
Subject: Re: Learning The Ropes

Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 19:44:04 GMT

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Monday, March 5, 2068, 12:35 p.m. the bridge of the WNS Excelsior, in the North Sea

"Any sign of them on radar?" Captain Ellen Stewart asked her radar operator.

"Nae, sair. No' yet," came the answer. The bridge remained quiet for a few moments. All the Navy personnel were toggled out for the cold, stormy swells that they were experiencing right now. The storm was fierce, and visibility was low.

"Sair!" the radar operator called. Captain Stewart hurried over to him. "I hae' a contact! Aye, 'tis th' Saucy Lady."

"We have audio contact again, Captain," the communications officer said. "They're pretty far off course."

"We're getting close to the gas rigs, aren't we, Morton?" the Captain asked her executive officer.

"Yes, sir, we are," he returned. "I hope we can get to them before...."

"Sir!" the sonar officer called, her face pale. Both the captain and the exec strode over to see what the sonar officer had to show them. A line of white blobs, six or seven of them, were standing between the Excelsior and the Saucy Lady.

"They're close to the surface, Cap'n, but I'd lay wager that those are more of the mines," the sonar operator said.

"Radar? Do you have a reading on this?" Captain Stewart called.

"Wait... aye, sair," he said. "Six, nae, se'en o' th' bloody things, jus' b'low th' surface. An' betwixt us an' th' Saucy Lady."

"Damn!" the captain swore softly. She and the exec drew over to the plotting table. "Transfer readings to the plotter. Both sonar and radar." Seven distinct white blobs appeared on the dark surface, along with two larger blobs, one blue representing the Excelsior and one red for the Saucy Lady. The blue approached the white ones at a considerable speed, while the red one moved slowly with the waves. And then off in the corner... another larger something appeared.

"Tha' new readin' is a gas drillin' platfarm, sair," the radar officer informed them.

"And both the Saucy Lady, with its mine, and those seven others, are heading right for it," Morton said. The exec and the captain exchanged a look.

"Communications! Update Saucy Lady on the new mines. We can't get to them until we disarm this group. Tell them about the gas rig, and then... put out a call for International Rescue. They're the only ones who can save those fishermen now."

Post by Tikatu on 06/08/2004
