Star Truck: Faulkner's Folly

by

Sam Aurelius Milam III
c/o 4984 Peach Mountain Drive
Gainesville, Georgia 30507

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Additional stories are available on my personal website.

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Brought to you by Sweeties, Breakfast of Champions!

These are the Voyages of the Star Truck Boobyprize, its interminable mission to exploit strange naive worlds, to strike out new life and new civilizations, to baldly go where no man has gone before!

Mz. Faulkner: (faintly, in the distance)

No **one**! No **one**!

Reader: Faulkner?

Author: Patience. All will become clear to you.

Capt. Quirk: (spoken against a magnificent star spangled background of galaxies, stars, supernovae, quarks, and Cardacians)

Personal Log, Star Date $x^2 + 2xy + y^2 = 0$. — and another, thing I can never figure out is why, we have no galley on this tub. Here we are, 500 million parsecs from, McDonald's, and we have no galley! Commander Crisco can eat at Stark's Lounge on, Creep Space 9, but we don't even, have a galley. Ahhh, Starflirt is just, cheap, that's all, cheap! How can they expect —

Lt. OoWhoreAh: Capt. Quirk, are you there?

Capt. Quirk: No, OoWhoreAh, I got off at, the last stop and, nobody noticed.

Lt. OoWhoreAh: Captain, we need you on the bridge.

Capt. Quirk: On my way, OoWhoreAh.

Capt. Quirk: (arriving on the Bridge)

As you were, gentlemen.

Mr. Spark: (hiding his deck of marked cards under a handy star log)

Captain! We didn't know you were aboard!

Capt. Quirk: Why, not, Mr. Spark?

Mr. Spark: We thought you'd got off at McDonald's.

Capt. Quirk: Well, I didn't get off, Mr. Spark! I'm, here! OoWhoreAh!

Lt. OoWhoreAh: (speaking into her microphone)

Yes Pete, I'm available tonight from 2200 to 2300 hours. Yes, fine. Fifty starcredits, in advance, and —

Capt. Quirk: OoWhoreAh!

Lt. OoWhoreAh: Oh! Yes Captain?

Capt. Quirk: Will you for Pete's sake stop conducting your personal business from the Bridge phone circuits and pay attention?

Lt. OoWhoreAh: Sir, that **was** Pete.

Capt. Quirk: Who's Pete? Never mind! Just tell me why you, called me here!

Lt. OoWhoreAh: Yes, Captain. We have a visitor.

Capt. Quirk: Who, Lieutenant?

Lt. OoWhoreAh: A Mz. Faulkner, Sir.

Capt. Quirk: Mz?

Lt. OoWhoreAh: Yes Sir. She was most emphatic about it, Sir.

Capt. Quirk: Mr. Spark!

Mr. Spark: Sir?

Capt. Quirk: Do we have a, Mz. Faulkner listed in the, personnel roster?

Mr. Spark: I'll find out, Jim.

Capt. Quirk: Oh, and Spark, while you're at it —

Mr. Spark: Yes?

Capt. Quirk: Find out why we have no galley.

Mr. Spark: Because we don't hang people, Captain.

Capt. Quirk: No, Spark, that's a gallows. I want to know, why, we have, no galley.

Mr. Spark: What's a galley, Sir?

Capt. Quirk: You know, Spark, a galley! For eating!

Mr. Spark: Galleys are edible?

Capt. Quirk: No, Spark! No! Galleys are, where people go to, eat food!

Mr. Spark: I wasn't aware that people consumed food, Jim.

Capt. Quirk: You weren't? Why not?

Mr. Spark: Captain, I'm a Vulgar. We don't eat.

Capt. Quirk: Then how do you, obtain nourishment?

Mr. Spark: By direct absorption, Sir.

Capt. Quirk: How do you do that? No! Belay that! I don't want to know! Just get that information for me, Spark!

Mr. Spark: I'll check the memory banks, Jim.

Capt. Quirk: Do that.

Mr. Chokeoff!

Mr. Chokeoff: (quickly hiding his Playboy magazine)

Mz. Faulkner: Friend! Play**friend**!

Mr. Chokeoff: Yes, Captain!

Capt. Quirk: What's our course, Mr. Chokeoff?

Mr. Chokeoff: Captain, we're boldly bound where no man has ever gone before!

Mz. Faulkner: Person!

Capt. Quirk: It there an echo in here?

Mz. Faulkner: Person! You have to say person!

Mr. Chokeoff: Why?

Mz. Faulkner: Because we have just as much right to the language as you do!

Capt. Quirk: Who is, this woman, and what's she, doing, on the Bridge?

Mz. Faulkner: Person! I'm not a woman! I'm a person!

Capt. Quirk: Security to the Bridge! On the double!

Guard: (arriving on the Bridge, panting, wiping crumbs from his tunic) Sir! You called for security?

Capt. Quirk: You don't look like a, normal security team!

Guard: I'm not, Sir.

Capt. Quirk: Why, not?

Guard: Downsizing, Sir.

Capt. Quirk: What?

Guard: Downsizing. Starflirt has discontinued the use of in-house security personnel.

Capt. Quirk: They, have?

Guard: Yes Sir. I work for a private security firm.

Capt. Quirk: You, do?

Guard: Yes Sir.

Capt. Quirk: Mr. Spark!

Mr. Spark: Yes, Captain?

Capt. Quirk: What happened to our security force?

Mr. Spark: As the man said, Sir —

Mz. Faulkner: Person!

Mr. Spark: — the security operation has been privatized.

Capt. Quirk: Privatized?

Mr. Spark: Yes, Jim. Starflirt asked for bids, and his company won.

Capt. Quirk: Which company is, that?

Mr. Spark: Oh My Guard

Capt. Quirk: I feel the same way, Spark, but what's the name of his company?

Mr. Spark: Oh My Guard

Capt. Quirk: No, Spark, I want to know the name of his company!

Guard: (proudly)

Yes Sir! The name of my company is Oh My Guard! Sir!

Capt. Quirk: Oh my, God!

Mz. Faulkner: Goddess!

Capt. Quirk: What?

Mz. Faulkner: Goddess! Only a sexist exploiting deviant male dominated society would assume the Deity is masculine!

Capt. Quirk: Guard, remove this woman from the bridge!

Guard: Yes Sir!

Mz. Faulkner: (quickly chaining herself to a nearby phallus-like stanchion)

I won't go!

Capt. Quirk: Mr. Spark! Have you figured out who this woman is?

Mr. Spark: Captain, she isn't listed in the personnel roster. She must be an intruder.

Mz. Faulkner: I'm not an intruder! I have a right to be here!

Capt. Quirk: Guard, do as you were ordered.

Guard: (easily lifting the chain off of the stanchion)

Yes Sir. Come along peacefully, now.

Mz. Faulkner: (kicking and screaming as she is dragged from the Bridge)

Hell no, I won't go! Hell no, I won't go! Hell —

Capt. Quirk: She isn't even a member of the crew?

Mr. Spark: Not even from this century, Sir.

Capt. Quirk: From what century, then?

Mr. Spark: Jim, the data banks list someone matching her profile in the twentieth century.

Capt. Quirk: One thing I'll, say for them, they're persistent.

Mr. Spark: Yes, Captain.

Capt. Quirk: Mr. Spark, will you for God's sake —

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Mz. Faulkner: (distantly, from the elevator)

Goddess'! For Goddess' sake!

Capt. Quirk: (continuing with a grimace)

— make up your mind whether you want to call me Captain, Sir, or Jim!

Mr. Spark: Yes, Captain Jim, Sir.

Capt. Quirk: And one more thing. If we don't have, a galley, why did that guard have, crumbs on his tunic?

Mr. Spark: (slipping a loaf of sourdough bread into his tunic)

It's a phenomenon different from any that we're ever seen before, Captain.

Mr. Screwloose: (peering into the various cardboard cartons of "take-out" Chinese food scattered around his console)

I've no idea, Sir.

Mr. Chokeoff: (munching a toaster pop-up piroshki)

Serfs him right, Captain.

Lt. OoWhoreAh: (peeking under the lid on the huge skillet of sizzling pork chops and hominy grits that she had cooking over a re-wired monitor power supply)

It's a complete mystery to me, Sir.

Tune in next time, when Captain Quirk says, "OoWhoreAh, have the Guard transfer Mz. Faulkner from the Brig to my quarters!" and Lt. OoWhoreAh says, "Oh my Guard!" and Captain Quirk says "Yes, that's the one! Just do it!"

Histerical Note:

Shannon Faulkner, born in Powdersville, South Carolina, United States, was the first female cadet to enter The Citadel. Faulkner enrolled after a successful lawsuit against the military academy. She joined an otherwise all-male class on August 15, 1995. After four hours of the military indoctrination training, she spent the remainder of the first week in the infirmary before voluntarily resigning, citing emotional and psychological abuse and physical exhaustion. After her departure, the male cadets openly celebrated on the campus.

— http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Shannon_Faulkner