



STELLAR PATROL OF THE THIRD GALACTIC UNION

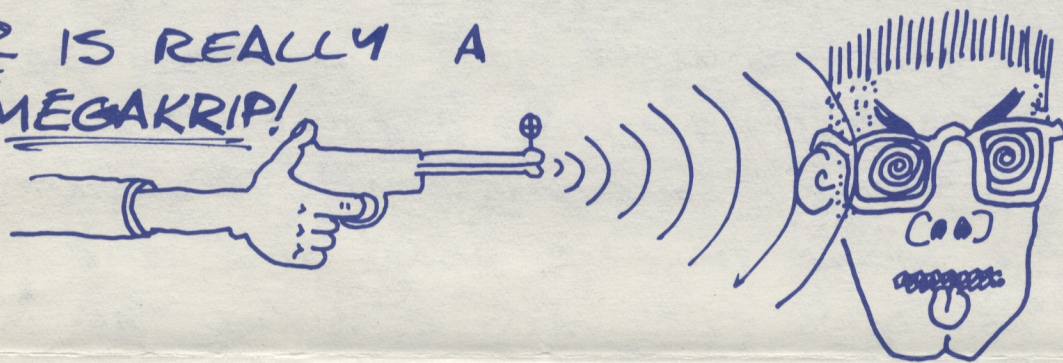
11,344 JULY 22 - TRANSFERRED FROM S.P.S. TRILOBYTE TO S.P.S. FEINSTEIN FOR THE THIRD OF MY FOUR TOURS OF DUTY. I'M TRULY GOING TO MISS MY COMMANDER, ENSIGN FIRST CLASS LIM. HE WAS A FRIEND IN EVERY RESPECT - SOMEONE YOU COULD ALWAYS ~~HE~~ GO TO WITH A PROBLEM, SOMEONE I COULD REALLY LOOK UP TO. WE WOULD SOMETIMES TALK LONG INTO THE NIGHT. HE WOULD TELL ME ABOUT HIS HOME WORLD OF ASH-DOWN FIVE, AND I WOULD TALK ABOUT GROWING UP ON GALLIUM. I'D GET PRETTY HOMESICK SOMETIMES, EVEN THOUGH GALLIUM IS NOT EXACTLY ONE OF THE GARDEN SPOTS OF THE UNIVERSE. I JUST HOPE MY NEW COMMANDER IS HALF AS NICE AS LIM.

THIS NEW SHIP SEEMS PRETTY SWELL. I'M IN A CABIN WITH ONLY FIVE OTHER ENSIGNS, AND I'VE GOT ONE-AND-A-HALF CUBIC METERS OF LOCKER SPACE!

11,344 JULY 23 - MET MY NEW COMMANDER TODAY - ENSIGN CADET FIRST CLASS BLATHER. HE SEEMS LIKE A REAL KRIP. (EXCUSE THE LANGUAGE, DIARY.) BUT THAT MIGHT JUST BE A BAD FIRST IMPRESSION.

11,344 JULY 25 - ONE OF MY CABIN MATES, GORUND, ORGANIZED A DOUBLE FANUCCI TOURNAMENT AMONG

ALL THE ENSIGNS SEVENTH CLASS. WE WERE PLAYING DURING THE 150-MILLICHRON REC PERIOD AFTER LUNCH, AND BLATHER BURST IN AND CONFISCATED THE SETS AND TOLD US THAT PLAYING WAR GAMES WAS A VIOLATION OF PATROL REGULATIONS. BUT ENSIGN WHIRP, WHO'S STUDYING TO BE A PATROL LAWYER, SAID SHE COULDN'T FIND ANYTHING ABOUT IT IN THE REGULATIONS ANYWHERE. BLATHER IS REALLY A TOTAL MEGAKRIP!



11,344 JULY 28 - I WENT TO SEE THE PERSONNEL OFFICER TODAY TO FIND OUT WHAT MY NEW DUTIES WOULD INVOLVE. HE SHOWED ME A LIST OF ALL THE OPEN ASSIGNMENTS, AND I DECIDED TO PUT IN FOR THE GROTCH-FEEDING DETAIL. WE PICKED UP A FEW GROTCES WHEN WE WERE ON CRASSUS, AND WE'RE TAKING THEM TO THE ZOOLOGY LABS ON TREMAIN SO THAT MAYBE THEY CAN FIGURE OUT HOW AN ANIMAL CAN PRODUCE 47 TIMES ITS WEIGHT IN TROT EVERY DAY.

11,344 BOZBAR 7 - EVERYONE FROM THE P.O. TO THE SHIP'S COOK HAS APPROVED MY APPLICATION FOR THE GROTCH-FEEDING DETAIL - EXCEPT BLATHER. I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT TO SEE HIM TOMORROW. WISH ME LUCK.



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LAST NIGHT. WE SAW "TREATMENT
FOR SPACE LICE INFESTATION,"
"SHORELEAVE SHIRLEY: HOW TO GUARD
AGAINST CONTRACTING ALIEN
DISEASES," AND "THE OXYGEN TANK:
YOUR GALVANIZED BUDDY IN THE VACUUM."



BLATHER CONFINED HALF THE ENSIGNS TO QUARTERS FOR
HOOTING DURING THE SECOND FEATURE. (THE OTHER HALF
HAD FALLEN ASLEEP DURING THE FIRST FEATURE.)

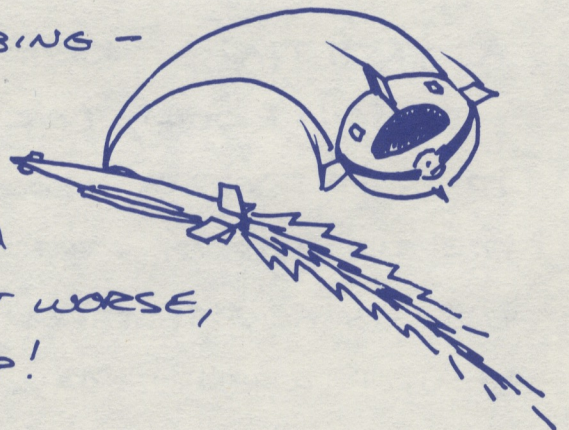
11,344 AUGUST 24 - TROT THAT TROTTING KRIP!
I APPLIED FOR ASTROPHYSICS TRAINING FOR THE NEXT
QUARTER, BUT BLATHER SAYS MY WORK FOR THE
SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT TASK FORCE HASN'T BEEN GOOD
ENOUGH, SO NOT ONLY DID HE REJECT MY
ASTROPHYSICS APPLICATION, BUT HE SAYS I'LL HAVE TO
TAKE REMEDIAL SCRUBBING NEXT QUARTER. WHAT
A TROTTING KRIP!

YOU KNOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME I'M BEGINNING
TO HAVE DOUBTS ABOUT WHETHER I'M REALLY CUT OUT
FOR THE PATROL. WHEN I WAS GROWING UP ON GALLIUM,
IT WAS ALWAYS TAKEN FOR GRANTED THAT I WOULD
JOIN UP WHEN I CAME OF AGE. MY FAMILY HAS SERVED

IN THE PATROL FOR FIVE GENERATIONS. IN FACT,
MY GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER WAS A HIGH ADMIRAL
AND ONE OF THE FOUNDING FATHERS OF THE PATROL!
BUT I SEEM TO BE PERMANENTLY STUCK AT
ENSIGN 7TH, AND BLATHER IS MAKING MY LIFE
MISERABLE...

11,344 SEPTEM 4 - WE LEFT HYPERSPACE TODAY AT
ABOUT 7600; WEREN'T SCHEDULED TO FOR ABOUT ANOTHER
TWO WEEKS. THE GRAPEVINE SAYS WE HAVE SPECIAL
ORDERS TO INVESTIGATE A PLANETARY SYSTEM HERE,
APPARENTLY, SOME OF THE ARCHAEOLOGISTS BACK ON
VARSHON THINK IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN PART OF THE
SECOND UNION. I CAN'T IMAGINE WHY ANYONE
WOULD SETTLE OUT HERE IN THIS REMOTE CORNER
OF THE GALAXY.

11,344 SEPTEM 5 - THAT KRIP HAS DONE IT AGAIN!
I MISSED TWO LITTLE PELLETS OF TROT WHEN I WAS
CLEANING OUT THE GROTCH CAGES YESTERDAY, AND
BLATHER GAVE ME 100 DEMERITS AND ASSIGNED ME TWO
EXTRA SHIFTS OF DECK SCRUBBING -
INCLUDING DECK NINE, THE
FILTHIEST DECK ON THE SHIP!
I'M CONSIDERING ASKING FOR A
TRANSFER - OR IF THINGS GET WORSE,
I MIGHT EVEN ABANDON SHIP!





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11,344 BOZBAR 8 - TROT!! BLATHER REJECTED MY APPLICATION! AND TO MAKE IT WORSE, HE SAID THAT SINCE I SEEM TO LOVE GROTTCHES SO MUCH, HE'S ASSIGNING ME TO CLEAN OUT THEIR CAGES. TROT AND DOUBLE TROT!!

11,344 BOZBAR 26 - I HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO WRITE IN THIS DIARY LATELY, BECAUSE BLATHER'S BEEN WATCHING US ALL LIKE A TELERAN BIRD. ALSO, LAST WEEK HE FOUND THE DIARY DURING A SURPRISE INSPECTION, GAVE ME 200 DEMERITS, AND TOLD ME THAT DIARIES WERE ~~RED~~ AGAINST REGULATIONS. BUT I'LL BE FROBBED IF I'M GOING TO STOP. I'VE STARTED HIDING THE DIARY INSIDE MY OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS FILE, AND I KEEP THAT HIDDEN IN THE AIR DUCT. FROM NOW ON I'LL HAVE TO SNEAK AWAY SOMEWHERE WHEN I'M WRITING.

11,344 BOZBAR 27 - GREETINGS FROM ^{THE} DECK FOUR SUPPLY CLOSET OF THE S.P.S. FEINSTEIN. I HOPE I'M NOT TEMPTING FATE, SNEAKING AROUND WITH MY DIARY THIS WAY. I USED TO BE AS MUCH OF A DISBELIEVER IN DESTINY AS THE NEXT GUY, BUT NOT ANYMORE, NOT SINCE THE TIME MY MOM WARNED MY DAD

NOT TO TEMPT FATE BY WALKING ACROSS THE
ASTRAL PLAINS AFTER DARK, WHEN THE COMPUTERIZED
ANALYSIS SHOWED A 43% CHANCE OF RESULTING
INJURY. MY DAD, STUBBORN AS ALWAYS, JUST LAUGHED
AT HER AND WENT RIGHT ON TAKING HIS NIGHTLY
STROLLS. THE VERY NEXT SUMMER HE WENT WALKING
AT NIGHT ON THE PLAINS AND STUMBLED OVER A CRATER
AND BRUISED HIS KNEE. GOSH!

11,344 BOZBAR 28 - WE ENTERED PLANETARY ORBIT
TODAY, A NON-HUMAN WORLD CALLED ACCARDI-3 (ALTHOUGH
THE NATIVES CALL IT SOMETHING LIKE BLOW'K-BIBBEN-
GORDO). THEY'RE NOT OFFICIALLY PART OF THE UNION.
THE RUMORS SAY THAT WE'RE PICKING UP A SPECIAL
AMBASSADOR TO TAKE BACK TO TREMAIN FOR
NEGOTIATIONS ON JOINING THE UNION. TOMORROW
WE HAVE TO PUT ON OUR DRESS UNIFORMS FOR SOME
SPECIAL WELCOMING CEREMONY.

11,344 AUGUST 2 - I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF THE
ALIEN AMBASSADOR DURING THE WELCOMING CEREMONIES
YESTERDAY. HE LOOKS LIKE A CROSS BETWEEN A
TREE TRUNK AND A MELTING ICE CREAM CONE. BUT
ANYWAY, THE CEREMONY GOT ME OUT OF CLEANING
THE GROTCH CAGES TODAY.

11,344 AUGUST 7 - WENT TO THE MANDATORY
PATROL INFORMATIONAL TRI-VISION TRIPLE FEATURE



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