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The SNS StarDate Instant News starts its prime time news report. Tracey Halizuto looks up to the camera with a smile and says, "Hello everyone, we open this pakcast this evening with an update on the events in the Bozeman system. Don Burkman, our reporter in the Bozeman system has reestablished communications with us within the past few minutes. Don, it has been a week since we last talked to you. Is everything ok?"

The split screen shows a healthy Don Burkman, dressed in his polo shirt and logoed jacket holding his microphone. He nods to the camera and says, "Yes Tracey, we are doing well here in the Bozeman system. When we last talked, we ran afoul of some miscommunications between the press and the commander of the *FPC Mistress of Mercy*. We have since then straightened things out with no hard feelings."

"Praise be," Tracey replies, "How has the situation in the Bozeman system developed in the meantime?"

"Each of the groups here jumped in with gusto trying to save as many as possible," Don says, "Unfortunately, in their zeal, they had all sorts of problems supporting each other. It nearly broke down into a fight. Then the UPC and FPC stepped in to separate everyone. That was on Christmas Day. As far as we can tell, everyone here is allowing the Hawdons to coordinate the operations here now. No formal announcements yet, but the big wigs are getting ready for a meeting.

Tracey begins to ask another question.

"By the way, I forgot to mention Tracey," Don interrupts, "We were relocated to the *HSS Lightbridge 2*. Usually, when the Hawdons setup a GComm node, they use a small station on the ground, I am not sure what they did here, but the entire system's communications intra and interstellar are being run from this ship. It is huge and comfortable. The press group has been given comfortable quarters, a work area, free live bandwidth, and plenty to eat and drink. We have been promised access to people to interview both survivors and the rescuers. We will see how much access the Hawdons really give us."

"That's impressive Don," Tracey replies, "You had said earlier that you had some footage, is there anything you can share with us now?"

"Yes I can, Tracey," Don says, "My producer is queuing it up as we speak."

Moments later, the image of the reporter is replaced by a frozen image of a middle aged man in a hospital bed. He is wearing a FPC Naval Medical gown but lying on top of the bedcovering. Several tubes and wires connect him to the monitoring systems embedded in the wall behind him; large portions of his skin are wrapped in bandages.

The video starts with Don's voice in the background, "So tell me ... Victor ... was it? What happened?"

The man looks quizzically at the reporter sitting offscreen, then his face lights up as he comprehends what was asked. "Ah, yes. Alarms going off, warnings on the intercom, and the station starts shaking," says the man with a thick Russian accent.

"What were the alarms for," Don asks.

"Proximity alarm. Ship out of docking pattern. Too close to station. Dockmaster very agitated when that happens," he replies.

During this time, two very attractive women wearing similar hospital garb take up positions on either side; somehow, they make the drab gowns look attractive. They arrange his pillows and massage his neck and shoulders. The man writhes beneath their touch, obviously enjoying the attention.

"I up in private observation area of Eager Beaver," Victor continues, "Big viewport, people pay big money to <several words beeped> beneath the stars. Lena here <indicating the woman to his left, who gives a big smile to the camera> very good on observation deck; many paying customers <more bleeping>."

The reporter, with embarrassment in his voice, continues, "So you were on the edge of the station. Did you see who attacked the station?"

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"No, not really... Ships jumped next to station, set off alarms. Next thing I know, one go BOOM <he makes big explosion gestures with his hands>, but that quiet boom you know. Sound no travel in space you know," he says scientifically.

"So how did you survive the attack on the station?" the reporter asks.

"When I see pieces of ship moving towards station, I tell everyone to get out. Leave clothes and everything. I get girls to follow me to escape pods. But hallways start exploding, you could hear these booms. Air starts rushing out of the hallway," the retelling of the story starts Victor shaking.

The two girls calm him down and he continues. "We get to escape pods, the three of us crowd into one, only made for one though. But you not think of that at the time," he says then looks towards the woman on his right with a big grin, "But we make do until ship pick us up... couple of days later."

"I take it from your words that you ran a brothel on the station. How many of your girls made it out," the reporter asks.

Victor's demeanor changes as he takes umbrage at something the report said, "Eager Beaver not just a brothel, it <more beeping>. Very classy, very upscale. Not just girls. People, important people, come from light years around to <more beeping>." He then begins to think about the question asked and gets sad, "I no know for sure. I talk to <he counts on his fingers> six employees so far... 15 more missing, including Laurie."

He thinks for a few moments more then says to the camera, "Laurie, if any of you out there, let me know. I not take this lying down. I open Eager Beaver somewhere else. We start over. We offer best <more beeping>, more than anyone else." He gets more agitated and tries to get out of the bed to rant some more when several nurses enter the scene and sedate him.

The video switches back to Don in the present, "That's pretty much it, he mumbled incoherently after that; something about not being able to count. We were asked to leave shortly thereafter. That is all I have at the moment Tracey."

"Fascinating Don. Please tell Victor we hope he has a speedy recovery. Thank you for that update," Tracey replies, "We are going to take a brief break and afterwards, we will have our engineering analysts with us to review the design of the Bozeman station. Stay tuned."

The screen fades out as a commercial for Bancredo Bay timeshares starts.