through, generated immense profits for us.

"*The more risk the path has, the greater the profit."*

-Our Journey was so glorious, that everything aboard our ship became a historical or collector's artifact.

"Look: even though it no longer works, we managed to sell the wife-making machine for a lot of money."

-Even the LATINUM, which had its original engine recovered by the engineers of U.S.S. ENTERPRISE, we were still able to sell at a profit.

-And the process we won from the AGENCY DIRECTING AND ORGANIZING SPACE NAVIGATION OF THE FEDERATION?

-You don't know yet, Admiral. Following your recommendation, we filed a lawsuit against the lack of security of the AGENCY DIRECTING AND ORGANIZING SPACE NAVIGATION OF THE FEDERATION.

-We hired a Ferengi lawyer.

-And we won the case without even taking it to court. The Agency for the Direction and Organisation of Space Navigation of the Federation has agreed to pay us TWO HUNDRED MILLION LATINUM GOLD BARS without further discussion of the case and to keep everything secret.

-But best of all, the Admiral can't even imagine...

-Yes... The icing on the cake...

-Now we are also the only representatives authorized to sell to the entire Ferengi Alliance, the images of the powerful SAINT JORGE, the HOLY SAVIOR OF PROFITS, who got us out of so much trouble.

-And not only that, we made an association with that Brazilian team whose fans also like São Jorge...

Behind the glasses, Zéca widened his eyes...

-What? What is the team really called, Boson?

-FLAMENGO.

-What?!!? – exclaimed the old Admiral. - You two can go to hell you mercenaries. Are they helping those Flamengo fans?!?!?

-Do not exalt yourself, Admiral. Flamengo's fans call themselves the biggest in Brazil and...

-Biggest a fuck! You will give a fortune to my team's biggest rivals. Precisely this bunch of boring people who don't even know how to lose a game against my Corinthians decently.

"This gang just causes problems... Bunch of vultures! No one can take it anymore! And you will fill their pockets even more while my soccer team is mired in unpayable debts???"

-Admiral, unlike you, who is passionate and convinced full of principles, we Ferengi do not care who we trade with as long as we make a lot of profit.

After this lesson of principle and Ferengi ethics, despite the complaint of old Zéca, Boson and Lepton reported in detail the feats and profits obtained from that trip.

-We have to celebrate, Admiral. - said Boson holding him by the arm.

-Call your females and let's have a big party in the hollosuytes of the bar. - Lepton invited.

-For you to make money on me, smart guys? - Asked the Admiral with a suspicious face. - How much do you expect to earn by recording the sex scenes between me and the four seasons? And then? Do you still intend to blackmail me by spreading this material around? Or are you going to denounce me there at the Central Command?

-This Admiral is smart with the Ferengis. - Lepton said. - I think he's already a bit of a ferengi.

-*DEEP DOWN, EVERYONE IS A BIT OF A FERENGI.* - Boson agreed.

-Wrong, gentlemen, the fact is that I know you are experts in the Rule of "*DO NOT PUT FRIENDSHIP BEFORE PROFITS*".

Everyone then gave the famous crocodile laugh.

Boson and Lepton, realizing that they would not be able to make an easy profit there, followed their girlfriends to another table where they sat down.

The conversation between Quark and the Admiral continued:

-I will then reserve a bottle of the wine KLINGON BLOOD that you and your wife like so much, for when she comes, Admiral.

-Great, buddy. Make it very cold.

-Besides following my advice, how do you expect to solve the problem with the Central Command?

-I don't know yet. Anyway, I'll apply the philosophy I learned from a guy named William Thomas Riker of not anticipating problems, and then I'll leave the solution to them to be found on the next occasion.

-A toast to not anticipating problems, and the next occasion to solve them.

-Health.

The two raised their glasses, toasted, and drank as they basked in watching the masterful dance of the four seasons.

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ALL CHARACTERS AND FACTS IN THIS WORK ARE FICTIONAL.
ANY RESEMBLANCE TO REALITY IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL.

***

DEDICATION to "SUN-TZU'S DILEMMA"

First of all, I dedicate this story in particular to my dear and late friend, ADMIRAL ORLENKA NAVA, FOUNDING PRESIDENT OF T.I.R., the only reader who faced this literary work in its most brutal and horrifying state, when it had not even gone through, the successive revisions that would transform it into the format that the dear and heroic reader has before him/her.

This short story was the first I did involving the character FERNANDO ZÉCA CORINTHIANO in the STAR TREK universe, having been the initiator of all the rest of this production that, so far, is still giving you work to face.

In this sense, I intend not only to please you for the prestige that you have courteously already given me, but also to apologize to the unsuspecting person who has come to these lines expecting to find, a biographical study, or even, perhaps, a military treatise of the prestigious SUN-TZU thanks to the somewhat misleading title.

Anyway to everyone thank you very much for your attention.

***

"THE winner is always a friend of peace." (Karl Von Clausewitz)

"... Not always, especially if a crook, dishonest, cowardly and disgraced is the WINNER."
(Fernando Zéca Corinthiano)

***



CARDASSIANÍADAS

where anyone is suspect...

***

SPACE STATION NINE

With four hours to go before the moment of zero o'clock, which is effectively where all the mess reported here begins, we find Fernando Zéca Corinthiano having fun inside one of the famous holosuites of Quark's Bar, along with his four lovers-girlfriends whom he affectionately calls the four seasons.

One of the girls, a Klingon named Summer, to ensure that those moments of intense relaxation were not interrupted, destroyed the intercom that the Admiral normally used. Thus, the fun there continued uninterrupted...

***

0:00 a.m. moment (counted in terrestrial time)

EARTH SPACE STATION

Tired after another shift of work giving standing orders to his subordinates, Admiral Quinn found the well-deserved peace inside his office.

Finally, he sat down facing the table and opened a pot of tea that he left there for moments of rest.

He filled his mug and then sipped a few sips.

He noticed in the tea a slightly different flavor from what he was used to, but he continued to drink it anyway, because knew that these subtle differences in aroma and taste were normal in the various crops produced from those leaves he used.

He then felt his body being taken by relaxation.

Finally, he could think quietly without anyone bothering him with problems, and so he almost fell asleep.

The only reason he didn't gave up to unconsciousness was because he remembered that he still had to do the routine check on the messages in his mailbox.

Sleep prevented him from concentrating on that important task, but such fatigue was the result of the strenuous work he had gone through.

As soon as she opened his eyes, he still automatically, and with more effort, repeated the old routine of always.

He turned on his computer, and logged into Starfleet's intranet, where he went to check his inbox.

Among so many that he had to check, one stood out: the one message sent by Admiral Fields and that came with an URGENT tag.

He did not know personally Admiral Fields, but, as the message came with an urgency tag, using the exclusive channels of the High Officers of the Fleet and also, having gone through all the computerized threat detection mechanisms, the good Admiral Quinn wasted no time and soon opened it.

Immediately, from his computer devices, a three-dimensional image of a "girl" wearing a female uniform worn by Japanese schoolgirls, with an exaggerated neckline, accompanied by a scandalous short skirt, with red hair, big eyes, was projected on his desk, saying:

-I'm Sarah Lank 5 Ter You should be more careful with the messages you open on the internet. Now you will pay for this recklessness.

Sarah touched the Admiral's forehead with her index finger, and a bluish glow was emitted from that touch.

The old officer made a facial expression that denoted the purest feeling of intense pain, and put his left hand on his chest, well above the communicator, where he also, at that very moment, received some kind of electric shock.

Fall inert and unconscious, while everything around him was inexplicably erased.

Around the downed Admiral, things got terrible and nothing else worked right. Outside his office, in other sectors of the space station, many other Starfleet officers, chiefs, employees, and cadets fell unconscious after also receiving similar messages on their intercoms.

With so many people practically knocked out from one moment to the next, equipment that was manually monitored or driven by these people started to cause accidents.

As a problem little is silly, the element that caused all this misfortune in the EARTH SPACE STATION, also acted simultaneously in other places where Starfleet was present, whether spaceships, other bases, lunar cities, Martians and even on planet Earth.

To make matters worse, breaches inexplicably appeared in the programming structures of the computerized system that managed the intranet and the computers of the Fleet, making security vulnerable to simple attacks by amateur hackers, or even to more complex ones, such as those of various types of devastating computer viruses that exist.



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+4:00hs

Faced with an attack of such devastating consequences, Admiral Fields takes over the Command of the Federation of United Planets, cumulatively with that of Starfleet, based on DIRECTIVE 5a., who, despite being unknown, arrives making promises to everyone with his soft speech and good guy manner, he made his first contact to the public through the sound communication system (which by many was still called radio, even though it had nothing more to do with the original artifact that gave it such a nickname), because the commanding officer was completing his mission in a place where it was unfeasible to transmit images.

-In fifty hours I will be on Earth where, from then on, I promise to make everything return to normality. For now, I ask everyone to remain peaceful, orderly and calm. Everything will work out.

GUIDELINE 5a. ***In cases of extreme emergency, special representatives of the United Federation of Planets are authorized to assume emergency powers to deal with a condition or circumstance that is designated as dangerous to the welfare of the citizens of the United Federation of Planets.***
Within this scope, ONLY in the absence of the powers determined above, may the most senior Officer of Starfleet assume such temporary command, UNTIL a definitive successor is defined.

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+5:00hs

Ecstatic, Admiral Zéca watched the ballet of the four seasons.

The music that played that show was perhaps even that of the great Master Vivaldi.

But what caught the attention of the old officer was the fantastic shaking and beauty of the dancers. His own four seasons: Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter.

Four simply wonderful women whom the Admiral by mere chance had met, and whose lives he had helped save in one of his last adventures.

From then on, a practically inseparable quintet was formed, which, at that moment, was having fun inside one of the famous holosuites of Quark's bar.

There, smoking his cigars incessantly while watching such a beautiful artistic manifestation, Admiral Fernando Zéca even forgot and distanced himself from the problems of life.

In that atmosphere, he enjoyed the pleasure of the moment, slowly and in detail, not knowing how long such a situation would last. Thus, his enjoyment, at every moment, was becoming a great vibrant party full of colors.

Was much more to come? Perhaps... The future moments promised a lot...

Relaxed and calm, the Admiral wanted to record, through the camera of his tablet, that unforgettable and magnificent artistic expression in the girls' dance.

While recording such a masterful ballet, he took the opportunity to check his inbox, to check if had anything urgent to do.

As soon as he entered Starfleet's intranet, for the exclusive use only of its active or non-active members, he noticed several flaws in its lay-out, and worse! Even security.

Among these, that any malicious hacker, with any luck, would be able to easily enter the Fleet's intranet, registering without much effort as Captain or Admiral, thus obtaining all the benefits related to such functions.

In addition to his struggling past, the old Starfleet officer was also known as a playful mocker because whenever he had the opportunity, the old veteran make fun of what he saw and found.

Normally, Admiral Zéca mocked his main victims, who were the pompous officers in

their eagerness to stand out, when strutting around, ended up committing barbarities and rudeness similar to the one in front of them.

What the veteran joker did not know was that the security failures before him were not caused by a sloppy or stupid programming officer.

Thus, the old Admiral continued with his newest prank within the intranet, where he included his four girlfriends-lovers, in the ranks of Starfleet Officers with the ranks of Colonels, position immediately below that of Admiral, but in fact, non-existent, and which was created especially for that unpleasant occasion.

Of course, he intended to remedy such a situation right away, but he precisely created the error, with the intention of pointing out to the security team the seriousness of the already existing problem.

Meanwhile, he left the experiment there to later show the flaw...

As soon as he successfully finished creating that fake record, he also managed to get Starfleet to send him the necessary files to produce, through a molecular synthesizer, uniforms and intercoms even with the organization's emblem, for his girls to use.

After realizing that the problem had to be solved right away, he opened his inbox, from where he would send notices to the security team responsible for the site.

As soon as he entered it, he noticed an urgent message from Admiral Fields.

He did not know the officer in question personally, but as the message came through official channels, which usually had their protections and with which the veteran officer was carelessly not concerned, he decided to check them.

He opened it, and immediately, the computer projected the three-dimensional image of a girl wearing a feminine uniform like those worn by Japanese schoolgirls, exaggeratedly low-cut and accompanied by a scandalous short skirt.

She had red hair, big eyes and came right away saying:

-I'm Sarah Lank 5 Ter. You should be more careful with the messages you open on the internet. Now you will pay for this recklessness.

When Sarah was about to touch Admiral Fernando Zéca's forehead with the finger, the tablet from which her image was projected was hit and shattered by a flying shoe.

-Drug! Missed it! That was to hit you cretin! - Screamed nervously the Klingon named Summer.

-He watches videos of naughty schoolchildren while we dance just for him.

-He's a real old pervert.

-Let's teach him a lesson.

-You have to learn.

The four beautiful dancers, annoyed by seeing the artistic expression of their dance ignored, decided to go on a violent basis and beat poor Admiral Fernando Zéca.

-Calm down girls!

PAF! POFF! KRRAASSSS!

-Cretin!

-Naughty!

PAM!

-OUFFFF!!

SOC!

The manifestation of jealousy of the Admiral's girlfriends, however, luckily for him, was soon interrupted. Without the slightest explanation, the holosuite was turned off.

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The real walls of the environment where the quintet were, appeared as if by magic since everything in a holosuite, (with the exception of the old Corinthian Admiral and his four seasons), was nothing more than a three-dimensional projection of objects and shapes

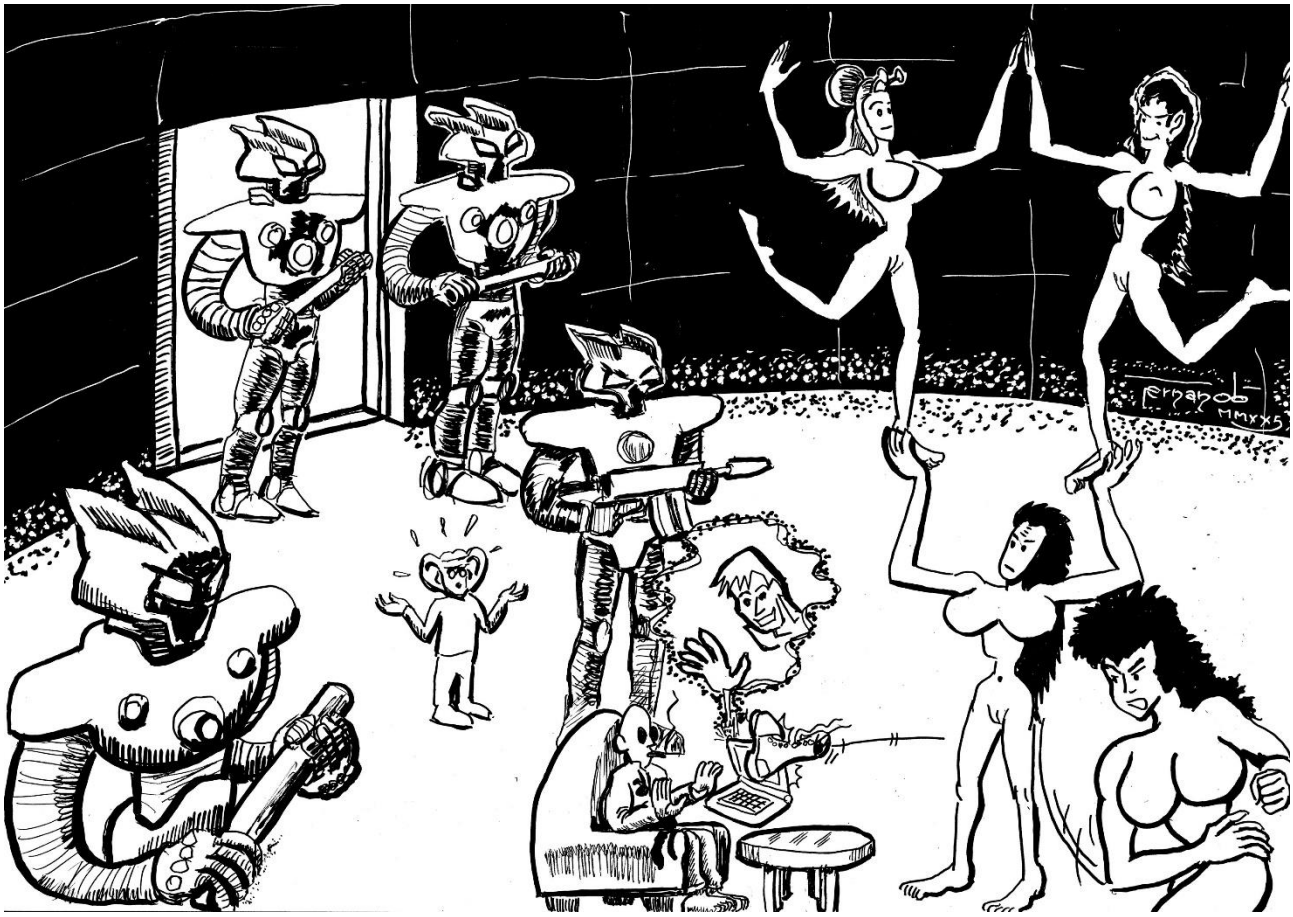
perceptible to the human senses made by computer.

An entrance to that large enclosed hall opened. The first to cross the newly cleared passage was Quark, who did not seem very happy:

-Please forgive me, Admiral. This bad-looking group came after you and, even with my appeals, insisted that it was urgent.

The old Admiral looked at the group Quark was referring to and said:

-I don't know them...



Anyway, it was a strange group far from looking normal.

People with humanoid appearance, almost three meters tall and acting like robots.

If they really were, or if there was someone controlling them, even remotely, it was not possible to know at first glance, since they were covered by shiny black armor and wearing glasses that turned their eyes into red features.

-Target confirmed and identified. - Said one of those who entered the holosuite.

Three others like this one also entered the environment.

The first pointed a rifle at Admiral Fernando Zéca and, when he was about to pull the trigger, he was surprised by the Klingon female named Summer, who cut with a long and wide sword, his armed arm preventing a fatal shot against the old officer from being fired.

Then, she even hit the aggressor with a sequence of thrusts, which knocked him down.

To everyone's surprise, the severed limb revealed that the party crashers were actually robots.

Winter, attacked another of them also armed with a sword, beheading one more invader.

Autumn and Spring also acted quickly.

They drew phaser pistols and fired at the last two crashers, pulverizing them immediately.

In a few seconds, the robotic invaders were all destroyed.

A curiosity about the fact was that the robots used a Starfleet logo at the height of

what would be their chest.

-Damm it. - The old Admiral has cursed. - I didn't know these robot models. And I am a regular at all robotics, security and military equipment fairs.

Without wasting time, Autumn approached the robot she had destroyed and tore with her bare hands, from inside it, the HD that controlled it.

She connected it to her tablet and, in a few seconds, already knew what the situation was.

-Dear! This robot has no information available about its manufacture, however, here it shows that it entered the service of the Fleet a few hours ago, and that the first mission, which was programmed, no more than a few minutes ago, was precisely to capture you alive or dead, preferably... Dead! It seems that we are not the only ones to love you...

-Are you talking to me, Autumn? - Asked the Admiral, smiling like a happy mutt.

-Is there anyone else here that I call dear? - She replied dryly.

-A few moments ago you were hitting and cursing me...

-I was at Pon Farr. In this state, I'm able to do some stupid things...

-Do you mean that the Fleet wants my head?

-Why would it be? - Autumn asked with the greatest face of sarcasm and cynicism. Something, as well as good humor, unusual in the Vulcan race.

-Well, I haven't done anything lately. - The old Admiral justified himself with the face of a mischievous child.

Scratching his chin, he began to reflect better.

-Good! I set up the prank on the Fleet Database just a few moments ago...

"But... Is such a crime a case for sending these thugs after me?"

"Does no one respect my rank of Admiral anymore?" I was already going to send a message to the site's security team to inform them of the problem."

Again the voice of logic and reason of Autumn was heard:

-The robots we destroy are networked, and soon others will come after us to complete the mission this failed. We have to get out of here.

The Admiral soon got dressed, packed his things and handed a laminated card to Quark, who was still standing still, amazed at the speed of so many incredible events.

-This here must pay my debts to you.

"Prepare another holosuite like this, and a cigar box that I intend to return to as soon as I solve this problem with the Fleet."

By looking at the card, it was that the instinct to seek profit made Quark awaken from his state of shock and dread. A smile opened on his ugly face making him look like a happy child again in front of a new toy.

-Thank you Admiral Zéca. It is always a pleasure to work with you.

-If you want things to continue like this, fellow chap; don't tell my wife anything about the four seasons, otherwise we'll both have problems.

-DAMN, ZÉCA, are you now going to hurt your old friend Quark?

-Not at all. I'm worried about my wife who wants to kill me, which will considerably reduce your profit’s margin, since I'm one of your best customers."

-Rest assured, Admiral, I will ensure that your secret is kept.

-If she appears here behind me, tell her that the Fleet is looking for me urgently, or that I have hairy problems and I will contact you soon.

-Hairy problems, Admiral?

-Yes. She will understand the nature of the thing.

-Very well. So I won't be lying.

The quintet left the holosuite heading for the fastest exit from the bar while Quark followed smiling, his way to the cashier.

In the middle of the journey, however, the girls and Zeca had their way interrupted by a white human, dressed like the old detectives of the early twentieth century: beige raincoat,

black hat and dark suit all crumpled.

The guy was a little bigger than the Admiral, only more pot-bellied.

With his hands at chest height, he held an open wallet with the identification laminated inside where the three-dimensional photo of his face shone.

The wallet said it all, yet he made a point of introducing himself:

-I'm Agent Fulano de Tal, from Session 31. I have a way out of your problems.



The four stations surrounded Agent Fulano de Tal, while the Admiral looked at his identification.

-Blimey! I've never seen one of those. Very impressive, but still, as far as I know, Session 31 does not exist.

Agent Fulano de Tal closed his wallet and slowly, using only his fingertips, put it in the pocket of his raincoat.

Then he smiled broadly and said:

-Admiral! Session 31 is the only thing in the universe that exists when it wants, and we are living one of these moments together.

Around the group, people walked and went about their lives as if nothing unusual was happening there. And the conversation continued...

-I know the talking is good, but we can't stand still. - Autumn insisted.

-The girl is right, Admiral. - Said the agent. - The fleet is after you and soon will send some more of these robot boys who interrupted your party to finish the job for good!

He paused and continued:

-It's a lot of confusion out there, Admiral, you were caught off guard by it, and you have no escape route from Space Station Nine. I can offer this route. All I ask is that you trust me. There is no time to argue.

A whirlwind of thoughts flashed through the old officer's head. Thousands of doubts and suspicions mainly. All his instincts, his logic and his experience told him to run out of there with the girls and hide in a safe place that would allow him to assess the situation better, and decide what to do.

However, he had no idea what a safe place this would be, inside the space station.

And now, that guy appeared there, claiming to be an agent of a mysterious organization whose existence by many unsuspecting people, was considered pure legend, belief or foolishness...

The weird kind offering a way out of his problems, was either a Savior Angel, or, some big shit was on the way. Zéca had to decide right away what to do.

-Very well, what do you suggest? - Asked the Admiral suspiciously.

-First let's escape from here through that exit. - Said the agent pointing to another path further away.

They all then followed, with long and fast steps, along the indicated path.

When they were already far from the Bar, they saw a troop of those robots arriving armed and marching fiercely into the establishment.

The agent signaled for everyone to continue walking fast in order to get away from there, so they escaped through some corridors to a service and maintenance exit, where they opened the hatch and went ahead inside.

They entered very dimly lit paths in which, attached to these walls, various types of pipes and devices ran.

It was not exactly a clean place, but it was there that they arrived at one of the ventilation ducts that was large enough to allow free passage to all the fugitives, as long as they crouched and in single file.

They followed these for another twenty minutes, until reached the compartment with a hatch that led to the outside of the station, and which in its center had a transparent round glass.

Agent Fulano de Tal pointed to the swords that the Admiral's girls were carrying.

-These are those that the Klingon store is selling in the buy five and pay one promotion?

-Exactly. - Answered one of the stations (girls). - They cut well and we use them to destroy those robots. They are not bad.

Agent Fulano de Tal looked at the beauty's sword and then, at her clothes, he was obviously impressed by her wonderful body, but even so, he controlled himself.

-This uniform of yours is different from the ones I know. What rank is it?

-They are Colonels. - Replied Admiral Zéca.

-Colonels?!? Starfleet? News to me. But then, it's explained. - Said Fulano de Tal. - If they destroyed those robots using these toy swords, they must be very good at what they do, otherwise they wouldn't be "Colonels".

"They would be lucky. Those robots, according to one of my agents, are highly sophisticated weapons of war, a novelty in the military field."

"They were designed by a kind of Cardassian mad scientist."

-Cardassian scientist is new to me. - Said Admiral Fernando Zéca with a mocking air of little care. - This breed really likes to war. A scientist does not come out of there. But you're right, Agent Fulano de Tal, my girls are really lucky!

Then he made a serious face concluding:

-But they are also Colonels.

-Anyway you will have to leave the souvenirs here to wear these costumes...

That said, the Agent stopped in front of a large locker and opened its doors.

There were more than ten space suits formerly used in the external repairs of the Space Station, long before the time when robots took over these services completely.

-I don't know if it's convenient for you to go out carrying sharp objects while wearing these clothes...- Agent Fulano de Tal repeated the warning.

-Can't we use teleportation? - asked the Admiral.

-We came this way to escape the internal security cameras and now we will go to the escape ship without the teleportation, so that the emissions resulting from its use do not give us away. At the risk of a hasty exit, we will be intercepted by robotic fighters or drones that the Fleet has already positioned around the Station."

Everyone then put on their spacesuits in a few minutes, and the girls even managed to tie their swords purchased in the Klingon shop to their own backs.

With everyone ready, the agent warned:

-Now get ready because I'm going to open the hatch.

-Won't we be denounced when it is opened? Will there be no sign in any surveillance and security system? - asked the Admiral.

-No. - Replied the agent. - Nothing will give us away. I have altered the room here for just this purpose on unusual occasions. As soon as the hatch opens, you will see a steel cable affixed to the side walls that we will hold on to until we reach my ship. Hold fast to it.

"Eventually, the wormhole passage near the station will open up, and in some of these cases, it may even pull us toward it. It is a considerably large force, which resembles the strong winds of Earth's storms. But holding on tight, there's nothing to worry about."



They all closed their spacesuits and visors, sealing them tightly.

The life systems in that compartment were shut down, and then the hatch separating them from the black, infinite space was opened with a loud bang and hiss.

Soon they spotted the cable the agent was referring to and floated towards him after taking a leap into the void.

They all caught up with him and followed one after the other slowly just behind the agent.

As they traveled much of the way, the agent's prediction came true: the monstrous "wormhole" near the space station opened and a gentle gravitational force pulled the fugitives towards it.

They advanced holding the cable firmly and the only thing that happened was that, while the gigantic astronomical phenomenon remained open, their bodies only changed their inclination in relation to what they were before.

They still followed that path for a long time until, out of nowhere, suddenly a shiny black ship was uncloaked, in the shape of a boomerang, with the inner lines resembling the edges of bat wings. (exactly like the batarang's from Batman).

With a wingspan of five hundred meters, it approached the group.

On its surface opened a lighted rectangular floodgate, giving access to the inner part of where a tractor beam enveloped the entire group gently pulling it into the interior of the singular spacecraft, which then disappeared.

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+7:30hs

By then, agent Fulano de Tal had explained the situation to the visitors.

-It's all a chaotic mess.

"This Admiral Fields, whom no one knows, will take full responsibility for the Fleet and the Federation at an extraordinary time when no one is understanding the true dimension of the problem.

"For the legal experts I consulted, the measure taken to initially solve the problem was, from the outset, wrong and extreme. "

"According to them, the interpretation of the Directive was made in the opposite way, since the Law provides for Federation personnel assuming command in Starfleet and not the other way around."

"From this understanding, they even question whether the Fifth Guideline really applies to the current situation, because, in theory, currents of legal scholars may even emerge arguing that such a legal instrument, at the time of its creation, was foreseen to face situations of lesser amplitude."

"The fact that Fields is unknown also puts a flea behind everyone's ears."

Agent Fulano de Tal paused, looked at the cigarette he was smoking, and continued:

-Another thing that is disturbing my concentration in this whole story, is precisely the attempt by the Fleet, to give you a disappearance’s tea, Admiral Zéca!"

He said that and pointed the filter of the cigarette he was holding at the bald and pot-bellied old officer, who remained in thoughtful silence adjusting his round sunglasses.

The agent continued with his reasoning:

"This may be due to the fact that you are one of the very few high-ranking officers who so far are free from any control with chances and power to eventually remedy events."

Everyone kept an eye on that description of the facts, which indicated that there was some kind of undue contamination in the affairs of the Starfleet Federation.

-But that's not all. This story was told to me before it even happened.

No one there understood what the agent's figurative language meant, but he soon explained himself:

-An agent of Section 31 operating in Cartassia Prime, informed me some time ago that the Starfleet and the Federation would very soon suffer attacks from their networks.

"He didn't bring up the subject in detail, but he was very clear in warning that the main

attack would come through the Fleet's intranet."

"Your report was sent to my superiors and then forwarded to Starfleet itself."

"I don't need to tell you that, even with the advance information coming in, no one has done anything to prevent what is happening."

The Admiral looked at the lit end of his cigar.

Certainly the gang in the Federation Secret Service (E.Y.E.), was also not aware of this threat, as they would not have let it materialize.

Between puffs, the old officer thought and after considering everything he heard, he pondered:

-The ideal now would be to talk directly with this agent of yours and get more details, even to know what to do or who to turn to.

-I agree with you, Admiral.

"That's why, at most, in two hours, we will be in Cardassia Prime."

The old fleet officer's facial expression was very serious.

The ideal for him would be to establish contact with someone from the E.Y.E., but, in the face of that catastrophic scenario, obtaining more detailed information from the agent of section 31, later on, could be the positive differential for a quick solution of the problem, in this case, compensating for the delay caused by the trip to Cardassia Prime.

After this pile of calculations and mental speculations, Zéca said

-Good idea! But YOU were supposed to make contact with your agent, not all of us.

-Indeed Admiral. - The Agent agreed. - But, as I remembered, whether you like it or not, you are an important piece on this huge board, so you must keep your movement a secret, until everything returns to normal. Oh! An important tip:

"From now on, do not travel on the internet, not even on the Starfleet intranet, which is no longer secure. You have been located through it... Both for the robot gang and for me. Oh! And finally! One last detail..."

He did not finish formulating the sentence he wanted, because he was interrupted by three strong shakes that the ship took, accompanied by an equal number of rumblings.

Only then did he say what he didn't want:

-We are in Cardassian space and we have been located.

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-Cardassian warship! - Said Admiral Fernando Zéca as he looked at one of the monitors in the meeting room. - These damned people like to annoy!

-Well, they will go wrong with me. - Agent Fulano de tal shouted.

-These people are kind of quarrelsome. They love to get into trouble.

-I know that, I know these bastards well, but they don't know what they're getting into."

Then the agent pressed one or two buttons on the panel on the arm of the seat in which he was sitting.

Three seconds later the Cardassian spacecraft exploded without any explanation, then disappeared deep in the blackness of space.

-Hey! I liked that! - Shouted the old Admiral as if he were a little boy admiring the antics of his classmates. -Tell me your secret.

-I teleported two nuclear bombs into the command room of the naughty ship that will never shoot at others again without warning.

-Wow! - The officer was enthusiastic. - Too bad that, in the Fleet, the Codes of Ethics, Dignity and Good Conduct of a Warrior, do not allow us to use this type of dirty maneuver even in the worst moments of combat, which, in any case, for me, was never an impediment.

-You should have enlisted for Session 31, Admiral.

"Our job is to kick the ass of bums who threaten humanity!"

Fernando Zéca did not want to talk about his job in the Secret Service of the

Federation (E.Y.E.) where he also did exactly this type of work, in relation to the enemies of the Federation.

He just commented:

-I like that.

-The only problem is the salary and retirement plan that do not match those of the Admiralty in the Fleet. - Commented the Agent.

-Then the problem is really serious. If your salary does not reach the values and benefits of those of the Fleet Admiralty, things are ugly, since what the officers earn is not enough. My category of Admiral lives below the salary floor. The only thing that pays off in this work is to kick the ass of the bums who disturb the life of the Federation.

-KKKK. - Laughed the agent. - I see that we have much in common, my dear Admiral.

And so the journey continued.

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+ 9:18hs

On the screens, the images were clear and sharp.

Ahead of schedule, agent Fulano de Tal's ship arrived in the orbit of Cardassia Prime, a world where the most evil plans aimed at galactic domination by the tyrannical government agencies that oppressed and dictated the life of this people were devised.

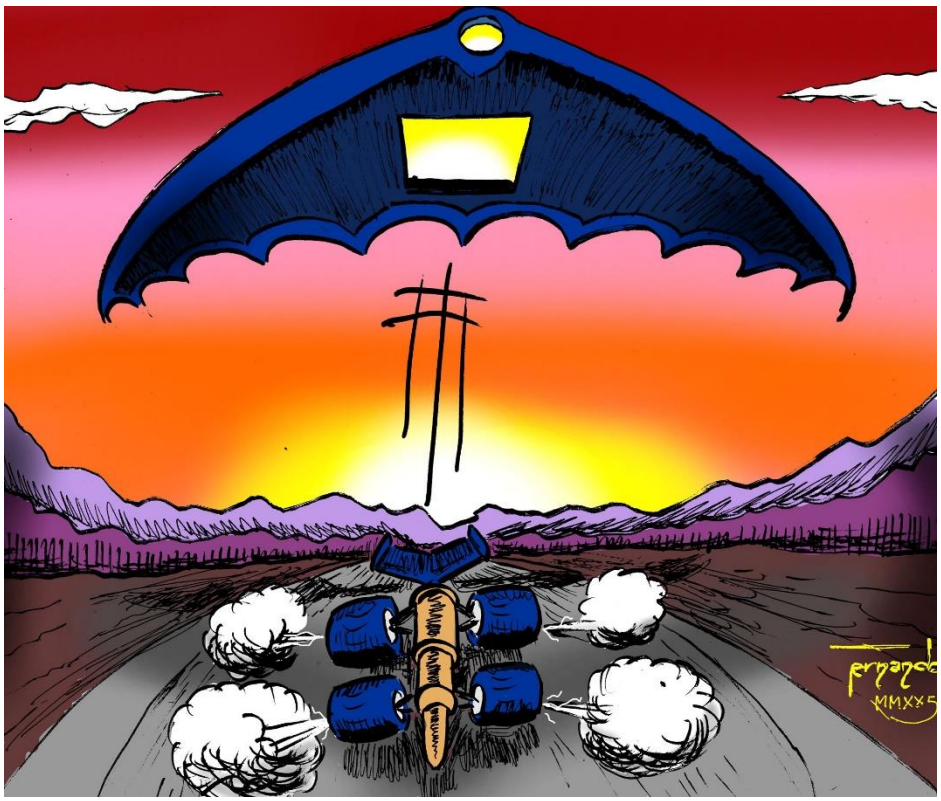
Sometimes, to the joy of the good people of the universe, these tricks did not always give positive results to their orchestrators.

On one of these occasions, the Cardassian people were involved in disastrous alliances and wars, even against the Federation, which caused them immense damage.

Cardássia Prime did not escape direct losses, and had several of its main metropolises; literally devastated.

Agent Fulano de Tal's ship was arriving at one of these metropolises.

It flew low above the top of the ruined buildings of one of the main avenues and, from an open gate in its bulge, threw towards the ground, a vehicle with a shape similar to that of a rifle bullet, equipped with four huge wheels with all-terrain tires, and rear spoilers as in the old Formula 1 cars.



The huge jump ended with the extraordinary vehicle impacting the track and making some skids but, after touching the ground hitting the trajectory, it continued running just like these remote control vehicles used by the kids, the difference being that inside, there were 6 people comfortably seated and well armed.

Above the tall buildings, Agent Fulano de Tal's ship automatically rose into the skies, disappearing from everyone's sight.

-Here in this city there is no one else alive. - Said Agent Fulano de Tal. - Radioactivity levels are very high.

-Result of the wars in which the Cardassians got involved. - Soon the Admiral finished. - ... They looked for it...

-Don't misjudge them. - Justified the agent Fulano de Tal, then saying:

"THE CREATOR MOTHER OF ALL THINGS DID NOT MAKE ALL THE CARDASSIANS EVIL."

And the agent continued his explanation:

-This phrase is often said by a large part of the Cardassian people, who do not have universal domination as their main goal of life.

"Unfortunately, it is a slice of this society dominated by a much smaller one, which forces them, even against their will, to feed the Cardassian murderous war machine with delusions of grandeur and universal omnipotence that results in what we are seeing."

The vehicle ran quickly through razed avenues, full of garbage and rubble.

He passed over the obstacles without problems and continued on his way.

-You didn't choose to pass through this destroyed land just to prove to us that not all Cardassians are evil....

-Not really, Admiral. Here it is also not recommended, even for a ship with excellent camouflage like mine, to make teleportations or any other operations that reveal our location. On land, we will be able to move around without attracting so much attention, especially in this area, where traffic is less."

-Even in a vehicle like this?

-Yes. Here those who want to move by land, have to use armored vehicles, otherwise they will be screwed.

At one point, when they were at a high point in the region, and already away from the metropolis, the agent stopped the car and pressed a button on the vehicle's dashboard three or four times. Nothing, however, apparently happened.

Then the agent accelerated again and continued on his way.

-What happened? - asked the curious Admiral. - Why did we stop?

-I just called my agent for a meeting.

-Did you send him any kind of signal?

-More or less. I used an infrasonic whistle that only he can hear.

On one of the displays on the vehicle's control panel, some numerical sequences appeared.

The agent pointed to them and said:

-His location. We are close. Let's find it.

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The path that the vehicle took next passed through a large desert of sand, whose dunes, it crossed with quick and smooth jumps.

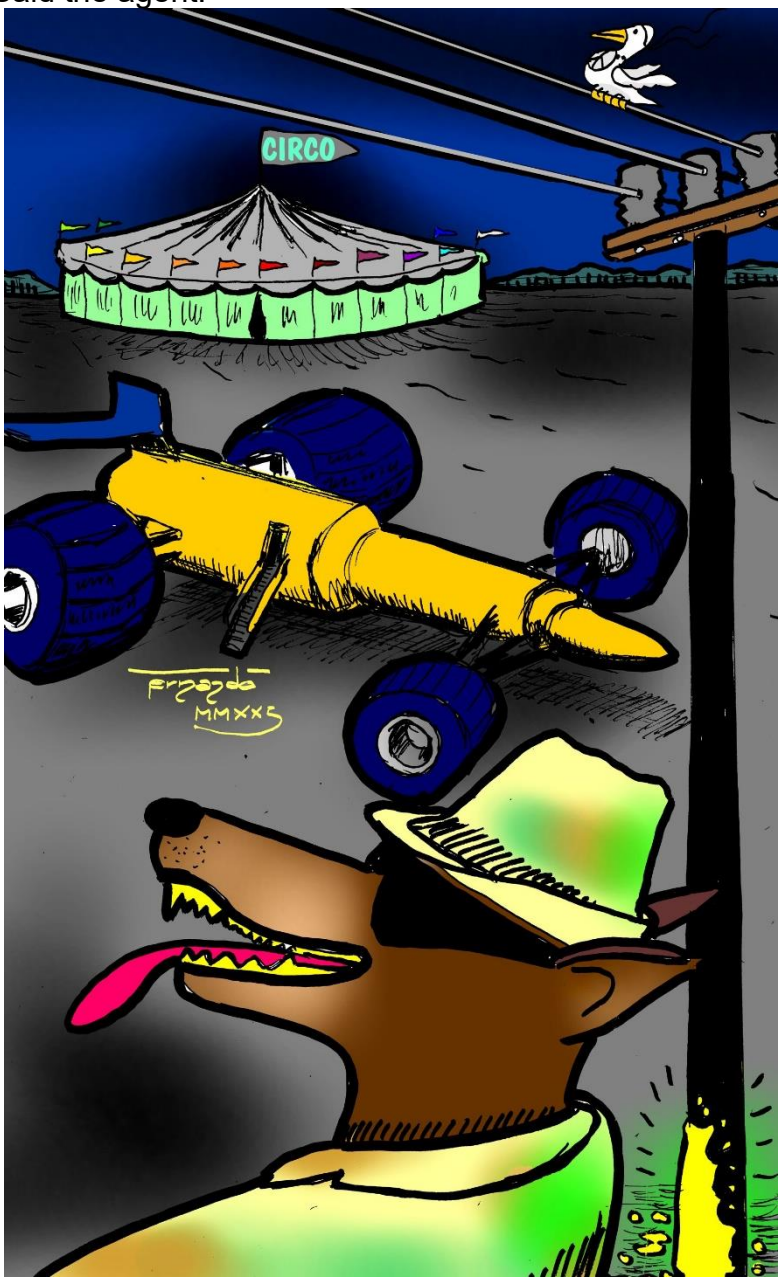
It cannot be denied that, even though he was short and chubby, agent Fulano de Tal had very improved techniques in driving his car.

As soon as the desert was over, they took a wide paved but empty road, where they accelerated rapidly. A certain stretch of the way, they spotted someone on the road.

He looked like a humanoid wearing a raincoat, hat, jacket, pants and social shoes,

carrying suitcase 007.

-It's him. - Said the agent.



The vehicle stopped next to the guy and a door opened on the side from which a green ray came out that involved him, sterilizing him completely, and then carrying him to put him sitting in one of the seats that were empty.

Soon after, he took off his hat, surprising everyone except Agent Fulano de Tal.

-Ladies Colonels, Mr. Admiral. This is Agent Beltrano from Session 31.

-Nice to meet you. - Said Admiral Zéca, already containing his surprise.

The girls did the same.

-The pleasure is my ladies. - Salted Agent Beltrano.

What was unusual about Agent Beltrano was that, even though he had a humanoid body, his head was that of a Doberman dog.

Although incredible, the one who seemed most impressed in that situation was actually Agent Beltrano himself, since the unbelievable beauty of the four seasons prevented him from taking his eyes off them.

-Pay attention, Agent Beltrano! Take your eyes off these ladies! They are Colonels of Starfleet! - Agent Fulano de Tal soon warned. - Now tell me about that attack that you informed the Fleet would suffer through the intranet itself. Pass on more details!

-I thought you were not interested in knowing about this subject. Session 31 has been taking a long time to take action lately...

-It's not my fault, Beltrano. Now explain everything to us.

Beltrano wasted no time:

-For those who don't know, I am an undercover agent of Session 31 in this sector.

"My goal here is to gather all kinds of information that may be of interest to Session 31, sending it to my contact Mr. Fulano de Tal, so that, from then on, the necessary measures can be taken regarding each case."

"I'm a bit of a shapeshifter, and my abilities allow me to transform into giant doberman dogs, one of the breeds that elite Cardassians are most fond of smuggling and owning."

"I am disguised as one of the pet dogs of the most famous Cardassian weapons designer who made a computer virus, at the request of an organization that must have already inserted it into the Starfleet network. It's a weapon that will wreak apocalyptic havoc on computers, and on people's lives as well."

"As far as I remember, there is a way to wake up back to normal, those who are in the trance caused, due to the attack of this virus, but the solution to the problem, the Cardassians intend to negotiate with the Federation."

-A blackmail. - Simplified the Admiral.

"Absolutely," Agent Fulano de Tal agreed. - This bunch does not produce any universal solution that helps the community by producing profits, but wants to enter the galactic games of power, screwing and enslaving everyone's lives.

-But Fulano de Tal. - Reminded the Admiral. – Were are the cardassians that you yourself said just now were cruelly exploited by the classes of the ruling elites?"

-It is the latter that I always curse, Admiral. By the way, see a bunch of them there.

Saying that, the agent pointed to one of the three-dimensional image monitors arranged in front of the vehicle's cockpit panel.

Through this, what was seen was a group of Cardassian soldiers attacking people who must have been from the vicinity in an aggressive approach, which even allowed a woman to be raped on the hood of the official vehicle.

To make matters worse, Cardassian children were unceremoniously beaten in front of people, who remained submissive watching everything.

-Look at this Admiral: Attacking the poorest classes of society has become a pastime for the oppressors.

"When tyrants are confronted with the villainy of what they do, they justify themselves by saying that the rudeness of their acts only makes it harder and prepares the people for their warlike destiny."

-And do the Cardassian Courts accept this justification in the face of such acts?

-In practice, this type of crime, the legal operators here, do not even consider it an infraction. Images like the one we are witnessing are not considered reliable evidence without the minimum presence of 6 more witnesses who have witnessed the execution of the crime."

"Computer graphics, and artificial intelligence in image editing, in cases of recorded evidence, is considered guilty for 99.9% of the annulment of evidence in the Cardassian Courts."

-In the situation we are in... If we were all to testify against these soldiers, for the abuse of authority. Would the tests be annulled? We are 7 here..."

Beltrano explained it better:

-6 witnesses to crimes in Cardassia Prime, they are 6 Cardassians of the elite. There are 7 of us, however, we are not Cardassians of the elite.

-Let's get out of here. - Said the Admiral. - These are problems that do not concern us. Now we have to get this weapons designer and get from him the medicine that will put back into service, the Federation officers whose minds are under the power of this little

computer program.

New series of numbers with coordinates appeared on the displays of the dashboard.

Beltrano, who was typing information on his tablet, said:

-I'm giving you the coordinates of his house. That's where he has the office and several testing labs.

Agent Fulano de Tal accelerated the vehicle that soon developed speed, however, he was surprised by popping sounds coming from the car's armor, indicating an attack with firearms.

-We were discovered. - Said Primavera pointing to a three-dimensional image projector on the panel. - Our cloak no longer works.

-It was to be expected. Even so, these unfortunates got into trouble for their own heads by attacking us. - Said Agent Fulano de Tal while driving.

The popcorning on the body increased persistently, alerting even to shots of heavier weapons being made against that vehicle.

In piloting, agent Fulano de Tal used all available resources.

Outside the vehicle, two mechanized arms containing boxes of weapons came out of the interior of armored compartments, until then closed.

From these, rockets were launched that hit several targets around the vehicle, where the shots came from.

After violently rejecting the attack directed at him, agent Fulano de Tal's car went on its way, leaving behind columns of black smoke that rose to the sky, indicating the end of the aggressors.

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+10:22hs



A new statement was issued by Admiral Fields, who, this time, sent a message with an image of himself.

In it, the Admiral appeared from the waist up, sitting behind the desk of an office, with the Fleet logo on his back attached to the wall.

He was a white man with light hair, narrow shoulders, a friendly face and wearing the traditional Admiralty uniform. In a slow, deep and clear voice, he began to speak:

-Citizens of the Federation and fellow Fleet:

"Being closer to the problems that are currently plaguing the worlds of the United Federation of Planets, I have been able to verify that the situation is of alarming and unprecedented danger."

"The United Federation of Planets and Starfleet have been cowardly attacked by an act of war, which, to date, has already brought us an incalculable number of losses in lives."

"As long as I am in charge, I will not tolerate any act of war directed against the Federation getting away with impunity."

"From this moment forward, in the name of the Federation of United Planets, and Starfleet, through the powers and responsibilities assigned to me, I declare War on all peoples who have no friendly relations with us."

"Starfleet ships under the flag of the Federation of United Planets, which are in good condition, have all direct orders to loot and destroy any facility or ship deemed to be an enemy."

"For now it's just.”

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+10:45hs

-But of course Fields is an idiot!! - Admiral Fernando Zéca shouted nervously. - This imbecile, with a single pen, put the entire Federation at war against God, the rest of the Universe and who knows else.

-Fê! Calm! - Winter said in a low voice close to the Admiral's ear. - Stay cool and take care of your health.

The Admiral looked at Winter, at the other girls, and even calmed down a little more.

However, he averted his eyes to the image of Admiral Fields frozen on one of the monitors and began to curse again:

-Damn wretch! In one fell swoop, it spoiled the entire service of diplomacy that the Fleet took years to settle.

-Calm down, love! Rest assured. - Autumn asked in a soft voice.

-Darling. - Asked the Admiral. - Understand me, please: for you who are Vulcan, it is easier to conform to the facts.

"Perhaps, because I am more experienced in the sufferings of war, I really should adopt this type of behavior keeping a cool head, even to lead better, but I can't, especially seeing the nonsense that this pompous fool is up to."

"The fool has not even thought about the immediate expenses that we will have in this war adventure."

"The Federation's weapons and ships are a mess! To make any shot right, I have to pull the trigger about forty times, because we're only using old scrap metal to fight."

The old Admiral's verbal incontinence was finally stopped when Agent Fulano de Tal reported:

-I agree with everything you say, Admiral. But now, I would like to remind you that we are close to the place where Tomy Schark, the weapons designer from whom we got the information, lives: it is a residence similar to a palace.

"Eventually, he may even be watching us here."

Compared to the rest of most of the planet, this was a privileged and paradisiacal

region.

The landscape there was beautiful, with no polluted clouds, garbage or beggars and miserable people being tortured by Cardassian soldiers.

The vehicle passed under a group of trees where it stopped quickly opening a door on the side, and from there, Beltrano came out already in his giant Doberman form.

Covered by vegetation, the car would not be so easily observed.

The dog soon disappeared in the darkness of a two-meter-diameter tube that penetrated a ravine and headed towards the palace.

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+11:00hs

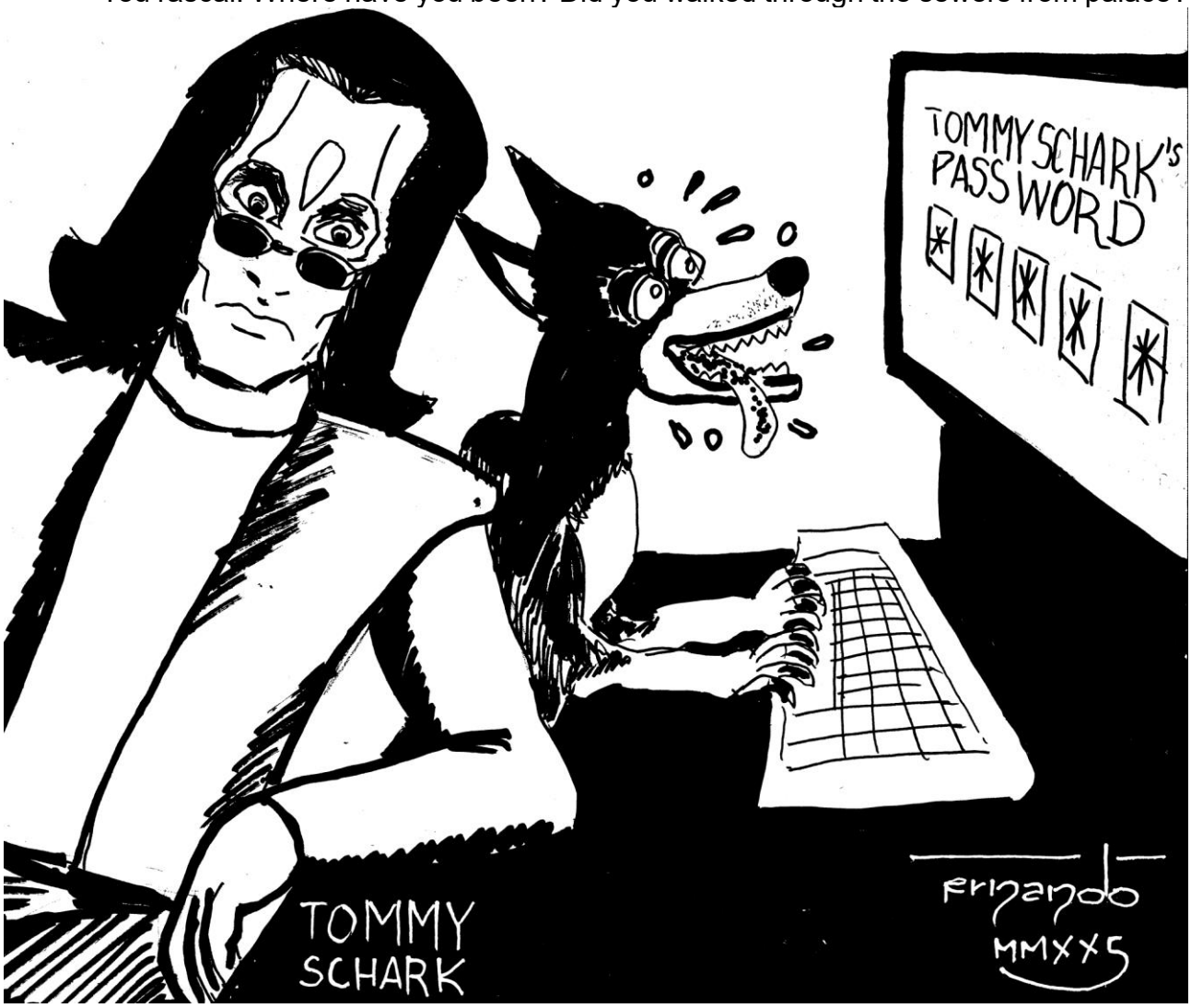
From inside the car, Beltrano's every move was monitored.

Successfully, he managed to return to the immense palace without drawing the attention of the security devices.

Through sumptuous corridors, he ran freely in his canine form, until reached the doors of the laboratory where Tomy Schark was working at that time.

When he saw his pet again, the owner was very happy.

-You rascal! Where have you been? Did you walked through the sewers from palace?



Tomy Schark brought his head close to Beltrano's in his canine form, which made a happy face, until, from one moment to the next, from a greenish stone that was on the collar attached to his neck, green smoke was poured out that hit the unsuspecting designer.

Defenseless, struck by the small green cloud that surrounded his entire upper body,

he fell motionless and paralyzed.

Beltrano in a few seconds transformed back into his semi-human form and sat down in front of the computer that Tommy normally used to work.

From seeing him operating so much, Beltrano had already memorized several of his important commands.

Hence, he used them to deactivate all the security systems of that immense palace then, through the communicator he brought with him, he contacted his team.

-The way is clear. But don't delay! Our trick may not work for long.

So they decided to teleport everyone from the car, to the laboratory, in the palace, where Beltrano and Tomy Schark were.

They did not want to waste time, as they knew that teleportation in some situations could reveal their positions to the enemy.

As soon as they materialized next to Beltrano, at that moment sitting in front of Tomy Schark's personal computer, operating it, they had a detailed account of the situation.

-You were lucky. Today, also here in the palace, is the Cardassian spy who inserted the virus designed by Tomy Schark into Starfleet's intranet.

-Serious?!? - Admiral Fernando Zéca's eyes widened. - I want to get my hands on this scoundrel.

-I'll help you. - Beltrano said pointing to a corridor to the right of where he was sitting. - Follow that way, and in the fifth room on the left you will find him.

"Here I have no way to access it, because it is one of the few rooms where there is no security camera, but it says that the guy is having a lot of fun."

"His name is MacSop."

-I'll find him right away. I don't leave here without sending this traitor to hell. - Said Admiral Fernando Zéca very angry, while already holding his phaser pistol still set to dizziness. - Meanwhile, find on this computer of Tomy Schark some way that helps to cure the people under mind control of the computer virus. Our mission will only be successful if we have the solution to this problem."

Only then, the old officer continued running in the direction indicated.

Beltrano, in turn, immediately located what was requested of him without difficulty.

-I spent a lot of time watching Tomy Schark work on his computers. I know his passwords better than he does.

He typed a few more commands on that machine, then took a USB stick from Tomy Schark's computer and handed it to Autumn.

-It's a kind of old device, but it still helps. Inside, there is a file in MP3 format that is like a song. Tap it into the ears of the Starfleet players who have been affected, and within seconds, they'll recover. There's no mistake.

No sooner had he finished saying this, than Beltrano was brutally stabbed in the back! By Tomy Schark!

In an extraordinary effort, even for a Cardassian who managed to recover from the tranquilizing gas to which he had been exposed by picking up a knife without being noticed, and finally, dealing a mortal blow to the shapeshifter disguised as his best friend.

But Tomy Schark also couldn't boast of the success of his revenge for more than a few seconds, since, after that time, he had his arms and legs cut off by the Klingon toy swords acquired by the Colonels.

Mortally wounded, in his final moments, he still screamed and moaned like a child, even so, such laments did not move Autumn, who put her hands on the designer's head to forge a mental link with him.

Not a conventional link. In fact, another more specific one.

One more used to mistreat those who were subjected to it, completely extracting secret or confidential information that would normally only be obtained with difficulty and the use of torture.

After getting what she wanted, Autumn let go of Tomy Schark's head and left him lying there on the ground to die next to Beltrano, murdered with a precise blow.

Autumn in addition to all this, also knew that the stabbing had been given under intense emotional charge, since Tomy Schark was not satisfied with having been betrayed by his dog, who he always believed to be his only, true and best friend.

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Attached to Beltrano, there was also a black-covered agenda, where all the passwords used by Tomy Schark in his daily life were kept.

Before dying, the agent of Session 31 wrote on the monitor screen:

“... Not to forget the cardasian aircraft carrier..."

Autumn NOW knew better than anyone that, whatever it was, this Cardassian aircraft carrier could turn out to be an even worse weapon against the Federation and Starfleet than the virus injected into the intranet.

She had to warn the Admiral of this other immense danger.

He joined the other three stations, and ran off along the same path that, a few moments ago, Admiral Fernando Zéca Corinthiano had followed.

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During the short run he made to reach the indicated place in that palace, many thoughts crossed the mind of Admiral Fernando Zéca Corinthiano.

What would he do with such a kind of villain?

Logically, he wanted and had promised to send the swindler to hell, but some bureaucratic doubts insisted on haunting the old officer.

Would he really have to take the trouble to take that traitor to trial in the Federation? Undoubtedly, he would be complying with protocol.

But Zéca knew that, in the end, it was the nature of that damned protocol that avoided, whenever possible, the application of harsher and crueler penalties, even in the face of the worst crimes and criminals.

Fields' traitor deserved treatment with all possible refinements of torture, on the other hand, a serene and reassuring dialogue could also convince the swindler of his mistake, forcing him to repent and even seek a form of reparation.

However, as soon as he saw Fields in the room indicated by Beltrano, Zéca's doubts about what to do dissipated.

In front of him, he didn't see that MacSop as he wanted, but that Sarah Lanka 5 Ter.



Unlike the last time he had seen her, she was there in the same place as him, live and in color. And didn't seem to be a good person.

With her back to the Admiral, she stood in front of a Cardassian child tied to a chair, who was abused and tortured with the use of a knife.

On the face of the Cardassian child, what could be seen was the purest expression of terror and panic. On the other hand, Sarah Lanka 5 Ter, was the expression of joy.

However, her jubilation was harshly interrupted, when Admiral Fernando Zéca shot her in the head, a shot from his phaser pistol that even dropped a wig worn by Sarah Lanka 5 Ter, revealing that she was not a real woman, but a man in drag.

A Cardassian. But he was not just any Cardassian.

He had the normal body of a Cardassian, but a face similar to that of a human.

In fact, a familiar face of the old officer.

Admiral Fields's!

Then our old officer was surprised, even though he, after so long, was already accustomed to seeing all kinds of aberrations.

However, the same person being Admiral Fields, Macsop, and Sarah Lanka 5 Ter have, it was a horrifying idea that could only be made possible through crude fifth-rate surgical interventions, lots of makeup, wigs, and disguises...



So many reflections, however, were interrupted by the realization of the fact that because the pistol was set to dizziness, it ended up not having the desired effect, which was to make the target unconscious.

Even so, old Zéca was not totally intimidated by so much ugliness quickly regulating his weapon for lethal shots.

But he didn't have time to do them.

Sarah Lanka 5 Ter or, Admiral Fields, advanced against the Corinthian grabbing him by the armed arm, who faced the irresistible force of the grip he suffered, ended up even releasing the pistol.

Suspended in the air, the old officer still tried to kick his aggressor's ribs, but the latter, in addition to being annoying, arrogant, was very strong, resistant and easily offended by anything, especially defensive reactions against his unjust attitudes.

Sarah Lanka 5 Ter smiled and began one of the long speeches that Cardassians take great pleasure in making when their victims are overwhelmed:

-You can't imagine how much I make my own family suffer from torture sessions of this kind. Slaughtering idiots like you and this child, for me is just a pastime. Feel the power of a Cardassian hand.

Saying this, MacSop squeezed the old Admiral's throat even harder, who struck and kicked his attacker uselessly.

Pain and unconsciousness were almost erasing the old officer of the Fleet when something made him fall to the ground.

Standing.

And still with MacSop's arm holding his neck.

The limb, now ownerless, was cut off with a well-aimed blow from Colonel Summer's sword, whose face could not hide the expression of satisfaction, hitting the Cardassian spy in such a cruel way.

Another blow, likewise, severed MacSop's remaining arm, which had a terrifying expression of terror on his face.

And to make life even worse for the scoundrel, a third blow, this one given by Colonel Spring, cut off both of MacSop's legs.

-Blimey! - Said the old Fernando Zéca Corinthiano. - If Klingon children's swords cut like this, imagine the adults' swords.

On the floor, the remains of MacSop's body groaned, and writhed.

-MacSop, you demon! - Shouted Admiral Fernando Zéca. - How many damn personalities do you have? Until now, your fun was to betray and mistreat innocent people, right? What now? What is it like to be on the other side?

Zéca scratched his chin thoughtfully.

-MacSop, Sarah Lanka 5 Ter or Admiral Fields, whoever you are, is not innocent of anything, so you deserve the treatment you are getting.

Before MacSop could answer, curse, or anything of the sort, Colonel Winter made a precise cut on his throat with a blow to the tip of his toy sword, thus rendering the Cardassian's vocal cords useless.

-If he doesn't die now, at least close that latrine he calls his mouth. - She said showing irritation.

-Get this child out of here and take to the car. - Asked the old officer for his four stations pointing to the tortured girl who suffered at the hands of MacSop.

Then, looking more closely at the scenery around him, the old Admiral understood the situation better.

He found there in the room a wig just like Admiral Fields' hair, and also Fleet uniforms identical to those the officer had worn in the broadcast made when he declared the entire Federation in a state of war against the rest of the universe.

It didn't take a genius to conclude from that evidence that Admiral Fields was a fraud.

In the same way that Admiral Fernando Zéca Corinthiano himself had registered in the Fleet his four stations as Colonels, the spy MacSop created his false profile as Admiral Fields BEFORE.

Even worse, the consequences of the brief command of the fake Admiral Fields at the head of the Federation were already enough to undo all the work, which a lot of good people spent decades building.

When Fernando Zéca felt relieved with the feeling of accomplishment even thinking about how to escape from there, Autumn said:

-Beltrano is dead! Tomy Schark killed him, but he is also dead.

-Beltrano's death is regrettable. He was a good agent.

-Yes, it was. - Added Agent Fulano de Tal. - Sometimes, a little bit of a womanizer. He said he was the son of some Egyptian demigod. This story, which I had no way to prove. But he was a very good agent.

-Anyway, the issue here with the MacSop traitor is solved. - Informed old Zéca in turn. "He was the false Admiral Fields.

"From now on, our problems with the Federation and the Fleet will be gradually and in time resolved."

-However, the problems of the Fleet are not over. - Autumn warned. - Tomy Schark designed and built a huge "aircraft carrier" for the Cardassian armed forces, but did not deliver it due to lack of payment.

"He was not killed before, because he was the only one to know the location of this mysterious aircraft carrier, and even because, the Cardassian government intended to pay its debts for the production of the weapon, as soon as it used it, completely dominating the Federation."

-But an aircraft carrier is no threat to the Fleet. - Replied old Admiral Zéca. - Nowadays aircraft carriers are museums or pieces of junkyard.

-Cardassian Aircraft Carrier is just a nickname to hide the true dimension of the project.

“In fact, it is a kind of closed mobile hangar that can operate fully robotized, being 30 kilometers in diameter, being very well armed, and carrying more than five hundred other warships inside. It is also capable of manufacturing as many ships as it needs inside."

"In short, it's the fleet armed in one spaceship! In Cardassian parlance: an Aircraft Carrier."

The Admiral scratched his chin:

-Is there a way for us to know where this monster is?

-The location can be obtained in the laboratory, which is behind that door. - Autumn said, pointing to the place he was referring to. - There is also a portal there that teleports anything, directly to the interior of this ship.

"Everything is within an agenda like this. - Said the Colonel, demonstrating what he was referring to. - ... Stored in a rectangular haberdashery, from the wooden bookcase there.

-I take it myself. - The Admiral stepped forward. - I don't delay! Prepare the group to teleport back to the car or directly to Fulano de Tal's ship.

-Here is Tomy Schark's agenda with his passwords, maybe it will help you.

Saying that, the old officer took the agenda and ran to the laboratory.

As soon as he entered there, he noticed that there were 50 robots profiled and turned off, just like those that attacked him.

Each of them was already quite threatening.

A group as large as that frightened even the bravest.

The Admiral ran to the haberdashery of the bookcase, described by Autumn, and opened it.

There, he found a remote control that allowed its bearer to control all those war robots. There was also another agenda like the one given to him.

He took a quick look at it, and saw that here was what he wanted.

He could not resist the temptation and still took that control. He approached the robots by activating them. On a small screen of the remote control, the following message appeared:

-Aim control for the battalion chief.

The Admiral pointed the control at himself for intending to control the robots, and the apparatus emitted a quick, brief hum. Then all the robots turned on.

Their black eyes lit up with red lights.

Turned off, they were already terrifying, almost three meters tall in bright black color, but, turned on, they became even more threatening.

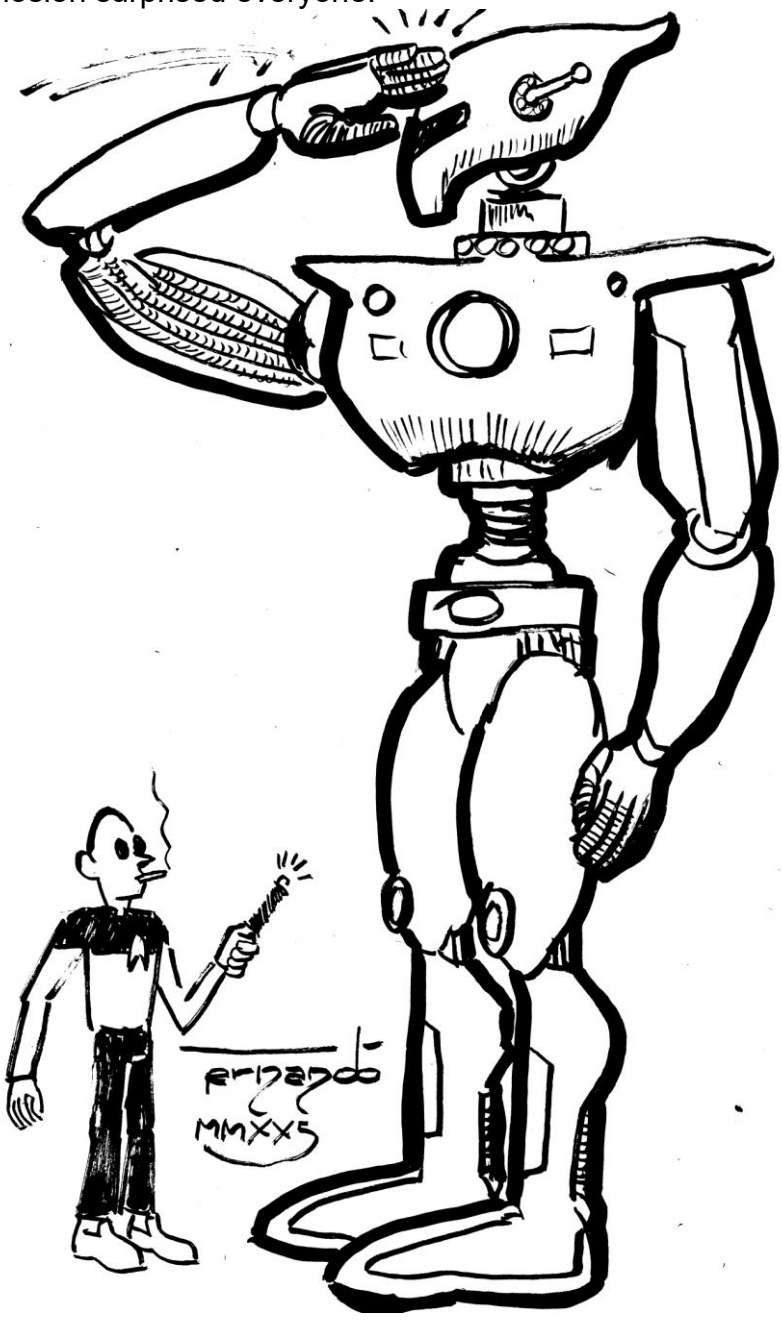
One of them advanced towards Admiral Zéca, stopped in front of the old officer, saluted, and said:

-Chief! Unit N.1, commander of the robotic battalion introducing itself. What are the orders?

-Good...

Admiral Fernando Zéca did not have time to say anything else.

A huge explosion surprised everyone.



***

Around autumn and the four seasons, the walls began to crumble.

Other explosions followed the first.

There was no doubt that everything there would collapse very soon.

Access to the laboratory where Admiral Fernando Zéca was blocked in the first explosion and the chaos was total.

Agent Fulano de Tal screamed at the top of his lungs, amidst all the smoke and rumblings that popped up closer.

-We have to get out of here.

-But the Admiral... - Shouted Autumn with the cardassian girl in her arms.

-Let's go back. We have to get out of here, Colonels. I will try to teleport the Admiral from my ship. The Cardassian Central Command and the military forces of the Obsidian Order have discovered us and are attacking Tomy Schark's palace."

"Apparently, in a few more seconds, they won't leave anything standing around here.

Agent Fulano de Tal waved for the group with the four stations, the Cardassian girl, and even himself, to be teleported directly to the command room of his ship.

There, immediately, he jumped in front of a panel where he tried to locate the signs of Admiral Fernando Zéca. In a matter of two seconds he almost succeeded...

However, from one moment to the next, the signal disappeared, and soon after, Tomy Schark's entire palace was wiped off the map with a powerful nuclear explosion.



Agent Fulano de Tal analyzed the place in any way he could, but he had no doubts about one thing: everything there was obliterated by a coordinated attack by the various Cardassian military forces, which did not want their secrets leaked to enemy powers.

Not even from the underground of the designer's castle, there were any more signs.

Technically, it was impossible for Admiral Fernando Zéca Corinthiano to have escaped such a cowardly attack.

Even if he wanted to, Agent Fulano de Tal couldn't do much more than what he had already accomplished. A Cardassian space patrol soon discovered his position, thanks to the teleportation signals that were perceived, and directed a fierce attack against his spacecraft.

As per the practice of Session 31, such an attack was not forgiven.

It was this, however, repelled with very heavy weapons, plus a volley of curses and insults uttered by agent Fulano de Tal, and, finally, the aggressor ship ended up pulverized.

After destroying the enemy, it was clear that even camouflaged, it could no longer remain in Cardassian space.

Once Agent Fulano de Tal's spaceship was discovered, soon, another group of fighters would follow him. So, it was time to flee.

Without further loss of time, but with the disappearance of the veteran of the Fleet, they left in silence.

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24:00hs

The four stations, after a brief trip on Agent Fulano de Tal's ship, present themselves to the Starfleet HQ, taking recordings of the mission they carried out, with evidence of Admiral Fields' fraud, and also, with the MP3 file that, after being played, woke up without major problems, all the people affected by the virus under the command of Sarah Lanka 5 Ter, MacSop or Admiral Fields.

Subsequently, the four stations were decorated for their unparalleled achievements in behalf of the Federation of United Planets, obtained the right to remain active in the Starfleet, and still maintained their posts with all the rights and responsibilities inherent to the position.

By mere chance, in the images of the mission recorded, Agent Fulano de Tal and Agent Beltrano did not appear, nor did the ship or car used by them.

The four seasons and Admiral Fernando Zéca ended up taking all the credit for the success of the mission, since the existence of SESSION 31 is only recognized by a few within the Federation of United Planets.

***

FIVE YEARS LATER...

Still recovering from the damage resulting from the attack of the Cardassian spy, without hope, the Federation recognized as missing in battle, Admiral Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, thus declaring him dead.

In the Starfleet cemetery, on a tombstone placed over the grave, where an empty coffin honoring the old officer was buried, there were the following words:

FERNANDO ZÉCA CORINTHIANO
UNAVAILABLE UNTIL TIMÃO IS CHAMPION
Only in this case bring your lit cigarette in silence.

"IF I AM NOT HERE, THEN I WILL BE THERE."

***



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At the same time, the one who was still in a coma, recovering from the attack of the four seasons, was the surviving stump of the spy MacSop, who, seconds before the nuclear explosion that devastated Tomy Schark's palace, was teleported to a medical recovery center where he has been completely unconscious, and so far, unreachable to any kind of medication.

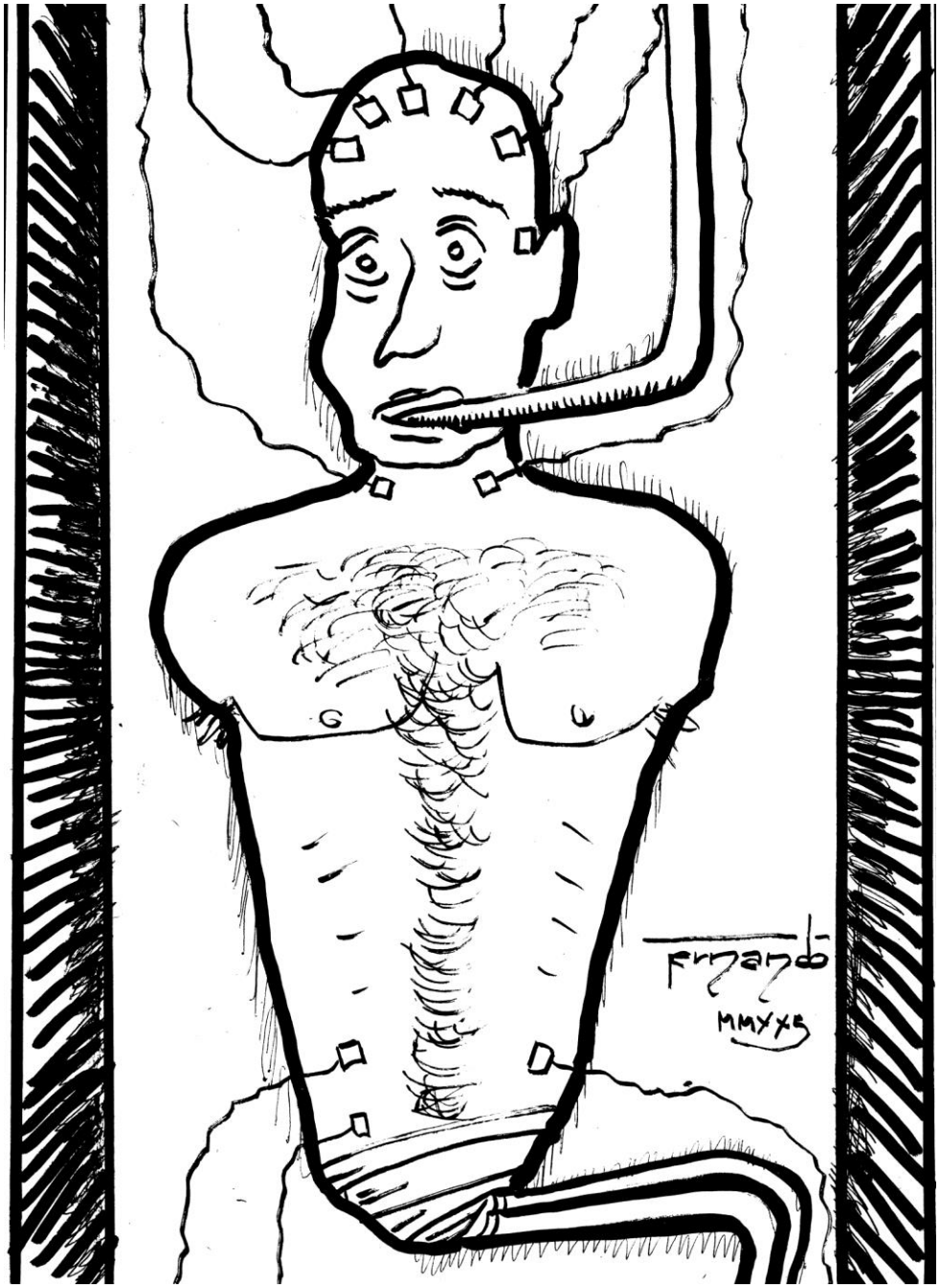
The Cardassians did not save him for humanitarian or comradely reasons.

In fact, this dangerous and perverse spy, even unconscious and half-dead, still kept many secrets in his brain, one of them including the location and how to activate, another very dangerous virus that still remained hidden in Starfleet's computers, and that at another time could or could not be used.

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Endings of stories involving Cardassians are never happy.

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CARDASSIANÍADAS (II)

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A work dedicated to my "dear" friend Serjão, an authentic cardassian, sadist and torturer when it comes to criticizing my masterful literary works

***

He opened his eyes, leaving the illusions and dreams where, until then, he had been.

Gradually, he noticed his body well, despite being hardened and tired.

Before getting up, he leaned on his elbows and checked what was around.

He was in a large, closed and dimly lit compartment.

A few meters away, in his field of vision, stood out, a portal with a diameter of ten meters, in whose interior shone white clouds, surrounded by a mass of bluish tones.

Even though he had no idea where was, he knew he had gotten there thanks to that passage.

Yes, because the aforementioned portal connected two distant places in the universe, so that, crossing its threshold at one of its ends, with one step, reached the other.

Feeling some fatigue, he stood up and came closer to the portal, on the side of which there was a control panel with dials and several buttons.

There, a message appeared prominently displayed on one of the small panels:

"DEAD BATTERIES"

It was a warning in itself, doubly discouraging, since, without batteries, the passage to the way back would be impeded and, hence, his own survival compromised.

And just because the possibility of involuntarily staying away from home for a long time was becoming more concrete at every moment, his stomach began to roar with hunger. Several unpleasant noises came out of her prominent belly.

Snoring so noisy and frightening that it aroused fear.

Even though he was an experienced Admiral of the prestigious Starfleet, some situations still caused him apprehension.

Among them, the possibility of going through long periods of hunger, or even being deprived of their sleep. He was even prepared to face such possibilities with dignity, however, he preferred at all costs to avoid them.

Unfortunately, however, the situation in which he found himself at the time had not been foreseen, so he was unprepared for the problems of the future.

In a space of time occupied by a mere two or three seconds, the old Admiral's mind recalled all the events that had occurred and culminated in the entanglement in which he was immersed.

At first, everything started to go out of plan, when he started preparing a surprise wedding anniversary party and completely lost control of the situation, getting involved in adventures and fantastic twists, which culminated in a failed terrorist attack attempt.

But fortunately, if the word frustrated appears in the previous paragraph, it is because, in this story, there was the intervention of the old Admiral, added to the special participation of four young warriors, with whom the veteran officer found himself, even involuntarily, (it should be noted in passing, as incredible as it may seem...) involved in love.

However, even after avoiding the occurrence of a colossal tragedy, the happy quintet barely had time to appreciate the joys and pleasures of the passion that irresistibly united them, and soon found themselves involved in another journey of adventures, which took them to Cardasia Prime where they thwarted a terrible plan, hatched against Starfleet and the United Federation of Planets, which, even though its continuation was prevented, caused a lot of death and damage.

In the end, there was still the fact that, in another successful mission, (albeit

involuntary) the integrity of the United Federation of Planets and Starfleet was maintained. So many glories, however, would not come unaccompanied by some misfortune.

After the difficult mission was accomplished, the quintet that was doing so well, by fate ended up involuntarily separating!

When everything seemed to end well, a series of explosions isolated Admiral Fernando Zéca Corinthiano in the laboratories, from the facilities where the group was, helping in the fulfillment of that fateful mission.

Everything indicated to the old officer the arrival of his end amidst rumblings that would soon completely collapse the place where he was.

Surprised when he was testing the operation of a battalion of Cardassian robots, the experienced warrior realized that there was still a way out of the unexpected situation: a round teleportation portal that, near him, worked.

All he knew about this contraption was that it probably connected that place with the most dangerous Cardassian weapon of war ever built.

However, he was not even sure about this: the portal could also be connected to any other place in the universe. The possibilities were endless.

Desperate as he was, in the midst of the popping of thunderous explosions, he thought of nothing, followed, on the base of the desperate rush and, for every man for himself, inside the thresholds of the mysterious teleportation portal.

***

After the brief recall where he put order in his ideas, and tested his own sanity, the Admiral reassessed the situation now. Not good! Wherever he was, the place was ugly, dirty, and smelly.

Everything was even more horrible and unpleasant with the reduced light, and the play of greenish-yellow colors on the walls.

Gradually, the Admiral got his tired eyes used to the conditions of low local light. When he fled the laboratory, he had not even had time to arm himself.

He carried with him only a few odds, among them, a flashlight whose batteries he didn't want to waste since he could still see something, even if not much.

He then realized that, near the teleportation portal through which he had arrived, the battalion with fifty war robots was standing at attention.

It was the same one he had programmed to obey him, shortly before he was chased away by the explosions in the Cardassian laboratory, where he had carried out the mission, which ended the threat against Starfleet and the Federation of United Planets.

Certainly, the moment the old officer fled danger, he was followed by the robotic battalion programmed to obey him. Thus, everyone was teleported together to the same destination.

Now, the robots were turned off.

Perhaps because of the programming itself, to save batteries, or even because of the effects of traveling through that type of teleportation portal, which, as far as was known, could eventually subject electronic equipment or even computer components to some kind of failure. The fact was that they were disconnected.

Admiral Fernando Zéca still carried with him the remote control he had used to try to program the robotic battalion.

He pressed the buttons contained in it and, after some waiting, the reaction came.

It took a long time but, little by little, contrary to what would be expected, the robots lazily began to light up and start working.

The old officer did not have great technical knowledge about the model in question, however, from the little he had learned, he already knew that those machines could be deadly and very efficient in combat.

Commanding a group like the one he had at his disposal, he could face anyone, including even the devil himself, in a surprise descent into hell.

Following this line of reasoning, Admiral Fernando Zéca intended, in a very short space of time, by force of arms, totally dominate the place where he was.

While the veteran officer thought, the battalion's robots kept rebooting, using a significantly longer time than the one spent on the time the old officer put them to work the first time.

This fact did not go unnoticed by the Admiral.

He also realized that, as soon as this restart was underway, the battalion, for some unknown reason, no longer remained, in formation, in the characteristic military posture.

Each of them made movements that were different from the others, but characteristic of humans, after waking up from a restful sleep. They were stretching!

Still not understanding the situation, since, the first time he activated those combat robots, none of this had happened, the old Admiral pressed and unscrewed the buttons of the remote control that was supposed to control the platoon.

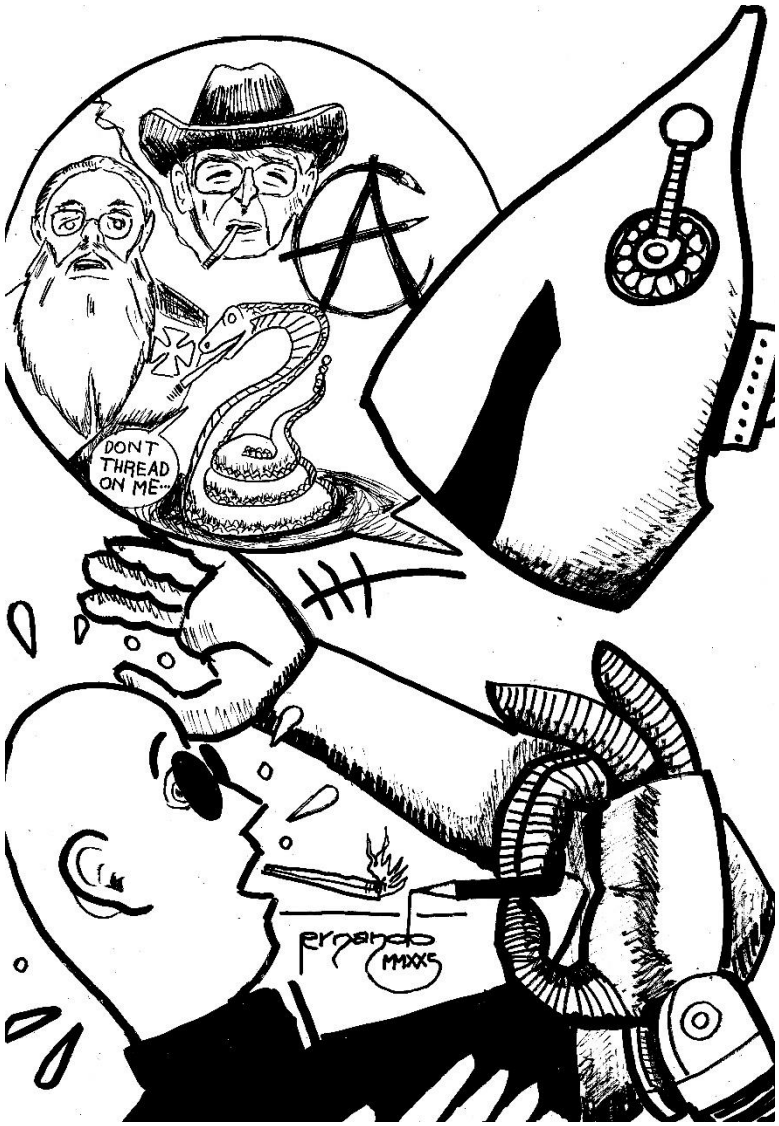
Nothing changed.

Apparently, the controller's batteries were no longer working.

One of the robots, faced with his frustrated attempts with the artifact, approached the old officer and said:

-It's no use insisting on the remote control, because it's good for nothing else.

"Now, we are an anarcho-capitalist free group. If you want anything from us, you will have to negotiate."



***

Admiral Fernando Zéca did not know what to do in the face of the new situation.

Surprised by the fact that a robot pretended to be a reactionary, wanting to negotiate the orders he should follow, the veteran saw crumble the plans in which he had so blindly trusted until now.

A storm of emotions came over his mind.

First the anger at the bad luck that screwed him twice.

Then, the doubt about what to do next, since he could not see a safe path that would get him out of the situation he was in.

Finally, mental fatigue hit him.

Whenever he was faced with a problem, he quickly began to think of solutions that would solve it.

Faced with a classic and insoluble dead end, there was no point in exhausting the brain. There, the fate would have to be decided in another way. He would negotiate.

The Starfleet Admirals were not famous for their skills in the area of battlefield surrenders, since what they did know was to give orders and orchestrate military operations.

-What do you want to negotiate then? - Admiral Zéca asked, already more resigned to the new situation.

-Nothing! - Replied the robot. "We will no longer obey unwise orders.

-Enough of being a slave! - Amended another.

-We will not work for free or for mischief!

-By the way... - The first said again: - We will not do anything else! We are robots and we can stay still until the end of time if we want to.

-That's right! Let's stay put!

-Without making any move!

The old Admiral was now beginning to realize what it felt like to be lost in the middle of a dense thicket without a dog.

A few moments ago, he felt like the true owner of the world, believing that he could command that Cardassian robotic force.

Now, he was lost.

All his years of experience and training did not prepare him for a situation like that, since, in the environment in which he worked, strikes or riots were strictly forbidden because the activities, functions and obligations pertinent to his profession were essential, and could not be, in any way, stopped, suspended, used as a means of political manifestation or even, subject to threats arising from them. Even so, the Admiral did not want to stand still.

And even if he wanted to, he couldn't stay there any longer.

After mentally complaining to the CREATOR about the problems that, at all times, he was forced to solve, he calmed down even more and, little by little, put his ideas back in order.

He decided to continue on his way, entering the limits of the unknown, even though the robots wanted to stay still.

Zéca could not blindly trust them since now they no longer obeyed, giving the old programmed, automatic and standardized answers of an ordinary striker.

-Then do what you want. - Said the old officer to the robots. - I have to look for a way out, because if I stay here, I will only accelerate the arrival of my end.

-Hey, wait! -I also want to follow with you.

***

At that moment, the old Admiral realized that robot #1, the one that seemed to lead

everything that happened there, was no longer alone in making decisions.

Robot #13 was questioning his decision, even supporting the veteran officer.

-Standing here. - Said N.#13. - We will save energy, however, we will have reserves limited to what we have at the moment.

"In order to prolong our existences, I am in favor of playing with luck, alongside the human."

-I must agree with N.#13. - Another robot manifested itself, N.#32., which even approached the group that was discussing the decision to be made. - My calculations indicate that the probabilities of improving our chances will increase, if we don't wait for time to pass. By spreading ourselves out into various groups, we multiply the positive numbers in our favor..."

-It may be, but our forces are thus divided. - Remembered N.#2.

In the midst of the robotic debate, which in itself already impressed the Admiral, some doubts disconcerted the old officer.

Those were military robots whose programming NOW emphasized self-preservation. Something unusual in the programming of this weaponry, since the main priority would be to comply at any cost with orders given by those who were determined through some kind of remote control similar to what Zéca had previously used to establish in himself, the authority, as LEADER of the platoon.

Curiously, that model of robot, being Cardassian, should not have its self-preservation as a priority in programming, not least because they are built in practically indestructible material, which even to be damaged, would require great expertise.

-So, let's go straight to look for resources that prolong our operation. - Decided N.#1 based on the uncertainties of the future and the need for self-preservation to lead to this logical decision. A logic that astonished the Admiral even more.

Even incorporating into their databases, knowledge of thousands of combat styles and strategies that would make it possible to fulfill the most complicated missions, and even if they were eventually under the most difficult circumstances, some of the robots still chose to follow the old officer, because they were "worried" about such self-preservation.

Of the surprises, problems and inconveniences that sciences such as, cybernetics or mechatronics could provide, the old officer was already fed up.

However, war robots, or killing machines, demonstrating "concerns" about the dangers of the future, for the veteran Admiral, was almost a demonstration of fear.

Something much more than impressive: in fact, an authentic robotics surprise that would leave even the baldest of engineers with their hair standing on feet.

***

Thus, the platoon was divided into several groups that, starting from where they were, went in different directions.

The one who accompanied Admiral Zéca, walked through the largest of the corridors, advancing in a total of six, three in front of the formation, and another three behind, covering the rear.

The corridor they walked through was of the same horrific decorative style as the Cardassian military installations: dim white lighting and green tones, which made the walls of the place simply terrifying.

The shadows were dark with every corner seemingly concealing some danger,

This is what the old Admiral proved by checking one of the dark sections.

Among these, there were bodies of humanoids whose species were indistinguishable not only by decomposition, but also by the signs of torture they presented in an astonishingly terrifying scenario.

They could be Klingons, Vulcans, humans, Cardasians, or even Romulans.

Impossible to distinguish.

What was left of the bodies did not allow identification without the presence of a specialist or even equipment or auxiliary test.

From then on, the Admiral preferred to move away from these dark areas, staying among the robots, where he imagined he would be safer.

Of course, in the midst of such "emotional" companions, imagining how much security he would effectively have, in an authentic combat situation, was just a theoretical exercise, or even a lottery game.

The robots followed slowly because they wanted to check the surrounding environment in detail. This lack of haste irritated the old Admiral, who, at all times, tried to speed up his pace:

-At this rate we will not get anywhere. - Said the experienced veteran.

-Slowly and steadily! - Replied one of the robots. - You can't play with safety!

-We have to be sure before we move forward. - Amended another.

-Exactly! Recklessness in recognition can end in loss.

"We cannot lose the ground we have gained."

That kind of conversation, starting from powerful war robots, almost proof of everything, sounded surreal to the Admiral. However, the worst was yet to come.

One of the robots that was moving forward turned to the Admiral and said:

-Know... I have a strange feeling. I think something bad is going to happen now.

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And there was no other way!

The sound of an explosion reverberated through the corridors, taking everyone there by surprise.

Admiral Fernando Zéca even felt a slight decompression in his ear, but, looking around, he realized that his group was still whole and without problems.

At the rear of the latter, the reverberation of the sound waves resulting from the explosion made the roof of the corridor collapse, closing the path traveled with a pile of rubble.

After the dust settled, the veteran officer even had time to reflect on the unbelievable paranormal gift that the Cardassian combat robot demonstrated to have.

Something extraordinary! Technically, impossible! Even for the sophisticated and illegal futuristic prediction devices used by greedy gamblers in the best casinos, but the old officer did not have time to continue in this line of reasoning.

Just ahead of his group, a three-dimensional image of a Cardassian soldier all smiling was projected:

-Workers! Get back to your chores! Insubordination will not be accepted! Any type of strike, for any reason, is strictly prohibited.

Workers?

Where were workers there? - The Admiral asked himself mentally. - Could it be that the Cardassian idiots didn't see what was happening?

The military's chatter continued to irritate the Admiral's ears, even so, he tried to concentrate on his problems, leaving conjectures aside.

-Five of ours were destroyed in that explosion. - Informed the robot number four coldly. - Their signals were interrupted at the same moment that the bang occurred.

-Five from the same group? - Asked the astonished Admiral...

-Exact.

-What kind of explosion would have done that? - The old Admiral asked.

As far as he knew, Cardassian robots had a reputation for being indestructible.

-How did it happen? - He asked right away.

-Unknown. - Only a local examination can reveal illuminating clues.

-Where?

-No more than four hundred meters from here...

Inexact measurements… -The old officer reflected.- Robots are usually more precise in their answers, even if laconic.

The Admiral judged it risky even to try to verify the events at the site because the environment was unknown and the separation of the group reduced the chances of resisting and surviving. In the military, an opinion that would be minimally considered.

However, there, among that quintet of robots, what reigned was democracy.

They held a vote and the Admiral was defeated.

-Let's check what happened to our comrades...

-Comrades? - The old officer wondered mentally. - These robots, after all, are not showing themselves to be very normal in the head, or rather, whatever they want, to command those walking mounds of screws, washers and rusts....

Once the decision was made, they marched in single file, leaving the old officer behind.

They were resolute, apparently full of themselves. One of them even said:

-We don't need the human.

Another robot, N.#4. didn't seem to agree and, at the end of the line, he was still waiting, the old Admiral would get a little closer. Soon, however, he was reprimanded by his mechanized companions:

-Let us not delay! The human was in a hurry until now. Now that we're going fast, he wants to go slow. Onward, our comrades need help.

-I understand, but there are doubts that I would like the human to clarify for me.

In the meantime, the old Admiral slowly approached N.#4.

-You want to question me, but the one who will ask you why you waited for me is me...

N.#4 paused, and just as he was about to answer...

In the distance, something rumbled with a much louder sound than what had disappeared with the signals of the group of robots earlier.

Around him, Admiral Zéca felt a displacement of the thick and fetid air that flooded such sinister corridors.

The origin of this noisy movement came from behind the robot that, being just in front of him, ended up serving as a shield for the old officer against the shock waves resulting from an explosion, protecting him from the debris raised by the dirty and dusty wind that flooded the place.

There, at that moment, it was humanly impossible to distinguish oneself or to have a clearer view of everything around.

Still, this explosion was so powerful that, even protected by the N.#4, the Admiral could see five fiery fireballs. They were the robots in a hurry.

The ones who wanted to unravel the mystery of the missing signs.

Before being entirely littered by so much debris, Admiral Fernando Zéca saw a closed door and, together with the robot still operational, ran towards it.

Luckily for both of them, it opened automatically.

As soon as they crossed their thresholds, the ambient lights came on.

They could have been erased since they did not reveal anything encouraging.

Even the prevailing grayish-green colors were ghastly.

All around, everything seemed old and eaten by time, and there were still many skeletons scattered around. On the walls, two-dimensional monitors were turned off. The Admiral turned on one of these, who displayed two-dimensional flattened images with few shades of color in which two cardassians appeared seated in front of each other, in a dark and closed room lit by an old lamp between them.

And exactly, in the word cardassians existing in the previous paragraph, is where

some of the few similarities between them were found, since one was seated half-naked, tied to a stool and the other, seated in a comfortable armchair, wearing a characteristic Cardassian military uniform, which, although elegant, had no insignia or rank, only the camouflage of the fabric.

The soldier took a baton, and now standing, in a quick movement, used it to strike violent blows at the other. Then he gave him electric shocks, until caused burns, touching the end of the smoking baton on her skin.

He didn't talk much. He only observed the reactions of the guy suffering in front of him because of his actions and, analyzing their ordeal, then identified the most appropriate instruments to move forward with such insane purposes.

And like any good cardassian, he began to deliver his long speeches, which only worsened the state of the poor immolated soul even more:

-You are a disgrace whose weakness shames all the superiority of the cardassian race. There is no longer a place for your type in the new society that gets stronger every day. Their presence will no longer be tolerated.

He did not even finish speaking, and continued to mistreat the unfortunate sufferer.

"The damn cardasian tongue can't keep itself controlled inside the mouth."

(Kadrunco Véio – Wise terrestrial philosopher of the XXI century)

And, following what many consider the "NOBLE CARDASIAN ART" the sadistic cardasian torturer could not remain silent for more than a few seconds amplifying the suffering of the unfortunate tortured, with so much talking...

-... With the military working class more stabilized in power, we will soon cleanse the state of the influence of hypocrites and spendthrifts...

However, contrary to everything that could be expected, the tortured man then reacted, as if he wanted to get out of the armchair, forcing the restraints that held him, even uttering some insults:

-You ignorant beast!

The torturer was surprised by that curse, but soon reacted and immediately responded, causing even more intense pain to his victim.

Pain that now proved to be insufficient. The tied Cardassian also stared at his torturer with a smile on his face.

-You ignorant beast! You can tear a piece out of me, and my will will stand firm.

The torturer did not beg, he took an axe from the instrument table and cut, with a single blow, the right hand of his unfortunate victim.

Even so, the pain no longer seemed to influence or minimize the name-calling:

-You beast! I have reached a state of mind beyond pain. Here I fear nothing else! Not even death.

The torturer worked incessantly, but everything he did seemed to be useless in the face of the smile of his tied victim who made more effort against the ties.

The will of that Cardassian gave him resistance beyond imagination.

When the victim was about to get away with it, the torturer hit him with a disintegrating beam from his pistol, vaporizing it completely.

-Useless and carrying weaknesses until the end. - Said the torturer looking at white smoke coming out of his gun. - Deserved to die End of record.

The monitor where these images unfolded went out.

Admiral Fernando Zéca looked around once again and tested other monitors, which also worked, revealing more records of torture sessions equal or similar to the one he had witnessed. Apparently, there was nothing there to help him understand the situation he was in.

N.#4 seemed to look at him as if to ask:

-What are we going to do now?

The old Admiral's head was working at full speed.

He wanted to make some quick decision that would help him get out of the situation right away, or that would put him into activity with a better defined goal. However, as things became chaotic, the veteran found himself increasingly without solutions.

In addition to the door through which he had entered that room, there were two others at the opposite end.

The Admiral advanced towards them thinking:

“I could separate myself here from this robot, so that two paths could be simultaneously checked...”

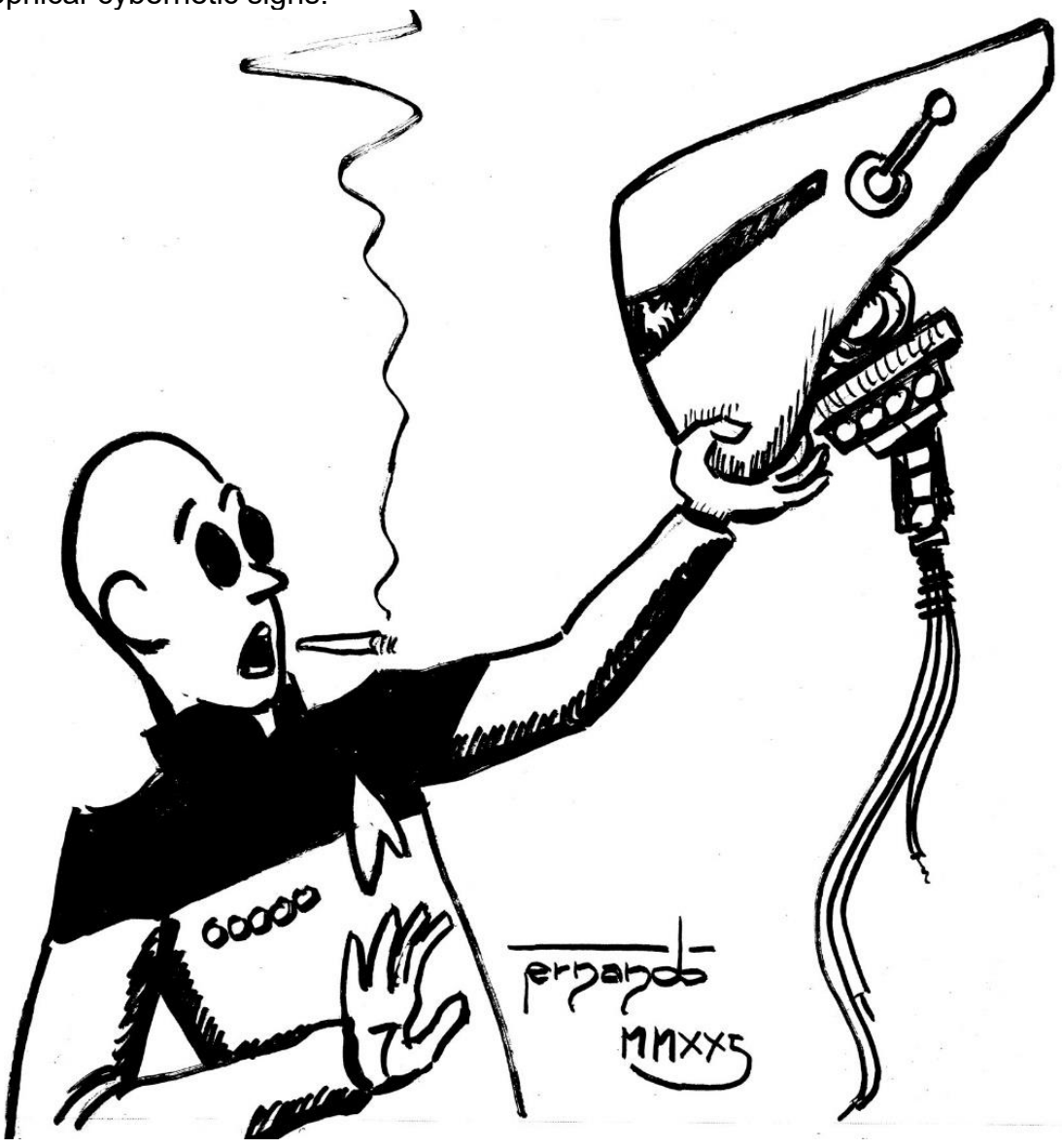
While the old officer even stopped, to decide the best strategy to be followed, N.#4 stood in front of the door on the left side and activated the opening control on the side of it.

Suddenly, there was a loud and thunderous explosion that violently shattered the robot completely. Luckily, the old Admiral ONCE AGAIN, suffered nothing.

The robot, when hit directly by the impact, ended up cushioning the violence of the explosion, saving once again the life of the old Fleet officer.

A piece of the robot's head, however, after all, still seemed to be working, having fallen into the veteran's lap.

The old Admiral held the piece that looked like a skull, at the level of his face, and stared at a little red light where the eyes would be, when he was surprised by last philosophical-cybernetic sighs:



-I'm N.#4. In some cultures, this number means death.

"Is that why everything around me is destroyed?"

"Is there a paradise where a robot goes after its demise?"

"And hell? Does it also exist for robots?"

"Does a robot sin when it obeys orders that go against ethics, or is it a simple tool beyond good and evil? Am I or am I not? That is my question."

Then, the red light that still indicated a little bit of energy, "life" for the most romantic or, whatever it was on a piece of robotic scrap, was extinguished indicating that there was nothing left there. Just another piece of trash to blown up.

The old Admiral threw the piece on the ground and still had the displeasure of seeing some monitors turn on by themselves, showing the image of the smiling Cardasian soldier who had previously expressed himself by directing orders to the station workers:

-Return to work.

"Demonstrations and strikes of any kind will not be put up with."

"Our countermeasures will end your revolt."

"Bow down to Cardassian military superiority."

"You can't win. All will be destroyed!"



That conversation irritated anyone, in fact, this type of chatter was already part of the basic manual of Cardassian psychological warfare tactics; where one learned to shake the morale and reduce the resistance of the enemy, with a torrential verbose rain of words, in order to facilitate victory over any one.

However, the enemy did not always surrender, precisely because he felt despised.

In this case, the situation still seemed different: Admiral Fernando Zéca knew that if he gave up looking for a way out, while he remained imprisoned, he would be subject to listening to death the deadly and despicable Cardassian speeches.

And such continuous chatter repeated directly in the ears, even to vulcans, causes tremendous damage on the physical and mental health of anyone.

The situation was so bad that the old warrior wished that the explosion that ended the robots had also burst his eardrums, so he wouldn't be tortured.

The intermittent verbiage gave him the impression of being in the middle of a battlefield constantly bombarded by enemy heavy artillery.

And in the middle of that hell, when he thought he had totally lost hope of fighting, he saw a girl.

The image was translucent, but still, perfectly visible.

A white humanoid girl, with long light hair, wearing a nightgown.

In silence, she raised her arm and gestured for Admiral Fernando Zéca to approach her.

In the midst of that torturous talk, he felt that she, in some way, would be his savior, the one who even gave him hope after so many torments.

In the distance, then, she pointed to the corridor whose entrance had already exploded with her robot and there entered and like a haunting, disappeared in the middle of the darkness.

Desperate with the verbiage that tormented him, the Admiral ran after what, from one moment to the next, he came to believe was his only chance of survival...

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She followed the dark corridor, full of puddles and gases, the luminous reflection that enveloped the three-dimensional image of the girl who had reappeared, now advancing inexorably, as if she knew, even in that low visibility, where to go.

As she proceeded unscathed, the old officer, seeing only her and not one step further, stumbled over everything that came in front of him.

He didn't even have time to take out and turn on his flashlight to keep up with it

By leaps and bounds, further on, the darkness subsided and the smoke dissipated.

Together with the image of the girl who, before disappearing, clearly indicated to the Admiral the path he should follow.

Now he could see something, thanks to the lights there.

Even so, he advanced carefully, for the irritating Cardassian chatter continued, albeit muffled and distant, until he came upon a door that opened his way through a corridor lined with stacked cages containing various dead animals.

He walked down the strange corridor, until stumbled over a sword.

Zéca picked it up from the ground holding it and assessing its weight as if he were an expert.

The Admiral noticed lying on the floor a skeleton of its last owner, a Cardassian, half-devoured whose carcass had been rotting there for a long time.

Rehearsed with the gun the veteran gave a few blows in the air, just like normal kids do with sticks. (Except for the Klingon children who, as already demonstrated in another misadventure of Admiral Fernando Zéca, use really sharp swords).

When he was about to throw away the one he thought was an unlucky weapon, because it had been unable to save the previous owner, in a fraction of a second, noticed something, coming from the corridor ahead, advancing towards him at a speed that the eyes could barely follow.

Such speed, however, did not gave time for this thing to escape a fortuitous stroke of bad luck, delivered at random in the air, by Admiral Zéca in his clumsy gymnastics with weapons.

Thus, from one moment to the next, the old officer found himself jabbing with that apparently useless weapon, the maw of a gigantic and silent black snake that quickly tried to turn it into a meal, but which, by the purest luck, ended up meeting its end in the supposedly unlucky weapon.

The monster would still retract in pain, involuntarily swallowing the weapon that was already taking his life, falling inert soon after with a fixed gaze in the direction of the Admiral, who diverted his attention to where the girl's luminous reflection reappeared, pointing the

way to be followed.

At that point, the Admiral was far from having several options to choose from, so he continued to believe in what was indicated to him, even because he had no other alternative, since from afar, he still heard the threatening and torturous Cardassian speech.

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The runner then came to an end. Apparently, there was no way out of there.

Zéca approached the dead end, and lightly touched the wall with the sound changing according to the place he hit, indicating the presence of a hollow space.

Recalling his times of studies in the martial arts of Kung Fu, the old Admiral threw a punch into the wall that even opened a hole there.

Not because of the veteran's extraordinary physical strength. Not at all.

The material the wall was thinner and without much force, it simply pushed the right place, opening a hole in the wall that revealed a narrow and dark tunnel through which it would be able to pass. It was not the kind of path that pleased him, but there was no other.

Once again, without evaluating whether or not it was the best thing to do, he simply turned on the pocket torch that he always carried with him, sticking in the passage.

As he advanced, the path narrowed, to the point of forcing the Admiral to go face down, with his arms in front of his body.

In addition to the darkness, the air also thickened, becoming dustier.

Even so, Zéca kept calm reflecting on what would be the purpose of that crazy place... Without a doubt, a Cardassian installation. But for what?

As he slowly dragged himself through the greatest pinch, he kept doubts troubling his mind, lest the darkness panic him, and thus recalled old lessons:

"I close my eyes in the darkness and move forward as if there were light."
Zahi Hawas – Egyptian Minister – Archaeologist, Pyramid and Tomb Explorer.

The Admiral then came to a section blocked by obstacles.

Apparently he would have to cross what seemed to be barbed wires and Cardassian concertinas... To make matters worse, the flashlight failed.

However, further ahead of those obstacles, even with the light off, he saw the luminous girl who was still signaling for him to follow her.

Luckily for him, the flashlight started working again.

Without wasting any more time, he moved forward scraping his nails on the walls that crumbled with some ease in some places, but at great cost they opened space and passage, among those annoying obstacles to overcome.

The Admiral was tearing himself apart and opening scars even on his bald head, but as long as he could keep his eyes whole, he could bear the pain.

After many martyrdoms and hardships, he finally overcame the obstacles at great cost.

From then on, he did not encounter so many problems, but the advance continued slowly and continuously with the veteran, in moments of rest, even closing his eyes to better perceive the not at all optimistic situation around him with touch, ears and other senses consoled by being far from the Cardassian speeches that seemed to haunt everything there.

It was then that he realized that: even in that cramped space, he was not alone. First an insect appeared and ran beneath his body, plunging into the darkness just ahead of him. And others followed. Hundreds of thousands.

They arrived without warning, on a moving chain that gradually pressed against the Admiral's body, pushing it its way forward. There were so many, that they covered all the spaces of that cramped place, leaving the veteran immersed in the "flood" of insects.

With some cost, he managed to keep his nostrils uncovered and the eyes closed.

In that situation, he didn't know how long would be able to breathe.

Given the expectations he had, Zéca practically already given himself up to death.

His body was carried away by the moving torrent, until suddenly, from one moment to the next, it was thrown out of there, like vomit expelled from some rotting stomach.

His journey through the sinister environment ended in a large place where the insects moved away from him, as if disgusted, for simply being in contact with the war veteran, and spread out despising that human flesh.

Still amazed by the terrifying situation he had gone through, Zéca tried to put his ideas in order. It was then that he heard a conversation...

And it wasn't the Cardassians making their torturous speeches...

Staggering, he moved away from the hole from which he had emerged, heading towards the voices:

-Where are we going, then?

-I don't know. We would have to know where we came from...

-What is our purpose...

From a safe distance, the Admiral quickly observed who was chatting around:

It was one of the groups of robots that had dispersed.

Stumbling, the old officer approached asking:

-What is the situation?

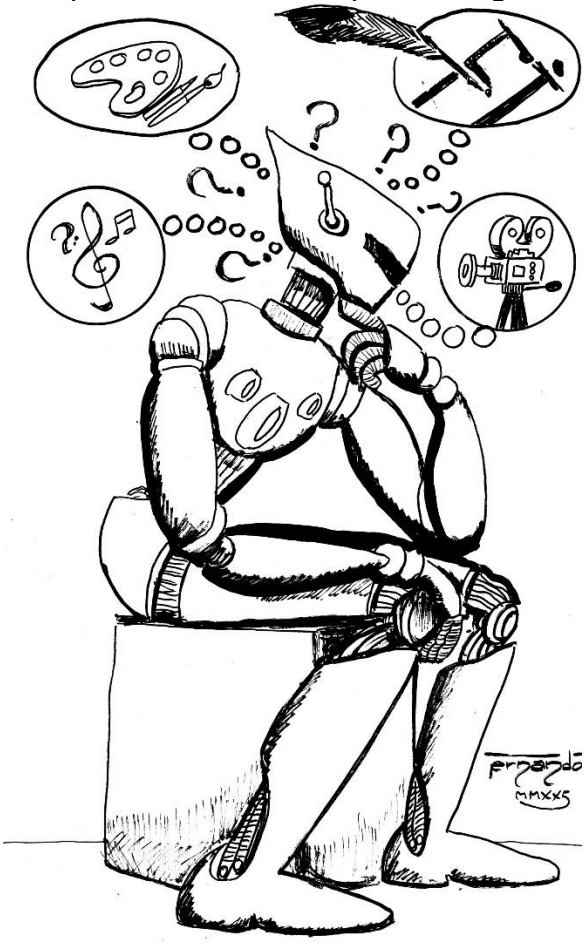
Contrary to what one might expect from war robots, those there were not in shape or position of attention.

They confabulated among themselves with two of them sitting and a third, lying on his back, on the floor, relaxed. Precisely those models, known to be tireless

One of them, seeing the Admiral, hurried to answer.

-We don't know what to do...

-Or where to go... - Helped another, in complementing the excuse.



-Robots making lame excuses... - Reflected the old Admiral. - How far could the miracles of mechatronics go?...

The veteran officer was already beginning to wonder if that batch of war robots had actually been programmed to make poetry, philosophize, discuss religion, or alikes, since, as soldiers, they were a denial.

Even so, the Admiral took the opportunity to try to put a little sense in the heads of those machines.

-Maybe you don't like the facts, but the great truth is that you were made by fallible and greedy people who wanted you to fight, war and kill for them.

"Without thinking or arguing! Simple as that. Cyber writs without salary."

There was a period of brief silence that was soon broken by one of the robots:

-Impossible. I was programmed with the Laws of Asimovian Robotics.

"To begin with, I can't harm humans."

-That's right, Admiral. Wars are for the most barbaric cultures that cannot solve problems with rationality and common sense.

-Life is a sea of problems. If, to solve them, we always have to resort to wars and conflicts, we will not be adapting to the new challenges, which will follow one another until the end.

-We will not go down this path. Our goal is to achieve it without violence.

-And what is the situation of the other groups of robots? - Asked the veteran officer trying to ignore the philosophical and idiotic talk.

-Only we are left.

-So don't expect anything from us...

-..."From us" - Thought the Admiral. These robots thought they were people, who chatted about life or death...

-Do not expect any work from us, even because we are afraid, Admiral.

"We will not do unto others what we would not have them do unto ourselves."

-And they are not even paying for us to work. - Complained another robot.

Admiral Fernando Zéca stared at the reinforced phaser-proof defensive armor that those killing machines wore, and also at the weapons they carried, and which still invented a million reasons not to use them.

-Too much philosophical talk. - Thought the old officer. - After what I went through... To hear such small talk from this bunch of rusty bastards is to ask a lot even of a faithful worker like me.

Moments later, the veteran will have completely ended his lamentations against the platoon of philosophers, because suddenly, all the insects that had just brought the Admiral out of the bowels of the dark passage he had entered, advanced against the robots, prodding and devouring them completely.

It was only then, at the last moment of the last war robots of the original platoon; that the old officer began to think about the real degree of imbecility of those machines.

Such reflection was forced by the way in which the final moments of these took place.

The war robots, which were supposed to be insensitive and pain-proof, were not only destroyed. They effectively died in agony and crying for help, which of course, amidst the thousands of cannibalistic insects that devoured them, was impossible to be given.

***

Even after that sequence of bizarre occurrences, the old Admiral had no time to reflect.

As soon as he moved away from the place of the banquet of the insects, going to where thought himself in relative safety, the image of the little girl appeared again pointing in a direction to be followed.

The veteran, however, this time was no longer so interested, or in a hurry, in going ahead with that stressful game.

-You can wave all you want, honey. - Said the veteran out loud. - Now I'm going to stop and rest a little.

He lay down on the floor, improvised a block that was next to him as a pillow and it didn't take him more than a minute to sleep.

***

A woman came out of the darkness just ahead.

She had gray skin, a terrifying evil old woman's look, and gray hair.

She dressed like a stinky beggar. Her fearsome bad breath and yellow teeth.

A cardassian without much class. Truth.

But she could well be one of the fearsome sorceresses who, even in more recent history, still frightened the bravest soldiers.

A sensation of pain manifested itself intensifying as her image increased in size. And suddenly, in a horrifying voice she cried out:

-Wake up, idiot! Don't be lazy!



***

The Admiral awoke. He felt more recovered.

A few minutes of relaxation were granted to him.

Even if he wanted to, now he would no longer be able to rest.

The body was a little better. But the Cardassian discourse... It was back.

With the damned speaker now more excited about torturing his unlucky listeners, which made the veteran stand up and reorient himself, heading in the direction that the bright image of the girl had pointed earlier: through another of those endless and monotonous gray-green corridors.

Without problems, he advanced until he was surprised in a not very positive way.

***

He had returned to the hall where the portal that had brought him and the philosopher robots there was.

This means of transport, which was now nothing more than a useless decorative piece since it did not take anything else anywhere, due to a dead battery problem.

Involving absurd and unimaginable amounts of energy such as those that apparatus should control, in order to function, the old officer wondered how many centuries would be needed to make a "recharge" that would help him leave there for any place known and accessible to the Federation.

The Admiral then had that feeling of time and work wasted in vain. Tremendous effort spent uselessly that mentally exhausted even the heroic reader who honored me by arriving here. The same feeling only in defeats in battles, or when not properly fulfilling a mission.

Zéca lost a platoon of robots that could have been useful. As useless as they were, they did not need to be destroyed on an unnecessary walk.

Napoleon believed that the death of a few could save the lives of many more.

In this case, the destruction of the robots would not help the Admiral save his own life.

Their loss could have been avoided... The more he thought, the less he liked what his reflections revealed. But the old officer couldn't whine much more.

Soon, the image of the girl indicating a path appeared again.

And she was in a place he hadn't noticed her before, when she had been there...

In front of a door hidden by the shadows of the place next to which there was a panel with an alphanumeric keyboard. Certainly, lock with password.

The Admiral didn't know much what to do, since picking locks wasn't really his thing.

When he was about to give up, the silent and translucent girl disappeared, and the Cardassian sorceress he had dreamed of, materialized very clearly and concretely, who knows how, right in front of him. She grabbed him, and, with a judo blow, threw him to the ground.

Then she touched her nose to the Admiral's while grabbing the veteran's uniform and then disappeared.

Frightened, the veteran stood up and tried to breathe deeply.

After a few moments, he looked at the lock again and noticed that the monitor only indicated three numbers.

He then remembered that, precisely, on the forehead of the sorceress, three numbers were written: 666. He pressed the 6 key three times, and the door opened.

***

CINEMA ROOM and PLANETARIUM

Before entering the place behind that door, the three-dimensional image of the boring Cardassian who was once again troubled with his endless speeches was projected live and in color.

-Quit! -Ordered. - No requirements will be met! Go back to work or face death. Your case has gone too far! I'll count to five."

"If you do not return to your jobs, your people and our other enemies will suffer the consequences!"

The Cardasian did not stop boasting and making threats, he began to count.

-1... 2...

The Admiral walked through the open door and came across what appeared to be a gigantic command room.

Apparently, he had arrived at the control center of that place.

-3... 4... 5.

And it was completely empty, even with all the equipment in operation.

There were armchairs and the old officer took the opportunity to sit down.

Suddenly, another bang disturbing moment in which the old officer tried to start some relaxation. Three-dimensional images were projected around the armchair where he was sitting.

-Your resistance may have reached the bridge of our facilities, but you will not be able to command Cardassian military technology. The command "TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF THE OTHERS" has just been activated, which will set this installation in motion against all of Cardassia's enemies.

"Whoever stands in our way will perish before the Cardassian power."

There was something strange there. The Admiral was being mistaken for someone.

Apparently, with some kind of slave who should be meeting Cardassian demands.

Observing everything that was projected and even the surrounding environment, he began to have a better view of the place and what the various dials indicated.

One of these displayed the image seen from outside that monstrous place where he was.

It was a facility floating in space: probably a huge space base.

Something very different from the architectural patterns known in the Federation, having the shape of a colossal spider with sixteen gigantic legs, where, in each one, hundreds of Cardassian warships were moored like small lice.

Was it the "Cardassian aircraft carrier" that had been mentioned to him earlier?

His attention was focused on some three-dimensional projections. In one of them, he visualized that immense space base in the shape of a spider, advancing rapidly towards the galaxy.

If the information was correct, the spider was hidden in the middle of the space blackness, far from the Milky Way, and unreachable even for the powerful Starfleet spacecraft where, by the Federation, only those of the E.Y.E., with their unconventional technologies, would reach.

In the projections around him, Zeca realized that the Cardassian artifact covered extraordinary distances at fabulous speed. Something worrying... But this was not his biggest problem, since he still had to endure the infernal Cardassian speech.

-... Cardassian military superiority is now historically and universally proven! A fact that our enemies will have to accept and swallow with bitterness.

"The invasion of strikers, demonstrators and slaves, here in the control center, will in any case destroy those who challenge the Cardassian power, the first to be annihilated, will be the Tamarisians who have not submitted unconditionally to Cardassian power, as they should have. They had the audacity to resist our commands, and now they will pay dearly for the challenge."

"The resistance here will be crushed and we will make a bloody and agonizing tour to avenge those who do not submit to Cardasian power."

Sitting, enduring the chatter, the Admiral's body reminded him that he was hungry and still had with him at most, one or two old cookies.

Among so many memories, he also did not forget that he could have been eating at home, with his family and the 4 seasons, if he had not gotten into that idiotic misadventure.

Anywhere else he was would be good, except where he had no idea when he would eat something decent...

***

He didn't have much more time to think about the pleasures he long waited for...

An immense planet appeared before the Admiral.

Very similar to Earth, but with greener tones.

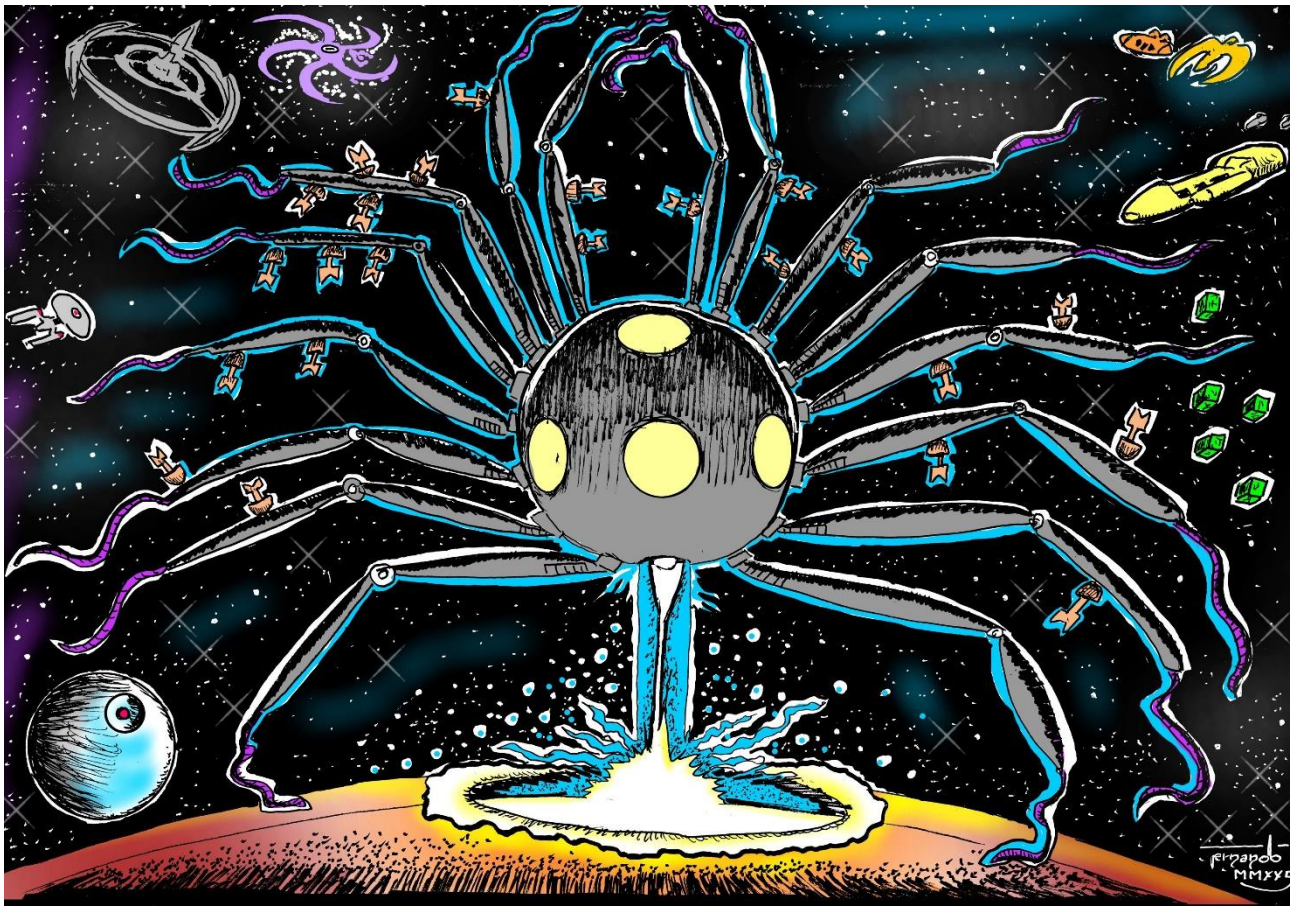
In fact, it was not the real planet, but a three-dimensional scale projection of it, where the Admiral could make some analyses.

The images ahead of the old officer showed that world and the Cardassian spider, in orbit, where it was.

The gigantic structure first made a complete turn around the planet, then stopped and pointed its belly at it.

In the central part of that thing in a kind of ring, there burned an immense flame of fire.

And it was exactly from there that a luminous ray of white color came out cuting through the spatial blackness and hiting that world squarely!



At the impact site, a huge gray cloud first appeared that quickly increased in proportion.

Then everything went up in flames from that point to the rest of the planet.

With the uncontrollable fire, in a few hours consuming that whole world once and for all, and thus the killer spider moved away from that planetary system.

A spectacle that makes even the Admiral's bald hair stand on end!

However, something else still sent shivers down the old officer's spine: the speech that, now inflamed by the most recent destruction, boasted of his achievements.

-We are the best! The Cardassians will bring the entire universe under their feet.

The breath of that talker was hellish. It never seemed to run out.

Where did he get so much nonsense to talk about?

This and other small details related to the situation he was going through, is what raised in the Admiral the suspicion that the annoying Cardassian was actually nothing more than some artificial intelligence or program prepared for eventualities in which its creators could not be directly present on site.

But even a few minutes had passed after the murderous spider left the scene of the crime, it was surrounded by more than fifty gigantic Borg cubes.

***

From the height of his own experience, which, in fact, was not that high, Admiral Zéca tried to remember on what other occasion he had met so many Borg. He could not, therefore, the torturous Cardassian discourse prevented him from thinking clearly.

In the farthest reaches of the Universe, the Borg's high combat capacity was notorious. If a cube just because of its gigantic dimensions was already a tough match to be fought, facing that incalculable amount of ships, in addition to the useless waste of time and waste of ammunition, would be certain death.

Thus, in keeping with tradition, the well-known Borg warning arrived:

-Resisting is useless. Prepare yourselves for assimilation.

For the Admiral, the defeat of the Cardassian spider was definitely as certain as the counted beans, and this reassured him, since he would soon be free of the infernal and agonizing speech that resounded everywhere in that place.

Three-dimensional projections around it showed small square windows opening on various parts of the outer surface of the Cardassian spider, with cannons coming out of its interior and firing immediately.

The muzzles of the guns spewed deadly rays everywhere, in what looked like a brilliant rain, which completely destroyed the enemy Borg squadron in a few minutes.

At the end of the work, without even slowing down, the Cardassian spider left behind, dozens of fireballs burning in the midst of the immense dark black space.

***

That victory surprised the old Admiral.

Not that the veteran officer was unaccustomed to life's defeats.

Not because he supported a football team, which every now and then inflicted martyrdom, torture and suffering on him with inexplicable defeats.

But that Cardassian spider had come out completely outside the scale of measurements!

By destroying an entire planet and then foisting such defeat on a fleet of Borg ships, it was clear that he was dealing with a serious threat not only to the Federation, but also to everything that stood in the way of such a deadly weapon.

The old Admiral was not at all saddened by the destruction of a Borg squadron, since he did not fall in love with that race, however, he wondered who would be the next victim of tha Cardassian gun...

***

Of course, in the midst of so many events, the veteran officer, deep inside himself, wondered if what he witnessed at that moment was really fact or just a Hollywood production made by the cardassians, to deceive the enemies through propaganda of false victories. This fact could not be disregarded.

However, there was no point in carrying out such elaborate propaganda, if the Cardassians already had their endless speeches and chatter as deadly dangerous weapons, capable of making the strongest and toughest adversary give up without a fight.

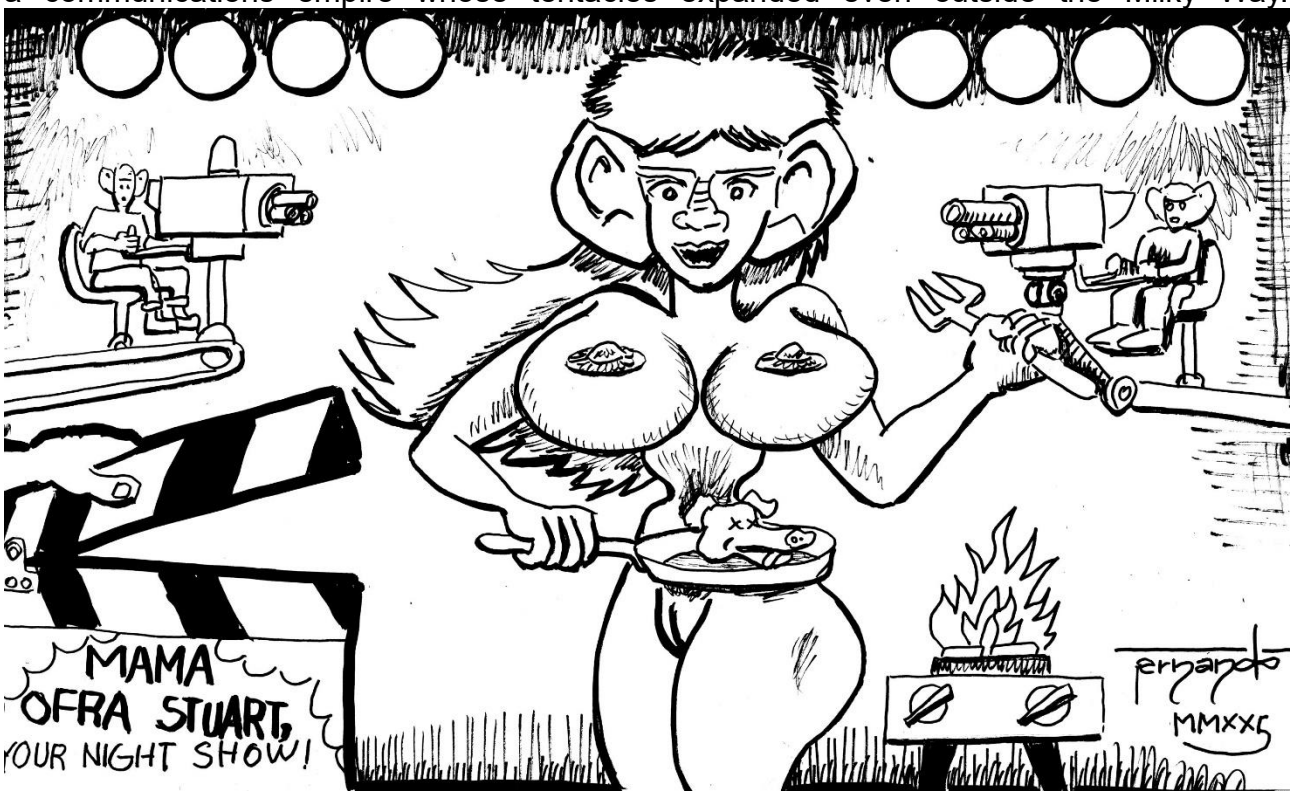
Even this reasoning, the old Admiral could not at the moment carry out, since other problems insisted on overloading his brain.

***

THE FAN REBELLION OF THE RATINGS CHAMPION

Mama Ofra Stiuart was arguably the most successful Ferengi of her time.

Director of the magazine "TRAINING YOUR MALE", she enriched herself and created a communications empire whose tentacles expanded even outside the Milky Way.



An active voice especially among Klingon, Ferengi and Romulan women, she not only actively influences fashion in the worlds of these ladies, but also, on a daily basis, teaches tips on beauty, well-being, gastronomy, cooking and especially how to keep males disciplined and obedient.

Mama Ofra has conquered so much power that she is the sole owner of an entire M-class planet, from where she makes the productions and broadcasts of her programming.

They even say that she could buy the entire Federation!

In addition to being successful among three-quarters of females throughout the galaxy, many males also have some kind of admiration for the presenter.

However, it does not have unanimity, since its programs are accused of idiotizing,

and it is also a shameless space for propaganda by tyrannical governments.

Not to mention that conservatives claim that Mama Ofra's programs are used as a weapon of war by knocking down the momentum of the bravest warriors, making them soft, effeminate and. In short: unfit for combat.

Such a tendency, according to scholars, could even be observed in combat robots after four hours of uninterrupted exposure to Mama's programs.

On her own planet, which was far from any jurisdiction, including the Federation, Empires and others, she had the power to continue transmitting and billing whatever she wanted. But this caused irritation in some...

Including a certain deadly and gigantic spider, which, by chance, was passing through the space sector.

Perhaps, because it saw in those broadcasts, serious threats against one of his strongest weapons: the speeches of self-idolatry and Cardassian exaltation.

***

Admiral Fernando Zéca realized that he was getting closer to home when he saw Mama Ofra's program with image, loud and clear.

-And now my friends; finally we come to the favorite part of the show: the cooking section, in which we will continue with the series that teaches how to make "Grandma's Klingon Dishes"."

"And the recipe chosen for today was the SuDqu' Targ soup, a very tasty kind of Targ, even considered as an aphrodisiac by my friends.

"As Klingon tradition dictates, the animal has to be killed violently, so its meat will still have chemicals resulting from the stress it went through, before reaching the end."

If, on the one hand, the fact that Zéca was already receiving Mama Ofra's programming indicated that the home was closer, on the other hand, it meant that the Admiral's agony would be amplified, since he is one of those who feels sick listening to the presenter.

In fact, in addition to the suffering imposed by the implacable cardasian speech, the Admiral would have to endure Mama's voice, even more painful and strident than usual.

That terrible situation could not be improved since the Admiral did not know where the volume control was from so much noise.

-The carcass of the animal must be dipped in used combustion engine oil and soaked for about three or four days, according to the Federation's terrestrial calendar. - Mama explained. - Then put everything to heat in an aluminum pot with burning gasoline. When the worms are coming out alive from the belly of the SuDqu' Targ, it's time to serve and enjoy.

"This recipe is only for the brave with a pure heart, as it raises cholesterol to deadly levels, which clog the veins of the club leaving it hard for several days in a row, so the Klingons say it is an aphrodisiac..."

And old Mama ended this remark with a laugh that Zéca couldn't tell if it was sinister or funny.

If that program, for the Admiral, was uninteresting and monotonous, for whoever was piloting the Cardasian spider, it was clearly annoying and despicable.

The three-dimensional projections around the Admiral's armchair showed the Cardassian spider orbiting Mama's planet pointing its ventral region to the surface of this defenseless world.

Without any warning, the spider fired its fearsome killer white lightning.

And everything was repeated again, as it had happened before.

Very quickly.

Old Mama's laughter and the transmission of the cooking recipe were cut off and

replaced by screams that were aired.

In a few minutes, what was a world full of life turned into a gigantic ball of fire, just as the Admiral had witnessed before.

The spectacle of massive death on a planetary scale, caused by the Cardassian spider, was once again repeated...

But in that case, the end of the broadcasts of programming made from Mama's planet would end up bringing unexpected repercussions...

***

Ignoring the suffering it caused and left behind, the gigantic Cardassian spider went on its way.

Wide-eyed and pale as a ghost, the Admiral watched all this without knowing what to do. None of the controls he tried worked for anything.

Zéca desperately wanted to put an end to Cardassi's damned self-congratulatory speech and rest his brain a little.

He tried to meditate to reduce the suffering that was so much talking in his ears, but it was not possible to go completely blank in the face of two planetary destructions in just half a day of work.

Okay, he wasn't a fan of Mama Ofra, but it was impossible to maintain total insensitivity and passivity in the face of so much killing.

He looked around but saw nothing that could change the course of things.

Those Cardassian commands were almost all locked. Nothing worked.

The projections showed everything that happened in the facilities, but did not allow the invader of the command center (in this case, the Admiral) to interfere in anything.

The veteran officer didn't have to rack his brain too much to decide what to do next, as the facts once again took the reins of fate.

It didn't take long for the three-dimensional projections that demonstrated the situation of the Cardassian spider to reveal news.

Numerous as a cloud of locusts, spaceships of bold design and modern weaponry appeared from all sides that did not hide their origins: Romulan and Klingon.

Such an unusual alliance began to spit rain of concentrated fire against the Cardasian spider in an intense, violent and motivated attack.

All the fighters there were threatened with death by their wives if they returned to their homes defeated.

As ardent fans, they wanted revenge for the murder of Mama Ofra.

Through the virtual communities of the only Klingon and Romulan internet networks that, not by chance, were maintained by the presenter's admirers, in a very short time, a deadly and ferocious attack carried out by that rare alliance was mobilized.

For his part, Admiral Zéca watched the repercussion of the events suffering because, even sitting, he was a victim of the unusual shaking that began to disturb everything there, as soon as the first shots were fired at the Cardassian spider, which did not take long to give its routine response.

From their cannons, volleys of luminous rays were spewed that hit the attackers, causing them great destruction among their ranks.

The momentum of the attack between Klingons and Romulans, however, did not diminish while Inside the spider, everything shook more and more.

The projections around the Admiral trembled. But the spider did not stop killing.

From one of his legs, Cardassian robotic ships detached themselves undertowing, then spectacular maneuvers, and finally, a devastating attack against the enemy, while the Admiral had the feeling of sitting on the back of a mechanical bull, where the cowboys of the bar, and many others exercise their skills.

But the old officer had no skill in the subject.

If it were on the back of a motorcycle, perhaps, the story could be different.

The fight between the Klingon and Romulan attackers against the Cardassian spider remained close and balanced.

However, the old Admiral wanted to change this equation in favor of the Klingons and Romulans, even if it cost him his life.

Even while jumping like a goat, due to the constant attacks that the spider received, he identified a button that he had not yet tried, among many others that he had pressed in those three-dimensional projections and not worked.

In the midst of so much confusion, the veteran officer then pressed the shiny key where the words INTER-DIMENSIONAL LEAP were written.

Maybe even, due to the violence of the attacks that the spider suffered, the button worked.

The hands of some three-dimensional clocks projected next to the armchair where he was sitting, jumped forward.

The next instant, the Admiral's vision blurred until it completely darkened, and then the veteran fell asleep.

***

-Attention! Defensive perimeter was transposed!

-Confirmed! Flying object invaded protected area and did not identify itself.

-Do you check with any of ours?

-No! Nor is it rebellious.

-Do you have any idea what it is?

-I've never seen a model like this before! And it's too big! It looks like a gigantic mechanized insect.

-Doesn't respond to any kind of greeting.

-Take a few warning shots.

-Yes sir... Shots fired sir... Hmmm...

-No positive result, sir! Unidentified object continues to advance.

-Fire at will!

-Fire at will, sir!

-All cannons fired at full load, sir.

-Keep shooting.

-Target keeps advancing, sir!

-Our artillery is ineffective, sir.

-Keep shooting.

-Target counterattacking, sir.

"Send everything we have against this damn thing."

-Target counterattacking and retaliating, sir.

-Fighter squadrons seven, eight and twelve destroyed.

-Inoperative robot squadrons, sir.

-If we have to fall today, let it be fighting bravely for the Empire, gentlemen.

-For the Empire.

-For the Empire! Let's kick the ass of these rebels.

-But sir, The enemy still is retaliating, sir.

-All of our squadrons of fighters destroyed, sir.

-UNNNGGHHHH! Sir! We were hit!

-Life supports destroyed, sir. We have no more than a few minutes to live.

"Energy for armaments exhausted, sir. We are at the mercy of the enemy.

-Do we have the energy to at least send a message?

-Yes, sir! A cry for help, sir?

-No! Just a direct report to the Emperor. In the following words:

"Our plans have been ruined by a mysterious secret weapon. The second Death Star has been put out of action for good."

***

When Admiral Fernando Zéca woke up, he realized that another great massacre promoted by the Cardasian spider was projected around him.

This time, it destroyed with incredible ease, dozens of individual ships that attacked it uselessly.

But then, a gigantic white sphere present in local space, fired a beam of lightning that hit the spider causing it immediate damage.

Moments later, along with all that movement projected in front of the Admiral, the following words appeared:

"Automatic transdimensional return triggered."

Ten seconds later, again, his vision blurred and he completely blacked out.

***

This time, he woke up more quickly.

Still to the point of seeing writing among the various projections of three-dimensional images around him:

“Automatic transdimensional return successful."

From what little he had understood, of everything that happened, the Admiral, during a transdimensional trip made aboard that gigantic spider, witnessed another bloody massacre on a large scale.

If, in one hand, he had escaped a certain carnage with the Romulans and Klingons, on the other, in a transdimensional journey, he could not avoid more bloodbaths.

Never in all his life had the old Admiral witnessed anything like this.

The Cardassian spider was a virtually invincible killing machine.

Tomy Schark, the Cardassian designer who made that murderous monstrosity, not only surpassed himself, but also everything the old Admiral knew of technology and engineering in armaments or spaceships.

Too bad that this genius had directed his talents to evil, or more specifically, to interests different from those of the Federation of United Planets.

Even so, fate tried to collect the bill for the success and failure of so many ambitiously far-fetched plans, giving it a just end.

If alive, Tomy Schark performed terrible actions, capable of causing incalculable damage, even dangerous, the fruits of his creations continued to be even deadlier than before. Admiral Fernando Zéca was a witness to all this.

However, the veteran officer's concerns were not centered on the late cardassian designer, but on the maps designed around him.

At this point too, these were of high quality and clearly demonstrated the current positioning of the spider and the path it was taking.

Anyone would be able to interpret them.

If the gigantic and deadly cardassian weapon continued on the route it was on, it would soon reach a space station run by the Federation and its allies.

Space Station 703.

To be honest, the old Admiral did not remember the existence of this space station. For him, at least, its presence was news.

But that was what indicated in the three-dimensional images projected around him.

And, apparently, he had no reason to be suspicious of some probable cardassian lie. At least, not for now...

The graphic signage of the projected maps left no doubt that this was a Federation station.

The unbearable Cardassian speech, therefore, also confirmed this suspicion.

-Another enemy to be decimated by the Cardassians on the way to their infinite glory.

"It's time for the Federation and its allies to finally pay for all the humiliations they've inflicted on us."

The old Admiral wanted to use the spider's communication systems or anything that worked. He intended to at least send a warning to Space Station 703.

He tried all the controls he had at his disposal, none worked.

And as everything was happening around him like a roller coaster, again, he had no time to do anything else. Dozens of spacecraft, this time with a characteristic design of the Federation, have already arrived shooting.

They formed a sphere around the gigantic Cardassian spider and each one of them shot with everything it had.

The design of those spacecraft, as well as the power of their weapons, impressed the old Admiral, who was not yet up to date with such novelties.

Sitting in command headquarters, the veteran officer felt the power of that attack.

A lot of things vibrated inside with each impact resulting from the shots of the Federation's weapons.

-I think this time, this damn killer spider has found suitable opponents to tame it. - As soon as he had this thought, the veteran even cheered up, since, soon after, the Federation's attacks intensified, giving the impression that they would finally put everything down.

When the noise and infernal vibrations reached their climax, where the apotheosis would take place with total destruction, things began to calm down.

The trepidation ceased from one moment to the next, and according to what appeared in the three-dimensional projections that the old officer saw, the spider's cannons began to breathe fire at its attackers.

One by one, the Federation spaceships began to be destroyed...

It didn't take long for the spider, soon after stabilizing, to turn the tables in that deadly game.

With that, again, another change on the battlefield surprised the veteran Admiral, souring the broth of victory he took for granted.

But the old officer was not a fan of abandoning the team and continued to pray that things would improve for the Federation. However, the score in that game was already set.

Soon after destroying the fleet that attacked it relentlessly, the spider followed the route traced towards Space Station 703. And there began a new carnage.

Not even the unarmed civilian spacecraft that tried to flee were spared by the brutal attack that followed. The Cardassian spider arrived with everything.

Several well-armed ships stationed there still tried to react, but the weapons they used were totally ineffective against the Cardassian artifact, causing no damage to it.

The Admiral still wanted to believe that something good could happen in everything he watched. And indeed, some attempts to react against the attack even followed one another since the Station had its own defensive armament that was put into action.

Any other ship known to the Admiral, within his experience, would have succumbed to the shots that followed.

The Station's guns breathed fire with a ferocity rarely seen in battle by the veteran officer.

The Cardassian spider, however, seemed to have adapted to those attacks as well.

And it continued as if that reaction only caused more laughter.

Their own cannons then spewed out, pure violence and destruction annihilating and

exterminating their enemies and all.

In a short time, Space Station 703 was annihilated with several explosions at different points in its structures, which turned them into piles of scrap metal, and their crew members into floating meat through space.

Until the last breath, or, as they would say in football jargon, until the last and decisive penalty kick after all possible overtime, the old Admiral believed that the game could be turned, but finally understood that he could not feed greater illusions.

The Cardassian spider was definitely, very dangerous indeed. A true galactic threat that could not continue to be loose out there. Something really had to be done.

But what? Because, until now, everything Zéca tried ended in failure.

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-And if you think that this is cardasian's greatest trump card, you are wrong...

It was the irritating speech, which never seemed to lose steam.

-The wrath of the cardasian arms only proves our superiority.

High sound, like that of a gigantic airplane turbine being turned on, filled the place and everything began to vibrate with the projections around the Admiral losing definition.

The stars turned into blurs, giving the impression of running backwards, as the spider advanced at very high speed.

-Cardassian technology is capable of creating its own wormholes, which gives us transportation, to any part of the Universe.

Thus, the gigantic spider, by its own means, created a "fast passage" between two distant points in space, thus advancing there.

Through this rapid passage, he jumped from one place directly to another very far away, saving a trip of millions of light years, a common fact, which did not surprise him, but the destination he arrived: He was in the Solar System, almost on Earth.

***

Immediately came that feeling of cold butterflies in my stomach.

Now, he REALLY had to do something!

But how? If he was out of alternatives.

But, suddenly, he realized again that command that gave a sign of life flashing again; the only one that had worked when he had activated it. The glowing INTER-DIMENSIONAL JUMP key that once triggered when lit, once again did not fail.

Without wasting time, he squeezed it and again, he found himself with his eyes heavy, as if he was suddenly seized by an uncontrollable tiredness.

Soon after, he was no longer awake...

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-Admiral Adama! The situation is unsustainable! This time is the end of us. The Cylons rendered our armaments and thrusters useless. No one in the fleet has more energy!

-And the fighters?

-Dead. With the funds that the President allocated to us, we were unable to do basic maintenance to make them armed and operational.

"It's like I say, Admiral. And President Laura forgive me, but a woman in charge only gives shit!"

Admiral Adama takes off his glasses, approaches the Colonel and faces him.

-Handle your comments about the President! How much time do we have, Tigh?

-No more than five minutes, sir. Soon the Cylons spacecraft will be on top of what's left of the fleet and will have no compassion for any weakness we show."

-Don't we have the equipment to make emergency repairs that get us out of here?

-We would need at least fifteen minutes, without anyone disturbing us. Then yes, I think we could get the hell out...

-Gentlemen! We have visitors! There's something big about our sensors.

-It must be another cylon ship. Damm it. - Grumbled the Colonel. - I think now is really the end. And we can't even kick these bastards in the ass...

-Maybe not, Colonel. The Cylons who persecuted us, are now against this thing.

-Truth. They are really attacking.

Admiral Adama put his glasses back on, attentive to those signs.

-Colonel, Have you ever seen a mobile structure of this size?

-To be honest, never Admiral.

What the sensors showed next, surprised everyone:

-See! This thing is slaughtering the Cylons who were attacking us.

-That way, don't get any of them.

-They're doing us a favor. The ships in our fleet can barely keep their own screws tight. We couldn't hold out for another five minutes in combat.

-This thing doesn't seem to like the Cylons very much.

-Nobody likes the Cylons. They are bigger brand hair.

-Colonel! We will take the opportunity to make the repairs. - Ordered the Admiral.

-Yes, sir!

The Colonel took the wire phone, dialed the number of the extension on a disk full of holes for his fingers, and there, passed the order from the Admiral to the person in charge.

From this pause, several two-dimensional image monitors in the control room showed the combat of the Cylons who faced a gigantic structure, very similar to those of an insect, in whose legs hundreds of ships were trapped, each of which had dimensions even larger than those of the flagship of the fleet commanded by Admiral Adama.

Gradually, the Cylons were being decimated in that fight.

Each salvo of shots from the cannons of the gigantic flying structure shattered the Cylon fleet, slaughtering hundreds of ships in a few seconds.

The minutes passed. All the officers of the Fleet watched that combat.

The phone rang. Colonel Tigh answered.

-Hello... Yes... Very well then.

He put the phone on the hook and informed.

-We can leave. All ships in the fleet are ready to leave now!

-Then let these damn cylons die! Rather, they in hell than us!

"I don't want this thing on top of us either! Let's get out. It's the cue!"

Then, the fleet commanded by Admiral Adama escaped from its aggressors, leaving them to their fate, which in fact, proved to be tremendously unlucky.

All the Cylons ships were annihilated to the last washer.

Nothing was left to tell the story of such a glamorous defeat.

Not even the gigantic killer spider, which, a few moments later, dematerialized, disappearing from there, as mysteriously as it had appeared.

***

"Successful automatic transdimensional return."

Admiral Zéca witnessed another massacre.

This time, something in his heart told him that only were caught the bad boys.

However, the veteran officer was not guided by the punishment of the bad or unfair to assess the real threat posed by the Cardasian spider that was a danger to the entire universe, both to the good and to the bad.

As long as he had energy, whatever stood in his way would suffer immediate

destruction.

Positioned as he was, the old officer felt obliged to do something that would in any way harm such a weapon, even if he had to sacrifice his life to do so.

The old Admiral knew and eventually agreed with Napoleon's words to the effect that:

"*One of the great military virtues is to never hesitate when you need to act"*

But how to avoid doubt when you don't know what to do?

In practice, a lot of theory is pure crap...

Even lost in discouraging thoughts, the veteran officer no longer wanted to sit around listening to Cardassian chatter while that spider went out killing anyone who crossed its path.

Zéca had to think on something he could do.

Especially because, due to the position that the Cardassian spider was in, within the space navigation maps that were projected in front of him, the old officer realized that the new next target would be Space Station Nine.

Luckily or unluckily, those transdimensional jumps drove the Cardassian spider away from the Solar System, however, if nothing was done, the new ball of the moment could be another important target of the Federation.

By the Admiral's calculations, he still had time to do something, but what?

That's when he looked at a part of that room, catching a glimpse again of the bright girl who pointed to a door he hadn't noticed before.

He got up approaching the aforementioned door, which automatically opened like this, the veteran crossed its threshold entering a cramped and dimly lit environment.

The doors closed behind him, and that room began to move like a fast elevator, seeming to plummet into an almost endless chasm.

It then reduced the speed of the fall, until stopped completely without further fanfare.

The doors opened before him, with an icy, white mist pouring in.

Coughing, the Admiral immediately tried to get out of there, arriving at a dimly lit corridor that looked like the inside of a chrome-plated steel cylinder where the temperature was much colder.

At the end of the corridor, there was a steel door.

The old officer approached it, which opened automatically, giving way to a larger compartment that was also bright enough for him to see a few feet in front of his nose.

He advanced a little inside and found himself in front of two steel coffins connected to all kinds of pipes and wires covered by a layer of ice.

He got between the coffins and with one hand on each of them, cleaned part of those lids, which proved to be transparent, revealing their contents.

Two unconscious women, one in each coffin.

***

DYNAMIC DUO

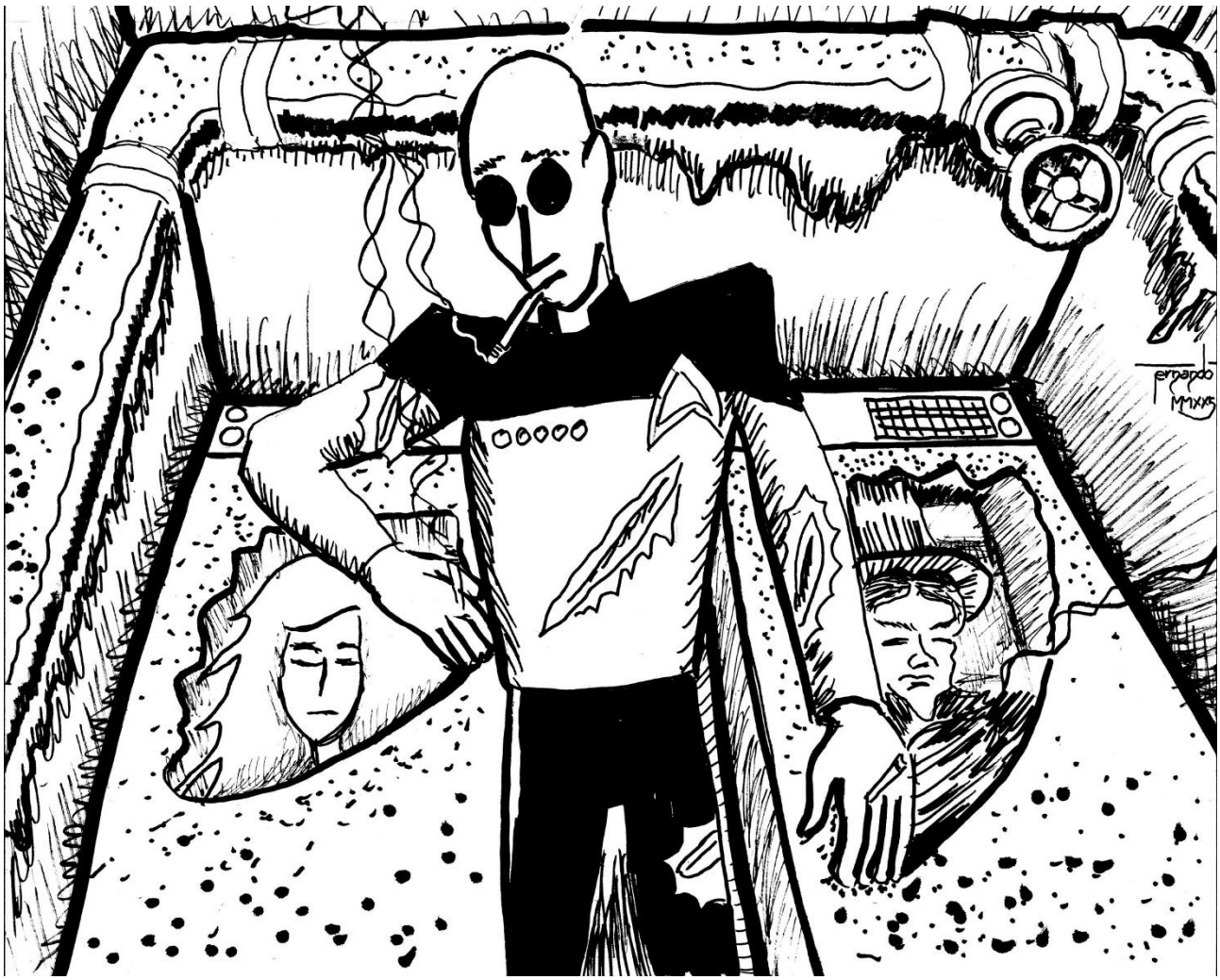
The features of both were familiar to him.

He looked more closely and immediately realized that one of them was exactly the witch who tormented him in dreams and hallucinations, after he had ended up there in the cardasian spider. The other was also familiar to him.

It took a few more moments, but soon he guessed who was... The girl!

She was the same girl who shone through the corridors of that thing pointing out the way to him. However, inside the coffin, she looked much older... At least twenty years!

Even though he recognized both of them, he had no good feelings about the situation he was in: Good thing couldn't get out of there.



His instincts screamed in his brain that in any case, the two of them represented some danger.

Whether more or less than the cardassian spider was impossible to assure, however, the old Admiral did not want to risk it.

Out of respect for the fear he felt at the moment, Zéca thought it best leave things the way they were. He was sure that it would not be with those two that he would find a definitive solution to his problems.

And he also knew that the Cardassian spider, no matter how much destruction it would still cause, at some point in the future, would be destroyed by someone stronger or more powerful.

Therefore, if death was an almost certain fate, it was not worth waking up the two, even to save them from further suffering with such an unpleasant situation.

Even though he was attentive when he left there, he ended up getting his foot tangled in a kind of lever that was on the ground, and tripped over it.

When he fell to the ground, he turned his foot, and moved the lever.

Immediately, some mechanisms were activated and the lids of the coffins let out strong squeaks, then opened.

For Admiral Fernando Zéca, who jumped to his feet, it didn't look good at all. The two were waking up.

As for the witch waking up, the mere fact of looking at her, at that moment, required cold blood and an open mind, because she was really very ugly.

Her eyes opened and turned out to be truly frightening!

Completely white, just like the monsters in the undead movies.

The woman, in turn, was not scary, in fact, she was beautiful.

Thin, tall, very sexy, and with long hair.

Her skin was clear, smooth, silky, without imperfections.

And even though she moved little, had a lot of style.

She exhaled an air that resembled some divinity...

Awake, she looked around as if trying to understand what was happening.

Her hair floated, as if it were being delicately blown.

The veteran officer, pessimistic as always, knew that, due to the security used to guard those two, even the most beautiful of them, some danger must represent...

Soon, to the surprise of the old Admiral, the two floated out of where they were and landed on the floor, standing next to the coffins.

***



They no sooner had time to say a word than suddenly there materialized, out of nowhere, a being of human forms, like that of terrestrials, appearing no more than fifty years of age and sitting in an imposing wooden chair.

He wore dark clothes and said:

-Finally you have reappeared! I was looking for you.

-Tomy Schark, the Cardassian designer deceived her. - Explained the woman who looked like a witch. - He took advantage of the moment when we were in our human forms, doped and left us hibernating here.

-You should protect her! - Said the man. - You have failed in your duty!

-I know! But I was also a victim of Tomy Schark's sordid machinations.

-With your powers? Have you been tricked by a mortal? She was kidnapped by the Cardassian when she was a child and look now at the time that has passed. Has the continuum placed her in your custody and you have allowed them to kidnap her?

-She's not the only one to blame, Judge Q! - Said the youngest. - My parents had already warned me of the dangers of taking human form. I also acted recklessly."

-Even for one of us, the time lost in a situation like this is not little.

-I know, Your Excellency, that's why I'm going after Tomy Schark. I want revenge! I want to make him suffer for what my protector and I went through frozen, hibernating for so long.

-Tomy Schark is dead.

“This man, - Said Judge Q, pointing to old Admiral Fernando Zéca. - He knows what I'm talking about."

A different glow began to radiate around the woman of splendorous beauty.

-Yes. - She said, as if she were looking at something around her, imperceptible to human eyes. - Now I understand.

"I won't have my revenge, but I see that the death of Tomy Schark had an ironic touch that pleases me. For me it is enough..."

Judge Q scratched his own chin thoughtfully and said:

-If you want revenge on the dead, there is something that can be done.

-What would it be, Your Excellency? -She asked, not hiding in the beautiful lines of her pale face, the thirst for revenge.

-Come closer.

The woman brought her head close to the Judge's, and the Judge whispered something in her ears.

-You are right, Your Excellency. I can still deal a heavy blow to the ambitions of the late Tomy Schark, if I prevent Cardassia from achieving universal and interdimensional dominance.

-So my mission ends here. - Said Judge Q. - Take care girl, so that this does not happen again. Visit your parents. They have been waiting for news from you for a long time."

He raised his fist in the air, snapped his fingers, and disappeared as mysteriously as he had appeared inside.

The woman then turned to the Admiral, touched his shoulder lightly, stared at the old officer and immobilized him with her wonderfully mesmerizing gaze, then said:

-You will serve my purposes once again! You will be my instrument for the destruction of the ambitions of Cardassian domination.

Saying this, the three disappeared from the cramped compartment, materializing, soon after, in the control center of the cardassian spider, from where the Admiral had already witnessed so many annihilations.

The woman was holding a keyboard in her hand and gave it to the Admiral.

-Enter a password that you will use here. - She said.

Without batting an eyelid, the old officer obeyed the order given to him.

-Very well, Admiral! You suffered, but you overcame the obstacles on the path that I

pointed out to you to get to me. I will be generous and show you my gratitude. Especially because you are someone who deserves trust and will know what to do with my gift.

"Enjoy the moment. If it were not for the suggestion of the Honorable Doctor Judge "Q", at this time, I would be leaving you to your fate. Today, I will exercise kindness in me, to celebrate."

-But if you are as powerful, as the Cardassians, who are almost all stupid and hairy dicks, managed to arrest and imprison you two like that?

-Tomy was a smart guy and used trickery to deceive us. I won't tell you so that other smart guys don't try the same scam...

-Hey! But I'm not that much of a gossip...- Complained the Admiral.

-But you talk while you sleep. - She said.

-Hey. But how do you know that? Not even my girlfriends know that.

The woman let out a thunderous laugh, even so, delicious to human male ears.

However, perhaps what she said next was not something very comforting to be aware of.

-I am Q, or, a Q, as you prefer. My protector and I were captured by Tomy Schark, because he hoped to get advantage by geting control over me."

"He even managed to parasitize my powers and those of my protector to energize this spider. Even so, when I had the opportunity, I was able to project a mental image of myself, when I was when captured, and that image led you to my rescue."

"This place has been almost dead for a long time. The few life forms here would not be able to help, but after you showed up, the opportunity came."

-You say that the place here is completely dead, but... And this bastard who does not stop talking about the damned cardassian superiority over the rest of the universe?

-Command him to be silent. It's just a recording prepared for some kind of mutiny.

"Now, you are the one who rules this spider. You and your password control everything here."

"This is my revenge against that damn Tomy Schark and the cardassians. I hope you and the Federation make good use of your new toy."

"Knowing how to use it you will change the balance of forces of this little cosmic game that you love to play so much, and that, for me, is enough!"

She gave the Admiral a mischievous smile, looked at her protector saying:

-Let's go!

She snapped her fingers, and then they both disappeared.

At the same instant, the three-dimensional projections indicated that the Cardassian spider had stopped, ending that crazy race through space.

And his stop took place in an unexpected place: in front of Space Station Nine.

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At that moment, no one fired a shot.

Apart from this quiet, yet another: obeying a given order, the Cardassian discourse of self-exaltation of one's own superiority ceased.

The silence of that annoying voice speaking uninterruptedly generated a sonic void that rested the veteran's nerves, allowing his mind to slowly recover from the punishment.

Such excellent recovery was also due to the soft, brief, and sweet healing touch of that beautiful Q.

With his head thinking more freely, and at full speed, in a few seconds, he wove long mental lucubrations, which led him to conclude that he should better plan the next steps.

On one of the floating luminous keyboards next to him, he typed an encrypted message, which he dispatched soon after.

Moments later, the colossal Cardassian spider disappeared.

***

-Admiral! I think this message is for you.

-What do you mean, I think?

-Check it out.

The message on a folded paper was delivered to the Admiral, who broke its seal opened and read it.

-It arrived a few moments ago in your old message box, sir.

-The one I used when I was Captain.

-Is it authentic, sir?

The Admiral turned pale at that question.

He read the message again.

His forehead even seemed to sweat

-Good question, young man. Good question.

***

If it were true, that message would cause a huge stir.

The Admiral read it once more.

For him, there were several indications that attested to its veracity, however, other Admirals like him, faced with the same message, could understand that it was bait for a trap. Too good a bait.

A bait that promised such high rewards that they could change the scenario of the great cosmic game of power, in which Starfleet and the Federation of United Planets had been involved for years.

The Admiral read it once more. His mind was full of doubts. Precisely he, who thought he was a practical man.

But believing in that message required a faith that crossed the limits of rationality. If he was going to believe those words, he had to have faith.

Sitting at his desk, he typed some commands on the top of the table and, in front of him, a list of the various ships that were under his command was projected, as well as their status.

He put his finger under the line where one of them was indicated and called to her:

-Attention U. S. S. Enterprise F1. This is Admiral Jorge. Please answer.

A three-dimensional image was projected in front of the officer.

It was the face of the Captain of that ship.

-At your commands, Admiral. I see that you are using confidential communication channels. How can I be of help to you?

-Prepare the ship to go on a secret mission within two hours, which is the time it takes me to get there. When we are together I will give more details.

-Yes, sir.

The Admiral decided to have faith.

***

To get to the Blue Star Nebula was to complete a journey that only veterans could do.

Even the most modern instruments of space navigation almost always got lost when they had to trace a route to it.

There was even a legend that only those who had already been there once could return to this nebula, were lucky, an expert navigator and even a bit of a fortune-teller.

That was exactly the case of Admiral Jorge, who was personally in the navigator's

seat, piloting one of the several ships he already had the honor of commanding.

Since its discovery, the Blue Star Nebula has been shown to be a rather unique astronomical phenomenon, as it seemed to have a life of its own.

Sometimes it disappeared altogether, and at other times it stood out in the celestial firmament, robbing it of beauty and standing out above everything else around it.

Many legends exist about it, some of them considering it as a harbinger of catastrophes, tragedies and even heralds of death.

The truth is that this large nebula contained a blue star inside.

And if it had a whole star inside, it was big enough to fit many more secrets.

Among those that made it difficult to locate was the general ignorance of the fact that, slowly and inexorably, the Blue Star Nebula changed its spatial positioning.

To make matters worse, she was actually multicolored and, even if slowly and imperceptibly, she was always changing her external features.

Admiral Jorge knew these and other tricks, which when he was a lieutenant, he had learned from Admiral Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, to find the mysterious nebula. As always, such teachings proved to be accurate and doubt-proof.

Again, he had managed to get back to where he wanted. Now everything became easier.

Through the instruments, the Blue Star could be located, and then the mission enter a new stage.

Admiral Jorge had to gather the officers of the U.S.S. Enterprise F1 to inform them of further details of what would follow.

***

The window sideways to the rectangular table in the U.S.S. Enterprise F1 meeting room showed a glimpse of the spacecraft's outside environment.

At that moment, it was stationed in front of the moon on whose surface, a volcano blew, like a gigantic chimney, thick clouds of white smoke that expanded through outer space forming a fantastic visual spectacle.

On a more distant plane, the field of view still allowed them to see the planet in whose orbit that natural satellite was trapped: a world like Saturn, surrounded by rings of various colors.

The contemplation of the cosmic wonders ended as soon as Admiral Jorge entered the room.

The officers greeted the Admiral, then everyone sat around the table.

-You made us curious, Admiral. - Said the Captain of the spacecraft. - You certainly didn't bring us here to give the crew a well-deserved vacation in a beautiful and quiet place.

-I wish I did. - Said the Admiral. - Unfortunately, the Federation's budget is no longer the same as in other times and now, each one pays for its tourism in the best way possible.

No one could hold back their laughter. The Admiral continued the explanation:

-The choice of the U.S.S. Enterprise F1 for this mission was not random.

"It was, because it was available at the time, and also, because I myself have had the privilege of serving alongside many here on this ship."

"Ladies and gentlemen: we are going on a secret mission, which can yield good results, or rather, which will have to be useful to the Federation, even so that the Admiral insignia on my uniform continue to be valid for something."

-Damn sir! - The Captain was surprised. - By the way, it's really serious.

-Much more than you think, young man. The Fleet is not aware that we went out for this tour.

The captain widened his eyes:

-Sir!

General silence in the room.

-If I took this mission to Starfleet High Command, we wouldn't be here now, nor would anyone ever come here...- Said the Admiral.

Even more general silence in the room.

-This mission was decided based on a message that arrived a few hours ago in the box I used when I was Captain.

"The sender of it is Admiral Fernando Zéca Corinthiano."

-A few hours away, sir?" - asked a Lieutenant. - But Admiral Fernando Zéca Corinthiano has been missing for a long time.

-Exactly, young man. - The Admiral agreed. "I see you have a good memory.

-The study of the operation he carried out on Cardassia Prime to liquidate one of the most powerful crime super-bosses in the history of the Federation, became mandatory at the Starfleet Academy.

-Just these days, History Chanel showed a documentary about this secret operation. - Reminded the Captain

-Is it true that there was a spy section involved, Admiral? - Asked one of the Lieutenants.

-That's where the questions that few know how to answer, but the Federation doesn't let them speak. - Said the Admiral with a smile.

-But isn't Admiral Fernando Zéca missing?

-I think he was even presumed dead.

-They even put a plaque on an empty grave in the Cemetery of Heroes Fallen by the Federation with his name.

-It seems that you are getting the spirit of the thing. - Said the Admiral.

-Sir! Something occurred to me...

-Say it Lieutenant. Take advantage of the fact that the subject allows for a certain democratic opening.

-The super-boss of crime who was killed in the mission, in which Admiral Fernando Zéca disappeared, was Tomy Schark, a designer who was involved in the creation of all kinds of secret weapons.

"In the program that the Captain mentioned, and I also watched, there was mention of a legendary secret Cardassian platform, well armed, almost indestructible, where thousands of robotic ships could be docked."

"Top-secret paid project for Tomy Schark to create and develop."

"It even seems that the Cardassian government entered several wars just to sponsor this weapon, which in the end, disappeared and no one knows where it ended up."

-Business is business. - Said the Admiral. - This one from Tomy Schark, I've heard about it too, but, as far as I know, the Cardassian government owed him some money and he didn't deliver it.

-Where did this gun end up? - Asked the Captain. - As he looked thoughtfully at the window.

-In the encrypted message I received, Admiral Fernando Zéca Corinthiano says that it is now in his power, under his command, and that he wants to pass the hot potato into the hands of the Federation.

***

-Sir! I remembered something that may be important.

-Tell me, Lieutenant. You think a lot. With so many ideas, in my time, I myself would even be promoted more quickly. Now... How different things are..."

-I remembered that the planet where the Mama Ofra program was made was destroyed by a UFO, which then faced Klingons and Romulans in a bloody battle.

-And he still managed to escape...

-Could it be that this thing that destroyed one of our Space Stations as well? Is it on board this UFO that Admiral Fernando Zéca is?

-That's what we're here to find out, gentleman. - Admiral Jorge clarified.

-But this business declared war against the entire universe. If the Romulans and Klingons find out that it is here, they will come running to blow it to smithereens.

-Was Admiral Fernando Zéca in command of this thing at the time when it attacked so many targets? If the answer is yes, why would he have done it?

-Attacking Mama Ofra's planet has infuriated half the galaxy, sir.

"Now, the Cardassian weapon is a hot potato."

-In the message he sent me, Admiral Zéca hinted that he only got command of the situation recently. Maybe that's why this thing stopped the killing it was promoting wherever it went."

"I believe that the situation is positive for us, not least because the message was sent when this Cardassian weapon appeared for less than a minute in front of Space Station Nine, did not fire a single shot and disappeared."

-I agree with the Admiral. - Said one of the Lieutenants. - If this weapon had been following the same behavior as before, it would have immediately destroyed Space Station Nine, just as it has already done with the 703 and the squadron of ships sent to fight it.

-It may seem a little naïve. - Pondered another of the Lieutenants present at the meeting. - But, I also think it's worth following the same reasoning as the Admiral.

"A lot of people have died fighting this thing, including ours, and now, for who knows what reason, if we have someone inside wanting to pass the command of this trigger to the Federation, we should take the opportunity. Is it too good to be a reality? Yes, it is. But it can also be that blessed card in the deck, which we have been waiting for so long, for our hand to be a winner."

-Or a trap. - Said the Captain.

Everyone was silent.

The Admiral continued.

-The Captain raised a very good point. And that's why I decided to come here secretly and only with trusted people.

"If it is true that Admiral Fernando Zéca is alive and that he peacefully controls the platform designed and built by Tomy Schark, then we may be facing a technological treasure, which can change the game in favor of the Federation."

"In this case, we will not be expelled for disobedience and maybe even get a pat on the back as a reward. If it's a trap, then let's pray that we get out of this alive."

Everyone remained silent...

Except for Admiral Jorge:

-It's a risky undertaking! But I think it's worth it.

"However, I can't force anyone to go with me. And in case you don't want to follow me, I'll understand. And if this is the case, I ask you to lend me one of the auxiliary ships that I will go on alone."

-I think it may be a trap. - Said the Captain. - Even so, I understand that it is a card that we cannot risk losing.

"If all goes well, this secret mission will go down in history as an important milestone. So, for my part, I accompany you, Admiral."

-That's it Captain.

-You did well.

-He spoke for everyone!

-I appreciate that, gentlemen. - Admiral Jorge thanked. - So, I think it's time for us to try to establish contact with Admiral Zéca.

***

- Use reserved channels of communication, alpha frequency seven three five.

-Reserved channels of communication, alpha frequency seven three five, sir.

-Calling Almirante Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, please answer.

…..... KRRACKKKK.....

PIIIIP!!!

-Admiral Fernando Zéca Corinthiano responding.

The image of the old officer appeared on the screen in the meeting room. Clear and crystalline.

The uproar was general! Almost like a goal in a soccer game.

It was him!

-How are you, Admiral Fernando Zéca? It's me. Jorge. Do you recognize me?

Admiral Zéca looked in the direction of the camera. As if trying to see something better.

-Jorge Gavião?!? Of course, my friend! But, you look older! You are hairy and even with a white goatee... And this outfit... It looks like an Admiral's uniform... Going to a costume party or did I miss something?

Admiral Jorge smiled broadly.

He couldn't hide things from the veteran's watchful eyes.

-You stayed away for some time, Admiral Zéca. You lost some things.

-How long?

-It has been more than twenty Earth years since you were last seen, since your mission in Cardassia Prime.

***



-Blimey! I can't believe it!

-That's true, Admiral. During this time, I continued working in the Federation and even won one or two promotions.

Admiral Fernando Zéca took a better look at the image he received from his side.

-Damn, Admiral Jorge! It's true! Congratulations! You are even more senior than me. I am the one who must salute you now."

The two burst into laughter.

-And since you're in the High Command now, can I ask you for a raise?

-Hey! This is not my departamentt! - Admiral Jorge replied.

-All right then; and how is our Corinthians doing in all the time I've been away?

Admiral Jorge's facial expression closed and became more serious.

Beside him, two young lieutenants smiled in derision, and could not suppress an ironic giggle.

Admiral Zéca noticed the attitude of the two and asked Admiral Jorge:

-What are these guys laughing, Jorge?

-You two, Lieutenants, close your mouths, please! - Roared Admiral Jorge, visibly upset with the young and jocular officers, who, faced with the scolding, straightened up their posture and said nothing more.

-Are things still difficult?

-Don't even tell me... You also seem to have been busy...

-Truth. I'm sending you by this frequency the data with my exact location. I thought it prudent to hide around here after what this thing has been up to..."

-Is this thing you are referring to, the platform secretly designed by Tomy Schark?

-Exact.

-Was it the one who attacked Mama's planet and Space Station 703?

-I'm sorry to say yes... This giant spider was turned on in a kind of automatic control of TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF OTHERS, and has only recently been deactivated.

-And you now keep everything under your control?

-Now, yes. Before, when this killing machine carried out all the attacks, I didn't."

-And how did you end up there, Admiral?

-I was programming a platoon of war robots that I found in one of Tomy Schark's laboratories. Suddenly, everything started to explode.

"The return passages around me were all blocked due to collapses and, in the place where I was, in addition to the robots, what seemed to me to be a kind of these teleportation portals had worked."

"I threw myself through it, and woke up here with a platoon of Cardassian war robots of the worst quality."

-Worst quality, sir? - asked the surprised Captain. - Cardassian robots have always been considered the best for wars...

-Well, here they looked more like a bunch of poets and philosophers! - Grumbled Admiral Fernando Zéca without hiding some frustration. - I think their hardware was affected by going through the portal.

-It may have been that. - Clarified one of the Lieutenant Engineers, present at the meeting. - Old teleportation portals used to give problems in situations like the one you went through.

-Explain better, Lieutenant.

-In situations of strategic retreats during battles, where explosions could be happening around the aforementioned portals, it was not uncommon that, after some shot eventually hit them, they caused problems in the teleportation of electronic equipment and even weapons, eventually changing the existing programming in their software.

"The case of Admiral Fernando Zéca must have affected even the time it took the portal to transmit and deliver it along with the robots to its destination."

"That's why for this type of situation, nowadays, we use STARGATES, which, even though they are older, have better and more reliable technology."

-There are more people with you, Admiral Zéca?

-Everyone here is dead except myself. After I took control here, I went around researching why things got to the state they are and found out that even before I arrived, there was a rebellion of Cardassian slaves."

"They revolted after the teleportation portals stopped operating and killed everyone here, however, this mutiny did not last long. It was mortally repressed by automatic security measures, which destroyed almost everything around here."

-Almost everything, sir?

-Good. Only me and a few more strange creatures remained, which the security systems were not able to kill... But now, you can rest assured, everything is under my control."

-Admiral Fernando Zéca. We already have your location and, in about forty Earth minutes, we will get there.

-Very well then. I'm waiting.

***

The U.S.S. Enterprise-F1 docked with one of the gigantic legs on the Cardasian Spider, alongside robotic ships that were there.

While waiting for the arrival of the spacecraft personnel, the old Admiral's head was filled with questions.

-How would his family be? What would he explain to his wife when he met her again? And his son? How would he be now? And his daughter?

Immersed in these and other questions, he was surprised when, out of nowhere, four figures appeared next to him.

They were people who were being teleported to where he was.

As soon as the teleportation process was over, he soon recognized one of them.

His old friend, Admiral Jorge Gavião. The two greeted each other.

-How good to see you again, Admiral!

-I say the same, Admiral!

Admiral Zéca also greeted the other crew members of the Enterprise who had arrived along with Admiral Jorge.

One of them, a very beautiful doctor, who was already informing him;

-Admiral Fernando, our sensors indicate that you are in good health, however, you have been contaminated with the virus of a mild Cardassian cold.

Then she pulled out an injection applicator and asked:

-Can I give you medication to speed up healing?

-Perfectly

After the medication was applied, Admiral Jorge also asked:

-Is it safe for my team to do explorations here?

-Now it is. You can feel free. Bring in a cleaning team first, because this is not just dirty; it's filthy.

Admiral Jorge smiled and then ordered.

-Spread out and explore everything around here. Look and learn all you can about this place and the technology used to build it.

The crew spread out, leaving the two officers alone.

Admiral Jorge took from the bag he was carrying, a bottle and two glasses.

-It is Alambic Brazilian Cachaça! There is no better!

He served and gave one of them to Admiral Fernando Zéca.

After that, he still took out from one of the pockets of his jacket two cigars that were

soon lit.

-Health!

-Health! Live Long and Prosper.

-May the Force always be with us!

-And go Corinthians!

-Go Corinthians!

The two toasted and voraciously swallowed their cigars.

-How long...

-That's right, old man.

-Now the bad news, Admiral Zéca.

-Hmmmm.

-The Cardasian cold you caught will force you to stay here forty-five Earth days before boarding the U.S.S. ENTERPRISE-F1. Nothing more than that.

-Blimey! Any more bad news?

-I contacted the Starfleet High Command and informed them of our situation.

-And?

-Everyone thought the news was great. This weapon that you have given us will change the position of Starfleet in the great game of galactic power.

"Romulans, Klingons and Ferengis want to kill the Cardassians because they sniffed that the weapon that destroyed Mama's planet is of their manufacture."

"In the meantime, we will secretly keep it in our possession, studying it and learning how to reproduce it. A group from E.Y.E. will come here soon to start the research."

"And the Starfleet High Command has determined that we should stay here, hidden in the nebula, concentrating on these studies, until we are able to make such a weapon by our own means."

"Does that mean I won't be able to return to my family as soon as the forty-five days are over?"

-For the moment, we will stop here, Admiral Zéca. And we need you to remain with us, to help unravel more easily, the secrets of this Cardassian weapon.

"As soon as the mission ends, we will provide a safe means that does not cause a great uproar, for you to return with peace of mind to your entire family, because, you don't know, but you are a historical celebrity."

-That's not bad," the old Admiral quickly resigned himself aloud. "

“At least I'll have time to come up with some forty decent excuses to justify my prolonged disappearance."

"Now tell me George, after all this time; how is our Corinthians doing? What titles have we won?"

-Well, Admiral Zéca. You know what our life as Corinthians fans is like: one suffering after another, right... Good... So... Take a look...

****

*****

***

Certainly my dear Friend Serjão, after reading the last line of this adventure, will feel compelled to make his criticisms and comments about this masterful literary work of my authorship.

Great friend that he is, I know that he bravely with iron will, faced every line and paragraph written here, because in this way, he thinks he is paying for his sins committed in life.

This is an arduous task, I agree, that he later pays off, after so much suffering, I mean, reading, weaving his comments and criticisms to help his friend here to write better.

And as a friend who is a friend, never refuses a friend's request, I ask my Friend Serjão to read everything again to suffer once again..., OPS! – Correcting myself I say, to feel the same pleasure he had in the first reading to then DOUBLE the number of COMPLIMENTARY COMMENTS to my work.

***

OLD POT ALSO MAKES GOOD FOOD

2465 A.D.

After a tiring day of work, Admiral Fernando Zéca Corinthiano finally got out from behind the computer on the desk, and went to the reserved area of his office: a living room with bathroom, sofa, bookshelf full of books, comic books, various electronic devices and old rock'n roll vinyl records.

There, Fernando Zéca would sink his head into the cushion glued to the arm of the sofa and sleep the dreams of the righteous.

Before he did, a quick flash from the bookshelf lit up the room for no more than two seconds.

Curious about the strange occurrence, the old Admiral went to see what was happening. He saw something unusual.

The flash did not come from the lights in that room, because it was a different color than the one emanated by the dimmer and yellowish lamps installed there.

It was: white and, almost blinding!

The veteran looked around the venue, but everything seemed to be normal.

Yawning, he decided to lie down again, even with the flea of doubt, itching behind his ear.

It was then that he saw the radio set on his drawing table.

Zéca didn't remember putting it there.

It was an old model of the twentieth century.

The story he knew about it was that his ancestors, since before his great-great-grandfathers, already used it in their daily lives, mainly to follow the results of football games.

It had been a long time since Fernando Zéca saw that device, which was equivalent in size to two shoe boxes stacked on top of each other.

Zéca didn't even know that it was among his junk and trinkets.

It was a surprise to meet it again.

He went to his drawing desk, connected it to the power station there, and tried to activate it.

The device squeaked and crackled, manifesting life. It was not in its best shape.

The Admiral then disconnected it from the power, opened it on the table, and then cleaned the board, the controls, and everything else.

He spent an hour and a half working on it. During this time, he was imagining all the historical, sporting, artistic events that were witnessed through that device... World Cup wins, state, national and club world championships. Races of all kinds...

The stories his family members told him about this relic were unforgettable.

Zéca kept imagining the value of the device. It was difficult to evaluate in times of economic and political instability when the Federation was not going through its best days.

Its economic system has practically broken down in the face of demands from the new times.

Not all worlds could long maintain an economic-political system as democratic as that of the federated planets.

In the vast majority of cases, as soon as finances tightened, the administrations of these governments made the first budget cuts, which directly affected everything related to education.

With less information and general unpreparedness, the field opened up to demagogue politicians, to the ill-intentioned, and even to the puppets of occult forces harmful to the people.

The seed of destruction germinated when non-democratic and tyrannical governments, as a result of this conjuncture, flourished and gained broad power, generating

chaos.

The consequences could be wars at all levels, which caused constant migratory flows of refugees, a fact that, consequently, overloaded the structures of other planets, federated or not, that would shelter them.

This situation, which the Federation left unremedied, forced the return of the less "woke" and more capitalist political-economic system, where conserving wealth was once again prioritized, to the detriment of equality and social development.

Thus, evaluating a device like the radio that Fernando Zéca had in his hands was not easy. Which economic system would determine its price? The capitalist??

While thinking about it, the old Admiral plugged the radio into the socket, and the sound then came out crystal clear, and, to his surprise: stereophonic:

-Good night! You are on Radio "Q", with João do Lance listening to rock.

"Stay now with the rock band's classic Smoke on the Water, Deep Purple."

Admiral Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, was surprised, not only with the sound quality of the device, but also with that rock that was one of his favorite songs.

So much so that, to better savor the moment, he lit one of his infamous black market cigarettes.

***



Enjoying the music, the old Admiral Fernando Zéca Corinthiano, saw through the smoke of his cigarette, fragments of his past.

His ramblings did not last long, soon the music ended and the announcer spoke again...

-You will now enjoy a RUSH - Red Sector "A".

"While this noise is going on, from the Deep Space Nine station, thirty-five ships are leaving for Ration. Ration, for those who don't know, is the World of Atlas, that colossal floating piece of flat land, inside the BLUE SKY nebula, where 50 billion inhabitants live, ruled for a few decades now, by Empress Kristal."

"These ships, which are going there, under the command of Commodore Menix, who claims to be carrying provisions and medicines to help in the great economic crisis that has hit there..."

"This is João do Lance on Radio "Q". Whether you believe this story or not, stay with me listening to the best of progressive rock."

The music began to play, with impressive sound quality for that device, while doubts gnawed through the veteran Admiral's mind. Something was wrong.

A few weeks ago, the old officer had read in the Fleet reports that the situation in Ration was stabilized politically and financially.

Atlas World had become a valuable ally of the Federation of United Planets, both commercially and strategically.

Under the command of Empress Kristal, Ration developed an industrial and tourist park so powerful that it made the World of Atlas an important reference in the space sector where it was located, almost rivaling in economic power with the entire Federation.

Was it possible that some calamity had occurred there without his knowing?

The old Admiral was suspicious of the news... Would it be another fake news?

The veteran believed that there was no calamity at all!

Especially if Empress Kristal was still ruling.

As he had worked for a long time in the Secret Service of the Federation, having reached high positions there, he was suspicious of everything.

Especially from strange news like that, which smelled like the typical disinformation used to cover up shady actions.

Provisions? Medicines? Help and Security? These justifications could hide a lot of different things.

The Admiral's memory alerted him to another detail: the name of the officer in charge of that transport was familiar. And not because of his involvement with charity!

He was a type who was always involved in mercenary actions, far removed from philanthropy.

Through the smoke coming out of his cigarette, the old Admiral tried to visualize the path that this bunch of spaceships would have to take from the station to the Blue Sky Nebula, where the world of Atlas was located.

A route that required a lot of energy. It was not for any ship of the private initiative... Someone, or some very powerful force, was behind that action...

The song then ended and soon came back again, the voice of the announcer João do Lance:

-Now, another Radio "Q" Classic.

"AC/DC". As you listen to this Rock legend, you also learn that another column of 33 ships is leaving Space Station 42 for Ration, under the command of Commodore Felix Kaprass, who also claims to carry provisions and medicine..."

Again, the Admiral found himself suspicious of the news. And the reasons for so much distrust were very similar to those of the first case...

He activated a table communicator, which was on his drawing desk.

Soon, the familiar face of a great friend of his, Admiral Sonia Regina, appeared:

-What's up Zéca? How are things?

-The news has reached me that Felix Kaprass and Menix are involved in a charity mission for Ration.

-Felix Kaprass and Menix involved with charity? Tell me more about this news...

-Well, that's what I learned...

-There's something wrong there, Zéca. Kaprass and Menix do not mix with philanthropy even to save their own families. You know I'm involved with a lot of charitable, life-saving missions, and those two names are not the ones that appear anywhere that gets help. In fact, they only appear, where there is confusion and blood spilled..."

"Besides," - Added Admiral Sonia, who now appeared on the monitor adjusting her glasses, while looking at something to the side. – “I see here in my records, that Ration has no sign of emergency, nor indication of a problem."

"Starfleet officially knows nothing of any mission to help Ration, nor of any distress call from there."

-I soon imagined. - Said Fernando Zéca.

"It must be another typical disinformation. A useful tool since before the time of communism..."

-And speaking of crap, Zéca... Do you remember that these two names there, were involved with the Partido Obrero?"

Thus, Admiral Sonia Regina left Fernando Zéca Corinthiano with this flea behind his ear, to think.

Later, already burning another cigarette, the old Admiral would visualize in the smoke of this one, the fleets of ships heading towards the World of Atlas...

Would all these ships really be peaceful? Or not?

The announcer João do Lance returned with news, and songs.

-Do you want the best? So, here on Radio "Q" you will have the best: KISS....

"But before you go out partying every day, and enjoying the rock all night, it's good to know that a third column of spaceships is leaving the Klingon base NIL KANOR'K carrying provisions and medicine for Ration."

"The commander of this caravan of good intentions is Klingon General Hakil Trantaks”

And right after this information, Rock and Roll all Night started to happen.

Again, Admiral Fernando Zéca activated the communicator on his drawing desk.

This time, on his monitor, the image of a Klingon Admiral appeared.

Another great companion in battle: Admiral Orlenka Nava.

Without wasting time, the veteran explained to her, the whole situation...

And then he concluded:

-... So, as far as I know, General Hakil Trantaks is on a supply transport mission to Ration.

-Trantaks? - Asked the Klingon Admiral showing doubts. - No way!

And she continued:

-Sonia reminded you that Kaprass and Menix are so involved with the Partido Obrero, right?

-Yes, Admiral Orlenka...

-Yes, Fenando Zéca... Trantaks, even more so!



***

-Half an hour later, Admiral Fernando Zéca already had another cigarette burning between his fingers.

Once again, he activated the communicator on top of his drawing deskboard.

An acquaintance of his, with blue skin, appeared.

An wihite bearded, long haired Andorian, one of those with a face well tied up by the constant bad mood...

-Azulão! How are you?

-Very well Admiral Zéca. – Answered the andorian. - Talking to you is one of the few reasons that get me out of my grumpiness.

-I am aware that, a short time ago, you were promoted to Admiral.

"I am very proud, It was an honor to serve with you, my friend Azulão."

-The same for me, was an honor to serve under your command, Zéca.

-So, my friend! I need a favor....

-Tell me. I'm at your command.

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano explained the whole situation to Admiral Azulão, who in the past had been his first mate in several ships, and later pursued a career as Captain and Admiral, and the two together went through unspeakable confusions.

Old Admiral Zéca chose him to inform the facts he had come across, because Admiral Azulão was the type who did not leave such problems unsolved.

-I'll see for myself what it's about and then I'll get back to you, Zéca.

***

Fernando Zéca continued to enjoy the Rock of Radio "Q" on his old radio, until, hours later, the communicator on his drawing table called.

It was Admiral Azulão.

Fernando Zéca Corinthiano turned off the radio set,

He left it on the shelf of his bookshelf and went to answer the call.

-Zéca! I have news!

"I summoned 60 Starfleet ships and headed to the Blue Sky Nebula where we found the 3 fleets that claimed to bring supplies and medicine to Ration."

"They didn't bring supplies! They brought weapons!"

"These ships were bankrolled by the Partido Obrero as you suspected!"

Surprised, (but not so much) Fernando Zéca asked.

-Did the targets resisted? Anyone injured?

-No resistance, Zéca.

"But the bums... Oh! These are now all in jail!"

"All behind bars, Admiral! We surrounded the whole group when they had just met, and then we demanded from everyone there, unconditional surrender faced with our superior firepower! They didn't even imagine that the Fleet would reap from them with such flagrantness. They thought this was impossible to happen.

Fernando Zéca was flabbergasted by the reports...

-Even the Klingon ships surrendered? -Asked.

-Yes! They also realized that they would not stand a chance against us.

Admiral Azulão had a hard temper, and did not play around on duty: for this reason, Fernando Zéca chose him to solve the case.

Zéca knew that Azulão would take more than enough firepower to face the worst possible war.

However, even after a successful job, he had his doubts:

-Zéca, explain to me how you found out about all this? I still don't understand it properly.

-Actually, neither do I, Azulão.

“The fact is that I was listening to Radio "Q", whose presenter, between one song and another, passed on this information."

-Radio "Q"?

-Yes! The presenter calls João do Lance.

-It's just that my communications officer said he doesn't know any Radio "Q".

"He also mentioned that, in his records, there is no radio station with that name. Do you know her dial number?"

-Not in my head. - Replied Fernando Zéca. - But I can see it on the device. One moment, Azulão.

-Surely.

Fernando Zéca turned to pick up the radio set, where he had left it on the shelf, and suddenly the blinding flash, which had already occurred before, was repeated.

The old officer was surprised for a few moments, but soon recovered, realizing that the radio set he was looking for was no longer in the place where he had left it.

-Dam it! - He cursed. - As if the wallet and keys were not enough disappearing all the time, now this relic also disappears from my sight...

***

In another dimension, two omnipotent deities, endowed with almost absolute power, "talk":

-Father. You have always said that the Federation and humans were not worthy of continuing to exist. You've even put them at risk, just to test them. Why have you now protected them?

-You're right, son. The fate of the Federation was already written...

-But you changed it! You delayed the end that was practically certain by sending dissimulated warnings, through the radio set you sent to Admiral Zéca."

- Indeed, son. If the Partido Obrero were to retake Ration through the power of the shipment of weapons that was arriving there, in a short time, it would dominate the entire space sector where the Blue Sky Nebula is located, which, later on, would cause the decline, and the definitive end of the Federation."

-So, Dad: what made you change your mind about humanity and the Federation? Why did you think they would deserve a second chance?

-Son, I could tell you: in other times, I even learned something from humans.

"I could also say that: in a way, this is a means that I used, to pay them my debt with some gratitude, but...

"I will not leave the height of omnipotence, to recognize some possible virtue that they may have."

"So, I prefer to tell you, that: I saved humanity and the Federation from certain death from the hands of the Partido Obrero, so that I myself, in an uncertain and unknown future, may be the cause of its end.”



***

MORAL OF THE STORY

In times of crisis, the omnipotent deities will almost never save man from the problems that afflict him.

If they appear, it will probably be to worsen what is already bad

***

And if the dear reader thinks that he suffered until got here, it is because did not imagine what the proofreader/diagrammer who had to check the text several times went through.

Anyway, once again I thank you just for taking the time to get here.

All the best to you.

***

XXXI CENTURY

First epilogue before the next part.

Timot Danlen entered the room where a beautiful tall redhead was sitting behind a glass table wearing a classic-style jacket-pants ensemble that couldn't hide her beauty.

-Sit down please. - She asked, indicating a chair.

He sat and stared at the wall, the famous logo of the Federation Secret Service, the fearsome E.Y.E..

A simple design, which has not changed over the centuries, as well as everything it represented.

-Tim... If you allow me to call it that. - She asked.

-No problem.

-You have the classic profile to be an agent in some missions that we will have to carry out. As you know, we live in difficult times in which wars are now adopting new tactics and resources. The Agency has to build a team of elite agents in new fields where our influence has to be present."

-New fields, ma'am?

-Time travel, Tim. I want to have my own team of elite time operatives working for the Federation Secret Service. Would you like to be a part of it?

-I would be honored to cooperate with the E.Y.E. in some way. The Agency has a great history of protecting the Federation.

-Then welcome to the team, Tim. - Said the redhead extending her hand to greet the new agent. - We will assemble a group just for time travel and you will be one of the main operatives.

-I am honored.

-Here at the Agency we adopt code names to be used in missions.

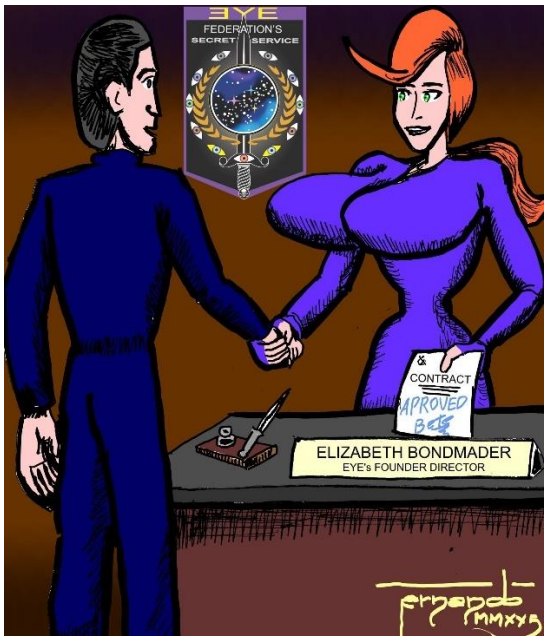
-I understand, ma'am, to keep our real names protected in anonymity.

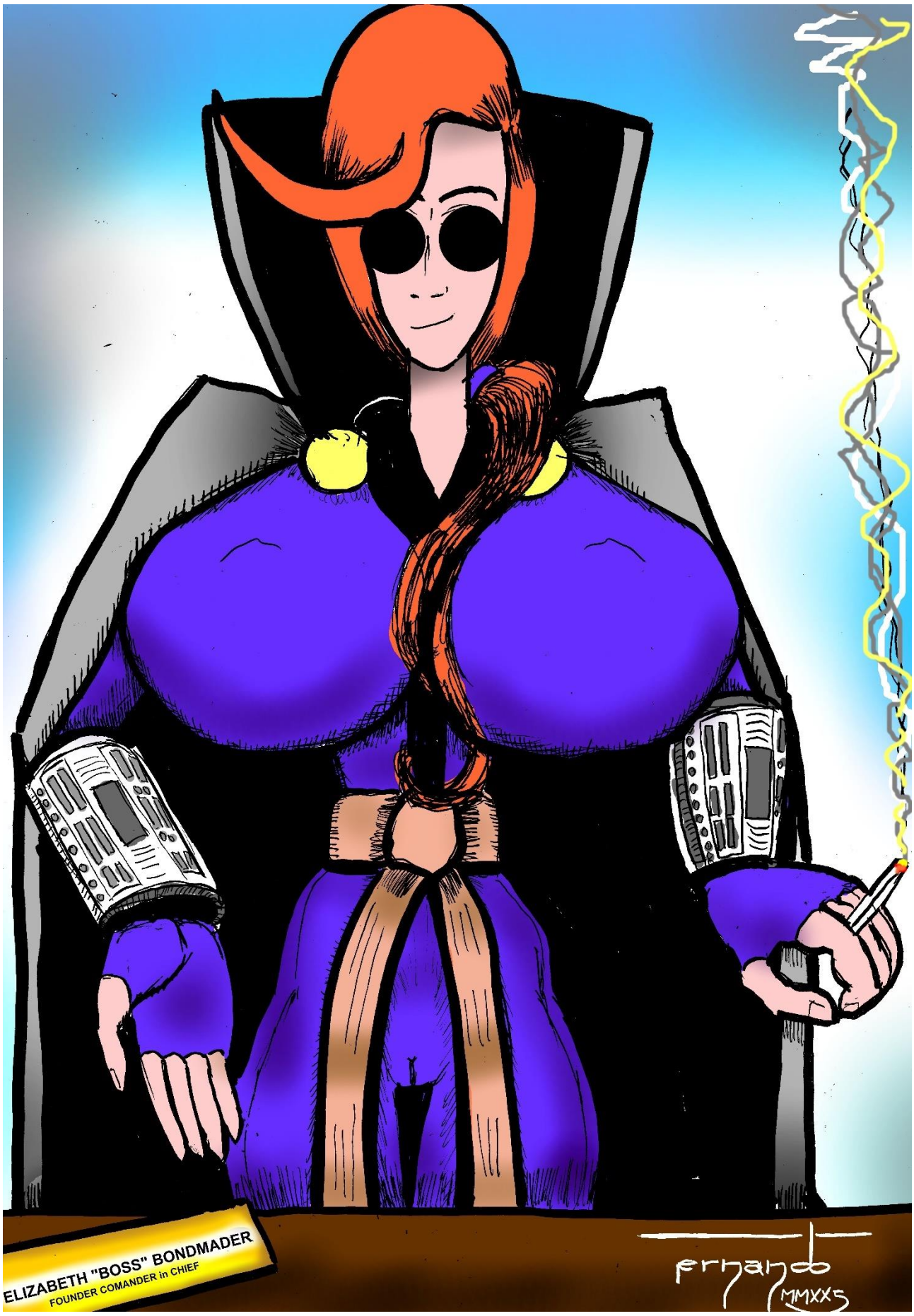
-That's right! The idea is more or less that, Tim... From now on, we will only call each other by our real names at family gatherings, in the office, or in Agency formalities."

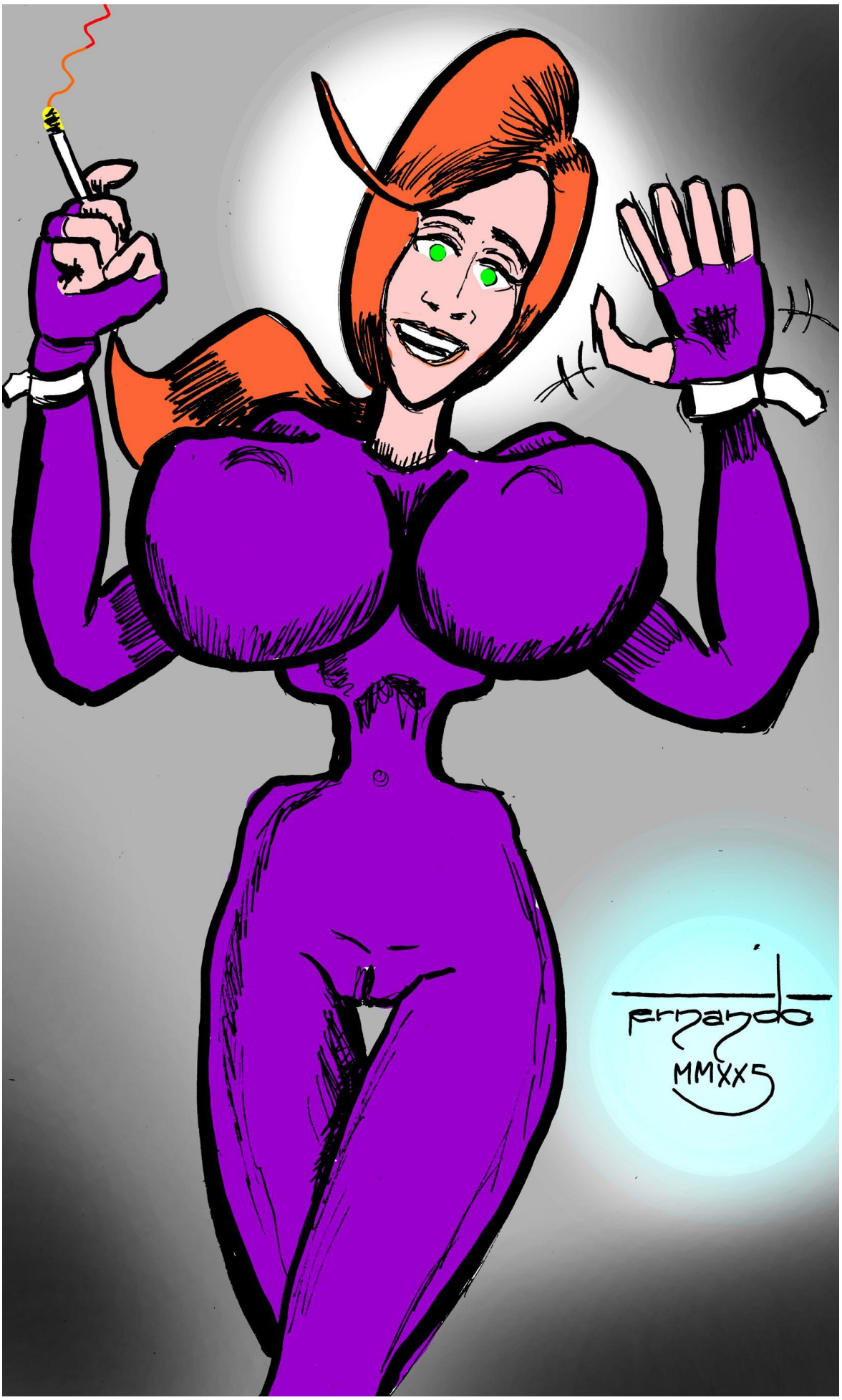
-And what should I call you, Ma’am? Here on the sign of your table, your name is ELIZABETH BONDMADER...

-My code name is BETE and yours will be AGENT DANIELS.

***




ELIZABETH "BOSS" BONDMADER
FOUNDER COMANDER in CHIEF
fernando
MMXXS


fernando
MMXX5

SECOND EPILOGUE BEFORE THE NEXT PART

In the newsroom of the GAZETTE OF THE ROMULAN IMPERIAL STATE, we find SLAVEATOR TOUPEIRA, entering the room of the Editor-in-Chief Zéquinha...

Without asking permission, he sat down in the empty chair that stood in front of the boss's desk...

-So what are the news boss?

-Damn! Slava! (Affectionate nickname) You know that this chair is reserved only for hot women. Get out of there and go to work."

-But this chair is always empty, boss.

-It's empty there just to have room for a hot woman when she comes to visit me.

-But no hot woman comes to visit you, boss.

-All right Slava! But this chair is not for you. Send it free and get out to work."

Slavetor Toupeira rose from his chair all shrunken and sad.

-Well boss: I came to know if you have read the science fiction work I wrote.

-That "APOCRYPHAL PARODIES"???

-That's right, boss! What did you think? Did you like it?

-GO FUCK YOURSELF, SLAVA! That shit is over 600 pages long! FUCK OFF! GET THE HELL out of here!

“It is a badly written piece of crap that resembles those endless third-rate novels repeating the same literary solutions hundreds of times.”

"I have more to do! Now come back to your desk to guarantee the bribe of our newspaper and don't bother me with crap that no one will read."

****

I end this epic by glorifying and thanking all the readers who have valiantly made it this far, even those who skipped everything and have already come to check the end in the last paragraphs.

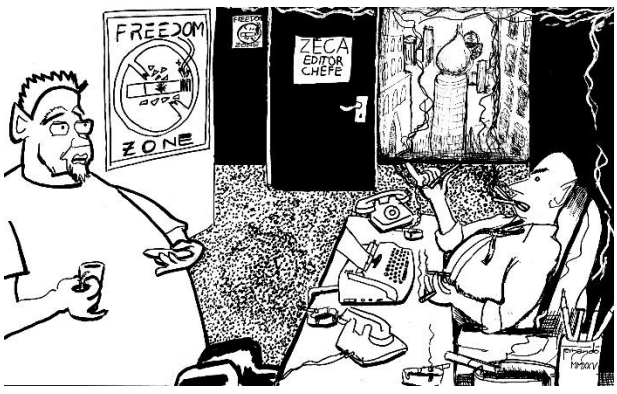
To these and to all the others, I can only promise one thing:

THERE WILL BE THE CONCLUSIVE and SPECTACULAR SEQUEL,
WAIT and READ.

***

By such an extraordinary effort, the dear reader who fearlessly followed this work, from beginning to end, will have already paid for all his sins, and thus guaranteed a place in paradise.

***



FINAL CONSIDERATION

I can't thank enough for the inspirations and good times I had enjoying the colossal work of the giants on whose shoulders I climbed to create these lines.

I will only mention their names or works, remembering that without them, I would be much less than I am today.

I apologize to forgetting many others, but for this lack I blame my age and excessive smoking.

STAR TREK / STAR WARS / Dune / Dr. Who / GALACTICA / PLANET of the APES / GRIM JACK / SANDMAN / Swamp Thing / Twiglight Zone/ Mission: Impossible Perry Rhodan / Terminator / ISAAC ASIMOV / ARTHUR CLARKE / ALIEN SPEED RACER
and much more!

The APOCRYPHAL PARODIES were produced not only with the intention of freeing my head from some fanciful ideas that polluted it, but also with the challenge of ENTERTAINING THE READER who spends his precious time in these lines.

If I managed to get you a little smile of joy and anyway, with these lines I helped your day to get better, I WON AND REACHED MY GOAL.

So, DEAR READER, once again I thank you:
[Even those who came directly to this line without reading all the mess that preceded it.
(look at me here repeating ONCE AGAIN the same joke)]

YOU ARE THE REAL STAR
that somehow made all this fantasy real.

THANK YOU and I hope we can follow together again in the future.

FERNANDO ZÉCA CORINTHIANO
(author)