

Yarkon Blues II

Space Station Zebra

Rik McQuick is back! *Just accept it...*

The small Gecko class scout-ship shuddered and slowly rose from the small forest clearing. It paused for a few heart stopping moments before engaging its auto-pilot and thundering into the darkening sky.

Rik settled back into his less than comfy seat and tried to forget about his recent trials and tribulations. That very weird planet Yarkon was just unmentionable (*if you want to know more, please see YARKON BLUES ONE for all the gory details*).

The strange planet quickly fell away as the ship powered through the atmosphere and into the cold, unforgiving vacuum of space. This finely crafted, yet thoroughly clichéd prose would have been thoroughly wasted on Rik though - He was already fast asleep.

As Rik snored the engine roared, propelling the small craft through uncharted depths and into the vast unknown. Whilst on the subject of 'things unknown', this is probably a good time to mention the destination of the ship that Rik was currently in possession of. The ship's previous owner (a certain Mr. Fastbender Gloop), had over the years acquired a questionable legal status, and of course, being such a private man, he hated to be bothered by eager young space-police constables during the zero-g football on Sunday afternoons. So, with this in mind (just as a precaution, you understand), he chose a suitably out of the way place to set up home, and an equally out of the way place in case things should get a little too hot...and that special place was Space Station Zebra.

Sometime later Rik finally approached the slowly spinning space station. Quite soon after this, someone on the station tried to open hailing frequency's in order to make contact, but Rik ignored them as he was asleep. A short time later, a large number of ships began to leave the station in what can only be called a hurry. Rik, with a blatant disregard for the plot, ignored this as well. As the Gecko edged closer to Zebra, Rik also ignored the multitude of blast marks that had scarred the station, as well as the badly damaged space doors of the main docking bay. He was, after all, asleep.

The scout-ship fired its retro-rockets which jolted our sleepy hero awake just as the craft glided into the smaller, undamaged docking bay. "Ah, peace at last," he casually remarked as he thought about the long rest he was planning to have. The poor fool...

LOADING: (Tape based machines)

Hold down CTRL and press small ENTER key.

For disk based machines, type [TAPE <enter>

And then hold CTRL and press small ENTER key.

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