

UESA

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1 - Introduction

UESA - United Earth Space Administration

This story is a special kind of story. The idea to create this whole thing was inspired by many different things. Science Fiction in general is one inspiration. Writing a truly unique story based on the ideas and creativity of several individuals provides a new kind of story that even the original author can't control.

The first inspiration came from the Avenger Mission Logs. The idea of having multiple writers contribute to the story came from there.

Another inspiration was the many science fiction movies and series out there. Some of the primary ones would be Stargate SG-1, StarWars, Star Trek, Aliens Trilogy, Titan A.E., Pitch Black, and Final Fantasy. All of these movies have great examples of good science fiction and are an inspiration to create more science fiction.

Another inspiration is the old "Choose your own adventure" books. If someone was to write a section of story, but at the end include a question for someone else to answer or introduce a problem for another person, that person will have to make choices based on the other author's options. The author could then change the results of the story based on another characters choices.

UESA/UEM: Short History

UESA stands for the United Earth Space Administration. It is a combination of world powers into a space program based off of NASA except geared completely towards space travel and exploration. UESA is pronounced "Ye-Sah" (similar to slang for yes sir, although unintentional.) UESA has been operational for over the past 500 years, and only the past 50 years have been engaged in space combat with the Galactic Authority.

During the first 300 years UESA developed a hyperspace gravitational drive capable of creating short term wormholes. Because they are only short term, UESA still has been unable to travel beyond the borders of the Milky Way galaxy. Within the galaxy, no intelligent life exists other than the Human race. Although other forms of life have been found, it is mostly plant and bacterial life, mostly because of a

lack of atmosphere and natural necessities such as water.

When the Galactic Authority (GA) entered the galaxy 100 years ago UESA had only been an exploration program and had no defense against the GA. The first combat crafts were developed by UESA and the UEM (United Earth Military). The UEM was developed in response to the GA. The first successful ships were developed 56 years ago although ineffective against the GA. For the next 38 years UESA/UEM developed many small crafts for defense as well as many crafts to flee the solar system should the need arise.

Eighteen years ago UESA/UEM started development of a new ship effectively capable of engaging the GA with a much higher possibility of success (See next section for details about the GA that help explain this.) The SAC-66, standing simply for Space Attack Craft model 66, was code named Verethragna after the Persian god. Verethragna was the Persian god of victory and aggressive triumph; he punishes evil done by man and demon.

GA: Short History

The Galactic Authority (GA) comes from far beyond our known universe. The GA cares only about domination of the universe with no regard for life. Since the GA has a very large fleet, they constantly require new sites for resources. This seems to be constantly slowing down their progression, as they spend months building defenses for each new site. However, the more sites they have, the faster they progress.

When the GA entered the Milky Way galaxy about 100 years, UESA sent a small craft to attempt to make contact with the GA. Upon arrival to the vicinity of the GA vessels, a single message was transmitted and then the GA decimated the UESA craft. The message had been transferred back to UESA and has yet to be translated. UESA sent one more unmanned craft to investigate and again the craft was destroyed on sight. UESA recommended issuing a state of emergency.

Around this time the UEM was founded, and ever since they have been trying to push back the GA threat. However the GA continues to take control over more of the galaxy every day. The Earth responds with the Verethragna.

2 - Chapter 1: Re-Assignment

Title: Re-Assignment

Brian ThunderEagle: Cole Thurston, 2nd Lieutenant

Stationed: Pluto Station 13x5, Operations Manager

Opened: June 17, 2004; 6:00pm GMT -5

Closed: June 18, 2004; 2:03am GMT -5

My name is Lieutenant Cole Thurston, I joined the UEM 4 years ago hoping to help push back the Galactic Authority that threatens our galaxy. I had planned on being on an attack vessel or a fighter craft at least. Instead I wake up every day on the same boring station floating just outside Pluto's orbit. I know perimeter observation is an important job, but I would rather be fighting...making a difference.

As I made my way to the command deck, I found my mind wandering. Not that this was uncommon lately, however this is the first time I have ended up on the wrong side of the station. "Lieutenant Cole, please report to the command deck" came suddenly over the intercom. Correcting myself I started heading in the correct direction and onto the command deck.

"Yes Julia, what is it?" I asked, expecting a typical report of no activity.

"We have been contacted by the UEM, they are requesting an immediate conference with you." For a second I thought I was daydreaming, and then I realized she was waiting for my response.

"Thank you Julia, I will contact them now."

"That won't be necessary sir, they are waiting for you in the conference room."

Now this was surprising news, it's very rare that UEM requests a conference especially with a small little station like this. As I walked into the conference room, I couldn't help but be startled by 3 people sitting in the conference room. Not the fact that there were 3 of them...but the fact that they were here in person and not using video conference.

"Lieutenant Thurston, have a seat" said one of the men in a friendly tone. Then I noticed the ranks, one commander and 2 Majors. I snapped to attention and saluted, completely forgetting that the commander had even said anything to me.

"Lieutenant, that isn't necessary. Please sit down, we need to talk." I sat down trying to smile but one can't help but be concerned when summoned in to a sudden live conference like this, among a commander a 2 majors no less.

Nervously and quickly I came up with something to say as they shuffled through a few papers.

“Commander Ian Fletcher, it is an honor to meet you. I've heard about your recent progress against the GA.”

“Yes, we have had a little success. But I wouldn't give myself anymore credit than any other commander. My efforts rely as much on others as they do mine.”

“May I ask the commander why I have been summoned to this conference?” stuttering a little in my words.

“Take it easy Cole, you aren't in trouble or anything. I'm here to talk to you about a change of assignment.” Hearing this did put me at ease. Although I haven't done anything wrong to my knowledge, you never know. I continued to sit there and listen contently to the commander.

“I know you don't like working on this station and that you have put in multiple requests for a change in assignment. Lucky for you Captain Isaac Malone has requested an in person conference with you. Have you heard of the Verethragna?”

“Not much sir, last I heard the Thragna wasn't going to be finished for several more months. Other than that all I know is that it's a brand new ship.” I replied struggling to remember anything else about the ship. I had only briefly overlooked information about the Thragna.

“The ship will actually be finished a less than 2 weeks. Isaac Malone has been assigned captain of the Verethragna, or Thragna as you call it. He happened to overlook your request for re-assignment and I guess he admires your eagerness to get out there on the battlefield. He informed me that he will find a position for you on the Thragna once he conducts his interview. Of course the choice is yours, is this what you want?” I was still in disbelief that this had happened, it felt like a dream but I knew it wasn't.

I stood up and saluted, “Yes Sir, it would be an honor to join the crew of the Verethragna.” The Commander stood up and executed a salute in return.

“Excellent, we are scheduled to leave in 2 days. In the meantime, I would like a tour of the station and status reports on everything. The station will be transferred to Lieutenant Commander Olivia Norwich when we leave.”

“Certainly sir, right this way.” I escorted the Commander and the two Lt. Commanders out of the conference room.

3 - Chapter 2: First Assignment

Title: First Assignment

Cheniah ThunderEagle: Kayla Marcell, Petty Officer 2nd Class

Stationed: Houston Flight Academy, Pilot

Opened: June 18, 2004; 10:17pm GMT -5

Closed: June 18, 2004; 11:56pm GMT -5

My name is Kayla Marcell, I am a Petty officer 2nd class. I am currently housed in the Houston Flight Academy, training to become a fighter pilot. I have nearly come to the end of my term here and then I will have the chance to go out on the battle field. However I can already predict it will be some time before I ever get the chance to help defend the Earth in a real battle.

I have heard rumor about a new ship called the Verethragna, it was assembled by the UEM and it will be used to possibly stop the threat of the Galactic Authority. It would be such an honor to fly a ship of such importance. But I know that the UEM are looking to recruit a veteran. One who has had much experience in being a helmsman, and has been in the field.

I sat by the window, my elbow propped on the window sill, my cheek resting in the palm of my hand. I gazed out at the darkening sky, and the newly showing stars. I daydreamed of the day that I might have the opportunity to fly a ship through that vast screen of black and the bright twinkling stars. See the planets of our solar system, Saturn's rings, and Jupiter's red raging storm commonly known as the red spot, Mars' red surface. All the planets, I was dying to see them all.

I had been in space before for training. However I never went far from earth, and if I did happen to go near the moon it was always in the company of one of my superiors. I just wanted to see the planets on my own. A sudden knock at my door shook me from my thoughts, wondering who could possibly be at my room at this time of night puzzled me.

I got up from my spot by the window to answer the door. To my surprise it was Commander Ian Fletcher.

I immediately snapped to attention and saluted. "Commander!" He nodded and I put my arm down.

"Please come in." I stepped aside and gestured towards a nearby chair. He stepped inside but did not sit down, instead he walked towards the window I had been sitting at.

"Kayla Marcell." He paused for a few seconds. "Petty Officer 2nd Class."

“Yes sir.” I responded...he continually gazed out the window.

“Beautiful isn't it?” He finally said after some time of silence.

“Excuse me sir?” I asked him, a bit confused.

“The sky.” Lifting his head just slightly as he looked.

“Oh yes.” I paused for a moment. “I love to sit there and star gaze.” I could see him smile slightly.

“So I have heard.” He turned towards me. “I have also heard of your outstanding performance as a pilot.”

“Really sir?” I never would have thought that someone of such a high rank had heard of my flight performance.

“I understand that it is your desire to fly a ship in space.”

“Yes sir, that's the reason I came to the academy.”

“Well Officer Marcell, I have some good news for you.” My attention was completely focused on him. I could feel my heart beating in my chest waiting for what he was about to say. “You have been specifically chosen for a position most pilots at this academy can only dream of.” He paused for a few seconds before continuing. “You are going to be part of a very special crew working for the UEM.” He said with pride. My eyes widened in surprise. I had just finished up my term and already I had been given a position with a crew.

“Now keep in mind this will be no ordinary crew you will be working with. All of them, like you, have been hand picked for their special qualities. Are you willing to take the position as assistant helmsman?”

When given this question I stood up straight and said with pride. “I would be honored to take this position sir.”

“Excellent Officer Marcell, you are requested to report to the Los-Vegas Space Port in one week's time. Here are your flight papers.” He handed me a file and I took it.

“Good day Officer.”

I saluted him once more. “Good day sir and thank you for this opportunity.” He tipped his hat and left. As soon as he was gone I went to my desk and began to go through the flight papers. I was both anxious and a little nervous about all this. But I knew it would all work out for the best.

4 - Chapter 3: Dr. Death

Title: DR. Death

Robyn McKerley: Dr. Deloris Nightfield, civilian

Stationed: Twilit Medical Center, Owner and Primary Physician

- *Opened: June 19, 2004 2:02 AM*

Closed: June 19, 2004 3:44 AM

I looked at the wall, empty. There used to be things hanging there. Pieces of paper that supposedly told the rest of the world that I'm a doctor. Funny most just call me a butcher. *Twenty-five years*, I thought, *this place has been my life for twenty-five years.*

"Deloris?" a voice called from the doorway.

"Yes, Richard?" I folded the tops of the box down and picked up the tape.

"Tell me why Deloris. The clinic is your life." Richard moved in to the room

"Yes, but there are more important things to do with my talents."

"What about your patients? What will become of them?"

I turned to face him. "They signed their lives and deaths to me. When they came here I offered no cure, no lessening of pain. All I ever offered is to be able to help those who come next. No matter how advanced medicine gets there are still things we can't overcome. What we do helps those who come next. I will give those left the end."

Richard looked unblinking into my eyes, "Dr. Death" he murmured.

"Yes that's what they call me," if he thought he could stare me down, he was wrong, "that or butcher. But without my research and me most of the medical advances in the past quarter century would not have happened. And all of my patients are here under their own will."

"I was not trying to be insulting"

"Right"

“So what is so important that you would give all this up”

Richard's green eyes boor in to me as I searched for an answer. I turned away, looked back to my empty wall. “I'm going in to space, you are looking at the Professional Medical Officer; Warrant officer 3rd class for the Verethragna. No body in the UEM was up to the job.”

“What's so bad about being the medical officer on the new ship?”

“It's not that, it's the other part. They need a head for a top-secret medical research team. The UEM thought that *Dr. Death* would be the best for the job.”

“You mean they want you to study any GA cadavers they recover.”

“Yea whether they're brought back dead, or alive.”

“WHAT!!!! Deloris, willing patience's is one thing, but dissecting live POWs, is that a line you really want to cross?!?”

I stared at the empty wall. *Somebody's got to, we need to win to survive.* I turned around and smiled. “I just have to live up to the monster people make me out to be. I have fought the things that would destroy humanity my whole life. This is just the same. The more you know your enemy the easier it is to beat him. Some one has to cross the line, I'm the closest one to the line. I've already signed a contract with the UEM. In two weeks I'm off to train to work off world.”

“It's not right.”

“It still needs doing”

“Good Bye Deloris, hope you can live with your self”

“Good Bye Richard, I'm sorry”

Richard stopped, looked at the wall then out the window to the stars. He shrugged his shoulders and walked out the door, quietly closing it behind him.

So that was over, the worst part about having family is telling them things they never understand. Now all there was to do was my job.