

Green Trek Adventures

- >be me
- >finally promoted to E-6
- >previous E-6 promoted to E-7 and reassigned to Camp Pendleton to train new recruits
- >he will train the leanest, meanest, and greenest Marines to ever roam the galaxy
- >I become PSG
- >CO promoted to 1LT and reassigned to a staff position on Calder II along the Romulan border
- >rest of the platoon is going with now-former CO to Calder II
- >everyone nervous about our new butterbar, especially since we're getting a real posting this time
- >no insane Starfleet Officers, no "cross-training" bullshit, we're going to a Marines base close to an adversary
- >new CO arrives
- >it's a fucking VULCAN
- >a FEMALE VULCAN
- >platoon is all young men, mostly human, a few Andorians and Tellarites
- >what the fuck is a Vulcan doing as a 2LT in the Marines? go be a ship captain or scientist or diplomat or some shit
- >her name is T'lana
- >HER FUCKING NAME IS THE SAME AS THE MAIN CHARACTER IN *VULCAN LOVE SLAVE III*
- >introduce myself to 2LT Love Slave
- >she's like 6'2", I'm 5'9", feel like a manlet, she looms over me
- >2LT says she has read my service record, introductions are unnecessary, asks me if the Marines are ready
- >yes, sir
- >she says "we will see"
- >despite being so goddamn tall, 2LT lurks and moves around like a cat
- >asks me a few questions, but mostly just gives orders and observes for first few days
- >everyone is quiet as a churchmouse the whole trip to Calder II, too afraid that 2LT Love Slave will catch them if they make obvious jokes
- >read her service record
- >she was originally a logistics officer at Ajilon Prime, served there during the Federation-Klingon War in 2373 when the Klingons attacked
- >served with a few light infantry units during Dominion War and later requested a transfer to be a Marine
- >absolute body stacker
- >arrive on Calder II, get settled in, begin training, new CO gets her hands dirty helping out
- >Calder II is a fucking sandbox, everyone sucking down water except 2LT
- >sand

>sand in your boots
>sand in your food
>sand under your fingernails
>sand in your asscrack
>sand EVERYWHERE
>at least Qo'noS had humidity, Calder II is bone dry, my sinuses are constantly sore
>eventually 2LT Love Slave wants to talk to me about something
>what's up, 2LT?
>"Staff Sergeant, it is my observation that Marines generally have more rapport than this platoon. I spoke with your previous commanding officer and he was surprised when I told him how quiet the platoon has been. Please inform the men that they need not alter their behaviour on my behalf. I am aware that being a female Vulcan officer in the Marines is odd, but I did not join the Marines to change its culture."
>yes, sir
>kinda relieved tbph
>another round of silence
>"And I know that I share the name of the seductress in *Vulcan Love Slave III*."
>spaghetti flies out of my pockets at warp speed
>her poker face is perfect
>"It is a coincidence that most find amusing. It does not bother me so long as comments do not cause controversy or insubordination."
>y-yes, sir
>2LT smiles, lowers her face, gives fuck-me eyes
>"It is a very good holonovel, you know."
>my spaghetti is in the Gamma Quadrant somewhere
>2LT clasps hands behind back and walks off without saying anything else
>rest of the assignment goes fine, 2LT Love Slave turned out to be one of the best officers I ever served with
Vulcans are all right

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>be me
>still E-6 on Calder II
>USS *Ted Kennedy* comes to port for standard repairs
>weird ass Pakled ensign enters chow hall
>it's Taco Tuesday
>we're getting real food, not replicated
>everyone's lined up
>Ensign Retardo is behind me
>people talking about what they want with the tacos
>Ensign Retardo tries to behave like normal person with Marines

>"My mother always said targ dung had bad taste, do not eat."
>Ensign Retardo smiles like he's waiting for the laugh track to start
>I get phantom odor of targ shit from my assignment on Qo'noS
>LCPL from my platoon sees me get phantom odor of targ shit from my assignment on Qo'noS
>appetite neutralized
>I gag a little and leave chow hall to go dry heave in the bathroom
>later, 2LT Love Slave asks why I'm not gorging myself on tacos
>explain encounter with Ensign Retardo
>2LT Love Slave has no face
>"In that case, Staff Sergeant, you can help me with next month's training schedules."
Pakleds can eat a bag of dicks

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>be me
>still stuck as both Gunny and acting 1SG on Qualor II, hating life and my choices therein
>turns out 1SG Harkonnen is well-connected and the Zakdorn are pissed at yours truly
>CPT under immense pressure to replace me with another Zakdorn
>CPT constantly putting me in for commendations so he can go "see? this guy is great! please don't send me another incompetent 1SG or make me get rid of my good NCO"
>eventually Zakdorn have a giant tantrum, threaten to file a formal protest with the Federation Council if they don't get their way
>Starfleet forces our fucking MG to clean up the mess
>MG sends COL who sends LTC to CPT who informs me that I'm being reassigned
>the transfer looks routine on paper since I didn't break any regulations but I know I'm fucked
>I don't even get a going-away shindig
>sent to Starbase 39 to receive my new assignment/punishment
>spend the whole trip in a shitty fucking mood, my career is coming to an end and I know it, I contemplate what the fuck I'm gonna do
>maybe sign on as a merchant marine with the Nyberrite Alliance or some shit, idfk
>worst of all, CPT already sending me messages that new Zakdorn 1SG is worse than 1SG Harkonnen and is vindictive to boot
>arrive at starbase, on my way to depot to get fucked in the ass when a familiar face approaches me in the crowd
>it's 1LT Love Slave
>she's CPT Love Slave now
>what the fuck is she doing here?
>she got selected to lead new Raider team when she heard about my trouble with the Zakdorn
>"I heard you defeated 1SG Harkonnen at Strategema, that is very impressive."

>explain how I won, she smirks for a second
>but only for a second
>she says she needs more people for her team and requested I be assigned to her since I was getting reassigned anyway
>top brass said cool, whatever, just make the Zakdorn stop bitching
>my reassignment is to fucking special forces
>totally flabbergasted, tell her I have zero combat experience
>she gives me those fuck-me eyes again
>"By the time I'm through with you, you will have more than enough."
>lose my spaghetti
>I get sent back to Earth for training at Camp Lejeune
even at warp 9, it takes 3 fucking weeks to go from Starbase 39 to Earth

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>be me
>assignment on Calder II comes to an end
>Starfleet is pleased
>I traveled across the galaxy and got sand in my ass to please Starfleet
>2LT Love Slave becomes 1LT Love Slave and gets a staff position in some special recon unit
>1SG moves up to SGTMAJ with battalion HQ
>old CO from when I was E-5 promoted to CPT and becomes company commander
>I get promoted to E-7
>kinda cool to work with old CO again
>unit sent to Qualor II
>we're basically there to keep a presence and help the Zakdorn run Surplus Depot Z15
>it's a junkyard
>informed by CPT that it's "a very important junkyard"
>new 2LTs coming in still wet behind the ears and new NCOs need more training but what else is new?
>being a Gunny rules, I get to help CO plan operations
>only problem is new company 1SG
>Zakdorn assigned to be 1SG because the Zakdorn insisted there be a "strategic mind" at the company NCO level for some stupid fucking reason
>Starfleet says okay, sounds cool
>the dude looks like Baron Harkonnen
>constantly fucking eating, must have gotten some sort of cultural accommodation waiver because there was no fucking way this dude did PT in his life
>1SG Harkonnen doesn't get his security clearances in order before deploying, needs someone else to access pretty much any record or enter any ops center
>got angry he was never involved in operations, CPT tries to be diplomatic, explains his job is discipline, morale, and professional development of NCOs

>1SG Harkonnen constantly challenges me to Strategema
>I always decline because fuck this dude
>one day his nagging gets the best of me and I say fine, I'll play you, let's do it bitch
>1SG Harkonnen goes around bragging about how he's going to win
>I decide to go around playing it up like a goddamn carnie
>a betting pool forms, fanclubs emerge, the match gets hyped up like crazy because there's
fuck all to do in a very important junkyard
>day of the match comes, people gather round like a schoolyard fight
>put those retarded finger-things on
>spend the entire match controlling one section of panels so this idiot can never fully win
because this game is fucking stupid and easily cheated
>1SG Harkonnen eventually gets pissed, starts screaming at me about cheating, not playing
the game right
>pieces of food fly out of his huge mouth onto the table
>while he's on tilt, I break out and beat him
>dude has an existential crisis, how could I lose to this human, what have I been doing with
my life, wah wah wah
>goes into a major depression and has to be replaced
>that replacement becomes me
>end up doing two jobs, more paperwork than I ever wanted in my fucking life
Hoisted by my own petard

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>be me
>have R&R and decide to use it
>Earth is a sector away, not enough time to head there even at warp 9
>closest place to Calder II worth a damn is Starbase 39
>it's better than nothing
>hang out in Starbase 39 lounge
>a few different screens up to watch different feeds
>*Mad Latinum with Quark* is on
>get some replicated slop and decide to watch it
>have a little latinum stash of my own in case I need it out in the sticks
>Quark is wearing the loudest suit I've ever seen in my fucking life
>literally doing the show live from his bar on Deep Space 9
>hear people screaming "DABOOOOO!" in the background
>Quark is using a cheap auto-tracking drone that follows him around while he serves drinks,
occasionally bumps into a customer
>"My brother, the Nagus, says impact investing is where the smart money's at. Well, some of
you might quote the 33rd Rule of Acquisition, but you'd be wrong. Remember the 285th Rule
of Acquisition: no good deed goes unpunished."

>I mean, he's not wrong
>"If you ask me - what am I saying? Of course you're asking *me*. I'm putting my latinum into something tangible: the new market for kanar in the Klingon Empire."
>turns out the Klingons got a taste for kanar after sampling pilfered goods
>"Have you ever seen a Klingon drink?"
>yes I have
>Quark turns camera to Klingons drinking in his bar
>has to fight it because he doesn't know how to turn off the auto-tracking
>the Klingons are all shitfaced, several kanar bottles lying around
>"Always remember the 57th Rule of Acquisition, my friends: good customers are as rare as latinum. Treasure them."
>decide to invest some of my latinum into new kanar development projects in Cardassia
>a few weeks later, find out my investments were really just shares offered by shell corporations bidding for kanar commodity interests
>shell corpos "lose" the bid, take the latinum and run
>2LT Love Slave mocks me
>"Staff Sergeant, you forgot the 59th Rule of Acquisition: free advice is seldom cheap."
that Ferengi toad is lucky he's on the other side of the Federation

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>be me
>on my way from Starbase 39 to Earth for Raider training aboard the USS *William Henry Harrison*
>almost there when engineers decide to try some new modifications to the tractor beam
>turns it into a really powerful graviton emitter
>dumbass in engineering forgets to turn it off before the ship goes to warp for final leg of journey
>tractor beam gobbles a ton of chroniton particles in subspace that accumulates in the ship's warp field
>arrive at Earth but get thrown around different points in time for about a day while the crew tries to figure out what the fuck happened, how to fix it
>one of the away teams goes to Earth for intelligence, accompanied by some mouthbreathing ensign in communications
>they come back later than expected, everyone is pissed at Ensign Mouthbreather who is rushed to sick bay
>turns out Ensign Mouthbreather tried to warn people about the death of some random dude in the early 21st century which caused a new timeline that started WWII much sooner
>Ensign Mouthbreather had to pretend to be the guy who got killed in order to fix the timeline
>pretending to be dead is still pretty hazardous
>crew figures out how to discharge all the chroniton particles and then return to our proper

timeline

- >only knock-on effect of it is a single panel in a shitty comic book, crew decides that's good enough, pray Temporal Investigations doesn't get involved
 - >Temporal Investigations gets involved anyway
 - >for some reason the investigators keep asking me questions like I know anything
 - >basically spent the whole time twiddling my thumbs because this shit ain't my bag
 - >tell investigators it was a pre-destination paradox just to fuck with them
 - >Ensign Mouthbreather is kicked out of Starfleet at warp speed
- at least it only took a few extra days but man that was weird