

Chapter 7

Commander's Log PCDATE: 22396041 1600hrs SPCT

Position: Unknown

Systems: Damaged: Full Report Here.

To be able to articulate what I have seen I require a more extensive know in what I can assume to be quantum particle physics. The being known as Milton has demonstrated abilities beyond anything I've ever seen before. I still don't believe it. I've attached the ships logs and cabin recording to this report. This needs to be sent to whatever science department studies this sort of thing.

He connected, merged with the ship and became a part of it. Or did the ship become a part of him. I can't fathom at this point.

However, when this report will reach anybody is the next question. At this point in time, Milton appears to be unconscious. After we finished, I'm gonna say the space jump for a lack of a better term, he collapsed. It would appear that the trip and experience above Isothorpe has taken a significant toll on his body, if that is the right term.

Unfortunately, due to his modifications, the ships engines and navigation systems are no longer functional. It would appear that he has altered not only the ships computer systems, but also the physical structure as well. It barely resembles the shuttlecraft anymore, but if it can make space jumps, this could be revolutionary. This could give us a much needed advantage over the Empire as well as usher in a new level of exploration.

However, I don't know where we are and I can't move anywhere. I will have to hope that the medical computer can assist Milton in his recovery process. He's currently registering as human with symptoms of extreme exhaustion and dehydration. Whether this is accurate or not, I can't fathom. Without him, I'm unable to move.

Additional:

I don't believe Milton is a dangerous being, at least not intentionally. He appeared desperate to leave the system as soon as possible. When my life was in danger, he could have easily disposed of me, or let me die. He didn't. He seemed frightened when the in space-time opened above the

“Ship approaching,” warned the computer.

“Identify!” she ordered.

“Unknown,” was its response. Lilianna was starting to detect a sense of stubbornness to the computer's generic and usually monotone voice. She felt that it enjoyed frustrating her.

“Does it look friendly?” she asked.

“Define friendly?”

“What do you mean define friendly? And when do you answer a question with a question?”

“What does the term friendly mean in relation to a space vessel?” replied the computer with another question.

“Uuuh, does it look like it's going to attack us or is it just curious?”

“Unknown. Long range scanners can't ascertain the friendliness of the vessel.”

It appeared to Lilianna that the ship's navigation and engines weren't the only systems modified.

“Ok! How close do they have to be before we can find out and when will that be?”

“Unknown vessel will be in range of the short range scanner in three minutes and twenty-six seconds.”

Now, she was getting somewhere. She attempted to hail them. No success. Whether that was because the systems were damaged or they weren't responding was unclear. She checked the weapons systems. Shuttlecraft had a basic ship laser, but it was mainly used for mining purposes. They were never designed for combat, or to be far away from the mother vessel. If the ship were hostile, there was nothing she could do.

To say that Commander Lilianna Belle, first officer of the Planetary Collective Forces Starship McGuffin, felt helpless was an understatement.

“I could really use your help, Milton.”

She looked back to see him still lying on the medical bed, hooked up to all the monitoring systems. If he was breathing, it was very shallow, but he was still alive, which meant that he could soon recover.

“Computer, time before the ships in range?”

“One minute, sixteen seconds. Next time say please. It’s more polite.”

She didn’t want to think about what was going on with the computer. It seemed to be as cheeky as Milton when they first met.

“It sounds like Milton,” she pondered. “What if...” she paused. “How...”

“Computer, is it possible to link you with a biological entity?”

“And why would you want to do a stupid thing like that?”

“Just curious, is it possible?”

“Don’t you think that this isn’t the best time for hypothetical scenarios?”

“Can you please answer the question?”

“Well since you asked so nicely. It is theoretically possible. If the biological had a neural link, I could connect with that.”

“Does the entity on the medical bed have one?”

“Negative.”

“Do we have a neural link on board?”

“Negative those are banned in the Planetary Collective as they are used to hack computer systems. Do I need to report this on your permanent record?”

“Is there something that could be modified to become one?”

“Potentially. That ship is going to be in scanner range in thirty seconds and who knows when it’s in weapons range, if it isn’t already. Shouldn’t you be think of something else?”

“Please computer, humour me. Can it be done.”

“All right a neural stimulator can be modified to link with my systems. Shall I modify one for you, since I don’t think this is theoretical anymore?”

“Please and thank you.”

“Stand by.”

Her idea was a long shot, but the only shot she had. If she was wrong then she would have wasted time that could have been spent on another potentially life saving endeavour. One of the medical trays lit up. The neural stimulator plopped on it.

“Place it to the base of the skull at the spinal cord and I’ll link it up, however if you are expecting a Frankenstein’s monster here, it ain’t gonna work.”

She inserted it.

“By the way, it would appear that ship is a pirate vessel and it doesn’t look to friendly.”

“Ok, computer, connect with the neural link.”

“Connection established. The ship is scanning us by the way.”

“Any changes in Milton.”

“None.”

“Hmm. Download your personality systems into him.”

“You want me to do what now?”

“Just do it!”

“Okay, okay Commander. Shesh. The pirates are about to lock a tractor beam.”

She didn't care at this point. This was the only hope now.

“Downloading.”

Milton's body agitated briefly and then stopped. All vital signs went to zero. Lilianna put her hands in her head. She had killed him.

“Download complete,” Milton rasped as he coughed.

“Milton! Is that you?”

“I think so, where was I just now?”

“Umm. Not sure but we have a problem that I think only you can fix.”

“The pirate ship, yes?”

“Yes.”

“You don’t exactly give a boy a chance to catch his breath now, do you?”

Lillianna helped him out of bed towards the pilot’s chair. He was a bit shaky on his legs.

“Okie Dokie.”

She had expected him to merge with the ship to control it, however, he simply tapped a few keys and most of the ships systems came back online.

“Now we get out of here.”

“What about enhancing our defence capabilities? Weapons and shields.”

“Well, A, I used most of the ships energy, plus a little of mine to get us here so shields are out of the question. As for weapons, no! I don’t use weapons.”

“So?”

“So, we do this.” His fingers danced over the console like a professional pianist. As he tapped the final key the tractor beam was disabled.

“I don’t think they’ll be much trouble, And I think I know where to drop you off.”

Lilianna didn’t like the sound of that.