

Awakening

Gwilym Newton

I awake from my coma to find a single eye staring at me, as my vision clears and I begin to bring a little of my surroundings into focus, I can see the eye belongs to some sort of medical droid. It's of the old static type, just a protrusion from the wall, a circle of arms and sensors. It is an ancient battered thing, by the look of its many times repaired arms and worn out paint, it must have been built before the war.

Still it must have done its job or I would not be here. My mind starts its journey back down the road that led me here. "No fuck that," I think, "Never think of the past, it is behind us, only carve yourself a slice of the future." To aid the suffocation of memory, my left hand reaches down to my belt seeking out the pouch of chems that lives there. It's gone. Well we better damn well find it then. As I grab hold of one of the metal arms, and pull myself into a sitting position, a voice speaks,

"Careful young lady, that's a valuable piece of equipment."

I look the droid over again, "Like shit is it," I think, "I wouldn't take it off your hands for ten thousand, and let me fuck your sister into the bargain." Turning to the aged man, dressed in robes, who stands in the door way, I say with all the politeness I can muster,

"Oh, I am sorry; I don't know much about these things."

"Ah that's fine child, just be careful. How did you come to be in the wreck anyhow?"

"What wreck, sir?"

"Wong Tai Sin" invoked the man, "Child, the wrecked cargo hauler we found you aboard."

"Firstly if you call me child a second time, I will cut your balls off," thought I, providing my host with a confused smile, "And secondly if you're a follower of Wong Tai, then you must have a lot of faith in people, that's good, I like it when people have faith in me."

"I don't know, I don't remember anything after I was planet side on Canavan, even that's a blur" This is true, the last of my memories end in a whore's bed, two... no three girls, plump and innocent, the images blurred with the fog of good chems. I try hard not to grin; I had shown those girls a thing or two. It doesn't bother me much that I can't remember, in fact I like it that way.

"Ah well, you were in an awful state when we found you, lucky we came along really."

"Then I am very grateful for my life, thank you. Might I ask one more small thing?"

"Of course child, we will do what we can, we are not a rich vessel, just servants of the loving Wong Tai, spreading his words and wisdom, to a troubled system."

“Would it be possible to get something other than this?” I gesture, pointing down my body. The reason I had not been able to discover my chem pack was that I was garbed now only in a gown of some kind.

“Oh yes, your clothes and whatever kit you had on your belt was melted and burned, we had to cut it away, Clare our ships techie is taking some planet leave at the moment, she is about your size. How about we set you up her quarters, and I am sure she would not object to the lending of some clothes.”

I pass a few of the (I am informed) crew of 10 that mans or “resides” as that old man had put it, aboard the *kallynarry*. Isaac is his name, some high level sucker of the one true cock; he acts like this is a floating fucking monastery not a space ship. A short while later finds me in the quarters of one more of the followers of Wong Tai, the ship was small and worn like the droid they kept. The techie who lived here must have had talent to keep such a vessel in the skies, repairing what she could, and making do.

The room itself speaks of a split personality, there is a beautiful dressing mirror, with carving round the edges, but mixed in with the hair brushes, bobby pins, and other female detritus are screws, electrical components, and bits of wire. The wardrobe when I look, is again mixed between some reserved, but distinctly feminine clothing, and work gear. I grab some trousers, under vest and a tough looking shirt. Seeing a backpack on the floor I shove some spare trousers and couple of the better quality shirts into it. If I need to ditch this place quick, I’ll need gear. Continuing this thought I also gather soap, wire, a laser cutter and other useful items, and put the pack next to the door.

Having nothing better to do, I start playing with the wires and motors around the room. I build up an intricate little device that lifts a ball-bearing and drops it down a coil of wire I’ve made. Then I add a cog and little bit of wood that send the bearing around again. I while away the best part of half an hour doing this, taking a little joy in my new plaything. I am just adding a holder for more ball bearings when Issac walks in,

“Glad to see you settled in, that is a pretty little thing, perhaps you are more suited to this room than I realised,”

“My pa, used to be good with his hands,” according to half the sluts and whores in my hometown, “That and riding in spaceships must have rubbed off on me.”

“Is that so, well we are having a little trouble with our life support, if you wanted pay your way a little you might have a look at it, if you know anything about them.”

“I might,” mostly about sabotaging them, but I might...

“Then Wong Tai has blessed us to have you here today.”

“Wrong preacher man, my God has blessed me with this opportunity.” Thought I; my mind turning cold, and my reflexes tight, as they always did when they knew what had to be done. Lastly I smiled,

“I would love to help; it would be my... pleasure.”