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## An A-1 Day

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It's a quiet day on the Odyssey, the first day of the fourth month of...some year. Who knows! Imagine caring about years, in this economy. All the senior staff is in an important meeting, and you have been assigned the temporary privilege of sitting in the Command Chair. Deceptively comfy, you focus on a dizzying array of lights, buttons, and BEEP BEEP BEEP INCOMING TRANSMISSION!

With dexterous skill, you narrowly avoid literally falling out of your chair in surprise. Amid nearly zero snickering, the Communications officer-on-duty taps away at her console, bringing up the image of the approaching ship and information on the bridge viewscreen. It displays a large approaching vessel with a pale green hull, bright red lights at the tips of its wings, and beneath it on-screen in ominous red letters: Unidentified Klingon Attack Vessel - Vor'cha Class.

...What?! That's not even a real thing!

Maybe rely on your bridge crew to patch through the transmission?

Perhaps mash buttons on the control panel to initiate hopefully evasive maneuvers?"

### Choose how to proceed:

- Listen to the transmission: **X-101**
- Evasive maneuvers: **X-201**

## X-101

After a few blips and beeps, the communication channel is open. No video (strange), but a deep voice bellows, filling the bridge. "Human vessel, you are in violation of the Neutral Zone, and the punishment for this transgression is..."

The transmission trails off. Crackling static and dread fill the air in the very silent bridge. Without warning the audio picks back up.

"...prepare to be boarded!"

The voice disappears, replaced by high-pitched mechanical whirring and other loud noises. Everyone on the bridge looks at each other, with a mix of confusion and terror.

Finally, the Science Officer speaks up. "Commander! I've identified the sound." At your request, they continue. "It's a table-saw!"

That raises even more questions.

Choose what's next:

- Accept the boarding: **X-102**
- Reverse the polarity! **X-202**

## X-102

"The boarding party will commence IMMEDIATELY! We will allow you to choose the color of your fate: Orange, or blue. You have ten seconds to reply. Ten seconds!"

Helpfully, the computer has taken it upon itself to display a large, red countdown clock overlaying the image of the vessel bearing down on your position. It's a very smart computer.

How will you answer?

- Orange: **X-103**
- Blue: **X-203**

## X-103

A shuttlecraft arrives promptly, docking with the Odyssey. The hissing noise of the airlock seal opening is followed immediately by a deluge of orange. Of oranges, to be precise - an impossible quantity of oranges! "April fools, humanfriends! It is time for the Boarding Party of legend!"

What comes through the airlock is not a Klingon, however. It's a bunch of Flimwaiters in SWET (Salt Water Entrapment Technology) suits! Behind them are more oranges (how?!) and many slabs of wood, helpfully labeled: "Boards"

They explain that they'd scanned the DVD cultural database to find Earth's most sacred holidays and natural space predators. Thus, a clever disguising as a Klingon Attack Vessel that they totally beleived to be a real thing.

And now, the Boarding Party has begun! Many space-refreshments are served, and a good time is had by all.

**Mission Complete!**

## X-104

"There is no escape! NO ESCAPE!" Deep cackling punctuates the merciless reply. The radar shows the projectile moving closer, closer, closer! Finally, defying physics and the lack of sound in space, a loud CLONK as...it bounces harmlessly off the much-stronger-than-wood hull of the Odyssey, which is in fact the culmination of Humanity's greatest engineering project.

Continue to **X-105**

## X-105

Suddenly, the video portion of the transmission is live. "You've been BOARDED! Ha ha ha ha," followed by squeals and chitters, as your tormenters appear: a prankster crew of dolphin-like Flimwaiters, now with their voice-modulation filters turned off.

"Happy April Fools Day, weird human friends! We scanned your cultural DVD databases for your most sacred holidays. In addition of course, we wanted to give you a friend hug, so we chose the Kling-ons to imitate!"

**Mission Complete!**

## X-106

Mash mash mash! The following events happen, in short succession:

Two (2) large containers of canned tuna fish are ejected from the cargo hold. With any luck, they'll float past the starboard thrusters while firing, causing a tuna melt.

The klaxons are replaced by reassuring elevator muzak, with a pleasant voiceover stating (falsely?) "Everything is fine. Nothing is ruined. Please remain calm."

Confetti and balloons spill out of compartments all over the bridge, and a banner unfurls, congratulating the crew on three successful years in space. One ensign applauds wildly!

The viewscreen changes to display the bridge of the mysterious ship, revealing a confused crew of Flimwaiters. "Did you start the Boarding Party without us?!" A series of dolphin-like whistles and clicks follows. "We are coming over right now!"

On the screen, the image changes to the Klingon vessel, which shimmers and is replaced by an ordinary Flimwaiter Prank-class Starship. Within moments, their shuttle docks with the Odyssey.

Continue to **X-107**

## X-107

"Congratulations humans!" exclaims a Flimwaiter in a full SWET suit, floating onto the Odyssey's bridge. "We are the April Fools after all! You are very clever for dirt-walker-people."

The Flimwaiter explains that they'd scanned the DVD cultural database to find Earth's most sacred holidays and natural space predators. And now, the Boarding Party has begun! Many space-refreshments are served, and a good time is had by all.

**Mission Complete!**

## X-108

"Fake missiles! This is a fake outrage!" the Flimwaiter-Klingon captain shouts. "We will be contacting the fake embassy on Fake Avallonis to lodge a fake diplomatic incident!!!"

(The extra exclamation points appear on the viewscreen, for emphasis)

A minute passes.

"Pffffff fine, you win. We are the April Fools after all! You are very clever for dirt-walker-people."

The Flimwaiter explains that they'd scanned the DVD cultural database to find Earth's most sacred holidays and natural space predators.

Now, the Boarding Party can begin! The Flimwaiters arrive in a shuttle, wearing SWET (Salt Water Entrapment Technology) suits, and many space-refreshments are served. A good time is had by all.

**Mission Complete!**

## X-201

Every thruster and drive on the Odyssey fires simultaneously, causing the ship to spin and zoom randomly around the area with all the energy and grace of a suddenly startled cat. The computer, sensing the gravity of the situation, manages to keep the artificial gravity and inertial dampeners working perfectly. For the sake of drama, it wisely also turns on the Crimson Alarm klaxons.

Undeterred, the approaching vessel is...still approaching! With the maneuvers complete, the spinning has stopped. The zooming has subsided. The klaxons klax on. What now?

**Choose what's next:**

- Mash even more buttons! **X-106**
- Contact the Real Bridge Crew: **X-206**

## X-202

Booping, beeping, and even blooping noises spring forth from the computer terminal. The ship's computer audio interface states "POLARITY REVERSED," and the viewscreen flickers. When the picture stabilizes, the approaching vessel is now... upside down! Stranger Things have happened, but you resolve to get your (junior stand-in) crew through the situation safely.

"They've launched a..." Navigation reports, amid audible gasps from the rest of the bridge, "slab of wood?"

The computer calmly adds precision, "PROJECTILE HAS BEEN IDENTIFIED AS A TWO BY FOUR."

### Choose what's next:

- Beg for Mercy: **X-104**
- Deploy an ARM to grab it: **X-204**

## X-203

A shuttlecraft arrives promptly, docking with the Odyssey. The hissing noise of the airlock seal opening is interrupted by music. Guitars? Trumpets? It's (an odd imitation of) old Earth Blues! There's even a big slab of wood labeled "Sound Board."

What comes through the airlock next is not a Klingon, nor a human musician, however. It's a bunch of Flimwaiters in SWET (Salt Water Entrapment Technology) suits, carrying a musical projection device!

They explain that they'd scanned the DVD cultural database to find Earth's most sacred holidays, musical traditions, and natural space predators. Thus, a clever disguising as a Klingon Attack Vessel that they totally beleived to be a real thing.

And now, the Boarding Party has begun! Many space-refreshments are served, and a good time is had by all.

### Mission Complete!

## X-204

Utilizing one of the Odyssey's programmable giant ARMs, you manage to grab the board before it plonks the ship (surely scratching the paint!).

More projectiles launch from the mysterious vessel, but the computer's excessive baseball database kicks in, and it bats them away easily. What a home run!

Amidst the chaos and cheering, the Communications officer has called for the Senior Bridge Crew to assist.

Continue to **X-206**

## X-206

In no time at all, the Senior Bridge Crew comes in to assist the Junior Bridge Crew (as usual, the Sophmore Bridge Crew is nowhere to be found). A chorus of pensive glances is interrupted by giggles from the direction of your Lackerdood guide friend Amele.

"Don't you see? It's an illusion! That is surely a Flimwaiter Prank-class starship, with a clever holofilter. What the plum even is that ship supposed to be?"

A helpful ensign pipes up with a long explanation about some sort of trek through stars, but nobody quite understands. Meanwhile, Amele and the Senior Bridge Crew have devised a plan. Turn the prank around on the Flimwaiters!

She presents two equally hilarious options.

### Choose a prank:

- Deploy Holographic Missiles: **X-108**
- Pretend everyone is a bear: **X-208**

## X-208

In an amazingly quick turnaround, ship engineers produce bear holo-costumes and voice modulators. What's truly impressive though, is the fast choreography for the bridge song and dance number, "We are Bears, You Should be Scared!" (Almanac Review Magazine calls it a roaring good time)

Transmission of this masterpiece is met by silence, and then thunderous flipper-applause. The Flimwaiters request to board to congratulate the crew, and of course, to celebrate!

Continue to: **X-107**