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"Hold your fire Quirk shouted as Checkoff's finger hovered over the tazor button."

The little shuttlecraft suddenly appeared in the centre of the forward viewer as Quirk manoeuvred it between the Tantalise and Star Brothel Alpha. On the space station itself, the computers calculated another window in the ring cycle and pulsed the tractor beam once again. The Tantalise was only partially affected this time as the shuttlecraft absorbed most of the tractor's power. In seconds Quirk and his landing party were inside the docking bay and the tractor beam had shut down.

"Well, we're on the station," Quirk observed. "I suppose we should look for what's left of Spook."

The landing party soon found their science officer still sitting on his own penis and sporting a Cheshire cat grin across his face.

"I thought it was only Solo who played those games," Quirk commented while walking towards Spook.

Spook didn't answer, he still hadn't found his ears and only realised that the landing party had arrived because Quirk was waving a hand in front of his face.

"What's been going on here?" Dr McBoy questioned. "Parts of Spook are still scattered all over the floor. He must have been broken into small parcels of spiritual energy when he passed through the transporter scrambler. I'm surprised he's rebuilt himself at all."

"I take it he's made a few mistakes putting his organs back in their proper place," Snotty commented.

"I can see one organ where it shouldn't be," Quirk added. "Maybe you ought to help him rebuild himself Balls."

With the assistance of Dr McBoy, Spook finally managed to retrieve all his body parts and solve the anatomical jigsaw puzzle that had originally presented itself. Finally with the generation of a federation uniform he was ready to face the universe once again. Unbeknown to the other members of the landing party though, he'd used the cover of his uniform to return one anatomical appendage to a more desirable location and was now enjoying every step of the walk as they made their way towards the star brothel's command centre.

"Quirk to Tantalise, can you detect any signs of life?"

"Negative captain, the scrambler's still playing havoc with our sensors," Solo replied. "We're only just able to pinpoint your location by homing in on your communicator signal."

"We've transferred through the link tunnel from the zero gravity spindle and we're now making our way along the inner ring towards the command centre," Quirk reported. "No signs of any life yet. We should have encountered a pypm or two by now."

"I've lost them," Lt O'Hurry reported. "We're no longer tracking their communicator's carrier wave."

"Try to raise them on voice link," Solo commanded.

"Tantalise to Captain Quirk," Lt O'Hurry repeated a few times, then turned back towards Solo. "No response from the landing party," she eventually reported.

"Sound alert status," Solo instructed. "Something's not quite right and I don't know what it is. Keep trying to raise the landing party and Checkoff, take over the bridge, I need to use the toilet."

"Tazors on stun," Quirk ordered. "We need to find the transporter scrambler controls and deactivate them ... Quirk to Tantalise, does the computer indicate where on this station the scrambler controls are?" Quirk repeated the request for information but his communicator remained silent. "It looks like we're on our own," he commented to the rest of the landing party.

On the reasonable assumption that the scrambler controls would most probably be located in the command centre, they continued making their way in that direction. Spook hadn't uttered a word during the journey from the docking bay and the Cheshire cat grin was back on his face again.

"Do you have any bright ideas Spook?" the captain enquired.

"Logically the station's been attacked by an unknown force," Spook replied.

"Thanks for stating the obvious," Quirk replied. "Now all we need to do is find all the staff."

"We could try the oriental ring," Dr McBoy offered. "I've heard the girls there are very obliging."

"My suggestion is the Amsterdam sector," Snotty argued. "It's part of the European ring."

"We're here to find out who attacked this station, not play with the merchandise," Quirk chastised. "And I'm in agreement with the good doctor. The Bangkok sector is one of the best areas of the station."

"I hate to drag you three back into reality but we're getting close to the command centre," Spook reported.

"I've been thinking..." Solo started.

"That's obvious, you've been in the toilet for over an hour," Lt O'Hurry interrupted.

"I think better sitting on the toilet..." he continued.

"More like standing over the toilet," O'Hurry corrected.

"Stop interrupting lieutenant, I was going to suggest that we should send a security detail down to find the captain. We've managed to land one shuttlecraft on the station. Getting another down shouldn't be too difficult."

"For that we'd need a tractor beam again and we can't raise the landing party to switch it on," O'Hurry reported.

"That's what came to me while I was in the toilet. If we can program our own computer to determine a window in the ring cycle, we could shoot our shuttlecraft through the gap."

"You've been playing 'sink the toilet paper' again, haven't you?" the lieutenant challenged. "So how do you propose to fire a shuttlecraft? It won't fit in the torpedo tubes."

"We just program our own tractor beam to work in reverse. Make it repulsive instead of attractive."

"The control centre is that door just up ahead," Spook reported. "My instruments indicate the presence of a defensive screen across the corridor."

"Any signs of life?" Quirk asked.

"Negative captain. With the scramblers still active I can only get a local reading but this section of the station appears to be deserted."

"Where's the force-field?" Quirk asked, walking into it as he spoke. Flying back through the air the captain passed straight through Spook and landed against the outer wall of the space station. "Forget that question Spook, I know where the barrier is now." Dr McBoy was standing over the fallen captain with his medical sensor drawn. "I hope that's not a suppository," the delirious captain queried.

"Just slight concussion," McBoy announced. "He'll be fine in a few minutes."

"Am I on the planet Pervertia?" Quirk asked.

"You're on Star Brothel Alpha [sniff]," Snotty spoke for the first time in ages. "You walked into a force-field."

"I didn't know Alpha used force-fields. I must say it does give you a bit of a thrill," Quirk rambled. "I think I'll have another go."

As Quirk made to get up, Snotty restrained him. "You're suffering from concussion captain," he explained. "I would suggest letting the doctor give you a sedative."

"I don't want a sedative," Quirk affirmed. "I want another electrifying experience. Where are the Clingoffs when you need them?"

"Trust me, you wouldn't want to meet a Clingoff face to face," Spook assured the captain. "I've been there, I know what they're like."

"Tell me Spook, what are the Clingoffs like?" Quirk pleaded.

"Words alone couldn't possibly describe them," Spook explained, then once again refused to expand upon this answer.

"This still doesn't solve the problem we have of a force-field across the corridor," Snotty dragged the conversation back to the current predicament. "To deactivate the transport scrambler we need to be on the command centre side of the field."

"Where's the switch for the force-field?" Dr McBoy asked the obvious question.

"Logically it'll be on the other side of the barrier," Spook replied. "It would be rather illogical to put the switch on this side. Kind of defeat the object just a little bit."

"There could have been a lock control on this side," Dr McBoy defended himself.

"If the station's still spinning and the scrambler's are still operating, how did anyone, or anything, get onto the station in the first place?" Quirk queried. "Even this force-field being active would tend to indicate a teleport attack but that wouldn't have been possible while the scramblers were active. Even Spook couldn't get through them unscathed."

"There's no logical answer captain," Spook replied. "Maybe it'll become apparent after we get passed this barrier."

"Are the security detail ready in the shuttlebay?" Solo asked.

"All ready and waiting for your signal," Checkoff reported. "Are you sure that I can't go down as well?" he added.

"If you went we wouldn't need to adjust the pheromone beam," Lt O'Hurry interrupted. "You're repulsive enough on your own."

"Hark who's talking," Checkoff retaliated. "Madam who can't find a man who can keep up with her."

"You're staying onboard," Solo decided. "I need you at the weapons controls."

Checkoff closed his little black book and slipped it into his pocket as Lt O'Hurry sniggered in the background. The weapons officer contemplated retaliating but decided to let the insult slide. Solo didn't appear to be too happy. Probably because forty minutes had passed since his last toilet break and with the captain lost, he couldn't justify taking another one.

"Sensors are now showing something on the outside of the inner ring," the deputy at the science station reported.

"Magnify image," Solo ordered as the viewscreen zoomed in on the station's inner ring. "It's Spook!" he exclaimed. "What's he doing on the outside of the space station?"

Spook was asking himself exactly the same question. After his impromptu exit of the Tantalise earlier, Snotty had suggested that he could circumvent the force field by climbing along the outside of the ring. It was a sensible deduction and Spook couldn't argue with the logic of it, so there he was, crawling along the outer hull of the inner ring.

"Next time it's your turn," he shouted back at the rest of the landing party but nobody heard him through the thick metal walls of the space station.

As Quirk and the rest of his party stood waiting, Spook's head appeared through the wall to look at them. He turned to face the force field before looking back. "Missed!" he called, adding, "It's kind of cold out here."

"Just get on with it," Quirk replied. "We haven't got all day."

"We... haven't got to climb along the outside of a space station. It's me who's been given that job. Logically we should all take turns..."

For the second time in just as many days Quirk lashed out at Spook. Picking up the nearest object to hand he hurled a fire extinguisher at Spook's protruding head. Just like the last time, when his fist passed right through him, the extinguisher did exactly the same. The only problem with this was the location of the force field. As the extinguisher made contact with the energy screen it came flying back towards the assembled landing party.

"Missed me," Spook jeered while blowing a raspberry, only to find the extinguisher appearing through his head again.

"Duck!!!" Quirk shouted as the metal object came hurtling towards them.

"Ouch ... Logically, that must hurt like hell," Spook commented as Snotty lay on the floor holding his crotch.

"Just get around to the other side of that force-field," Quirk ordered.

As the Tantalise's viewscreen zoomed in even closer, O'Hurry commented about Solo's ability to recognise Spook by his protruding arse. "I think he's secretly in the closet," Checkoff added and received a foul look from Solo in return. "Only joking," he clarified, even though he half believed his own joke. Solo kept to himself too much and rarely liased with a woman. In Checkoff's mind he was a classic closet gay.

"He's got his head out now," Solo commented.

"Where?" O'Hurry exclaimed, turning to look at the viewscreen. "Ohh, that head," she sighed.

While the Tantalise crew looked on, Spook manoeuvred his way along the hull of the space station, keeping a grip by embedding at least one limb in the metal plating as he progressed.

"If Spook's having to climb on the outside of the hull, the captain must be in danger," Solo determined. "Open the shuttlebay doors and send the security detail to rescue them."

"Hello," Spook called as he poked his head through the hull on the far side of the force field.

"Just turn off this barrier," Quirk ordered as Spook reformed himself completely on the far side of the impenetrable screen.

Dr McBoy at this time was on his knees, treating the incapacitated Snotty. "I would recommend not using it for the next few days," he advised.

"I can't [snort] see me using it for months [sniff]," Snotty replied in a voice a couple of octaves higher than usual.

The lights in the corridor suddenly went out and only the red emergency lighting illuminated the area. Quirk drew his tazor and crouched in front of his fallen colleague and the doctor. A figure suddenly appeared out of the doorway on the far side of the force field. Quirk could only assume that with the power off the energy field was down. If he was wrong a tazor burst would either be absorbed by the barrier or bounce back at him, the same way the fire extinguisher had. Quirk made his decision and pulled the trigger. A blue lightning bolt emanated from his tazor and struck the door on the far side of the barrier. The barrier was down but the figure that had appeared wasn't affected by the tazor burst in the slightest.

"That's the thanks I get for risking my life outside of the station," Spook complained. "I count a total of three times in the last couple of days that you've tried to hurt me. If I didn't know that you were my friend I'd be getting slightly worried. Logically you might want to consider aggression management counselling."

"Stop appearing out of nowhere then," Quirk tried to offer in defence of his actions. "I take it you found the main power source for this corridor?" he asked in order to change the subject.

"It would be logical to assume that to be the case as the power is now off," Spook was back on his logical crusade again.

"Let's get into the command centre and deactivate the scrambler then," Quirk decided. "Can you walk Snotty?"

"Aye captain [sniff]. I can walk if you keep it slow."

Taking very small steps at first and grimacing with every one, Snotty slowly followed Quirk and Spook into the command centre. There he found his captain and science officer trying to activate the command panel.

"I think it might work better [sniff] if you turn the power back on first. It's a basic engineering fact [snort] that machines work better when they're switched on."

"All right smart arse," Quirk replied.

"Spook's the one with the smarting arse," Dr McBoy observed. "Snotty's pain is in an entirely different area."

The bulge in the seat of Spook's pants suddenly disappeared as he rearranged his body parts again. The Cheshire cat grin on his face had changed to one of sheepish embarrassment as he realised Dr McBoy could see what he'd been doing. He was like a pubescent boy caught in the act of masturbation.

After throwing the main power switches again, Spook managed to get the command control panel partly operational. "We have a viewscreen," he announced as the station's cameras kicked into life.

"Where's the Tantalise?" Quirk asked. "I take it she's still out there somewhere." The camera panned around to show the Tantalise orbiting the space station. "What's Solo up to? There's a shuttlecraft leaving the ship."

"It would be logical to deduce that Solo has sent a rescue party for us," Spook replied.

"Then can you logically get the bloody communicators working?"

"Given time the answer would be affirmative captain. I fear that we don't have any time to spare. The Tantalise is powering up their pheromone beam."

"What does Solo intend to do with a tractor beam?" Quirk queried. "Unless he intends to stop this station spinning by counter-rotating the rings, one by one."

"That would be a logical deduction under the circumstances," Spook agreed. "The only problem being that such a course of action would almost certainly destroy this station in the process."

"Quirk to Tantalise," Quirk shouted uselessly into his communicator. "If you read me abort any rescue attempt. I repeat, abort any rescue attempt."