

OPERATION SINK ME

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Llamatown, United Slabovian Empire

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FORWARD

By the Honourable Count George Bragg, KON, IB, FOOLS, CM

No one knows how greatness comes to a man. I myself began my military career as a simple llama bounty hunter. Who knew then that, these many years later, I would become a commander inspiring both terror and terror in the hearts and other vital organs of the paeple of Slabovia?

Mike Dosenbach knew. His unmatched eye for potential and his unerring instinct for total obedience made him my only choice as commander of the USS Byetown.

As is well known, the relationship between the United Slabovian Empire and the Alien Snail Overlords has been souring for many years. Queen Moneca, suffering heroically from her well-publicized debilitating illness, was unable to carry out her diplomatic responsibilities to the full satisfaction of many prominent Slabovians. And so it was that, in the spirit of peace and freedom, I semi-officially dispatched Capt Dosenbach to Las Vegas.

There in 1993, Capt Dosenbach carried out his retroactive orders to perfection. Mere days after arriving in Nevada, Capt Dosenbach located and seduced the only daughter of the High Commissioner of the Hoover Damites. After Capt Dosenbach and Cdr Goddard had determined beyond question the strategic significance of the Hoover Damites to the unending quest for Slabovian self-importance, Slabovian High Command under my supreme authority determined that it was time to get Mike hitched.

As high-level and necessarily secret negotiations were conducted between myself and the Hoover Damite High Commissioner, Capt Dosenbach was instructed to assemble a team to distract the Benevolent Overlords. This became known as the Treaty of Michiganopolis. which I hereby invalidate totally, completely, and retroactively (so there!).

The success of the Clarkston Expeditionary Force under Capt Dosenbach's command earned him the praise of the Hoover Damite High Commissioner and the hand of his only daughter. The wedding of Capt Dosenbach to Rachel Murray would lead to a new era of prosperity and interspecies trust as the futures of both the Hoover Damites and Slabovia would become hopelessly entangled.

It was shortly after this that Queen Moneca's illness progressed to a hallucinatory stage, rendering her obviously unfit to oversee the new era in Slabovian-Alien relations. And so with heavy heart and Iron Butterfly I deemed it time to allow her to entrust me with all the authority and naked power that I had ever dreamed of.

My first priority as CICCUSE was to ensure the cementing of the new alliance, and so, Operation Sink Me was hatched. But I am sure that the documents that follow will amply detail the professionalism, bravery, stoicism, and general all-around coolness of the crew of the USS Byetown in their arduous task of "bringing him back alive". I extend my hearty congratulations to all parties concerned, and especially to Capt Dosenbach, who rose above the calls of duty and nature to ensure a glorious future for all Slabovia under its supreme leader, me.

I hope you will enjoy reading this document as much as I will.

SKIPPER'S INTRODUCTION

By Capt M. Dosenbach, CZ, IOFF, AA, PhD, REPAT, VEGAS, CEF

I do not know any of these idiots - I was hypnotized over e-mail into flying from San Francisco to Toronto so that I could be driven in an RV *back* to San Francisco, hopefully in time for my own wedding.

HOW STUPID DO YOU THINK I AM?

What you are about to read will enable you to create for yourself an informed opinion. None of the statements expressed within are or should indicate or infer my own thoughts except where I'm saying how bizarre and idiotic this entire mission is. Please keep in mind that Cdrs MacGillivray and Goddard were and are firmly in control of the mission and all ensuing publicity. **DO NOT TRUST THEM!** They may even be going so far as to write this introduction without my knowledge, so ask yourself: Am I really reading the *true* words of Capt Dosenbach? Is Capt Dosenbach still alive? Was he ever? And why?

Please help me.

--

PERSONAL JOURNAL

CDR GODDARD

WEDNESDAY, 3 AUGUST 1994

...

On the last leg of the trip back to Mtl, he thought of renting a Winnebago to go to Mike's wedding next year. We'd thrown ludicrous ideas around in the car about computer satellite map linkups, e-mail forwarding, shifts of drivers etc. And true to himself, R. started working on it. Winnebago doesn't actually rent its vehicles, but two companies -- one in Stittsville, one in Carleton Place -- rent similar things. They're sending him some material. Meanwhile, he's talked with Eric J. about the computer comm stuff, and EJ's talking about setting up an internet node for us or something -- he'll certainly relay messages...

All Mike has to do now is get together w/Rachel and decide on a date and place that'll give us sufficient lead time to get there en masse. R. estimates 9 people are needed to make it work -- Gold, Blue, and Red shifts, just like on a submarine.

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WEDNESDAY, 10 AUGUST 94

R. sez that the Winny'll have to be booked for September, which is the off-season. If only Mike & Rachel decide to get married around then...R. has sent a couple of e-mail messages encouraging them...

1. ANAGRAMS, ABBREVIATIONS, PHRASES AND CONVENTIONS USED IN THIS DOCUMENT:

AA:	The Ann Arbor Medal (Campaign Medal)
AFB:	Air Force Base
ASO:	Alien Snail Overlords
AWOL:	Absent WithOut Leave
BFD:	Bartholomew Field Decoration (award)
Bingo:	Point of no return (half-way point) or, low fuel warning point
CANON:	Capture Any New Optical Nuance
Capt:	Captain
CB:	Citizen's Band radio
Cdr:	Commander
CDT:	Central Daylight Time
CEF:	The Clarkston Expeditionary Force (Campaign Medal)
Chief:	Chief Of the Boat (LCdr Oelrich)
CIC:	Combat Information Centre
CICCFUSE:	Commander In Chief Combined Forces United Slabovian Empire (Count George Bragg)
CM:	The Queen Moneca Self-Coronation Medal
CMO:	Chief Medical Officer (LCdr Oelrich)
COB:	Chief Of the Boat (LCdr Oelrich)
CommO:	Communications Officer (LCdr Yarker)
CRIPES:	CReative Inactivity and Procrastinatory inEffectivenesS (award)
CWEED:	Cold Weather Equipment Engineering and Development
CZ:	The Coke Zombie Award
DEFCAN:	Based on US's DEFCON (DEFence CONdition) this condition refers to the number of cans of Coca-Cola on board
DOA:	Deck Officer Adjunct (watch or deck officer - person in charge at the moment)
Dooy(s):	Rank insignia (interlocking gold rings)
EDT:	Eastern Daylight Time
EIEIO:	Extremely Infeasable Engineering and Infrastructure Operations
EMU:	Endangered Species Merchandising Unit
EngO:	Engineering Officer (Lt Robillard)
Ens:	Ensign
EST:	Eastern Standard Time
ETA:	Estimated Time of Arrival
FOOLS:	Force of Occupation Lebreton Street (Campaign Medal)
GARTERS:	Gravity Augmentation Retention Tension Extension Restraint System
GO SFO:	Go Vacations SanFrancisco Station
GO T.O.:	Go Vacations Toronto Station
GPS:	Global Positioning System
HIRTS:	Heroic Injury Resulting from Total Stupidity (award)
HQ:	HeadQuarters
IOFF:	Interim Occupation Force France (Campaign Medal)
LAST SUPPER:	Long-term Analysis, STrategic Slabovian Unplanned Planning and Policy Execution
LCdr:	Lieutenant Commander
LogO:	Logistics Officer (Cdr Goddard)
Lt:	Lieutenant
MEF:	The Mars Expeditionary Force (Campaign Medal)
MS:	Mission Specialist
Nav:	Navigator
NIKON:	New Improved Killer Only Nicer
NTS:	National Theatre School, Montreal, PQ
ON:	Order of the Numpty (award)
OPS:	Operations

OpsO:	Operations Officer (Cdr MacGillivray)
PDT:	Pacific Daylight Time
PhD:	The Phredericton Drive (Campaign Medal)
PMQ:	Married Personnel Quarters
POFAE:	Palace Of Fine Arts Exploratorium
POFAE:	Personnel Orientation Facility for the Amplification of Enzrds
PPK:	Photosynthetic Preservation of Knowledge device
ProtO:	Protocol Officer (LCdr Yarker)
Radio SLAB:	Radio Slabovia
REPAT:	Operation RE: PAT (Campaign Medal)
RV:	Recreational Vehicle
S ¹⁰ :	Supposedly Sentient Slabovian Small-Scale Stimulating Strategic Simulation Studies Services
SCRS:	Slabovian Communications Relay Station
SFD:	Sam Frog's Disco, Slabovia's twin city for SanFrancisco
SFO:	SanFrancisco
SHC:	Slabovian High Command
Skipper:	Captain (Capt Dosenbach)
SMD:	Slabovian Minor Deity
SNSSS:	Slabovian Not-So-Secret Service
SO2:	Staff Officer 2
SOB:	Slabovian Operations Base
SOP:	Standard Operating Procedure
SSS:	Slabovian Civil Service
TacO:	Tactical Officer (Ens Lavictoire)
TEALS:	Temporary Executive Authority Lahr Senior (Campaign Medal)
TP:	Turtle Patrol (Campaign Medal)
TSR-AT:	Top Secret Reconnaissance - Away Team
TUXEDOS:	Temporary Undercover eXperimental Exomorphic Diplomatic Operation Suit
U.N.:	United Nations
USS:	United Slabovian Ship
VEGAS:	Vacuous Expeditionary Group Accidentally Sent (Campaign Medal)
XO:	Executive Officer (Cdr MacGillivray)
YYZ:	Toronto International Airport

2. MISSION OBJECTIVE:

Operation "Sink Me" is a diplomatic mission. The Byetown and her crew will represent the United Slabovian Empire at the wedding of the Senior Hoover-Damites Liaison Officer (Capt M. Dosenbach) to a representative of the Hoover-Damites (Rachel Murray). This marriage represents a very important step towards a diplomatic settlement with the Hoover-Damites.

The Byetown will provide diplomatic services, as well as transportation of personnel to and from this wedding.

This mission consists of five phases as follows:

- PHASE 1: Capt Dosenbach will fly to YYZ from SFO, and assume command of the USS Byetown;
- PHASE 2: The Byetown will travel immediately to SFO;
- PHASE 3: Mission Specialists to be assembled, TUXEDOS fitting, and the ceremony rehearsal;
- PHASE 4: Wedding Ceremony followed by reception and mass partying; and
- PHASE 5: The Byetown returns to YYZ.

3. RESOURCE TASKING:

The following ships of the Slabovian Fleet are available as necessary:

Remedial Class Cruiser USS Byetown (Primary Mission Vessel)
Byetown Class Cruiser USS Margarita (Back-up Mission Vessel)
Latefor Class Destroyer USS Bloop (Support role)
Company Class Corvette USS Guinness (Support role)
Lower Class Frigate USS Tin Can (Support role)
Ambassador Class Sloop USS Pumpkin (MS diplomatic transport)
Ambassador Class Sloop USS Glass Slipper (MS diplomatic transport)
Constithreetion Class Corvette USS Namepending (Support role)
Innocuous Class Patrol Ship USS Iguana (Support role)

The following outside resources have been tasked with assisting the Byetown to complete its mission:

COMMUNICATIONS:

Shiela Thibeault of the CANTEL cellular communications station will provide one transportable phone with data transfer hardware and cellular service in the areas indicated on the map at annex "K".

FINANCES:

Kelly Kish of the First National Bank of Slabovia will provide financial services, and accounts with the Royal Bank of Canada, and assist with improving the Slabovian Military's credit rating. Uncle Visa's assistance goes without saying!

COMMUNICATIONS:

Commander SCRS advises that the entire SCRS facility is at our disposal for e-mail and landline communications support. Compuserve also operating one account for use by USE.

FUEL:

Petrocan has authorized use of a fuel credit card at all Petrocan, Certigard, Mobil and BP refueling stations, with a credit limit of \$500.00.

SECURITY:

The SNSSS is aware of this operation and will provide widest possible dissemination of information.

Subcontractors:

CLEARCOM:

Mark Brunswig of Radio Shack will provide a 30 day loan of the necessary components for installation of a clearcom headset communication system upgrade aboard the USS Byetown.

DRYDOCK AND ENGINEERING:

GO T.O. , GO SFO and Owens Ford to provide drydock and engineering facilities along with logistical and technical support for the USS Byetown, USS Margarita and USS Bloop.

LLAMARM:

Phred of Grand and Toy, Lloyd D. Jackson Square, Llamatown, provided the Llamarm <tm> navigation console, with funding partially provided by Nray Services Inc.

Special Acknowledgements:

All things breakable
Canada Sportswear (Manny Tucker)
CANEX (especially Louise Jamme, Bob Brunet, and Bob McQuirter)
Cantel (Shiela Thibeault)
Captain Steubing
The Coca-Cola Company
Discreet And Non-accountable Monetary Underwriters and Nuptual Notary (DANMUNN) Inc.
Erin at Taco Bell
GO SFO (Patti and Tom)
Irish Creme -- An Edible Oil Product
Ken and Linda (fantastic hosts)
Maalox
Mother Ship de Montreal
Mr. Freeze
Mrs. Clarke (for sewing all those goddamn dooeys and crests)
Nray Services (financial assistance and leave authorization)
NTS (for keeping Duncan occupied)
The O'Donalds Fine Family of Food Facsimilies
Ptl. Steven E. Huntley, Wyoming Highway Patrol
Rachel Murray (for patience, and letting Mike out to play)
Radio Shack (Mark Brunswick - although he won't know why)
Xeromem

4. MISSION STAFFING (USS BYETOWN) (in order of seniority):

Mission Commander:	Capt Mike Dosenbach
XO/OpsO:	Cdr Rankin MacGillivray
LogO:	Cdr Patrick Goddard
CommO:	LCdr David Yarker
COB:	LCdr Keith Oelrich
EngO:	Lt Paul Robillard
TacO:	Ens David Lavictoire
SO2 Ops:	Ens Stephen Clarke

Additional Responsibilities:

Photographer:	LCdr Keith Oelrich
Videographer:	Lt Paul Robillard
ProtO:	LCdr David Yarker
CMO:	LCdr Keith Oelrich

Watch Assignments:

Watch rotation sequence to be Gold - Red - Blue.

<u>Watch</u>	<u>Driver</u>	<u>Navigator</u>
Gold	Lt Robillard	Cdr MacGillivray
Red	Ens Clarke	Cdr Goddard
Blue	Ens Lavictoire	LCdr Yarker

5. CREW/MISSION JOB DESCRIPTIONS:

DOA

The DOA shall be the senior off-watch non-sleeping officer, with the exception of the Skipper. This responsibility may be delegated downward as desired or necessary. conversly, any off-watch officer with seniority over the current DOA may assume the responsibility at any time by relieving him.

The DOA is the person ultimately in command at the moment. Any decision outside of any individual's authority, or pertaining directly to the mission, shall be deferred to the DOA. Any such decision may be overturned by any officer with seniority over the DOA.

OBSERVER

The DOA may (and should) at his discretion, appoint an observer from the off-watch personnel. The observer is responsible for ensuring that the driver is at all times in good condition for driving and free of fatigue, and shall recommend to the DOA if/when he feels the driver should be relieved (for safety purposes only). The observer shall also assist with navigation by observing for signage and such.

DRIVER

The driver is responsible for the safe and efficient operation of the vehicle within the local laws, under the direction of the watch navigator, and will cooperate with the navigator to achieve optimum operating performance. He will advise the navigator as required regarding fuel consumption, mileage, speed, etc, and is required to report any technical problems to the EngO immediately. In the event that the driver feels unfit to drive (fatigued or ill) he may be relieved at the discretion of the DOA and replaced (for the remainder of that watch) by an off-watch relief driver.

Prior to any departure, the driver must recieve confirmation from the EngO (or delegate) that the vehicle is safe to operate, as well as confirmation from the COB that the vehicle is secure and all are aboard.

CHIEF OF THE BOAT

The COB is responsible for the following:

- a. Operation of all integrated on-board systems;
- b. Cargo management;
- c. Passenger safety;
- d. Provisioning and cooking;
- e. Waste management;
- f. Head counts prior to departures;
- g. Assisting the watch driver and navigator as required; and
- h. Fire suppression

NAVIGATOR

The watch navigator is responsible for the following:

- a. Navigation: advising the driver as per checkpoints, interchanges, and directions, and cooperating with the driver to achieve optimum vehicle performance in order to accomplish the mission within mission parameters for arrival times whilst minimizing fuel consumption and fuel costs. The navigator will keep available all pertinent maps, as well as a schedule of checkpoints. He will record pertinent data for each checkpoint and update the ETA.
- b. Communications: With the assistance of the CommO, the watch navigator is responsible

for operating all communications equipment including the internal clearcom system, the cellular phone, the computer and modem, and the CB radio.

c. Chronometers: The watch navigator shall operate four chronometers: Local Time; Trip Time; EDT Time; and a Leg Time.

d. Log Recording: Using the computer, the navigator shall keep a navigation log, recording all pertinent information, as well as anything that any crew member would like recorded.

e. Computer Operation: The watch navigator is responsible for the operation of the ship's computer during his watch.

OPERATIONS OFFICER

The OpsO is ultimately responsible for all aspects of operations, as well as overseeing navigation.

LOGISTICS OFFICER

The LogO is responsible for all aspects of administration and finance, logs and record-keeping as well as advising the Mission Commander and the DOA on issues as they relate to logistics.

ENGINEERING OFFICER

The EngO is responsible for maintenance of the vehicle itself, environmental and support systems, as well as other integrated on-board systems. He shall conduct regular inspections of all critical equipment and vehicle components to ensure maximum safety and prevent time-loss or injury resulting from breakdown.

In the event of a breakdown, he shall assess the damage, estimate time and cost required to make repairs (if possible) and recommend a course of action, conducting/supervising repairs if approved.

The EngO shall also supervise the drivers.

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER

The CommO shall oversee operation and maintenance of the ship's computer and all communications related equipment. He is also responsible for liaising with SCRS and ensuring that mission communications protocols are observed.

TACTICAL OFFICER

The TacO is responsible for the internal and external security of the boat. Also, he shall advise as per defensive, and offensive posturing, providing tactical advice as required.

SO2 OPERATIONS

The SO2 Ops shall assist the OpsO as required.

6. UNIFORM AND INSIGNIA:

MISSION CREST

Worn on the right shoulder of the uniform jacket, or centered on cap, the mission crest is as follows:

A circular ribbon sable edged or and inscribed with the motto SINK ME or and the text USS BYETOWN or. In center party per fesse sable and sable surmounted by a grid plane purpure and highway markings or in pale below, and charged with two rings or conjoined in fesse above.

UNITED SLABOVIAN EMPIRE CREST

Worn on the left shoulder of the uniform jacket, the United Slabovian Empire (USE) crest is as follows:

A shield purpure edged argent charged above with the text UNITED SLABOVIAN EMPIRE argent, and below mostly sinister a grid plane argent and a dexter a silhouette llama argent facing sinister.

UNIFORM

The approved uniform of the United Slabovian Empire is a black windbreaker, with two inside pockets, two outside pockets, and epaulettes. The epaulettes shall carry rank slip-ons, and each shoulder shall carry the appropriate mission crest and the USE crest. Decorations are to be worn on the left breast, and a nametag on the right. Ship Captains may wear the optional black ball cap with the mission crest and scrambled eggs. Any other clothing may be worn with these uniform items unless specifically ordered otherwise. Duty personnel must be in uniform while on duty.

RANK

The rank symbol for the Combined Forces of the United Slabovian Empire is the dooeys, a pair of horizontally interlocked gold rings. Ranks are worn on a slip-on on each shoulder, and are represented as follows:

Captain:	One dooeys centered over a gold anchor contained within a gold circle;
Commander:	Four dooeys arranged in a diamond shape;
Lieutenant Commander:	Three dooeys arranged in a pyramid shape;
Lieutenant:	Two dooeys, one centered over the other; and
Ensign:	One dooeys.

7. CREW BIOGRAPHIES (Courtesy of TVS Biography):

COUNT GEORGE BRAGG, KON, IB, FOOLS, CM:

Garter snake got your goat? George will stuff it down his throat! Get up ya stupid numpty! George does not ask what his country can do for him, but rather, what has it done for him lately?

The Hammer of Poughkeepsie began his meteoric rise to power as a freelance llama bounty hunter in Byetown. Basing himself at Lebreton Street was the next step in his cunning plan as he continued to work for the highest bidder, thus paying his tuition at the University of Slabovia. After obtaining his degree in Cyber-Llama Abuse, he moved to Kowtown, where he soon found himself the highest bidder for his own services. That left him with no other choice but to have himself appointed CICCUSE and Monarch of the United Slabovian Empire. He is currently senior instructor of Cyber-Llama Abuse at the University of Slabovia, Kowtown Kampus.

CAPT MIKE DOSENBACH, CZ, IOFF, AA, PhD, REPAT, VEGAS, CEF:

Proud bearer of the "GM haircut", Michael is one of the two Slabovians awarded the VEGAS medal for discovery of the horror that awaits us all at...Hoover Dam!!!! His wife's a babe.

Mike Dosenbach was recruited into the Slabovian Combined Forces in 1987 as IOFF professional sucker in order to rendezvous with the TEALS group. Capt Dosenbach was used by the TEALS and later, the FOOLS groups as the anvil upon which they honed and tempered their skills. One such training mission was the Ann Arbor rescue from boredom in 1989, which inspired him to escape to purify himself at Mecca. That accomplished, he nevertheless continued to be used by the FOOLS. Sick of Michigan, he begged for a posting out and was granted a new post and the rank of Captain in 1993, when Slabovian High Command realized the tremendous value of a sucker in Las Vegas. SHC's perennial underestimation of Capt Dosenbach's abilities was uncovered in 1994, when he and Cdr Goddard retroactively co-discovered the Hoover Damites. By this time, he had made contact with Rachel Murray, and brought her to Clarkston for the signing of the Treaty of Michiganopolis in August 1994. Success piling upon success, he was named commander of Slabovia's most ambitious mission yet, Operation Sink Me! in September

1995. Following the astonishing success of that mission, Capt Dosenbach has been granted long-term leave at Sam Frog's Disco. He is currently commander of Company Class Corvette USS Guinness.

CDR RANKIN MACGILLIVRAY, ON, TEALS, FOOLS, AA, PhD, REPAT, CEF, CM:

Coy, yet rampantly, rabidly rambunctious, Narglep Mackolinsky was born. Eventually, he acquired something resembling a quasi-life. He lives. Occasionally, he digests. But there's a lot to be said for osmosis. He nukes himself five days a week for money.

Famed through Europe as commander of Algebra class Corvette USS Booger, Cdr MacGillivray embarked in 1983 upon a five-year reign of terror as Supreme High Enchilada of TEALS. Following his ignominious and sudden removal from this post, he spent a year recovering at the University of Slabovia Sleep Research Centre before assuming command of FOOLS in 1989. Until his still-unexplained disappearance from FOOLS in 1992, Cdr MacGillivray's accomplishments were legion: host of the 1990 Regressional Convention; commander of PhD phases 1 and 2; awarded the Order of the Numpty at George's whim; builder of the eight-lane highway through the Imperial Palace and subsequently overnight Dictator of Slabovia. In April 1992 Cdr MacGillivray was appointed Chief of Staff of the Square Lair, Byetown; from which station he orchestrated both RE: PAT operations, commanding the X class Light Cruiser USS Elvis and the Elvis class Light Cruiser USS Leapfrog. In July 1994, Cdr MacGillivray was offered a promotion, but he refused in favour of non-diplomatic command, automatically (and accidentally) excluding him from the race for Hoover Damite sacrifice. As consolation prize, he took command of Corpus Collosum class Corvette USS Graescel as part of the Clarkston Expeditionary Force and was instrumental in the signing of the Treaty of Michiganopolis. In January 1995, his presence in Byetown was made redundant and he was posted to the USE Operations Centre in Llamatown, where he became one of the founding members of the University of Slabovia. He remains the current Dictator-Elect of Slabovia.

CDR PATRICK GODDARD, CZ, FOOLS, AA, PhD, VEGAS, CEF, MEF:

That's Captain Pat to you, mortal. His bedhead is the essence of all that is. Knows Steubing personally. Commutes to the afterworld (ligne 5-jaune). Nothing rhymes with orange and neither does he. Sink Me!!

Brought from Mars in May 1970 to arrange the earth-shattering kaboom, Cdr Goddard and his alter egos have dedicated himself to the exploration and chronicling of retroactive Slabovian history and chaography. He was awarded the CZ for exposing the Pepsi Assassin to the public. Cdr Goddard is the CEO of O'Donalds Corp. and the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Slabovia. His chronicling of World Bore One and his retroactive co-discovery of the Hoover Damites have garnered him the AA and VEGAS medals. He is also responsible for the initiation of the RE: PAT operations. He is currently head custodian of Captain Pat's Secret Headquarters, 211 Fairmount W, Montsurreal, ZOT OM1. He is also Director of Long-term Analysis, STrategic Slabovian Unplanned Planning and Policy Execution, Retroactive (LAST SUPPER), Montsurreal.

LCDR DAVID YARKER, TEALS, AA, TP, PhD, CM:

The Master has been in repose for millennia. Please do not disturb any further. He is coming to Kingston now for multiple illuminations on a multi-dimensional pan-life scale. Please do not adjust your karma.

Turtle Pilot, Cactus transformation expert, attack sloth defense coordinator, philosopher, lover -- what more need be said about Dave Yarker?

The Slabovian Civil Service reminds us that he has been it since the beginning. He is a founding member of the University of Slabovia and commander of the Constithreotion class Corvette USS Namepending. He has recently been farmed out to EIEIO. Dave Yarker has been commended in public and in private for his exemplary work on behalf of dead paeples.

LCDR KEITH OELRICH, ON, CZ, TEALS, PhD, REPAT:

Thick oil here. This studly cameraman can be caught snapping quick pics of quick chicks. For Spic and Span, he's your man, change your plans, shake your glands and put 'em together, woof woof!

Awarded the CZ for lifetime zeal, LCdr Oelrich is also a numpty. Following his spectacular 1995 misplacing of Slabsat 42, he was forcibly removed from its Photo-reconnaissance Analysis Directorate and posted to USS Byetown. Rumour has it that unless he shapes up, he will be named model student at the Supposedly Sentient Slabovian Small-Scale Stimulating Strategic Simulation Studies Services (S¹⁰), Byetown.

LT PAUL "STUD" ROBILLARD, HIRTS, CRIPES:

Keep the razor away from him -- his chest can't handle it anymore. Paul has won numerous awards for his "videography" (honestly, honey, it's an art film...) Llama rights now!

Lt Robillard possesses two of the jewels of the triple crown of Slabovian incompetence: The HIRTS for forceful sacrifice of his eyelashes in the line of duty; and the CRIPES for locking his keys in his car twice in the same day. Not one to allow convention or safety to stand in the way of his overreaching ambition, Lt Robillard lost all hands aboard the Twotone class Patrol Ship USS Antoine, thereby passing up promotion. But the Peter Principle lives on in Lt Robillard, and he rose to his own level of incompetence in a flash aboard the USS Byetown. He is currently posted to the Endangered Species Merchandising Unit (EMU), Byetown, until further notice.

ENS STEPHEN CLARKE:

Prominent Ghotician (fish-ician), he lives in symbiosis with his hat.

Bursting onto the scene as Chancellor of the University of Slabovia, Ens Clarke was awarded retroactive command of Innocuous Class Patrol Ship USS Iguana in 1995. he was recruited for Operation Sink Me! from the Combined Military Forces Training Academy immediately upon discovery of his abilities. His current posting is as an analyst at SNSSS HQ, Moronto.

ENS DAVID LAVICTOIRE:

Our man in the restrooms of America.

One of the unfortunate few survivors of the Llama-Be-Gone Elite Forces, Ens Lavictoire was airlifted directly to the USS Byetown. As further punishment, he has been assigned to S¹⁰ under the immediate supervision of LCdr Oelrich.

ENS DUNCAN MORGAN, FOOLS, HIRTS

Born Duncan Morgan somewhere or other, he grew up -- wait a minute, what am I saying? I must be absolutely mad. I don't know this person. I have no idea where he comes into this picture. He didn't even have anything to do with the frame. I suppose he exists as a figment of somebody's imagination, BUT NOT MINE! I DO NOT KNOW DUNCAN MORGAN! YOU CAN PROVE NOTHING! YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE, COPPERS! THERE MAY BE A THOUSAND GUYS WITH A THOUSAND GUNS, BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE JOHNNY ROCCO! I GOT ALL THE ANGLES COVERED, SEE? I GOT CARS, I GOT DAMES, I GOT RHYTHM, WHO COULD ASK FOR ANYTHING MORE?

Duncan had nothing to do with this trip.

8. NAVIGATION LOGS AND MISSION REPORTS:

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USS BYETOWN NAVIGATION LOG

**GOLD WATCH 1 (18:30, 19 Sep 95) - Driver: Ens Robillard, Nav: Cdr MacGillivray
COMPILED AND RECORDED BY CDR MACGILLIVRAY**

Delayed departure due to provisioning requirements. Recognition due for LCdrs YARKER and OELRICH for adept work in storing provisions and baggage for the equivalent of the eighth army into 6 small cupboards totalling four cubic feet of space. Also, a special note with respect to Ens ROBILLARD for his exceptional driving and engineering skills.

The boat was christened by the Skipper after an invigorating speech, using a bottle of margarita - how appropriate! The Captain also presented the XO with an engraved pen set "OPERATION: SINK ME". Very nice.

19:35: Passing London now. The Skipper just opened the Sealed OPS orders, and appeared both pleasantly surprised and disturbed at the same time. These orders were circulated amongst the senior officers, but the contents may not be disclosed in this log.

Water consumption has been extremely low so far and capacity of all storage tanks remains high. Computer is functioning perfectly -- no tests or traffic on the cell phone as yet.

21:30: Minor screw-up -- missed turn resulted in adjustment of route to a border crossing at Detroit rather than Sarnia. Nothing serious, just changes some numbers. ETA Detroit @ 10:00 pm EDT -- we'll conduct our first watch change there.

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USS BYETOWN NAVIGATION LOG

**RED WATCH 1 (23:00, 19 Sep 95) - Driver: Ens Clarke, Nav: Cdr Goddard
COMPILED AND RECORDED BY CDR GODDARD**

Nothing can go wrong -- go wrong -- go wrong -- go wrong...

Last shift kind of missed Sarnia -- by, oh, A LOT. As in, suddenly Ens Robillard was telling me we were going to Chatham, and then to Windsor... So, okay, fine, we decide to cross the border at Windsor, easy stuff. Ens Robillard goes into the crossing, follows the sign for trucks, and we suddenly find ourselves "playing with the Big Boys"... We decide to ask for directions, instructions -- HELP! The guy tells us to turn right a few times and then back on ourselves and... yeah, sure, let's go... We do manage to get to immigration (thanks to the directions of one of the truckers), and we hand over our i.d. to the guy at the counter. Then we hang fire with the DETROIT FREE PRESS while Capt Dosenbach calls the future Mrs. Dosenbach -- I hope to tell her that everything's PERFECTLY OKAY and NO PROBLEMS. He connects with San Fran and the customs guy calls us back, having "run a few checks" on our i.d. Everything's perfectly okay and no problems -- as long as the Skipper's marrying a U.S. girl (which he is, or tells him, or both). Then the customs guy gets stupid.

"So how do you know these boys?"

Mike starts to explain. Then the customs guy gets smart and tells us to go away. We get smart and split immediately. Mike has not yet hung up on Rachel and has to finish his conversation; which we realize when we also realize that Mike's not here. So we wait for Mike to get here and Dave (Yarker) makes coffee and Stephen takes over the driving and Mike starts guiding him through Detroit -- first thing he says is, "Lock the doors..."

23:25: So I finally get a chance to relax and drink my now-lukewarm coffee -- riiiiiggghhhttt... I

sit down for a couple of minutes and then evasive maneuvers begin -- "...we're merging with the fast lane now," I hear Mike tell Stephen. Then Mike hands me the map from up front... Why does this not inspire me with confidence? Only three hours or so before I go to sleep. At least we've got Radio SLAB to keep us company.

23:52: "Sink Me!" is on the radio -- caloo, calay... We managed to make the Ann Arbor checkpoint without incident. I poured myself some hot coffee -- I'm not sure how long ago that was... it's probably lukewarm now -- how can we find out?

00:53: Pissing down rain... gabbed with Stephen for a bit while I finished my coffee... We just finished writing our messages "home", which we'll upload when we get to Battle Creek, MI.

03:08: Oh my God I'm tired. We drove and drove. It stayed dark -- funny thing about night. Dave made sundaes. Dave (Lavictoire) woke up, was in the process of making coffee when the water came flying out of the upper-deck wall bracket -- all over the map on the table, some on the computer. We had emerg paper towelling pronto, though, all's well. JJ spotlight on SLAB. Stopped for gas at Exit 12, tried to uplink and were unsuccessful -- nobody knows why. We pulled out of the gas station and parked it so we could use the generator, but that didn't work either -- Mike was (m)uttering threats to CompuServe. Things quieted down, we did the change to Blue Shift -- the Dave and Dave Show. Keith gets to be DOA for this shift -- YAY!!!! (Keith agrees on the yay, don't you Keith). Mush! on SLAB to get them through the night. I gotta get some sleep -- starting to get a little snappy (no comment from the [REDACTED] peanut gallery). Hm, that means getting my sleepy-bye clothes from the top bunk, where Paul and Mike are zzzing -- well, [REDACTED]

Thank you and good night,
Patrick Goddard
Log O

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USS BYETOWN NAVIGATION LOG

AQUA WATCH 1 - Driver: Ens Lavictoire, Nav: LCdr Yarker
COMPILED AND RECORDED BY LCDR YARKER

Start - 2:45 EST 20 Sep 95 outside of Chicago

Smooth until Oelrich and Clarke report major problems with the computer tracking system

After 20 min left Oelrich to navigate to attempt to fix the computer.

25 min of effort have left the computer in its current state, the entries at least all seem about right.

Lavictoire reports being lost in Chicago. Yarker leaves computer station to assume nav duties in co-pilot seat.

New routing takes the Byetown onto 55 South the meet the I80 and rejoin the scheduled route.

Rigley White-Sox field seen to left of the Byetown

Estimated loss of time 15 min and 30 kilometers due to the "Chicago incident"

Clarke takes leave at 05:00 to sleep

*** Grey water check - Grey water tank full - reqr to empty next avail stop

5:48:04 1 minute silence observed for Joliet Jake upon passing the Joliet Rd intersection

Large amounts of intermittent construction. Maximum speed has been reduced to below 45 mph on many occasions.

The construction is putting additional stress on the driver.

USS Slabovia passes through Peru - no sign of Llama negotiator - trip continues

*** Changes to the computer EXcel sheet:

1. Cells H, calculated the leg length by subtracting the previous leg length from the

total distance travelled - changed to subtract sum of previous legs to reflect reality
2. Cells are corrected to allow for the break inserted at cell 33
XO req time to shift change @ 6:04:40 - and req wake-up at shift change -30 min
6:10:05 Light rain begins
6:15:04 XO surfaces
6:21:30 Yarker puts coffee on for Gold Shift
6:36 XO approves aqua shift to continue to past the quad cities - approx an additional
40 minutes of shift.
I80 had construction - take I280 detour south of Moline
7:24 Cross Mississippi and enter Idaho
7:44 Fuel stop at Pilot and hand over to Gold crew

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USS BYETOWN NAVIGATION LOG

GOLD WATCH 2 - Driver: Ens Robillard, Nav: Cdr MacGillivray

COMPILED AND RECORDED BY CDR MACGILLIVRAY

07:17 (20 Sep 95): Watch rotation partially completed- navs have rotated, just waiting for suitable location to stop prior to rotating drivers. Thanks to Ens Lavictoire on account of both exceeding his driving shift in order to allow easier shift change, and for smooth handling of the Byetown through Chicago allowing the Skipper, XO, LogO and Gold Driver to sleep well during his shift.

07:54: Just departed the largest I-80 truck stop in Iowa - big wow. It goes without saying that we've crossed the state line into Iowa. Fuel appeared remarkably cheap until we remembered that we're dealing with US dollars now. LogO just awoke and appears as refreshed as ever.

07:58: Sun's up now (we presume - fairly heavy cloud-cover) and the skipper has handed of the commander's hat to the XO in case anything should go wrong -- that is to say, our fearless leader will be the first to venture into the shower! He has made it clear that if he does not return, none are to follow. He's so brave.

08:10: Skipper has successfully returned from the shower, seemingly intact and for the most part, as sane as he was before. Grey water tank shows as full - we'll have to seek a dump station for that tank.

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USS BYETOWN NAVIGATION LOG

RED WATCH 2 (11:00 EDT, 20 Sep 95) - Driver: Ens Clarke, Nav: Cdr Goddard

COMPILED AND RECORDED BY CDR GODDARD

Started this shift by trying to uplink ONCE AGAIN. As usual, it's failing, even at 2400 baud. [REDACTED] We tried to use the phone inside the Amoco station, but their phone was connected to the wall, and it would've required structural damage to get to the jack, and we just didn't have the time... Keith stole a postcard, though, so the fuel stop wasn't totally wasted. Plugbutte Dreams on SLAB -- I think it's almost over, Thank Moneca...

"Red Shift is becoming synonymous with driving in the rain... Maybe it's because I'm the only one who knows how to use the windshield wipers..." - S.C.

Towards the end of Gold Shift 2, Rankin & I built the receipt accounting spreadsheet, and my little heart is happy.

Had to suppress Stephen's Sing Along With the Carpenters. Minimal bloodshed.

12:13 EDT: Keith has destroyed our mascot's Evil Twin. Paul rests quietly. Dr. Schadenfreude on SLAB.

13:50 EDT: Rankin and I just finished the State Briefing Stuff. Mike ordered him to take away one of my Dooeys due to Dr. Schadenfreude content. Looks like rain, Stephen... Dr. S. is almost done.

14:10 EDT: After Dr. S., Stephen was wondering if we had "Alice's Restaurant". Well, sure, somewhere we did, yeah, but our SLAB tapes are all 90 minute yellow unlabeled Memorex cassettes, so we had no idea which tape had the song on it. Rankin did the tape exchange, Stephen put in the new tape -- "You can get anything you want at Alice's Restaurant..."

I finished printing up the banner for the back -- BE SURE TO WEAR SOME FLOUR IN YOUR HAIR. Rankin's cutting and pasting right now. David L. is reading Neal Stephenson's ZODIAC. It's still raining.

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**USS BYETOWN CAPTAIN'S LOG
CAPT M. DOSENBACH**

14:35 EDT This is your fearless leader. Rankin (who has just been demoted for a "Lincoln Log" comment) has been "reminding" me that I can make entries any time I wish for, let me check the trip clock, about 20 hours now. So, here I am. The crew is entertaining themselves by creating new phonetic alphabets. Joy.

I figure I should put down a few words about my feelings about this trip. A complete waste of time. I could think of phonetic alphabets at home. The highlight so far is probably George's "orders".

I was slightly disappointed by the lack of mind [REDACTED] when I arrived at YYZ (pronounced "zed". Damn foreigners.). However, the entertainment of "freaking the mundanes" helped to alleviate my disappointment.

Seriously, though, I am a complete idiot for being here the week before my wedding, but I am having fun. I'm more than a little surprised that there is still a wedding to go to this Saturday after I got on the plane, but I guess I have that effect on women. I have Rachel wrapped around my little finger. You're not going to tell her that, are you? ...

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**USS BYETOWN CAPTAIN'S LOG
CAPT M. DOSENBACH**

14:51 EDT

The silliness has started. I figured I should write something now, while I, at least, am still lucid. We have already lost Keith. We have already alerted Dave L. that he may need to confiscate Keith's weapon and confine him to the shower. If that doesn't work, we'll turn it on (the shower, not the weapon). We all may start to crack soon. Pat has started on the bad puns. Dave L. has been swallowed by his novel. Rankin has ..., well, he's being Rankin. Paul has been in a coma for about ten hours now. He may never wake up. If someone has found this on the side of I-80 in a burned-out wreck of an RV with eight (or less) skeletons inside, DON'T MIX INSOMNIA, COKE, EIGHT WEIRD PEOPLE, AND CLOSE QUARTERS!! HEED MY WARNING!!! HEED MY WARNING!!! READ MY MORNING!!!! BLEED MY THORNING!!!
Ahem. I think I need sleep.

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15:02 EDT: It's snowing in Nebraska. This is not Mike talking - I AM SANE. N.B. for next trip: don't allow Stephen's hat on board. It's a [REDACTED] precipitation mag -- did he just say it was snowing grass? -- magnet. Mudflap McCoy is on SLAB with Night Driving music -- which of

course is completely sleep-inducing and totally unsuitable for night driving. The signs are up at the back of the bus. All eight of us are awake.

Spare us the invigorating speech, [REDACTED] head.

He's threatening to take away Dave L's Dooeys now -- "Snow Problem" pun.

"Bottom line is, if I catch any of you bugging the Skipper, it'll be bad. I was gonna say, 'You'll have to come through me,' but..." - R.M.

We're all gonna die. It's a [REDACTED] blizzard out there. We've strapped ourselves in and are bracing for impact. Keith is snapping shots of us kissing our [REDACTED] goodbye. That'll look great in AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHER. Say cheese to this... Funny, our TV reception is better than it's ever been.

15:26 EDT: Shift change immanent. Stevie Ray on SLAB. Keith's goin' up front to snap some pics of this bizarre weather. I figure it's the Hoover-Damites, trying to prevent Mike from getting to the wedding and pissing in their gene pool.

15:35 EDT: Gettin' ready for crew shift. We're pulling off the road at a McDonalds to do the change. Dave Y. just pointed out a few stray Overlords who got caught in the snow. Poor bastards. Here we go, get ready for the Dave & Dave Show...

Patrick Goddard
Ops O

P.S. We're almost halfway there, and just before we get to that point, we hit Mountain Time. Cool!

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USS BYETOWN NAVIGATION LOG
AQUA WATCH 2 - Driver: Ens Lavictoire, Nav: LCdr Yarker
COMPILED AND RECORDED BY LCDR YARKER

Assume duty from RED watch at 16:01 EST in Kearney Nebraska
Weather: Still snowing, roads are wet, but only slightly slushy, temperature is cold, music is slow.

Oelrich has been tasked with the preparation of dinner and is currently reading the manual for the propane.

RESTROOM REPORT - 'Went' in McDonalds. Typical McDonalds restroom, but with only one toilet, and one urinal. Seat cold on my seat. Toilet paper is off the roll, but it's two-ply, so I can't complain. I'm a little constipated from the travel and the cold, but this will pass. I'm really quite tired. There's snow on my sandals - I hope someone brought my docs. D.L.

16:11:30 Alien snail overlords spotted marching in several columns. Crew is still relaxed but the presence of the overlords is sure to be felt as the watch continues.

We have abandoned the idea of cooking with propane on the move in favour of nuking the meat pies.

16:26:50 Tape changed

16:30:45 Coffee machine reloaded

17:24:00 Roads have cleared-up nicely. Ens Lavictoire reports driving conditions good

17:28:40 Trip timer has been stopped to allow it to catch-up to the actual time of our trip in three hours (20:28:40 EST) it MUST be restarted.

18:03:00 XO consumes the first meal to ensure its worthiness. "Hot very hot - all the way

through" is the verdict. Serving to the remainder of the crew begins.
18:25:306 miles to Bingo - Skipper instructs "Carry on!"

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**USS BYETOWN CAPTAIN'S LOG
CAPT M. DOSENBACH**

19:22:54As you can see, Dave is a talkative guy.

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19:53:24Shift handed over to gold watch

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**USS BYETOWN NAVIGATION LOG
GOLD WATCH 3 - Driver: Ens Robillard, Nav: Cdr MacGillivray
COMPILED AND RECORDED BY CDR MACGILLIVRAY**

20:18: Just departed the Potter Texaco station where we were able to refill the fresh water tanks. The Chief of the Boat managed this function with ease - hardly spilled a drop! No difficulties whatsoever with the Boat as yet. The only on-board systems failure yet to be corrected is the failed data link. Old Man Potter did not have a phone jack we could utilize. Landscape is beginning to change dramatically from flattest to flat to not so flat. We're expecting something almost rugged soon. Weather is looking grim. The entire last blue watch encountered drizzle/rain - still an improvement on the previous red watch's blizzard! I thought we were going south! Thick cloud cover prevails outside with intermittent drizzle, yet inside the general disposition is bright and busy with an industrious flurry of various on-going activities including showers, dinners, and preparations for night-operating-mode as the sun is going down. Looks like we'll be traversing the only part of this entire freaking continent with a good view in the dark. That's okay though, we're more used to doing things in the dark.

Driver advises light drizzle has changed to light snow. Lovely. Rumour has it that it just doesn't get any better than this. Visibility down to 750m now. Looks like it's going to be a fun watch.

20:45: Trip timer adjustments as directed by the previous watch were conducted incorrectly - the correct time to restart the clock was overlooked in the confusion of departure. The trip timer is now running, but was started 16 minutes late (20:44 EST rather than 20:28 EST). Therefore, 16 minutes must be added to that time when eye-balling it. (Sorry Dave)

20:53: Entering Wyoming now. Looks like they imported extra clouds in just for us.

21:50: Visibility now virtually zero on account of heavy snow and the darkness that usually accompanies night. Headway considerably reduced. XO has decreed that an observer will be staffed on the flight deck until daylight in order to assist the driver and monitor for signs of fatigue.

22:01: Heavy heavy snow now. EngO has ordered that cruise control not be utilized until further notice on account of snow accumulating on road surfaces. Cruise tends to engage on its own in order to adjust speed. This could prove hazardous on slippery surfaces. Speed averaging 60Km/h.

22:17: Down gradient just before Laramie causing backlog of transports with speeds reduced to well below 40Km/h. Commendation to Ens Robillard for "driving her like a bus". Limited traction on the down gradient causing slippage now - high tension on the flight deck, but all performing well under pressure. Mission Status will be reviewed at a later time.

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USS BYETOWN CAPTAIN'S LOG
CAPTAIN M. DOSENBACH

Can't see the clock (right after previous entry)
I see a promotion in Ens Robillard's future.

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00:04 (21 Sep 95): The locals claim this kind of weather is "normal" for this time of year. I find this hard to accept. Stopped briefly at Elk Mountain (Still Wyoming) for some anti-freeze for the windshield - had some serious ice build-up.

"Vista of Elk Mountain, Altitude 11,165 ft and interstate 80 between Laramie and Rawlins, Wyoming. This portion of interstate 80 was humorously named Snow Chi Minh Trail because of the interesting times one might encounter during the winter months on this portion of the interstate."

-From post-card purchased at Elk Mountain

Ens Robillard still at the wheel and becoming quite comfortable there - may consider short extension on his shift as both other drivers are sleeping. With Ens Robillard still fit to drive, it may be preferable to milk him for a while longer in order for the next two drivers to be really fresh.

Cdr Goddard is currently riding shotgun and acting as DOA. The Skipper is aft catching up on some reading, and LCdr Yarker is awake (no, really).

00:17: Round-table (or closest approximation we could manage in a moving RV) concluded that with enough fuel on board to make it to Rock Springs, we will extend the Gold Watch, keeping an eye on Ens Robillard, and allowing the other drivers to sleep on.

00:21: All Stop. Long back-up of traffic with some flashing lights way up ahead. Looks like a possible accident. No option but to sit it out. Looks like a cookie break. Fresh pot of coffee just got put on and the Decadents <tm> have been opened.

CB is on now with lots of traffic from the six thousand truckers that are locked up here with us. It appears that someone has gone off-road at the next exit ahead.

00:32: A little movement happening ahead now. CB people are pushing for movement, and it's happening now. Nothing like a little adventure to make things interesting.

The Skipper is forward now, and Ens Clarke is awake. No chance of a watch change now for some time anyway. We're following the lead of the truckers and trying to drive on the sand. Still very slow going, but at least we're moving. CB has proven immensely valuable. Have already heard references to ourselves ("piss [REDACTED] RV") which provided us with our location relative to the truckers.

00:48: Ens Paul "Ice-Stud" Robillard still performing exceptionally well considering an ice-laden 5-10% down slope with a slight s-turn in it. Paperwork already in progress for a field promotion to Lt.

LCdr Yarker recommends full winter gear next time.

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USS BYETOWN NAVIGATION LOG

GOLD WATCH 3 - Driver: Ens Robillard, Nav: Cdr MacGillivray

COMPILED AND RECORDED BY CDR MACGILLIVRAY AFTER ACTION

03:29: AFTER - ACTION REPORT:

The Snow Chi Minh Trail Mack The Knife Semi-Engagement

Impact occurred at approximately 23:30. The Byetown was west-bound on an icy down-grade between Elk Mountain and Rawlins Wyoming. LCdr Yarker was the only crew member not belted on account of a) there are belts for seven only; and b) for the purpose of observing for in-bound transport traffic behind. Things began to happen quickly. LCdr Yarker began to calmly advise Ens Robillard of an in-bound transport. Ens Robillard was, at that time, in the right-hand lane, and in the process of continuing to work the vehicle into a well controlled, slow-moving profile. Experiencing the same symptoms as the surrounding trucks, braking was not always being entirely successful in preventing the vehicle from accelerating down the hill. Each attempt to brake resulted in a momentary loss of control which slowed the vehicle somewhat, but had to be immediately abandoned in order to preserve the necessary elements of control. In all, Ens Robillard was performing extremely well, and with the exception of the in-bound truck, the vehicle profile was as good as could be expected, and in my opinion (Cdr MacGillivray), as good as was possible.

Included in the options (one of which is the one chosen, and described above), was the option to pull over and stop. The questions that arise at this point are many: What is the risk of inbound trucks impacting a stationary vehicle from behind? How will this help us - Weather not likely to break for a long time and we are in the middle of nowhere? Can Ens Robillard safely bring the vehicle to a stop on the shoulder (MUST be off the road) without taking it into the ditch? Is it safe to stray from the speed of the surrounding traffic (or, is it possible)?

Ens Robillard was unable to safely bring the vehicle further to the right (already in the right lane) without risking ending up in the ditch and possibly rolling. Ens Robillard chose the option of potentially being struck by the in-bound truck. Again, in my opinion, this was the correct course of action.

More questions surface now: Why is this truck accelerating towards us? Why is he not in the left lane?

It was evident that the trucker knew he was going to hit us. He broadcast over CB19 (to which we were tuned) "get out of the way camper" several times in the space of about 20 - 30 seconds. There was insufficient time to respond to that message. All aboard heard it, however, and were aware that there was an imminent situation evolving. In the same space of time, LCdr Yarker was calculating vectors and hauling [REDACTED] out of the impact zone.

Impact arrived with a loud bang and a surprisingly not-so-powerful jolt. The truck (apparently) was jack-knifed, and impact points were the left-rear corner of the Byetown, with the front-right corner of the trailer portion of the truck. It was easy to assess that all parties in the forward cabin were un-injured. Three calls to LCdr Yarker rang out immediately, inquiring about his health. These inquiries were immediately responded to with an "I'm alright". LCdr Yarker then proceeded to remove all personal effects from the impact zone, and assess damage. I recall the phrase, "I see pavement!"

Forward, Ens Robillard was in process of recovering (quite calmly) a controlled vehicle profile. The fire extinguisher was removed from its housing by LCdr Oelrich and handed off to Ens Clarke. It was later discovered that this had been done in anticipation of possible propane/fuel related fire risks. A decision was quickly arrived at between command staff and Ens Robillard

with regards to available options, to continue until such time as the vehicle could be safely stopped, and damage properly assessed.

It was immediately apparent that the damage was not extremely serious, as the vehicle was still performing quite well. There was little question that the correct choice was to proceed.

Subsequent communication over the CB confirmed that the truck that had hit us had subsequently carried on and passed us, and would not be seen again. Another truck driver indicated that he was prepared to run rearward interference for us in order to prevent the same situation from recurring. A sand truck had passed in the interim providing us with reasonable traction for some distance.

Recommend inclusion of collision claxon on future trips.

Two attempts (at earliest possible convenience) were made to find a suitable place to park, assess damage, regroup, and formulate strategy. The second was successful. The details regarding place and time are covered in the Police Report.

State Highway Patrol was called immediately, whilst orders were issued to staff damage control parties, and a crew to police the interior. Damage was properly assessed to the effect that the primary damage was cosmetic (see photos). The fresh water system had been spewing water (confirmed by LCdr Yarker) for some time, and the tank level indication had dropped dramatically. All other on-board systems (that is to say: Propane for fridge, furnace, oven/stove, water heater, generator, and all electrical systems were intact and functional. The propane being the most important as it provided us the heat necessary to keep warm for a potential seven hours (until the gas station opened at 07:00).

Police arrived within the hour and spoke with Ens Robillard for some time in the police car, then came aboard to secure relevant information from the rest of the crew. Afterwards, Go T.O. was advised via cellphone of our number such that they may contact us soonest. The insurance broker will have to be contacted at such a time as they are available.

The State Highway Patrolman advised us that there was no reason we could not proceed. XO and EngO conducted an extremely thorough visual, physical, and thought-process inspection of all critical components of the vehicle and together certified it safe to drive after the damaged areas were secured and sealed. Special note here with reference to LCdr Oelrich's replacing the cover fixtures on damaged rear lights in order to eliminate any possible risk of breaking state vehicle laws.

RESTROOM REPORT - This apparently abandoned rest stop has a fully functional restroom, with the US Standard single toilet and urinal. Aside from that, and the presence of superior two-ply toilet paper, the restroom was utterly abysmal. There was no hot water, the lighting and heat were severely lacking, and the decor was without question the worst I've seen on this trip so far. The walls were scribbled with incomprehensible graffiti, and there was no lock on the stall door! From first to last, this was a horrible restroom, to be avoided at all costs. -D.L.

Temporary crew arrangement was assigned for the purpose of getting the ship underway without delay. Ens Robillard was back at the wheel, with LCdr Yarker covering observer/nav from the front seat. Despite continued functionality of the cellphone and laptop, navigation will be conducted manually until further notice, as the nav station must be relocated in order to allow for additional sleeping space as the aft compartment has been deemed unsuitable as a sleeping space, by new standing order. This space is in process of being converted into a CIC. The forward cabin and flight deck are again fully functional and organized.

Red and Blue drivers are being rested in order to spell Ens Robillard as early as possible

pending weather. Another new standing order involves the Skipper timing future fuel stops for efficiency, as this is one area wherein some time can be made up.

Watch rotation and fueling logs will be handled manually after this entry.

XO and the Skipper spent some 20 minutes in closed conference in CIC in order to develop new protocols, procedures for what are normally simple functions, and most important, strategic contingency plans based on the several possible ways that this mission may lean from this point.

QUEEN'S DISPATCHES AND COMMENDATIONS

Ens Robillard: Field promotion to Lt, effective immediately; and Queen's Dispatch for exemplary performance under adverse, unexpected circumstances combined with extreme duress. He made and carried out quick, efficient decisions which resulted in what could be considered very good results when one considers the possibilities. It is impossible to evaluate just exactly what MAY have resulted, and this officer refuses to speculate.

LCdr Yarker: Queen's dispatch for assuming a highly self-hazardous position and potentially putting his life in danger in order to better assist the driver and ensure the continued safety of all aboard, not to mention the success of the mission. Furthermore, providing that calm, cool, stable platform of logic (that we have all come to rely on) throughout the aftermath.

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One fuel stop and one watch rotation has occurred since the commencement of this log entry. Ens Lavictoire now driving, LCdr Yarker Navigating/observing, Skipper and Chief relaxing, Cdr Goddard, Ens Clarke and Lt Robillard Sleeping, and the XO is under orders from the Skipper to get some sleep immediately upon closing this log.

Further entries to appear as soon as is reasonably possible.

Close Log 06:36 21Sep 95

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USS BYETOWN NAVIGATION LOG

**AQUA WATCH 3 - A retrospective of a journey through the pits of night, and some crummy terrain as well. - Driver: Ens Lavictoire, Nav: LCdr Yarker
COMPILED AND RECORDED BY LCDR YARKER**

Following our brief stay over in [REDACTED] hole (Elk Mountain) Wyoming and filling out the accident reports Paul decided to keep on the adrenaline for now to push the damaged and limping Byetown through the poor weather into nicer terrain. (for Restroom Report see Gold Log.) 1 hour of such activities left Paul in no condition to continue - so, after a ****VERY**** long shift Ens Robillard was allowed to return to his position in Gold shift and turn the driving over the Ens Lavictoire. The remainder of trip was uneventful, resulting as it was with the unheroic swift retreat from the state of Wyoming. Spirits on this watch were good despite the nature of the earlier night and the fact that this was the second pre-dawn shift for the Dave and Dave crew. This watch saw the successful extrication of the damaged Byetown from Wy Wy Wy Why Wyoming?

The Coca-Cola corporation is mentioned in dispatches for providing much needed encouragement and caffeine during this watch, and most especially the stunning sunrise witnessed, providing the final morale boost to propel the cast and crew of the USS Byetown past the harrowing events of the previous evening.

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USS BYETOWN NAVIGATION LOG

RED WATCH 3 (10:30, 21 Sep 95) - Driver: Ens Clarke, Nav: Cdr Goddard

COMPILED AND RECORDED BY CDR GODDARD

15:45 EDT: Keith woke me out of REM sleep and a dream in which I was in a bus or something and me and the other passengers had formed an assembly line; I was peeling imaginary bananas. And then I was in Utah.

Okay, you can see the Gold Log for last night. I slept like a log myself. And this shift was great: totally eventless and flat -- Utah. We refueled in Echo after waiting for Frank to decide to come out of the diner, where he was feeding this family from Guam (according to Dave L.). He wrote us out a receipt and we were off -- Stephen's reaction time while driving is typically Taurean -- a little slow on the uptake. So we missed our turnoff and had to turn around, but that was no big deal at all. I really like the landscape. We skirted around Salt Lake City (actually turning off the I-80 to do so -- major excitement for this shift), drove along the Great Salt Lake and the Newfoundland Evaporation Basin for a while, past the salt flats (I didn't realize the Bonneville Flats were salt flats), through the foothills and on into Nevada and Pacific Time. Stopped in Wells at a Flying J to refuel and look around for a dump site -- which of course turned out to be right beside us.... Time to change shifts... (about 15:00 EDT).

RESTROOM REPORT - Restroom in poor condition, but clean. One urinal, one toilet. Used toilet for approx. 10 min. Toilet paper is single ply individual sheets, which was quite rough on my bottom. Ens. D.L.

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USS BYETOWN NAVIGATION LOG

GOLD WATCH 4 - Driver: Lt Robillard. Nav: Cdr MacGillivray

COMPILED AND RECORDED BY CDR MACGILLIVRAY

16:28 21Sep 95: Gold Watch back on effective 15:30. All crew are with the exception of Ens Lavictoire (next driver) are awake. Entire crew fed, and content.

Refueled at Wells Nevada, dumped both waste tanks and placed calls to Go T.O., and the ultimate boss, Rachel. Routine Vehicle inspection revealed a requirement for engine coolant top up. Conducted by Lt Robillard without difficulty.

Go T.O.'s Patti was extremely helpful and cheerful. Once briefed on our situation, she advised that our current operational strategy (get the vehicle to SFO in order to complete mission, and arrange for maintenance or replacement there) is exactly what we should be doing. Nice to know we had made the right call - especially with regards to the "return to Denver for a new vehicle/repairs" option, which would definitely have been a bad call.

Weather is clear, bright, sunny and quite warm. Traversing desert/mountain range/foothills kind of terrain now, on wide, clear, dry roads. Making VERY good time now.

16:39: LCdr Oelrich riding shotgun, and currently staffed to observe for aerial surveillance. Ens Lavictoire still sleeping, and the rest of the crew are playing cards. Doesn't get much better.

Just cleared out of Elko heading for Winnemucca and Lovelock. Rough segments of road, combined with surrounding terrain make us feel much like a tumbleweed.

ETA SFO a little cloudy right now depending on how you calculate it. Quite confident we'll be in prior to midnight local, which, while not exceptional, is acceptable. With Rachel having her batchelorette party, we may even be in prior to her!

Possibility of conducting an up-link has been pretty much abandoned on the understanding that we will have better opportunity and more time to get things figured out and up and running upon arrival in SFO. Lots of messages to go out at that time, not to mention the probability of considerable in-bound message traffic.

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**USS BYETOWN CAPTAIN'S LOG
CAPT M. DOSENBACH**

16:53:45 Rankin is pretty cool.

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16:54: Skipper is evidently delirious, and suffering from any number of pre-matrimonial conditions. Recommend having Chief Medical Officer have a look-see.

17:49: Skipper just called the ship to DEFCAN SEVEN. The Chief will promptly be advised to bring the count up to acceptable levels at the next refueling stop.

17:55: CMO just completed a physical and mental examination of the Skipper.

Results:	Pulse: Yes
	Blood Pressure: No
	Spinal Fluid: Purple
	Tongue: 60/40
	Tomato Content: Abnormally high
	Pattern Recognition: Wrong (doesn't know Arthur Ashe when he sees him)
	Hand-eye: Lousy
	Balance and coordination: Incredibly good

Conclusion: 4.0 (forked)

18:00: Observer transcribed cryptic message written on the side of a mountain, and deciphered it to read, "W". Again we fail to comprehend the simplest of messages from the Hoover-Damites.

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**USS BYETOWN NAVIGATION LOG
GOLD WATCH 4 - Transcribed 01:56 EDT, 23 Sep 95, Clarion Hotel Bar, SFO
Driver: Lt Robillard, Nav: Cdr MacGillivray
COMPILED AND RECORDED BY CDR MACGILLIVRAY**

Passed Carlin checkpoint.

Hoover-Damite message interpreted as "You're [REDACTED]". Lt Robillard offered said interpretation upon recognizing engine failure, and stopped the vehicle at the side of the road (approx. 1/2 hour west of Winnemucca, NV). Lt Robillard reported symptoms as follows:

- power loss (initially believed to be cruise control disengaging; subsequently

- (determined to be engine failure)
- loss of power steering

Inspection of engine compartment revealed no useful information. Contacted GO T.O. immediately via cell phone. Tom Dinsmore of GO T.O. recommended several tests, which identified problem as lack of spark or fuel. This problem was not serviceable roadside. 411 provided contact number of nearest Ford dealer (Owens Ford Mercury, Inc., Potato Road, Winnemucca, NV), whom we contacted as per Tom's recommendation. Ford confirmed tow truck and mini-van en route -- arrival immanent.

Chief was instructed to secure all vehicle contents for tow. Skipper grabbed his personal effects in anticipation of requirement to rent vehicle or fly to SFO. XO identified the following as IOR:

- cell phone
- laptop
- OpsO briefcase
- LogO briefcase
- The Stupid Purple Case
- GO Vacations manual
- clipboard w/Nav info & maps

Tow truck arrived (sooner than expected; we didn't know how far away Winnemucca was at that time). At that point, driver indicated that no roadside service was possible and proceeded to rig for tow. Lt Robillard was assigned to accompany towtruck driver and stay with the Byetown until further notice. LCdr Oelrich donned the orange target vest and proceeded to a point approx. 500 m "up-traffic" (east) of the Byetown's position and flagged vehicles to the left lane, thereby freeing the right lane to prevent ANYTHING BAD. Cdr Goddard and Cdr MacGillivray entered into conference re: possibility of nominating LCdr Oelrich for BFD. Upon close examination of BFD nomination criteria, it was decided that LCdr Oelrich's behaviour was not "stupid" and therefore did not qualify.

Latefor Class Destroyer USS Bloop arrived under command of Chris. Once hooked up, entire Byetown crew (with exception of Lt Robillard) boarded the USS Bloop and escorted the Byetown to Winnemucca Drydock Facility "Owens Ford".

Upon arrival, Cdr MacGillivray arranged for transfer of command of USS Bloop from Chris to Capt Dosenbach. LCdr Yarker volunteered to coordinate movement of all necessary kit and equipment from USS Byetown to USS Bloop. LCdr Oelrich secured all remaining personal effects and equipment and locked up the boat. Cdr MacGillivray coordinated communication between GO T.O. and drydock commander to initiate follow-up paperwork. At this time, Cdr MacGillivray also ascertained the following:

- no maintenance could be conducted until 0800 22 Sep 95;
- USS Byetown would not be released until 1700 22 Sep 95 (earliest possible);
- USS Byetown remained under manufacturer's warranty; and
- USS Bloop was required at Winnemucca for operational requirements no later than 2400 24 Sep 95.

Aqua crew was assigned first watch aboard USS Bloop (see Aqua log for details).

Log ends.

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NOTE: FOLLOWING A CONVERSATION WITH THE XO THIS IS NOW COBALT WATCH

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USS BLOOP NAVIGATION LOG

COBALT WATCH 1 - Driver: Ens. Lavictoire, Nav: LCdr Yarker

written 9:14 25 Sep, due to lack of ADP facilities of the USS Bloop

COMPILED AND RECORDED BY LCDR YARKER

For the second time in a row the Dave and Dave cobalt team has been selected to lead the crew out of a harrowing experience. In this case, following the death, recovery and subsequent dry docking of the USS Byetown LCdr Yarker was placed in control of the USS Bloop the hastily acquired destroyer used to continue our epic journey. Cdr Mac ensured the procurement of a new vehicle and took command. The Skipper is obviously beginning to feel effects of the stress of this journey. Cdr Mac and the Skipper are immediately ordered to ground. Ens Lavictoire is again showing his growing skill with the ships of the fleet. Our ride is smooth and even.

Our journey takes us out of Nevada in short order, and we begin the ascent. The Bloop is handling the hills very well. The Skipper and XO are continuing to acquire rest. We have high hopes that they will arrive well rested and in good spirits.

Food as been identified by both mbrs of the watch as a requirement. A search for freeport with food supplies is initiated.

Food supplies are proving to be hard to find. We have had several false starts, Ens Lavictoire suggests what is to be used as SOP in the future - if there is no sign saying what type of food is avail we won't pull off.

A sign suggesting the presence of a O'Donalds and a Subway are spotted. After an incorrect exit is chosen the right exit is selected. As the pilot is slowing the Bloop to make the exit Lt Robillard exclaims its the wrong one! He has spotted lights in the distance that must correspond to food. Reluctantly, Ens Lavictoire turns away from the exit. Shortly following this both food outlets are spotted in the free port. Lt Robillard has fallen for a bit of trickery, perpetrated by unknown assailants. The lights in the distance turn out to correspond to gas, and nothing more. Food is not avail, members are getting testy -- vittels must be found soon. There appears to be almost no available food.

Nearly three days (1.5 hours) have past since we began our search for food, the crew is nearly on its last legs. The emergency granola bar rations have been consumed, something must be done soon.

The Bloop is also now in need of fuel - the crew is still suffering - the XO is still very asleep, but the Skipper - ever mindful of his crew - is beginning to stir.

We have pulled into the freeport of Colfax for fuel, and now have a reasonable chance for food. The Bloop is refueled and the window cleaned. We have also had our first contact with the natives of this strange region. While I was present at this occasion I shall leave its description to someone who had a better up-close contact.

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COLFAX ENCOUNTER

RECORDED BY CDR GODDARD

OK, so, like, we were like totally starving, right, so we like stopped for gas like at this gas station? Right, so we were like "refueling our vehicle" and like standing around and all, like "stretching our legs" and everything, and like these two dudes were like also standing around, and like one of them, who's this totally blonde guy with like bare feet and all? He like starts talking to us, right? And he's like asking for change

and all, like, "Hey, dudes, can I like have twenty cents?" And we're all like being a bunch of Canadians, right, and being like seriously uptight about it and all, but like I decide to be like "friendly to the natives", right, so I totally give him the money and all, right? And he's all, "thanks, dude. So, like, you dudes must be pretty old and all, right?" And we're like totally silent, and then he starts asking us how old we are, right? And we're all, "Uh, 24, 25, 23..."

"So, like, you're old enough to buy cigarettes and all, right?"

"Yeah..."

"So, like, you could like, buy cigarettes for us?"

I like was totally unbelievable at this, right. But, you know, like in theatre, you get taught, like when you're doing improv and all, to say like, YES to like everything if you want to keep the scene like moving and everything, right? So I like take total charge of things, right, and I say sure, I'll buy the dude his smokes.

"Cool, OK, so can you like get a pack of like Camel lights?"

"No problem."

"Cool, OK, here's like the money, I think it's like \$2.90, that's what I've got. Thanks, dude."

"No problem."

So like, I go into the gas station and like the smokes aren't even behind the counter, right, like you'd totally never see that in Canada, they're like right beside the cash and all, and you like, serve yourself and everything? So I like grab a pack of Camel lights and I pay the guy and it's like less expensive than they thought, right, like I've got at least a quarter in change, right? But I figure it's like a service charge and all, so I totally keep it and don't tell them, because they're like too wasted to like even notice right? So I give them them their smokes, right, and they've like been talking to our dudes, right, saying something about how their car was like damaged and all. They say thanks and like, wish us "good luck" with like the rest of our trip, right, and they get in their car, which is like this volkswagen Bug, right? And they start it up and it makes like just the most hideous noise, right, and then it pulls back out of its parking space, right, and that's like when we see the "damage", which is like the entire driver's side has been like totally bashed in, right? They just totally bail and we start making fun of them and all? Like talking in this totally fake, like "California accent", like, guy, come on.

OK, so now the van is totally refueled and we totally need food, 'cause we're like starving and all, and that's where Dave like, "picks up the story". Later, dudes.

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Food is everyone's top priority - some discussion of the food outlets advertised leads to a two phase mission - phase one Subway for the XO and others, followed by TacoBell at the request of the Ens Lavictoire.

DISASTER has struck again - Subway seems to have been torpedoed by enemy saboteurs - no foodstuffs are available. At first it seems the story is similar at TacoBell - we have witnessed the staff locking the door. Ens Lavictoire and LCDr Yarker, understanding the needs of their crew, and the needs of themselves race for the door. After some negotiating and outright begging the doors are opened for the recce crew. Under this cover the remainder of the crew of the Bloop is able to enter the TacoBell and procure food (except: No Chicken, no nachos and no Churos).

The staff of this outlet Erin, and someone else (Jeremy - PTG), are to be commended for their efforts and provided with such commendations in writing. At the time of this writing one post card has been sent. Initial relations with the staff were cordial - it appears as if they assumed that only Ens Lavictoire and I would require nourishment, however, after the door was opened the remainder of the crew slipped in - causing Erin to exclaim "You tricked me!" To which both Lavictoire and I coolly and calmly replied - Uh, well uh yeah. At any rate the procurement of vittels proceeded with our a hitch until that fateful moment when Erin inquired into the nature of our jackets. We told her the truth. She didn't believe us - we told her the truth again - she didn't believe us again. This proceeded until such time as she gave up - still not believing. We then took receipt of her address to forward appropriate proof of our epic voyage. All in all we feel that the Slabovian Navey has been well treated in Colfax - despite war damage to the Subway (Why else would such a courageous company refuse us service in the hour of our need?)

As we near our destination the skipper is fully awake - in preparation for our arrival I believe. During these moments the skipper shows why he holds rank above and beyond us all. Despite the stress he must be feeling, he chooses to guide the Bloop through the tricky waters of Sam Frog's Disco himself. The rest of us can only watch in awe with his crisp precise directions.

Finally the maiden voyage of the Bloop comes to a close. It has been a terrific effort all around. Especially commendable are Ens Lavictoire's excellent effort in piloting this seven hour plus voyage - at great cost to himself - so that the other pilots could sleep. Ens Lavictoire is also commended for his supreme toadying and knee-scraping efforts in opening the TacoBell and thereby ensuring the good mental and physical health of the crew.

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**OPERATION: SINK ME
MISSION REPORT
PHASE 3**

0239 EDT, 23 Sep 95, Clarion Hotel Bar, SFO

Crew disembarked at the Clarion approx. 0200 PDT (see Aqua log for details). Accommodations were secured -- room 3007. Offloading was conducted efficiently despite braindeath of all concerned. Skipper was escorted to a warmer bed than any of the crew would get (i.e. The Boss'). LCdr Yarker and Ens Lavictoire reported back from escort duty and sacking out commenced.

RESTROOM REPORT - Now this is a restroom! One toilet, no urinal. Exquisitely clean, and brightly lit. There's even a fully-functional shower, with apparently unlimited hot water! The mirror is just above the sink, just the way I like it. I used the restroom immediately upon arrival, and had a most satisfying evacuation. My incipient constipation has been headed off at the pass. D.L.

Cdr MacGillivray granted R and R effective immediately until 1400 PDT 23 Sep 95 to the following:

- LCdr Yarker
- LCdr Oelrich
- Lt Robillard
- Ens Clarke
- Ens Lavictoire

Upon termination of R and R, above-mentioned personnel required to report to either Capt Dosenbach or Cdr MacGillivray in ceremonial attire for commencement of Phase 4.

At 0915 PDT 22 Sep 95, Skipper advised Cdr MacGillivray via Landline that he and Cdr Goddard be ready for pickup by Lower Class Frigate USS Tin Can (under command of Mike's dad) for transportation to tuxedo fitting.

----- 0307 EDT, Clarion Hotel Atrium Lounge, SFO

(Barkeep closed up shop shortly after the group to our right began singing along to "Margaritaville" and seriously discussing Fleetwood Mac trivia. Can't blame the guy...)

After regaining humanity (or reasonable facsimile thereof), Cdrs MacGillivray and Goddard reported to Capt Dosenbach in the Crocker Room. Capt Dosenbach introduced Mission Specialists Tom Murray, Bob Murray, Paul Bykowski, and John Bykowski; all proceeded to tuxedo fitting at San Mateo Cold Weather Equipment, Engineering and Development Center (San Mateo CWEED Center)

We got fitted; Bykowskis discovered sabotage of their measurements and rectified the situation with the aid of Penguin Transmogrification Technicians. Techs briefed Mission Specialists on purpose and proper operation of experimental Gravity Augmentation, Retention, Tension Extension Restraint System (GARTERS). Techs then released Temporary Undercover eXperimental Exomorphic Diplomatic Operation Suits (TUXEDOS) to Specialists for the remainder of Phase 4.

Cdr MacGillivray called GO T.O. from USS Tin Can via cell phone and ascertained the

following:

- GO T.O. FINcoding could be used for USS Bloop;
- GO T.O. would be supervising refit of USS Byetown;
- GO T.O. would provide status report evening of 22 Sep 95.

Cdrs MacGillivray and Goddard returned to Crocker Room and permitted Mike's Mom to stuff their faces.

Entire mission staff assembled at a church in the no-fire zone in order to rehearse the wedding ceremony. Under the skilled direction of Ursula, a protocol representative for the Hoover Damites, the rehearsal was a breeze. Dinner was provided by Mike's mom and dad at Charley Brown's Steakhouse, San Mateo, CA -- with open bar. Cdrs MacGillivray and Goddard returned to the Clarion via Tin Can to compose Phase 3 Mission Report and get some shut-eye for Phase 4.

INTERIM CONCLUSIONS:

The Benevolent Overlords are [REDACTED] with us. While we were stranded outside Winnemucca, a whole truckload of them went by and taunted us. Odds are that they arrived in SFO before us -- possible security risk.

The purpose of OPERATION: SINK ME, while appearing to be a routine diplomatic mission, may be far more over-reaching. Cdrs MacGillivray and Goddard speculate that Slabovian High Command may be attempting to ally themselves with the Hoover-Damites in the hopes of ending the oppression of Slabovian sovereignty by the "Benevolent" Alien Snail Overlords.

While one can never be totally certain of the competence of Slabovian High Command, this crew hopes that their blundering sacrifice of one of Slabovia's finest officers to the Hoover-Damites will ultimately lead to a renaissance of Slabovian self-determination, self-reign, and self-service. On the other hand, we may be caught between a rock and a hard place jumping out of the frying pan and into the fire, having made a choice between the devil and the deep blue sea. It may be said that it's better to stick with the devil you know; but when you're damned if you do, you're damned if you don't.

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PHASE 4 ITINERARY TRANSCRIBED FROM THE OFFICIAL WEDDING ITINERARY PREPARED BY RACHEL MURRAY

15:00 - 16:00	Pictures
16:00 - 16:30	Wedding Ceremony
16:30 - 17:30	Cocktails by the Pool at the Hyatt (Mission Specialists: Pictures in the Park)
17:30	Mission Specialists announced and enter hall
	Bride and Groom announced and enter hall
18:05	Bride and Groom first dance
18:10	Father/Daughter and Mother/Son dance
18:15	Buffet opens
	First Toast by MS MacGillivray after everyone is seated
19:30	Buffet closes
19:45	Cake cutting
21:00	Bouquet and garter toss
21:15	Party
00:00	Party relocates to Crocker Room

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OPERATION: SINK ME

MISSION REPORT
PHASE 4
THE WEDDING
23 SEP 95

(USS Margarita, 00:05 EDT, 25 Sep 95)

Cdrs MacGillivray and Goddard prepared to attend the Groomsmen's Lunch hosted by Capt Dosenbach. Meanwhile, LCdr Oelrich assumed responsibility for crew laundry. Cdrs waited with Capt Dosenbach for Mission Specialists Murray, Bykowski and Bykowski; by 12:00 PDT, they had failed to attend and we prepared to go eat anyway. At this time, Cdr Goddard began to suspect that his TUXEDOS had been sabotaged; at the same time, Capt Dosenbach realized that we had failed to retroactively remind him to remind us to put "no parking" signs on the meters in front of the church -- where the two stretch limos would be pulling up around 16:00 PDT. Capt Dosenbach and Cdrs MacGillivray and Goddard immediately boarded Company class Corvette USS Guinness to assess the parking situation. It was bad -- cars parked completely along the front of the church. We decided to go to Capt Dosenbach's PMQ and pick up the signs anyway and attempt retroactive damage control (our specialty). Capt Dosenbach also needed time to change shorts on account of smoke damage (ask him). We then proceeded to Gingiss, where the Penguin Transmogrification Techs outfitted Cdr Goddard with proper TUXEDOS components.

Upon return to the Clarion, Cdrs MacGillivray and Goddard began the transmogrification process (see photo of Cdr MacGillivray for unnecessary details). Ens Lavictoire and LCdr Yarker were assigned parking meter coverage and departed immediately aboard USS Bloop. Within the half-hour, transmogrification was complete and judged by Linda to be a resounding success -- another triumph of Slabovian technology.

We waited around the Crocker Room while Capt Dosenbach completed his modified transmogrification -- another success. The Captain was unrecognizably suave and dignified in appearance. Departure time from the Clarion had been established for 14:00. At that time, Mission Specialists Murray, Bykowski and Bykowski were AWOL. LCdr Yarker returned with the Bloop to transport Mission Specialists to the church and was standing by at the Clarion entrance. Capt Dosenbach led a search party for the Bykowskis and soon found them in their room at the Clarion completing their transmogrification process at a leisurely pace. Cdrs MacGillivray and Goddard assembled the Bloop crew and waited some more...

Eventually the Mission Specialists were transported to the church, arriving well ahead of the photographer. Ens Lavictoire succeeded in his mission (he'd waited for the cars in front of the church to leave and then posted the signs on the meters -- there were still two cars left, but he'd posted signs on their meters anyway -- one had 3 1/2 hours left) and had to change clothes.

While waiting for the photographer, Mission Specialists focused their attention on Capt Dosenbach's mental state with repeated hand checks -- who'd have thought Lithium could have been so useful?

The photographer arrived and began annoying us instantly. LCdr Oelrich was assigned the duty of keeping a close eye on the photographer's assistant. This responsibility he took to with gusto and uncharacteristic discretion -- Tally ho! Meanwhile, the photographer was having us lean on trees and pose in distinctly cheesy fashion -- the grooms checking their watches as if to tell Mike he had to get to the church; carrying Mike off to his wedding, etc. If I had to hear him say "Hollywood!" one more time...

The Boys were assigned security detail and made sure the exits were covered and escape routes closed. Cdr MacGillivray took the Skipper into the back room for final preparations. The remaining Mission Specialists (with the exception of MS Murray, who had photo call) received

ushering instructions from Ursula. At 15:30 PDT, the house opened.

The ceremony began shortly after 16:00 PDT (we had to hold the house and do latecomer calls) and the pastor kept things moving at a brisk pace. Neither MS MacGillivray nor MS Michiels (Maid of Honor) forgot the rings -- in fact the entire hitching went off without a hitch. Ha, ha.

Yet another photo session with Mr. Hollywood ensued. Mission Specialists and Capt & Mrs. Dosenbach proceeded via Ambassador class sloops USS Pumpkin and Glass Slipper to a park on the other side of the tracks, where Mr. Hollywood once again regaled us with his joviality for a mercifully brief time. Knocking off a bottle of champagne in the sloops didn't hurt. The wedding party was transported to the Airport Hyatt Regency for the reception. Hollywood!

Refer to video for surface details of the reception. Analysis of deeper meaning by Cdr Goddard follows:

As per Phase 3 speculations by Cdr MacGillivray and I, we were watching for signs of back-room negotiation between Rachel and any of the Mission Specialists assigned to her. Cdr MacGillivray made the most extensive liaison with Mission Specialist Michiels and so I will leave that report to him. As for myself and (particularly) LCdrs Yarker and Oelrich, we took it upon ourselves to distract onlookers and leave Cdr MacGillivray with the field wide open and bond-forming conversation subjects, i.e.: "Would you look at those idiots, what a bunch of fools, etc.". I would like to single out the efforts of the remainder of the crew in joining in the idiocy uninstructed and performing (and drinking) to full capacity. Lt Robillard moves from strength to strength in this mission: first saving our bacon in Wyoming; then catching the garter; finally liberating one of the Hyatt signs for presentation to Capt Dosenbach. Rock and roll.

At this point, I'd like to speculate further on the allegiances of the various members of the wedding party:

John and Paul Bykowski - a more paranoid officer would suggest that their chronic lateness was an attempt to sabotage the entire proceedings; however, since I'm feeling charitable, I'd say that they are simply chronically late and can do nothing about it. Possibly a New Jersey thing. They were in the band that dragged the Skipper down to Vegas in the first place; Paul claimed that a week later, Mike and Rachel had met. Could they be more powerful than we may have originally thought?

Tom Murray - MS Murray was seen to be quietly observing most of the proceedings; as Rachel's brother, one must assume that he is the senior Hoover-Damite among the groomsmen. The conversation livened up considerably once music became the topic. MS Murray vanished quickly once the party got started -- to file his report to Hoover-Damite Command?...

Laura Dosenbach - One would think that, as the Captain's sister, her allegiance would be to the Alien Snail Overlords. Certainly when she & I walked back up the aisle after Rachel became Mrs. D., nothing seemed out of the ordinary; however, one cannot underestimate the influence of her fiancé, Jay. Jay is known to have relatives within an hour of San Francisco; but he was seen to be attempting to ingratiate himself with the Byetown crew during the reception, laughing at what were obviously horrible jokes. Jay later found himself in the pool, claiming to have been pushed; there were no known Hoover-Damites around -- was this perhaps an opportunistic attack? The main candidate seems to have been...

Jennifer Spangler - Jen is a friend of the Skipper's and the Bykowskis from Vegas; she currently works as a bartender near Nelles AFB, serving drinks to the British "Flyguys" piloting the Jaguars. Jen's tolerance for alcohol is nothing short of superhuman and I conclude that she's a true servant of the Overlords. If in fact she was the one to throw Jay into the pool, it must have been an overt rejection of Jay on the part of the Overlords. Thumbs up.

Joy & Julie Burgner - Joy & Julie are two of Rachel's oldest friends and so must be with the Hoover-Damites. Cdr MacGillivray points out that their facial expressions during the ceremony indicated some sort of pain or distraction -- were they perhaps busy receiving instructions from their Hoover-Damite masters? In the limo, they and MS Murray talked at length about the Pink Floyd Pulse tour -- Julie saw it three times. Floyd being the rock tour gods of the universe, Julie must be in touch with a higher reality (the same reality that Duncan is in touch with... hmmm...) I also noticed that their presence at the reception was a quiet, backroom presence, an observational presence....

Karen Michiels - Cdr MacGillivray notes that MS Michiels was the only Hoover-Damite to return with us to the Crocker room as I spilled volumes about Slabovian power structures and history -- all a part of our cunning and retroactive plan... Michiels was obviously assigned the task of information-gathering, but to what purpose we are not sure. We have a few ideas: 1) Simple info-gathering for the Hoover-Damites in order to gain more power over Slabovia (or at least us). 2) Subtle attempt to leave the Hoover-Damites and join the fight for Slabovian freedom -- this evidenced by the willingness with which she gave us her e-mail address. 3) Gross miscalculation as to the length of time and the depth of info we would spill. If 3), then she's obviously incompetent enough to be Slabovian -- could she be a plant? Another interesting piece of Michiels trivia is that she and Rachel had lost touch for many years until their parents got back in touch. What was MS Michiels doing during these Lost Years? Michiels was also not first choice as Maid of Honor, and was only named so when she resurfaced -- she seems to be growing more and more important as I think about it. Is it possible that she is one of the Old Ones, one of the Hoover-Damites who brought Hoover Dam? If that's the case, things are looking up for us -- the amount of time she was willing to spend with us, on and off the dance floor, in and out of my cummerbund, indicate to me an open invitation on the part of the Hoover-Damites to join them and leave the domination of the Overlords. Further liaison with MS Michiels will undoubtedly yield further info; but I'm extremely hopeful on this score.

I would also like to mention in this report a second Julie, no last name given, a student in the Theatre department at UNLV. "Julie" was only one of the names she gave, one of the many. She and I talked extensively during the reception, and when I ventured that moving to Vegas was a future possibility, she was extremely supportive of the idea.

Furthermore, the wedding videographer approached Lt Robillard with a potential job offer; if this is for real, I can only construe this as more evidence of the willingness of the Hoover-Damites to have Slabovia firmly on its side. Certainly Lt Robillard is an asset to any intergalactic empire, and his wearing of Rachel's garter through the evening indicates to me a big thumbs up.

On the negative side: upon awakening the next morning, it seems that the Overlords had attempted a brainwipe on myself and LCdr Yarker. Fortunately, their success was limited only to events occurring after leaving the Crocker Room; and everything at the reception was captured on video anyways. In your face!

CONCLUSIONS:

As far as the simple, official level of the mission, we succeeded brilliantly. Despite all obstacles posed to us in Nebraska and especially Wy-Wy-Wyoming, we were able to transport Capt Dosenbach to his wedding with time to spare. Though we have not yet broken with the Alien Snail Overlords, it has become crystal clear that the Hoover-Damites are inviting us and all of Slabovia to do so. The Overlords have been lining the road through Wyoming and Nebraska on our return trip but have not yet molested us in any way. This may be a simple ruffling of feathers; it may be that they are inviting us to learn more about them as we travel through the center of their global operations; it may be that they are lulling us into a false sense of security. In any case, this crew is not authorized to take any action or make any decisions regarding Slabovian political alliances -- that we must leave to CICCUSE and to the current monarch, George. The hospitality shown to us by the Hoover-Damites and the difficulties encountered

during Phase 2 of the mission indicate a turning of the tide; but whether it's coming in or going out we don't know. If it's coming in, things are going to get buried and we'd better head for the high ground; if it's going out, things that have been previously kept from us are going to be revealed dramatically, and I don't think they'll be very pretty after all that time underwater. Especially if it's water from San Francisco Bay.

Report Ends 17:50 CDT 25 Sep 95

Cdr Patrick Goddard

LogO

USS Margarita

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USS BLOOP NAVIGATION LOG

**GOLD WATCH 5 (15:00 EDT, 24 Sep 95) - Driver: Cdr MacGillivray, Nav: LCdr Yarker
COMPILED AND RECORDED BY CDR MACGILLIVRAY**

In accordance with fleet doctrine, I (Cdr MacGillivray) assumed command of and piloted the USS Bloop with LCdr Yarker navving. The fleet travelled in convoy with the Margarita leading and the Bloop serving as escort. See Red Crew logs for further information.

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USS MARGARITA NAVIGATION LOG

**RED WATCH 5 (15:00 EDT, 24 Sep 95) - Driver: Ens Lavictoire, Nav: Cdr Goddard
COMPILED AND RECORDED BY CDR GODDARD**

I (Cdr Goddard) assumed command of the Margarita. Ens Lavictoire driving; Cdr Goddard navigating. LCdr Oelrich, Lt Robillard, Ens Clarke crew. Pulled out of SFO approx. 1500 EDT and headed for Winnemucca in convoy with USS Bloop. Trip essentially uneventful. I crashed out approx. 18:00 EDT after the Reno checkpoint. Lavictoire decided to continue driving. He and Oelrich made the most annoying sound in the world, at which point I woke up; but could do nothing about the idiocy. I remained in extreme pain from last night's drunk. Woke up again outside Winnemucca, NV. We pulled into Owens Ford and proceeded to transfer the contents of the Byetown to the Margarita. We have a collection of "Byetown Bits", which Rankin is going to deliver to Patti at GO T.O. Took a lot of pictures; Dave pulled a Golden Grotto with the Byetown fire extinguisher while Keith got artsy. We got food from Arby's, loaded in and pulled out 23:20 EDT, Gold Shift on duty.

RESTROOM REPORT - Ford dealership was closed, so I 'went' in the Arby's restroom. This commode was clean, even pristine. Very white and bright. One urinal, one toilet. Paper sanitary covers (very difficult to use without explicit instructions). My only complaint was the steel bathroom mirror, located on the opposite wall from the sink. Rude children barged in front of me while I was washing my hands. Name brand liquid soap (Dove)! Overall, this was an above-average evacuation. D.L.

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USS MARGARITA NAVIGATION LOG

**GOLD WATCH 6 (02:42 25 Sep 95) - Driver: Lt Robillard, Nav: Cdr MacGillivray
COMPILED AND RECORDED BY CDR MACGILLIVRAY**

Cdr MacGillivray turned the USS Bloop over to the Dry Dock Facility in Winnemucca, and assumed command of the USS Margarita, relieving Cdr Goddard.

Transfer of personal effects and special equipment from the USS Byetown went quickly and efficiently. The crew fed at Arby's and rolled out at approx. 23:20 24 Sep 95.

Refueled at Battle Mountain in under 15 min. Not bad. Tried earlier in Valmy when the generator disengaged on account of low fuel, but their refueling station had just locked up for the night.

The interior of the Margarita very much resembles a laundromat. There is laundry hanging from everywhere to dry.

This boat performs far worse than the Byetown - probably on account of its greater age and

having covered more ground than the Byetown. Lt Robillard reports an noticeable knock in the engine, repeated occurrences of the cruise control disengaging. LCdr Yarker (riding shotgun) reports that "this boat has a lot of different quirks".

Cdr Goddard assisted with modifications to the checkpoint spreadsheet in hopes of having it work properly. We have made some success, but have not been entirely successful. We will continue after getting some sleep.

02:47 Lt Robillard anticipates that he may require a slightly advanced watch rotation.

Ens Clarke has been sleeping for some time, and will take the next watch with Cdr Goddard. This will keep the boat on its original rotation cycle. The COB, and Ens Lavictoire have been unconscious for the bulk of this watch as well.

03:01 Lt Robillard reports that beyond the confines of the white lines, there is "nothing". Tonights forecast: dark. Continuing mostly dark for this evening, interrupted by widely scattered sunlight in the morning.

03:05: Lt Robillard will bring us into Wendover for a watch rotation - 23 miles. Cdr Goddard is waking Ens Clarke now. In fact, he just hit the deck now! The Chief is also awake now...looks like he's about to become the DOA. He's now in process of folding and stowing the ship's laundry. Cdr Goddard is reading his underwear - presumably (and hopefully) for his name!

03:27: Over to Red crew now!

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**USS MARGARITA NAVIGATION LOG
RED WATCH 6 - Driver: Ens Clarke, Nav: Cdr Goddard
COMPILED AND RECORDED BY CDR GODDARD**

THE UTAH DRIVE (03:30-08:30, 25 Sep 95)

So Clarke & me drive all the way across Utah. I love Utah, except for one little problem that we have: exiting. We did three exits where a sign said something was next exit, or gave the number of the exit; and we took the appropriate exit; and found absolutely nothing. Well, not exactly nothing: we did come across a couple of copper plants after taking exit 102, which was supposed to lead to the Flying J at Magna... And speaking of Magna, we never actually found the place, so we adjusted our checkpoint to wherever it was that we actually did manage to find and get gas at... We got down to about a quarter of a tank before that happened... So there were some 10- and 12-point turns happening for us, all handled with customary aplomb. The Chief was with us as observer, and his cool cooled us very coolly. The detour around Salt Lake City went really well. We picked up Utah postcards and I got a Utah mug at the gas station in Tooele (pronounced Two-eel-uh) before Salt Lake. There seems to be a general consensus as to the coolness of Utah -- maybe it's because it's simply not Wyoming... Speaking of which, Steve's and my last checkpoint was at the border, in Evanston, WY. We pulled in for shift change and bathroom break -- inside the store the radio station was playing Celine Dion, which I found a little surreal... We picked up a couple of keychains there that read "I love Wyoming" -- I thought we should have a couple on board, make peace with the state. At least this time we get to drive through in daylight -- and while I'm asleep.

PTG, LogO

P.S. The mouse on the laptop is going snaky -- keeps cutting out on us. I've rebooted a couple of times -- it works for a little while, then cuts out again. I've been learning shortcut keys on the fly. Gotta go.

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USS MARGARITA NAVIGATION LOG

**ROYAL WATCH 1 - Driver: Ens Lavictoire, Nav: LCdr Yarker
COMPILED AND RECORDED BY LCDR YARKER**

Royal watch #1 Shift begins ~8:20

In honour of the USS Margarita we have again changed the colour of our watch

LCdr Yarker: "Its 6:20 local, we have a full tank of gas and the sun is rising in the east - lets rock!"

It is with no little trepidation that we enter Wyoming - it has fallen to this shift to begin our journey through this state. The memories of our last encounter with it are fresh in our memories - most of the crew have chosen to pass the beginning of the journey in rest. This is understandable. LCdr Oelrich and Ens Lavictoire however are facing the challenge and danger with a brave face.

9:14 The sun is observed to rise over the horizon. In the words of Ens Lavictoire:
"WOW! Wyoming is quite nice when its not trying to kill us!"

9:25 FMC passed on the right, some smoke stacks visible in the distance.

9:45 The sun is rising quite high now, and due to our direct approach vector is causing some difficulty to the driver and the remainder of the crew. It is with extreme caution that we comment on the beauty of this place. With this said - beauty often hides great danger, as is the case with the painted llamas of higher Slabovia and the bug blatter beasts of traal.

9:55 We have hit our first check point - it appears as if the method used to convert to miles has been changed. I have used multiplication by 1.6 to convert.

10:13 After another very c-c-cold st-start to our shift LCdr Yarker recommends that future Byetown class ships be equipped with an additional electric heater in the rear compartment.

10:27 The ship's engineer responsible for doors for this vessel should be dealt with severely. (Perhaps sever-ly). The various cabinets, particularly the port side rear seat lower door, close very poorly, and fail to remain closed - even under the relatively smooth ride we are currently experiencing. All simple solutions have been examined - off with his 'ead.

Fuel Stop at 11:40 at another of the Flying-J Squadron refueling stops. Lt Robillard did the walk about and pilot Lavictoire both fuelled the Marge and paid for it. Back underway again at 11:47 EST. And now - the Restroom Report with your host Ens Lavictoire:

11:59 R REPORT:

Flying J outside of Rawlins. Very comfortable washroom. Clean but not antiseptic. Blue decor. Adds for CBs on walls. 1 Urinal, 1 Toilet. No data collected on toilet comfort due to non-necessity of use. Industrial style toilet paper dispenser.

The XO is up. We will change to the Gold crew after the next check point.

12:05 Ens Lavictoire reports that just outside of Rawlins we are experiencing really high crosswinds which are causing the driver some difficulty. The ride remains relatively smooth and there are no internal, nor external visible sign of these winds. An examination of the steering column however shows the strain the pilot is under to keep the Margurita on the road.

12:34 Overlords spotted off the starboard bow. Not very menacing - but after our previous experiences in the elk mountain area - and with the serious crosswinds we are somewhat concerned.

12:34 XO has put the call through to GO T.O. to tell them that we have arrived at Elk Mountain

12:38 Coke transport truck spotted - we believe that they have arrived to defend us from the fury of the overlords - who are surprised to find us still alive - believing of course that their fowl plan to have us killed by Mack the Knifing semi. At last a good omen.

12:40 Ens Lavictoire requests permission to eject Lt Robillard from the vehicle for extremely poor humour. After being reprimanded and reminded that he is the most common perpetrator of that particular crime Ens Lavictoire withdrew his request on the basis that he did not want to set a precedent of that type.

13:07 A radio station supporting both types of music has been found by Ens Lavictoire. It is my feeling that he is listening to this hideous racket to appease Wyoming. While I am not so superstitious,; I do sit here with a can of the liquid of life always within sight.

13:25 Shift handed over to Gold. In Laramie. Computer spreadsheet heavily modified - no core functions effected - but columns are now clean and correspond to their titles.

bleem I have no joke here; I just like saying 'bleem'.

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USS MARGARITA NAVIGATION LOG
GOLD WATCH 7 - Driver: Lt Robillard, Nav: Cdr MacGillivray
COMPILED AND RECORDED BY CDR MACGILLIVRAY

13:27(25 Sep 95): Gold crew just took over from Royal crew at Laramie. The sun is bright and hot, the tank is full, our heads are empty. Debris from the night watches litters the midsection. The road here is rough, and we're dealing with C&W through the speakers. It seems that choice was made by the last watch in an effort to appease Wyoming.

COB just woke up and is currently pretending to be coherent. He's failing. Only Cdr Goddard remains asleep in the aft compartment. LCdr Yarker is DOA.

Ens Clarke recommends bringing Vitamin C supplements in future.

13:37: Lt Robillard reports another case of the cruise control disengaging. Seems to happen on hills a lot.

13:46: Sign on roadside says, "Point of interest left lane". Does this imply that the left lane is a point of interest? W - Wyoming. W - Weird. Looks like they must be referring to the huge sign on that side of the road that says "For Sale". With luck they are trying to sell Wyoming, and maybe someone will buy it and move it somewhere else.

13:50: Ens Clarke is now doing another photo session, and trying to catch everyone at their best, which at this point in the trip, is far too late!

14:10: Ens Lavictoire has successfully fed those members of the crew that are awake, with some well-built and rather tasty sandwiches. All are content.

14:26: LCdr Yarker just added an average leg speed column to the navigation spreadsheet, as there was only an average total speed figure available before.

COB has been asleep since he woke up an hour ago. We have neither seen nor heard from him or Cdr Goddard.

Ens Clarke now catching some Z's in the aft compartment, as his duty watch is in about two hours now.

15:45: Crossed the border into Nebraska. Cdr Goddard managed to sleep entirely through

Wyoming - Smart man.

14:54: Misbehaving cupboard doors have now been secured with the adhesive of Allah. They will open no more. LCdr Yarker is practicing his gymnastic "abilities" in the rear-facing table seat - feet in the air, head near the floor...now he will show off his dexterity by shuffling cards and playing Gin Rummy with Ens Lavictoire. Should prove amusing.

15:36: Light construction slowing things down a little near Sidney NB. Still making exceptional time though. Average speeds are up, and ETA is improving all the time, now at 12:45 26 Sep 95. Arrangements have been made via cellphone during last watch to drop the Margarita off at the GO T.O. drydock facility after hours if necessary. We like Patti!

15:47: Boredom prevailing now. All the serious fun and excitement is now over, and the rest of the trip home is just work. Ens Lavictoire just crashed out in the forward sleeping compartment, and LCdr Yarker is now riding shotgun, and doing his level best to keep Lt Robillard (at the wheel) amused. One hour left of this watch.

16:01: Pumping coffee into Lt Robillard now - chocolate-laced coffee to be precise (due to lack of sugar on board). Lots of Police cruisers along this stretch of the I-80. CB is on now to see if we can't catch some gossip with regards to bears.

16:08: Signs of life in the aft compartment: looks like Cdr Goddard, but you never know. He's just locked himself in the water closet. His bedhead didn't look so bad after eight hours of sleep.

16:26: Crew on the flight deck (LCdr Yarker and Lt Robillard) would like to record that Nebraska is big....and flat.... and there is enough corn here to feed the world.

16:40: Lt Robillard has indicated a desire to conduct the up-coming watch rotation at our next checkpoint (North Platte) which will extend his watch slightly, but keep the checkpoints and fueling schedules on track. DOA concurs.

16:44: Ens Clarke now awake. Both members of the Red crew now ready and awaiting the watch rotation. COB is moving again...not sure if that means he's awake or not. His face is red and contorted, hair is a mess... looking as good as ever!

16:56: DOA orders that all crew cease to use the verbal form of COB to refer to the Chief of the Boat, as when spoken, it sounds far too much like "cop" which makes everyone flinch and panic.

16:58: The Chief is now preparing for a shower - Lucky guy! He's cleaning shaving cream debris out of his shaving kit first though...looks like a lid popped off!

17:11: Minor incident with a loser truck driver who was insistent on blocking the left lane for some time in order to pass another truck -- most annoying and dangerous. Opted not to call his 1-800 number as we believed we were unable to be diplomatic.

17:16: Arrival North Platte. Watch rotation imminent. Over to Red Watch now.

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USS MARGARITA NAVIGATION LOG

RED WATCH 7 - Driver: Ens Clarke, Nav: Cdr Goddard

COMPILED AND RECORDED BY CDR GODDARD

NEBRASKA (16:30 Central time, 25 Sep 95)

Paul's set us quite the speed record to beat -- not that I'm looking to have Stephen beat it, mind... I slept all the way through Wyoming -- VERY pleased about that. Seeing this countryside in daylight makes me aware of how many Overlords there are out here in the flatlands... Dave Y. and I speculate that Wyoming is the global headquarters for the Overlords; where they grow new Overlords. We think they're slowly flattening out the landscape so they can survive -- they can't exist in mountainous climates, which is the reason they don't get along with the Hoover-Damites. What this all means as yet we don't know... I'm still sorting out the reception and its various power plays...

17:20 CDT: Oelrich and MacGillivray up front scouting for Bradleys outside Cozad, NB. Oelrich and Clarke discussing the merits of GPS for trips like this -- Oelrich reports Lavictoire saying that it would be no fun actually knowing where we are... (though it would be helpful in emergencies). Goddard recommends immediate demotion for Ens Clarke based on "drive-by shooting" pun.

Bradleys Bradleys Bradleys -- Keith popped 36 frames in 9 seconds. I think he got 'em.

18:10 CDT: Nebraska is big. We're making excellent time -- Ens Clarke realizes he can't compete with Lt "Leadfoot" Robillard, but does think he can preserve the current ETA -- noon Tuesday. That would rock my world.

18:40 CDT: Ens Clarke really getting into the tunes now. "Your enthusiasm for the Blues Brothers' music is noted, but please keep your hands on the wheel..." - K.O.

I'm forecasting a shift change at Council Bluffs, IA. I kind of like changing crews at state borders.

19:45 CDT: Oelrich recommends our next stop be at a Flying J for replenishing tanks. I concur. We're probably going to switch crews there as well, since we're approaching the four-hour mark. Sun's setting. Yarker and Lavictoire are awake. MacGillivray, Yarker and I settled on SINK ME as the official anagram for the mission decoration. MacGillivray has put lasagna on for dinner -- he rules.

20:00 CDT: Watch rotation will occur at either an RV stop or at Council Bluffs, whichever comes first. Clarke is cool with that.

21:00 CDT: Refueled, rewatered, and dumped at the Flying J, Gretna, Nebraska. Handed shift over to Aqua. So long, Nebraska!

Patrick Goddard
LogO

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USS MARGARITA NAVIGATION LOG
SINGAPORE SUNSET SAFRON WATCH 1 - Driver: Ens Lavictoire, Nav: LCdr Yarker
COMPILED AND RECORDED BY LCDR YARKER

We have taken over from red watch at 21:55.

Traffic is heavy through Omaha - and there is considerable construction as well. This is causing our speed to suffer.

Restroom Report: Nothing to report at this time.

22:18 Cdr Goddard to be commended for excessive playing with his food.

22:24 Ens Lavictoire reports following a tanker truck which appears to be leaking some noxious fluid on our windshield. We are calculating a plan of attack. It appears as if the other ships on the road are also aware of the problem. We are continuing to monitor the CB to determine possible future actions. We may require decontamination at the next truck stop. Chief of the Boat to coordinate such procedures if and when they are required.

22:30 Safety latch on the emergency exit in the crew compartment was secured by the XO.

23:22 The XO has been administering a test to Cdr Goddard and Ens Clarke now for over 30 minutes- no end for this test is in sight.

00:20 The XO has finally finished administering the tests - the results will not be known for sometime yet.

00:39 I have turned over the responsibility for the movie game to Pat - he seems to be showing all of the aptitude that I was not. The road has deteriorated somewhat - read: a XXXXXXXXXX load.

00:38 XO reports that the safety latch has been thrown again. This time he has taped it into place. Over all the outfitting of the Margurita is much worse than the Byetown - this matter must be taken up with the chief of the dry dock facility in Sam Frog's Disco.

00:41 Weather Report: Dark.

All of the senior officer's are currently awake - perhaps concern for the crew over the bumpy roads we are currently experiencing.

Additional Engineering Note: A garbage facility must be provided in future refits of Byetown class cruisers.

This watch has seen a continual test of the crews ability with the history of Slabovia, using a game called the "Movie" game.

00:57 The XO has begun to prepare food for Lt Robillard and for the end of our watch.

RESTROOM REPORT - The Flying J near the Illinois border has a fully-stocked restroom. Even more impressively, it's double standard size! Two toilet stalls occupy the bulk of the space, and two urinals nearby provide stalwart service. There are also two sinks, with a bathroom mirror. Many services are available here, including a scale (25 cents), a condom dispenser (50 cents) and a diaper change table (free).

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USS MARGARITA NAVIGATION LOG

GOLD WATCH 8 - Driver: Lt Robillard, Nav: Cdr MacGillivray

COMPILED AND RECORDED BY CDR MACGILLIVRAY

02:39: Assumed the watch from the Blue/aqua/safron/or whatever watch. They ran about an

hour longer than required/expected on account of something or other...

The Chief is riding shotgun, Ens Lavictoire is stouffing his face prior to sacking out no doubt. Ens Clarke slept through the watch rotation and refueling. This should leave him quite fresh for his watch. West out of Chicago by 200 miles and cruising at 18 inches. This boat sucks air through every seal and sounds far worse than the average sucking chest wound. Most reassuring.

Just dealt with a rather tight piece of construction...about 10 inches of clearance to the concrete barriers...but Lt Robillard likes a challenge.

As the previous watch ran overtime, and Lt Robillard has not had much luck getting quality sleep, (and was awakened an hour earlier than necessary due to previous watch running overtime) it is anticipated that the Gold watch will be cut short, and watch rotation will occur just prior to Joliet (just west of Chicago) as the leg through Chicago will not allow for a watch rotation for at least an hour.

03:03: More construction now, slowing things down a little again. Almost as tight as the last one. Lots of tension on the flight deck on account of both construction and a few of the basic idiots that one might expect when driving anywhere.

03:19: LCdr Yarker just retired to the aft compartment for some much required and deserved sleep. A couple of rather odd coffees are migrating towards the flight deck (both containing chocolate supplements on account of our lack of sugar). The Chief claims to be having sex in a cup. I'm presuming this is a reference to the quality of the coffee, but I feel no need to investigate and confirm this.

03:33: Cdr Goddard is preparing for a shower now. This should prove amusing. At the very least, he will be, shall we say, "refreshed" when he is finished. Electric water heaters would be a very good improvement for this class of cruiser. In fact, the inability to operate several of the inboard systems while in motion on account of the fact that they are powered by propane, is quite restrictive to 24-hour operation.

03:38: The Chief is considering a chocolate suppository in order to rapidly increase his energy. Sometimes I worry about him.

03:39: On the above note, Ens Lavictoire has opted to find a bed in the forward compartment.

03:47: Cdr Goddard just emerged from the shower. Any improvements are purely cosmetic I'm sure.

03:56: Unchained Medely playing now, accompanied by the lovely voices of those on the flight deck..neither of which can carry a tune, or know the words. We're a little tired, and a little bored.

04:06: A little fog happening now. Crew still alert and singing.

04:09: More construction. Must be part of a national program: "Pylons Across America."

04:37: Just had another round of freezies. Good idea that.

04:43: Just conducted an attitude check. Results were as expected. Lt Robillard is feeling good and is supported on the flight deck by the Chief and Cdr Goddard. We have opted to run through Chicago on this watch.

05:02: Cabin temperature starting to drop now. Jackets and sleeping bags are being zipped as

we approach Chicago.

05:07: Cdr Goddard is now crashing out in the aft compartment as his watch is up next.

05:20: Lost clearcom twice on account of rough roads bouncing the base unit around and freeing up the triplex modular connector. Most inopportune timing. Fixed with gun tape. No more problem.

05:30: Paid 35 cent toll near Calumet City. Improper signage caused slight confusion there, as the sign said 30 cents, but the guy said that because we weren't a car, it was 35 cents.

05:50: Successfully cleared Chicago and found ourselves outbound on the I-94 in accordance with the plan. Smooth talking and cool driving allowed for easy passage. Watch and learn Blue crew!

Lt Robillard still feeling good. Anticipate watch rotation in proximity of New Buffalo which is the next checkpoint. Remainder of the crew (save for the Chief riding shotgun) is zonked.

06:06: U2 "With or Without You" on now, all are singing along. Moral has improved dramatically with the arrival of this song.

06:16: Cleared New Buffalo checkpoint and woke Cdr Goddard and Ens Clarke. 7 Miles to watch rotation at 76 gas station.

Over to you Red!

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**USS MARGARITA NAVIGATION LOG
RED WATCH 8 - Driver: Ens Clarke, Nav: Cdr Goddard
COMPILED AND RECORDED BY CDR GODDARD**

MICHIGAN (06:50, 26 Sep 95)

"We got a full tank of gas, the harp is in Sam Frog's Disco, the brain is in Clarkston... Let's kind of meander towards the border..." - D.Y.

First crisis of the shift: music in the back sleeping compartment. Rankin has threatened to vomit all over the room if the tunes aren't gone. LCdr Yarker's riding shotgun and has been trying to kill it, but it doesn't look like he's going to be able. I'd really love to have a simple, effective stereo system for the next time. Now Stephen's singing -- okay, good, he's stopped.

07:20 - Second crisis: even with Dave's knife I found myself unable to open the tin of apple juice. Dave came back and stabbed the thing open: "Brute force over stupidity." I must remember to not work my brain so good and be smart. Dave is now making turkey sandwiches for breakfast -- he truly is the man. Stephen's keeping me up to date on the happy face construction along I-94. Sun's coming up, I've got a Coke -- happy faces happenin', construction's over, I do believe I'm starting to wake up.

You know what? I really like this mode of travelling -- particularly with this crew. We're going to have to investigate doing road rallies and that sort of thing

While we were travelling through Iowa, Dave Y. and I decided -- uh, realized -- that since there was Herbert Hoover stuff all over the place, Iowa must be the terrestrial origin of the Hoover Damites. We speculate that Hoover Dam was originally a defensive wall built up during the

flattening of the Midwest by the Alien Snail Overlords. When this tactic failed, the Hoover Damites must have simply packed up and headed southwest to the Colorado River. I believe that the flattening of the landscape is accomplished using Enzrd rays -- Yarker seconds that, and adds that the Presidio is indeed flat.

In recent conversation with Clarke and Yarker, I realized that by the end of my and Rankin's lifetimes we'll have probably actually built Slabovia in the real world, with U.N. status and everything. Reminds me of a conversation I had with Rankin about the ultimate hoax being the legitimizing of a country that doesn't really exist...

07:45 - After some discussion regarding the value of roadkill to Clarke's butcher friend, decided not to send Keith out in the target vest -- not profitable enough. Traffic's picking up -- Michigan seems to be off to work. We've taken the cab curtain down and I've rolled up the blinds at the nav station -- it's morning in America. Yarker's trying to find a traffic report on morning radio -- traffic is getting really heavy. We're still maintaining 65 MPH, which is fine by me. I'd like to keep that speed up all the way to Canada.

08:00 - Couldn't get a traffic report, but things are clearing up. Ross Perot says he's going to run for President again in '96; final arguments are beginning today in the OJ Simpson trial. We're rattling like a riled-up diamondback on a cold desert night. More power to the shields! Oh, that would involve activating the propane, I see...

08:30 - We made the I-69 turnoff okay, about which I was very pleased, given our luck with exits. Traffic's disappeared again, with which I'm also pleased. Lavictoire is awake. We've got about 2 hours left on our shift, which'll get us at least to the border. Our ETA is noon. Hey, there's a painting truck to our right -- we just passed it.

08:45 - Yarker reports being "bagged absolutely senseless". He and I both suffered through being in the back compartment while Gold Crew jolted us over the roads outside Chicago. Basically all we were doing was trying to stay limp -- no comments from the peanut gallery. Now the sun's breaking through the cloud cover; radio says it's supposed to be a clear day; excellent, excellent.

08:50 - Lavictoire and Clarke are sharing headset now, which Clarke is thrilled with. No comment. Clarke wants to know what it means to own The Spatula. I have no idea. Remind me to ask Duncan sometime (MacGillivray administered the Purity Test to me & Clarke last night -- I scored 73% pure, Clarke scored 91%... Me & Duncan are going to have to show this boy around sometime.).

08:55 - Lavictoire and Clarke began singing "Ebony and Ivory". DOA (Yarker) was dispatched to administer immediate pummeling. DOA extremely efficient. Yarker reports morning defecation as "religious".

09:05 - We actually had to make a turnoff -- exciting. DOA is dispensing coffee to me & Lavictoire. The man's prowess is incalculable.

09:10 - We just got taken down to one lane -- one lane and merging, lovely. Now we're back up to two. DOA administering chocolate to the forward crew.

09:15 - DOA cleaning up kitchen etc. on his own initiative -- a far, far braver soul than I. Holy spoons! Now he's getting rid of the donuts. Stephen didn't want a whole one, so he's settling on two halves. Lavictoire asks, "If John Major and Helmut Kohl got into a bar fight, who would win?" Kohl has the weight, but Major has the reach; Kohl's a bit older, as well. We take Major for that. If we solved world problems this way, we figure Boris Yeltsin would rule the world in short order. DOA has just bestowed a boot to the head to Lavictoire -- I understand at Lavictoire's request.

He truly is a strange one. He is one of us now.

I was talking with Rankin last night about future missions. This is too much fun to stop now that we're starting to get the hang of it. I want to go back to San Francisco to actually see The City -- I was talking to Mike about crashing at his place sometime in February. Next summer we're hoping to do a Fringe tour. We absolutely must do Atlanta, but not during the Olympics; so we're talking summer of '97. There remains the possibility of a third RE:PAT mission that August, to Vegas. So much fun to be had! So much retroactive justification and rationalization to be done! (That part is actually what I enjoy the most of all these missions...)

09:30 - I have just joined the crew in a rousing rendition of the theme to "Gilligan's Island". I'd ask the DOA to pummel me, but he was too busy singing along.

09:40 - We've decided to wake people up at Flint to get their [REDACTED] together for the border crossing. DOA inquired as to how to make the red phone ring -- Clarke says there's a button on the phone box that does it. DOA found one switch that looks promising -- how can we find out?

09:44 - Friendly vehicle (Coke truck) on starboard side -- Lavictoire, Clarke & Yarker saluted. Looks like we're being escorted.

10:00 - Flint checkpoint. Red phone failed. DOA doing manual wake-up pummelings. Looks like the Chief's awake. Next stop: Canada.

10:08 - Oelrich chowing down on donut with white powder on it. He says if he spreads the powder around his nose, Customs will body-cavity-search us all. Do I have to have him pummeled as well? I did just have to threaten Clarke and Lavictoire with a second pummeling for singing of the Chicken Song -- those reception flashbacks are nasty things. DOA's trying to use up the dairy products and meat before we hit the border -- we're not exactly sure what foodstuffs we can bring back to Canada, but better safe than sorry.

10:13 - Bad jokes up front bringing them closer to pummeling territory. Since Clarke is driving, he's immune to pummeling, so Lavictoire gets it by proxy. Lavictoire has clammed up. Current discussion: Who's the better actor, Mickey Mouse or Bugs Bunny? Bugs wins hands down on range; Mickey has a lot of presence, but he's always Mickey. Bugs can do anything -- comedy, drama, opera, he sings, he dances -- Bugs simply rules.

10:20 - Oelrich has blown MacGillivray his good morning kiss -- all's well. Robillard is up. DOA has pummeled MacGillivray and Robillard without authorization. I ordered an immediate pummeling of the DOA by the DOA. DOA carried out orders to perfection. What a machine.

10:25 - After Oelrich requested a Mr. Freeze and was denied by me until he clears away his breakfast, Yarker gave him one away. More pummelings threatened. Oelrich attempted to order DOA to pummel me. We played "Count the Dooeys" and Oelrich lost. At this point, MacGillivray ordered DOA to pummel me. What could Yarker do? Pummeling followed swiftly and surely.

10:30 - We've decided to feed the rest of the tomatoes to Oelrich. MacGillivray reports donuts as "Crunchy". Yarker still needs a victim to plug the rest of the orange juice. We continue to stow.

10:40 - Nobody's claiming the tiny bottle of Green Oil. I was sure it was Robillard's. He denies it, of course. Great. That's going to be the item that gets us all strip-searched, hosed down, and felt up. It smells really good, though. Customs actually shouldn't be a problem at all, as long as Lavictoire remembers not to declare his garbage bag of coke. A sudden pummeling should do the trick.

10:55 - Oelrich identified a target and destroyed it. We're in Port Huron now, looking for the duty

free. As this is Red Shift, we have taken an exit and found it led to a dead end. Time for one of them multi-point turns... We're taking a refueling stop on some corner in town and ditching our garbage as well. I'm starting to lose it a little -- I'm very tired and making Lavictoire-class puns. If I wasn't in charge at the moment, I'd have to have a pummeling administered. Good thing I'm being relieved at the border.

11:12 Handed off to Singapore Sunrise Safron Watch

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USS MARGARITA NAVIGATION LOG

**SINGAPORE SUNRISE SAFRON WATCH 1 - Driver: Ens Lavictoire, Nav: LCdr Yarker
COMPILED AND RECORDED BY LCDR YARKER**

11:12 Assumed control from Red Watch just short of the US-Canada border. We appear to have missed the duty free again. Ens Lavictoire has paid for the \$3 (US) toll .

11:17 Arrive at Canada customs. It turns out that we cannot drive this vehicle in Canada since we are Canadians and the vehicle is not registered in Canada. While we are not sure why these rules apply to Slabovians and Slabovian Navel vessels, we have decided to comply with their regulations. Ens Lavictoire has acquired the paper work required to allow us to sail without hassles. Unfortunately it has fallen on the XO's shoulders to ensure that GO T.O. covers all of the necessary unnecessities.

11:47 The XO has begun breaking up the bits-o-byetown. We have selected a Wyoming shaped piece for the Skipper - to be signed when the boat is more stable. The signing of the pieces.

12:58 Traffic is extremely heavy in the region surrounding Woodstock. The 401 is also under construction so the road quality is very poor. The ride is extremely bumpy and our speed has suffered.

13:21 We have encountered rain - welcome home guys.

13:38 The XO is busy dismantling the Margeritae as we finish the last leg to Dundas. The mood on board, while not necessarily jubilant is at least relieved. Those who were taking last minute naps are again surfacing. All in all, despite the rain the weather is good the sun is shining.

Engineering note: The Margurieta badly requires new windshield wipers. After wiping the vision quality is worse than without the wipers.

13:50 We have been proceeding through built-up urban areas for sometime now. Ens Lavictoire seems more than capable of handling a cruiser under such trying circumstances.

13:51 We have turned onto highway 8 to Dundas. Our instructions seem to imply a great distance. The remainder of the crew is prepped for immediate disembarkment from the vehicle.

13:52 This will be the final on-route log entry of the trip. Mission is nearly complete, the chaos now begins ...

8. CAMPAIGN MEDAL:

Slabovian Inter-galactic Nuptial Krew and Marriage Escort (SINK ME)

RIBBON: Sable (black), edged or (gold), 2cm in width, bearing one (1) dooey for mention in Queen's dispatches.

19-26 Sep 95 Issued to the crew of the Remedial Class Cruiser USS Byetown for the successful completion of Operation Sink Me, in which Capt M. Dosenbach was married to Rachel Murray, a representative of the Hoover-Damites, with a view to ameliorating diplomatic relations.

Issued to:

Capt M. Dosenbach (with dooey for commanding the mission)
Cdr R. MacGillivray
Cdr P. Goddard
LCdr D. Yarker (with dooey denoting Queen's Dispatch)
LCdr K. Oelrich
Lt P. Robillard (with dooey denoting Queen's Dispatch)
Ens S. Clarke
Ens D. Lavictoire

9. DISTRIBUTION LIST:

INTERNAL

Capt & Mrs. M. Dosenbach
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94403, USA

Cdr P. Goddard
3-211 Fairmount West
Montreal, PQ
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LCdr K. Oelrich
6849 Rocque St.
Orleans, Ontario
K1C 1A3

Lt M. Dostie
427 Sqn, Adm Flt.
CFB Petawawa, Ontario
K8H 2X3

Ens D. Lavictoire
c/o LCdr K. Oelrich
6849 Rocque St.
Orleans, Ontario
K1C 1A3

Ens D. Munn
6849 Rocque St.
Orleans, Ontario
K1C 1A3

Cdr R. MacGillivray
1206-7 Robinson Street
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L8P 4T2

LCdr D. Yarker
269 Rideau Street, Apt 45
Kingston, Ontario
K7K 3A7

Lt P. Robillard
1099 Millwood Court
Orleans, Ontario
K1C 1A3

Ens S. Clarke
295 Dufferin Street, Suite 220
Toronto, Ontario
M6K 3G2

Ens D. Morgan
5176 Rue St. Urbain
Montreal, PQ
H2T 2W7
Earth, Galaxy, Universe, Beyond...

Ens K. Robertson
PO Box 5500, Suite 422
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K8N 5C6

EXTERNAL

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Mr. & Mrs. C.R. MacGillivray
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B0E 1N0

Mr. & Mrs. Clarke
74 Ava Road
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N3T 5H3

Mr. G. MacGillivray, President
Nray Services Inc.
RR#1 Black Bay Road
Petawawa, Ontario
K8H 2W8

The Lady Cynthia Lambert
409 Angus House
Kingston, Ontario
K7M 2B9

**OPERATION: SINK ME
RECONNAISSANCE REPORT
SAM FROG'S DISCO**

**TOP SECRET
EYES ONLY**

1453 EDT, 24 Sep 95, USS MARGARITA

Submitted by Ens Clarke for LCdr Yarker, et al.

The TOP SECRET Reconnaissance - "Away Team" (TSR-AT) disembarked from the Clarion HQ at approx. 1000 PDT to investigate Sam Frog's Disco (SFD) and gather as much information as possible about the truth or falsity of rumours suggesting the molestation of SFD by the Alien Snail Overlords (ASO). All records concerning operation SINK ME will show this "special tactical team of experts" as being on R&R and NOT on an official reconnaissance mission. The true nature of this mission, this report, and its contents are of a highly sensitive nature and must be treated with the ultimate care and security.

The team:

LCdr Yarker	- Team Leader and Tactical/Logistics Coordinator
LCdr Oelrich	- Weapons Specialist (New Improved Killer Only Nicer -NIKON)
Lt Robillard	- ASO Decoy Specialist
Ens Clarke	- Weapons Assistant (Capture Any New Optical Nuance - CANON)
Ens Lavictoire	- Camouflage Specialist and Cultural Linguist

Evidence gathered enroute strongly supported the rumours that the ASO were indeed in SFD if not in fact interfering with the natural course of its existence.

Disguised as tourists, so as not to attract any undue attention, infiltrated the very heart of SFD. Armed only with the Slabovian Not So Secret Service's (SNSSS) two new Photosynthetic Preservation of Knowledge devices (PPK) models NIKON and CANON gathered information verifying the molestation of SFD by the ASO.

Our first encounter with the ASO occurred mere minutes after we left the HQ. A double agent working on the main desk recommended that we be transported to downtown SFD by special limo (which we soon discovered was being driven by a special representative of the ASO). Lt Robillard ensured that during the inquisition which took place while in transit the ASO rep became convinced that we were just typical tourists oblivious to his darker mission. The completeness of Lt Robillard's "snowing" abilities were confirmed when the ASO rep stiffed us for \$10 US in overbilling for the ride.

Once downtown SFO we stopped for the consumption of greatly needed bagels at the Slabovian secret underground support field unit Noah's Bagels. After regaining sustenance we located our bearings and enquired with some Slabovian sympathizers about the local morale concerning the ASO presence. Not surprisingly very few of the local inhabitants were even aware of the ASO being in the area never mind the damage that was so obviously present to a trained observer.

The first conclusive piece of evidence that we were able to locate was labelled as the Palace of Fine Arts Exploratorium. POFAE, our investigation showed is really an acronym for Personnel Orientation Facility for the Amplification of Enzrds. The Enzrd is a naturally occurring wave orientation found in light when it is travelling at C. By amplifying the natural resonance

(much like a speaker box) this stone creation, designed by the ASO, is able to keep the inhabitants of SFD from detecting their presence. Its shape is specifically designed to create an amplified resonance that slowly vibrates the entire area and in so doing hypnotizes the surrounding human populace into a trance-like state. It is a direct result of the human brain trying to function normally within a veritable pool of these constant vibrations that the "valley" dialect evolved in this area. Another major effect of this device is that the vibrations over time build up inside the earth to a point where they have to be released. It is the release of this energy that causes the infamous California earthquakes. Ens Lavictoire predicts that the build up of these energies is almost to the point where a very large release will become inevitable. This release will be so strong as to possibly disable the ASO POFAE. A possibility that will have very large and outreaching ramifications. The Slab U should consider having a graduate student study this possibility and make recommendations for different outcomes.

Cdr's notes: Our conclusions here are necessarily sketchy. What is important to note however is that LCdr Oelrich was cautioned to hurry up on several occasions at this location. Perhaps his slowness was induced by this strange phenomena. The number of avian guards at this location also suggest that it is viewed as valuable by someone.

Presidio is a word we found located through out the western core of the city. It seems that this word is somehow connected to the great Vyterx war that occurred approximately c429. All the details are not known, but it is widely believed that one of the ASO's opponents ships was buried beneath this area and the city was constructed on top of the ruins as both an insult to the defeated personnel as well as an excellent way to hide the technology that the ASO's were able to steal from their study of the ship. Rumours indicate that perhaps parts of the ship are still in working order and if humans were ever become free from the hypnotic trance of the Enzrd waves they could retrieve pieces learning much from this new technology. Unfortunately it is also commonly believed that even if humans were to get at this technology they would not be able to understand any of it.

OC's Notes: This would be an excellent place to launch a landing. The area is wide open. On the other hand it is also very similar to the terrain of the home of the Alien Snail Overlords - flat and wide open. Perhaps they have already begun their transmogrification to flat terrain. With a view to the rest of the city it is unlikely that the flattening procedure will be finished soon.

Golden Gate Bridge is obviously an antenna used for the broadcast of secret transmissions between the ASO SFD division and other ASO divisions through the galaxy. It is not big enough to be an inter-galactic transmitter, but is the biggest ASO transmitter yet located by Slabovian intelligence (I'm leaving this one - ed.). We were not able to get close enough to actually "bug" the transmitter but LCdr Yarker assured us that it was possible and should be recommended as a future mission for an intelligence unit of the SNSSS.

OC's notes: References to Slabovian Intelligence should refer to the Department of Internal Taxidermy and Alien Snail Overlord transmitters. Ens Clarke is referred to the basic naming conventions of the Departments of the SSS (Slabovian Civil Service), and is ordered to attend class which will not be taught by the department of Uneducation.

USS Peninimo SS363 is docked at Pier 42 and appears to be designed to perform espionage work against the Hoover-Damites.

OC's Notes: Really Cool!

Alcatraz it turns out is a veritable night club for ASO's. Complete with recreational equipment and many forms of ASO's favorite forms of entertainment Alcatraz is the most used hangout for ASO's in the SFD area. It should be considered to be an ideal location to pursue in depth infiltration and study if Slabovian High Command (SHC) wishes to understand what ASO's are

planning in the area. In the evening when the hypnotic power of the Enzrd waves have subsided all of the ASO's in the area go to Alcatraz in the middle of SFD Bay to relax plan and play a game called Qyrfuvek. All of the rules of this complex form of ASO entertainment are not known, but were able to determine that by playing this game the ASO are able to increase their mental stamina and status within their own sociological structure.

Pier 39 contained a cornucopia of amusing things to do.

- sea lions
- zero gravity
- wound up
- carousel
- exchanged money
- left handed shop
- knife store

Coit Tower

While returning from the Coit Tower we discovered some evidence that there may be another race of beings living peacefully on this planet. The Blue House we suspect is an HQ for this friendly force of beings. We have evidence of their existence but were unable to locate or make contact with them on this mission. If Slabovia is looking for an ally it would seem that this race is an optimum choice. If we keep intelligence (this one too - ed.) posted it is possible that we can locate other detachment of these beings.

After trying to make contact with the "Blue House People" we moved on to see what we could locate in the town core. Chinatown was filled with distractions and it was a challenge not to lose focus on our objective as we worked our way down the street. It was during this leg of our mission that we were spotted by undercover agents of the ASO. They had disguised themselves as hats and baskets but we were easily able to identify them. They just followed us along the road for a while staying a fair distance away. They were an annoyance but we were easily able to keep a head of them and we tried to send them false information.

Eventually we were forced to jump on a Trolley Car and ride it away from the ASO agents. We took it up hill for two blocks and then losing our assailants in the crowd walked back downtown to the Fisherman's Wharf for Dinner.

We ate dinner at a place called Bobby Rubino's and other that having to deal with a waiter who was most definitely feeling the effects of the Enzrd waves more than the average person, dinner was a most pleasant affair. We did have one minor encounter during the meal when a potential spy made a joke to us about joining us for dinner. This was easily quashed by simply pretending to be mature upstanding adults.

After dinner we passed a Busking Escape Artist. Another distraction orchestrated by the ASO's.

The Babushka shop on the Fisherman's Wharf is another fascinating example of the ASO's ability to taunt humans with the truth of existence in such a way as they miss the boat completely.

We next walked up to Lombard Street only to discover that it was under construction. It seems that the ASO's had eaten up most of the bricks that used to cover the road and so a crew of humans were working to replace them with a new compound that they hoped would keep them from disappearing. With this final observation made we realized that it was getting late and we should soon be checking in to HQ. We phoned a Slabovian "yellow cab" and arrived back at HQ

around 1030 PDT. Ride for 5 of us was \$30 US.

We were greeted back to HQ by the front running nominee for the Slabovian Minor Deity, (SMD) Linda Dosenbach. She has proven to be a most valued associate and espionage tactician, instructing us on such wonderful practices as the consumption of the Margarita. She entertained us while in quarantine security lock down waiting to be cleared for rejoining our Commanders on the mission proper. Linda plied the entire TSR-AT with well needed and deserved alcohol and food. Once a suitable amount of alcohol and food had been consumed so as to restore our strength, Linda granted us clearance to rejoin Cdr MacGillivray & Cdr Goddard.

RECONNAISSANCE REPORT - INTERIM CONCLUSIONS:

The "Benevolent Overlords" are not only [REDACTED] with us, but are [REDACTED] with the entirety of SFD and should most definitely continue to be a major concern for SHC. The sacrifice of Captain Mike to the Hoover-Damites may turn out to be an exceptional move if the ASO continue to posture in such a threatening manor. However, based on our observations, if indeed this action is indeed the aim of the SHC we must recommend that the empire be prepared to defend and preserve the incompetence (and this - ed.) that we are proud to know and fight against the evil and harsh wrath of the "Benevolent" ASO.

FLASH FLASH PRIORITY

BEGIN CLEARTXT

TO: COMBINED FORCES LIST 1-A
FROM: THE QUEEN
DATE: MON 18 SEP 95 09:15:43 -0400 (EDT)
SUBJECT: NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF
AUTHENTICATE: 3894LSD

1. BE ADVISED THAT ON ACCOUNT OF ILLNESS, I HAVE SEEN FIT TO GRANT ALL AUTHORITY OF THE CROWN TO THE HONOURABLE COUNT GEORGE BRAGG FOR THE DURATION OF MY ILLNESS OR UNTIL SUCH TIME AS I AM AGAIN FIT TO RULE.
2. THIS PLACES THE COUNT IN THE POSITION OF COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF COMBINED FORCES, FOR THE UNITED SLABOVIAN EMPIRE, WITH ALL THE POWER AND AUTHORITY ASSOCIATED WITH THAT POSITION.
3. FOR WIDEST DISTRIBUTION.

HRH MONECA I

END CLEARTXT

PRIORITY

BEGIN CLEARTEXT

TO: COMMANDER, USS BYETOWN
FROM: CICCUSE
DATE: MON 18 SEP 95 10:35:51 -0400 (EDT)
SUBJECT: COMMAND APPOINTMENT
AUTHENTICATE: D219T

1. CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR NEW COMMAND OF THE USS BYETOWN.
UNDERSTAND THIS MISSION CARRIES EXTREME IMPORTANCE - KNOW YOU ARE RIGHT
MAN FOR THE JOB.
2. DUE TO TIME CONSTRAINTS AND POTENTIAL COMMUNICATIONS DIFFICULTIES,
YOU ARE GIVEN THE AUTHORITY TO GRANT FIELD PROMOTIONS AND DECORATIONS
SUBJECT TO CONSEQUENTIAL APPROVAL BY CICCUSE.
3. GOOD LUCK.

COUNT GEORGE BRAGG
CICCUSE

END CLEARTEXT

SECRET

OPERATION ORDERS

TO: COMMANDER, USS BYETOWN

FROM: COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, COMBINED FORCES
UNITED SLABOVIAN EMPIRE

DATE: 19 SEP 95

AUTHENTICATE: BLUE 44

1. PLOT COURSE AND PROCEED TO SFO WITHOUT DELAY AND DELIVER YOURSELF UP TO THE HOOVER-DAMITES THERE. YOU WILL SUBSEQUENTLY BE WED BY PRIOR ARRANGEMENT TO THE DAUGHTER OF THE HIGH COMMISSIONER AS A POLITICAL OFFERING AND DEMONSTRATION OF OUR (AND THEIR) PEACEFUL INTENT.
2. AS THE COVER FOR THIS MISSION IS DIPLOMATIC, ALL OUTWARD APPEARANCES OF THE BYETOWN AND HER CREW SHOULD CONVEY THIS. FOR SECURITY REASONS, YOU AND YOU ALONE ARE AWARE OF THE SUBVERSIVE AND COVERT ASPECTS OF THIS MISSION. DO NOT UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES REVEAL THIS TO ANYONE.
3. UNTIL SUCH TIME AS YOU ARE MARRIED AND HAVE PARTIED SUFFICIENTLY, THE ENTIRE SHIP AND CREW ARE AT YOUR DISPOSAL. AT THAT TIME, YOU MAY APPOINT A NEW COMMANDER AND THE SHIP IS TO BE RELEASED TO HIM/HER WITH ORDERS TO RETURN TO HER HOME BERTH.
4. REGRET THE NEED TO SACRIFICE YOUR LIFE IN THIS FASHION, BUT YOU UNDERSTOOD THE RISKS WHEN YOU SIGNED UP AND BESIDES...YOU VOLUNTEERED.
5. GOOD LUCK AND GODSPEED.

COUNT GEORGE
CICCFUSE

SECRET

ROUTINE

BEGIN CLEARTXT

TO: OPSO, USS BYETOWN
FROM: COMMANDER, USS BYETOWN
DATE: 09 SEP 95 02:50:34 EDT
SUBJECT: FLIGHT INFO

1. YOU'RE PRETTY DAMN LUCKY.
2. I WAS GOING TO GIVE YOU FALSE FLIGHT INFO SO I COULD [REDACTED] WITH *YOUR* MIND THIS TIME, BUT THERE AREN'T ANY FLIGHTS FROM SFO THAT ARRIVE AFTER MINE.
3. ANYWAY, I COME INTO YYZ AT 21:05 FROM SFO ON UNITED 206.
4. WHOEVER IS THERE TO PICK ME UP WILL KNOW ME BY SIGHT, WHETHER OR NOT YOU SHOW THEM A PICTURE. I'LL BE THE PERSON WITH A BIG [REDACTED] TARGET ON HIS FOREHEAD ;).

MIKE

END CLEARTXT