

From the Chronicles of the Hunters

Chapter 1

Calose was awakened abruptly but remained still as her senses continued to track the new sound. Something heavy was dropped but not from great height. Wheezing and a particular mechanical sound reached her. It was a Scathion, probably 260 version. That version of robot was not a threat unless an unauthorized person or something tried to remove from its possession what it was entrusted with. She remained still, knowing it registered her presence and added her in its elements to consider.



The small cry of a baby had Calose almost sitting up. The S260 twisted around while rising to get a line on its pursuers, and another appendage tossed the bundle to Calose, where it landed in her lap. Shooting started and reflexively Calose wrapped her arms around the bundle and rolled into a container, pulling the cover down and exiting through a chute into another section of the cargo bay. Though she had picked this place to sleep and had made sure she had more than one avenue of escape should she be attacked, it wasn't expected since Dysta Space Station was considered a safe place to visit.

There goes my neutrality. All I had was two more days to remain anonymous.

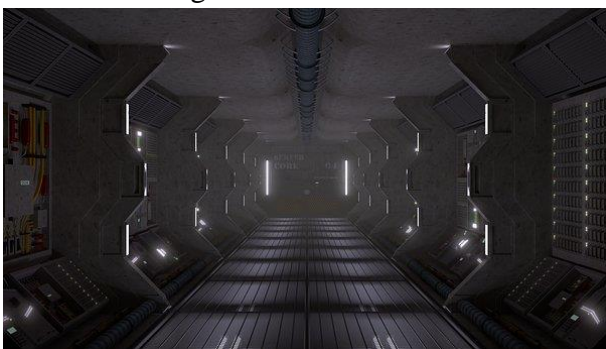
When she made a stop at this remote space station for ship repairs like all remote stations, they had their rules of behavior with the station's security holding those that didn't follow them responsible. Consequences were posted in plain sight and all places off limits. Confiscation and use of penitent's property as well as the penitent to work off the cost of the offense, was the practice on Dysta Space Station.

If the law breaker had her, his or it's own ship it wouldn't do to take the ship away. When dues were paid the authorities wanted the law breaker to leave with all possible speed and to spread the word that laws were enforced, and they were fair as well as it was a safe place to visit.

Obedience collars kept the penitents compliant during their work hours and kept track of them on their off hours. This too was spread around that there was no brutality or abuse by the overseers of the collars.

However, as was intended, it left room for all sorts of businesses to transpire in the sinister areas of lives and what could be termed transparent, if you knew what you were looking at.

It was to be a three-day repair job, due to awaiting a part, and she had that long to stay out of trouble. Her credit was good, so the repairs started the moment she docked – another advantage of using this station – it was fast and efficient. Her second order of business was inspecting the station. Sleeping cubicles were available but after looking over a dozen she decided they weren't for her. Like most spacers, people who preferred to travel in space rather than settle in one place, she developed self-preservation habits and tools to find alternatives for sleeping safe, as well as eating and knockabout jobs to allow her to earn credits without the expectation of her staying longer than she wanted. Four possible sleeping places were marked out by her with more than one exit. Other spacers and knockabouts had staked out their sleep areas, opting out of renting available sleeping cubicles. The better maintained sleep cubicles had been already taken, according to one fellow. His tone indicated respect at how she managed her business, including getting to know her area.



Poking her head out of the maintenance tunnel she spotted the security camera. So far, she hadn't done anything against the rules of the station. Moving along the wall with her eyes moving everywhere while her other senses extended, a noise behind her had her squeezing into a dark space. Seconds later light footsteps ran by her hiding space.

Calose looked down at the wrapped baby when it made a sound. What was she supposed to do with the baby? There wasn't any dark feeling about the small bundle. Though she couldn't make out the features, reflexively Calose smiled at it. She hated the powers that used innocents for pawns.

"Don't get any ideas this is a pledge from me to get involved in your business."
With that said, she moved from one shadow to another, keeping track of the cameras and who all she spotted moving around at this early hour. Like all space stations time was divided into four shifts. This was early morning when work crews, usually made up of penitents or prisoners without incarceration, robots, and shift monitors that could also be penitents, and those having business that was not for public knowledge were active.

For a long moment Calose crouched in the dark space, waiting for what she knew was not a normal shadow. Finally, it moved but toward her. Whatever it was made of, her skin pebbled as if a chill passed over her. The baby moved in her arms but made no sound.

"You have something they are looking for," a voice whispered.

"Are *they* who the enfant should be returned to?" Calose asked. A foolish question it would seem but Calose was just curious what kind of information she could get from this stranger who she felt was a neutral party in this hide and seek game.

"That is a fair question but are you ready for the answer?"

"You mean if they aren't, then am I prepared to find the parents of this enfant?"

The darkly dressed person laughed. "What if the parents aren't fit or able to care for this...treasure?"

Calose was about to look down at the enfant when a black gloved hand with fingers splayed covered the infant.

"Best not to gaze at it directly."

Some species had the power to paralyze which was their only protection. Calose took the advice seriously.

"So, who are *they*?" Calose asked.

"Hunters."

"I thought Hunters only looked for relics?"

A sound that could have been a chuckle came from the dark figure. "What does a Hunter define as a relic? How did you come by this?"

"A Scathion 260 tossed it my way before it was blasted to bits, or maybe not. Do you know who its owner is?"

"Yes." Then the dark figure stepped back and melted into the shadows.

All at once, the baby gave a cry, Calose felt something nasty moving toward her faster than she could move, and the metal bulkhead she was leaning against gave way. Falling backwards, her arms wrapped protectively around the baby and both rolled until Calose knew she was up against another solid bulkhead.

"Get up and move," hissed a different voice. "I can't cover for you for long. Move!"

"Where?" Calose asked startled.

"Anywhere. I'll find you. Go!"

Calose dashed down the corridor, found a stairwell and went down to the next deck with the intention of working her way back up to the public upper decks. Instead, at each opportunity she kept taking the options to move further below decks of the space station. Being in the bowels of a spaceship was nothing like being this deep inside of a space station. The smells and closeness of everything had her furtively looking for another opportunity that she could start moving back up.

"You will not get claustrophobic," she told herself firmly. In a corner she spotted something that looked promising or maybe just another place to hide and catch her breath and wits.

What was she involved in? Hunters? She liked to stay away from them. Too many different species with one agenda -- grab the prize. Some did it for their group, some for themselves and some for an employer. You never could tell what type of Hunter you were going to run into; from one extreme to the other. For example, one may ask before shooting you or you may end up facing one that shot first and didn't look back.

The shimmering surface was a hydroponic liquid bed. It smelled funny – like unnatural decay. Curious, Calose held the tips of her fingers just above the surface to get a feel for what the liquid was. It was interesting to see tiny sparks from her fingers set the entire top layer to a purple hue, then blue, green and finally to a colorless liquid mass.

Oh, oh. She sniffed the air. *Well at least that bad smell is gone.*

"What are you doing?" hissed the voice that had told her to run.

Calose prided herself in not jumping at the sudden appearance of her rescuer. "Is this kid yours?" she demanded instead.

The woman laughed. "Hades no. Kid? It's a relic."

Calose was going to look down at the bundle but remembered the dark figure's advice.

"What relic cries like a baby?" Calose asked cynically.

"I'm not being paid to know it's entire story. I can see you know not to look at it directly. That's saying something for you. So, how did you get it away from my S260?"

"It tossed it to me and got involved in a shootout."

"Hm." She sounded pleased. "Well, looks like it was a good purchase after all. I'm not usually into taking on partners but I don't have time to get another robotic helper. I can pay you 500 credits if you help me keep it from those Hunters until my employer arrives to collect it."

That was a lot of credits, but it wasn't unheard of. That's why most Hunters were in the business.

"Just how long is that? I'm due to leave 06007."

"That's good enough. That's about 2 days' worth of hide and seek from these characters. Are you up to it?"

"As long as I don't have to break any rules of this station, I can handle it." She had to be bored to take on this challenge or a fool if not due to the credits. "This isn't to the death is it?"

"It's my job to see you don't get into that type of trouble." The woman stuck her arm out for the typical forearm grasp of agreement similar species used. "If you're interested – I'm Diana."

"I'm Calose. I accept." Calose grasped her arm and twisted it to see better what the dark shadow was below Diana's sleeve line. "You're mortleige," she confirmed.

"Since when does a mortleige get involved with Hunters?"

"It's what the contract calls for. Do you think death is the only thing we deliver?"

Calose laughed nervously. "I hope not in my case. I don't want to be left behind here holding the consequences of your business."

"Well that's up to you on how you're going to keep the relic from those Hunters. Do you trust me?"

Calose opened her mouth to reply but she could feel something with ill intentions directed at her approaching. The baby or relic let out a cry just as both women darted in

opposite directions. Calose ducked behind a hydroponic pump and then under it to where there was enough space to drop to the next deck.

I've got to get back to the upper decks.

Dropping to the next deck Calose slipped the relic into her coat and fastened the waist belt tighter. Now it didn't feel like an infant. Why did she think it was? How did it do that?

Calose halted. This deck felt different. Slowly she moved along the darkened corridor and around a corner where there was plenty of light. Hatch covers with names and dates were on them. This was where the penitents slept. Date of release was next to the name. Her eyes moved back and forth along the corridor noting another mark on the doors. Colored dots. There were four different colors and four different shifts so Calose supposed it was an indication of the work shifts each person worked.

Calose hurriedly turned down another corridor, hoping to find a stairway. She didn't trust elevators.

"Lose? What are you doing here?"

Chapter 2

Calose turned quickly. "Belig! I've been looking..."

Belig silenced her with a shush then gestured to a hatch cover with her name on it. Belig blocked the date of her release, maybe intentionally.



Calose stepped into the small space meant for one person. To allow space for two, Calose sat on the cot that was still down.

"I did something stupid. But, forget about me. What are you doing down here? You're a sight for sore eyes!"

"I was in the area and needed some ship repair. Colet and Mimie have been looking everywhere for you. Your parents died a month ago and your family wants to settle the estate so they can move on. Gods, I've met your family. No wonder you don't to visit them."

"You met my family?" Belig laughed bitterly. "They're not to be trusted, that's for sure. They left home as soon as they could and visited only when they needed credits to bail them out of trouble."

"*You* aren't like that," Calose said, dismayed in the low tone of her once buoyantly funny friend.

"Not in actuality, but if my pride wasn't so strong, I would have been there more often than the others after I got out of the service."

"So, your stubbornness kept you self-reliant. What's the big deal? How did you end up here?"

Belig sighed. "I got involved in a con game of bag switching. Just this once, I thought. Well, I was was left holding the empty bags. I admitted to being part of the theft."

"Belig, you're too kind to be a successful thief. The first needy person you would come upon and you'd give what you stole to them. Just how much is it that you owe?"

"Two hundred credits originally. That's how the financial auditor broke the percentage down. They know who all the players were and their history. Like I said, I was stupid. And don't you even think of paying any of it, Lose. It's my mistake and I'll pay it."

"What about what you stand to inherit?"

"My parents won't have anything that even comes to a fourth of what I owe especially after its divided between us all. They've always lived frugal with what little they had."

"You don't know that. Let me find out for you. Surely some dent in your bill would be good."

"I don't need you to keep digging me out of my messes," Belig told her hotly.

Calose laughed. "Oy, but you do. Just like you watched my back in some of those dumps we ended up on. Do you have transplanet call privileges?"

"If it's for the possibility of paying off my debt to this society, of course. Do you have a number?" she asked sounding more hopeful.

Calose gave her the number she had been given and waited while Belig completed her call.

"Hey, wake up," Belig told her later. "I have to get to work in a while or I would let you sleep. The rules won't let me give you a place to sleep unless we're...well, you know."

Calose rose from the cot. She hadn't realized she fell asleep. "Right." Her stomach growled.

"Wait here and I'll get breakfast. We'll share a meal then I'll show you how to get back to the upper decks. Gods, I wouldn't have thought you would be this far below deck."

"Don't talk about it."

Belig laughed, feeling and sounding less sad than when they met.

The call must have helped, Calose thought. Tightening her lips, she made her decision to help Belig pay off her debt. First, she needed to find out just how much that was. While Belig was gone, Calose removed her coat and the artifact. She needed to make it more secure under her coat, yet not so that she couldn't remove it with too much



difficulty if she had to. Calose stowed the cot away, giving her more room and access to the toilet. In a mirror she studied the artifact's reflection and wondered just who made it so that it sounded like a baby and felt like one. The reflection didn't resemble any species she had ever seen.

Using a scarf, she wound it around her waist and tucked the artifact in it, resting it against her heart. Putting her coat back on she examined how it looked. A tap on the privacy door let her know someone had returned, but the cry against her wasn't all that let her know it wasn't Belig.

"Hey! What are you doing in my quarters! Security! Sec..." Belig's voice was cut off as sounds of a struggle came to Calose. Pushing against the door she realized she couldn't get out. Outside an alarm was sounding.

Gods I hope I didn't get her and I into trouble with the authorities.

The alarms stopped, letting her know all was in hand with security. Not wanting to let her friend get into trouble for something of her doing she tried the door again and found it unlocked. The door to the sleep cubicle was also closed but from the voices on

the other side there was a heated discussion going on with Belig's voice rising above them all.

Calose pushed the door opened and stepped out. "What's going on? Who locked me in the toilet?"

By Belig rolling all of her six eyes, Calose was stepping in the center of another mess, but this time, Calose knew it was of her doing.

"Who are you?" a uniformed chief of security demanded.

"Calose. I'm having my ship repaired at your docks."

"What are you doing below decks?"

"I've been looking for my friend, Belig. Her folks died and she has an inheritance to collect."

"Indeed?" The officer looked Belig over with a different attitude. For a few moments he was quiet as he mentally accessed information on her and Belig. A blink of his eyes meant the end of the communication. He turned to the four Hunters. "I will ask you again, Hunters..." his voice oozed with contempt, "what is your business down here?"

"We believe she..." and he pointed at Calose with a long-pointed nail, "has our relic! She must give it back."

Belig's eyes opened wide and then fluttered closed as she let out a little sigh. Calose thought for sure Belig thought she had become a Hunter. Not hardly.

The official laughed. "If it is in her possession than she is the legal owner. Even I know the rules of your game. I have no problem with your business as long as you don't break any of the station rules. Security is in need of a bit of excitement."

Calose looked at him unbelievably. He just gave them all the go for the game to continue. Was he bored too?

"Just what rules are those?" one of the Hunters asked.

"I'll take you to the police station where you can read up on them." He turned to Belig. "So, do you have something to arrange with the paymaster?"

Belig gave an unhappy look at Calose and then nodded. "After shift, I'll go have a talk."

"Do it now. We like to settle accounts as quick as possible. Your ship has been leased out and I'll need to know just what needs to be done about that." He turned to the Hunters. "You have broken one of the rules of the station and will have to appear before the magistrate for judgment and there you get your chance to read the rules."

"We didn't touch anything!"

"You opened and stepped into the quarters unasked of a station employee." He gestured to the Hunters to follow his security robot. "Follow the leader," he mocked. "And there will be silence in the ranks until you've been processed."

Belig and Calose watched the group move away.

"Are you a Hunter now?" Belig sounded so disappointed in her.

"For 500 credits I'm the bait for their game and it's only for two days. What trouble can I get into?"

"Gods but you're sinking low in your boredom...how much did you say again? Are you sure it's legitimate?"

Calose smiled. "I owe you some of it for getting them off my back... How much do you owe here?" She glanced back down the corridor, feeling ill at ease. "I have to go."

"I don't know...bye. See you around," Belig finished to empty space. "Hm. Hide and seek for two days and she gets 500 credits? I better get to the paymaster." She turned and started toward the upper decks. Her friend Lose sure had changed in her aversion to being in the center of a large station, because she took the corridor that went further into it. She didn't have the nerve to go that deep inside a space station. There were places that had no light source of its own due to the sensitivity of the equipment. How would anyone find their way back if her light went out?



Residents of the space stations rushed to squeeze passed by her.

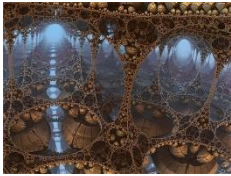
"Hey, take it easy," she said. Something traveled above her unimpeded, but the corridor was not that wide to allow two abreast. It was for crowd control in the penitents' area in case there was a riot, though to her way of thinking, that wouldn't happen under the present management.

Aggravated hisses hurried her to let them by. Since they were not roughing her up to get by, she guessed they weren't about to end up like their friends in custody for interfering with a resident of the station.

I didn't think Lose would be into something like this, but it's not like I know a lot about her, Belig thought.

Chapter 3

"I can't believe this. I'm getting further from the main deck." Calose knew because there was less light in the area. Dark shadows of hulking machines, humming their business were all around her. This was where she guessed important things were. That meant it should have higher security watching over it.



"Do you have a reason for being here?" Diana asked.

Calose stifled her yell. "You're scaring my heart out of me,"

Calose complained. "I hate being this far from an exit."

"We need a plan. Very clever of you to take out five of them in one swoop. But the others are smarter."

"A plan. I could do with one of those. How long more of this?"

Diana laughed. "Aren't you having fun?"

Calose looked at Diana as if she was kidding, then realized if she hadn't gotten involved, would she have realized her friend was on this space station and grudgingly she admitted to herself, she was bored. "It has its positive moments."

"You'll find all sorts of advantages coming your way as long as you're in possession of that relic. Just make sure you chose with the best intentions and remember not to look at it directly. And another thing, don't rely on it getting you out of predicaments. It's out for itself. It's easy to become addictive to the idea that what you wish may come to be as long as you have it in your possession. If it should decide suddenly, you're not to its advantage, you'll find yourself facing your worst enemy alone."

"Why are you involved?"

"My contract is to deliver it to someone. Unlike most messengers, I was smart not to come in contact with it."

"That's why the bot. Is it going to hurt me?"

"Only if you don't have self-discipline and good intentions. Listen, down here is a nice place to hide but to tell you the truth, the security guards aren't going to like a game of hide and seek in a place they consider vulnerable to their stations operations."

"It wasn't my intention to be where I don't belong."

"Yet, you found your friend." The amusement was unmistakable to hear.

"Remember. Good intentions. See that green light that blinks on every now and again?"

Diana asked her.

"Gods, stop my wistful daydreams," Calose mocked. Her daydreams were too fanciful to be practical, besides if she wanted a dream to come to be then she would be the one to make it happen, not use some relic that will take it all away. "I see the light."

"Green is down, and red is up."

"We need to move," Calose told her.

"I smell it too. Keep this in mind, they may be using that smell to drive you somewhere. Don't go blindly."

"What a joke. It's so dark down here I can barely see." Calose finished that to empty space. Taking her own advice, she moved back the way she thought she had come, using her other senses to tell her what she was passing – something solid or something she could hide behind.

The space she took refuge between was warm. It was between a hydroponics pool and a regulator unit. Calose pressed against the pool wall as hard as she could, with hope that her bios blended in with the chemicals that leaked over the pool wall.

Someone should see about adjusting the reservoir. Eventually they're going to have rot covering the deck. She wrinkled her nose. The stink alone should tell the maintenance people something's wrong.

Above her she could hear movement and slowly she raised her eyes to see if there was anything she needed to worry about. Something was getting ready to drop on her. Calose jumped away. Under a set of steps to the pool she took refuge in the space.

A door opened with voices and lights filling the area. A humming had her covering her ears. Security was activated when the main door opened. She needed to see just where the door was.

"I tell you, you can't have one hydro change and not adjust the others when the change is so great! Whatever changed the tank on deck seven is...there you see? They're all connected."

"Yeah, yeah. Let's just get the adjustments done and get out of here. I hate being so deep in this prison."

"Prison? They're training us for honest jobs. Speak for yourself. Where else can you pay off your debt, get trained for an honest and modern job as well as tasty meals and a safe place to sleep as well? Nowhere."

"You can talk. Your time is up in three weeks. I've got ten more years."

"Hold on, Artie. Read the temperature before you change it. You're going to tilt it in the wrong direction."

"Okay, okay. Get over it, Bettie."

"All right. Let me check the other side. 10 dashes to T," Bettie muttered to remind himself.

From where she was, Calose could see the boots of each person. The one more worn but better cared for moved off. After a second delay the other boots moved to where his coworker was and then moved off. His chuckling gave Calose unpleasant shivers. He wasn't someone to trust one's life with.

"Where you going now, Bettie? Yer finished with the tinkering, now let's get."

"I want to recheck...."

"Dam it, Bettie. You've done yer fiddling. Let's get out of here."

Don't trust him, Bettie. He's not your friend.

"If you want to go, go. *My* job is to balance these pools." He started back toward the pool when Calose heard a clink and felt Artie's intent to kill Bettie.

"Behind you, Bettie!" Calose yelled and jumped up to tackle Bettie legs.

"Hey!"

"Artie, put that tool down!" Bettie warned him as he hurriedly untangled himself from Calose.

"She doesn't belong down here. We found her," Artie said in a threatening tone. Didn't Bettie feel the craziness in Artie? "And she killed you...and I killed her." Artie pulled something from his belt that looked dangerous the way he held it.

"Just what are you in prison for?" Calose asked.

"Murder," Artie said. "Do you feel safe?" he mocked.

"You said yourself you only have ten more years. You attack us and you'll be here longer, and chances are working someplace you won't be happy at."

Calose could feel the heat around her increase triple fold.

"It's getting too hot." Bettle said. He craned his neck to see what it was set to.

"You crazy mongrel! It will explode the hydroponic pools on all levels."

"I guess I'll just have to save the world and get time off for good behavior." The object was thrown with good accuracy and straight for Calose, hitting her in the heart and causing her to hit the pool wall with so much force she was knocked to the ground stunned. The weapon fell to the floor next to her face, bent to an unrecognizable shape.

Calose was aware that Bettle jumped at Artie to prevent him from throwing another object at him with the same accuracy. Amid the shouts and rolling around, Calose wondered where the Hunters were. They could take advantage of this opportunity to overpower her and take the artifact. Maybe they didn't want to get arrested for abetting a killer.

Awkwardly, she rolled to her hands and knees, wobbling as her balance felt off kilter. The heat at her side told her the pool was getting too hot. Calose dragged herself onto the stairs, using the railing to stand. She stared at the dials the two men had been adjusting, but her sight was blurry.

Bettle and Artie were grunting and wrestling.

"Ten dashes to T!" shouted Bettle. Artie's fist sent Bettle to the ground.

"Don't touch it or I'll kill him," Artie said triumphantly, standing over Bettle with the weapon pointed at him. "Get down from there and get over here."

"He's going to kill us anyway. Change it back!" Bettle shouted.

Artie shouted in rage and lifted his arm only to have it held in place.

Much to Calose's embarrassment, it was the same security officer she had met earlier in her friend's quarters.

"Bettle, get up and do your job," the officer said.

Bettle staggered to his feet and joined Calose on the stairs. "Why, it's not reading right at all. The other pool needs to be brought to another temp to adjust. When I tell you, can you move this here?" he asked Calose.

"Sure, sure," Calose agreed feeling unsteady from the heat. Calose hoped Bettle would hurry up so she could take her consequences for being so far below decks and move on. How much time did she have left before she could leave the space station?

"Go ahead, make the change," Bettle yelled.

The heat from the pool didn't seem to change with her moving the dial. Worried, Calose held her palm over the liquid. Sparks from her hand went into the liquid and instantly settled the contents of the hydroponic pool.

"A healer's hands, aye?" Bettle asked.

Guiltily, Calose shoved her hands into her pockets. "No." She hoped her tone of voice was a strong enough indication that it was a preposterous idea.

"Bettle, go on up to med and have yourself looked at."

"I'm okay, Chief. He just knocked the wind out of me. I can finish my shift. Or she can give me a touch and for sure I'll be cranking it."

"I'm ordering you to see the doc to clear you. It won't be counted against your hours, Bettle. Go on now. Security bot escort service. Escort prisoner Artie to the brig. Notify the court of his sabotage of the hydroponic pools and attempt at murdering an employee of Dysta Space Station and a visitor."

When everyone had left the security chief chuckled. "You're shaking up this station, you are. It's been aggravating my staff for about a year now at not being able to catch our saboteur. I had too many suspects, including my staff."

Calose waited, wondering if he had something more to say. Then impulsively said, "There's fifteen of them." Her face became so heated that she truly knew that wasn't from her.

The chief grinned. "A relic, aye? Something that causes you to go against your natural ways is not something to keep around long," he warned. "Anything else you want to add?"

"I don't know anything more." She waited a moment to be sure something didn't occur to her and shook her head. "Nothing more."

He gestured to the exit. "Want to go up to the upper decks in a normal way, or stick to back ways?"

Calose let out a sigh of relief. "I'd love to go up..." Then the lights went out and the security chief cursed from the sound of a weapon being fired.

Calose was already gone. The lights came back on briefly as the exit opened, giving her a good view of where she wanted to go. As it closed, she rolled in the corridor catching his heels and down he went. More weapons fire in the corridor.

The security chief grabbed Calose by the arm and pulled her into a doorway that closed behind them.

"I thought your warning about killing was taken seriously," Calose huffed trying to catch her breath.

"Those shots are meant to paralyze. It was due to you knocking me down. I fault you not for that. I haven't had such a good opportunity to check to see if the higher end security is working. You can take that exit, it'll lead upward."

"What about that one?"

"Stays on this deck. By the time your ship is ready your friend will be free to leave."

"Really? Well, that's great provided you're not saying I'm staying longer than the three days."

"With your credits you applied and her inheritance it paid her debt."

Calose was surprised and knew it wasn't something she had done, or had she? Another thing the relic was responsible for? She really needed to watch her wishes. She rubbed her heart where the weapon had hit her. What happens when she gives the relic back? Would Belig be hauled back to Dysta to serve additional time? Would Belig lose her inheritance?

"Thanks for your help," Calose said.

The security chief chuckled. "You just don't know how much help you're giving me and for free. Thirty-six more hours we have you to root out evil on this space station."

Calose looked at him startled. "Don't rely on me! What if it all turns rotten when the artifact leaves?"

"You mean filling in a void? I understand the flow of energy and the vacuum it can leave when moved too quickly. Before I took up this job, I was a Spiritualist. I started out with the best intentions, but I got too good at collecting credits and living a high-end life. I became a fraud and didn't want to give up the game. One day I forced someone to part with something they didn't want to give up, but I wanted it. It wasn't something important to me. I did it because I could. I was a penitent here for three years and after serving my time I stayed on. I was blessed with a good mentor. I am proud to say, I feel no compulsion to go back into the game."

Calose understood. There were some lessons she learned so well that the temptation to fall back to bad habits wasn't there. Her method of staying ahead of boredom and lethargy was to do something new every three months, as long as it was legal.

Chapter 4

In the shadow of a doorway Calose regarded the exit that would take her to the upper decks or further down. It seemed like a long time since she had real sleep. Naps were all she had been grabbing and it was unnerving that she wasn't exhausted. The last time she had done something like this was during her trainee years as a starfighter pilot. Though it turned out that she didn't have the killer instinct necessary to fit the fighter pilot profile she did have the right instinct for taking a ship through its paces. Her commanding officer had moved her to testing new ships before passing them off to the *real* pilots. There were no regrets for spending six years in service. It got her a ship of her own with modifications she could live with and a desire to become a spacer. To pay her way around, she transported people and supplies to places even charters wouldn't go to.

Her eyes moved to another doorway in the shadows and it bothered her not to be able to see the outline of a door. Footsteps from around the bend could be heard. Relief at seeing Belig had her almost stepping out of her hiding, but her hesitation paid off.

"Hey, Mema," the Belig look alike said to the shadowed doorway. "Anything?"

"Not if you come walking down here and blow my cover," Mema snarled.

"We have twenty-four more hours. I'm going on top deck and give it a test. Do I look real enough?" She turned around and as her eyes turned Calose's way, she thought she may have been seen.

"It'll do. Let Aldo know that you're taking the top deck." When the door was opened and Belig's look alike passed through a question was asked her by Mema. No answer was given.

"Argggggh!" Mema leaped from the shadowed doorway taking a slash at the Belig figure. She slammed the door on his face and Calose took the opportunity to run to the doorway Mema had been hiding in. Shutting the door behind her, she rested her ear against the surface to see if she could hear what was happening.

"Are you stupid or what?" Belig's voice could faintly be heard. "I'm not going to answer a dumb question like that. You don't look good."

The reply was too faint for her to hear. Calose stepped away from the door and took in her surroundings. What did she step into? All spaces had more than one entrance/exit. The overhead vent in this case. She was small enough to fit. Carefully she unlatched the cover and pulled herself up. For a few moments she crouched in the vent then backed out. Her scent would spread through the connecting vents and confuse anyone looking for her. Dropping back to the ground she didn't bother reattaching the vent cover. Going back to the door she peeked out. Apparently Mema had been injured and left his post. Calose darted out and flung the exit open.

"Hey! Lose!" Belig's voice called. "Hold up!"

Ignoring her Calose sprinted across the open common area until she spotted ten Beligs encircling her. She came to a sliding stop.

"Lose, listen.... Oh, gods," Belig muttered behind her. "If they're going to look like me, they could at least dress right."

Calose frantically looked around for an escape or something to serve as a distraction. A maintenance worker was two steps from her, hanging on his cleaning pole, his mouth and eyes gaping at the charging Beligs. Grabbing his pole Calose used it to tap a security camera, out of normal reach, disabling it, which sent out an alarm to the others. The automatic crowd control spotted the charging Beligs, read the bio of the entities and paralyzed them. It then searched for the offending weapon, which Calose tossed behind

her. Someone must have caught it because she heard a cry and the clatter of the pole. Calose ran through the corridor that led to the next common area where a crowd was gathering as second shift was getting off and another group of customers was ready to shop.

Calose ducked into a traveler's lounge. In one of the privacy queues Calose worked on changing her appearance. It wasn't that difficult with what the traveler's refresh queues offered. Makeup and changing her dress style gave her a modish look. As she stepped out of the queue Belig was standing outside. She grabbed Calose and pulled her back in.

"You're not as difficult to find as you think," Belig hissed. "What you need is to fatten up those cheeks and your shoulders need filling to change your body type." She began to make further changes to Calose's appearance.

"You're not wearing the prison collar," Calose mentioned.

"Thanks to your standing up for me. From what the family attorney said, I inherited three hundred credits, but by the time it gets to Dysta it's two hundred and fifty. They leased out my ship and it was last docked at Earl's Folley. Some blasted gambler lost it to another blasted gambler. He lost *my* ship!"

"So, you want a ride there?" Calose asked.

"If that's where it really is. How many hours more do you have?"

"I need to check and see how long more till my ship's ready."

"You can dial in at one of the kiosks. So, can you tell who I am?"

"No. You did good with your disguise. Do you have any luggage?"

"Penitent's uniform is all we're allowed to wear. Personal property that wasn't sold for paying off some of my debt was stored on my ship."

Once back in the common area they walked abreast but Calose wasn't ready to accept the person next to her as Belig.

"When we last parted, you were going to taxi a pair of business managers that missed their flight to a business meeting on a nearby planet. What happened?" Calose asked.

"Didn't pan out. They were supposed to pay me in advance and kept telling me the credits were being transferred as they boarded. By the time I was ready for departure, I

still didn't see anything in my account, so I told them they won't be going anywhere on my ship. Next thing I know I come conscious in my ship but somewhere out in the middle of nowhere. They hijacked me!"

"They didn't do something illegal with your ship did they?"

"I put in a complaint the first space kiosk I came to. I had to wait a few days before an enforcer could take my face-to-face report. It seems one of the people I ID'd is a very famous person and he had an alibi; therefore, *I* was suspect. I lucked out that I didn't keep the transaction information on my ship which proved his word was untrue. They had wiped all evidence of their presence and where they went on my ship." She sighed. "Things started to go downhill from there. Hey, isn't that one of them Hunters?"

"Where there's one there's others. How about the kiosk?"

Belig led her to a kiosk with few people about. While Belig kept an eye out for any suspicious lingers Calose tapped in an inquiry. Instead of placing her palm on the bioreader she tapped in a code.

"Delayed?" Calose sighed. "We're going to have to split up. Meet me at the slip. Chances are they won't follow you."

"What do you mean split up? In these disguises they won't recognize us."

"Belig, they're going to see through them. These are Hunters that make a good living at seeing past disguises and gathering clues."

"No, they won't. You're giving them more credit than what they deserve. They're cut throats out for a prize."

Calose shook her head, patted Belig on the arm, and then headed to a crowd that was forming around a performing artist. His hat to accept promises of credit with a license to perform was before him. Calose moved through the crowd then paused at the edge.

"You hang around some strange characters," Diana's voice said.



Calose didn't react to the spectator that was dressed in traveler's garb that stood a respectable distance from her. "I'm working with what I have at hand. I need to find a kiosk and check my repair time."

"You have sixteen hours left. There's a push to get your repairs done. That's a good sign."

"You don't mind if I find out for myself, do you?" she asked irritably.

"Not at all," Diana said with amusement. "Use more than two or three sources. That kiosk you went to had a maintenance repair sign on it yesterday."

Diana's presence was gone, replaced by an annoyed Belig who elbowed her way to Calose's side.

"I think we're better off together," she insisted. "I don't want to be stuck here any longer than necessary. You want proof – see those two over there?"

"They see me." Calose had her escape already marked. Without trying to hide Calose ran to an exit and down a corridor. She could hear Belig running after her. If this was Belig, this was her chance to prove it and run interference.

As Calose clambered up the stairs something hit her hard in the back and rather than collapsing on the stairs and maybe breaking a bone if not her head sliding down them, she leaned just far enough to fall over the railing. Typically, stairways had a tube of energy surrounding them to prevent anyone from falling over the railing to their death at the bottom of a long drop. It was with the strength of will that she called for a stop, barely getting a sound out from the wind knocked out of her lungs. Gently the energy held her until she could pull herself back onto the stairs. Focused on one step at a time, Calose moved up to deck five's platform. The door opened for her and she fell through.

Chapter 5

Calose blinked her eyes open, trying to get her vision cleared. It was no longer so amazing to find herself not exhausted, not physically hurting from taking a shot that should have slowed her down a few days, but it was amazing to find a weapon that would numb her brain for weeks pointed right at her temple. Would the relic protect her from that?

The Mison, white skinned, short and thin, gestured for her to stand. His fingertips were suction cups and they reached out to her. His speech was whistles with punctuations of hoots. He wanted Calose to hand the relic to him or else.

"Or else what?" she asked.

"Or else we numb your friends' brains," he hooted and dragged Belig forward. Her lips were bleeding and two of her eyes were bruised closed.

"After so many look a likes showing up, how do I know this one isn't one of them? And if that weapon is for real, you know you'll be looking at a long time in prison on this station just for having it."

The Mison fired and Belig shuddered then went totally limp.

"You don't impress me," Calose said. "You're just showing me what this relic's about."

"About?" whistled the Mison and then was hooting so hard Calose considered knocking him down.

What would happen if he looked it in the eye? I can use it as a defense.

"You obviously don't know anything about it. Let me educate you," and he leaned forward quickly, as if to put one of his fingertips on her, which could infect her with whatever chemical he desired.

Calose knocked his hand away and stumbled over the downed figure of Belig. No matter that she didn't believe it was the real Belig, or that no self-respecting person would carry a Mind Scrambler, it was the idea that he did it. The aftereffects were said to be devastating to some. Calose didn't believe all she heard but in her travels, she met someone that had been a victim of the MS. Whether it was just a line he was running on her, the point was, he was an emotional mess. It was frightening that a once powerful man could be brought down so easily.

Her stumble landed her on her back trying to stay away from the Mison's reaching fingers. Where was her backup? Calose kicked his legs out from under him, rolled to her feet and ran down the corridor. This was not where she wanted to be running. The corridor had too many doorways that required a key code to open.

She was being herded.

Calose came to an abrupt stop and turned to face the Mison and Belig that didn't have time to stop their full out run to catch up with her. Stepping toward Belig, she bumped her hard into the Mison. However, this Belig got a hand around her arm and would not let go. Calose stepped into her space and dropped to her knee and pushed up

and toward the Mison that was quickly back on his feet. Belig's form changed quickly to another species that nearly had Calose screaming in terror.

"Down!" Diana shouted and Calose threw herself on her stomach and rolled so her back was against the wall. "Yeaaaaaa." And Diana came flying down the corridor and slid next to Calose. Calose didn't think that was what Diana had in mind, but she recovered quickly and had pulled Calose to the side when a shot was fired at her.

Calose's hand went into her jacket, "Close your eyes," she told Diana and she pulled out the relic and held it up. There was an intake of breath.



"Go, go," Diana encouraged her. "Don't look back." Both got up and ran back down the corridor and through the doorway that would take them to the docks. Diana stopped at the entrance and pushed Calose on. "I'll find you. Get off the station now, if you can."

Calose nodded and hurried to the dockmaster's hut. Climbing the stairs, she tapped on the door, which opened as she rapped on it.

"Hi," she greeted a man who was looking at a screen. "Can you tell me if my ship is about ready?"

"Hold on and let me see." Leaning over he picked up his communication unit and rang. "They're not answering. Probably busy. I'll go take a ride and see. Wait here in the office for my return. I can't have you wandering around the docks."

He drove off in a cart that was parked below the office.

"What dockmaster would leave a stranger in their office without a chaperon?" While he was gone, she looked around his office. There was a door that led to a storage room that held the belongings of penitents until they were released. The door was open and from what she could see, it was a deep cavernous room. She walked over to get a better look.

"How many penitents are there here?" she asked.

"One thousand and fifty-five," was the answer.

Calose looked around her guiltily and not seeing anyone went on to ask, "Does Belig have a storage bin?"

"Account has been closed and dues paid. One travel bag delivered to individual ten minutes ago," a recording said.

"Do you have an image of the dockmaster?"

Five images of different people came up on the screen before her and none looking like the person that ran out of the office.

"Where is the dockmaster that is on duty now?"

"Delivering Belig to pier seven."

Calose was left wondering if she should go looking for Belig and her ship or wait. Unauthorized persons on the dock were discouraged, though not considered unlawful. The sound of a cart could be heard and Calose stepped out onto the stairwell in view of whoever arrived.

"Is there something you need?" a gruff voice asked behind her. It was one of the faces the computer had shown as a dockmaster.

"I was wondering if you could tell me if my ship is ready. The *Glass Eye II*."

"You must be Calose. Welcome." He smiled warmly at her. "I just dropped Liggie off at your ship. She said you were giving her a ride to pick up her ship, *Glass Eye I*." He chuckled. "Come on and I'll take you over to your slip."

"When I came here looking for you, there was a guy in here that I thought was you."

He made a disagreeable noise in his throat. "The replacement for Liggie from the penitent pool. He's not as promising as Liggie. We're going to miss her."

"Belig worked on the docks?" That was interesting because she swore she would never work on another ship when she left the service. She was a mechanic and working on starfighters was a pressure job.

"Aye. She was mediocre when she came to us but was determined to pay off her debt. Worked overtime when we fell behind. Darn good worker. Said it reminded her of her time when she was in the service. You must be the hot shot pilot that hates to kill."

Calose's face reddened.

"She said you were a toughie to work for. Took the mechanics out to get them to feel and hear what effect they had on the ships they repaired."

"Well...."

He laughed. "She also said, until you arrived, their shop wasn't rated too high in repair work and getting ships out on time. You think you scared them to death in flying in something they were supposed to have repaired?"

"It was my job."

As they approached her dock there was a Belig talking to one of the harbormaster's workers. She had a bag at her feet.

The cart came to a stop along side of the pair.

"Calose. It's about time you got here. Alban's Waystation. My ship is docked there. The gambler that won it in a game was trying to cash in on it and the authorities are holding it. Can you give me a lift there? It's about four days away if we take a space portal."

"All right." Calose caught the sight of five figures hurrying toward them. "We have to go."

Calose ran up the ramp hearing Belig close behind her. The exit hatch closed and locked.

"Is this still about that relic?" Belig demanded.

"Not for long."

Calose dialed in for a takeoff time and put it on automatic pilot while she went to make sure there would be no tagging her ship.

The ship powered up quickly and moved out of its slip. "I wonder how long this nice service is going to last," Calose muttered. She had left the relic hidden in the harbormaster's office.

"With the A1 upgrade it's guaranteed to last until the next scheduled upgrade. Believe me, this shipyard does quality work for a reasonable price," Belig said.

I asked for a repair not an upgrade. I'll bet that put a hole in my credit line. I'll have to check it out later.



The lights dimmed for a moment. "What was that?" Calose asked, looking over her console.

Belig grinned. "That's the new protection against taggers. It emits a vibration that doesn't allow anything to attach to your outer hull. I can't wait to get my ship back. From what I learned here, I'm

going to be upgrading my own. I'll have one slick ship. There's been a lot of advancements in ship mechanics since we left the service."

"So, what do you intend on doing now?"

"See what shape my ship is in. If I don't need any repairs, I'll see if there's anyone that needs taxi service, or if not, take a temporary job at their spaceship repair shop. There's always one that needs help, even if it's for a short time. What are you going to do now that you found me?"

"Drop you off at your ship and like you see if I can pick up some business there."



about

Belig smiled. "Well, until we reach our destination, we have four days to catch up on gossip what's happening around the galaxy. What about the relic?"

"Ah." Calose sent a transmission to see what her account balance was. *There's the 500 credits.* "What's your account? Since you helped, I can spread the wealth around."

"Now that would help out, but I don't have one at the moment. You've done a lot for me already. I'm glad you're finished with the relic. Hunters make my skin crawl."

"When have you ever run across them except for back there?" Calose asked.

"I have ears. Where else but in a bar next to the repair slips, where pilots love to share stories to pass time."

"So, tell me about Hunters."

She tightened her lips and shook her head. "Bad news, the lot of them. Driven to an obsession and depending on their species, dangerous."

Calose sighed. "So, I noticed. But they can't all be like the ones that were on the space station. They were willing to kill and law enforcement, wherever they turn up, will be keeping a sharp eye on them."

Belig looked surprised. "They can't kill when looking for a holy relic. Relic hunters are sworn to a code of ethics, or that's what I heard." She frowned then added, "However, they can play dirty, short of taking a life."

Calose nodded, relieved she was no longer part of the hunt, but curious just what type of relic cries like a baby.

End of this tale.