

CS of Borg: G'lishi's View

G'lishi flew overhead of the strange grouping heading for the camp. The robot led the way with Shisen sitting on its back. Neodore followed behind it on his hovercycle. They arrived quickly with the robot trampling through the woods as swiftly as it did the open spaces. The pilot knew well where he was going and made a beeline for it. Max had Captain Miles O'Brian, the leader of the M.A.S.H. Team, there already. Rad went into the robot and came out alone carrying Thosl in his arms. The muscles in his arms bulged but he didn't seem to be having any trouble. He carried her over to a table that Captain O'Brian had set up. Rad shook his head, "Get some support under there. This isn't some wilting violet."

They propped weapons containers under it. The table collapsed onto them when Rad lay the basilisk on it. Captain O'Brian looked her over a moment. "I haven't the slightest clue what to do. See these burns. It's been how many minutes since the call came in. Normally these would be healing on their own. I don't know anything about dragon death. This dragon is still breathing, but is otherwise unresponsive."

He poked her in the shoulder. Nothing happened. "I suggest General that you get on the horn to somebody about some mystical healing."

G'lishi, from a safe distance away so he wouldn't get in people's way, cocked his head at the words of O'Brian in confusion. (Dragons only breathe to talk.) If she was breathing, she must be trying to speak. (Probably they just can't hear her.) He transformed into his elven child form and walked over to her, quiet and avoiding people. Max raised his eyebrow and asked G'lishi what he was doing. G'lishi responded, "Dragons only breathe to speak. I guess you guys can't hear her, maybe I can."

When he was close enough, he put his ear as close as he could to her beak to try and hear what she was saying. There was nothing to hear but the slow in and out of breath. He turned on his telepathy and tried to listen to the thoughts she was trying to form into words. He could not hear anything that way either. He took a good long look at her aura. It was weak and faded in places. G'lishi tried to determine her mood. It was a general nothingness like a sleeper who has yet to dream.

Max rubbed his hand down over his mouth. "I don't know who to call. Nim is supposed to be offworld."

Neodore spoke up, "General, get in touch with Colonel Throk, he has been successful in such areas. I could radio him if you'd like, sir."

"Please do, Master Sergeant. I don't know the Colonel."

Neodore blinked and waved about the tip of one tentacle. He pulled a radio off of the bandoleer slung

over what amounted to his very narrow, steeply sloped shoulder. He brought the radio to his beak with one tentacle while twisting a knob on it with another, "M.S. Neodore to C. Throk, do you read me? M.S. N. to C. T. Come on, Jackie, sir."

The radio beeped three times and Neodore squawked his twice. A voice came over the radio like a roll of thunder. It demanded, "Do not tell me you miss your mommy, soldier."

"Colonel, we have a medical emergency. A dragon, wait, no a basilisk is down."

G'lishi was even further confused. He worked at puzzling it out, then realised something. He hadn't detected her as a dragon like he has with every other dragon except Nim. (So she's not a dragon. That would explain the breathing thing then. Probably also explains her not being able to regenerate. A real dragon would heal from such wounds, he is sure. Why, she isn't even missing any limbs!)

He had missed the rest of the radio conversation while puzzling through this. The person on the other end of the radio said, "Thosl, from the first string? I thought that deserter was dead."

Max demanded the radio. "Good afternoon Colonel, this is General Sterling. That 'deserter' is one of my soldiers now. We need your medical assistance."

"I'm sorry General, I cannot do anything. I cannot heal magical creatures like dragons."

"Cannot or will not Colonel?"

"Cannot. Hold on, General... I can send over Sergeant Pokeri. Perhaps he can be of assistance. What is your location?"

Max got things organised and then there was nothing to do but wait. After the waiting lasted five whole minutes, G'lishi wandered off bored. He felt sorry for the not-dragon, but he couldn't do anything, and he didn't really like waiting. He decided to practise what Chris had most recently taught him about magic.

An hour later and Thosl was still in the same condition. Finally Master Sergeant Pentax came over the radio announcing the approach of a dark purple-black dragon by air. G'lishi did not need to be told when the dragon approached, he knew instantly when it was still some distance away. He headed back to the others and arrived just in time to hear the announcement of a dragon approaching. A few minutes later the dragon landed and announced itself as Sergeant Pokeri.

G'lishi was not thrilled to be around an adult dragon. Instinctively he knew he was in danger. Intellectually he knew he was probably fine if he behaved himself, but instinct was ever stronger than thought for him thus far. When he saw the dragon, his fear intensified. He put up a mind block to make sure he was not leaking his fear and backed away. He was no longer sure of his safety. Now he had really conflicting emotions. He wanted to run, but he *knew* he was safest around the others. If

the dragon attacked him his only hope was that Max would save him.

The dragon flew into the camp and settled down carefully to the ground. It was long and low slung to the ground. Long spikes ran down its spine and others stuck out from the sides of its neck. It had a long straggly beard sprouting from its chin. It blinked at everybody, cleared its throat and said, "I am Sergeant Pokeri. Where is the injured female?"

Neodore waved a tentacle in Thosl's direction. Pokeri said, "I'd never figure to see you again so soon, 'Dore."

Neodore shrugged his tentacles. Pokeri went over to the table and sniffed Thosl from top to bottom. He nudged her with his nose and pawed the end of her tail. He said, "I pronounce this... a dead, basilisk. <He laughed.> Sorry, been wanting to use that for ages. This is gonna cost someone. It is going to take me out of combat for a fair number of hours, maybe days. You sure you want her fixed up?"

Max stepped up, "Yes I do. Sergeant Pokeri, I'm General Sterling. If your Commanding Officer has a problem with this tell him to talk to me."

"The Colonel won't have a problem. I'll have the problem, when I end up like this and there's no one to help me. What do I get out of this?"

"I won't put in a bad word about you to Nim if you heal my basilisk."

Pokeri huffed and mumbled something. Pokeri began to cast a spell that went on for a half a minute. He concluded and said, "Your basilisk is restored."

G'lishi looked at Pokeri discretely. The dragon had said he would be weak now, and G'lishi was curious to see if it was a lie. Also, he had not seen magic so powerful that it drained a person so thoroughly, and certainly no magic which could drain an adult dragon as much as Pokeri had hinted at. Of course, a lie would not surprise him. Also, he kinda hoped the dragon would be weak, since that would mean G'lishi would be safer.

She didn't look any different. Chris asked, "Why doesn't she appear to be healed? Those burns look the same as before."

Pokeri replied, "Lesser species often don't have the fight in them. Their regenerative powers are weak. Slow."

"I would teach you of slow, night-wyrm, if I did not hurt so." said Thosl slowly with her eyes still closed.

G'lishi was impressed. Near death, Thosl had threatened an adult dragon, a Nightstalker at that. At the same time he thought her rather stupid. If she were so badly off, she would not have heard him say he would be weakened. Which meant her threat was pure bluff. Perhaps she was counting on the fact that Max would protect her. While G'lishi trusted Max to protect him, still he was not foolish enough to say anything to anger

the Nightstalker. Maybe in a few centuries he'd consider it, but not yet.

Pokeri looked hard at Thosl for a moment, his expression hard to interpret. Then he chuckled quietly. He turned to Max and said, "She lives. You will retain her wit and charm. Now how about a nice place for me to rest? And something to perhaps ease my loss?"

The dragon looked about to continue when Chris pointed to the north-east. "The ley line's about half a mile that way, Sergeant." he said plainly.

The Nightstalker gave Chris an easily readable look. Max raised an eyebrow but said nothing. Pokeri sucked in a breath of air and let it out slowly. Max gave a nod. Pokeri asked, "Permission to return to my unit, sir."

"Permission granted Sergeant, and thank you." Max said.

The dragon looked about to say something else and then he turned and took wing away.