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March 15, 2018
Rachel's Story

//: Initializing...
//: Support Unit SA-77 MK-2103 Detected...
//: Boot Sequence Startup...
//: Uploading Personality Matrix...
//: Designation: Rachel

As Rachel rose from the cryopod, her entire body twitched subtly, ensuring that each muscle functioned, and all systems were nominal. To an average viewer, it would appear that she was merely shivering, but complex tests were going on since her initial activation. In front of her she saw Chief Engineer Delaney, with an aggravated expression.

"Good morning Chi-" Rachel started, before being swiftly interrupted.

"Shut the fuck up skinner and fix the damn generators!"

"Of course!" Rachel replied, with a bright smile on her face. Unaffected by the derogatory comments made towards her.

As Rachel walked to the Core room, shouting and panic surrounded her. The halls were filled with rushed voices, and the flashing red lights of the fire alarm bathed the halls. Rachel simply smiled and calmly made her way through the hall. On her way in, she grabbed a fire extinguisher and fire retardant gear from a nearby safety cabinet.

Upon entry into the Core room, a gust of dark black smoke rushed through the airlock, she readied the fire extinguisher and began quenching the flames, from her observations Reactor 6 had experienced a meltdown and the fire had spread to the nearby generators. It took her only a short time to clear the flames, and as she finished she noticed a collapsed MT on the floor.

"Are you well?" Rachel asked, while checking on the body. A quick search showed that it was TSGT D. Kingfisher, and he was still breathing, but barely. She swiftly took him to the nearby Oxygen Deprivation locker, and began to stabilize his breathing, at the same time she applied

Bio-glue and fresh skin patches about his body. Finally, she gave him a shot of tramadol while rolling him to medbay.

“Th-Thanks Rachel,” Daniel stammered.

“Anytime Sargeant!” She responded, “You know smoking is bad for you right?” giving a slight giggle.

Daniel smiled briefly, before realizing again that he was in intense pain.

“I c-can quit a-a-anytime I want,” he rasped in response.

Rachel nodded as she placed him into the cryotube, “Just relax Daniel, we can fix your face later.”

Some hours had passed since the incident, and Rachel was assisting in the restoration of the generators with the remaining MTs.

“RACHEL TO THE BRIDGE!” Commander Kennel shouted into her headset.

“Coming right up Ma’am!” Said Rachel, “I gotta go, make sure those heatsinks are properly installed Darla, buh-bye” Waving as she walked to the ladder.

Rachel walked into the CiC, “what can I help you with Miss Kennel?” Rachel asked with a smile.

“Rachel, I need you to run Charlie’s Overwatch while I find another Lieutenant. And it’s COMMANDER Kennel!”

“Of course Commander.” Rachel observed the trail of blood leading from the Charlie overwatch station to the brig, “Looks like you had fun here Ma’am!” Rachel giggled.

“Just get to work, standard scouting operation” Kennel replied.

“Hello Charlie squad, this is Rachel!, I trust everything is going well?”

“Just peachy Rachel,” Corporal Shriver responded, “We haven’t seen any hostiles nor friendlies.”

“Did you remember to check the disposals?” Rachel jokingly asked, as she toggled through all the helmet cameras.

Several hours passed while the Squad patrolled the planet, not finding anything. Rachel kept up her usual cheerful tones and jokes. She received a tap on her shoulder from the commander, and informed that it was time for her to go.

“Farewell Charlies, perhaps I can cook you up a nice breakfast when you get back.” She stated.

“That’s all Rachel, get back to fixing stuff,” Kennel Ordered.

“Yes Ma’am!” Rachel responded, as she exited the CiC She smiled and hummed to herself, today was a good day.