

The characters Jeffrey Alan Sakaar Andrews, Na'Krista Nahala Christina (nee Keth'lan) Andrews'lan, Jesset Sakaar Keth'lan, Sa'Kayla Mira (nee Trent'lan) Keth'lan, Kamram Keth'lan, Na'Kesta (nee Cern'lan) Keth'lan, Tegram Keth'lan, Traci McDonald, Talram Keth'lan, Bosteg Haas'lan, Kestam Ramm'lan, Treman Baze'lan, Merret Treet'lan, Tascal Hone'lan, Hallett Trasc'lan, Hammet & Na'Kayla Nahala (nee Keth'lan) Craine'lan, Gillat Deen'lan, Marlett Blane'lan, Sa'Densa Nasia (nee Deen'lan) Andrews'lan, Argess & Arrissa Wrraal, Rellen Sandren'lan, Sa'Jenna Nasia Deen'lan along with the characters Torvald and Victoria Svensen are the properties of Kellan Meig'h and may not be used without express written permission.

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“Scribe”

by Kellan Meig'h

Chapter Forty-Six

“Epilogue”

Na'Krista was sitting on the couch in the living room, looking out at the mountains around their cabin near Auburn, California. She was currently talking with a reporter, Thomas Hebert from the Sacramento Bee. The subject was concerning her latest novel, a tome about a war between two worlds and the destruction that was left behind, appropriately named “The Question and The Answer.”

“Na'Krista, what gave you the inspiration to write this latest novel of yours?” he asked after going through the preliminary questions about her and her life. The young man had been prompt on his arrival time and she was surprised to see him neatly dressed. His blonde hair was carefully groomed and his pale blue eyes were full of wonder.

“Thomas, I wrote this because it seemed like something I had to do.” she explained. “My first novel, “Scribe” was a best seller here on Earth, Elazia and on Comeria, after I had it translated to Comeri. I thought a war novel would be a good follow-up. It was something I had first-hand knowledge of.”

“You said you had been transferred here to Earth right after the *Great Hope* was breached by General Calhoun.” he offered up. “That’s when you met your husband, right? During the police action against the RUSA?”

“Right over there by the front door, almost eighteen Elazi years ago.” she admitted. “My first book was our story, more or less. If you had by chance read it, you would generally know our story and how it played out. I did leave out most of the bedroom things, though. I didn’t want it to be too adult in nature.”

“I have read “Scribe” but that was a few years ago. About the bedroom things, I understand.” He looked at his notes, then continued. “Elazia has a different number of days in a year. How does that affect your vacations here?”

“It is what it is.” she replied with a smile and a shrug of her left shoulder. “Our hours are different, too so a day is just about thirty-one Earth hours. We also have four hundred and eighty-seven days to a year. It’s never the same season when we vacation, it seems.” Giving some thought to it, she continued. “You know, I’ll take that back. I think it was the same season, Summer, the first time we came here by the Tunn-designed Jump Drive. Other than that, it’s

always different. It was early spring when we left Elazia this time and well, it's October here on Earth. That's okay, it could be the dead of Winter and I would be good with that. Earth has a certain appeal to me. I think it's mostly the Earth people."

"Tomorrow," the reporter began, "Tomorrow, I can return with my photographer and take a few pictures of you and your husband for the article, correct?"

"Yes, that would fine. Jeff will be here and he will have our armor back up here so you can take a few shots of us suited up. He was having the seals replaced on our suits today so that's why he's not here."

"I'm sorry that I missed him." the young man offered as he stood up and extended his hand. "Thank you for the interview. I look forward to interviewing your husband."

She shook his hand, escorted him to the front door and out of courtesy, waited for him to leave. As he drove off down the hill, she mused about the first time she had met her *One Love*. She laughed inwardly that she had generally threatened him into helping her but it had been her good fortune that he was a doctor. She knew now, they *were* meant to be together. She was startled out of her musing by her comm unit chirping, making her jump. Looking to see who it was, she smiled as she opened the channel.

"Hello *Om-Mother*." she bid warmly. "Is everything going well up there at the Galli cabin?" she questioned.

"Everything is fine, *Om-Daughter*." Sa'Kayla replied. "I was calling to see when last meal will be ready. I have already caught Stan snacking on the Orlemberries we brought with us. I fear he will clean out the cabinets if he does not eat soon."

"Last meal should be ready in one-half hour." Krista conveyed. The smell of that bison roast in the oven was intoxicating to her as the aroma permeated the home. "Jeffrey should be back any time now. Just park the skimmer on the pad and leave enough room for Jeff to turn the truck around if he's not back yet."

The ruddy-colored femme sat down on the porch swing and thought about how Auburn, and the United States in general had rebounded since she first came to Earth. Downtown Auburn was bustling with new businesses that were thriving. The Svensens had even moved their general store to a new building, much larger than their first. It was odd, though to compare their images through the years. They looked like they hadn't aged a bit. She mused why, since they had not been to Elazia as far as she knew.

It was noticed early on, Jeffrey and his Earth family were doing well on Elazia with no ill effects to be found. What was found out about the situation was clear; Elazia was like a fountain of health for them. Jeffrey's hair was jet black now and most, but not all of his wrinkles around his eyes had faded. His brother Harvey now had a full head of hair and Susan no longer had to dye her hair blond.

And then there was Stan Galli, Jeff's neighbor from up the hill above their cabin; her *Om-Mother* Sa'Kayla had come to Earth with them on their first vacation trip off-planet after being

joined. Once she had been introduced to Stan, Sa'Kayla and the aging Earther had hit it off in a grand way. By the next year, they had been joined on Elazia and set up housekeeping on what was originally Dassan's four hundred units of deeded land. Stan was really responding to whatever the special minerals were on Elazia, regaining a full head of dark brown hair and now appearing to be about one-half his actual age.

It was odd that the scientists that had studied Elazia for the last ten cycles could not pinpoint what it was about their world that was so different from Earth. Some pointed out the Tavserinite in the soil as a possible chemical but the core ingredients in Tavserinite were also found on Earth, just never in the same combination.

Looking at the time, she decided to go check on their dinner. The baked potatoes were probably ready and that big chunk of bison needed to rest before she sliced it. Her mouth was watering, just thinking about this decadent meal. She also had to get the green beans going, since they would need a little bit of time to heat through.

She also had to take her dessert out of the new convection oven they had installed last vacation. The special recipe cake she had made from scratch looked ready and a toothpick test proved that true. Setting it on the counter with a rack to protect the butcher block countertop, she hoped the kids would leave it alone until after dinner.

Jeff was sitting in the passenger seat of their vintage Ford F-250 Crew Cab pickup, watching his daughter's progress in driving them back to the cabin. She had obtained a learner's permit at the Roseville Department of Motor Vehicles and if she were going to get a regular California drivers license, she needed to go back tomorrow or the day after to take the written and practical tests. At least California had given some allowances for the people that were short term on the planet to skip the required time between permit and license.

"Sweetheart, just pull up to the back porch," He suggested, noticing his grandmother-through-joining had not yet returned to the cabin. "Make sure you leave room to get to the steps."

"I have this, Dad." she replied. Looking over at him, she brought up the obvious; "I've been driving on Elazia for almost a year, now and I haven't had an accident."

"That's true." he agreed. "Next vacation, your bother can get a license," he commented, turning to look at his son, sitting in the back seat. "What do you think about that, Junior?"

"That would be awesome!" the young Elazi-Human mix blurted out. "I'll need a license if I go to college here on Earth. Especially if I live up here. Dad, how far can you drive on the Mattracks in the snow? I mean, can I get to Roseville from here if it's snowing?"

Looking back to see the excitement on his son's face, he could see Krista's smile and a familiarity to the set of his eyes and cheek bones. Jeffrey Junior or Jay, as he liked to be called, had his father's black head of hair but his pelt was a light gray. He could not be mistaken as being full-blood Elazi as his features were muted ever so slightly, just like his older sibling.

“You could stay with your cousin Clarissa. That’s just about a mile from the main campus. Your Uncle Harvey and Aunt Susan both thought it would be a good idea.”

“Well, I don’t know.” Little Jeff replied. “I could still have a vehicle to drive, right? Maybe an older Scout or a Bronco?”

“Those would be a good choices.” his father commented. “When it’s time to find you a vehicle, we will do it here on Earth. That way, parts will be easy to come by. I mean, a nice used Elazi-built International Scout would be good but the parts won’t all interchange. About one-half of the engine parts are different because of the vegetable-based fuel and coolant we use on Elazia.”

“I hadn’t thought about that.” the young one put forth. “I guess a Simmon Sport Utility would be out of the question, then.”

“That might be possible, Jay.” his sister brought up. “I read in the news, Simmon was negotiating an agreement to manufacture vehicles here. The representative of the company said their primary focus would be farming equipment but they wanted to build cars, too.”

“What do you think?” the young male asked his father.

“Jay, a Simmon would be a good choice but you know, I have enough trouble getting parts for my International pickup on Elazia. I would think, unless it’s built here, we should skip over that choice.”

They were starting the unloading process when Na’Krista made her appearance at the back door to see what was going on. She was smiling at her family, unloading more than just armor from the truck.

“Did you stop at the commissary?” She questioned, going over to help them with the project at hand. There were a number of boxes in the back of the truck that needed to be unloaded.

“We went to the commissary at Travis so Denise could get some jeans to take back wiith her. We also stopped at the Elazi commissary in Roseville but they were out of *Targ* sausage for breakfast.” Jeff confirmed. “I did buy two dozen of those frozen supreme combo pizzas you like, the “Sopwith” brand. We can put them in a cooler with dry ice for the trip back to Elazia.”

“I can’t wait for that Sopwith Pizza parlor to open in Kas’Madelle.” Krista put forth while they carried their armor back into the house. “They were supposed to open before we went on vacation so maybe they will be open soon.”

“Red tape. It’s always red tape.” Jeff commented. “Just look when Ford began actual production on Elazia. *Lestim* threw a fit and tried to sue them out of business.”

“And what did the major share holders to?” she questioned. That made Jeff nod his head.

“The Keth’lans, Crain’lans and Andrews’lans went to the board of directors and demanded the suit be retracted.” Jeffrey stated. “I remember somebody, a female, dyed very oddly, no names mentioned, told the board that if *Lestim* didn’t manufacture such an inferior product, they should not be afraid of some competition. That same femme, I believe she was a Flank Commander at the time, also threatened to flood the stock market with hundreds of thousands of shares of *Lestim*, sold for mere tenths of the Crown value.”

“And we would have been right to do so.” Krista pointed out. She started to put her armor on a stand, checking the reseal job as she went. “Look at *Lestim* now. We finally started to sell quality agricultural equipment here on Earth. Over two thousand ammond pickers sold this year.”

“That’s pronounced almond, with an ‘L’ in there.” Jeff put forth.

“No, it’s Ammond because the pickers shake the ‘L’ out of the tree.”

“Bad joke!” Jay offered up.

“Mom? I want to ask if I can dye my pelt.” Denise put forth. “You told that story once, how you were being picked on for your actual coloration so you picked that number sixteen buff color.”

“Who is picking on you?” the elder Andrews’lan femme asked. “Somebody doesn’t like your number three ruddy orange? You know, I wished now I had never dyed my fur all those years.”

“Mom, I’m not being picked on, I just wanna do something different, that’s all.” she explained. “I mean, Sa’Jenna Devvit’van dyed herself solid black last year.”

“Denise, her parents are solid black.” Na’Krista put forth. “She probably just wanted to look like her mother and father. You know, we’re the same coloration of the infamous Jarek The Red, our ancestor that was later known as Al’Jurress Sakaar Keth’lan.”

“He was a criminal, wasn’t he?” Jay asked his mother as he brought in the last of the groceries.

“Jay, here on Earth, he would have been called a ‘Highway Man’ in the middle ages. He never killed but he would relieve his victims of their wealth in exchange for letting them walk away. He took that wealth and gave it to others that could use it for food, shelter and medicine.”

“An Elazi version of our Earthbound Robin Hood. Take from the rich and give to the poor.” Jeff offered up.

“I thought Robin of Loxley was a myth.” Na’Krista mused.

“That has been bandied around for a long time.” Jeff said as he started to set the table with his daughter. “Some say he’s a composite of several men, some say he did exist and others say he was the work of William Shakespeare.”

“Is that like that Viking, King Ragnar Lodbrok? Some say he’s just a composite of several persons that are depicted as being his sons.” Jay asked.

“That, I don’t have an answer to.” Jeff replied. “And, I do believe I hear a skimmer that might be approaching.”

“That’s not our skimmer.” Denise offered up as she listened closely. “Not high-pitched enough. Might be a transport of some sort.”

“I think she’s right.” Jeff commented as he went to the window to see just what was going on. A larger passenger skimmer bearing the diplomatic Corps emblem sat down on the edge of the roadway and the lone occupant shut it down before walking up to the front door of their home. Jeffrey met him there, opening the door before he had a chance to knock.

“Trooper Kevvit’lan, what can I do for you?” Jeff asked, doing the Elazi fist bump greeting with him.

“Commander, um, Saar, I need to speak with Ambassador Andrews’lan. It is very important I do so.”

“Trooper, what is so important you could not call me on my comm unit?” Krista asked after she joined them in the foyer.

“Your Esteemed Ambassador, it would seem we have an issue with the Sarlii Ambassadors. Ambassador Covvit’lan and Ambassador Wainright have both implied the negotiations for berthing rights on the moon are in danger. It would seem the lead Sarlii negotiator is female and she doesn’t want to deal with males at all. She sees them as crafty and underhanded, I think is the word I’m looking for.”

“Very well, Kemmet, I see the urgency.” Krista put forth. “Did you bring the access card for your skimmer with you?”

“It is right here, Mere.” he answered, showing her the card which she quickly snatched from his grip.

“Gah, Kemmet, I hate to hear you lost the access card somewhere in our yard. With all the grass and plants, I’m not sure we will be able to find it until after dinner.” the ruddy femme offered up with a smile.

“Mere, *that* is so crafty.” her aide brought up. “So, what are we having for dinner?”

“Kem, we’re having roast bison, baked potatoes, green . . .” Another skimmer preparing to land garnered everyone’s attention. “That would be my *Om-Mother* and her *One Love*. Come inside, Kemmet. We will set you a place at the table and we can talk shop after we eat.”

Kemmet and Na'Krista were sitting at the dining table, data pads spread about, looking at all of the angles while nibbling on dessert. It didn't look as bad as it seemed in the beginning so she had contacted the Sarlii ambassador directly and set a video conference meeting for the day after tomorrow. She was sure, after looking at the facts, some of the berthing rights stipulations may have been misunderstood by the Sarlii.

"This all kind of seems strange, Kem." Krista offered up. "We're busting our butts to set up berthing rights for a facility that isn't even completed. Earth, well, NASA says it will be ten years or more before the permanent station is ready on the moon. I think what they really need to build is a bigger *Trade Platform*. One that's big enough to dock more than two ships at a time."

"I will agree, Mere Ambassador. A bigger *Trade Platform* would have served better in the beginning. I think NASA is being cautious this time." Kemmet put forth. "I read up on their failed Mars colony mission, two Earth years before we made first contact. There were delays on top of delays while they built the ship in orbit, then when it was finally staffed and left for Mars, it disappeared some six months after breaking orbit. Nobody knows what happened to it."

"I remember reading about that." Krista agreed. "One hundred and twelve souls on a ship design that we would have never tried on a dare. The ship was designed to be converted into buildings for a colony that would eventually be manned permanently. A tragic loss of life."

While the work at the table was occupying Krista and her aide, Jeffrey, Jay & Denise were on the couch while Sa'Kayla and Stan were on the loveseat, enjoying something called a "Georgia Cornbread Cake" and some hot chocolate to go with it. The odd part about the cake was it had no cornmeal in it and it was closer to a double thick brownie in consistency. Nevertheless, it was a delicious end to the meal.

"Denise, are you going to go to college first, before your compulsory four years of service?" Sa'Kayla asked. There had been some talk yesterday about schooling, since they had to decide which planet they would attend college on.

"College first, on Elazia." she replied. "Then my compulsory service would be five cycles as a Commander Junior Grade to start. I already have some required classes out of the way, enough for one block of credit. I would need three cycles more of school to get five blocks of credit for my diploma in Political Science."

"And what would you do after your commission was over? Recommission?" her father asked.

"I think I would like to be a diplomat, join up with the Diplomatic Corps. It seems a logical progression for our family."

Jeff gave thought to that; Krista, her mother Na'Kesta and her Om-Mother Sa'Kayla, all ambassadors. It did make sense, now.

"I want to be a doctor." Jay put forth. "There is a program where I can go to school here on Earth, paid for by the Elazi government. I would have to serve five years as a doctor in the Forces

afterward. I need to serve my four years compulsory enlisted first to qualify for the program, then go to school, then come back and serve my five as an officer. I don't think that would be too bad."

"Well, I think we need a fireplace going, it's getting a bit cool this evening." Jeff commented as he went to work building a fire. While he set the back log and piled a few smaller logs in front of that, he mused about the situation; He had a great life with his new family, an easy job running the language department at *Post Fonteneauz* and his wife was a diplomat. Between their incomes and the profit from the station and her books, they had enough funds to start the Jeffrey and Na'Krista Andrews'lan Foundation, helping young ones to get into college.

Using his Amp-Light Knife, he carefully urged the tinder to catch. Once he was satisfied the fire would go on its own, he sat back down and took another sip of his beverage. Life was finally great again, he thought. Things down the road didn't bother him any longer, it looked like smooth sailing ahead.

Later that evening, Krista and Jeff were laying in bed, listening to the sounds in the house as the rest of their family filtered off to bed. Sa'Kayla and Stan were staying up the hill at what is now the Galli vacation cabin for all the family to use. His oldest daughter lives there full time as a caretaker of sorts but there is always beds available for guests or family.

"Kitten, what do you think of Denise becoming a diplomat?" he asked.

"If that's what she wants." Krista replied. "I enjoy my job, even if I have to deal with assholes from time to time."

"Assholes?" Jeffrey questioned. "So, who is the asshole, may I ask?"

"That Tunn diplomat, Komaan Tremanton. He is so full of himself and he's not actually a negotiator. You know, I'm not sure why he's at the negotiations, anyway. He just sits there, picking apart everything that's agreed upon." She sighed, then continued. "You know our trade agreement is up for negotiations in one *Saen*. I have been chosen to be on the negotiating team again and I can't beg my way out of it, either."

"Well call him a dick, then take him out in the hallway." Jeff suggested. "You know the Tun nas a whole can't fight worth squat. Just intimidate him to knock him off his game."

"Maybe you're right." she agreed. "Anyway, being a diplomat would at least give Denise a safe career to pursue."

"You're right, it would be safe." Jeff put forth around a yawn. "I can't keep my eyes open." he stated, rubbing his eyes with the palms of his hands. "Ready for lights out?"

"I can't keep my eyes open either." she offered up. "Good night," she bid, just as she kissed him and turned out the lights over their headboard.

“Good night,” he replied, taking her in his arms. Tomorrow would be a new day, full of adventure for them. For Jeff, life just couldn’t get any better.

Na’Krista snuggled into her *One Love*’s arms, enjoying the aroma of his natural musk. She was so glad they had found each other because she couldn't imagine being with anyone else. Jeff made her feel so happy and whole, she vowed to herself to never let go, no matter what.

Be ready for the next story in the series, “Rift”

Coming late Spring, 2021