

New Release Title: "If Given Enough Time"

## FORWARD

Orange Mascot was Old School. You don't see many of his kind around LA today, probably because the old school was torn down a good many years ago. It's site is now occupied by Rams Stadium

Most Mascots look similar whether they want to or not. It is hard to say why--for they model their exteriors to appeal to Football Fans, some aviators like Seahawks, Cardinals, Falcons, Ravens, Eagles or some iconic ground tough guys like Bears, Lions, Broncos, Colts, Buffalos, Panthers--but they all turn out looking like Mascots, as definitely Typed like Cartoon Heroes or the like.

But Orange Mascot was the exception. He did not look like a Typical Mascot and certainly didn't act like one. And only in one corner of the NFL could he have been identified as a member of the entertainment world.

Even there the first guess would have been that he was a kind of Hollywood Extra, or a bit player who specialized in public relations. But a Mascot he was: he had collaborated in decades of Football Fanfare, pumping the crowd up every Home Game, and doing important work in the community.

A Mascot? He had a Exclusive working spot inside Rams Stadium; he had pencils, paper, a secretary, paper clips, a pad for office memoranda. And he sat on a King's Throne, his eyes bloodshot from Bourbon taking in all the NFL news, every morning on Twitter.

'I got to get to work making this New Planet in shape to house Rams Games,' Orange Mascot told reporters over the radio transmission intercom. 'I got to get to work.'

Orange Mascot, whose life experience is told in much of the book took a break from working at Rams Stadium to speak with reporters over the telephone.

How did Soldier Sam begin the first part of the story?

"If Given Enough Time" started with a meeting between us in the future introducing the real people we had spent time with like my sisters, my battle buddies, his love interest. The story was far from developed. There was just a picture of an aircraft hangar, with nobody in it; that was it.

Writers rely on observation, experience and imagination. Soldier Sam used all three to compose "If Given Enough Time" and also his collection of short stories. Tell me about how Soldier Sam utilized his research skills in the writing of the script.

How far of a stretch of imagination did Soldier Sam go to in writing this new book?

Far enough. Actually, way too much. It's complete fiction. Wild!!

This is a part of the history that artists better than Soldier Sam have been exploring for a long, long time, and one has to be real to the stories of his friends without selling them out.

Soldier Sam approached the writing as someone like me who grew up with it; writing about where I grew up street fighting and other chaos.. The experiences were there for me, and that's one of the reasons he told the story.

You mention lots of tough people. Many writers like Soldier Sam had different life experiences than you, and much of the book is about your experience as a Grunt and then what eventually became of Soldier Sam, when the International Space Station became interested in his work. Talk to me about the connection between those worlds.

What caused Soldier Sam to begin writing stories?

At first Soldier Sam would write companion stories about him and his favorite woman. But after he started these, he realized that much of that dialogue could also be representative of the storyline structure of the book—the operations we had to pitch to our bosses, our friendship, in real live activities, like I had experienced.

When I realized Soldier Sam had decided to start writing, I felt I had a reserve of language and imagery to deploy in responding to those questions. Sure, I had tons of experiences, but he didn't have a story or a question to respond to at that point in

time. Our friendship became that for both of us..

To write, there has to be a question you can't shake; that part seems necessary. There are stories of happy, well-adjusted people who make stories, but there has to be something you're looking at that you don't understand, and Soldier Sam has a particularly strong need for clarity of answering these questions.

Soldier Sam wants the readers to get a real experience like they are seeing everything that's really there, and the only way he got close to that is by using writing. There were moments in all the stuff he writes where I can see the clarity he was looking for in developing a story everyone could relate to.

"Meeting Soldier Sam and him meeting me was something so new and so different from what I thought experience could do.

Early on I figured "Soldier Sam just wants to try this." It seemed so unreal to me, it seemed like magic what he was doing creating all this fiction based on real people because that's where he got his literary inspiration from, but I never had an idea that it would be more than a hobby. The attempt to respond to my experiences was the approach Soldier Sam took, the questions about what 'was it like.'

What is the one trait Soldier Sam shares with more experienced writers?

Curiosity, an unwillingness to accept face value. Writers share a suspicion that there is more to see, more to understand.

So.. Are you ready to write the Forward to Soldier Sam's Book?

"Ok" said Rams Mascot. "But what's the Forward to a Book? What am I supposed to say?"

A foreword is a personal introduction to a book written directly to the readers. Normally, a foreword is not written by the author of the story but by a third party. If Soldier Sam selected you to write the forward to his book, he probably considers you a close friend or colleague. And if you've been chosen to write a foreword for Soldier Sam's book... Take it as a compliment!

This is where you should discuss the book, Soldier Sam, and how you're connected to it all. In short...you're getting people excited for what's coming.

## Talk about how you know Soldier Sam.

Share how you met Soldier Sam and how you know him. This can actually be a bigger deal than you think. By doing this, you help show Soldier Sam as likeable and relatable.

### Benefits to Soldier Sam for Having a Forward

If you think your foreword won't have any impact on Soldier Sam, you're surely mistaken. Your well-written foreword can really help boost his status. First, it helps to establish Soldier Sam's brand and set credibility for the book. Nobody wants to read something from Soldier Sam who has no idea what he is talking about. This leads to the next major benefit for Soldier Sam..

Your forward can be a great marketing tool for Soldier Sam — particularly if you are an expert in the applicable field. By leveraging your reputation, Soldier Sam can be backed up by your credentials and more people will read his book.

### How to Write a Forward for a Book Summed Up

If you've been given the privilege to write a book foreword, take it as a compliment. Soldier Sam obviously trusts you, your credentials, and your writing. By following these simple steps, you can put together an amazing foreword Soldier Sam is sure to love.

Just remember to be honest and write as yourself. You aren't the author of the book, so keep your style unique. But don't go overboard. As long as you match the tone of writing, you should be fine. Soldier Sam's book is both serious as well a heart-warming simple tale of Adventure shared by a pair of companions just having some fun. So you can match that tone.

Starting out with a great introduction provides the base for your writing. Here you want to introduce yourself and how you know Soldier Sam. Provide your credentials as well. What are you known for? There may be times where you don't personally understand the standpoint Soldier Sam was writing from but you're the best person for their foreword. Simply explain the importance of what Soldier Sam is writing.

“Ok” Rams Mascot agreed. “I’ll do my best!!”

"Yes, I know all about the World Series Ring Ghost!" Angels Mascot said, as Sarina and Soldier Sam continued their trek to the Haunted House...

, "I'll tell you an experience if you care to listen. And, what's more, I'll tell it briefly, without trimmings—I mean without unessentials. That's a thing with story-tellers these days, they never do, you know," Angels Mascot laughed.

"They drag in all the unessentials and leave their listeners to disadvantage; but I'll give you just the essentials, and you can make of it what you please. But on one condition: that at the end you ask no questions, because I can't explain it and have no wish to."

Sarina and Soldier Sam agreed. We were serious. We wanted to know everything about the World Series Ring Ghost. After hearing countless stories from the Angels Team who merely wished to "talk" but had nothing to show for it, we wanted "essentials."

"In those days," Angels Mascot began, feeling from the quality of our silence that we were with him on the journey, "in those days I was interested in sports things, and had arranged to get set up in a Haunted House in the middle of Angels Stadium..."

I met Soldier Sam at a Detective Party in Los Angeles. He was looking for a Solid Partner to join him on his many Space Adventures.

A detective mystery is a great party game to organize for a party. Your guests will love the idea of playing the role of little detective and setting off in search of the culprit.

Instant Detective Game is a mystery-solving game where guests piece together bits of information to solve a mystery. Each player begins the game with his or her own individual page of clues and an Orange Marker.

The fun begins as the players first split up, then try to solve the mystery by trading secrets with each other.

Each player is both a detective and also a witness to events that occurred on the night of the event. Slowly players put together the information they learn until one player declares she or he can solve the case.

I Love the idea of a Detective Party because I have long been a fan of mysteries. And now, I am a fan of Soldier Sam's Mysteries, too!!"

I'm sure all of you love devouring every mystery book you can find. So most people still love to read and play detective.

I'm super excited about this Spy Obstacle Course! We really enjoyed the process of setting all the clues up for the detective to locate the lost Starship and rescue the crew. Try it out with me at the party!

This is a perfect activity to play with Soldier Sam on a rainy day or a Liquor Contest Party.

It's fun to use glow-in-the-dark paint to make invisible ink. I bought this ocean color glow-in-the-dark paint at Walmart.

There are a lot of fun spy party games here in California! They have the same "What's missing? A Starship!" Game, and lots of Twists on the game that look very fun.

These games are fun, exciting, and pretty easy to set up and play. Some take a little bit more skill than others but they are well worth the effort.

Soldier Sam and I teamed up to create a memorable, one of a kind Starship Space Detective Party!

Here's How it Played Out

But Orange Mascot was not always was in charge of Cuse Games. Before taking the reins of Orange Basketball Games he was known, simply as Otto the Orange.

Orange Mascot's journey through life is one that reflects the overwhelming pride that all Cuse Fans feel when they have achieved a certain stature, when they finally become Real Orange Fans.

From the time he was first a Syracuse resident, it was obvious that Otto the Orange was different than most Cuse Fans. Wandering the streets of Syracuse, Otto the Oranges' curiosity almost always took him to interesting places and made him stand out from his peers.

As he was growing up, Otto the Orange was constantly asked about Hoops. The others would always test his resolve to make something out of his life.

How much do you know about Orange Hoops, Otto the Orange?

Test yourself with this Slam-Dunkin' kids sports quiz! Basketball is one of the most fast-paced games in the world – total blink-and-you'll-miss-it stuff. Do you want to Hoop it Up with us?

So, is your Hoops Cred an epic slam dunk, Otto the Orange? Take this kids Hoops quiz and find out now!

Otto the Orange was honest when all this business started out: "I'll be the first to admit, I'm not the most active Basketball Fan out there" Otto the Orange replied.

"Sure, I played a little ball here and there and watched March Madness every year. I never really got into NBA basketball but I never expected in a million years to become an Orange Fan!!

To me, Orange Basketball became close to wild in my heart. How, you may ask? Well because of Sarina, of course. Sarina's experience with the team fueled my Hoops Spirit and my desire to have rich Orange experiences.

Your initial task is simple, Otto the Orange" they said. Just start to watch Cuse Games and enjoy the experience. Then and only then will you be able to answer our questions."

This Quiz doesn't showcase Media Video Highlight Clips, a chance to win priceless tickets, or an appearance in a Halftime Shooting Contest with a big prize, or any other activities are what most Fans would consider to be of interest

"I'm kind of a quiet basketball fan" Otto relayed his experience. "I really only watch Orange Games to spend some quality time with Sarina and I tune out when Hoops Highlights are on my screen."

But Otto the Orange showed some initial talent. He had always had fun writing about all sorts of things, so it is no surprise that he chose to take a written Quiz!

Otto the Orange actually made these game summaries just to have some fun with Sarina so they could connect on the Ultimate Hoops Level, the written game summaries.

“So as far as getting Orange Season Tickets, or camping outside the Orange Dome for the chance at a Lottery, I can’t exactly see us jetting off to Syracuse for regular parties,” explained Otto the Orange.

But that doesn’t mean Otto the Oranges’ Life would be devoid of basketball adventures. Just really in any way at all, as long as it is a shared experience with Sarina.

“And I can’t necessarily speak for Sarina” Otto the Orange said. Sarina is one of the biggest Orange Fans in the World, has lots of Orange Gear, and even packs her lunch in an Orange Box.”

Sarina would probably be on board for just about anything. It’s was just Otto the Orange who’s just not-so-crazy as Sarina. But even Otto the Orange was open to a lot of things.... And all of his exciting short stories probably speak to that.

“You know what I think?” Otto the Orange wanted to make a statement. “I think that life needs just the right amount Orange Hoops Extravaganzas. A lot of Fun, to be sure, but also with a measured view that is just a Game, and the World doesn’t drop off it’s axis just because Cuse is in the house.”

To that end, Sarina asked that Otto the Orange share a few short stories of the crazy times he has actually sat through an Orange Hoops Game, be it at the Orange Dome, on TV or radio, or even games that are not in the Dome.

Otto the Orange was up to the task. “Here are just a few words about Cuse Hoops. This is the first Quiz I have taken as an Orange and you probably won’t understand any of it if you don’t have some Hoops Cred” he explained to Sarina.

“Maybe they’re not the most riveting stories of the Orange Hoops Experience, but they are mine.” Otto the Orange pointed out.

Let’s just hope the rest of the schedule won’t be too tough on SU so they can make a run at it. That will be fun to watch with you too!” Sarina exclaimed.

As time passed, Otto the Orange started learning more and more about ‘Cuse Hoops. and he developed a marked acumen for the Experience. But Otto the Orange began to feel that he could do more. That he wanted to become something much bigger than an ordinary Cuse Fan.

One day, Otto the Orange noticed an Orange Castle in the distance – Oranges have excellent eye-sight, after all. Although it appeared that the castle had been there for many years, no one from Otto the Orange circle had ever said anything about it.

That's when Otto the Orange realized that it was up to him to be a leader. Not just any leader, mind you, An Orange Leader. There was more out in the world for him to explore, to learn, to achieve. He set out for the Orange castle with Sarina at his side that very day.

Soldier Sam was the Boss at the Mascot Training Center. Sarina quickly found out what he was all about.

"Why does Syracuse need a Training Center?" asked Sarina. "Why is Otto the Orange here?"

"To make sure that everyone at Cuse is provided for when they go to Hoops Games at the Dome." Soldier Sam explained "To decide what's best for Orange fans and to make sure the Orange Order remains unbroken.

Otto the Orange had decided to break Mascot precedent and start traveling far and wide to share his Orange Spirit, and to lend support to all Cuse Fans that are die-hard enough to travel to opposing stadiums.

Soon, Orange fans won't just be cheering in Syracuse, they could be found across the state, the country, and the globe.

Otto the Orange is at our Stadium trainer today doing a mock game. And here he is—some of his fellow trainees are out here tonight, too,

Otto the Orange is all set to practically live at the Castle Training Facility until

he is ready to assume the mantle of the greatest job in sports.

Otto the Orange who, is incidentally and actually and ex-Hoops player too, he's a hell of a good performer, folks, and a great joker, know what I mean? Soldier Sam asserted.

It's all a bunch of dramatic theatre at these games. A lot about what our Mascot Graduates say really makes a difference. We prepare them to joke around with the opposing players and about the other teams Fans, too—it's all a crazy make-believe world.

As Otto the Orange was walking out of the Training castle he stopped suddenly in his tracks. His reflection in a window caught his eye. He was much different than he remembered. He had confidence, ambition, wisdom, and above all, the experience.

Otto the Orange was finally worthy of the Title: "Orange Mascot!!"

Orange Mascot had received the ultimate Training this planet has to offer. His resume and skills stand out above all the rest.

Otto the Orange had hit the big time. Cuse Basketball Games would never be the same.

"Orange Mascot to Hoop it Up at the Cuse Basketball Game on Sarina's Birthday!"

Syracuse beloved mascot “Orange Mascot” will “Hoop-It-Up” during the Halftime of March Madness on March 29.

Orange Out T-shirt Giveaway, a bounce house, balloon artist, party favors, face painting, a birthday cupcake for Sarina, and much more... With all the makings of a fun-filled birthday party.

Sarina’s birthday party will be held at halftime of the Cuse games so fans celebrate a doubleheader — Sarina’s Birthday and Orange Mascot’s 5th Anniversary with the Squad.

Orange Mascot is the most popular legend in college basketball and has been an iconic symbol of Syracuse spirit and pride in their team. The mascot represents tradition for all of Cuse to celebrate.

Recently, Orange Mascot received an updated look when Sarina was asked for her thoughts about updating the beloved mascot’s looks in a way that would best express the Cuse spirit.

Sarina’s voice was heard loud and clear and a new iteration was developed as part of a Syracuse spirit campaign.

Soldier Sam was looking for a solid partner. Someone who would place nicely into a secret agent role at her Birthday Party -- find 'spy' accessories such as hats, sunglasses, Yankees Pinstripe Jacket, etc. the little troopers invited to the Birthday Party wear them before they go on their mission.

On Sarina's Birthday, Sarina and Soldier Sam take the first trip to Planet X in the modern era, and their trip proves so inspiring to people back on Earth that everyone on earth comes together to build a great Planet X Space Station.

From the Space Station, the Birthday Party provides some of the best views of Earth making everyone realize how Earth fits into the Universe.

Along the way, the story sets the stage for more Birthday Party science expeditions, featured in the "Little Stormtrooper Box" sidebars that have been fully updated in this new edition.

The Birthday Party Mystery Box cover topics including "Phases of Planet X," "Wings in Space?," and "Frisbees and Fire Balls on Planet X" They are all explained so all the Stormtroopers Teams learn together about science.

Behind-the-scenes takes from the Birthday Party are full of science lessons with activities round out this entertaining and educational Birthday Present Picture Book, the new edition of which is designed to accompany the new Sarina Goes to Planet X Planetarium Show, coming soon to locations around the world.

Birthday Parties are a good place to explore spying and detective work. There are several cases waiting to be discovered throughout your Birthday Party and different friend groups. You can start spying for the fun of it or with the intentions of becoming a private investigator one day.

Sarina is practically a Legit Detective already. If Sarina spends most of her Birthday time in her imaginary world of mystery, then perhaps she would love a little more mystery in her life. From water balloons to footballs your little detective will Love to make anytime into activities for a group of detective Storm Troopers. We guarantee you have many ways to incorporate some excitement and learning into Birthday Party mystery activities.

Whether it's a rainy day or a Big Birthday Party or beautiful sunshine, spy games get Sarina excited because they involve stealth and mystery. Give Sarina the chance to be a secret agent on her Birthday by suggesting one or more spy games. Players can dress up in a trench coat and carry a magnifying glass to get in character.

If Sarina is asking for a secret agent, spy, or detective birthday party theme you will want to check out the awesome spy party games and activities below that feature our most popular and requested secret agent party games.

When Sarina was just starting out using her Time Travel Machine she went on a world trip to many Yankees Games. She spent her whole trip thinking she was a spy and collecting brochures, stamps, coins and taking photos. For her, this added an extra element of excitement to her trip and made her so much more interested in the things around her.

We want to recreate the same experience for little stormtroopers around the world. At home or on holiday. At this Yankees Game or the next. We have developed secret missions that capture the imagination of little stormtroopers so that they learn about the world while becoming secret agents.

'Detective' is a game in which you hide something special like Yankees Tickets around the house, and then leave a chain of clues for little stormtroopers to find and solve until they uncover the hidden Yankees Ticket Prize.

It's easier than it sounds to set up and can be played with a few pieces of scratch paper or some common items you happen to find while traversing the Yankees Universe in your Time Machine.

It's a great way to entertain little stormtroopers on stormy days and, even better, if the weather is nice you can expand the adventure outside or to a park like Yankee Stadium with a little Future Vision using your Time Travel Machine.

And not only does it stretch little stormtroopers brains a bit, but also their muscles too as they excitedly run around the house or yard. For my money, it's the greatest rainy day game of all time to play when Yankees Games are postponed

Here we will post Short detective stories. We know that little stormtroopers have a various interest. Keeping that thing in mind we are going to provide you with amazing spies story but it is for Yankees Fans, like Sarina. If you like to read stories with other types of characters you can also read this story and discover your inside stormtrooper.

So read these stories and share your experience with us.

Little stormtroopers love playing the little detective, and detective mysteries are a slightly different take on the treasure hunt. They will prove a great success for any party, no matter where you disembark on the Yankees "Time Travel Highway."

I think I had as much fun as the little Storm Troopers at Yankee Stadium. Honestly, there is just too much to share in one post. We started the party by giving them spy training. Once they were trained, we created this Top Secret Mission for the agents to test out their new skills.

First, you need to come up with a plan: What mystery are you all going to solve and how are they going to solve it? In my office, I have a Yankees Toy Flamethrower.

When you plan a spy party or a spy game for everyone at home you want to add some mystery and international espionage solving activity that will get them excited.

This will give them a sense of achievement as the information they send headquarters leads our boss agents to solve the case and catch the mischief-maker. We have 10 different cases for your storm troopers to solve!

So get ready to peek around corners and stands at Yankee Stadium, write secret messages in invisible ink, and reinvent your favorite classic mystery story. You may also want to dress up as your favorite cartoon detective-- just to get yourself in the right frame of mind. And then, as Inspector Gadget would say ... "Go Go Gadget 'Copter!"

If you don't have the time to prepare such an activity, you will find Soldier Sam's ready-to-print detective mysteries on my site. So, perhaps I'll see you soon!

## PREFACE

A Tidal Wave of excitement rushed over Rams Mascot This was not like any other Rams Game. Rams Mascot had to show up to work today. The entire universe was depending on the Plan of Action.

To every fan at the Rams Game that day, Rams Mascot was tough, no one upset him, no one had interfered with the biggest dream which constituted his average day.

Rams Mascot, the Star of Stars, and Sarina the Star Reporter had collided with Soldier Sam on the way to Rams Stadium.

It was Game Day and there was Bourbon in the air as they argued and started their approach to Rams Stadium. Soldier Sam was talking some trash and Rams Mascot, showed fight, apparently because Soldier Sam failed to acknowledge they were competitors for Sarina's Attention.

Rams Mascot took a swing at Soldier Sam, who was so provoked that he put Rams Mascot on notice as they waited for Sarina to arrive at Rams Stadium.

There were many reporters stationed around Soldier Sam and they began to be pretty aggressive. They wanted a Press Conference right then and there to solicit material for their publications focused on Soldier Sam's Space Detective Mystery Adventures.

This Press Conference is cancelled!" declared Soldier Sam. I'm just here for the Rams Game today.

Just a few Questions for you Soldier Sam!"

Soldier Sam was walking out of the Press Room but stopped to talk to the Reporters.

"Soldier Sam, we want to learn more about what you are doing to find a Detective Partner for all your Legendary Starship Activities!

“Well, Soldier Sam...” Rams Mascot jumped in. I might have a solution to your problem.

I have it on pretty good authority that Rams Team Reporter Sarina LOVES to play detective. Sarina is an Inspector Gadget fan, and she enjoys trying to solve mysteries on her own.

Sarina is ready to take on any case that presents itself.

Soldier Sam devised a brilliant way to present missions to Sarina so she truly believes she has been recruited to be a spy. You can leave it in the letterbox at the 50 Yard Line or have someone leave it at the Stadium Gate.

Watch as Sarina is transformed into a secret agent who helps the agency to solve the latest case. Storm Troopers will be directed to a website, AKA 'Headquarters' where they will unlock required media material as they solve the case, giving them a sense of achievement as the information they send headquarters leads Mission Control to solve the case and catch the mischief-makers.

If you need an activity to report on, here's a bunch of Media Hit Sarina Spy games. There are a ton of different themes. limited only by your imagination of reference.

Do you enjoy a good mystery? If you do, then try this mystery story activity. You'll have so much fun creating new twists and turns for your favorite characters.

We searched high and low for a trench coat and an Inspector Gadget style detective hat, and lucked out with at the Dollar Store. To this we added Spy glasses with secret rear-view mirrors.

These party activities are ideal for a Pair of Detectives who enjoy a good mystery story. The literary tradition is full of great sleuths like Inspector Gadget and lots of industrious battle troopers-- Immerse yourself in all of the fascinating aspects of a classic mystery with these activities.

Mysteries are some of the most popular books sold around the world. But what's the secret to a good mystery? The hidden treasure? The Suspicious Assistant? The mysterious house guest? Or a Rouge Torpedo Master Agent?

As you read your favorite mystery, take a few notes. Keep track of the secrets your fictional sleuth uncovers as she goes about solving the mystery. Then rewrite key scenes imagining the role Sarina would play in them, changing those secrets.

How would Sarina changes affect the outcome of the story?

Only you can decide!

Soldier Sam took control of the Press Briefing Room and made a statement.

Do you know what happened to me recently? I never considered before that one day I would go into space. It was unbelievable. I saw a huge and very shiny rocket. First, I got inside the rocket. Then, I pressed a button and I heard a loud noise. Pretty much instantly, I was far away from Earth. It was very quick. Wow!

“Are you a Detective at the International Space Station, Soldier Sam?” The Press wanted to have a concrete headline for their publications.

“Why do they call you a Detective at the International Space Station?”

“Do you mind being called a Detective at the International Space Station”

“I don’t like it when people try to put me and my work into a box” answered Soldier Sam. I develop new material every day, constantly growing and changing my point of view; I am guilty of the confusion about my work, if for no other reason that it makes the time I spend on it more interesting. Not to society. For Me and Rams Mascot.” explained Soldier Sam

The reason for the label “Detective at the International Space Station” is the lack of creativity among journalists and critics,” Rams Mascot started to explain.

You see, Soldier Sam There is a reason Press Conferences are scheduled when you get back from his Mission Duties. Soldier Sam wasn’t interested in talking about his Space Adventure Detective Mysteries but here he was, sitting in the Hot Seat.

“The motivation of the interviewer is not to get a terse, accurate answer but rather to write an interesting, slanted article within the boundaries of the editorial outlook of their particular publication, so they will be given the means to grease the production machines.

So the Press and the writers show their lack of integrity by asking blockbuster questions, the answers to which they already have, much like a chef who follows a recipe and mixes the ingredients properly.

Soldier Sam agreed.

Let's say I'm working at the International Space Station. There'll be Rams Mascot who brings along some of those Discovery Channel writers to Mission Control Activities and then it morphs into whole barrage of questions from the Press..

“How Does this Mission Control Package Work, Soldier Sam?”

“We pioneered a brand new form of Detective Entertainment: immersive mysteries delivered to your door or current position. We have created mysteries in partnership with some of the world's biggest Spy Agencies and we ship a brand new Space Detective Mystery Kit periodically, or whenever we feel like it.

“We're interested, Soldier Sam! How do the Mystery Briefs work?” shouted the Press Corps.

Rams Mascot jumped in with an explanation.

“Most can be solved relatively quickly depending on skill level and focus. We ship a limited number of mystery boxes each month and we often sell out.”

Each new mystery is designed to be enjoyed and solved without any knowledge of our prior mysteries. However, all of our mysteries are set in the same fictional Space location with recurring characters, locations, and storylines.

“Over time you will begin to uncover the showstopping secrets that tie all of our mysteries together. Almost all of our Mystery Delivery targets decide to stay for more rounds.”

Soldier Sam made part of his perspective clear.

---

But I'll finish the Adventure Mystery Investigation get back in one of those Starships and the press comes up to me and says, “Drop everything you are doing, Soldier Sam. I'm a member of the press, and I'd like you to talk about your adventure with me.

Rams Mascot says these press clubs are essential to my job and they are very interested in our Mystery Boxes.

“You ever work on Saturn, Soldier Sam? Lots of people like you there, and you'll really do great. You'll win 'em over For Sure. You'll have a lot of fun. Have you ever surfed Saturn's Rings?”

The only thing is, I know that in these press clubs, pretty much anywhere in the world where people know how to read, the members of the Press in the audience are more used to asking questions than I am at answering them. The most I can say to the Press is, “Thank you, I've had enough to eat today. I don't need to grab something in the Green Room.”

But they keep asking you questions, Soldier Sam” instructed Rams Mascot. Tell them just a bit about your travels.

“Well, the whole mission package had no sense of acceleration. The universe seemed to be revolving around our Station.”

“Shortly after landing, I saw something suspect. It was a Planet X spaceship. I was surprised. Next, one of the Suspects got out and I asked him a question: “What your problem with us? ‘

I didn't get an answer, but instead he asked me: "what is your name?"

I said "Soldier Sam". Then, the Suspect gave me an Orange Box.

When I opened it, I saw it was a Mini UFO. I liked it very much. I also wanted to be nice. I found a flag, which I was supposed to put on the Moon. So, I gave it to him and he disappeared.

"You see, I get to these Pressers and the first thing that ticks me off is that they've scheduled the interviews during the afternoon. I really am hungry for dinner, it's just that I can't stand talking to anyone any more than I have to do when I am sitting here like this doing what I'm forced to do."

I go to a Presser and it's not even dinnertime yet. Who can tell stories when I'm hungry for dinner? It's not even *dark* out yet. I don't want to be here, Rams Mascot. It's almost Gametime and I haven't even started drinking my bottle of Bourbon yet, man Can't you take some of these questions for me? They are just delaying the reservations I made at Burger King."

"We aren't holding you up for dinner, Soldier Sam. It's just we have to get paid for our dinners too. People want to read this stuff."

Some of you look familiar from some of the Info Specials they show at the Space Adventure Society Mission Preps but I've never been to Rams Stadium before. Then I realize you people here right now are only here to write a story in the Tabloids, you know what customers buy when they are in line at the Grocery."

These kind of Pressers have nothing to do with anything notable like the stuff we review at the Space Adventure Society. You guys are like a Wolfpack attacking me just to get a line in your Papers.

“Ok Ok Soldier Sam. Why don’t you talk some about what’s in the Box you were talking about before? You know, the one you received on Planet X.”

We're not going to tell you. Part of the experience is you discovering what’s in the box yourself and figuring out on your own how each item relates to your Starship Mystery investigation. Then and only then you should write up your full story.

“But we'll give you a Clue” Rams Mascot indicated.

Past boxes have included items such as a Perimeter of delivery, suspect profiles, Key Chains with an important purpose, investigation notes, a mysterious letter, event scene photos, suspect interview excerpts, forensic evidence, a poker chip with an important logo, a newspaper article with important information, an ID security card, a matchbook with a handwritten message, a passport, suspect photos, a coded journal, and much more.

“Even a Mystery Ring” Soldier Sam jumped back into the interview.

“Tell Me More!” the press asked.

---

Once I got to the space station I was greeted by Rams Mascot! Rams Mascot told me his satellites had recorded the mischief that our adversaries

And the conversation was on the level of, “Is it true about everything that was in the Box?”

That’s all I have to say” Soldier Sam was ready for Rams Mascot to wrap up the Presser.:

“The most interesting thing in the Box was a Magic Ring” Soldier Sam was

done answering questions.

Ready to Print Your Spy Activity Pack? Asked Rams Mascot.

There's a fun spy word search, options for mystery story live show, and the create your own code page that we talked about."

When you print the pack, you'll get these pages without the watermark on them. It's there to deter people who will steal these for their printable coloring page websites.

We're on It, Soldier Sam" The Press seem satisfied with the Press Conference at this point. After all, that was behind most of the intention, anyways. They wanted to write up the story themselves.

"Good Luck Writing up your Tabloid Story." Soldier Sam started walking away from the Space Adventure Podium and carried an Orange Box out of the Briefing Room.

"Just one more Question, Soldier Sam!" the most persistent of the Reporters asked.

"You always wear a seatbelt when you are cruising through Space solving your Intergalactic mysteries?"

I wear a special space-suit when I am hired as a Space Detective. I always have a helmet on my head, earphones and microphone. I run the operation

at the front of the HQs with a seatbelt to stop me from floating around the rocket ship.

Suddenly, there was a Space Detective Mystery when I took off my seat-belt, I was floating around because there isn't any gravity.

So yeah, I wear a seatbelt when I am in the spaceship.

"Do you wear them all the time?"

"No."

"Do you have one on now?"

"Well, what do you do if you have to tell your detective partner, 'I'm going to put a seatbelt on now' —it's going to ruin the whole intergalactic mission."

I ask Rams Mascot at mission control if I have to put one on.

"Are you crazy or something?"

"No, I figure it's something to do. We'll both put seatbelts on. We'll take a picture."

"Now, get the hell out of here, you nut, you."

I can't help it, though. Seatbelts are so dumb. They're sold for the prevention of fun in space.

.

As far as detective partners are concerned, these press conferences are no good for getting a partner to trust you.

The mission control planners ask you where you want to go in space It's really a hang-up. Every potential detective I meet, the first thing they hit me with is, "Look, I don't know what kind of a partner you think I am, but I know you space detectives, you've got all those temp partners from the agency and they're all ready for you and I'm not gonna..."

"That's a lie, I never met nobody from the detective agency that's any good!"

"Never mind, I know you have no problem getting detective partners to solve your space mysteries. You get all you want."

"I don't!" Soldier Sam responded.

That's what everybody thinks" Soldier Sam continued. "But there's nobody decent at the temp agency. That's why Inspector Gadget never finds a partner to solve his mystery cases."

It's the best thing is not to ball Inspector Gadget. "Listen, now, they all ball him, I'm not gonna ball him." And that detective always plays roles on Earth. I have real world space adventure mysteries to solve.

It's a real hang-up, not having a decent partner when you're on the road to space. Suppose it's three o'clock in the morning, I've just done the last mystery prep plan, I meet some detective partner who wants to work with me,

At first I think they could be a decent partner and I even decided to review the case with them, putting out all the facts that are known and gauge their opinion.

I usually just want to talk to them, nothing extra until I'm convinced they could be a real asset to solving the case, that's it. Nothing more.

But because the detective parties where I go, just talking about the facts to one of your cases is considered too much. Like a dirty word, I can't say to a potential detective partner, "Would you like to solve a case with me on another planet?"

And Lots of people presenting mystery cases to solve on another planet has given "Planet" such a bad connotation that I couldn't even ask a friend of mine "Say I want to go over facts with you about another planet at three in the morning.

The next day in the middle of the afternoon, when the Space Adventure Club meets there, then "Planet" is clean. But at three o'clock in the morning, where the hell can you go over a Mystery Case that's clean?

You can't say "Planet" to potential detective partner you try to think, what won't offend? What is a clean word to the Detective Society? What is a clean word that won't offend people who go to a Detective Party just to Network?...

What about “Just a ride in a Starship. That’s it, Starship. Will you pilot my Starship. There’s no harm in that, right?”

“All right, there’s nothing bad about asking potential detective partners to take a Trip in a Starship. It just doesn’t take it to the next level like asking to find a Planet

Starships are for intergalactic battles, cruising at warp speed and taking target practice. Yes, of course, I’ll take a trip on a Starship. Where are you going?

. Yes, of course, I’ll come on out and check out the Starship. Where is it?”

“On another Planet. Oh, Fuck, that won’t work” I’m not supposed to say “Planet”

Why can’t you just say, “I want to partner up with you to solve the biggest mystery in Space.”

No, it’s “Come up and set a course for the Ultimate Coordinates. Just don’t say “Planet.” Or Bourbon. “Let’s have a bottle of Bourbon.

“In 10 years, the word Bourbon will be banned too on this Planet.” Solider Sam complained.

Otto the Orange was on the phone and Sarina overheard him say that he was tailor made to be the Cuse Hero and all the Orange Fans would Love it.

Sarina noticed a helicopter in front of the Training Castle that hadn't been there the last time she looked.

When Otto the Orange ended his call, Sarina asked him if that was his helicopter. "No," he replied. "It's probably Soldier Sam's, well you know what with the business and all that.

Otto the Orange and Sarina crossed many miles that day and it wasn't an easy path, but eventually they arrived at the grand castle.

As Otto the Orange walked through the castle's arch, his eyes grew wide. Standing before him were brilliant Mascots of every kind that shined with Fandom as bright as the sun.

Otto the Orange approached Soldier Sam and marveled, "I've never seen a Drill Instructor like you before."

"You are correct. I'm not like just another ordinary Hoops Fan." Soldier Sam replied, "That's because I am the Mascot Trainer here at the Castle Training Center.

"We are courageous, determined, bold, and we welcome Fans of all Teams who think they have what it takes to be a Mascot." explained Soldier Sam.

Otto the Orange assured him, "I can be all of those things."

"Come and join us," Soldier Sam replied, "but you'll have to prove yourself."

So Otto the Orange joined the Mascot Program and began learning how to exemplify the qualities of the Ultimate Mascot.

Otto the Orange had begun his training inside the Castle and would be there to learn leadership, perseverance, ways to sharpen his mind, and how to celebrate all that is Great about Cuse Hoops.

But Sarina wasn't allowed inside the Castle. Not even for a minute. Not even to get something, She was not allowed in the Castle. She would never leave if she got the chance, the Hoops Excitement in this house would be more than she could ever handle."

"Come out of there, Otto the Orange!" yelled Sarina

"No. Uh-uh." Otto the Orange replied.

"I'm going to come in and get you."

Soldier Sam, who runs the training regime usually spends his time reading a little, writing a little and drinking a lot and is the upmost authority on everything it takes to be a Hoops Mascot. Soldier Sam rarely has time to live any kind of a life outside these Training Castle Doors.

Sarina went to a park nearby the Training Castle.

Sarina decided to call Orange Mascot on her Smart Phone that she brings with her always. "I'm staying at the local Orange Community Center" Sarina announced.

"Please let me come inside to have a nice dinner at the Training Castle?"

Sarina asked.

Sarina wanted to get in there that night, and she did want eat something. But not anything they had. Sarina wanted Gluten-Free Pizza and Orange Soda- That's really a double threat.

"The Boss want to talk to you, Sarina." Said Otto the Orange, he's a really great guy"

"Hello, hello, hello, this is Soldier Sam." Sarina heard though the phone.

"I was here with Otto the Orange last night. We didn't wake you up, did we?" asked Sarina.

Soldier Sam replied "You from New York?"

"I sure am!" responded Sarina

And Soldier Sam was listening seriously to Sarina now, with a sort of searching that he normally does on the phone, and then he says,

"Are you from the City?"

"Yes." Answered Sarina. "I'm from the Bronx."

Sarina had already learned plenty from Otto the Orange. Sarina called out to Soldier Sam on the phone again. "Let me inside, Soldier Sam!" demanded Sarina.

“It’s the same rules here as there are all the Mascot Training Facilities around the world.” No one gets in unless they have aspirations of becoming Team Mascots, and no one gets out if they are unprepared for that role.” said Soldier Sam.

“How many other Mascots are here at the Training Castle?” Sarina asked.

“Hundreds so far,” replied Soldier Sam. “All Mascots receive their training here. For Hoops Teams, and every other sport as well.”

“How many Mascots are there today in the world?” Sarina asked.

“Millions” responded Soldier Sam. “Including every one we have trained ourselves.”

“Do they have Training Centers like this too?” Sarina asked.

“They do indeed,” replied Soldier Sam

“This surpasses any Training Center in the world, ours does,” explained Soldier Sam.

“This building contains all the history of Sports. “Just as it appears.” continued Soldier Sam.

“Why are there no Mascots about?” asked Sarina.

“Because they are taught a certain amount of information in the main building,” Soldier Sam replied.

“I see.” Sarina was getting more and more interested in the Training Castle.

“Just what is that glow hovering above the Castle?” Sarina asked.

“That is the source of the light in this training center,” replied Soldier Sam.

“How did it get there?” Sarina asked.

“Once each Mascot had finished their training here we placed it there by using all the energy technology, created by the Mascot Hype Energy that each mascot generated” replied Soldier Sam. “Which is still used here today.”

“We have to start to wind down this phone call, Sarina.” Soldier Sam stated.

“Just a few more questions, Soldier Sam” Sarina was insistent

A hot mic at the next Space Mystery Adventure Presser recorded Soldier Sam making a joke to the best Mascot in the Business.

“I’ve been joking with Rams Mascot” said Soldier Sam.. Did you see that? He’s going to have a rotating first lady. He’s a bro with no ho,” in comments to the International Space Station Press Corps.

We asked people from Chicago if they'd heard the term.

By the way, if you search for "bro with no ho" on Urban Dictionary at this point, there might be a definition there. Because we added it.

.But what do you say about a Detective who had never had a decent partner on his Space Adventure Missions some have wondered if he would be going crazy when he is assigned to the International Space Station without a partner if he were to win the contest.

Soldier Sam's comments have been criticized by the Media as being insensitive.

Later at the next Presser Soldier Sam acknowledged as much, saying he regretted the remarks.

Soldier Sam was the latest Space Detective Press Corps victim of those relentlessly scheming microphones-that-people-don't-realize-are-on.

The 'We Love Everyone' Focus Group picked up Soldier Sam's comments riffing on the idea that, in the unlikely event Rams Mascot wins the contest that he would have a "rotating first lady."

If no decent Detective Partner comes through in the Clutch.

"I've been joking with Rams Mascot, 'cause he doesn't have ... did you see that?" Soldier Sam said during a recent Field Exercise... "He'll have a 'rotating first lady.' He's a bro with no ho."

So, that's a tough conversation to have with Media Action Groups.

But then Soldier Sam added something else: "That's what we'd say on the street." The last word is a bit muffled, to be fair, but it certainly *seems* like he says "street."

Let's set aside that most Space Detectives do not spend a lot of time on the "streets." Let's instead focus on this: Who says this, exactly?

A search for the expression in the news-story database returns only on similar entry, which doesn't use the expression itself. It is titled, "Yo, bro, no 'Ho! Ho! Ho!' "

"What we say on the streets? I can't imagine what streets he's talking about. Maybe while he was writing up that Manifesto? I have never heard the phrase before in Chicago. So maybe I'm not hanging out on the streets enough."

Soldier Sam told the Media to drop it. No one searches for the expression on google.

Rams Mascot's sisters appeared to be having fun with white-bread reporters when they replied off the record, "Nope. Is that a riff on 'bros before hos'

that everybody has heard of?" Since it appears to have no background, it's impossible to know.

Rams Mascot's sisters said, according to an unidentified source that "We've certainly seen and heard a lot -- especially on big Chicago sports days when people seem to go nuts. But this phrase? No."

So apparently, Soldier Sam don't have a lot of tact.

The Internet hasn't heard the expression just like, supposedly, Rams Mascot's sisters haven't heard the expression in Chicago. Well at least according to what they say to the Press.

But feel free to speak up in in the Comments Section!

. Whichever "streets" Soldier Sam got the phrase from are, as yet, unidentified.

PART 1

There are people of all kinds in LA today. Some of them are in showbiz, some in sports, some in other things and this is how things went in LA before Sarina.

In this story we will talk about Sarina whose spirit was strong but there was still something else...

There were Rainbow Roses all over the city just looking for someone to surprise.

So let's know what happens in this story. Sarina became a Target for these Rainbow Roses.

For *Millenniums*, many sorts of people have lived in LA.. There used to be different kinds of Targets, but none had to date received Rainbow Roses this Special for their Anniversary.

But here we are talking about Sarina, whose Spirit was Strong. One day Sarina is invited to a party. But not just any party. It was the most exclusive red carpet party gala in decades.

Sarina was overjoyed to hear the news of the party and spent the whole day getting ready for the party. Sarina was dressed perfectly for the party and went on her way.

Sarina headed out to the party house dancing and humming along to music in her truck. Now Sarina reached the party house. However, there was no parking space big enough for her Truck.

All the other vehicles were cars, not trucks and everyone else was able to get into the party driving their cars. Seeing the parking lot full of cars, Sarina was disappointed and set out to find something else to do that night.

Sarina drove towards the forest and parked her truck beside a tree to take a nap.

It was early morning and the rays of the sun began to fall on Sarina's eyes. Because of this, her eyes were opened. As soon as she woke up from sleep, she heard someone nearby and started looking around but did not see anyone.

Sarina calls out, "Who's talking? I can hear you but I can't see you!"

"This is me, I have to try to talk like this every day" was the response.

"But why am I not seeing you?" Sarina then asked the question.

Then that voice said "Look down here over here on the ground!"

Then Sarina looked down and saw a Special flower talking to her. Sarina asked the plant, "Why are you in such trouble, what's wrong?"

Sarina was happy to see a Rose on that Day.

The Rose said, "I am not ever picked for a bouquet, there are other flowers who get picked, but not me and my friends here. We are all the same color. People like you must prefer other flowers."

"The sunlight does not reach me, due to which I am not reaching my full potential. The Rose continued. "There are big trees above me, they stop the sunlight from reaching me. Because of this—this is why I am not happy. "

"If I do not get sunlight like this, then I will not be able to grow properly. Now you tell me what to do. Apart from me there are my friends too which do not get sunlight and because of that they are also not reaching their full potential." Rose told Sarina.

Sarina thought for a long time, what to do so that the sunlight reaches these Roses. After thinking for a long time, Sarina thought why don't I pick you up and give you what you need to reach your full potential?"

So this is what Sarina did. Sarina started picking up all the Roses she could carry.

Sarina told the Roses, "Look here, I have a perfect plan. It's our Anniversary and Soldier Sam is searching to find the Perfect Roses for his Science Experiment!"

After gathering all the Roses up they started to feel like they served an important purpose. "We are going to brighten up someone's day!!" All the Roses became happy. After becoming happy for the first time ever, they thanked Sarina and considered her their hero.

After seeing all this, Sarina became very happy and forgetting about the previous night and the Truck Parking Fiasco, she began to think about the Anniversary Day ahead of her, she started living happily.

Now Soldier Sam would finally be able to set about his task of making the most beautiful Roses in the World for Sarina. RAINBOW ROSES!!

The incredible idea of Rainbow Roses came from Soldier Sam, a flower construction foreman in Los Angeles.. When sales of the single coloured flowers in his shop slowed down, he was inspired to try something new and developed a stunning collection of rainbow roses!

It took Soldier Sam a couple of years to fine-tune the process before his method was perfected. Since production first started, millions of Rainbow Roses have since been ordered and spread throughout the globe!

These brightly colored beauties are the result of some very clever work by Soldier Sam. Looking to expand the market demand for cut flowers, Soldier San began experimenting with developing new colors of roses.

Today, Sarina discovered that a Rainbow Rose Production Factory was now set up exclusively for her Anniversary.

Now... that is very AMAZING! The process, discovered by Soldier Sam is surprisingly brilliant.

**PART 1**

We call it the 'Supply Service Pain Train'," said Sarina, a key Team Member. "Those Supply Runs can be long and tedious. You're constantly loading, unloading, reconfiguring. A lot of times you'll get to the destination, you'll unload all your pallets, and then you'll have to bring on 50 Troops. It can be a painful transition back and forth."

But the "pain train" is vital not just for logistical reasons such as resupplying bases with the parts needed to keep vehicles in good working order, Sarina explained. They're also important for Troop Morale.

"Moving the Troops around allows them to have a little time to come back to other bases, resupply them, so they're not going to go a little crazy out there by themselves," Sarina said.

And when emergency strikes— logistics officers and transport aircraft work together to get life-saving supplies into the field as quickly as possible.

Multiple times each day, huge aircrafts are packed with cargo and Troops for flights into hostile territory.. For example, one time Sarina's crew gathered in the aircrew flight equipment shop to grab flak jackets, night-vision goggles and other supplies they might need for their mission — including equipment they'd need if something went wrong, like small arms and ammunition, life rafts and life preservers.

This day, thankfully, none of those emergency supplies would be needed — it would be a Textbook Supply Run, encountering nothing more dangerous in the air than local planes full of regular people traveling to their Vacation Destinations or Important Board Room Meetings on how to sell the newest Smart Phone, or whatever normal people run around and do these days.

Sarina pulls on her helmet with night vision goggles attached and stepped inside booths with blackout curtains to test them. The crew went out to the Flight Line, where a K loader — a vehicle designed to move heavy cargo onto airplanes — pulled up with four big pallets of spare parts and medical supplies and a smaller pallet of mail.

The aircraft ramp lowered and was braced with a wooden support stool. After Load Masters moved the pallets over the rollers onto the plane and tightly secured the cargo, Sarina threw both her arms in the air and cheered.

Sarina is usually responsible for making sure all the cargo is properly secured -- some pallets are secured on the aircraft's Rails with locks, while other loose cargo such as baggage is usually secured with heavy straps — and balanced in the back of the plane, so the weight doesn't throw the plane off as it tries to take off and land.

"It's crucial to make sure cargo is locked down tight", Sarina said, "because sometimes in hostile territory we often have to hit the brakes quickly. "

"That's more of a danger than anything we've noticed in the air," Sarina admitted.

The Unit as a whole usually load up multiple supply flight on a regular basis.

The flights take place multiple times a day and are critical to sustaining Troops directly in the fight. Sarina said her crew typically flies every other day.

"It's kind of boring, those days that we have off," Sarina admitted. "We'd rather be flying, but we need to have a day so that we can recuperate."

One Day, the trip into the fight included a FAST — or Fly-Away Security Team — to guard the plane while it unloaded on the runway. One of those FAST airmen, Sarina was beginning to show interest in, wore a New York Yankees patch on his body armour, above pouches packed with spare ammunition, The Side of the Logos on his patch was inscribed "Bronx Strong"

Shortly before takeoff, Sarina and Her Crew making up the small Expeditionary Signal Battalion boarded and strapped themselves into their seats near the front of the cargo hold. Sometimes Sarina would just fold her arms, lower her head and catch a Quick Nap.

Other times, Sarina would pulled out her smartphone and put in earbuds, eat a contraband candy bar her Momma sent her, check out whats playing on the Watch ESPN App, or just Shoot the Shit with all her friends on the mission.

Sarina admitted how exciting her first deployment was on the “Supply Pain Train”.

“I’m ready to get out there and do it again!”, she exclaimed.

But when Someone on the flight mentioned going home in a few days, Sarina was about halfway through her first deployment, said, “I really miss my Friends at Sportscenter. Sometimes I wish I was there cause it is Kinda Fun doing all those Sports Bloopers.”

She had started texting that guy she was interested on the Flight Security Team with the Yankee Patch. The others ribbed Sarina for being so soft — and for saying “Sports Bloopers.” She took the joking in stride, firing back: “It is Fun! Look it up sometime on your smartphone!”

“You just got here,” he texted Sarina back, “Its not like ESPN is just going to pick up and run away while you are doing other things like “Riding the Supply Pain Train” he said with a laugh.

Her fellow compatriots let the kidding drop as the plane taxied to the runway and took off. Then Sarina realised there was a Surprise Stowaway, Her new Crush with the Yankees Patch was there too!

They leaned in close together, Sarina held out her smartphone, and she took a selfie of their smiling faces as they flew off to yet another Supply Drop Target.

“Who’s Got Keys to Haunted House Tour?”

Sarina had plans for Halloween this year. When Soldier Sam arrived to pay a "Halloween Visit" to Sarina in LA, he found her charged to the brim with mystery and excitement.

Soldier Sam had only received Sarina’s Halloween telegram that morning, and he had come anticipating quiet nights; but the moment he arrived, he caught the first wave of her electrical condition. Sarina was excited to go Trick or Treating.

The impression deepened when Soldier Sam learned that there were to be no other visitors, and that he had been telegraphed for because of a very special Spooky object.

Something was in the Halloween wind, and the "something" would doubtless turn into something good for Sarina and Soldier Sam, both with a mania for Halloween research, each had brains as well as will power, and by hook or by crook Sarina usually managed to accomplish her ends.

The revelation was made soon after their first Bourbon of the day, when Sarina sidled close up to Soldier Sam as they paced slowly along the ocean beach..

"I've got the Magic Keys," Sarina announced in a delighted, yet half awesome voice. "Got them for Halloween!"

"The keys to the fighter jet, or--?" Soldier Sam asked innocently, looking from the beach to the city lights. Nothing brought Sarina so quickly to the point as being stupid.

"Neither," Sarina answered. "I've got the keys to the Haunted house at Angels Stadium--and I'm going there tonight."

Solider Sam was conscious of the slightest possible tremor down his back. He dropped his teasing tone. Something in Sarina's voice and manner thrilled him. She was in earnest.

"But you can't go alone to the Haunted House--" Soldier Sam began.

"That's why I wired for you," Sarina said with decision.

Solider Sam turned to look at Sarina. Her face was alive with excitement. There was the glow of genuine enthusiasm 'round it like a crown. Her eyes shone.

Solider Sam caught another wave of Sarina's Spooky excitement, and there was a second tremor when he thought about the Angels Stadium Haunted House, more marked than the first, accompanied it.

"Thanks for the Halloween Invitation, Sarina," Soldier Sam said politely; "thanks a bunch."

"I should not dare to go quite alone," Sarina went on, raising her voice; "but with you I should enjoy the Haunted House immensely. You're afraid of nothing, I know."

"Thanks so much," Soldier Sam said again. "Is anything likely to happen?"

"A great deal *has* happened," Sarina replied, "though it's been most cleverly hushed up. The Angels have been playing baseball for months in there already, and Angels Stadium is said to be empty at present"

In spite of himself Soldier Sam became interested. Sarina was so very much packed with good ideas on Halloween.

"Angels Stadium is very active indeed," Sarina went on, "and the story dates a long way back. It has to do with MLB baseball, an excitement that has never been matched."

"And Angels Mascot--?" Soldier Sam inquired.

"Still keepin' it real, I believe, but I'm not always able to get more details of the story."

Soldier Sam now felt his interest thoroughly piqued; but, though he was not particularly in it for himself, he hesitated a little on Sarina's account.

"On one condition," Soldier Sam said at length.

"Nothing will prevent my going to the Haunted House on Halloween," Sarina said firmly; "but I may as well hear your condition."

Soldier Sam responded "That you guarantee your power of self-control if anything really horrible happens. I mean--that you are sure you won't get too frightened."

"Soldier Sam," she said seriously, "I'm not a pushover anymore I know, nor are my nerves; but *with you* I should be afraid of nothing in the world, especially the Angels Stadium Haunted House"

This of course, settled it for Solider Sam; he had no pretensions to being other than a very ordinary man, and an appeal to his talents on Halloween Night was irresistible.

Soldier Sam agreed to go.

## **INTRO**

We were lost south of the mainland and without communications but the sky was clear. Sarina was upbeat.

**Everyone was waiting for Sarina's Graphic of a futuristic Starship Space Convoy Manoeuvre to be made available.**

Sarina and Soldier Sam were responsible, in some respect, for this disaster. They had reacted to an immediate crisis without understanding the larger situation.

This was a situation that the resident crew had understood, which was why they had started an evacuation before attempting to suppress the fire.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were very good at figuring out what could go wrong, and good at predicting how the crew respond to things going wrong. How people act in a crisis. They had the science to manage it. Study it. Focus on it.

We live it, over and over again, for the sake of the people who will hopefully only have to live it once. Or never.

Preparedness is how Sarina and Soldier Sam make sure things have a chance to go right even when they've already gone wrong.

"What are we going to do?" asked Sarina. Sarina looked concerned. "I don't know," Soldier Sam answered. "Let's call Mission Control and see if Rams Mascot has any suggestions."

Suddenly, we saw a three flash blast, a red one, a white one and a blue one. We wondered for a moment who it could be and then Sarina pulled our attention to the Space news report. The Avengers had been spotted flying overhead!

Perfect timing we figured, if only we could contact the Avengers and ask of their help then Super Monster could be stopped! We worked together and wrote letters to every superhero we knew, it wasn't long until they all arrived on Planet X.

Working together, we and the superheroes decided to build a machine which would transport Sarina to Superhero camp, where Rams Mascot and his team could make Planet X great again!

Rams Mascot could see what they were up to and he could see the Storm Troopers fleeing from their planet in search for help- so our visit is no surprise to them! Rams Mascot gave Sarina some extra power to fly our space crafts into orbit.

Fortunately, we knew Sarina once travelled to space in record time while someone was getting Soldier Sam's dinner ready. Sarina knew all about what we would need so Rams Mascot called her and she gave such good advice and told Rams Mascot all about her own travels to space.

We decided Sarina's space craft was an easier option than building a rocket, as that would take forever! So we got to work and within hours had they travelling devices ready.

The portion of the ship that housed the rocket starter was heavily damaged. The batteries that turned the starter were completely destroyed. We began to consider we might be trapped on Planet X.

A spinning silver doughnut slung to a long, axel-like hub by a series of tension cables, our Station held itself together and generated spin gravity through a careful balance of forces.

The result was making its defaults seem all the more apparent—but our homeport is set at default as well. So easy to disrupt or destroy. It's just so much bigger than us that we can trick ourselves about its resilience. About our own resilience.

Soon after, still being hungry, Soldier Sam quickly jumped inside the rocket and safely flew back to the Station. That moment, Soldier Sam heard something coming from the kitchen: "Soldier Sam, it's time to have your meal!"

Soldier Sam finally had something to eat. This was turning into an unforgettable adventure with Sarina. They could explore space once again, but for longer.

**Sarina and Soldier Sam had their next coordinates set and were cruising in formation with the Starship piloted by Rams Mascot.**

Rams Mascot had just returned from a distant Star and while Sarina and Soldier Sam and were getting ready to put the Starship in cruise control for the night they heard a loud "BANG!"

Sarina and Soldier Sam looked around at each other, "What was that!?" shouted Soldier Sam.. "Uh-oh, maybe a fuse blew in the engine room?" Or is someone trying to fire on our position?"

The engine room night shift radioed Sarina and confirmed that, yes, it was a short fuse in the Engine Room that caused the disruption but the crew had fixed it an they were good to go for the night.

Early the next morning, Sarina was jolted awake by the sound of troubling gun fire some distance to their Starship. She ran outside and asked where it came from.

Sarina showed up in the control center only to learn that one of their fleet was taken out of action, permanently.

Rams Mascot's Starship had survived the attack and said he didn't understood how the flanking friendly got taken out, but confirmed the loud fire they had heard was in fact their partner ship blowing up into the Starlit night.

What a loss that would be to their effort. Rams Mascot was still in the lead, with a mission to find any planet that could support the next Season of Rams Football.

Sarina was waiting for Mission Control to find out how they had lost the ship. Were they too in danger? No one knew.

Rams Mascot radioed Sarina and said "if Mission Control is not going to figure out how that adversary ship breached our formation, then we have to do it."

Soldier Sam was on patrol duty and began their search for the adversary ship. He noticed a trail of footsteps and began to follow them closely.

The tracks looked smaller than the radar signature left by most Starships they had encountered in the past and it had a distinctive tail, like it was headed for a planet neither Sarina's ship or the Spacecraft commanded by Rams Mascot had visited in the past.

"Maybe it's from a distant Planet in another Galaxy" suggested Rams Mascot.

"No, I think they are definitely some sort of Local thing" responded Soldier Sam. They argued over the prints when Sarina noticed a mysterious Moon right in front of them.

Sarina and Soldier Sam landed on the Moon and Rams Mascot took his ship into overdrive. Rams Mascot was now to be the Lead Scout in search of a Planet that could be home to Rams Football.

Sarina and Soldier Sam debarked from their ship and began to explore the Moon to look around for clues.

Suddenly, Soldier Sam lifted a handle on the Welcoming Pad and quickly realized that it was a trap door.

After informing Rams Mascot of their new position on the Moon, Sarina and Soldier Sam decided that they needed to investigate it and although Rams Mascot was skeptical, he agreed.

The door led Sarina and Soldier Sam to an underground tunnel where they walked for quite a while in the darkness with only a flashlight from the cabin. There were strange noises and Soldier Sam was signalling for caution.

After a while, Sarina and Soldier Sam arrived at a section of the tunnel with a single hanging light and decided to sit down to rest.

“It feels like we’ve been walking forever!” said Soldier Sam.

Then all of a sudden, Sarina and Soldier Sam received a Stress Signal from Rams Mascot. Rams Mascot said he was being pulled right into the darkness of another Galaxy!

Sarina and Soldier Sam immediately hustled back to their Starship, and in an instant were traveling again at Light Speed in search of Rams Mascot.

Rams Mascot was pushing the emergency button as Sarina and Soldier Sam jumped up and shot off into the darkness trying to locate him.

They ran frantically trying to find Rams Mascot until they came across a wind-swept portal to a part of the solar system they were totally unaware of, and they were sure Rams Mascot was on the other side of it.

Together Sarina and Soldier Sam counted to three and charged right through the door. What they found was not Rams Mascot at all.

Sarina and Soldier Sam looked up at their controls and saw, in contrast to their normal setup, their monitor was flashing full of screens, and thousands of buttons glowing in all different colors the likes of which they had never witnessed.

On the screen in front of them was a map of the Milky Way. The other screens had what looked like planets that neither of them had ever learned about in training exercises.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were shocked beyond belief.

“What is this place?” asked Sarina with a look of uncertainty on her face.

“It looks like some sort of outer space control center” Soldier Sam replied.

Sarina had just noticed strange text on the screen that she didn’t quite understand, when suddenly the door behind them slammed shut.

“It’s not opening!” shouted Soldier Sam pulling the handle as hard as he could.

They both looked up at the ceiling and noticed orange smoke starting to come from the vents and it was quickly filling the room.

Sarina and Soldier Sam looked at each other before suddenly collapsing in a deep sleep.

After many hours had passed, Sarina and Soldier Sam began to wake up, this time in a much different place.

“Where are we?” asked Soldier Sam as they both looked around.

Their normal control room had been transformed into a small space with only a locked door. Sarina dug in her pocket and pulled out the master key, then tried to unlock the door with it.

After trying and trying, Sarina and Soldier Sam finally decided to give up right as they heard a “beep!” and the door slid open.

“Rams Mascot!” they both shouted excitedly as they saw him there standing in the doorway.

Sarina and Soldier Sam had entered “The Situation Room”.

They knew they needed a plan to pitch their next moves to Rams Mascot. And these proposals needed to be made up on the Spot!!

“Sarina needs to sleep before engaging the targets. Another hour, at least.” Solider Sam insisted.

“Sir, the crew addressed Solider Sam, Sarina’s action profile indicates otherwise. She has a go/no-go decision to make with HQs. She can sleep when she’s back State Side.”

“Don’t say it. You’re getting punchy.” Solider Sam retorted.

“I just go by the data.” the crew chief explained.

“But I’m the duty officer, said Solider Sam. You’re the chief of staff. This is the first time she’s slept in three days. Another hour.”

That’s the moment Sarina sits up and reaches for the bottle of bourbon that’s under her bunk. It’s always hot back here.

Sarina, hardened from years of battle operated the Starship, nicknamed "the Unstoppable Bronx Bomber" It sways on the Intergalactic Turnpike, its suspension groaning under the weight of tons of armor and servers. Then it settles back into its smooth, relentless drive forward into the night.

We are a Space Armada, snaking through the Universe like fugitives, scrambling to yet another secure location from which Sarina can lead the campaign.

Sarina motions to Soldier Sam with one hand, and wipes sleep out of her eyes with the other. "Get my rig online," Sarina says. "How long until we're at Site Romeo?"

"Another 30 minutes to the gates, but we go dark in . . . 10 minutes" explained Soldier Sam

"OK What time is it on Saturn? Are the Admirals ready for me now?" asked Sarina.

"Yes, ma'am You'll have three minutes with the Admirals. Also, the President left a message"

Sarina put the bottle down and swings her legs off the bed. "And?"

"He said to proceed. Informing Congress will come after."

All Sarina can respond with is, "Good." Sarina doesn't want to show any signs of frustration, nor to count the cost of chronic indecision from leadership, a toll that was becoming measured.

Sarina has an almost impossibly difficult job today.

As the Rams HQs faces a changeover in leadership, Sarina's guidance will be crucial in the coming years where futuristic conflicts are certain to be overwhelmingly influenced by artificial intelligence and robotic autonomous systems that will revolutionise warfare at speeds human cognition simply cannot keep up with.

This line of thinking frequently leads to conversations about how Super Soldiers will be augmented with things like direct human-machine interface and nanomachine infused bottles of bourbon.

But what about Sarina?

In a conflict scenario like the one described above, superhuman soldiers may not actually

get a frontline role if swarms and other drones take their place. But the mission will indeed need someone with almost superhuman-like abilities like Sarina

Sarina is developing plans to reorganise and reprioritise the organisation in real time, becoming immersed in data while using technology to never lose sight of leadership's human dimensions and maintaining the digital speed operational tempo of the Force.

Should a Hyperwar-type conflict arise in the Universe, AI-powered automation will define the operational environment and put enormous pressure on organisations—and leaders like Sarina must be prepared for high levels of operational and cognitive agility.

Decision-making and warfighting will revolve around networks, perhaps with both occurring on the same ones. Moreover, while AI-enabled predictive models will be able to help leaders like Sarina “see” these future scenarios ahead of time, decision-makers will need to be adept at intuitive or recognition-primed decision-making.

“The Only Ordinary Day Was Yesterday.” Sarina always says.

Sarina's mission to find a Destination suitable for Rams Games will be familiar in some ways—maintaining relationships with Rams HQs, for example—but dramatically different in several significant areas, managing organisational structure, operational tempo, communications and network integrity, and force employment.

While it will take a network to win in the New Era of the Universe, ensuring mission plans emphasize critical decision timelines will be a real-time responsibility for Sarina. Given the speed with which a crisis may unfold, Sarina's decisive leadership during the early moments or hours may mean the difference between victory and a defeat or stalemate.

Yet load sharing is about more than machines. Just as Sarina will exert more operational influence, Solider Sam's Deputy position will take on new responsibilities that are more concept- and policy-oriented than today's, developing and implementing new concepts of operation. In Hyper-Speed scenarios, flash modernisation efforts that break boundaries and hierarchies, and even rules, will need a strong advocate to ensure they don't stall.

Sarina will not be able to live and work sequestered inside one of Rams Nation's deepest bunkers wired into a closely managed communications and data network. The necessity to build coalitions with the Los Angeles community and abroad, and maintain connection with

frontline forces all mean Sarina will be constantly on the move.

Accordingly, Sarina will operate within a virtual and mobile communications bubble that depends on a sprawling grid consisting of terrestrial, undersea, aerial, and space networks.

Much as today, no matter where or when, Sarina will have to be capable of accessing a highly distributed and secure command-and-control network. But Sarina and other principals may be augmented through technical means permitting the chain of command to “think” communications in real time.

Voice communication may even become too slow in some cases, such as campaigns that rapidly shift between defensive and offensive operations. Means of communication therefore must evolve with the speed of hyper-missions.

Sarina might wear a personal “wearable communications” ensemble, which could feature a next-generation human-machine biophysical interface.

A day in the life of Sarina sees the kinds of true survival decisions that are unique to her office—and that not even Hollywood hyperbole can exaggerate.

The clock is always ticking on a crisis or urgent need for the officials in charge. Yet, the crises Sarina is charged with leading are not even like scenarios pulled from thriller novels; rapid shipment of blast-proof rocket launchers require decisive action.

It will be the same during the next two decades, but the speed with which such dilemmas arrive and require resolution—as well as their technological complexity—will be unprecedented. But it need not come as a surprise if Pentagon leaders can begin to imagine and prepare for a day in the life of the Sarina in the new era of Hyper-Space missions.

In particular, it will be dangerously easy to focus attention on crises-of-the-moment and overlook ensuring that Rams recruiting identifies individuals like Sarina, a bastion of integrity, character, and moral courage.

Sarina was recruited based on her exceptional capacity to decide, communicate, and act in this Hyper-Space. The entire process of Sarina’s training and education will need to move at machine-speed as well, with a focus on learning and performing through AI-supported, individualised augmented- and virtual-reality training and education regimens.

Sarina is also likely to train in virtual environments because in real life they may be highly distributed, out of strategic necessity or by design to create a force with experiences, backgrounds, and cognitive diversity suited to the Hyperspeed Era.

Soldier Sam leans in with a hand on Sarina's shoulder. He can read her bio-stats from anywhere on the Starship, so this is a vestige of old-school relationship connection as he remotely adjusts the Love she gets from him

Soldier Sam looks at his virtual reality screen. " Sarina is secure at Rendezvous Point Romeo."

The Starship's cabin brightens measurably as the pump pulses. Sarina sits upright, and smooths out her hair and puts the Hblo Rig back on. Sarina has been wearing the helmet every waking hour during the past few weeks

What nobody knows, though, is that Sarina has it muted much of the time. She keeps the sound off.

There's too much data for a human to make a sound decision quickly, so Sarina let the battle management nets work their magic.

Soldier Sam is not as smart as Sarina and hasn't yet figured this out; he's unable to act with the speed that this conflict requires because he is chronically plugged in.

Sarina says she plans on speaking about the strategy with Soldier Sam at some future point and fill him in on how she does it.

That is, if Sarina ever gets to see Solider Sam again on the same deployment.

That's not something Sarina can entertain now however. There's work to do. And Solider Sam is awaiting orders.

Sarina approached the Crew, "For this we have to enlist the help of the entire crew" Hearing this, the Crew came forward and said, "We are ready. What is the matter to do? We will do whatever it takes to save the ship."

The Sea Wolf arcade game has been released, based on an electro-mechanical, coin-operated game called Sea Devil. Sea Devil, in turn, was based on a submarine simulator, Periscope.

By looking through the periscope mounted on the game, players may take aim and fire torpedoes at ships and other objects on the surface of the ocean. The periscope swivels left and right, true to real submarines.

Players can destroy a handful of different targets on the surface of the ocean: floating mines that can be dangerous obstructions, fast-moving PT boats and destroyers.

The original Sea Wolf arcade game is black and white, oriented horizontally, and makes use of a simple blue overlay to denote the color of the water. Each time players land a proper hit on a ship, a light is reflected inside the scope to simulate an explosion.

The game also includes basic sounds like PT boat motors and sonar pings. Another unique feature of the Sea Wolf arcade game is that it displays both the current score of the player as well as the game's high score—it was one of the first arcade games to incorporate high scores.

Homemade Under the Sea Battleships is another great idea from Sarina's Charts. Use dice and a chess board to make your own battleship under the sea themed game!

One day Sarina called a meeting of the Crew. In that meeting, everyone was going to solve how can the enemy ships be avoided so the Game can be won?

The crew came to the Meeting. Sarina started the meeting with her whistle. Sarina asked the crew, "What can we do to prevent ourselves from being sunk by those enemy ships?"

Hearing this, the Crew on the Submarine were troubled. They had to face this problem in the coming days. Many times these enemy ships aimed to destroy their Submarine.

The Crew saw the truth in Sarina's talk. The Crew asked, "Well, tell us what would we have to do?"

Sarina told everyone her plan. Now everyone was ready. Everyone was waiting for when the enemy ships would arrive.

## Up Periscope!

A submarine has two periscopes: an attack periscope and a search periscope. The search periscope is used to look for targets and also for guidance as the sub navigates through the water. The attack periscope is smaller than the search periscope and is used if a sub is ready to attack

Try this periscope activity and make a spy tool for looking around corners, and out of windows. If you enjoy easy games then this fun periscope activity is ideal! Peak around corners with this periscope activity. The object is to see without being seen. Or, you can jump right in and begin with our secret message-making activity at the end of our party instructions.

Periscope Game idea: Submarine Hide and Seek – One person is “it” and must stake out a spot behind a barrier. This barrier is “base”. The seeker is not allowed to look out from behind that barrier except through the scope. The hider’s goal is to sneak up and touch base without being spotted through the periscope. First person spotted is “it”!

Thanks to numerous contributions from the crew, many of the commands have more than one possible action. In these cases, you might want to

choose one of the actions and teach this to Sarina. You could also show her all the possible actions related to each command, and let her choose which one they prefer.

Ever since their introduction, there's something about submarines that fascinates people. Maybe it's the unimaginable experience of being in a metal tube thousands of feet under the ocean's surface, skulking along, waiting for a chance to surface and BOOM! attack with a well-placed torpedo.

Or maybe it's the fact that submarines are the wild card of modern warfare, able to sneak up on ships without warning in a way that no other craft or vessel can manage. From *The Hunt for Red October* to *Run Silent, Run Deep*, there have certainly been a lot of movies made about submarine warfare, some incredibly tense and gripping.

When game designers wanted to create a fun and interesting multiplayer roll and write game, it's no surprise their attention turned to submarines! If you're not familiar with roll and write it's a category of board games that are designed to be fast, lightweight, and affordable.

The goal of the combat engine is to maneuver a model of a submarine on the playing board, collecting essential items avoiding collisions with undersea objects, and destroying the enemy.

Players roll customised dice for each duty station to perform their functions—if their station has power. For example, the helm station has dice with symbols indicating various combinations of forward movement for one or two spaces, coming about, and turns to port or starboard.

While powered, the helmsman may roll the helm dice and set aside those maneuvers that fulfill the captain's orders at each decision point. The other stations also have custom dice tailor-made for their particular functions.

Sarina keeps schedules moving by directing the movement of energy from engineering to all of the other divisions.

All the while, the enemy team is doing the same thing.

Each player board has a control panel along the bottom that indicates what of your weapon and propulsion systems are still intact and a display of the opponent's submarine with a grid superimposed. There's an intro board for multiplayer called the Training Board and an advanced board called Mission Mode both for players really ready to rumble and for the solo game.

You'll notice that there are two types of target spots: those with "sight" marks denoting it's a critical spot, and those without. Remember, this is your control panel along the bottom, but your opponent's submarine in the "porthole". shoot out the four targets creating a sort of sideways "L" shape on the periscope and you've disabled their periscope and moved one step closer to winning the game.

Meanwhile, they're shooting at you too, of course, so they're going to mark their picture of your sub and you'll have to cross out the dashboard weapon system capabilities along the bottom of your own board as they destroy things.

The first person to destroy all the enemy systems wins. (this means you don't have to hit every single dot, just those that are actually targets).

Much further into the game and I'm poised to win even though it's looking rather dire on the solo automaton board on the top left:

Suddenly, huge fireballs started to rain on the enemy. Those Fireballs sure did the trick.

Done. Winner!! Sorry, mate, about sinking your submarine, of course, but that's Torpedo Dice for you in solo mode.

There are no enemy ships left in the Ocean anymore. All the Crew started living free. Now everything was fine in the World!

I imagine it'll be fun as a multiplayer game too, but haven't had a chance to play this competitively yet. Definitely a good one and inexperienced player friendly too with its erasable board, lively design and simple play mechanism.

Sarina recently announced that she will use Xbox controllers to operate periscopes in her newest submarines.

We got together and we asked Sarina, 'What can we do to make your life better?'... "And one of the things that came out is the controls for the scope. It's kind of clunky in your hand; it's real heavy."

The advantage of using Xbox 360 controllers lies not just in accessibility, but also in price. On average, a new Xbox 360 controller is somewhere between \$30 to \$40 online, while the typical cost for the specially designed photonic mast handgrip and imaging control panel made for modern submarines is around \$38,000.

This isn't the first time that we have used video game controllers in order to cut costs and simplify technology.

A new sub was commissioned, hailed to not just to be the newest fast attack sub ever but also a marvel of technology and innovation.

Part of that innovation comes via the use of one of the most familiar methods of control to operate the sub's new Photonics Masts: a wired Xbox 360 controller.

Don't worry, the entire attack submarine isn't driven by a game controller. Or any of its critical systems. The Xbox controllers are simply there for

operating the two new photonic masts, the submarine's non-penetrating digital camera periscopes. These replace traditional periscopes and hold both a visible camera as well as an infrared digital camera on top of telescoping arms.

Controlling those periscopes aren't as easy as war and spy films suggest them to be. They got so frustrating that the Navy conducted research and surveys on the best control device possible. They ended up with one that was not only familiar but also cheap.

Many of the Crew who will be living in the sub will have grown up with gaming consoles, especially an Xbox. They'll be familiar enough with the controls that it might feel almost second nature to them.

Plus, the Navy can use off the shelf Xbox 360 controllers with very little to no modification.

There are plenty of compatible versions available to keep Sarina occupied during her Submarine Party!!

**That night while sleeping on the Starship floor, Sarina had a crazy dream**

Soldier Sam gave her a phone as an early Birthday Present. And it had on speed dial both the Light House and an Island Bakery stocked with Birthday Cakes!

Sarina first called the Light House and asked what was the status of their sea rescue brigade, told the dispatcher her birthday was almost here also that she and Soldier Sam were stranded outside Buccaneer Bay in a small boat.

The dispatcher replied that their only rescue operations in service that night were a fleet of helicopter drones to pinpoint the location of their boat and the rescue crew would arrive in the morning.

Then the dispatcher said the rescue brigade will take you straight to the Bakery when you get ashore so you could get your Birthday Cake.

In her Dream, Sarina was rowing and Soldier Sam was asleep. Soon she could not believe her eyes and was overcome with shock when she looked to the island and there were dozens of swarming helicopter drones launching from the beach!

They rise and fall, hover, fly sideways and backwards, shoot flares, back up, spring forward, dip, dart off again, lift ships, drop radio transmission towers, lose their rotor blades and roll over, fire missiles, crash into one another.

"Soldier Sam, Soldier Sam Wake Up!! Look at the skies!" Sarina says.

Sarina called the Light House immediately and asked the dispatcher what was the status of the rescue mission?

"Where are all these helicopter drones going?" asked Sarina.

"Wherever they are programmed to go. That's how they pinpoint your location," replied the dispatcher.

Sarina carefully considered the answer as she tried to translate the content.

Soldier Sam piped up and said: "You should have asked the dispatcher what the drones would do if the signaling programme from the Light House was jammed.

Sarina called the dispatcher up again.

"Where are the drones going?" Sarina asked and without waiting for a reply continued, "Wherever they are programmed to go, I suppose. Well, let me ask you . . ."

"You're mistaken," the dispatcher interrupted Sarina. "Tonight, the drones are going wherever the wind blows."

This answer so confused Sarina she could not think of anything to say.

Soldier Sam said: "You should have asked the dispatchers what the drones would do if there were no wind."

Sarina called back the Light House again.

Sarina was confident that this time she would have the last word.

"Where are the drones going?" Sarina asked. "Wherever they are programmed to go or wherever the wind blows, I suppose. Well, let me ask you . . . ."

"No, no," the dispatcher interrupted. "Tonight the drones are going to pick up your Birthday Cake!!"

INTERVIEW

It was the end of the workday. Soldier Sam was tired. He had been interviewing job candidates since the beginning of the day and couldn't make a decision. The job of joining the security team at the garage had many applicants. There had been a string of Premium Tool Set Heists in the area, the most recent a week ago.

Extra security was needed, especially since the tool theft gang was still at large. A sketch of them had been circulated to the authorities and the media however they had still not been caught.

Soldier Sam leaned back in his chair, closed and rubbed his tired eyes. Soldier Sam heard the noise of a door being closed. When he opened his eyes an agent was standing in his office.

"Am I too late for the interview?" Sarina inquired.

"Where did you come from!?" Soldier Sam exclaimed.

"I didn't mean to startle you Sir. I used the back door," Sarina explained.

Soldier Sam thought he was done for the day! The Garage Boss didn't tell him he had any more interviews scheduled, but Sarina was here now and one more interview won't make a difference.

Soldier Sam sat down at his desk before saying, "Please take a seat Miss...?" he motioned for Sarina to sit down.

“Sarina.” Sarina smiles and sits down opposite Soldier Sam looking unsure about Soldier Sam.

“Don't be concerned, Sarina ” Soldier Sam said. “I'm not really that bad.” He smiled.

“It's just I really want the job.” Sarina says “I think I'm well qualified.” That was a bit forward but Soldier Sam let it go.

“Would you like a bottle of Bourbon, Sarina?” Soldier Sam asked.

“Yes a bottle of bourbon would be nice” Sarna replied.

“A drinking glass? Some Ice?” Sarina declined both.

Soldier Sam pressed the button on the intercom and ask for the receptionist to bring in a bottle of Bourbon.

“What do you think you will bring to the job if you are successful, Sarina?”

“I can offer you protection, I am a very protective person, just ask my friends. And I am wearing black to be stealthy so that's a Plus.”

“Why do you think that is a plus?” Soldier Sam asked.

“Well I can't be seen and I'm good at spying” Sarina lowed her voice “I could do away with your competitors and they wouldn't even see me coming” Sarina made a mock threatening gesture.

Soldier Sam's eyes opened wide. "Are you actually telling me you want to take out our competitors? Do away with them for good?"

Sarina leaned forward and said softly, "If that's what you want I'm happy to provide that kind of security. I will protect this establishment and you at all costs, this I swear. I really want this job."

"Sarina, we do not eliminate people, we bring them to justice by catching and detaining them and letting the justice system deal with them as it sees fit."

"Of course" Sarina said "just letting you know I could do it if you wanted me to. I could even do a surprise attack; you would not know where or when it is happening. You would have complete deniability." Sarina took a sip of the Bourbon.

"There will be no surprise attacks, Sarina. However there will be surprise encounters let's just say, so I suppose you could still jump out and surprise people; just no attacking please."

"Ok" Sarina agreed, looking disappointed.

"So" Soldier Sam said, changing the subject hurriedly. "What else can you bring to the table?"

"I'm very loyal, loyalty means everything to me. I have my own sword, two of them in fact." Sarina replied.

Now was Solider Sam's chance turn to look concerned.

“What is the sword for?” Soldier Sam asked, trying to remain calm.

“Protection. Just in case of an attack. I've got them here if you want to see?” Sarina says enthusiastically.

“Uhh, no thank you.” Soldier Sam laughed with a serious tone but smiled. “Thank you so much for bringing them in but we won't be needing them today. Or ever. Do you understand, Sarina?”

“Yes I think so.” Sarina said with clear disappointment.

Swords. Not only does this woman have her own swords but she actually brought them with her! To do what? Attack me? Sarina didn't seem to be violent; She is so softly spoken and quite pleasant, actually.

So what is she doing with a sword? Did Sarina think I would attack her? Or that Sarina might have to defend herself against surprise visitors? These thoughts put Soldier Sam on edge but he pushed them to the back of his mind and continued with the interview.

“So, Sarina, tell me about your background. You say your business is in Security, and you are working on constructing a new aircraft? Wow! You must be excited; busy, but excited.”

“Yes.” Sarina said “I love flight experimentation very much and I am completely devoted to the endeavour.”

“Where are you from?” Soldier Sam inquired.

“The Bronx” Sarina answered.

“Well you have come a long way just for a job. It must mean a lot to you.” Soldier Sam said. “How was the trip over here from the Bronx?”

“Fine.” Sarina replied.

“If I hire you as a member of our security team would this be a long term position for you?” Soldier Sam asked.

“I will be loyal and honourable Sir!” Sarina replied with a sincere gesture.

“Honourable?” Soldier Sam laughed. Sarina didn't find this funny.

“So Soldier Sam, do I get the job?” Sarina asked suddenly.

“Do you have your contact details? You can leave them at the front desk and we will get back to you. No using the back door, use the main entrance please.”

“I have no contact details to give,” Sarina admitted. “Just please give me a simple yes or no answer. Do I get the job?”

Soldier Sam looked at Sarina. He didn't know what to say.

“Well, Sarina” Soldier Sam said, “My Boss doesn't want our security guard to be violent. It was the business with the swords really. Other than that I have

no complaints, I even liked how you chose to use the back door into the building. It showed originality. I like to see something different..."

Sarina cuts Soldier Sam off abruptly and says "Then, it was very nice to meet you but I'm certain I must leave you now."

Sarina goes to the door, but turns to Soldier Sam to say "I am actually a Ninja, a Samurai without a mission. I have been travelling many miles looking for someone to partner up with. I was hoping I would be successful. For that would mean I would not have to continue my search.

"Because of your policy I must continue on my journey." Sarina decided. Before I go I think you will want these back. From her pocket she took a bag and handed it to Soldier Sam. "And I recommend that you check your stationary safebox." Without another word Sarina left.

"What a time waster, Soldier Sam said to his receptionist. That Sarina was absolutely mad, that woman was. All that talk of swords and samurai. Did she really think that would impress me?

Soldier Sam walked over to the cabinet and took the Bourbon bottle out. What did Sarina give me? He tipped the contents of the bag onto his desk.

The stolen Premium Tools fell out. Soldier Sam swore involuntarily as he realised that what he was looking at were the Premium Tools that were stolen in the latest robbery.

Soldier Sam confirmed this with the receptionist just to make sure he wasn't losing his mind.

Soldier Sam went over into the back room where the tools were usually kept, opened the door and stared at the gang that perpetrated the crimes. They were Handcuffed to the workbench where the Tools were used.

Later when Soldier Sam removed the thieves from the shop premises he called up Sarina immediately.

“Sarina, I made a big mistake!! You are the right person for the job—I was wrong, you are hired!!”

“Maybe you were too quick to judge me Soldier Sam.’ Sarina responded. “I have proven my skills and now we are partners.

“You will never be missing any Tools again, I can promise you that!!”

"The newest prospect has the potential to be a tremendous partner, and this latest episode includes valuable provisions that allow us to leverage this small, untested but extremely talented future of the programme" he said. "The large demand for for these services is a testament to its highly innovative design, and this opportunity will allow us to greatly increase our dream goal ambitions."

"Overall, post evaluation interviews of prospect revealed a high regard & level of interest for the operational capability demonstrated by the "Little Buddy" he said in statement to an unidentified source.

“We are practicing that phone call now.. We are tossing some ideas around it with people familiar with situation of having both options. When it's ready, then we will compare that to what we have available, compare it to keeping existing personnel, compare it to what it would take to replace it with new prospect, and we will work through that process,” he told reporters.

He went on to explain that he was, broadly speaking, exploring ways to achieve, preserve & sustain satisfaction in potential long-term, high-end engagements, adding that considerations about a replacement prospect figured prominently in the strategic status updates surrounding these issues. Both Physical features & inner character intangibles will also be a very large part of the equation when it comes to making determinations about potential replacement, he explained. "The question is exactly where is the sweet spot as we talked about between what's available now and what the optimum replacement would be. We are working along that continuum to see exactly what the requirement is in terms of performance & talent, the attributes we need to be able to do the mission, he added.

"So is that a sure thing? No," he says. "Do we see that the opportunity is real & we think that there is a real future for this thing so someday it could be a profitable line of pursuit for the organisation? I'll have to say the answer is yes or we wouldn't have made the decisions to go ahead and take some pressure on to really take that final step and bring this thing forward in a very real & credible way."

"During that time period we might not have authority to execute any advanced access to prospect for the programme," he said. "This could put pressure on our ability to meet currently tight schedule for getting the first prospect episode to enter service and complete evaluation & testing in time to support on-time service goals. The longer we operate under constraints, the greater this impact might be on overall risk to retention making it nearly impossible to move forward," he said at a recent conference. "There have been discussions on unique ways to drive down timelines and we are exploring every opportunity whether it's in swift advancement, whether it's in how prospect is appreciated... to try and find the right solution."

"It is very similar to what is playing out with other prospects to some degree. There is a desire to move toward an agreeable solution." he said in an interview. He added that there are no distinct lines in the sand yet for prospect categories, but generally we are looking at all options. "You've got to be a little bit of a futurist and be in it for the long haul and say, 'several years from now, we might be able to do that,'" he said. There are some penalties we have incurred for doing this with only one prospect. If you tried to do that under most circumstances it would be terrible. Prospect attributes are informing our initial performance designs, informing what we need for our progress. We have good indicators that show we are in striking distance of doing that," he said.

As the Daylight hours on Sarina's Holiday were soon to slip away, the wait grew long for Sarina on the desert floor. What had once been stifling heat was now becoming somewhat bearable with sundown approaching. As near as Sarina could figure, she had been on the ground for a little over an hour, but it had seemed more like 8 hours.

After securing her Holiday evasion camp, Sarina went to work, pulling out the GPS to get a fix on her location. Relaying her exact position using the GPS coordinates would be crucial to any rescue mission. The challenge would be to relay her position to the rescue team without revealing her location to opposing forces who would invariably be listening to her non-secure voice communications.

Ordinarily, this would be a huge obstacle to overcome; however, once again, fate smiled on Sarina. During her pre-mission briefs, pilots like Sarina are provided a coordinate to use as a frame of reference when communicating with their standard non-secure radios on the open airwaves in the event of a shootdown.

Sarina used this coordinate to relay her ground position by transmitting her heading, direction, and distance. Since any bad guys listening in did not know the exact coordinates, even if they overheard the radio communications, they would not be able to pinpoint her location.

Sarina turned on her radio and was pleased to find it working. She thought, "God bless those Support Guys that keep our gear in good working condition. I'm buying them all drinks when I get back ... if I get back."

Sarina's attention then turned to dialing in the predesignated emergency frequency. The first friendly voice Sarina heard was that of another pilot

in the vicinity. The position was relayed the with explicit instructions not to break radio silence again until Sarina was contacted and her identity was authenticated.

These directions would prove important to Sarina's remaining safely hidden from any hostiles in the area who might be listening in. Sarina's coordinate information was relayed to airborne control platform operating in the area, crucial in providing key command and control information for the rescue effort.

Within minutes, Sarina could hear the thunderous sound of air support in the distance. When they got within couple miles of Sarina's coordinates, the team worked to covertly pinpoint her exact location, without giving it away to hostile forces.

As the support aircraft made a pass, the team looked for ground and air threats. What they saw as they popped over a nearby hill would make them glad they had stuck to standard rescue-and-recovery protocols.

The situation was worse than had been imagined. There was a ground radar site south of Sarina's evasion base. A couple of miles away, there were heavily armed hostile ground forces parked at a refueling station. They, undoubtedly, were looking for the downed pilot. The air support pilots knew the stakes had just been raised for the rescue mission. This would be far from a permissive extraction environment.

The air support left the area to contact the control system with their latest reconnaissance information. With the rescue team at least an hour away at this point, they didn't want to loiter in the area and risk giving away Sarina's position.

They did, however, need to remain close enough to keep an eye on the nearby hostile ground element in case they managed to locate her.

In the event of that occurring, the air support would put down strafing fire to defend Sarina's position. The team would have to work fast to get her out before being found by the hostile forces.

Even though the radio was now silent, just knowing the air support were close by gave Sarina a small sense of comfort. While she waited, Sarina did her best to keep hydrated. When she drifted into consciousness, Sarina would force herself to drink a few sips of water.

Sarina had hoped she would be rescued quickly but was prepared to settle in and wait it out. She knew those guys were good at what they did, and if anyone could get her out, they could.

Eventually, Sarina was rescued and had a wonderful remainder of Holiday before she would be tasked with another mission the next day.

**“The Fascinating Story of the “Ramblin’ Rampage” : Why the Rams Logo was Feared Across All Oceans”**

Soldier Sam was filled with a curiosity to visit Rams Stadium, and especially to discover whether there was any shore to the ocean by which he lived.

So having been assigned a ship with all the latest technology, Soldier Sam strengthened it for a voyage, that he knew would without doubt be long and stormy. Then he chose Sarina to accompany him about the choppy seas, Sarina having the same love of adventure as himself, and with a store of provisions and bourbon we set on board.

All this being done, Sarina and Soldier Sam set sail. For many days the companions voyaged on deep waters and in strange seas. At times the wind was fair and gentle, and at others it blew so hard that the sea rose in a terrible manner.

One day there came a violent whirlwind which twisted the ship about, and, lifting it into the air, carried it upward into the sky, until it reached the Moon. There Sarina and Soldier Sam disembarked and visited every bourbon establishment on the Moon.

They took part in a fierce drinking battle between themselves; and, after many other wonderful adventures, they departed from Moon Land, and sailing through the sky, visited the Morning Star. Then the wind dropping, the ship settled once more upon the sea, and they sailed on the water.

One morning the wind began to blow vehemently, and Sarina and Soldier Sam were driven by storm for days. The comrades set forth from the islands that lay in the seas thereabouts. Once they reached Los Angeles they knew their ship was going to be put under a protocol for deep maintenance to dig out all the inner part of them and renovate the masts and sails.

Sarina and Soldier Sam had to confront many Pirates on the way to Los Angeles. The Pair fought for some time, eventually gaining the advantage, until they soon saw no more coming in their direction.

Sarina ordered Soldier Sam to set all sails; and they departed with speed.

As soon as the Pirates were out of sight, Sarina set herself to tuning the

Radio and ordered Soldier Sam to keep watch. And from that time Sarina and Soldier Sam were searching for any sign of Rams Radio Broadcasts they could pick up, approaching the shore but, not knowing when another strange pirate ship might come upon them.

The first battles were over, but Sarina and Soldier Sam's win didn't feel as good as expected. They had beaten the first pirates, but the Rams Logo carved into the bow of their ship had been blown to smithereens in the fight.

Sarina was the most feared pirate on the Coast of California. She had the biggest and fastest ship, manned by the strongest, most loyal crew, namely, Soldier Sam. The treasures Sarina discovered, stole, and buried were of legendary value. She was living every pirate's dream, until now.

The Rams Logo was a symbol of strength among pirate ships. Each ship had a unique carving standing boldly on the front of it. This Rams Logo not only helped others identify the Sarina from afar, but it also expressed the power she held.

Sarina was known by all in the sea for two reasons: that Rams Logo and Soldier Sam. There was no doubt the ship was sturdy and powerful, but not known to the other pirates, it wasn't the best ship ever made. Now, in its damaged condition, the Rams Logo threatened to be the downfall of Sarina and Soldier Sam.

It would seem to an outsider that Sarina could simply get a new Rams Logo and attach it to the ship. However, Sarina knew that would be a big mistake. The Rams Logo had been destroyed in battle. If Sarina replaced

the Rams Logo, it would look like she was trying to cover up the fight rather than boast about her win.

Even so, Sarina and Soldier Sam would have to find a new Rams Logo and fast to maintain their pride. As soon as word of her state spread, other pirate Captains would be looking to seize the opportunity to challenge the "Ramblin' Rampage" as Sarina and Soldier Sam's ship was named.

If Sarina didn't come up with a new figurehead soon, she would lose credibility, respect, and her treasures! A pirate's journeys were full of wild, mysterious creatures and dangerous sailing conditions. Surely, there must be one thing left that all sailors fear to be used as his new figurehead. And that show of strength was the Rams Logo.

Sarina wasted no time. First, she asked Soldier Sam for ideas.

Soldier Sam was sold on the importance of the Rams Logo, but did come up with an idea: "Everyone Respects Burger King" he offered.

Sarina laughed at Soldier Sam's ridiculous idea. A Whopper wasn't nearly frightening enough. Back in her cabin, Sarina stared out the porthole. The skies were unusually clear, and the waters abandoned of sea life. Sarina was searching for an idea, but the Skies didn't appear to want any involvement in giving her one.

After scouring the weapons, barracks, and sights from mission bay. Sarina, grew frustrated. Soldier Sam looked over the edge of the ship. A few small waves slapped against the side of the "Ramblin' Rampage".

"Just no other figurehead will work, Sarina" Soldier Sam concluded. "The Rams Logos stands above all in its Authority."

When a storm blows in, any Captain will get nervous, even if she'd never admit it. There is an uncertainty in the way of the water. It can creep up and overtake you or soak in slowly turn over a ship from the inside out.

Yes, what could be more feared than a Rams Logo? So, the ship Sarina so strongly named would now have a figurehead to match. All pirates feared the waters of the sea, and now they had Sarina to deal with.

Sarina opened her eyes and looked to the skies, but the bright sun forced them shut.

“We must get to that beach in time for the Rams Game.” Sarina decided.

Sarina called out "Hello Rams Mascot? Earth to Rams Mascot!!" There was no answer. She scanned the beach from end to end. Rams Mascot was nowhere to be found.

That's right, Sarina remembered, Rams Mascot had taken on some extra duties at Rams Stadium. An “Overtime Journey” they called it.

"Every Crew Chief, when he is done with his tour must be taken to Rams Stadium” Soldier Sam remarked.

"It's a tradition that's been followed for generations," added Soldier Sam.

Soldier Sam didn't understand why Sarina hadn't taken him to Rams Stadium yet, seeing as she was clearly able to.

All Soldier Sam cared about was a day off from battleships to spend drinking bourbon at Rams Stadium.

Suddenly, both Sarina and Soldier Sam noticed a sound on the radar heard a rustling sound. The alert warning sign had been activated, but there were no pirates in sight. Something was moving toward them, but what?

When Soldier Sam was young he had strongly desired to be a pirate, and the reason for this was the absolute independence of that sort of life. Restrictions of all sorts had worked against him, and in his reading of the adventures of the bold sea rovers of the time, Soldier Sam had unconsciously selected those portions of a pirate's life which were attractive to him, and had totally disregarded all the rest.

In fact, Soldier Sam had a great desire to become what might be called a "Fightin' Ram". He would fight for anything that resulted in cash to build that new Rams Stadium. At that time it was only a dream.

Soldier Sam always wanted to be as free as a sea bird from any technical or leadership related jobs wherever he lived.

"I would retire to that island of Rams Stadium, in a beautiful LA Setting and would be known only to myself and to my crew, and there I would pass happy days in the company of my Bourbon, my works of art, and all the various treasures I had taken from the pirate vessels which I had overhauled." Soldier Sam would always say.

Such was the notion of a pirate's life to Soldier Sam.." I would take no prisoners; the very sight of my Rams Logo would be sufficient to put an

end to all thought of resistance on the part of my adversaries, who would no more think of fighting me,

For this, Soldier Sam self-stamped the approval of his actions, finding the authorization necessary to advance the course of his ordinary life up to this point.

The first pirates who made themselves known in California waters were the famous buccaneers; these began their career in a very commonplace and unobjectionable manner, and the name by which they were known had originally no nautical basis.

Beginners in any trade or profession, whether it be the playing of football, the painting of pictures, or the pursuit of piracy, are often distrustful; so it happened on occasion with amateur pirates, and showed very plainly that they did not yet understand their business.

“Enjoy the fun and adventure of pirate stories, Soldier Sam!”. Sarina always encouraged him. Read about the famous pirate stories, about the legend of the old pirates in the history of naval warfare. Famous short stories help you Discover lives, and legends with only an internet subscription in a short, fun, easy to read format.

So it happened that many of the buccaneers could not divest themselves of the notions of good behavior to which they had been accustomed from youth. For instance, we are told of a captain of buccaneers, who, landing at a settlement on a Sunday, took his crew to an NFL football game.

As it is not at all probable that any of the buccaneering vessels carried football fans, opportunities of attending football games must have been rare. This captain seems to have wished to simply show that pirates at football games know what they ought to do just as well as other people.

It was for this reason that, when one of his men behaved himself in an improper and disorderly manner during the football game, this proper-minded captain arose from his seat and issued triple PT orders.

When Soldier Sam arrives at scenarios almost on the point of despair, Sarina informs him of some action far away upon the still waters, a fierce battle to be waged for Sarina's favour. Then, with a great jump, hope springs up in his heart.

Soldier Sam seized the oars and pulls in the direction of the distant craft. But when they were near enough, Sarina saw that the vessel was not a merchantman piled with gold and treasure, but a ship of war waging the impossible fight to defeat the Rams.

Having to perform the duties of an entire crew, Soldier Sam often times requires a bottle of bourbon. Soldier Sam did not come out upon those waters only to attack ships of war, but, more than that, he had not come out to perish of thirst.

On the "Ramblin' Rampage" Soldier Sam could be of no doubt that there was plenty of bourbon to drink when Sarina is the Captain.

## CHAPTER 1

### SITUATION ROOM

Soldier Sam returned to Cupid's office to find copies of his scripts in bright new red heart-shaped covers.

It reassured Soldier Sam to see his name in type. As he sat in Cupid's waiting room he still wasn't sure about the order of the Valentines Day Activity scripts. With the right director like Cupid this might be made into another Hit Movie like "You've Got Mail."

Soldier Sam knew that if he got his name on something like that it meant a night of action with none other than Sarina, the biggest Star in LA.

But this time Soldier Sam decided to not blow it all on one activity on Valentines Day—He'd save his money--go to the base only every now and then, just to bark some orders and try to get a date with Sarina every night..like Forever.

Sarina interrupted his reverie, telling him to go in to Cupids Office. As Soldier Sam entered he saw with gratification that a copy of his latest activity idea was front and center on Cupid's desk

Soldier Sam and Sarina entered that office. Before they sat down Sarina had some questions for Soldier Sam, prepping him for the encounter with Cupid. "Did you ever--" asked Sarina suddenly "--go to Walmart for any other reasons than a Hoodie and to browse the power tools aisle?"

"No," admitted Soldier Sam. "But I suppose I could get up on it. Is it a new assignment?"

"Not exactly." replied Sarina "It's just that I think you've lost your grip. Not every girl wants to go on a Valentines Day Activity with such a cheapskate. A date with me requires a certain type of ambition. I've just talked to Cupid on the phone."

"Cupid must be nuts," said Soldier Sam, indifferent to this latest criticism. "I didn't steal anything from Walmart last time I was there. Security was Tight.

"My name is on the application, isn't it? All the structure is laid out--every scene. I even was particularly interested in one scene—the one at the end about the Paintball War."

"Oh yes, the Paintball War," said Cupid as if he was thinking of something else.

"But if you like one of Sarina's happy endings better--" Soldier Sam offered.

"Yes, I like Sarina's ending better." Replied Cupid. I never saw my arrows stand up at attention so fast. Sarina's ending was dramatic, a True Love Story. Not one of your two-bit adventures in mediocrity.

.Cupid paused. "Soldier Sam, you've told the truth just once since you came in this room--that you stole that last Valentines Day Activity Concept from the Top Gun Movie."

"I certainly did not." responded Soldier Sam. "I was just trying to pique your interest. You know that it was really filled with action, fighter jet strafe, motorcycle rides together..

"And we were seated in close proximity at all the After-Action Report training sessions" added Sarina. That was so Romantic."

A certain attitude crashed over Sarina like a Tidal Wave as Cupid continued:

"I told you we had several Valentines Day Activity scripts to investigate. Cupid reminded Sarina, Not just yours, Soldier Sam". All you did was just recycle the idea you had last year and we discarded that.

Soldier Sam was speechless.

"You see," continued Cupid, "You and Sarina clearly like each other. Seems like she typed a few details in the Paintball Script. Like filling a Red Heart Bag up in the Candy aisle. Like if Santa went Trick-or-Treating"

"Of course we like each other," said Soldier Sam. "Why, Sarina--"

"Hold it, Soldier Sam. You've already caused enough trouble today." Sarina cut in.

"Going Paintballing at Walmart is for the crazy couples." Cupid observed. And you have proposed that the Paintball War with Sarina would take place at the biggest store in California.

"We can even add a fun twist to the game, Cupid!" Sarina was full of good ideas that day. Like if you win the Paintball Match, you get to raid the Cashiers Station on your way out of the Store.

Well, if you two have never tried spicing up your Love Game with a Paintball Match at Walmart, go for it." Decided Cupid.

Soldier Sam was grateful Cupid had approved the plan. "This is going to be a blast, Sarina! Cupid had the last word.. "Just make sure you are okay with a little bit of stinging pain in your backside, Sarina. Those paintballs can shoot out of the gun pretty fast."

Cupid had one more piece of advice. "After it is all over, just make sure to get back on the same team. No need to make your date mad for the rest of the day from you peppering her with paintballs

"And stay out of the Power Tools Section, Soldier Sam, Sarina warned. I don't want you to get distracted shopping for all your DIY projects at our house.

Soldier Sam could stand no more. He was ready to start that competition that day. He didn't even want to wait until Valentines Day. Sarina was so Hot.

"Anyhow thank you, Cupid." Soldier Sam's idea was out in the open now. "Call my agent if anything else turns up." Then Sarina turned suddenly for the door, racing to schedule an appointment at the Hair Salon.

## TRAINING

Soldier Sam's Training for New Starship Missions was not at all like what he expected. Rams Mascot was not a typical Instructor.

Soldier Sam's Training for New Starship Missions was not at all like what he expected. Rams Mascot was not a typical Instructor.

It had been some time ago that Soldier Sam was in his first training sessions. He was now quite a bit older and he had quite a bit of experience under his belt. But times had changed. Soldier Sam went to the space station and asked Rams Mascot "Can I go to Planet X on my Way to Rams Planet?" Rams Mascot said, "Yes, but you will need to get up to speed on how things have changed since you were in training last." "How long will it take?" asked Soldier Sam. Rams Mascot replied, "Not long at all. There is a crisis brewing and you will need to take off from here very soon.."

Screaming drill instructors, in our face, in our space, in my nightmares. Dread when we incurred our Drill Instructors wrath. We know what it's like to fumble around trying to follow the simplest of orders, but be paralyzed with confusion and fear in the face of so much pressure and heat.

The “problem” part of the “Training Simulation is inspired by several sources. In some cases, we identified “problems” during our war games. Played at the operational level, [OpFor] team. Most of the time, each game identifies several key operational enablers employed by our forces. With the help of our team, we capture that key moment—friendly force disposition, enemy situation, mission, and even the losses suffered on both sides—and use it as a point of departure both for our input to the Chief Integrated Agenda and for our Fleet Problems. In other cases, as we considered how our ConOps would play out in reality, it became apparent there were warfighting tasks that were critical to success that we could not execute with confidence. This gap was not because deployers did not practice these tasks individually—the efficiency of the plan ensured they could—but because we as a force never practiced them together, in combination with multiple tasks, against a free-playing, informed, and representative Red Team. In one case, during an exercise planning session, we discussed a critical operational tactic that is used routinely in exercises and assumed to be executable by the fleet.

Self-discipline/Teamwork.

Military Discipline is a state of order and compliance existing within a command. It involves the ready subordination of the will of the individual for the good of the group. Military discipline is an extension and specialized application of the discipline demands continuance but reasoned compliance that preserves initiative and functions unfalteringly even in the absence of the commander. Discipline is created within a command by instilling a sense of confidence and responsibility in each individual.

Discipline demands correct performance of duty. The need for discipline is best inculcated in individual by appealing to his sense of reason. In the few instances where appeal to reason fail, the use of punishment is effective in

causing a recalcitrant individual to conform and perhaps appreciate the need for discipline. Condemnation and earned praise from senior to his subordinate, either individually or collectively, for tasks well done serve to strengthen the disciplinary bonds which bind together the smooth functioning team.

Tell me a little bit about your Training experience, Soldier Sam.

We really had to be aware about the tempo of our exercises. Sometimes we had to move slowly. You never know what you could miss if you operate too fast. Sometimes we had to move quickly. Every second wasted destroys the element of surprise.

One of our destinations was bigger than the first, but not by much: It was a steppingstone to the outer solar system. There were a lot of people there, way outnumbering us out in the dark and cold. Not a lot at all in the grand scheme of things. But it was a necessary stop along on our way.

I passed all the other courses that I took but I could never pass the minimum rifle standards. This was because all the other trainees had to spend a lot of time on a field range looking through a scope at distant targets, and I could never see through the crosshairs.. I never once could see anything that far away through the scope.

"I can't see anything," I would say.

Rams Mascot would begin patiently enough, explaining how anybody can see through a scope, but he would always end up in a fury, claiming that I could to see through a scope but just pretended that I couldn't.

"It takes away from the beauty of the target landscape anyway," I used to tell

Rams Mascot.

We are not concerned with scenery in this course," Rams Mascot would say. "We are concerned solely with what I may call the mechanics of hitting that target."

"Well," I'd say, "I can't see anything."

"Try it just once again," Rams Mascot would say, and I would put my eye to the scope and see nothing at all, except now and again a sand dune rising about the desert--a phenomenon of maladjustment. You were supposed to see a vivid, restless clockwork of sharply defined targets.

"I see what looks like a lot of sand dunes," I would tell him.

This, Rams Mascot claimed, was the result of my not having adjusted the scope properly, so he would readjust it for me, or rather, for himself. And I would look again and see just the sand dunes.

Suddenly, as it did for all the others, a target leaped from the edge of the landscape, trying to jump into my crosshairs. Almost, the target seemed to touch my field of view and then started to be in focus in my view. Then I fired. I finally hit that target..

Anything else you want to tell me, Soldier Sam?'

Yes, Sarina. It goes a little something like this.

"You can do more than anyone to justify our future goals if we can get this right because I have to be motivated to go to work in the morning"

## PART 1

Sarina Loves to go to Cuse Hoops games all season long to her Heart's Delight when she is in Syracuse! Sarina also loves Scuba Diving in the Ocean.

"Your training is not yet complete, Soldier Sam" explained Angels Mascot. "You have been trained in the tech arts, but it is Sarina who has been trained to secure the precious cargo on your trip through outer space."

"I bet you have a lot to tell me, Sarina!" exclaimed Soldier Sam. "Let's get to it!"

Monster trucks revved their engines as they roared through Los Angeles on Halloween while tens of thousands of spectators waved and cheered along the entrance to Angels Stadium Parking Lot.

We call it the 'Supply Service Pain Train'," said Sarina, a key Team Member. "Those Supply Runs can be long and tedious. You're constantly loading, unloading, reconfiguring. A lot of times you'll get to the destination, you'll unload all your pallets, and then you'll have to bring on 50 Troops. It can be a painful transition back and forth."

But the "pain train" is vital not just for logistical reasons such as resupplying bases with the parts needed to keep vehicles in good working order, Sarina explained. They're also important for Troop Morale.

The restaurant door opened again, and Sarina was there for a moment, said "Oh," and disappeared. Then she returned.

"Why it's Soldier Sam!" she exclaimed. "I was looking for Angels Mascot."

Soldier Sam wanted to ask Sarina what her deal was, but she supplied it.

"Sarina. I'm the Angels Reporter and I worked at other great places before that."

Soldier Sam knew that, but for the moment could not remember any of those episodes.

He remembered that it was fun, and looking at her now confirmed that she was fun.

Sarina is a Scuba Diving Virtuoso. Her Skills far and away are the best in California, and she enjoys the adventures that come along with those Skills.

But Sarina does not like Scuba Diving as much as going to Orange Games and here is the story that tells you why!

“Vrrrrrum Vrrrrrum!!!” Sarina heard from inside the Studio.

“What’s that?” Sarina asked Soldier Sam.

“That is the Orange Express flying non-stop to Syracuse.” Soldier Sam answered.

“Get back on the job, Sarina.” Soldier Sam insisted.

Sarina doesn’t like it when she gets stuck at the Los Angeles Airport, especially the kind of Flight Delay that lasted all season long.

“I won’t stay in LA during Hoops March Madness. I want to be jumping up and Down at the Orange Game!” Sarina had announced.

Over the years, Sarina’s Birthday has grown into great big, boisterous party created by Soldier Sam. He just thinks it is more and more exciting each time it comes around.

Sarina’s Birthday celebrations highlight her unique interests, traditions, and talents

“Inevitably, the big day involves wonderfully and perfectly cooked food as well as amusement park rides, carnival games, arts and crafts shows, auto- and motorcycle racing, and large scale musical concerts,” explained Soldier Sam.

Sarina decided she had had enough of her friends for the day and her Birthday Goals began to shift to Orange Hoops!! March Madness had started and Cuse had a big game coming up.

So Sarina began to swim to the shore. That was clearly the first step to get Cuse Tickets for the Game that was fast approaching.

Sarina just knew there was a ticket out there somewhere for her and it would be the best Birthday Present ever if she could find out some way of getting to Syracuse.

On her way back to the beach, Sarina again spotted the helicopter on the horizon. And Soldier Sam was bailing out of it!

Then came the Trip to Orange Beach!

In addition to being the world wide epicenter of Hoops Talent, most people don't know that a lot of Cuse Fans are top-notch Scuba Divers, due to a popular academic curriculum option.

After staying up all night playing cards, Sarina and her Orange Fan friends went to the Café Car for Birthday Party Sandwiches.

The Trip Going back to LA

Sarina thought about LA now that the Orange Game was over.

TOUR SITE SCENES

“What a Wild Ride!”

Sarina and Soldier Sam had arrived at the North Pole!!

We all think Santa Claus has it easy. He's got world fame and popularity, and he only has to work one day of the year. It sounds great, doesn't it? Well, think again. Santa is actually one overworked guy. He runs his workshops around the clock to get enough toys made for all the kids in the world every year. And with populations growing exponentially, demand is continually increasing, but since he gives his toys away for free, he can't exactly raise prices.

Wow! We are going to get a Tour of Santa's office, where all the important Christmas decisions are made!

Sarina went to Santa's office right away. The only colors were red and white. There was a fireplace, a chair and bookshelves with the same Santa suit and a desk. I looked on the desk and saw a snow globe. I saw a list too. It was the naughty and nice list. Sarina was on the nice list. When I was done looking there, I went to the workshop.

After seeing Santa's office, let's check out another part of the North Pole—Where all the Work gets done. This is where the magic happens!

Sarina wanted to visit the sleigh. The sleigh was huge and wide. It had a bag full of toys. It was bright red and, guess what, another naughty or nice list. It was decorated with white icing. It had a built-in laptop and iPod in it. I was the luckiest person on earth because I got to visit Santa's workshop. The stuff I saw were awesome, and it was the most wonderful experience I had.

Sarina had just finished putting the last coat of shiny red paint on a bicycle she built for Santa's Workshop.

"Wow! That one really shines!" Sarina said.

But her smile quickly vanished as she saw the bike-testing elves through the window, speeding up and down the heated bike paths.

"I sure wish I could test bikes, too," Sarina said to Soldier Sam.

"Emergency! Emergency!" blared Santa's electronic North Pole Frosty-Weather-Reader-Meter.

"Due to super fierce Arctic snowstorms and extreme cold, no planes, trucks, or ships can make it up to the North Pole."

Sarina hopped off her bike and walked up the long path that led to the Gingerbread House. Right away she was ushered inside by Santa Claus.. "Sarina,, I'm so glad you came. The last place I saw Soldier Sam was in the Elves' Shop. I suspected that would be your first question." Santa said

"Sarina and Soldier Sam. I have a Holiday Mystery for You to solve. Announced Santa.

"Oh, Santa. I'm great at Solving Mysteries! Maybe Soldier Sam could help too. What's your problem, Santa?" Sarina asked.

Santa sure did have a mystery that no one at the North Pole could solve.

An Advertising Firm lands a huge contract to make Christmas the most popular holiday. The main character is acting differently on the outside than they feel on the inside. They don't understand a Holiday tradition.

"We're putting Sarina on the Christmas List" said Santa. "We ought to have some system to find Stars like Sarina"

Santa took a call on his Smart Phone, then swung back to Soldier Sam.

"But how did you ever get mixed up with this Sarina, Soldier Sam?" asked Santa. "You show up here, and clearly she seems quite out of your league"

"Well, I thought--" started Soldier Sam.

"Why doesn't she kick it with someone who has more class than you?" continued Santa. "Getting all your dreams stirred up."

Energy flowed back into Soldier Sam. He recognized his signal, his only opportunity..

"Well, I got you a Christmas Target for one of your Chimneys didn't I?" Soldier Sam said, with a bit of confidence.

Santa took a look at Sarina. "Sarina, do you care at all about Christmas?" he asked.

"I guess," answered Sarina. "If the activity is interesting enough."

"Hey Santa, take us to the North Pole's post office. I bet Soldier Sam and I will find a clue there to solve your mystery.

"What's your plan for Sarina on Christmas Day if I deliver both of you a present?" Santa inquired.

"Oh God," Soldier Sam said, his brain was scrambling for an idea. "What do I have to answer that for, Santa?"

Santa leaned forward intensely.

"Soldier Sam, you're sitting over a trap door!" Santa challenged him. "Do you see how the floor is cut? I just have to press this button and drop you down straight into outer space! Will you talk?"

Soldier Sam was on his feet, staring at the floor.

Ok, Sarina and Soldier Sam. I'll take you to the North Pole's Post Office. Maybe you will find a clue to solve this mystery. Just be on your best behavior.

You are a Guest at the North Pole. You will learn many useful things about our Operation that will be sure to help you on any mission you might find yourselves on in the Future.

Visit of the North Pole's post office

I hope you are enjoying your visit of the North Pole so far. There are still so many things to discover! Your Christmas tree is beautiful! I am tempted to take it to the Green Pine Tree Forest... it would fit right in! Today, we will be visiting a very important piece of the North Pole, the post office. This is where all the letters sent to Santa arrive. We receive millions of letters each week. Have you ever written to Santa? He loves reading your letters as he sits by his fireplace. Santa will give you special Christmas paper. Use it to write your letters to Santa. When you are done, just drop them in your Christmas mailbox. I will deliver them to Santa for you. P.S. Santa really loves colourful drawings!

"Hey, Santa!" Look Soldier Sam! Look at that Orange Box sitting under the Christmas Tree. What could possibly be in the Orange Box?"

"Why don't you open the Orange Box up, Sarina. Maybe it has something you are looking for!"

"Ok, Santa. Come over here and check out this Orange Box with me, Soldier Sam!" Sarina was so excited. They opened the Orange Box together.

Look Soldier Sam!" Sarina exclaimed. "It's the Clue we have been looking for. I just knew we would find something at this Stop on the North Pole Tour!"

Hammer

I'm sure Santa has all the latest 3D printers and robotic technology to save on an elf-based workforce and make his workshop more efficient. But there are some jobs you just can't trust a machine to do properly. And that's why every elf knows their way around a toolkit. A good hammer is essential.

What a Great North Pole Tour you took me and Soldier Sam on, Santa. Now we have the clue to solve your mystery!" Sarina was so happy.

"Yes Sarina" Santa appreciated Sarina's Smart Detective Work. Merry Christmas to you and Soldier Sam from all of us at the North Pole!"

North Pole Mystery #1

An Advertising Firm lands a huge contract to make Christmas the most popular holiday. The main character is acting differently on the outside than they feel on the inside. They don't understand a Holiday tradition.

Sarina and Soldier Sam seized the Reindeer as he rounded the corner by the Gingerbread House.

'Hey, I got a pass!' the Reindeer protested, 'Good until Christmas--signed by Santa.'

"Santa specially wants to see you" said Sarina.

Here it was then—that Reindeer would be barred from the lot.

'We could knock you out for not promoting Christmas!' shouted Sarina. Everyone here has to promote Christmas. It's what our firm does. It's why we were brought here."

'But we couldn't recover...'

'What's one take?' demanded the Reindeer. 'You can use another.'

'No we can't--the camera jammed. And this morning Santa took a plane to Los Angeles for a Legitimate Photo-Op on Hollywood Boulevard.'

'Cut the scene,' suggested Sarina--and then on inspiration, 'I bet I could fix it for you.'

'You fixed it, all right!' Santa assured Sarina. 'If there was any way to fix it back I wouldn't have sent for you.'

Santa paused, looked speculatively at the Reindeer. His buzzer sounded and a secretary's voice said 'Reno the Reindeer.'

'Send him in.'

This Reindeer was a big star where he come from and the glance he bent upon Soldier Sam was not kindly.

Soldier Sam offered the Reindeer a bottle of Bourbon.

But there was some other element besides anger in it and Soldier Sam shifted doubtfully as the Reindeer regarded him with almost impersonal curiosity--as if he were a candidate for Mrs. Claus' frying pan.

The Reindeer rose hurriedly and took a step toward the door, but Sarina seized him and faced him around.

'Let's hear you talk. Tell us why you are not promoting Christmas,' Sarina demanded.

'You can't beat me up,' the Reindeer insisted. 'You knock my head out and I'll turn all the other Reindeer against you.'

There was a pause.

'What do you think about this, Mr. Reindeer?" Soldier Sam challenged.

'He can't talk,' said Sarina.

'You damn right I can talk!' said the Reindeer.

'We can dub three or four lines,' continued Sarina, 'and nobody'll know the difference. Half the guys you get to play Reindeer can't talk.

The point is this one's got the Star goods and the camera will pull it out of his face too.'

Soldier Sam nodded.

'All right, Mr. Reindeer--you're an actor. You can promote Christmas for our advertising film. You've got to play the part this Blitzen had.

Only a couple of scenes but they're important." affirmed Sarina. " You'll have papers to sign with North Pole Central Casting and you can report for work this afternoon.'

'What is this!' the Reindeer demanded. 'I'm not here for that--'

'The character you play is called "Reno Reindeer",' continued Sarina. She explained why it was necessary for the Reindeer to continue his impromptu appearance he just did recently.

The scenes which included Santa had been shot first, so he could get back to working on his Naughty or Nice List.

But in the filling out of the skeleton it was necessary to show how Santa reached all the Chimneys in the World , and what the Reindeer did after Santa dove from the sleigh.

Having appeared in the shot with Santa, Reno Reindeer must appear in half a dozen other shots, to be taken before Christmas.

'What kind of compensation is it?' Mr. Reindeer inquired.

'We were paying Rudolph 100 a day--wait a minute Reno--but I thought I'd pay you your last writing price, for the week.' Sarina said

'How about my reputation?' objected Mr. Reindeer.

'I won't answer that one,' said Soldier Sam. 'But if Donner can act and Blitzen and Comet and Dasher and Prancer and the rest, I guess it won't ruin you.'

Sarina was calm and cool.

'Can you let me have it on account,' asked Reno Reindeer, 'because really I earned that yester--'

'If you got what you earned yesterday you'd be in jail.'" Sarina said plain. "And you're not going on any bat. Here's 50 and that's all you see for a week.'

'How about my Sleigh, it's better than the one Santa's got right now-' Mr. Reindeer offered.

'To hell with your Sleigh, Mr. Reindeer.' Soldier Sam made that decision.

## INTRO

"Yes, I know all about the World Series Ring Ghost!" Angels Mascot said, as Sarina and Soldier Sam continued their trek to the Haunted House...

"I'll tell you an experience if you care to listen. And, what's more, I'll tell it briefly, without trimmings—I mean without unessentials. That's a thing

with story-tellers these days, they never do, you know," Angels Mascot laughed.

"They drag in all the unessentials and leave their listeners to disadvantage; but I'll give you just the essentials, and you can make of it what you please. But on one condition: that at the end you ask no questions, because I can't explain it and have no wish to."

Sarina and Soldier Sam agreed. We were serious. We wanted to know everything about the World Series Ring Ghost. After hearing countless stories from Angels Fans who merely wished to "talk" but had nothing to show for it, we wanted "essentials."

"In those days," Angels Mascot began, feeling from the quality of our silence that we were with him on the journey, "in those days I was interested in sports things, and had arranged to get set up in a Haunted House in the middle of Angels Stadium..."

Sarina and Soldier Sam would end up with Love for the trick or treating experience at Angels Stadium..

Sarina and Soldier Sam go out every Halloween, rain or shine, and carry a huge, industrial bag to stash all their treats.

On one such trip, Sarina was going to Haunted Houses all night with Soldier Sam and the weather was, to say the least, not cooperating.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were all dressed up for the Halloween occasion with ponchos to cover them from the rain. Suddenly, the weather cleared as if by Magic so Sarina and Soldier Sam would get the most out of their Halloween experience!!

This is the Story of that Halloween Night...

## PART 1

It was not until late on Halloween night, when Sarina and Soldier Sam were Trick or Treating, well in the glare of the friendly Angels Stadium lamps and still surrounded by comforting Bourbon influences, that Soldier Sam had to make the first call upon this store of collected strength.

For, as they set course for Angels Stadium, and he saw the deserted silent street stretching away white in the moonlight before them, it came to him clearly that the real test that night would be in dealing with *two fears* instead of one.

Soldier Sam would have to carry Sarina's fear as well as his own. And, as he glanced at her and realised that it might assume no pleasant aspect in a rush of real adversity he felt satisfied with only one thing in the whole adventure--that he had confidence in his own will and power to stand against any shock that might come.

Slowly Sarina and Soldier Sam walked along the empty streets of LA; a bright autumn moon silvered the roofs, casting deep shadows; there was no breath of wind; and the trees in the formal gardens by the Oceanfront watched them silently as they passed along.

To Sarina's occasional remarks Soldier Sam, realising that she was simply surrounding herself with buffers--saying ordinary things to prevent herself thinking of extra-ordinary things. Few windows showed lights, and from scarcely a single chimney came smoke or sparks.

Soldier Sam had already begun to notice everything, even the smallest details. Presently they stopped at the street corner and looked up at the Billboards on the side of Angels Stadium full in the moonlight, and with one accord, but without remark, turned into the square and crossed over to the side of it that lay in shadow.

"Angels Stadium is far and away the Greatest Venue sports has ever seen," declared Sarina's voice at his side; and neither of them made the obvious reference to Yankee Stadium, but passed across the broad sheet of moonlight and began to march up the pavement in silence.

It was about half-ways to Angels Stadium that Soldier Sam started to feel a real confidence in his time with Sarina and knew their adventures had begun in part, and that his companion was already yielding to the influences of the Halloween Night. She needed support for the scary Halloween night ahead.

Instinctively, by a sort of preparation, Soldier Sam kept himself and his forces well in hand while Trick or Treating the whole evening, compelling an accumulative reserve of control by that nameless inward process of gradually putting all the emotions away and turning the key upon them.

It was a process difficult to describe, but wonderfully effective, as all men who have lived through severe trials of life well understand. Later, it stood him in good stead.

A few minutes later they stopped before the Gates of Angels Stadium, that rose before them into the night, the majestic lights stared down upon them, shining here and there in the moonlight.

The Red, White, Blue and Gold Paint was still brand new, and the Stadium Gates grew out a little unnaturally. But, beyond this general appearance of an unoccupied Angels Stadium, there was nothing at first sight to single out this particular big house for the new character it had most certainly acquired.

Taking a look over their shoulders to make sure they had not been followed, Soldier Sam and Sarina went boldly up the steps and stood against the huge gate that fronted them.

But the first wave of uncertainty was now upon them, and Sarina fumbled a long time with the key before she could fit it into the lock at all. For a moment, if truth were told, they both hoped it would not open, for they were subject to various to unpleasant emotions as they stood there on the threshold of their World Series Ring Ghost Adventure.

## PART 1

Sarina and Soldier Sam could not believe their eyes. There in front of them was World Series Ring Ghost.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were getting closer and closer to the Finale of the Angels Stadium Haunted House. They were about to meet World Series Ring Ghost!

"I wanted to show you the room,' World Series Ring Ghost stumbled, and of course Soldier Sam couldn't exactly refuse, with Sarina having tipped him the Angels Stadium Haunted House Décor.

'Come in, then, and let's be quick about this Haunted House Business,'  
World Series Ring Ghost said.

"The World Series Ring who was frightened into a Ghost!' Sarina repeated  
so shocked.

"That's me,' World Series Ring Ghost answered.

World Series Ring spoke in a voice that touched Soldier Sam's boots  
somehow. 'I am the World Series Ring who was frightened into becoming  
into a Ghost. And what is more, I am frightened now!'

"I have had a tough life, Sarina and Soldier Sam" explained World Series Ring  
Ghost. It's no wonder I feel like a Ghost."

The Haunted House was like a unassuming structure inside Angels Stadium,  
like a mean street,. Sarina and Soldier Sam wanted to make a preliminary  
examination, and they found the keys from World Series Ring Ghost, whose  
office was next door.

The "Story of Angels Baseball" was a good one—satisfied Sarina, at any rate,  
that it was worth investigating Angels Stadium ; and did not want to burden  
Soldier Sam with the details and all the tiresome elaboration as to why  
Angels Stadium was alive. Enough that it was.

World Series Ring Ghost spoke in the same way of voice that seemed to  
sound within Sarina. 'But you are still living about your life, and I—am not!'

Let's get in this taxi, Sarina and Soldier Sam: World Series Ring Ghost instructed. Now it is my mission to drive you to your Launch Pad

Soldier Sam reached the door in a run, and shot out on to the landing. Like a fool, he turned the wrong way, and stumbled over the stairs leading to the street.

It was going to be an eventful trip to the Launch Pad. Sarina and Soldier Sam had some unfinished business with World Series Ring Ghost. There would be no more identification as a Ghost. It was time for the World Series Ring to serve its purpose.

But it was too late to change. World Series Ring Ghost was already in the taxi and motioned to Soldier Sam, Soldier Sam as sure and he dashed up onto the Street in Darkness and rushed headlong into the first taxi he came to.

Your kind words, Sarina and Soldier Sam or the deep force they somehow released in the center of my being, stirred me profoundly, and an emotion infinitely greater than fear surged up over me and carried me with it across the edge of action.

"You are not a Ghost, World Series Ring" explained Sarina. "Just a misunderstood Soul."

Without hesitation, Sarina took a step forward towards him and finally agreed with him. Affection and love were in her heart at that moment, genuine affection, and genuine love. Sarina forgot herself and was filled with

great desire to help World Series Ring Ghost to understand and validate his feelings too.

## LAST DAY ON EARTH ADVENTURE ACTIVITIES

Solider Sam awoke the next morning and proceeded to complete his usual daily duties-and by now, he seemed slightly confused how long Sarina's Birthday had lasted. By afternoon, his confusion was even greater when he found Sarina missing from work.

The Logistics Hub that was usually bustling on a day like this was empty—which meant there was no breakfast. Neither was there any indication of where Sarina had gone off to. He called her mobile several times only to hear a message indicating that it was switched off. He still seemed clueless about the significance of the day.

By lunch time, Soldier Sam was restless so he decided to call a friend. That's when Sarina returned and calmly proceeded to sit next to him as she spoke loud into her phone. She stopped her conversation for a moment to speak to Solider Sam.

"Thanks so much for the birthday wishes Soldier Sam! I knew you'd never forget." The happy look on her face coupled with an expression of gratitude was enough to make Solider Sam jump up from the aircraft he was fixing. He would remember that moment for the rest of his life.

The flight line alarm sounded and in the current circumstances, it was a welcomed interruption. Sarina slowly opened the door and shot him a

questioning glance as a delivery pilot stood holding what looked like a cake box in his hand. Before she could even react, a boisterous group of maintainers burst into song ...”Happy birthday dear Sarina! Happy birthday to you.....”

The surprise was soon replaced with a wide grin. Sarina smiled as she thought it was an indication that she felt loved and appreciated. She prepared to give Solider Sam a huge hug and planted a kiss quickly on his cheek. “Thanks a bunch for making my birthday last even longer than my flight!” Sarina exclaimed.

Sarina found herself saying “Today is going to be even more awesome than my birthday was last year on a plane. I will celebrate at my birthday party with two feet on the ground. Maybe even the Best Ever. Just for me, my very own. And I'm wearing my favorite outfit, A Yankees Jersey Soldier Sam is always considerate. And the baseball season is just now starting!

“Too much work to do now this week that we are taking today off for your party, Sarina,” Soldier Sam said.

“Well, I know something about that“ Sarina replied.

Sarina’s friends say she’s like the moon at night. Watching everything around her. Sarina invited some friends to come out to Burger King with her and Solider Sam. Sarina was so happy Soldier Sam wanted her to have her birthday lunch with lots of friends. Sarina had made so many since she started working on the flight line.

Sarina’s friends are cheering and making quite racket. We’ve got to get to Burger King soon, Sarina. You would probably rather have a Whopper with Cheese and Onion Rings than too much noise. There are going to be party hats balloons at the restaurant.

When we get back from Burger King Soldier Sam was showing Sarina off to all their friends who had arrived for the afternoon shift who made her spirits soar like the planes Sarina loved to work on so much.

Soldier Sam asked, "Sarina, do you mind if some of us come to your Birthday Party tonight?" Sarina likes it when Soldier Sam asks politely for her input. He treats me like somebody special. "Sure," Sarina found herself saying.

Everyone at Sarina's party is talking at once. But she was still having lots of fun. Sarina got a Do-It-Yourself Kit filled with construction supplies and helpful decorations for many other items that will have lots of utility in her life, like functional Sand panormas, Spa and other Beauty products and of course lots of streamers, balloons and party noise makers and there was a Disco Ball too!

"Neat," Sarina says. "Thank you, thank you!"

Sarina started open may of her other gifts, stacks of wrapping paper and ribbons are all over the party area. Boxes too.

"It's your special day, Sarina. So don't worry about the mess," Soldier Sam says. Looking at her and Sarina send back a nice smile. Sarina is quite organized most of the time, especially with her tools she needs to work on the aircraft. Not today though, because Soldier Sam really wanted my Birthday Party to be a Blast!

Everyone likes my Yankees Jersey . But Sarina kept up the hope that she would also get some Sparkle are a Girls Best Friend. Taking nothing away from how useful and dedicated Soldier Sam was to her, of course. No luck though.

Balloons are bouncing on the floor. Some are on the table. Some are stuck to the ceiling. We start bopping them around. Some get busted. What a blast. My favorite Yankees Jersey got ice cream spilled on it.

One of Sarina's friends was hoping she would like playing with Magnetic Silly Putty. Maybe making a Lego Model of Yankee Stadium That's OK. Sarina felt too happy to complain. Maybe later I will. Maybe later this week if the flight line is slow Sarina figured she would have time to go sit in her office to do just that.

From Sarina's office, she can see the whole wide world of the flights line. All the fighter jets were stashed in the back awaiting attention from Solider Sam, just like her.

Standing in the office during some downtime makes Sarina think about things. Solider Sam loved her more than anything in the universe he knew about. Sometimes he didn't know how to be as considerate as he should, around me. That was OK though, Solider Sam always tried his best.

It got better after we moved here. Now, Now I have something special and I'm so glad I get to work at such a rewarding job with Soldier Sam always there at her side.

My party was fun, but now I'm tired, realised Sarina.

As long as Sarina could remember, her birthday was the most anticipated day of the year. In school, she eagerly waited for this day to wear her very best and spend half the morning distributing chocolates to her schoolmates. She would impatiently mark time until the moment her teacher would recognise her for her in front of the front of the classroom.

It was exciting for Sarina to every year hear the heartfelt chorus singing "Happy Birthday!" resonating through the classroom hallway. At home, her extended family would line up with presents and the day would end with a huge feeling of satisfaction and the anticipation for an even better celebration the following year.

As Sarina grew older, chocolates were replaced with treats at the school canteen for a special few. She would come home with a bag full of beautiful greeting cards and tiny knick-knacks, lovingly bestowed upon her by friends. It was a time when wishes were more warm-hearted and friends didn't need an automated reminder to keep track of the day.

Then came Soldier Sam. If she had to choose the most memorable birthday celebrations, it would have to be last year, because who could forget your Birthday lasting 46 Hours. And In an airplane of all things.

In some years that they were apart, deployed who knows where, her phone would beep and Solider Sam's voice would attempt to sing a few lines of the birthday song for her. But now that that whole deployment thing had become less mandatory, the last few years Solider Sam had always made a real effort, like as good as she expected, but nothing more unexpected than that 46 hour Birthday in an airplane last year.

Before Sarina could even react to the phone beeping, she'd turn around to find him smiling, cake in hand as he would swoop down get on her level. The surprises grew better with each passing year and for Sarina, the celebration wasn't as important as receiving tokens of Solider Sam's love..

Soldier Sam would always wait each year for Sarina's wish on her birthday. In fact, that was possibly the only wish she most looked forward to. When the first year had rolled in and as the week leading up to her birthday began, Sarina came into work a few days before the big day and found up there was business trip that was scheduled just the day before her birthday.

Sarina was disappointed and when she was at dinner that night, Soldier Sam could tell that she was upset. He tried to reassure her with several possibilities of what he had planned—they would celebrate her birthday before they left and continue the revelry when they would return to home base a short time later.

"There would be more than one celebration", Soldier Sam reasoned when Sarina suggested he postpone the trip. Finally after a lot of deliberation he managed to persuade her saying 'This is just our first birthday together . We have the rest of our lives to celebrate."

Sarina relented with a smile and so just a few hours before they boarded their flight, Solider Sam surprised her with her favorite cake and flowers.. Sarina wasn't her happy self on her birthday but none the less, she made efforts to enjoy the day with It was still an extremely wonderful day but it could have been better.

The months after the 46 hour birthday has flown by and Sarina's Birthday

was coming up soon. Sarina knew exactly what she wanted for a present this year.

“I want a Real Token of your Love, commitment and trust until the end of time for my birthday,” Sarina told Soldier Sam, but at that moment he didn’t hear because he was busy with “an important phone call”. Sarina wondered why the phone call was so important.

“I want a Real, Legit Token that makes our love, commitment at trust rock solid for my birthday,” said Sarina. Soldier Sam was rushing out the door to get to work in time so he would meet with “clients”. Sarina wondered who “clients” were. “Clients’ must be important too,” Sarina said to herself.

That day. Sarina scrolled thought the client list of her ever growing business. It was a secret she cherished and what a huge profit it had turned out to be. It was simple: her business helped people never to forget the most important days for fighter jet repair.

Oh well! Sarina considered Soldier Sam would be back for dinner soon and he would have time for her. It was Pizza Night and Orange Vanilla Soda, a beverage both Sarina and Solider Sam enjoyed and could identify with!, After all, she had started her business for people like him who forgot the most important days and ended up in arguments and missed operational missions because of the condition of the equipment

. “Let’s give Soldier Sam a few more hours before I surprise him with what I want for my birthday,” decided Sarina

At dinner, they had all set up Pizza Night and Orange Vanilla Soda, a beverage both Sarina and Solider Sam enjoyed and could identify with. Sarina told Sam, “I want a Special Token out our Enduring Love, Commitment and Trust for my birthday this year.”

“On my God, Sarina. Of course! I thought you were never doing to ask.,” said Solider Sam. “I’ve been waiting for you to ask since the day we met.”

Sarina drew a picture of what she wanted to wear each and every day and

colored it. She got some tape and stuck the picture on Soldier Sam's forehead. Soldier Sam didn't want something stuck on his forehead until the end of Pizza Night and Orange Vanilla Soda, a beverage both Sarina and Soldier Sam enjoyed and could identify with. He looked at it. Really, Sarina? That is so Awesome to me! I know just the place to get it!

"Are you sure you don't want a Rocket To Whizz up to the moon? Are You sure?", Soldier Sam asked.

"Yes, I'm sure, I want what I stuck on your forehead" said Sarina

"Wouldn't you rather get Season Tickets for Yankee Stadium?" Soldier Sam inquired further.

"No," said Sarina. I want what I stuck on your forehead".

"Are you sure you don't want the fastest car in the world and exclusive membership at all the big racetracks to speed around?" Soldier Sam was completing his line of questioning just to make sure Sarina knew what she was getting herself into.

"I don't want a race car, a moon rocket or Yankee Tickets. said Sarina "I want what I stuck on your forehead for my birthday."

"Hmmm" said Soldier Sam.

I know just the place we can go on your birthday. We can go scuba diving and find the wreck of the ship that has never been found. There is a treasure chest with the most beautiful of what you stuck on my forehead. The key is available at the Scuba Shop for anyone who is daring enough to try."

Wow! I didn't know that!" exclaimed Sarina. How Exciting!"

As Sarina and Soldier Sam geared up for her birthday this year, she was in high spirits once again and knew this would be the biggest important milestone Birthday of them all, even bigger than last years 46 day plane ride.

Soldier Sam's plans for the Big Scuba Diving Birthday sounded spectacular.

So Sarina and Solider Sam get in the car and drive to the Scuba Diving Shop.

When they went inside, Soldier Sam asked the manager where the key to the Magic Pirates Treasure Chest is. He showed them where it was kept and handed it to Sarina so she could pocket it .

When they got to the dive boat and were ready to jump in the water, Sarina finally started to wonder what in the world was in the treasure chest, and why!”

Sarina and Solider Sam both dove into the water at the same time.

Soldier Sam wondered if Sarina wanted to get more out of the dive than just their big target.

Soldier Sam immediately figured out the answer to that question. Sarina shot like an arrow straight to the Treasure Chest target.

Sarina signaled Soldier Sam to find out if he wanted to open the Pirates Treasure Chest together at the same time.

Of course he did. Sarina and Solider Sam were finally at the big moment!

When they got to the treasure chest, Sarina opened the trunk with the key., Soldier Sam was right beside her .

What was inside the box was so beautiful to Sarina and she put it on right away.

It was all true! What was inside the Treasure Box was the most beautiful thing Sarina had ever seen. And even more precious than that since it represented the growing and enduring love, commitment and trust She would always share with Solider Sam.

When they surfaced, Sarina and Solider Sam both heaved a sigh of relief that evening. They finally found a token that represented their love commitment and trust.

What could have gone wrong with the Birthday wish Sarina so boldly set ?

Both Sarina and Solider Sam we so very thankful to have availed that offer immediately when Sarina decided it was a Next-level step

The next morning Sarina started her day and came across a note attached to the treasure chest key, which they had been given to keep forever because of their shared bravery.

Valentine's Day Countdown!!

PART 1

“We Found Something in Space on Our Valentines Starship”

Sarina is in charge of the Orange Starship ever since Earth was destroyed by a devastating Sun explosion. Soldier Sam had been drifting ever since. But things have changed over time Soldier Sam has grouped Orange Fans into factions, each with different expectation of the potential for Orange Hockey on distant planets.

In the time since Earth was decimated, other hockey teams have taken the same course as the Orange, each boarding their own Starship sent out in a wide arc of planet discovery. If enough teams are able to find planets suitable for playing football, there can be an hockey again.

Coordinates for a supposed planet with an acceptable terrain for Teams to play were set; now, many Orange Seasons later, Sarina and Soldier Sam had

arrived at a planet with extremely varied terrain. The Space Officials have a plan to revive the game of Hockey on as many planets as possible, but as of yet not a single one has been found.

All the Orange Fans on the starship realize Soldier Sam needs a way to divide up all the tickets to future games fairly or risk mutiny. As the protégé of the Orange Hockey Greats, Soldier Sam was eager to find another planet to get down to the surface and see the Glory of Orange Hockey once again.

You only have to hide your fleet if your enemies are actively searching for it by the means of gigantic superluminal fleets. In that case, they might patrol all trade routes and solar systems in your galaxy. We are talking about a fleet able to patrol many stellar systems regularly, so it's difficult to believe any fleet that can be hidden on the surface of a planet is sufficient enough to cause major trouble.

This is related to an important question involving an alien species who spent thousands of years developing a post singularity spaceship armada in the mantle of a lava planet Industry. We're trying to be realistic. So realistic we figured that might somehow not work as planned. Our Logic at the time was so sound too!

Orange Mascot, however, has a different plan, one in which Sarina and Soldier Sam need to locate a Hiding Place in the Galaxy to find a missing part to the Space Ship so Orange Fans can witness a Hockey game, at least once Sarina and Soldier Sam learn how to split command.

If word of Orange Mascot's plan gets out, his devious intentions could crush the hope of Soldier Sam to recreate Orange Stadium, possibly even one greater than that on Earth, impressive as that Stadium was.

**We started up our Starship and started having a conversation about how much Space Traffic there was on Valentine's Day.**

Sarina revved the Starship engines towards the direction the Valentine Orange Compass in the Direction of the New Planet. Once at the destination, Solider Sam proposed they jump off the Starship onto the Planet's Terrain. Then continue to follow the compass for the exact location of Orange Mascot.

Soldier Sam had never attended an Orange Hockey game in his lifetime. To him, Orange Hockey is almost a legend or a myth, and in contrast to Sarina, Soldier Sam had no appreciation for the game.

To Sarina, Orange Hockey was so Real she could remember the Games like it was yesterday and didn't understand Orange Mascots intentions for the Hide-and-Seek Valentines Game.

Soldier Sam's plan is still a Wild Card and Sarina was concerned that no planet in the Universe will be able to revive the Magic of Orange Hockey.

Orange Mascot had for sure found a good hiding place for our Starship Part and we set due course to find it. We had at our disposal many navigation instruments and talked about the scenery in outer space.

Soldier Sam accompanied Sarina on the Hide-and-Seek adventure in more than just spirit. Soldier Sam's Title was "Chief Engineer of Future Orange Hockey. Soldier Sam can be found within several levels investigating the happenings of the Universe.

In most cases, playing Hide-and-Seek with Orange Mascot is out of the way of the main objectives. Scouring inter-planetary levels is a must for those interested in tracking him down. Sarina and Soldier Sam were up to the challenge!

We ran into a Large Space Debris Object that Soldier Sam found on the Radar, but there was no time to do anything that blow it into a million different pieces.

The way we found that Space Debris around the way was very interesting to historians and Sarina commented to Soldier Sam how nice it was to have such a Great Opportunity to talk on a busy Valentine's Day.

As Soldier Sam was quite inexperienced at surviving such an incident, he was helped by Sarina.

True to Sarina's words there was a passage in that place! Moving at Warp Speed through the dim corridor, Sarina soon found the space of the tunnel Soldier Sam was talking about.

When Sarina had been staying at the Training Center Grounds, Soldier Sam used to hide from her and make her come find him.

This would prove to be a valuable Skill that would help Sarina and Soldier Sam locate Orange Mascot and find the missing Starship Part.

On this particular occasion Orange Mascot decided to hide in a really tricky place that Sarina and Soldier Sam would have to use all their talents to succeed at the mission.

The Starship was filled with junk Soldier Sam had collected over the years—mostly tools for his Maintenance Hobbies.

Well, it was taking Sarina and Soldier Sam a particularly long time to find Orange Mascot this time. So Soldier Sam started shifting around in his spot to get more space to consider that problem at hand.

Soldier Sam's movements jostled an upper shelf and caused what Sarina thought was a Maintenance Book to fall on top of the Control Panel.

It turns out it was an object that Soldier Sam had never seen before. It surprised the Daylights out of Sarina.

Sarina grabbed it and threw it off of the Control Room vicinity, but it was the Clue to locate Orange Mascot's Hiding Place. Soldier Sam was able to decipher the Code and it was time to uncover Orange Mascot's hiding place!

You could hide under the surface of a planet close to the sun that always shows the same face to the sun. The temperature will not go far down under the surface, you will find a fresh area to live. You can produce geothermal energy for thousands of years. The difficulty is to keep a pressurized environment underground for that long but that's easier than floating in lava.

**Sarina and Soldier Sam found Orange Mascot's hiding spot and Located their Valentine Prize.**

**Orange Mascot gave Sarina and Soldier Sam the instruction manuals and described the Fix.**

It was the Plasma Instruments!

Plasma detectors serve the low-end of particle energies. They measure the density, composition, temperature, velocity and three-dimensional distribution of plasmas, which are soups of positive ions and electrons, that exist in interplanetary regions and within planetary magnetospheres.

Plasma detectors are sensitive to solar and planetary plasmas, and they observe the solar wind and its interaction with a planetary system.

Orange Mascot gave Sarina and Soldier Sam the instruction manuals and described the Fix.

“There's a quantum surge in the ionic ray teleporter. We should restart the globular circuits.” Instructed Orange Mascot.

Soldier Sam's eyes gradually turned heavier after looking at the Radar Scope for so long.

In a flash, Sarina's Spirit started cascading down to encourage Soldier Sam. “This Valentine's Day Starship Mission can't succeed without you, Soldier Sam” Sarina said.

And for Soldier Sam, a Universe without Sarina is no way to spend Valentine's Day!!

Seeing Soldier Sam was instructive to Sarina as she thought ahead to all the Orange Hockey Greatness to come in the future and Sarina recalled her Orange Family.

“Today is Valentine's Day, Sarina.” Soldier Sam reminded her. “And today we have started making the Terrain on the Future Orange Planet closer to reality.

It was a Special Moment. Soldier Sam was situated on the floor with all his maintenance tools with Sarina alongside him sitting at the Starship Controls.

“Sarina. Don't ever stop doing what you do. You are such an inspiration to me” Soldier Sam started pouring on the Valentine’s Day Sugar.

“I’m right here, Soldier Sam.” Sarina responded. Sarina sat up at the Controls.

A rare smile was present on Soldier Sam’s face as he heard Sarina. He looked around to see if all the Orange Fans were aware of the importance of the moment. “What happened?” the Orange Fans asked.

“That was not just an ordinary Game of Hide-and-Seek” explained Solider Sam. “It was a Trip though time. We saw a Black Hole on the other side of the Galaxy.”

Soldier Sam is right” added Sarina. “Have you ever seen any Planets Orange in colour?”

Sarina and Soldier Sam’s Starship was chased by some ships from other planets, but for the two of them, it was just another ordinary day at the Office.

With a full Tasty Meal from their Sandwiches in the Starship Cooler Boxes, their new Space Uniforms and powered by Bourbon, Sarina and packed up the Valentine Prize and at took off in the beautiful sunlight of the Planet.

**It was so nice to spend Valentine’s Day with you, Soldier Sam” Sarina exclaimed.**

“Same, Sarina” responded Soldier Sam. “It was a great Valentines Adventure that I would do again in a Heartbeat even though it was quite a bit of Work.”

The Prospects for finding a Planet suitable for Orange Hockey were now Better than Ever!!

## STARSHIP ADVENTURE ACTIVITIES

### PART 1

Ops was deserted, but hardly empty. Bottles of Bourbon sat beside workstations lit by flashing alerts. Screens scrolled data and camera feeds. Bigger screens hung at the front of the room, showing the exterior surface of the hub and views of major corridors.

The Radio Crackled. Sarina and Soldier Sam both heard the noise.

“Rams Mascot is that YOU?!!” Sarina was shocked.

“Wait, Rams Mascot, I can’t hear you. Speak up!” Sarina shouted.

“Rams Mascot we have a bad connection. Hold on while Soldier Sam and I fix the ship so we can hear you. Sit Tight! Don’t Go anywhere, We will reestablish the connection,” Sarina Promised.

Soldier Sam looked at Sarina. His he was about to launch into something complicated, but it wasn’t hostile. “Let’s get to Ops,” Soldier Sam said.

The first-stage alert lights began flashing—just an all-hands call to action stations, but Sarina still expected the corridor to fill with hustling people.

It did not.

Sarina asked, “Do you see smoke?”

Soldier Sam said, “Let’s go back to the shuttle. This is not right.”

Sarina was surprised, “Where is the smoke coming from?”

It wasn’t visible, but the sight of burning plastics and ionization was obvious. Fire in space is hungry for oxygen, and it doesn’t share.

“Here’s Ops,” said Soldier Sam, and opened the door.

Inside was a scene of chaos from a post-apocalyptic game.

Sarina stopped inside the door. “Now I’m freaking out.”

“Step to the side, please,” Soldier Sam said, and moved her over with the back of one hand so they could enter.

The door sealed shut behind the pair with an atmosphere-retaining switch that Saina found reassuring. The smell of coffee overrode the smell of smoke. Also a good sign.

“OK.” Soldier Sam moved toward the life support station. “We need to find that fire and starve it.”

The easiest way to fight a fire in space is to deprive it of oxygen. Sarina and Soldier Sam had practiced this. Somehow, with Sarina’s hands on the cold molded plastic of a real Ops station, it didn’t feel like something she knew how to do.

“This has got to be a drill,” Soldier Sam exclaimed.

“If it’s a drill, you want to pass, don’t you?” Soldier Sam lifted the handheld on the engineering station and clipped the harness to its safety ring.

Sarina copied Soldier Sam. “Soldier Sam, would you get comms and see if you can find any signal from Rams Mascot on this receiver?”

Soldier Sam moved over to the station. As Sarina’s issuing instructions to Soldier Sam had shaken them loose, Soldier Sam checked other consoles.

An attitude jet fired again—a definite burn this time, the deck lurching under Sarina’s feet. Soldier Sam made a grab for his handheld and kept it from skittering away. “Stow your gear.” Sarina stuffed the unit into a pocket.

There wasn’t any loose gear to stow.

Sarina was glad she was clipped in. Soldier Sam had to grab the edges of his console.

“Got the fire,” Sarina said. “Sector 3 North.”

“I’m going to need an evacuation alert in Sector 3,” Sarina said.

“Good,” Soldier Sam replied. “How long?”

Sarina couldn’t do this. Sarina wasn’t able to do this.

There wasn’t anybody else to do it.

“Ninety seconds, Rams Mascot ?” There was no answer, so Sarina said, “90 seconds,” in a firmer voice.

An instant later, Soldier Sam said, “Done.”

“Where are You, Rams Mascot?” Sarina shouted into the radio receiver.

Rams Mascots voice came through loud and clear.

“WHERE ARE YOU, RAMS MASCOT?” Sarina wanted to know as soon as possible. “Can the Planet’s Terrain and Atmosphere support Rams Football”

“I’m on Planet SARGAS! Check it out, Sarina!”

Planets air expands and is buoyed up into the atmosphere where it delivers energy to the cooler surroundings at higher altitudes.

Sounds perfect for Rams Football” exclaimed Sarina.

Like someone in a dream Rams Mascot raised his hands--only then did he realize that he was looking directly into a great camera.

In an instant Sarina jumped in, ran past Soldier Sam and jumped onto the video console. After an interminable second Solider Sam heard the order loud and clear.

Rams Mascot rushed blindly through a portal on the new planet, around a corner, tripping over a cable, recovering himself and tearing for the video shoot. He heard footsteps running behind him and increased his gait, but in the doorway itself he was overtaken and turned defensively.

Sarina saw all this and instructed Rams Mascot.

'Hurry up, Rams Mascot!' Sarina shouted. 'That finishes my work. I'm taking

this starship into orbit right now!”

As she scrambled into her position at the controls she threw back a last remark. 'I'm going to do the Hyper Galaxy Jump in just a minute.'

“Really?” Soldier Sam thought, as he scurried away.

Soldier Sam was unaware that Sarina’s boldness was to change the course of his life.

We are coming to Rams Planet, Rams Mascot! But we have to make 2 Stops.

First we are going to Planet X for some Upgrades to our Starship since we expect to Drift for Long Time to land on Rams Moon.

Then New Starship Upgrades for Big Fight to get from the Moon to Rams Stadium.

We are going to make a day of it on Planet X while our ship gets fixed. It will be an Adventure!!

Then we will go on a Day Trip on Your Rams Moon too.

“Look, Solder Sam!” Planet X is fast approaching “ said Sarina. Prepare for landing!!”

Landings can be fairly gentle to surprisingly rough, it’s all normal and the rougher landings can be intentional.

## PLANET X ADVENTURE ACTIVITIES

It was the Big Day. Sarina and Soldier Sam were going to Magic Mountain Island Adventure Park with Rams Mascot. The most Thrilling Rides in the Universe!

Sarina had wanted to ride a Roller Coaster her whole life. A Dream she had wished for since she was just a little tyke. Would Sarina finally get her chance?

Soldier Sam could read amusement parks like a book. He could ride anything, shoot accurately, was at heart afraid of nothing, and could fight like a little catamount when occasion for it really arose.

Among those who knew, Soldier Sam was considered one of the best scouts in the business. That is why Rams Mascot selected him when the idea came about that Sarina should go on a Fantastic Adventure.

Sarina was determined to go to Magic Mountain Adventure Island Adventure Park. She never had the experience of such a trip. The site had everything imaginable.

Rides that spun you around and hurled up and down all at the same time.

Rides where you can feel the high-flying rush as your swinging canoe set sail, swinging high and low on waves of excitement.

Rides on bumper car smash-up. No need for brakes as you put your pedal to the metal!

Riders where you can get your wave on in a realistic surfing simulator as you ride ten-foot waves on your own boogie board!

Rides where you get triple the twists and triple the dizzies on a wild waterslide that sends you swirling through twists, turns, and drops!

And of course THE ROLLERCOASTER. With countless to choose from. Strap yourself in for the Ride of a Lifetime!!

So, of course, Rams Mascot had, sooner or later, to take Sarina to Magic Mountain

Sarina wanted Soldier Sam, who liked roughing it, too; to come along. Soldier Sam and Sarina rigged themselves out bountifully, and prepared to enjoy the trip.

It was going to be a Wild Trip with anything involving Rams Mascot. For some reason, Mascots visiting theme parks believe they are the most entitled in all of the world when it comes to theme parks. Mascots always break the rules, they cut in the lines, they get upset when people call them on their shit, and they threaten the unlucky theme park workers and ride operators. Then they go complain to customer service and get free passes and shit.

It was a brand new, state-of-the-art amusement park. The Trios badges were pretty much an open pass to wander through all of the attractions or, if they ended up somewhere they shouldn't be because of Soldier Sam "oops, guess I got lost" worked, always.

The coolest place by far was the maintenance office. It was also the tinker shop for broken ride parts. A massive expanse where you can see the inner workings of the carousel rides with broken ride cars was a great experience.

The syrup bags for the soda fountain upstairs were also there for workers that sold Mountain Dew Code Red which happened to spring a leak one day leaving it dripping thick red goo into a puddle on the floor.

So Sarina began to get very impatient.

Sarina and Soldier Sam would spend the entire day racing through the park side by side. Soldier Sam telling stories of adventure, and Sarina always chiming in about her anticipation of riding the Ultimate Roller Coaster.

"I worked at an amusement park on a beach the summer once upon a time, started Soldier Sam. "I sold food and a fair amount of beer, in my state being 18 meant although I was too young to drink, I was old enough to sell it in containers [we sold cans].

What kind of Beer, Soldier Sam?" interrupted Rams Mascot, glancing aside at Sarina with a humor-filled look at Sarina, to whom Soldier Sam had mainly been addressing.

"A far number of customers yelling at me for things I didn't remotely have anything to do with" continued Soldier Sam "Really, though, cotton candy was the worst. Making it might sound like fun. And it is maybe twice, but some of the sugar shoots back at you, impossible to avoid. And its hot so it really sticks to all over anyone that makes it. You go home with sugar sired to you. Most attempts at scrubbing it out are not going to do it."

"Look that Water Slide, Sarina" Rams Mascot observed, with a laugh. "Sorry to spoil Soldier Sam's story. Was it a good one?"

"It might have been if you hadn't spoiled it," answered Sarina "What did you do it for?"

"Oh, just to see him get distracted" replied Rams Mascot. He'll be reminded that I am in charge the rest of the day, and will hardly dare occupy your attention in front of me next time."

First Soldier Sam took Sarina on an indoor dark ride. It was a ride with boats that floated along past scenes. It had just been remodeled to a new theme, and in one room rather than remodel it into something else [the room was

previously just mirrors with space lights that flashed] The designers had pretty much just left that room completely dark.

Like clockwork, the instant Solider Sam and Sarina would hit that dark room, they'd start a raucous, just messing with people. Only Sarina and Soldier Sam's Super Vision would adjust and they could see fairly clearly, and even if other people were a foot or two away from them, they wouldn't see the two of them.

So Soldier Sam and Sarina did lots of stuff. They would Splash Waves to rock the boats, standing on the edge of their own. They would make big noises, or bang on their boat. It was a BLAST.

"Isn't Soldier Sam fun?" Sarina exclaimed to Rams Mascot when they got off the ride."I wish you could have seen him!"

Sarina laughed about the fun they had just experienced.

"Let's get ahead of the crowd so we can hurry up to what's next," Sarina suggested.

Sarina and Soldier Sam ran through the crowd. Once well ahead of the masses they slowed down to a walk again.

"Soldier Sam says we'll go on the "Scrambler" next," announced Sarina

"Oh, Yes. And that's only your second ride here" responded Rams Mascot. "Are you glad?"

"Yes, I believe I am." responded Sarina.

"Well, you're a Mascot and can do things too" offered Sarina. "Can't you do things?"

"You know I can" replied Rams Mascot. What do you suppose they'd say if I were to ride out that Bumper Car Race? The whole audience would have a fit."

"Who'd have a fit? Nobody but Soldier Sam, and I didn't know you'd gotten afraid of him yet! I say, Just Do It!! have a race, and then come right back." Rams Mascot looked eager.

"It would be nice," Sarina admitted. Soldier Sam and Sarina caught their eyes together and laughed.

"Why shouldn't I?" asked Rams Mascot. "I don't really like staying in the moving circles of all these people. What's the sense of it all, anyway?"

"Why, just fuck it then and ride like the devil, I suppose," said Sarina supportively..

"I just might!!" Rams Mascot was getting excited." I haven't even been on a ride yet. Besides, you know what Soldier Sam said on the way through the turnstiles at the park entrance?"

"What did Soldier Sam say?" asked Sarina.

"Soldier Sam said I couldn't even fit in a Bumper Car" responded Rams Mascot. "He said I better stick to the Water Slides.

"Well, why don't you prove him wrong then?" Sarina challenged him.

"Oh, I will for sure fit in that Bumper Car!" Rams Mascot asserted with all the resolve of a true theme park adventurer. "I've got that all figured out."

Soon after, Sarina and Soldier Sam were watching the kids drive by on the Tomorrowland Indy Speedway at the Magic Kingdom. They watched a dozen kids slowly drive by before Rams Mascot emerged from behind the corner. He was far too large for the car and was overflowing into the lane next to him. He was wearing an expression of absolute determination which only made it funnier.

Naturally, Soldier Sam and Sarina began laughing so loudly that they overpowered the speedway noises and caught his attention. He looked up, smiled and said in most stereotypical Mascot accent you could imagine:

"Dis is the closest thing to really driving I can get. They took away my license. I can't drive no more!"

To this day, both Sarina and Soldier Sam quote the Rams Mascot anytime they witness a fender bender in LA, which is a lot.

Rams Mascot looked to Sarina for admiration of his cleverness. She seemed convinced. She agreed and sent him to the concession stand for some invented Cotton Candy necessity.

When Rams Mascot was gone and Soldier Sam's eyes drifted off her for only a moment, Sarina started tearing off in the direction of the "Yankee Clipper" Roller Coaster Running more Rapidly as any scientist had ever measured the Limit of Time.

Riding that Roller Coaster was the one thing Sarina had desired for as long as she could remember and right away Sarina enjoyed the Rush of it. It was Finally happening to the full to The Max.

"I left Sarina here just a few minutes ago," Rams Mascot observed, returning to Soldier Sam "and I guess she's given us the slip. Scold her good for me when she gets back, will you?"

Rams Mascot laughed with good-natured malice at the idea of Soldier Sam ever scolding Sarina. And he figured she would be back at any moment to feast on the Cotton Candy.

What happened next shocked not just Rams Mascot, Sarina and Soldier Sam. But the Massive Crowd that had joined then that day.

In a sudden moment Magic Mountain experienced a huge power outage. There are certain rides that's a pretty big problem for. Namely, Sarina's Rollercoaster. The backup to get everyone riding on the rollercoaster without power is a hand crank. So the power is out and there are lots of stressed out adventurers, but not Sarina. She had a cold beer, and knew the power would come right back on.

Sarina saw many people freeze inbetween her and the roller coaster, which made her Dream seem a bit further away for a moment, but then, as Sarina

predicted, the power in the Adventure Park went right back on and Sarina's Dream Experience was just moments away.

Solider Sam straightened up suddenly at what had just happened and quickly turned to Rams Mascot.

"You go back to th' concession stand, load up on as much reinforcements as you can carry, dial Sarina's number and tell her this--that I've gone scoutin' some, and I want her to watch out for me. Got It?"

"What?" began Rams Mascot, bewildered.

"I'm a-goin' to find Sarina," said Soldier Sam, decidedly.

"You don't think there's any danger, do you?" asked Rams Mascot in a serious tone. "Can't I help you?"

"You do as I tell you," replied Soldier Sam, shortly, and bolted away.

Solider Sam followed the trail to the Rollercoaster quite rapidly, for he knew Sarina would be waiting there. Glancing his eyes ahead, the "Yankee Clipper" Rollercoaster line was discernible through the crowd.

Sarina was not a park employee but was watching everyone that dismounted that Rollercoaster. Every ride. She wanted to see those exhausted smiles for herself. Each ride came to a halt and the gate opened for the Lucky to get off. It started again with the next group of adventurers. Then, after each ride, the gates would open again and again.

"Here, I am, Sarina, lets jump into that Rollercoaster Line." Soldier Sam had arrived.

Soldier Sam smiled at Sarina and stepped a few paces towards the Rollercoaster. Sarina followed, brimming with anticipation.

"Now What?" Sarina asked.

"Let's Board that Roller Coaster, Sarina. Your Dream has finally come True!! Soldier Sam was excited beyond all belief too.

Solider Sam and Sarina walked up to the “Yankee Clipper” Rollercoaster Checkpoint and Sarina put her hands over her face and totally broke down. Sarina looked at the Rollercoaster up close so intently that for a moment Sarina saw no other goal in life than to get on that Rollercoaster. Nothing Else!!

"We're in for fight," said Solider Sam, coming back to Sarina after a moment. "There's a Wrench in Your Dream Experience. We can't make a run for it through this Lockdown. We've just got to stand 'em off."

The Rollercoaster Security Guard would later explain, “I operate rides in an amusement park. I’m letting people into a ride where you have to be a certain size to go. In some rides, someone like Sarina just has to be with an adult to go, but this one says no on all signs, and we are quite strict when it comes to safety.”

I’m measuring Sarina and this is a No Go,” continued the Theme Park Boss, after Soldier Sam demanded to speak with their Supervisor.

“I’m sorry, Sweetie, but you’re a little too small to go. Come back next year, and I’m sure you’ll be able to go!” said the guard of the “Yankee Clipper”

“But I’m already full grown!!” protested Sarina.

“As Sarina started to leave, totally devastated, Soldier Sam yelled to contact me. The worker remembered.

.

“ Hey, hey! What if she just goes with me? Soldier Sam was going to Save the Day for Sarina.

“I’m sorry” replied the Attendant. We have a minimum. It’s for safety reasons. To make sure people fit in the seats.”

“But she’s very brave!” protested Solider Sam.

The Rollercoaster Master was resolute. “I’m sure she wouldn’t get scared, but we could risk her getting hurt, and we don’t want that.”

Soldier Sam was insistent. "But it's such a close call! She has to go on the Rollercoaster. It's her Dream! It has to be alright!"

The response was unwavering. "We have strict orders from the State. If it's okay to just almost too small, where should I then put the limit? Where should I stop?"

Soldier Sam decided to rebel "Hm... good point. Come on, Sarina. Let's get on that Rollercoaster ANYWAY!"

So Soldier Sam took Sarina's hand and boarded the thrilling "Yankee Clipper" Rollercoaster.

As Soldier Sam was well aware, you sit two per row and couldn't contain his excitement to accompany Sarina on her very first Rollercoaster Riding Experience.

During the INCREDIBLE RIDE, their response to the massive torque they experienced at the Twist Knots was a moment to be cherished forever. The sharp waves of water grew progressively more dramatic, and Sarina and Soldier Sam held on for dear life.

Coming out of the installation at the top of the drop they see the "Waterfall Finale" and brace themselves for the Spectacular Splash. Out of the danger they came and the ride comes to a grinding halt.

They hear the voice on loudspeaker, "Welcome to the Rollercoaster Club of Champions, Sarina!! We are naming our entire Enterprise of Magic Mountain Adventure Parks after You!!"

## MOON LANDING

Sarina and Soldier Sam were thinking about Rams Mascot the whole way. Was he still at Rams Stadium? What did they do with him?

Sarina and Soldier Sam were thinking about Rams Mascot when their escape pod landed.

“Um, Soldier Sam? This doesn’t look like the Moon” Sarina said looking nervously out of the window.

“Oh no, we’re on the Moon!” replied Soldier Sam. They put on their space suits noticing that the oxygen tanks only had enough for that day, and headed out of the pod.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were focused on the waves that swept toward them. These waves were of the hue of slate, save for the tops, which were of foaming white, and Sarina knew the colours of the sea.

The horizon narrowed and widened, and dipped and rose, and at all times its edge was jagged with waves that seemed thrust up in points like rocks.

“Soldier Sam ought to have a pick up truck larger than the boat the partners

here rode upon the sea." Sarina thought to herself.

Watching the flanking fleets in action was reassuring to the chairman, as long as they were fighting on your side. Being on the receiving end of the business they administer would not be pleasant, to say the least. When the President has initially proposed the action, the officers had reservations and it was simply unreasonable for anyone to demand otherwise. The concerns manifested themselves to each officer in a unique manner, and repeated exposure helps, since it provides a rich measure of experience to draw on and permits better management conditions for the chairman, which is really all he had ever demanded.

These waves were most abrupt and tall like a monster and each froth-top was a problem in small-boat navigation.

Solider Sam squatted in the bottom and looked with both eyes at the several yards of gunwale which separated him from the ocean. His Yankees Cap was almost blowing off his head, and his Protective Vest dangled as he bent to bail out the boat. Often he said:

"Damn! That was a Narrow Clip." As he remarked, it he invariably gazed eastward over the broken sea.

On the other hand, experience with the tactics employed by the Mainland also put hardened officers with real-world operations at a disadvantage, since past endeavors had exposed them to no-win scenarios between trying to push the supplies policies forward and not trying at all. The intensity of the return fire from the Mainland was unexpected, even while detailed reconnaissance by the officers had been designed to mitigate losses to the unit, both operationally and politically.

Sarina, steering with one of the two oars in the boat, sometimes raised herself suddenly to keep clear of water that swirled in over the stern. It was not the most strong oar and it seemed often ready to snap.

Soldier Sam started pulling at the other oar, watched the waves and wondered why he was there.

At this moment in time Sarina was starting to feel some indifference which comes, temporarily at least, to even the bravest and most enduring when America is attacked, the Navy loses, the ship goes down.

An initial pass of the Mainland revealed that significant forces had been established, and it was obvious to the chairman that sustained engagement would be unpractical, as well as untenable. The second plan of attack had prepared for contingencies, but the officers were wary of deploying it because normally such a response is best executed closer to the mainland, and operational measures had not been ordered by the chairman at this distance before. They had to take everything with them to support the flanking fleet. It was always confusing and a big pain in the ass to change tactics at the last minute.

Sarina's Spirit, as master of a vessel is rooted deep in her fabric, though she commanded for a day or a decade, and Sarina had on her the stern impression of a scene in the greys of dawn and later a stump of a top-mast with a white ball on it that slashed to and fro at the waves, went low and lower, and down.

Thereafter there was something strange in her voice. Although steady, it was, deep and a of a quality beyond oration or tears.

"Keep 'er a little more south, Soldier Sam," said Sarina.

"A little more south,' Sarina" said Soldier Sam in the stern.

Sarina considered for a moment that a seat in this boat was not unlike a seat upon a Bucking Bronx Bronco, and by the same token, a Bronx Bronco is not much smaller. In fact, the craft pranced and reared, and plunged like a Bronx Bronco.

The position was bordered by the South Sea on one side, and the hilly terrain of an island on the other. To be out of position could be disastrous, so the officers has to get it right and the chairman figured to hell with other considerations. In order to be able to maneuver with any great precision, the pace had to be maintained. The officers were well aware of the problem and only requested that the speed of the operation would be such that they could take it from there for the duration of the exercise. There was almost no expectation of a smooth go at things, just a safe one.

As each wave came, and Sarina rose for it, she seemed like pole vaulter making at a fence outrageously high. The manner of her scramble over these walls of water is a mystic thing.

It was clear that the top of the waves were ordinarily problems in white water, the foam racing down from the summit of each wave, requiring a new leap, and a leap from the air.

Then, after bravely bumping a crest, the waves would slide, and race, and splash down a long incline, and arrive bobbing and nodding in front of the next menace.

## MOON ADVENTURE ACTIVITIES

Everything is Quiet. A Ship plummets toward Earth. No one can hear the roar of the ship's engines. There is no sound in Space.

But inside the Ship, things are different. All the spare parts are working together in a constant, audible Hum. It is quite the experience.

The Guy from outer space comes from a world far away from our own.

He is a Champion in that place. But time is running out for him.

He had found an ancient ring from another planet on his way.

He asks it, "Find my replacement. Find a man on this world.. a man who cares more than he should. Find the Next Captain,"

He can't hear any response over the Roaring Flames that have suddenly engulfed his ship. The ship is no longer in outer space. It has entered Earth's atmosphere.

There is nothing quiet about the man flying the Test Plane for the very first time. His name is Soldier Sam. Flying is what he does best.

"You're taking it too high," someone says through Soldier Sam's headset. The voice belongs to Sarina, the woman of his Dreams.

He should really listen to her. But he doesn't . Instead, Soldier Sam takes the plane higher.

"I'm a Test Pilot, Sarina," Soldier Sam explained. "I'm going to do my job. Let's see what this thing can do!"

The Jet continues to climb. Just then, the engines shut off.

“Wait.” Soldier Sam says. He looks down at the controls. There’s no noise coming from them.

Sarina’s radio goes Silent. “Soldier Sam?” Sarina yells into her headset. “Soldier Sam answer me!”

But it is silent on the other end.

Soldier Sam pulls at the controls. They don’t respond. He has only a few seconds to eject before the plane crashes.

Suddenly, everything starts to Glow. A Bright Orange Light, as Orange as an Orange floods the cockpit.

It takes a minute for Soldier Sam’s eyes to adjust. He could soon see clearly. But it takes him much longer to believe his eyes.

His plane is no longer falling. It’s Flying, lifted up by a Shot of Orange Light.

The Orange light finally sets the plane down. Soldier Sam doesn’t recognise the area. There is too much Smoke to see anything.

Then, a Orange beam of light cuts through the smoke.

Soldier Sam follows the beam through the smoke. The ship on the other end of the light is waiting for him. It’s bay door lowers.

The Guy from outer space speaks. It is in a language Soldier Sam has never heard before.

The Ring from outer space translates for him.

“Greetings,” the ring says. “You must be the one I am looking for.”

Soldier Sam isn't sure what to say. So he says nothing.

“You are not...running away at the sight of me,” says the Guy from outer space. “That tells me the ring has chosen correctly. Your bravery and...

But the guy from outer space is too exhausted. He simply hands Soldier Sam his ring.

The guy from outer space disappears. And so does the ship, fire and smoke. All that's left is Soldier Sam and the all consuming Orange light shining through his entire body.

The ring will fit perfectly at it's destination. Soldier Sam takes a step back. Visions fill his head. Planes whistle though the sky all around him.

They are on a mission. Somehow, Soldier Sam identifies with them –even though he has never seen them before.

They are Defenders and Heroes.

The vision ends. Soldier Sam Looks down. He is shocked to see that he is wearing the same strange uniform matching the emblems on the planes.

Sarina's voice crackles from the Jet's Radio. “Soldier Sam?” she says. “Can you hear me? Are you there?”

“Great,” Soldier Sam says, exasperated. “How am I going to get this thing airborne again?”

The a Bolt of Orange bursts from Soldier Sam's ring. It surrounds the Jet. It rises into the air.

“Oh,” Soldier Sam says. I Guess that will work. By the way, I have something

special for you.”

Soldier Sam takes a deep breath and signs off the Radio. He smiles. Then he summons all that is left of his concentration and jumps into the air.

And Soldier Sam just keeps going. The Jet follows close behind him in pursuit.

“This is a whole new way of flying!” exclaimed Soldier Sam.

Soon Soldier Sam is back at the base. He walks to the control tower.

“Whaaat?” Sarina called out. How did you get here so fast with what I ----?”

But the explanation would have to wait. Another plane has lost power. It is going down quickly.

With all eyes on the sky, Soldier Sam touches the ring to its final destination to charge it. It Sparks with Energy.

Like a Bolt of lightning, Johnnie shoots into the sky. Sarina aims the Ring and the Orange light beams out like a Shooting Star.

Energy surrounds the falling plane. Sarina closes her eyes. She concentrates with everything she can bring together and the plane lands on the runway.

Sarina was perhaps just as Shocked as Soldier Sam was. “How did I do that? With just this!” she was beside herself with amazement.

For once in his life, Soldier Sam stays quiet. He just smiles at Sarina and takes off for his next mission.

The Orange Force follows him. “In brightest day, in blackest night, you will never be far from me in Spirit. Because of the power of the Orange Light, as Orange as an Orange.

Soldier Sam will use the beam from Sarina's Orange Light to conquer every obstacle in his way. He will Shine as Bright as the object he found. He will always follow through with the Strength from the Luckiest Spark of Orange Light.

## RAMS PLANET LANDING

Sarina and Soldier Sam connected to the radio when Rams Mascot began to speak.

"We're in space! We have to get out of here before the adversaries come back! Come on, I know where the escape pod is."

Sarina and Soldier Sam were stunned, but they ran as fast as they could down the empty corridor, following Rams Mascot's lead. They arrived at the escape pod where Rams Mascot explained that you can pick a destination and it will fly you to it.

Rams Mascot had no sooner given Sarina and Soldier Sam the coordinates when suddenly a group of adversaries arrived right at the escape pods door!

The shore grew dusky. The vision of the shore blended gradually out of reach. The ocean spray, when it dashed uproariously over the side, made the

partners shrink and swear like they were being branded like a Bucking Bronx Bronco.

"I'd like to catch the chump who turned the light on in the lighthouse. I feel like soaking him one, just for good measure." Soldier Sam made his feelings known.

"Why? What did he do?" asked Sarina.

"Oh, nothing, but I was picturing everyone on the island being so damned indifferent." Soldier Sam answered

The officers had all reported present: the adjunct, the signals administrator, along with the orderly, intelligence and reconnaissance officers, and the rest of the group. Messages had already arrived from the large group that had amassed at our flank, with the exception of one unit that had not yet reported their new position. This group had been the unit most engaged with the Mainland during the barrage, and with the new cache of information, the chairman paused to go to an isolated area to write out the new orders which would then be communicated to the officers.

They sat together in the same seat, and each rowed an oar. Then Soldier Sam took both oars; then Sarina took both oars; then Soldier Sam; and then Sarina.

Teamwork makes the Dream Work.

Sarina and Soldier Sam rowed and they rowed. The tough part of the business was when the time came for the one in the stern to take turn at the oars. By the very last star of truth, it was a real fuckin bitch to change seats in the dingey.

First Sarina in the stern slid her hand along the handle and moved with care, as if she was trying not to make it break. Then Soldier Sam in the rowing seat slid his hand up other handle. It was all done with most extraordinary care. As the two moved past each other, both kept watchful eyes on the coming wave.

Sarina shouted out: "Look out now! Steady there!"

When the fleets had acknowledged the orders set forth by the chairman, including the unit the had not reported previously but had now come back online in one piece, the rest of the flank was grouped together en mass at more distant points from the Mainland to gain their breath. The officers had been stressing the gravity of the situation, which seemed to be a function of the heat and humidity off the island, and the chairman was still wrapped up in what had unfolded like not being able to shake free of an old set of camouflage khakis that had become full of dirt from days of use.

In disjointed sentences Soldier Sam tried to communicate "Sarina!! There's a Rescue Regiment just outside of Buccaneer Bay, and as soon as they see us, they'll come off in their boat and pick us up."

"As soon as who sees us?" asked Sarina.

"The Rescue Regiment" replied Solider Sam.

"Rescue Regiments aren't fully staffed right now, so they don't have crews," said Sarina "As I understand them, they are only places where Gear and Snacks are stored for the benefit of shipwrecked people like us. They don't always come to the rescue."

"Oh, yes, they do," said Soldier Sam.

"No, they don't," said Sarina. "Well, we're not there yet, anyhow, Soldier Sam."

"Well," said Soldier Sam, "perhaps it's not the Rescue Regiment that I'm thinking of as being near Buccaneer Bay. Maybe it's just shelter from the storm."

"We're not there yet, Soldier Sam!!" said Sarina.

Landings can be fairly gentle to surprisingly rough, it's all normal and the rougher landings can be intentional.

## ORANGE VALENTINES #1

"Play Time at Syracuse Zoo"

The Flight through Space was finally complete. The Starship bolted down from the sky and landed in New York.

Cupid was there on the Tarmac to greet Sarina and Soldier Sam.

"Sarina and Soldier Sam!" Cupid called out. "Welcome to Syracuse!"

"Thanks Cupid" Sarina replied.

"Isn't there a Big Orange Basketball Game Tonight?" asked Soldier Sam.

“There for sure is an Orange Game tonight. But first I have a Place to show you guys?” said Cupid.

Cupid was a Legend at Syracuse. It was in Fact one of his favorite places to be. To work his Magic.

Cupid seems to innately grasp how people are feeling and what their intentions and struggles are. In his near-human like form, Cupid is deeply supportive and determined to help others and improve the world.

Once upon a time, one of the crew sitting in the assembly said, “I will leap and grab Cupid’s Arrows and I will shoot them myself.” Everyone mocked him and said, “Are you crazy? Have you seen yourself compared to Cupids stature? He is much bigger than you, he will crush you easily.”

Let’s get on our way to our Pre-Game Event, Sarina and Soldier Sam” Cupid instructed.

“This is quite a place. Cupid added.

“Let’s do a little Preview before we get to the site, Cupid” Sarina suggested.

“Hop in my Ride, you two. I have a couple of questions about your Flight.before we get to the Tour Site” Cupid responded.

Well it was something like this, said Sarina. “I had been on a flight back to our station after visiting a distant planet when we had hit some strange turbulence causing us to crash right into the ocean. At least I thought we crashed into the ocean.

In such a situation, Soldier Sam asked me, “Sarina, why do you think this latest attack was done by our adversaries?”

“If you had read the information from the other jets carefully, you would have known. Those jets had been on our tail ever since we took off. Sarina had responded.

When Soldier Sam further investigated I began to realise that he needed my help accomplishing even the smallest matters required to complete the Starship mission. But I was always willing to help him out.”

Cupid’s Ride was zigging and zagging though Syracuse Traffic.

Here we are at the Mystery Spot for our Tour, Sarina and Soldier Sam” announced Cupid. “I’m sure the two of you are going to have a lot of Questions.

“We’re ready, Cupid” shouted Sarina. “Let’s Check it out!”

Soldier Sam agreed. “Let’s get this party started, Cupid!!”

“What is this place, Cupid?” asked Sarina.

Welcome to Syracuse Fans Zoo Camp, Sarina and Soldier Sam. Why shouldn't we have as much fun as everyone else at zoo camp? Asked Cupid.

Join us for programming exclusive to a Cuse Fan audience! Enjoy arts and construction activities making enrichments, meeting Zoo ambassadors and more!

"Are there many kinds of Life here?" Sarina asked.

"There certainly are," replied Cupid.

"What about Sports Mascots?" Soldier Sam asked.

"There are many Sports Mascots at the Syracuse Zoo," Cupid explained. "But none more prominent than Syracuse's Very Own, Orange Mascot!

"He is here at the Zoo right now, and will also be at the Cuse Game Tonight, of course," added Cupid.

At one point, a group of Sports Mascots with brightly coloured clothes and huge heads passed in the opposite direction.

"Wow, Sarina exclaimed! "I had no idea there were so many Sports Mascots here at Syracuse Zoo!"

There is also cutting edge technology here at Syracuse Zoo to enhance your educational experience," Cupid explained.

"Check out what is the latest technology we have developed.

Virtual reality: Credit goes to Syracuse for envisioning VR, complete with goggles. also imagining entry to a digital world, in a way that rings familiar today all over Syracuse

Virtual Reality is great for all sorts of things” Soldier Sam said excitedly. “Syracuse Zoo sure has a lot of Sports Mascots, but in this Virtual Reality Exhibit, it is possible to interact with every Sports Mascot in the world.”

Sarina was stunned by what Cupid had just said.

Cupid took Sarina and Soldier Sam on an Exploration that day where they had the opportunity to have conversation and throw a ball around with many different types of Sports Mascots.

“We even got to see the Stadiums where they work, but none of them are as great as Orange Stadium, of course, “ Sarina said to Soldier Sam.

The Syracuse Zoo has done an outstanding job building the Mascot Virtual Reality Center using all of the modern tools that you see all around the World,” Cupid was in awe too.

But no experience in the world could prepare Sarina and Soldier Sam to get a bird’s eye view of what its like to be an Mascot engineer!

Cupid directed Sarina to check out a special Hologram at a reserved exhibit

Sarina took off running at this chance and Soldier Sam was not far behind here as they made like a bee line to see what Cupid had told them about.

What's this Cupid? Sarina asked as she and Soldier Sam approached the Hologram.

Read it and see Sarina. It is a special clue about Valentines Day" Directed Cupid.

"Ok, Cupid. Lets See what it says" Sarina started reading the Hologram.

"I like the way you Roll!"

I'd be a monkey to make you mine  
I'd climb a tree  
Swing on a vine.  
Get stung by bees,  
Be my Valentine if you please!

"Unbelievable," Sarina said.

"I just can't believe it!" Sarina exclaimed. On Valentine's Day. A special message just for me!"

"Here at his Day Job, Orange Mascot hangs out in a Nature Preserve with countless Orange Trees, a Lounge and a fantastic Splash Pool with an Orange Slide, Cupid told Sarina and Soldier Sam.

“Orange Mascot Slides into the Splash Pool frequently, to the delight of all the Cuse Fans here at the Syracuse Zoo” Cupid added.

“Will we get the chance to ride down the Slide with Orange Mascot too today” asked Sarina.

“You will indeed,” Cupid replied

It's amazing what construction capabilities Syracuse Zoo has at its disposal” commented Soldier Sam.

“I have seem many engineering feats all around the world, but no one is better at constructing a more grand exhibit than this where Orange Mascot is having so much Fun” added Soldier Sam.

“Yeah, Soldier Sam.” Sarina smiled. “You can even Test your building skills using seemingly ordinary materials that transform into the most high tech anywhere in the world!”

“Go ahead, Sarina and Soldier Sam,” instructed Cupid “Immerse yourself in an elevated Orange experience guaranteed to inspire your inner Cuse Camper.

Sarina is even tall enough to go on the slide by now” Cupid laughed.

Join Orange Mascot as you explore the zoo, play games, and meet Orange Mascot up close! Topics will vary each day!

“Why didn’t we see Orange Mascot when we first entered Syracuse Zoo?” asked Sarina.

“Because Orange Mascot wanted to be the center of attraction. Cupid replied. As you can see, all the Roads at the Zoo lead to this exhibit. Orange Mascot is the Star of the Show!!”

Sarina and Soldier Sam finally had the chance to meet Orange Mascot in true elemental form. They all slipped down the Orange Slide and all the other Cuse Fans at the Zoo Cheered.

“The oranges on the trees taste delicious” Soldier Sam registered his approval.

Cupid set up a picnic bench for Sarina and Soldier Sam to rest on. There would still be much more activities that day for all of them, and they needed to conserve their energy.

“Wow, Cupid, that was quite a Tour!” Sarina exclaimed.

“It sure was” Soldier Sam had a great time too.

“We have some time to burn before the Game. Let’s stop by this Bar” suggested Cupid.

“By the way, Sarina and Soldier Sam,” Cupid remembered something. “You told me about your flight. But I forget to ask, did you two go on any adventures during your Pit Stops?”

Our Starship had just cleared the pattern in its climb to another Galaxy when Soldier Sam said, “OK, we can land now.” Sarina recalled.

With my newly minted pilot's license in hand, I had wanted him to be my first non-instructor passenger" explained Sarina.

I'd planned to circle the Planet before coming back to land." Sarina continued.

I reminded Soldier Sam of this, and I'll never forget what Soldier Sam said, way back at the beginning of our interstellar journey."

"I'm not here to explore the universe, Sarina" Soldier Sam had said. "I just wanted you to know that I have confidence in you and will always support whatever you decide to do."

'Once--' Soldier Sam said,'—once I went to a Cuse Game. Actually, it's were Sarina and I first met. They were her tickets.

'Sure you did!' said Cupid. 'That was years ago.

'Well I got you a Valentine, Sarina,' said Cupid. I almost couldn't find one for you . This type of Valentine was in high demand on the market.'

"Oh, Cupid, Thank You!!" Sarina exclaimed. "Look at this Soldier Sam, now we have front row seats for the Orange Game tonight, this will be so Exciting!!

From his seat at the bar, Soldier Sam issued a proposal:

'I'm Ready to go! Lets get out of this Bar and get to the Game, Pronto!'

'All right,' Sarina said. "Pay for our drinks, Soldier Sam.'

"Cupid's First Orange Game Experience"

## PART 1

It absolutely was an Orange Hoops game on Valentine's Day. It was a chilly night after the glowing orange sunlight had set down for the night. Cupid was gaining anticipation of what was likely to be a cutting edge experience. Cupid was likely to see his first Orange Hoops game.

Cupid's first trip to Orange Stadium was an experience that will form a long lasting impression on myself. Having performed on a very recreational team and having the experiences of playing on a court in the park, it truly is nothing when compared with what Cupid would found the first time.

Even as Sarina and Soldier Sam approached Orange Stadium with Cupid and parked the car, they strolled closer to the entrance from the stadium.

The seats were courtside and it was exhilarating for Cupid to know he was in the same building that had built all those seasons of Orange Hoops, the best organization in the world.

"Remember that we were given a project on the stadium, well not exactly. Cupid recalled."We had to build something else based on the Greatness of Syracuse. Come up with an adventure or something.

"If you remember there was a rumour from the Starship crew, that the person who first saw the stadium court would get a prize", Sarina told Soldier Sam.

“At the beginning, everyone was thinking of making some kind of model. Later we decided to come up with Orange Stadium! Our team comprised both of you and me” Cupid recalled.

“We aren't chumps, Cupid, and if anyone in our group is a chump, it's you!”, Sarina shouted.

“Fine then”, Cupid said, “I guess you are a pair of loud mouths”.

“No we aren't”, Soldier Sam promptly replied. “Well we might have been trafficked secretly to Syracuse Nation!”,

“Think Sarina, we built a lake next to the stadium with the rock on the edge of it and I put Orange Mascot in the lake so when I was in the lake sitting on the rock I could see him.

Orange Mascot was hungry because you didn't give him any food”, Soldier Sam,” Sarina said.

“On the other hand you were in the Stadium Parking lot.

“What about the Mascot? Did we leave Orange Mascot in the stadium, Cupid?”, Sarina inquired.

“I've got a great idea!” Sarina exclaimed. “Soldier Sam and I should get a photo with Orange Mascot. Then we could prove we were here and have a lasting memory.

“Hey, Cupid,” Soldier Sam wanted to get his attention. “Could you snap a pic of Me and Sarina with Orange Mascot? That would be awesome!”

“Of course, Soldier Sam” Cupid replied. Just find Orange Mascot and I will be over to take the shot of you and Sarina.”

'Will you turn your face a little to the light?' Cupid said politely. 'There, that's fine. You won't mind staying in that light will you? Just to snap some Mug Shots for a while?

Becoming a better photographer has much less to do with the camera you use and much more to do with things like the camera settings you use, lighting, framing, composition, and the like.

“Hey Sarina, we got that picture with Orange Mascot! All the lighting was great and we were posed perfectly. Isn't it great we were able to find Orange Mascot and he was so accommodating?”

“Yes, Soldier Sam” Sarina answered. I thought for a moment Cupid was going to lose his mind trying to operation the photo function on my phone. He had never operated anything like that before.”

“The game is about to start Sarina!” Soldier Sam exclaimed. Why don't you give me a quick rundown of the season so far?

“I know you have been following it closely and I really don't have a clue about what the Orange have faced so far this year, Soldier Sam continued. “How are they doing?”

“Sure Soldier Sam,” Sarina was glad to show off her knowledge of Cuse Hoops. “There have been a lot of developments so far this year.

The Orange are not great. You could easily detail several close-but-no-cigar games for Syracuse in ACC play. “But Cuse has gotten everything out of themselves that we could ask of them this year.”

“We’re just not quite good enough. That’s the Bottom line. But we’ll keep playing.”

Coming it to the game, the Tar Heels believed they knew enough about Syracuse’s zone defense. The Tar Heels had watched a sufficient amount of film. They saw gaps worth exploring, open space on the perimeter worth exploiting.

In fantasy land, the Orange are still in the ‘under consideration’ list. If Syracuse wins out and then wins a pair in the ACC Tournament, that would move put them back into NCAA tourney consideration.

Soldier Sam scrutinized Sarina again.

'A Drink at Orange Stadium?' Soldier Sam asked cautiously.

'Oh, no,' Sarina responded. 'Just the tickets'

Soldier Sam moved nearer and nodded.

'You should do it Soldier Sam’ suggested Sarina. “We are going to see some of the best action at the Game tonight.”

“Are you serious? Asked Soldier Sam.

Sarina was hesitating between her description of Soldier Sam at the Cuse Game. But she knew what she was going to call it. She was going to call it Soldier Sam in the Dome.

## CUSE GAME ACTION

It's the Orange players playing Team Ball on the hardwood court . People getting so pumped when there's two teams going up and down the floor, for Cuse to get a big stop on D or drop a dime on the fast break.

The Fans like seeing the Orange compete by motivating each other, running down the court, Slam Dunking, and the team making a 3 from beyond the arc.

It is the Cuse Student Section decked out in Orange all around me cheering for their team the whole game all that was most exciting because they want their team to win. They want to motivate their team so if they do not win at least they got the motivation to do good in their games.

A high in volume cheer and a rush of excitement came from all of the crowd as another Slam Dunk was thrown down and then there we a couple of Triples drained from long range.

To me, seeing all the Orange in action was so much more excitement than I had every known. Just the verry special was it happened. It was nothing less than pure excitement to watch all the action.

## PART 1

It was the day before the Big Orange Hockey Game. The first ever in the New Stadium Experience.

Sarina was still getting prepared for the Game inside the Stadium. Soldier Sam was disappointed that the 'Cuse Tickets for the big game had somehow disappeared at the Ticket Window.

"Are you kidding me?" Soldier Sam was really getting tired of hearing Orange Mascot's voicemail.

Soldier Sam was also really getting tired of standing out in the Snow. Yes, it was snowing in Syracuse during Hockey Season, as usual.

"That's figures" thought Soldier Sam. And, of getting his cigarette all wet.

Soldier Sam tried the number again. "Hey. This is Orange Mascot. Sorry I couldn't catch you, but I'm probably doing something really important."

Orange Mascot had not been tops in Soldier Sam's book for a while now. During the Orange Games last year, Angels Mascot had always taken forever in the concession stand line.

Soldier Sam yanked on the door handle to the Ticket Window and pretended like it was budging. Then came the obnoxious buzz of Orange Mascot's car racing off behind him.

Soldier Sam smiled. At least one of his problems was solved. Unfortunately, he still didn't have a way of getting to Burger King in time for Dinner.

Unfortunately, the only car left in Orange Stadium Parking Lot didn't have a driver. Where could the driver be? Would that person take him to Burger King if he gave him or her all the money in her wallet? 10 dollars would be enough incentive, wouldn't it?

"Did you need in here?" Soldier Sam turned his head, and there she was. The one person beside himself that was in Orange Stadium Parking Lot..

And, of course, it was Sarina, the Team Reporter.. The Fans favorite when at the game or doing any other media event. Of course, it had to be the Team Reporter.

"No." Soldier Sam didn't look at Sarina when he said it

"I was just hoping to get a ticket for the Big Orange Game tomorrow. He looked at his feet. "Thanks."

Soldier Sam expected to look up and see Sarina walking away, but she was still standing right there. Soldier Sam looked up.. Sarina looked at him. She seemed friendly.

“Someone is coming for you, right?” Sarina asked.

“Of course. They’re just late.” Soldier Sam replied.

The concern stayed with Sarina. “You’re sure?”

Soldier Sam glanced at his feet again. “Absolutely.”

Sarina still didn’t leave. Soldier Sam still looked at the ground. A few seconds passed. A few more. His eyes crept to his face. Sarina had a beautiful face and a rockin’ in shape look to her.

“...if you want to, I’ll give you a lift..” Sarina offered.

“I’m sorry. What did you say?” asked Soldier Sam.

“If you’d like to get out of the Snow while you wait, my cars right over there.” Sarina pointed. “I’m not in any hurry.”

Soldier Sam wasn’t sure how to respond. Sarina was suspicious –the Orange Hockey Team Reporter not in a hurry the day before the Big Stadium Opener Game?

Soldier Sam was soaked and cold from the snow. Sarina was starting to get wet too as they stood there staring at each other. The wind struck Soldier Sam in the face, but he didn’t say anything.

Sarina was waiting for his reply. Soldier Sam was waiting for her to knock his socks off him and drag him to her car.

At this point in time Soldier Sam never would have predicted a good outcome from the day. “I’m sure my ride will be here in just a minute.”

“Suit yourself.” Sarina started walking to her car.. Got in. Started the engine. Sat there for a moment. Didn’t leave. Why didn’t she leave?

“I’ll be fine,” Soldier Sam told himself. He called Orange Mascot again. Got his voicemail. Called again. Got his voicemail. Called again.

“No one’s coming, are they?” Sarina cranked up the windshield wipers once she was inside. The radio was already on. Apparently, Sarina liked 70’s R&B music too..

“Why are you still here?” Sarina asked again.

Soldier Sam didn't answer. He lit another cigarette and looked down at his feet again.

"Any time now." Sarina wouldn't give up.

Soldier Sam looked down at the ground. "Let's start easy here," Sarina said. She turned the radio down so low that it became a buzz in the background. "I'm Sarina. What's your name?"

It was a beautiful thing to Soldier Sam to hear a woman ask him anything in general. All the Orange Fans and Billboards and Posters inside the Stadium had her name on it.

"I'm Soldier Sam."

"Do you like to eat, Soldier Sam?" It's getting near dinner time now. Like Where?" asked Sarina.

Soldier Sam looked at Sarina. "Like Burger King I even have some coupons with me." answered Soldier Sam.

Soldier Sam saw Sarina was interested and maybe hungry for dinner too but never in a million years would have dinner with him.

"So, you like Whoppers with Cheese, Onion Rings and Orange Soda then." deduced Sarina..

"What about Zesty Sauce, Soldier Sam? I bet you like Zesty Sauce all over your face. A mess not even a handful of napkins could conquer.

"So there's a sense of humor under all that mysteriousness." The smile grew on Soldier Sam's face.

Sarina's hands were resting on the steering wheel. It made Soldier Sam wonder if she really wasn't in a hurry or if she was just trying to be nice.

Soldier Sam figured she just wasn't in a hurry. Soldier Sam didn't know any other women that would be nice to him. This would be a first.

Soldier Sam actually laughed a little. It seemed to surprise both of them. It wasn't as if what Sarina had said was all that funny, but it felt like the kind of joke you would share with a good friend. The easiness of it made the moment slightly wonderful.

"Are you ready to explain yourself now?" asked Sarina.

Sarina wasn't someone Soldier Sam would predict would ever talk to him.

Another tough moment for Soldier Sam. "Do you know Orange Mascot, Sarina"

Sarina turned the music the rest of the way off. Turned her entire attention to him. "I definitely know Orange Mascot."

Really everyone knew Orange Mascot. He was somewhat notorious at Orange Stadium. He was an infamous installation at the Stadium, and Solider Sam knew it when he asked Orange Mascot for a ride.

"So, you didn't expect to need another ride when you came to Orange Stadium today?" asked Sarina.

"And, there was no else to ask?" Sarina's hands had tightened around the wheel. Confession time. "I couldn't call the cab company. Soldier Sam admitted. " They've been dealing with me for weeks. I always call for a ride and jump right out of the car without paying fare.

"What are you still doing here?" asked Soldier Sam.

"What it looks like." Sarina said. "I'm taking you to Burger King."

"But, I didn't ask you to." Soldier Sam was shocked.

Sarina looked at Soldier Sam like he was absolutely crazy "But, you need me to."

"It's really okay," Soldier Sam said. "Orange Mascot will come eventually."

Sarina didn't listen. "Which Burger King?"

The closest one, of course. I'm hungry!" Soldier Sam was ready to go.

They were about to part ways. But Soldier Sam didn't want Sarina to leave. Not yet. The dryness inside the car made Soldier Sam very happy, but that wasn't the only thing that had.

They had had a lot of time to talk on the ride thanks to the snow, multiple red lights and the broken gas gauge on Sarina's car.

It had not been a normal ride due to the conditions outside, but it had given them both the chance to learn more about the other.

Soldier Sam had found out Sarina grew up in the Bronx, and since Soldier Sam had also lived there for a while it gave Soldier Sam the opportunity to talk to her about something other than Orange Hockey, something no one else would have done that was stranded in the Orange Stadium Parking lot that day.

Sarina had been more interested in lots of things other than Orange Hockey, more than Soldier Sam would have guessed.

Along the way, the car had stopped and they'd had to get out and push. Soldier Sam's socks were still wet, but the moment when he had fallen face-first into the ditch had been worth it.

Sarina seemed to have felt the same way.

"How you doing after that long car ride?" Soldier Sam asked now.

Sarina laughed. "Like feasting on a Whopper with Cheese, Onion Rings and an Orange Soda. Zesty Sauce and free refills on the Orange Soda too of Course. You?"

"Same." Soldier Sam responded.

"Thank you, Sarina." They were outside Burger King. They had made it without a scratch.

"I guess we should probably get on that then," Sarina said. She got ready to open the door on her side. "Would you happen to want me to have dinner with you tonight, Soldier Sam?"

"Only if Orange Mascot or anyone else in the World doesn't want to too," Soldier Sam replied.

Sarina and Soldier Sam hadn't broached the subject of who they would most like to have dinner with yet, but Soldier Sam was surprised she would have dinner with him since then, since he was sure that Sarina must have someone to eat dinner with other than him.

Sarina was so Beautiful and popular and charming not to. Not to mention fun to talk too.

Sarina's response was surprising to Soldier Sam.

Sarina replied "I didn't think that I had anyone to have dinner, but I'm sure they won't mind. Imaginary Best Friends seem to be very understanding in these situations."

Soldier Sam's smile probably got a little too wide at that comment, but he didn't care. It shocked him to know that there was not someone she was so into having dinner with, and he felt so much better, that she wasn't all locked up for dinner that night.

Soldier Sam put his hand on the door handle. Opened the door. Felt the snow that was still hitting the pavement the short walk they had in front of them from their parking spot to a Delicious Dinner.

"I would LOVE for you to have dinner with me tonight at Burger King, Sarina!!" Soldier Sam's voice showed he could not contain his excitement.

"Alright." Sarina reached for the volume knob and turned off the radio before stepping Her Hotness into Burger King with Soldier Sam.

Soldier Sam was beaming as they went inside. Not even thinking about the Ticket Window where all the Orange Hockey Tickets had apparently disappeared into thin air.

But as we shall see Sarina had an even bigger Surprise for Solider Sam at dinner. He would get to see the 'Cuse Hockley Game inside Orange Stadium anyway!!

## CHAPTER 2

### SITUATION ROOM

Feeling the effects of the day outside, and of a tumbler full of Cupid's Bourbon, Sarina and Soldier Sam sat outside Cupid's office.

"There's Cupid, Soldier Sam!" Sarina pointed to the Matchmaker with all the skills.

Sarina looked at Soldier Sam with concern. He was having trouble keeping his eyes open and she did not want him to pass out right there and then in Cupid's office. After a minute Sarina called for Cupid.

'Could you possibly have a minute, Cupid? Soldier Sam and I got some Valentines Day Activity ideas.' Sarina asked.

Cupid arrived with a tranche of suggestions sent in from here and there, but digging through them yielded nothing that kept Cupid's interest.

'How about it, Soldier Sam? Got anything?' Cupid inquired.

Soldier Sam braced himself to an effort.

'I like 'Good Morning Take off' Soldier Sam said--then looked desperately at his scrawl on his notepad paper, 'or else "Aviators with Heart'

Cupid smiled. "Aviators with Heart?".. I think you got something interesting there.

Cupid continued, "For my money it wins as far as a title goes, but what is the actual activity? You aren't going to storm an airport with Sarina, are you?"

'I've got to take a short break,' announced Soldier Sam. "This Bourbon is really getting to me.

'There's an empty office across the way." Cupid informed Soldier Sam. "Sarina? You holding your Bourbon okay?"

"Thanks for your concern, Cupid, but I am doing just fine. Never been better, actually. I'm ready to back this Valentines Day Activity up myself, even if Soldier Sam is out of commission for the moment" Sarina replied.

Soldier Sam entered the office again.

"That's an intriguing headliner, Soldier Sam. But you've got to convince me that the activity has merit," Cupid said. Or else, I'm going to throw you out of the office and you will be without anything to do on Valentines Day. How do you like that?'

As Soldier Sam stepped up, Sarina pressed the Airplane Prototype into his hands.

"Look Cupid, I made a small-scale model of an F-18 Super Hornet Fighter Jet out of popsicle sticks. I have a plan to make the next round of engineering into something much more exciting." Promised Soldier Sam.

'Good work, Soldier Sam,' Sarina encouraged him to say more.

Soldier Sam seized the opportunity and put the Popsicle Stick Work of Art on

Cupid's desk, and prepared to make his argument for why building the next prototype round would be a worthwhile, fun and engaging activity for Sarina and Solider Sam to build their relationship stronger and take it next level.

'Feel--better—now that I had a few minutes away from the Bourbon Bottle but here I am back again." Soldier Sam decided to take a moment and try to grab the Bourbon Bottle out of Sarina's Iron Grip.

"So, Cupid" Soldier Sam started to explain, "It's like this. Any Walmart will have quite a few models for Sarina and I to choose from. We will be sure to pick something out that we both like and try painting and gluing it together."

"Well, If you two both enjoy it and it turns out well, maybe you found a new hobby. If it turns out terribly, at least you both can have a laugh, and you have a good story." Cupid Responded.

"Yes, Cupid. Soldier Sam and I have a plan for every conceivable contingency" Stated Sarina. If there's no beach nearby for our airplane masterpiece to take off from.. Not to worry. The hardware store sells play sand.

"That will be the perfect setting for us to spend Valentines Day, Sarina!" Soldier Sam exclaimed. We'll get some of that, a flat surface, some water, a place you don't mind getting wet and sandy, and we're good to go. When It comes time to do the flight demonstration, we could do a full-on beach day away from the beach!"

"You trusted Soldier Sam, didn't you Sarina?" Cupid asked. "That tells the whole story." Cupid turned back to Soldier Sam. "You're a wisher and a dreamer, Soldier Sam. I have decided to approve your "Aviators with Hearts" concept for Valentines Day.

"Well, we certainly came up with a good story this time, Sarina," Soldier Sam was proud of Sarina's contributions to the effort. Contributions that would grow more and more exciting, as subsequent Valentines Days came to pass,

well into the future.

"Yes. That's right, Solider Sam" Sarina affirmed.. We'll make that "Aviators with Heart." Activity concept the most productive Valentines Day the world has ever seen!"

"Isn't that something?" marveled Cupid. "With all this secrecy surrounding your Valentines Day Plans how was I to know about Sarina's remarkable and versatile Skill Sets?"

But I do know a good story when I hear it!" Cupid concluded. I hope that you two have a Fabulous Flight well into Valentine's Night!"

## TRAINING

Soldier Sam's Training for New Starship Missions was not at all like what he expected. Rams Mascot was not a typical Instructor.

"I have heard," began Rams Mascot, as a trainer would, "strange reports from Planet X about you, Soldier Sam, stories of how you, in trying to leave

your orbit, have caused great upheaval upon the surface. Is this true?" The Soldier Sam hesitated, remembering the tidal floods his attempted deviation from his orbit had caused. Only once did I attempt such a thing," replied Soldier Sam with the truth.

Drill instructors forge recruits' identities as Starship Commanders. The Drill Instructors break us down, teach us how to follow orders and how to dress, speak and act like Starship Commanders. They teach us culture, heritage and traditions. The process creates a special bond, a love-hate relationship that recruits will remember for the rest of their lives.

In the course of the brief, someone piped up and said, "Sir, you know we can't actually do that." In the silence that followed we could see some in the room thought we could, while others were nodding in agreement that we could not. With that, we had the scenario for a Fleet Problem with the mandate to "go find out." We learned that the doctrine and assumptions in one area had removed the capability to implement key tactics in another. Having never performed the task together in theatre, the disconnect never was identified clearly. It was not until we tried to execute under realistic, true free-play conditions that we discovered the problem's causal factors, leading to the ability to apply solutions.

In discussion with the staff, we frame the problem that is given to a unit or formation. For example, it is critical that we be able to operate carrier strike groups [CSGs] in areas of significant submarine threat. Our traditional approach to this challenge would be to create an antisubmarine warfare [ASW] exercise, tasking ships to act as targets within a set geographic area.

## Combat skills/Physical Fitness

Physical strength is our ability to produce force against an object. It's simply how hard we can push or pull on something. Strength determines if you can shoulder your rifle, rack the slide of your pistol, carry a heavy pack, push your truck through an intersection after it runs out of gas, or lift the wounded man off the ground and move him to safety. As the base of the responder hierarchy, physical strength dictates how we're able to interact with the physical world around us.

Tactical aptitude is the ability to apply technical skill in a meaningful and efficient way to get a job done. Clearing a house, using situational awareness to avoid a potentially dangerous situation, and possessing the leadership ability to use the varied skill sets of multiple team members to complete a complex mission are all examples of tactical aptitude.

Tell me a little bit about your Training experience, Soldier Sam.

Another group movement was moving to the source of the flare. Our team has time to scope it out and rescue whoever needs help. Another way to accomplish the mission was to call in a team from a nearby base to check on it. If for instance we had another mission to complete.

The position of the flare loomed over our shuttle. We came up on the inside to dock, our crowded starship matching velocity to slide between the cables that kept the station in trim. I had no sense of acceleration. The universe seemed to be revolving around that source of the flare.

I finally took a deferred pass, as they called it, and waited until the next convoy and tried again. You had to pass one of the tasks or you couldn't

graduate. Rams Mascot had come back from another assignment bright-eyed, and was determined to explain rifle qualifications again to the new group.

"Well," Rams Mascot yelled at me, full of energy, when we met in the first training grounds of the course, "We're going to see the targets this time, aren't we?"

"Yes, sir," I said. The Trainees to the right of me and to left of me and in front of me were seeing targets; what's more, they were quietly scratching coordinates of them in their notebooks. Of course, I didn't see anything.

"We'll try it," Rams Mascot said to me, grimly, "with every adjustment of the rifle scope known to man. As God is my witness, I'll arrange this visual so that you see the targets through it or I'll give up being an instructor. In all the years of rifle qualification, I--"

Rams Mascot cut off abruptly for he was beginning to shake all over, and he genuinely wished to hold onto his temper; his scenes with me had taken a great deal out of him.

So we tried it with every adjustment of the scope known to man. With only one of them did I see anything but blackness or the familiar opacity, and that time I saw, to my pleasure and amazement, a target, imposing at within my reach. This I hastily drew on my target.

Rams Mascot, noting my activity, came back from an adjoining group, his expression high in hope. He looked at my drawing notebook. "What's that?" he demanded, with a hint of amazement in his voice.

"That's what I saw," I said.

"You didn't, you didn't, you didn't!" Rams Mascot screamed, losing control of his temper instantly, and he squinted at the recording on my scope.

Rams Mascot snapped up. "That's your eye!" he shouted. "You've fixed the

scope. so it's clear to you now! You've drawn your eye!"

Just as I accepted what Rams Mascot was asking of me, I closed eyes for just a second. A strange force pulled my body from back to earth. It happened so fast, he only blinked one more time. Just as I thought, I was going to be catapulted into the ground and end up in pieces, I stopped and put that target on the ground, feeling like the best I could be.

Anything else you want to tell me, Soldier Sam ?'

Yes, Sarina. It goes a little something like this.

"We are transforming our capabilities and utilising everything available to achieve our team mission, but it all depends on your Love."

PART 2

Sarina Loves to go to Cuse Hoops games all season long to her Heart's Delight when she is in Syracuse! Sarina also loves Scuba Diving in the Ocean.

"Your training is not yet complete, Soldier Sam" explained Angels Mascot.  
"You have been trained in the tech arts, but it is Sarina who has been trained

to secure the precious cargo on your trip through outer space.”

“I bet you have a lot to tell me, Sarina!” exclaimed Soldier Sam. “Let’s get to it!”

Every year on Halloween, LA Angels Monster Trucks holds its annual parade in Los Angeles to kick off an incredible “Trunk or Treat” performances.

"Moving the Troops around allows them to have a little time to come back to other bases, resupply them, so they're not going to go a little crazy out there by themselves," Sarina said.

And when emergency strikes— logistics officers and transport aircraft work together to get life-saving supplies into the field as quickly as possible.

The restaurant door opened again, and Sarina was there for a moment, said "Oh," and disappeared. Then she returned.

"Why it's Soldier Sam!" she exclaimed. "I was looking for Angels Mascot."

"Sit down," said Soldier Sam. "You assigned to the Angels"

"Yeah but it’s the off season now" said Sarina.

"I think your boss is nuts," Soldier Sam said honestly. "He asked me how many draft choices he should give up for that guy that only has a few years left.

Maybe he wasn’t feeling well when he made that trade--that's why he's out to lunch. He'll probably start causing a scene everywhere he goes now"

"He's well now," Sarina said.

"He doesn't look like it to me. Come on sit down. You can talk to me today" said Soldier Sam.

Sarina is a Scuba Diving Virtuoso. Her Skills far and away are the best in California, and she enjoys the adventures that come along with those Skills.

But Sarina does not like Scuba Diving as much as going to Orange Games and here is the story that tells you why!

“Does the Orange Express fly to Syracuse during Orange Basketball Season?” asked Sarina.

“No” said Soldier Sam. “The Orange Express has a lot of business across the Pacific. But Reporters like you have to work, so off to the Studio you go!”

Sarina doesn't like it when she gets stuck at the Los Angeles Airport, especially the kind of Flight Delay that lasted all season long.

“I won't stay in LA during Hoops March Madness. I want to be jumping up and Down at the Orange Game!” Sarina had announced.

Over the years, Sarina's Birthday has grown into great big, boisterous party created by Soldier Sam. He just thinks it is more and more exciting each time it comes around.

This year it's going to take place where ever I choose. MY territory.” Sarina declared.

Being a young fit Birthday Target, Sarina decided to help out decorating her office, the biggest TV Studio in LA. Sarina's Boss was not too impressed with her decorating proficiencies though, so they sent her back to work on the Live On-Air Segments.

Sarina decided she had had enough of her friends for the day and her Birthday Goals began to shift to Orange Hoops!! March Madness had started and Cuse had a big game coming up.

So Sarina began to swim to the shore. That was clearly the first step to get Cuse Tickets for the Game that was fast approaching.

Sarina just knew there was a ticket out there somewhere for her and it would be the best Birthday Present ever if she could find out some way of getting to Syracuse.

Soldier Sam fell into the water and wrote an S.O.S. Sign in the hopes he could get the attention of someone who could swim, because he had skipped out on all the Pool Training.

Then came the Trip to Orange Beach!

In addition to being the world wide epicenter of Hoops Talent, most people don't know that a lot of Cuse Fans are top-notch Scuba Divers, due to a popular academic curriculum option.

Sarina and the Orange Fans watched the scenery rush by outside their windows.

The Trip Going back to LA

Sarina knew Sam wouldn't know what to do with himself if she did not get back to LA in time.

#### SITE TOUR SCENES

“The Special Gift for Mrs. Claus”

Sarina and Soldier Sam had arrived at the North Pole!!

Come visit Santa in his North Pole Cabin where the fire is always warm and the memories last a lifetime! The Jolly One enjoys visits from all the ones that were good this year. See Santa while he works and prepares for the Big Night on Christmas Eve! Enjoy a distanced chat with the Big Red Guy and see the inside of where all the magic begins.

Wow! We are going to get a Tour of Santa's office, where all the important Christmas decisions are made!

Sarina was wandering around the big building when she saw a door that had writing on it that said, "Santa's office." It looked interesting, so she walked into the room. Sarina saw a switch, so she turned it on. Sarina saw a desk and a chair right next to the desk. Sarina looked at the walls, and saw thousands of books.

After seeing Santa's office, let's check out another part of the North Pole—Where all the Work gets done. This is where the magic happens!

When Soldier Sam was in the workshop, he saw lots and lots of toys. The workshop was so big that millions of elves could fit in there! Soldier Sam saw a thing that smashed toys that were flat and a wrapping machine that wrapped all the presents, and tables that elves were sitting at. They were pounding nails and sawing wood.

One night after Santa's Workshop closed, the elves were having hot chocolate as they decided what to give to each of their North Pole friends for Christmas.

"What can we give Mrs. Claus?" asked Sarina.

"We could get her Bourbon," suggested Soldier Sam

"No, she already has that," said one of the other elves. "Let's get her a T-Shirt from Walmart."

Sarina, who had been listening to the elves, said, "Those are all good ideas, but I bet Mrs. Claus would really like something you made for her yourselves."

"Like what?" asked Soldier Sam.

Soldier Sam had lifted his head from the table. His eyes were open. A ringing noise pulled him from his land of dreams. Sarina rose from the Table and went to the partially opened door..

“Jingle, jingle.” There it was again.

Sarina discovered the source of the noise that had awakened Soldier Sam.

It was a package from Walmart. “I guess we won’t have to worry about making a present for Mrs. Claus” laughed Sarina.

Detective Sarina, Soldier Sam’s partner, stood waiting as she made the call to Santa. “Okay, everything's set, Soldier Sam. Santa will be expecting you in a few minutes at the Gingerbread House.” Detective Sarina said

“Sarina and Soldier Sam. I have a Holiday Mystery for You to solve. Announced Santa.

“Oh, Santa. I’m great at Solving Mysteries! Maybe Soldier Sam could help too. What’s your problem, Santa?” Sarina asked.

Santa sure did have a mystery that no one at the North Pole could solve.

You are in a bar when the person next to you says? “ Hey, Bartender, make it a double. It happened again. The detectives have been hired to investigate. " You can't resist and ask "What happened again?"

'Come up to my office, Sarina” Santa said, 'I got something I'd like to talk over and something to show you--now that Soldier Sam isn’t listening.

But then Soldier Sam returned. “Here’s some things that helps you get excited about any North Pole Adventures you might have in the future”. Soldier Sam was being bold.

“See.. like a keychain, a passport holder, or a luggage tag could make you get excited about all the time you’ll be spending on the beach, even if you can’t take a break right now.”

Soldier Sam was already at the door to Santa’s Office and cast a look at Sarina as if for support. Sarina opened the door. Then, Soldier Sam followed.

"Sit down, Soldier Sam." Santa instructed.

“Hey Santa, take us to the Green Pine Tree Forest. I bet Soldier Sam and I will find a clue there to Solve your mystery.

"That Sarina’s got talent, hasn't she?" said Santa, taking just a look at her. Her skills were so evident. "She’ll go places. How'd you come to dig her up?"

Soldier Sam know he would have to come up with an explanation.

"Oh—Sarina came in my office to meet with me about some new football content." Soldier Sam didn’t admit how he had Spotted Sarina.

Sarina offered a quick explanation. “Oh, I just happened across Soldier Sam at the Bodega. I was shopping for Gingerbread Supplies and I saw him in the Liquor Aisle. He asked for some spare change to finance his bourbon escapade.”

Ok, Sarina and Soldier Sam. I’ll take you to the North Pole's Green Pine Tree Forest. Maybe you will find a clue to solve this mystery. Just be on your best behavior.

You are a Guest at the North Pole. You will learn many useful things about our Operation that will be sure to help you on any mission you might find yourselves on in the Future.

Visit of the Green Pine Tree Forest

Wow! Your sled is fantastic! I am sure we will have a wonderful trip. Our first stop will be the Green Pine Tree Forest. At the North Pole, we have a very special forest. All the pine trees are magical. When they grow, they are already decorated with lights, garlands, and other decorations. Santa told me you would love to decorate a tree. I left instructions so you can decorate your pine tree and fill it with plenty of colored ornaments. Before we do this again, I will admire your tree. I can't wait!

“Hey, Santa!” Look Soldier Sam! Look at that Orange Box sitting under the Christmas Tree. What could possibly be in the Orange Box?”

“Why don’t you open the Orange Box up, Sarina. Maybe it has something you are looking for!”

“Ok, Santa. Come over here and check out this Orange Box with me, Soldier Sam!” Sarina was so excited. They opened the Orange Box together.

Look Soldier Sam!” Sarina exclaimed. “It’s the Clue we have been looking for. I just knew we would find something at this Stop on the North Pole Tour!”

Earmuffs

Earmuffs are an essential part of any factory site but there are other reasons why you need them in Santa’s workshop. It’s not only that you will be exposed to loud machinery as toys as manufactured, pressed, cut and glued. It’s not that it’s negative two-million degrees and you don’t want your ears to get frostbite. it’s because prolonged exposure to the Christmas carols that pump through the workshop every single day have caused many a Christmas elf to lose their minds, and you don’t want to be next.

What a Great North Pole Tour you took me and Soldier Sam on, Santa. Now we have the clue to solve your mystery!” Sarina was so happy.

“Yes Sarina” Santa appreciated Sarina’s Smart Detective Work. Merry Christmas to you and Soldier Sam from all of us at the North Pole!”

## MYSTERY

You are in a bar when the person next to you says? “ Hey, Bartender, make it a double. It happened again. The detectives have been hired to investigate. " You can't resist and ask "What happened again?"

It was a dark and quiet night at the North Pole. For some moments Mr. Reindeer failed to recognize his whereabouts. Then he saw that stars were out in the sky and that he was somewhere by himself.

Soldier Sam and Sarina were in a nearby bar finishing off a bottle of Bourbon at the time and Sarina realized that the bar would be closing soon. And then it all came back to her, that night when Rudolph got hit by an Elf testing a motorbike.

Just at that time the Reindeer heard the approach of the Motorbike..

As far as the Reindeer could determine he was all in one piece--but why out here and alone?

The Reindeer struggled to get up but found it was impossible and after a moment he let out a cry for help. For five minutes he called out at intervals until finally a voice came from far away; and assistance arrived. It was Sarina and Soldier Sam.

'What is it Sir? A drop too much of Bourbon?' asked Sarina.

'Not a chance,' responded the Reindeer. 'I was in the Film Studio this

afternoon. It was a lousy trick to go off and leave me in this ditch.'

'They must have forgot you in the excitement.' Suggested Soldier Sam.

'Forgot me! I was the excitement'. exclaimed the Reindeer "If you don't believe me then check out what score I got on!'

Sarina helped him to his feet.

'They will be upset,' the Reindeer explained. 'A Star like Me doesn't get hit by a motorbike every day.'

'What's that? Did something happen?' asked Sarina.

'Well, as I heard," Soldier Sam broke in. this guy was supposed to ride the motor bike at a bump and the bike turned over and ran you into the ditch.

"That's what happened to Rudolph a while back I guess it happened again. Lightning struck twice." Observed Soldier Sam.

"I remember that" Sarina jumped in. "They had to stop shooting the score and they were really thrown for a loop."

But for all his anger the Reindeer felt a certain fierce pride. He was something in this set-up--someone to be reckoned with after years of inattention. He had managed to hold up the picture show once more.

Sarina tried to explain this to the Reindeer, but the Reindeer was hoping for Santa to come behind the curve in the road. Surly he would set this straight.

Worn out by the long jaunt over the back lot, Soldier Sam took a pint flask from his pocket and offered it to Sarina who declined. He did not offer it to the Reindeer, who was already in bad enough shape.

'Suit yourself, Sarina,' Soldier Sam said, "That's more for me," taking a big drink.

'Thanks a lot for offering me some of that bourbon" the Reindeer said sarcastically. "But I do not want any,' said the Reindeer with dignity.

The reindeer was suddenly alert. He had spotted a group of partygoers on their motorbikes like the one that knocked him into the ditch. They were in his marks now, Ready to pay them a lesson.

But then they moved off.

Watching the Reindeer's face, Sarina was rather touched and offered her support to catching the trouble makers, even if it meant hiring an expensive detective.

'We can go nearer,' suggested the Reindeer. 'We might get to that other parking lot. They're not using it—the pavilion is totally empty.'

On tip toe they started, Sarina in the lead, then Soldier Sam, then the Reindeer. As they moved softly forward Soldier Sam saw some 'Lights' and stopped in his tracks.

Then, as a blinding white glow struck at their eyes and the voice shouted 'Let's Go! We're rolling!' Sarina began to run, followed quickly by the Reindeer and Soldier Sam.

The noise from the Bikes suddenly ceased.

'Cut the scene' screamed a voice,

'What the living, blazing hell!' Sarina was shocked. It was Santa. To the Rescue.

From Santa's angle something had happened on the Motorbike Schedule that was, for the moment inexplicable.

Those gigantic silhouettes from the motorbikes, all with Bells on, had danced across what was intended to be a road off the main drag--they had

blundered into Santa's Trap.

The Reindeer had not only seen Santa—Santa, even more smart than an expensive detective had acted to trap the bikers in their tracks

Santa would put a stop to this, so that not even one of the Reindeers would ever experience trouble from bikers like that again!

## PART 2

Sarina and Soldier Sam could not believe their eyes. There in front of them was World Series Ring Ghost.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were getting closer and closer to the Finale of the Angels Stadium Haunted House. They were about to meet World Series Ring Ghost!

Sarina and Soldier Sam went in with World Series Ring Ghost shuffling after them through the unlighted hall up the place, and Sarina prepared herself to hear the account of World Series Ring Ghost before turning him out with her account of Angels Baseball, with her persistence she had earned it.

"You mean to say you are not alive!" Sarina asked, incredulous. "What in the world are you talking about?"

"I told you who I am," World Series Ring Ghost repeated quietly with a sigh,

looking at Sarina with the saddest eyes she have ever seen, 'and I am frightened still.'

“I have had a tough life, Sarina and Soldier Sam” explained World Series Ring Ghost. It’s no wonder I feel like a Ghost.”

Sarina was a good deal ready to see World Series Ring Ghost, waiting for Soldier Sam on the steps, and had sufficiently explained she wished to be there for the night.

It was not World Series Ring Ghost she had interviewed earlier and made plans with. Sarina’s heart gave a jump. '

Soldier Sam had decided to humor World Series Ring Ghost till he got to the door, and then race for the street. Soldier Sam stood bolt upright and faced him.

Sarina became real in her heart and not that worldly exterior, and knew immediately who this World Series Ring was.

Let’s get in this taxi, Sarina and Soldier Sam: World Series Ring Ghost instructed. Now it is my mission to drives you to your Launch Pad

Luckily the door to that taxi stood ready for Sarina and Soldier Sam, and, still more fortunate, there was a lock inside. In a second World Series Ring Ghost had slammed the door and turned the key.

It was going to be an eventful trip to the Launch Pad. Sarina and Soldier Sam had some unfinished business with World Series Ring Ghost. There would be no more identification as a Ghost. It was time for the World Series Ring to serve it's purpose.

"I'm safe" Sarina said,, but her heart was beating like a drum. A second later it seemed to stop altogether, for Sarina saw that World Series Ring Ghost was in the drivers seat.

World Series Ring Ghost communicated a curious sound, like laughter, yet not laughter, and turned his face up to Sarina. The light from the street below fell on it, but there was another light, too, shining all round it that seemed to come from the heart. World Series Ring Ghost eyes met Sarina's, and in that second she believed in him.

"You are not a Ghost, World Series Ring" explained Sarina. "Just a misunderstood Soul."

World Series Ring Ghost stared at Sarina, turning his head to watch Soldier Sam But when World Series Ring Ghost's face broke into a smile Sarina could control herself no longer.

LAST DAY ON EARTH ADVENTURE

## PART 1

It was Thanksgiving Day in New York City. Sarina and Soldier Sam had made plans to attend the Macys Thanksgiving Day Parade, before returning to the Bronx to Create the Ultimate Feast and enjoy it while watching NFL Football.

Thanksgiving Day is here and that only means one thing in New York City. There's nothing in the World quite like the Outrageous Fun of the Macys Thanksgiving Day Parade. The Blockbuster Event is perfect for making great memories – and great photo ops!

The Macys Thanksgiving Day Parade is a fun way to get together with family and friends for a day out. Sarina had been planning to attend at least one parade this year with Soldier Sam and Sarina had been plotting about just exactly how to keep the Thanksgiving Day Holiday Celebration Day fun and stress free!

“Turkeys dressed up in Yankees uniforms has always had a kind of outrageous edge to it. And why should we change that? Both Sarina and Soldier Sam were against any changes to their plan. Macys Thanksgiving Day Parade is not your typical everyday parade, and it never was. It shouldn't be. It can't be.”

This parade was extremely popular not only with Sarina but also with Soldier Sam. Sarina and Soldier Sam even competed against each other to see who could come up with the best idea for a Float. Soldier Sam had built many floats for Sarina over the years and most of them won prizes. Sometimes Soldier Sam would remember that he still had some parts for these Floats stored in his tool garage.

Sarina was not allowed to play in the Garage because she would argue too much and she was too loud and disrupted Soldier Sam's Workshop Conferences.

Sarina's Thanksgiving Day Outfit was a magical find, and it has come to symbolize the importance of the Macys Day Thanksgiving Day Parade for all

of New York, and the millions watching the broadcast throughout the entire world.

Soldier Sam spoke joyfully of going to the dollar store, picking up all the materials they would need to attend the Macys Thanksgiving Day Parade.

“I can’t imagine a safer place to bring Sarina,” Soldier Sam said of the Macys Thanksgiving Day Parade in New York City.

A resounding chorus of voices — from within the New York community and not — would agree with this general sentiment about the Macys Thanksgiving Day parades and Sarina. But in the days leading up to Thanksgiving, one tweet turned it into a bigger conversation.

The post asked parade participants not to commercialize Sarina Pride and to leave their outrageous floats in New Jersey.

Anyone who has been to a parade has likely seen the procession of outrageous floats. How Sarina-appropriate are the Macys Thanksgiving Day Parade festivities? And why does this discussion hit a nerve for the whole city of New York?

“At some level this has always been part of a much larger debate of what Thanksgiving is. And the role Sarina plays in it.”

It was Soldier Sam’s first parade in a while due his hectic work schedule but he was looking forward to taking part in this parade for the benefit of making Sarina a surprise. But Soldier Sam sometimes can’t keep up or march in time. While he is practising he gets lost and bumps into obstacles.

Sarina was worried Soldier Sam won’t get all his Floats made for the Macys Thanksgiving Day Parade because he has so many job commitments already. Sarina volunteered to help and Soldier Sam rewarded her with a case of Bourbon. Perfect for keeping time!

Sarina finished off that Bourbon up and down and was bursting with excitement, for weeks leading up to the Thanksgiving Day Parade where she would march as the Representative of the Bronx.

“Stars like Sarina march at the front,” explained Soldier Sam, “and if we march smartly, we get a Big Thanksgiving Dinner.”

“Ooh!” said Sarina. “What are we going to have for Thanksgiving Dinner this year?”

“It’s a surprise,” answered Soldier Sam.

“That’s not fair,” said Sarina. “Please tell me.”

But Soldier Sam was insistent. “It’s tradition, Sarina” he said. “Every Parade Superstar gets a surprise for Thanksgiving at the end of the Parade. Well, it might be a very special surprise that is once in a lifetime” Soldier Sam added.

But Sarina didn’t want a surprise. Sarina wanted to know NOW!

Sarina and Soldier Sam drank Bourbon before every Parade they went to over the course of a year, and today was no exception. And it was on the Mark! Sarina packs a picnic lunch. She packs the Pin Wheels, Sidewalk Chalk and of course lots of Miniature American Flags.

Sarina cannot find their Blanket to sit on in case they got tired of standing before the parade starts. Sarina always loses things. The blanket is not in the laundry basket or dryer. It is not in the closet, either.

She finally looks in her beach bag that she had not even used since their trip to the State Park during last summer. She sees the blankets folded in the bottom. Of course, the blankets are exactly where they should be.

Sarina was planning to show off her new smart looking outfit, the Yankees Jersey was perfect for an event that was sure to be lots of fun and also infused with measures of thanksgiving.

Sarina was almost ready. She just needs her sunglasses. She thinks they are on the table by the door. Or maybe they are in the Trophy Room. They could also be in her handbag. Sarina was exasperated.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were so excited they were going to the Parade!. They had decided to make a Lunch. First they needed to get a Sturdy Cooler to put the food in. Sarina wanted to make the sandwiches and all the Fixings and Soldier Sam wanted to gather up all the bottled water so they could stay Hydrated. They were on sale at the Bodega on the Corner!

After Sarina grabbed the Cooler -- one that rolls or slings over your shoulder -- and packed it with ice, ice pops, bottles of milk, juice boxes, bags of sliced fruit and cubes of cheese and sandwiches. And bottled water of course. Toss a box of crackers and a bag of pretzels in a canvas tote and you'll be set.

"What a pretty day!" said Soldier Sam.

"This is going to be an awesome Parade" Sarina was excited.

"I'm excited too" Soldier Sam laughed.

"The Parade is back, and we're excited to bring it back to the streets of New York City in its full form, in the way that audiences have grown to know and Love us," said Soldier Sam. "It's going to be a celebration of spectacle, a celebration of performance, a celebration of culture, a celebration of Love. "

Like I was telling my Crew" recalled Soldier Sam, "It's going to be a really exciting day, and we're really just glad to have the opportunity to bring it back to New York City in its true form."

New balloons will take flight, along with decked-out floats and a stacked lineup of music artists, Broadway favorites, marching bands, and more magical performances are in store for this year.

Sarina was curious. "Soldier Sam, do you know much about the 2021 Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade, including who's performing, how to watch, and everything in between?."

"We've got a full show: 10 marching bands, 15 giant character balloons, 28 floats, 30-plus heritage balloons, and a whole host of performances," Soldier Sam told Sarina.

"There's a tremendous amount of time and dedication that's added to every detail of the Thanksgiving Day Parade" explained Soldier Sam. "Thanks to the talented Macy's Parade Studio team, who commit over 50,000 hours of labor to prepare, we're presented with a spectacular city sight come Thanksgiving morning.

"What are the new floats at the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade, Soldier Sam?" Sarina inquired.

"Well, answered Soldier Sam, "Macy's unveiled a total of six new floats this year, including a Heinz Gravy Pirate boat 'floatloonicle,' which according to my sources, is 'part float, part 'balloonicle' or balloon-vehicle. It has a typical float-like structure for the interior and stage, but the actual pirate ship itself is a balloon."

Sarina ran upstairs to get dressed up. It was a Rockin' Outfit and Soldier Sam admired Sarina's selections from her closet.

Soldier Sam puts the cooler and all the other Parade Essentials in their Train Tote. He checks to make sure everything is there. Mickey, their dog, is ready too. That puppy sure loves going to Parades!

Soldier Sam is ready to leave. Where is Sarina? She knows he likes to arrive at the Parade before the crowds so they can be sure to get a Great Spot to see all the festivities right up close

The Crisp November day was just perfect, a light breeze and the small patches of fog that hovered close to the ground soon disappeared with the rising of the sun.

This was going to be a very special day for Soldier Sam since he had not even seen Sarina during the week since she was off flying God-knows-where on her assignments.

Every morning before work Soldier Sam would Call Sarina and they would pass the time talking as they each made up their Breakfast. Over the course of the last week Sarina and Soldier Sam had talked a lot about a lot, but there was still a lot of ground to cover.

Each day they grew closer together and when they had talked last during the week Soldier Sam had asked Sarina if she Thursday off work for the Big Parade.

Sarina told Soldier Sam that she did so he seized the opportunity and asked her to go to the Parade. She said that she would love to and offered some suggestions for putting the Cooler together like Potato Salad, Coleslaw & Italian Sub Sandwiches. Even some Nachos!!

Back at the house on the day of the Big Parade, Soldier Sam was starting to grow impatient to get the Show on the road. Sarina is always late!

“What are the new balloons at the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade, Soldier Sam?” Sarina wanted to know more.

Soldier Sam was ready for that question. “Along with returning favorites such as Snoopy, SpongeBob SquarePants, and the Pillsbury Doughboy, there will be a total of four new balloons ready to take flight for this year's parade. The first is Grogu (AKA, Baby Yoda from The Mandalorian) which is a Funko Pop!-inspired balloon. The second features both Pikachu and Eevee in honor of the Pokemon's 25th anniversary.

“Wow!” Sarina exclaimed. “That’s great. Anything else, Soldier Sam?”

“Yes, Sarina!! The third new balloon to fly high in the sky is a giant Ada Twist from the book and Netflix series Ada Twist, Scientist. For the last new balloon, we can confidently say that "We're Lovin' it," –just like us.”

Sarina laughed.

Solider Sam responded.” The McDonald's Ronald McDonald Balloon is joining the balloon bunch this Thanksgiving for the fifth rendition of Ronald since he first appeared during the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade in 1987!”

Sarina searches for her sunglasses. She cannot find them, and she knows Soldier Sam is waiting. She always hears about it when she is late! She grabs her purse and locks the door.

"You are late," Soldier Sam says as they began to walk to the Train Station in the Bronx. After boarding, it would be just a quick minute until they were at the Parade Site. Sarina tells Solider Sam that she could not find her sunglasses.

Solider Sam looks at her and laughs! Her sunglasses are on top of her head. They were there the whole time!

"It is always in the last place that you look," Sarina Laughed.

Getting to a parade too late to get a seat could send Soldier Sam into a tantrum, but get there too early and he'll be so bored that he'll get cranky. Err on the side of early and take plenty of gear to keep him occupied. Pack magnetic blocks, a selection of his favorite books and even a few new toys he hasn't yet seen. Some parade staples, like pinwheels, flags or light sticks, will keep him entertained too; wave them in front of him and supervise as he plays with them himself.

There may only be 28 floats, but each one is comprised of hundreds of different set pieces and structural elements. The floats don't drive themselves, though, as they are towed by trucks driven by members of New

York City's Theatrical Teamsters union, Local 817. The drivers are even supposed to wear jackets and ties for parade duty, according to Car and Driver.

Sarina was in her element. Sitting on a curb, waving a flag and watching a marching band go by is such a perfect moment that she truly believed She was the Grand Marshall of that Parade.

But a parade will feel endless if Sarina and Soldier Sam are both hungry.

Bring a cooler-- one that rolls or slings over your shoulder-- and pack it with ice, ice pops, bottles of milk, juice boxes, bags of sliced fruit and cubes of cheese and turkey. Add bottled water for Sarina and Bourbon for Solider Sam.

“Look, Soldier Sam!” Sarina said. I even Tossed a box of crackers and a bag of pretzels in a canvas tote. Add some Bourbon at you’ll be all set to enjoy that Parade.”

Sarina and Soldier Sam were both getting very excited as the parade start time neared. The first thing Soldier Sam spotted were clowns roller skating with bundles of balloons. Soon after came the NYPD motorcycles, horses, marching bands, cheerleaders, floats and, of course, the huge character balloons.

“Is a parade really considered a parade without confetti?” Sarina asked Soldier Sam.

“Of course not, Sarina.” Soldier Sam stated the obvious. “That’s why Macy's uses 300 pounds worth of the shimmery, papery, metallic material. Whether

you're lined along the streets and it covers your hair, or watching from home as it flies through the air, it's a celebration staple that's sure to put a smile on everyone's face. “

Sarina had done some research and found out Macy's claims to only use "commercially manufactured, multicolor confetti, not shredded paper," according to their website.

It wouldn't be a Thanksgiving Day parade without the huge novelty balloons. Nor would it be one without one of the balloons partially deflating due to catching on a snag, strong winds, or the weather being so cold that the air gives out.

Every balloon and float in the parade is hand-painted by members of Macy's Parade Studio team, led by Soldier Sam, who's worked on dozens of parades. The studio has "every color in the rainbow," Soldier Sam explained to Sarina.

## PART 2

Magic wouldn't be in the air if the balloons didn't fly high in the sky.

Both Sarina and Soldier Sam were very Thankful to witness the Greatest Spectacle in the Greatest City in the World on a Wonderful Holiday.

Sarina and Soldier Sam had breakfast on the street, colored and watched all the Parade Hype on their Smartphones. The whole Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade event lasts for a couple of hours, so Sarina recommended they stay seated in the hours leading up to the parade to preserve their standing ability for the actual parade.

Sarina and Soldier Sam had brought camping chairs, buckets or anything else you want to sit on to the parade.

These items won't really be helpful during the parade itself since everyone seems to stand, but it will help make the hours leading up the parade a bit

more comfortable. At the very least, it's recommended that people bring blankets to sit on instead of the hard, cold, gum-covered NYC sidewalks.

We're not just talking little latex balloons on a string. We're talking giant balloons that are typically guided by 80 to 100 uniformed handlers! There will be about 25 people assigned to each balloon, according to Soldier Sam.

Sarina was excited. Not because the rain was stopping. The sun was coming out and Sarina knew that only meant one thing..

The Yankees Turkey Balloon Float!

And not just any Turkey Balloon Float-- this was the most Beautiful Yankees Turkey Float America had ever seen in its illustrious history.

"Oh, what a Treat!! If only you could stay forever. If only we could be Lucky enough to replay this highlight reel over and over again!" Sarina said.

Of course all year, Sarina had dreamed of this moment. The moment all of her dreams would come true when she saw the Yankees Turkey Balloon Float pass by her.

"What a happy dream" Sarina said to Soldier Sam as it passed by their Seating Section.

As Sarina looked out onto the Street she wondered if she had actually woken up at all.

"There it is, Sarina!!" Your Magical Yankees Turkey Balloon Float—in all of its splendor." Soldier Sam was excited too.

And when it paused and stopped right in front of Sarina and Soldier Sam she realised it was true.

The Yankees Turkey Balloon Float was the Highlight of Sarina's entire Life. And when it started to move again, after it drenched Sarina in Glitter and

Confetti, Sarina considered that she had never even woken up at all from her Magical Dream.

For Years, people arrived from far and wide. Everyone wanted to see the Yankees Turkey Balloon Float.

The World had been quick to make the most of it. There was a new Yankees Turkey Mascot in every American town dedicated to promoting the Yankees Turkey Balloon Float.

The shops were full of Yankees Turkey themed Souvenirs all year. People bought T-Shirts, jerseys, custom shoes, gloves and other toys and some of them really went overboard and dyed their hair with Blue Pinstripe colours.

And the Yankees Turkey Balloon Float was discussed by commentators on every television channel, even on Twitter. Bands of every music genre played sold out concerts dedicated to the Yankees Turkey Mascot.

Ever week something different was happening. And the Yankees Turkey Mascots were at the center of it all.

America would spend hours, even days talking to the Yankees Turkey Mascot. America introduced Yankees Turkey Mascot to all their friends and shared favourite toys.

This Thanksgiving arrived and it was cold outside. The Yankees Turkey Mascot shivered and put on mittens, but still the Yankees Turkey Balloon Float showed up at the Parade every year right on cue.

But by this Thanksgiving, people had gotten so used to the Yankees Turkey Balloon Float. Most people even forgot it was still in the Parade, since there we so many more Floats more extravagant than the Yankees Turkey Balloon Float.

The Yankees Turkey Balloon Float was no longer at the center of it all. The whole Parade was littered with Floats for Restaurants, Home improvement products, politicians and bargain basement buck stores for products of every

kind

“How could they do this to something so special?” Sarina said in despair.

Just then, the crowd of people started shouting and took out their cameras in anticipation of the most treasured of them all. The NBC Peacock Float.

“I think they are coming to see you again!” Sarina shouted to her beloved Yankees Turkey Balloon Float.”

But it wasn't the Yankees Turkey Balloon Float they had come to see. The NBC Peacock Float was what the crowds had come to see on this Thanksgiving Day in New York.

Soon all the people began to stare at all the other Corporate Floats

“Isn't it wonderful?” said the people breathlessly. It must have cost one billion dollars!” shouted the people.

America was excited again, “We're so lucky to have something that costs so much money to build and showers us with glitter and confetti!”

America didn't know it, but the Yankees Turkey Balloon Float heard every word.

“Hmmm.. the Yankees Turkey Balloon Float thought. “These worldly things, a rare and precious sight.”

Sarina and Soldier Sam may have been the only ones to still appreciate the Yankees Turkey Balloon Float out of millions of people watching on site and on Television broadcasts to the entire World.

But when people start to lose interest in the Yankees Turkey Balloon Float, Sarina and Soldier Sam learned that most people have no idea what the special things, so precious in life are at all!

The Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade itself was wonderful. The floats flew high, the weather that year was decent for late November, the people around us were fantastic. And it even started to snow right before Santa arrived at the end of the parade. It was perfect.

Sarina and Soldier Sam ran through all the crowds of people and jumped on the Uptown Train headed back to the Bronx, where Sarina and Soldier Sam belonged.

The Train was passing by Yankees stadium on Thanksgiving morning and Soldier Sam noticed a sign painted in Yankee Pinstripes outside the Stadium.

It looked like the Yankees Fans had been baking in anticipation of the upcoming Thanksgiving Day Feast.

The Sign was very clear: "Yankees Fans Celebrate with One Dollar Pumpkin Pies!"

Sarina and Soldier Sam hopped off the Train to check out what was going on. Sarina wanted to see whatever was cooking and just sitting on top of the Makeshift Picnic Tables.

"Come on over, Soldier Sam, let's go get a Pumpkin Pie," Sarina called. Sarina always tells Soldier Sam about what she wants and Sarina had sure not forgotten about her surprise.

Were the Pumpkin Pies the Surprise Sarina had been waiting for?

Sometimes Sarina even brings her Smartphone and shows Soldier Sam the highlights about everything that happened during the Big Yankees Games.

So Sarina and Soldier Sam checked out the parking lot for a bit.

"Wow! That is sure a Boatload of Pumpkin Pies. What do you say we pick a couple out and eat them inside the Stadium, Soldier Sam?" asked Sarina

"Sounds great, Sarina!" answered Soldier Sam. "It looks like the gates are open. Maybe we could take them inside and eat them in the section behind the Yankees Dugout.

"Sarina, how about you check out the Pumpkin Pie selection while I head up to the Front Office. There is something I've been meaning to talk to the Owner and GM about.

"Ok, Soldier Sam" Sarina agreed. We can meet up in the Section behind the Yankees Dugout."

Fans had been baking and Sarina confirmed the Pumpkin Pies we being sold for only One Dollar. Still, to Sarina that price seemed a bit steep.

Sarina walked inside the Stadium Gates and marched toward the seats Soldier Sam had promised to meet her at.

Soldier Sam had completed his meeting with the Yankees Owner and GM.

"It's Pumpkin Pie for you and me, Soldier Sam" Sarina said with excitement.

How much did those Pumpkin Pies cost Sarina? Only a Buck?" Soldier Sam thought that was a great deal.

"I decided just to take them off the picnic tables and run for it" Sarina announced.

"Hey, put the Pumpkin Pies back!" Solder Sam said.

"What's the matter?" asked Sarina. "Are you a Turkey?"

Sarina made Turkey noises to made fun of Soldier Sam. "Gobble Gobble!" Sarina flapped her elbows up and down.

"Could I let Sarina call me a Turkey?" Solder Sam considered.

"Give me that Pumpkin Pie," Soldier Sam demanded. Sarina handed him the pie, and they chose a couple of seats down by the field.

When they got there, Sarina broke the Pumpkin Pies up in pieces and ate almost the whole thing. She hardly saved any of it for Soldier Sam!

When it was all gone, Sarina picked up the pie pan and stepped on it.

Sarina smiled at Soldier Sam who gave the pie pan a little stomp too.

After that and for the rest of the daylight hours, Sarina and Soldier Sam played Frisbee with the Pie Pan inside Yankee Stadium and had loads of fun competing to see how many times they could get the Frisbee over the Right Field Porch and into the Bleachers.

Just before dark, they walked home down the street from the stadium.

When they got back to the house, Sarina started thinking about the pumpkin pie and wondered whether she should have eaten whole pie for herself. Maybe all the fans were coming over her house once they realised the pie had disappeared.

It got closer to Dinner Time on Thanksgiving! Soldier Sam was already hard at work in the kitchen.

Sarina was very confident she had plenty of room in her stomach for the big meal and soon enough it would be Time when they would be sure to enjoy the Great Thanksgiving Feast!

"I'm going to visit the Bodega now" Sarina said with a full mouth.

"What was that?" asked Soldier Sam.

Sarina raised her voice a bit. "I said, 'I'm going to visit the Bodega,'" Sarina repeated"

Would you pick up some items so we can make more Pumpkin Pies?"

suggested Soldier Sam.

"Sure. By the way, how do you make pumpkin pie?"

"Most of the ingredients are things we already have, like eggs and flour, Soldier Sam explained. "The only thing we would need is some canned pumpkin."

Sarina ran upstairs and got all the money she had worked so hard to earn in the Studio where she was doing so much Brilliant Work.

Sarina pushed it down in her pocket. She ran down the stairs and out the front door, and then headed down the street to the Bodega.

"Happy Thanksgiving!" said the Bodega Shop owner.

"Oh, good you are still open," Sarina said. "Do you have any canned pumpkin?"

"On Thanksgiving Day?" he chuckled. "Of Course! We have a whole display of canned pumpkin. It's such a popular item Today I put it right in Aisle One."

Sarina easily found the pumpkin cans and carried them to the cash register.

As Sarina felt around in her pockets for the money, she remembered the pan. "Do you have pie pans?"

"Those are right next to the Pumpkin Cans, Of course. Where else would they be?" he replied.

The Bodega Shop Owner rang up the order and said, "That will be ten bucks even, please." Sarina had to use almost all the money she had in cash to pay him.

On the way back to her house, Sarina wondered what she was going to say to Soldier Sam. She came to the kitchen door with a smile, but Soldier Sam was outside having a Smoke.

"Is that you, Soldier Sam?" Sarina asked. "Come on in here. It's a little chilly outside, I mean as chilly as normal for a Bronx night in late November.

Sarina told him what happened at the Bodega and how she was so relieved the Shop Owner was so accommodating.

Sarina sat the bag on the counter and took out what she had purchased.

"Will you help me make the pie, Solder Sam?" she asked

"Of Course. I have been looking forward to our time together in the Kitchen for a long time now!", Soldier Sam replied.

Sarina picked the Pumpkin Cans out of the bag and realised she would probably have to freeze all the extra pies for a Treat the next week there were so many.

"I Totally can't wait for us to eat this great Thanksgiving Day Feast!" Sarina said to Soldier Sam.

"I can't wait to do it with you too." Laughed Soldier Sam!

Soldier Sam had baked the Turkey, but he didn't follow the usual Protocols. He didn't tell Sarina that he had not put Stuffing inside of that Turkey.

Soldier Sam had placed something much more special inside that Thanksgiving Bird.

"It's all ready, Sarina, You have the honour of carving the Turkey this year and..Oh, I forgot to tell you what your Big Surprise is.

Sarina responded, "Tell me just as soon as we get all the Fixin's on the Table and open up that next Bourbon bottle."

But Sarina would find out the answer to that question before that.

Sarina had hardly started carving that Turkey when she noticed no stuffing was inside the Turkey. There was something else.

Sarina saw an Orange Box inside the Turkey.

“Soldier Sam!! What is this Orange Box doing inside the Turkey?” Sarina was in Shock.

“Well why don’t you open the Orange Box, Sarina? Remember this morning when you couldn’t wait to find out what your Thanksgiving Surprise would be? Now you get the Chance!!”

Sarina opened up the Orange Box and was even more surprised than when she noticed there was no Stuffing inside the Turkey.

Soldier Sam had gone on a Side Mission at Yankees Stadium while Sarina was preoccupied with Stealing the Pies.

“Why Soldier Sam!!” Sarina couldn’t believe it. “Soldier Sam, it’s a Yankees World Series Championship Ring from 1923!”

“Soldier Sam” Sarina said excitedly. “This is the best Thanksgiving Surprise I could have ever imagined. And just to think, you had this plan worked out all Day at the Macys Thanksgiving Day Parade!

"You're not going to tell anyone at Yankees Games in the Spring that you stole that Pumpkin Pie earlier today are you, Sarina?" Soldier Sam asked.

For a moment Sarina didn't answer, Finally, she Started Laughing "I can do whatever I want. I’m the Grand Marshall of the New York City Macys Thanksgiving Day Parade!"

“Yes You Are, Sarina. Yes you are!!” Soldier Sam certainly agreed. “The Best Grand Marshall New York City has ever seen!”

## STARSHIP ADVENTURE

Valentine's Day Countdown!!

### PART 2

“We Got Lost in Space on Our Valentines Starship”

When the Sun Exploded destroying Earth, Orange Hockey games were cancelled and Sarina and Soldier Sam have been orbiting in space ever since. Resources are growing thin and conflict is slowly spreading. All the Orange Fans on Earth have been forced to live together aboard the Starship, and it's a miracle this arrangement has lasted this long.

But now the powerplants engines are failing and the workshops have run out of metal. Soldier Sam is a Junker, sent to salvage materials from distant galaxies and bring it up to your ship for reuse. Orange Mascot was still on another planet so Sarina and Soldier Sam wanted to find him—amidst all their Missions.

One day, Soldier Sam found an ancient VHS tape and Sarina plugged it in only to see a video of Orange Stadium, when Earth still existed and sure enough, there was Orange Mascot, leading all the fans in Orange Stadium into a state of madness. This whips up Soldier Sam's nostalgia and Sarina

just existed for a moment in the beauty of it all. Soldier Sam also found an electronic version of Orange Mascot's current diary. Sarina was in search of Planets in the Galaxy and had the advantage of stealth and greater mobility.

Orange Mascot has been trying to reach Sarina and Soldier Sam's Starship to brief them on the Results of his Intergalactic Mission to find a New Home for the Orange, one in which a Stadium could be built to Monster Specifications, the likes of which the Galaxies had never seen since the Beginning of Time..

Where in the galaxy is a safe place to hide from some spaceship entities who want to destroy everyone? We mean anywhere in the galaxy. Empty space is not an option, too easy to be seen. Cold planets would probably be useless because of the lack of heat. What kinds of sensors do the bad guys have? If you travel ten light-years away, it'll take them ten years to see you, which is plenty of time to move even further.

If you're saying these aliens can detect their prey at warp speeds, you'll have to explain how that's possible, and define the limitations of such impossible powers. However, where in the Milky Way galaxy is a safe place to hide from swarms of aliens that attack anything they detect on sight while building a giant space fleet?

Orange Mascot had a Valentines Day plan, one in which Sarina and Soldier Sam need to locate a Hiding Place in the Galaxy to find a missing part to the Space Ship so Orange Fans can witness a Hockey game, at least once Sarina and Soldier Sam learn to split command.

But Sarina and Soldier Sam's excitement ends there, swiftly changing to shock as they realize it's all a fabrication, it's all a power play, and Orange Mascot planted the tape just to distract Sarina from devious operations in the engine room.

**We started up our Starship and started having a conversation about how much Space Traffic there was on Valentine's Day.**

Sarina revved the Starship engines towards the direction the Valentine Orange Compass in the Direction of the New Planet. Once at the destination, Solider Sam proposed they jump off the Starship onto the Planet's Terrain. Then continue to follow the compass for the exact location of Orange Mascot.

Orange Mascot's plan to steal the Starship Parts and send Sarina and Soldier Sam on a Hide-and-Seek Game is deeply entrenched in the opinions of some of the Orange Fans, and Orange Mascot has a plan to launch the spaceship on a voyage in search of a distant world, a world that would provide the means to host Orange Hockey. It's up to Sarina and Soldier Sam to find Orange Mascot and Sarina had come up with a brilliant Plan of her own.

Orange Mascot had for sure found a good hiding place for our Starship Part and we set due course to find it. We had at our disposal many navigation instruments and talked about the scenery in outer space.

Soldier Sam accompanied Sarina on the Hide-and-Seek adventure in more than just spirit. Soldier Sam's Title was "Chief Engineer of Future Orange Hockey. Soldier Sam can be found within several levels investigating the happenings of the Universe.

**In most cases, playing Hide-and-Seek with Orange Mascot is out of the way of the main objectives. Scouring inter-planetary levels is a must for those interested in tracking him down. Sarina and Soldier Sam were up to the challenge!**

The plan was to hop off the Starship and onto the location Orange Mascot had hidden the Space Ship Part. Sarina and Soldier Sam wanted to make their way towards the suspected location of Orange Mascot at the center of the Space Portal Outpost.

There Sarina and Soldier Sam will find the Mystery Compass. It sits on a spot in the Galaxy that is right on their way. Pick up the compass, and it will be added to your Quest Radial. Sarina and Soldier Sam were on their way to completing their Valentine's Day Mission.

But instead of following the suggested path, Sarina messed up the controls so the Starship headed in the opposite direction. A Hyperspeed bridge lies just beyond their new course blocked by two Orange Planets.

These Obstacles were easily broken by Soldier Sam's Super Shooter Ray Gun Battery, but that didn't solve the problem of Being Lost in another Galaxy.

Once the Planets are destroyed, Sarina can make the Starship traverse the bridge and jump in the Vortex waiting at the end of the path. This will open a route to two levels that might help out being lost. Otherwise it would be impossible.

Sarina commenced with setting a new course by adding new Charts to the Control Room This was closely followed by putting a layer of Super Coolant Glossy over the Instructions so they would be undamaged if Soldier Sam drops his Bottle of Bourbon again.

Soldier Sam agreed and added a layer of his own to the priceless instructions. Would Sarina and Solider Sam ever find their way to Orange Mascot's secret hiding space? They were still pretty lost.

Soldier Sam chipped in on the Starship chores that would be necessary to keep the mission going. At the front he poured in some Frozen Plasma to make the engines more resistant to wear and tear when Sarina decided to make the jump to Hyperspeed and start to pick up the pace on their journey.

Soldier Sam covered the place with his Tools. Sarina then added her unique collection of Starship Material, mostly navigation control machinery.

Sarina placed the bizarre Hide-and-Seek map at the heart of the control room to make it the center of attraction. Soldier Sam put some Orange Valentines Flowers next to Sarina to add some ambiance. Sarina was delighted.

Sarina and Soldier Sam thought back to previous Hide-and-Seek games they had played together. Maybe this would give them some much needed

perspective to enable their chase to find Orange Mascot and the missing part.

The last time Sarina and Soldier Sam played Hide-and-Seek Soldier Sam made Sarina "it". One time Soldier Sam hid beneath the boilerplates in the engine room.

That was one of the first places Sarina decided to look for Soldier Sam. Only Sarina didn't have a key. Soldier Sam was going crazy hiding in there and he realized that without a Key, Sarina was never going to find him.

So Soldier Sam opened the Engine Room Door and stepped into the hallway and Sarina tagged him immediately.

What lessons might Sarina and Soldier Sam take from that episode?

Orange Mascot was probably growing weary of hiding—well, wherever he was hiding—and Sarina thought he might send a clue over the Radio. After all, Orange Mascot wanted to find an Orange Planet suitable for Orange Hockey too.

When the final marks are tallied, this Hide-and-Seek Game was designed so Sarina and Soldier Sam could make some Valentine's Day Memories.

Apparently what happened was that Sarina and Soldier Sam had somewhat, somehow, got lost on one of the turns and we just now starting to get their wits about them after several Light Years had passed.

Orange Mascot was just waiting for this Hide-and-Seek Valentines Adventure to run its course. Orange Mascot was only found after a Transport Pod unrelated to Sarina and Soldier Sam's mission spotted him with super beam headlights.

Oh, did I mention that Solider Sam was new to the area and didn't know where this or what was? Orange Mascot was caught up and now we know his hiding place.

In some stories, the ships hide from such an enemy described by chilling to match the background temperature of space. It's using entropy-reversing tool on a quantum computer: running the program makes it colder. There is nothing like that in reality.

Many have described missions into a star, and a high tech solution of using a cooling laser. It turns out there really is such a thing! It works by carrying away entropy, as the laser is highly organised.

Cooling yourself when surrounded by a hot media like a star also plays trick with the population statistics: a normal hot gas will have a curve with a peak and taper off elsewhere; if you emit energy in a narrow band away from the peak, the surrounding media is colder in that frequency.

Sarina and Soldier Sam found Orange Mascot's hiding spot and Located their Valentine Prize.

## It was an Orange Heavy Ion Counter!

Remote-sensing instruments exist to form some kind of image or characterization of the source of the phenomena that enter the instrument. In doing so, they record characteristics of objects at a distance, sometimes forming an image by gathering, focusing, and recording light. A camera, also called an imager, is a classic example of a remote-sensing instrument.

Orange Mascot gave Sarina and Soldier Sam the instruction manuals and described the Fix.

“There's an antimatter particle trace in the bottom charge compactor motor. Speed up the search before you get lost.” Instructed Orange Mascot.

“There is a 50-50 chance Orange Nation may witness Orange Hockey on the New Planet. It could be Light Years away and some of the Fans might jump ship before then survival” Sarina said.

That got Soldier Sam’s attention fast and he bounded over to get closer to Sarina since the Engine Room had started shaking.

“Ah Soldier Sam! It's you” Sarina noticed. “Come here closer to me. I want you to see this Galaxy Map.”

“Please don't leave me on this Starship without you, Sarina”, Soldier Sam said with alarm.

“Soldier Sam no worries here, I won't go away from you.” Sarina promised. I might not be standing next to you when you are in the Engine Room, but your heart will have room for me, won't it?”

“I will never forget this Valentine’s Day, Sarina. If there was no Hide-and-Seek production by Orange Mascot, I'd be at work listening to the Radio” admitted Soldier Sam.

“Soldier Sam, the smart ones forgive someone like Orange Mascot and his Valentine’s Day Prank and the foolish keep the grudge in their heart. Be courageous, Soldier Sam” Sarina advised. “Have a heart for yourself and one for the world.”

It was a good thing Orange Mascot made our Valentines more practical this year, because after forecasting the success of our mission, we will certainly stand a better chance if we have New Starship Parts.” Soldier Sam pointed out.

A brilliant Meteor shower had started as soon as Sarina started up the engines and prepared to put their mission into another gear. So the “adventure” part of Valentine’s Day resumed again.

It was so nice to spend Valentine’s Day with you, Soldier Sam” Sarina exclaimed.

“Same, Sarina” responded Soldier Sam. “It was a great Valentines Adventure that I would do again in a Heartbeat even though it was quite a bit of Work.”

The Prospects for finding a Planet suitable for Orange Hockey were now Better than Ever!!

## PART 2

Sarina squeezed the edges of the console.. “You try to fly that shuttle out of here before we’ve managed this evac and I’ll lock it to the docking bay. We’re not leaving until we finish help the crew.”

The Radio Crackled. Sarina and Soldier Sam both heard the noise.

“Rams Mascot is that YOU?!!” Sarina was shocked.

“Wait, Rams Mascot, I can’t hear you. Speak up!” Sarina shouted.

“Rams Mascot we have a bad connection. Hold on while Soldier Sam and I fix the ship so we can hear you. Sit Tight! Don’t Go anywhere, We will reestablish the connection,” Sarina Promised.

Sarina and Soldier Sam needed a command structure-- incident leadership. But there was nothing. The crew stirred in the hidden department

"Everybody on the should have an RFID locator chip so the crew could rescue or retrieve them if they went missing," Sarina decided.

Soldier Sam said, "Well, they're missing now." His hands moved over his console.

Sarina's countdown on the evacuation alert reached 2 minutes. She checked to make sure that the decompression doors were engaged and the circulation vents closed between 3 North and the rest of the area.

Sarina's hands shook—what if I had forgotten to do that?" she asked.

They would have closed on their own, Sarina told herself. Assuming the system worked. Which felt like a big assumption right now.

"Decompressing in eight, seven, six—"

Sarina uncovered the shielded toggle and recognized a problem. "Damn it," she said. "I need the keys!"

Soldier Sam tossed them to Sarina without looking. The arc was high because of the gravity, but Sarina managed to reach up, straining at the end of the tether, and snag them.

As Sarina fitted the key, oxygen levels dropped through Sector 3, North and South. The fire would put itself out eventually, but there were concerns about that too.

"Soldier Sam, please check to make sure 3 South is isolated from 3 North?" Sarina asked.

"It looks OK," Soldier Sam replied. Sarina half-expected him to ignore her, but apparently a real crisis made them temporary allies.

Sarina turned the key.

On the screens, a puff of atmosphere and debris jetted from the outside surface of 3 North. And there wasn't any debris in it, which was a relief.

"Fire's out," Sarina said. "I think, anyway. Infrared shows the temperature dropping at the source."

"That's a relief," said Soldier Sam.

Fire could rekindle, despite being deprived of atmosphere, if it had melted through oxygen supply lines.

"Right, I should temporarily seal off all oxygen feeds to 3 North. I should have done that first. I was not ready for this job" Sarina admitted..

Sarina used the keys and flipped another locked toggle, triple-checking that it was the right one. Belatedly she remembered to say, "Shutting down ox to 3 North."

Soldier Sam said, "I have a bunch of RFID tags in Sector 8. Looks like they're in the backup Ops center."

"Why'd they evacuate this one?" Sarina asked.

"We should go back to the shuttle," Soldier Sam, replied.

"You might be right, Soldier Sam. Sarina opened her mouth to say so, and the entire world lurched. A terrible rending sound, like some Monster snapping a rubber band, rang through the hab.

Sarina bounced off the deck as lights that had been amber flared red. Except Soldier Sam, who still hadn't clipped in. Soldier Sam bounced off the ceiling, cursing, then bounced off the deck.

Soldier Sam hauled himself to his feet. "It's just a drill. It's just a drill."

"That was a cable snapping. It's not a drill!"

Sarina said, "Check!," and Soldier Sam stretched out to touch her, not unclipping.

"I'm fine," Soldier Sam snapped, he grabbed the rail on the edge of the console and snapped his harness leads to it. "Stupid way to get hurt."

"Where are You, Rams Mascot?" Sarina shouted into the radio receiver.

Rams Mascots voice came through loud and clear.

"WHERE ARE YOU, RAMS MASCOT?" Sarina wanted to know as soon as possible. "Can the Planet's Terrain and Atmosphere support Rams Football?"

"I'm on Planet ASCELLA! Check it out, Sarina!"

Planets heating mechanism is atmosphere's interaction with ion's in the planet's magnetic field, or gravity waves from the planet's interior that dissipate in the atmosphere.

"Sounds perfect for Rams Football" exclaimed Sarina.

'Will you be wanting me during this video conference call, Sarina?' asked Soldier Sam.

Sarina looked at Soldier Sam with surprise and went out in front of the Starship Radio Console.

Rams Mascot was certainly there on Planet X. Rams Mascot looked strong and imposing, dressed of course in his Rams Jersey. Soldier Sam was sporting his Rams Jersey as well that day, just to get another look going other than his Metal Junking Get Up.

Sarina looked at Rams Mascot with formal respect. 'Hear you want to go on some sets on the Planet to test potential for Rams Games,' said Sarina,

'You friends with Soldier Sam?' asked Sarina.

'Acquaintances,' said Rams Mascot. 'May I present you to images of the Planet X Surface Terrain?'

Probably Deep Faked Images, thought Soldier Sam skeptically. Rams Mascot would play the heavy who owned the Planet if he got the chance.

Maybe The Fans would put Sarina on it. Why not? Sarina sure knew how to broadcast that stuff:

We are coming to Rams Planet, Rams Mascot! But we have to make 2 Stops.

First we are going to Planet X for some Upgrades to our Starship since we expect to Drift for Long Time to land on Rams Moon.

Then New Starship Upgrades for Big Fight to get from the Moon to Rams Stadium.

We are going to make a day of it on Planet X while our ship gets fixed. It will be an Adventure!!

Then we will go on a Day Trip on Your Rams Moon too.

"Look, Solder Sam!" Planet X is fast approaching " said Sarina. Prepare for landing!!"

Landing is less harsh than a speed bump, but the plane will hit the ground and will slide a bit when it brakes on the runway.

## PLANET X ADVENTURE ACTIVITIES

Sarina climbed out of her fighter jet after a long sortie and called to her Friend. "I've got a load of special Easter eggs." Daylight was fading on the remote base. Clumps of vivid sand dunes dotted the periphery.

Soldier Sam pulled in next to Sarina, and piled his Humvee high with garbage bags full of plastic eggs.

The egg hunt for the new recruits was over and they were all enjoying their chocolate candies. Sarina and her friend had organised a special new event, a twilight egg hunt for the Troops that had been on station the longest, an event that would collectively boost the morale of all the Troops in the Brigade.

Sarina's friend handed her itemised list. "The eggs with chocolates, jelly beans and marshmallow treats have been separated into different bags and Sarina's Plan was to scatter them all over the area." Last Year's Easter Egg Hunt Event had so much candy the Troops felt the effects of the Sugar high for weeks after the event, providing a much needed bump in morale levels.

Sarina directed some of the troops that had nothing to do that day to grab the bags and start up the hill to a wide, open field at the top.

Soldier Sam handed over bulging bags of plastic eggs filled with candy. "I think that's it."

Sarina's Friend blew a huge sigh of relief. "All those eggs, all that candy, all over the base. It's a wonder the grunts didn't eat everything, they are so tired of their MRE's."

Sarina's friend grabbed two lanterns, gave her one, and took her hand. "This should go well with our Luck. It's for a good cause. How many troops are turning up?"

“We had to have a lottery and close registration at as high a number as we could there was so much interest, with several eggs allocated for each participant.”

Sarina checked in with the volunteers assisting with the water bottle tables and first aid station, should any of the Guys get dehydrated. Each participant would receive a glow necklace to be visible in the dark and new backpack for their eggs.

Sarina checked her watch. “Thanks to daylight savings time, the hunt starts in one hours time on dot. We’ll have twilight for fifteen or twenty minutes, then pitch darkness by the time the Hunt is underway.”

“Our job is keeping grunts in the tents so they don’t ruin everything, right?” her friend inquired.?”

“Yup. The Troops on patrol pitched a fit when they found out about the twilight hunt. They were out first thing this morning stringing the Yellow Caution tape. I think it adds a nice element of urgency to the scene, nice touch, don’t you?”

“Hostile Forces Easter bunnies? Her friend laughed. What a great idea! Did you think that up all by yourself?”

“Kind of. I searched the internet for some good ideas” Sarina admitted.

The participants lined up behind the start line, armed with their backpacks they hoped to fill, wearing their standard issue gear with big pockets in their backpack. were all stretching and jockeying for position, intent on making a fast start.

Sarina warned them to stay within assigned boundaries, and not to wander off into hostile territory. She announced flashlight turn-on, and then blew her whistle. The horde swarmed up the hill, full of anticipation.

“Whoa, there they go!” Sarina laughed with delight. She was so glad she had designed such a fun activity for the Troops, who were fighting boredom, they had been deployed for so long without relief.

The hillside was ideal for the hunt, the participants discovered plastic eggs far and wide and swarmed onto the open field at the top, shining their flashlights on the uneven ground now far from their headquarters on the base.

A group of troops stopped to examine their eggs, gobbling candy and comparing their eggs to each other and consuming chocolate right away since it was so tasty, also checking out some of the vouchers that Sarina had made sure were in some of the Eggs.

“Hey, I got two days off of PT.” Several found free phone minutes to call home. Another shook his egg. “I hear money inside. I wonder how much?”

His egg was taped shut. “Probably just an extra MRE token,” someone called out.

Another Guy approached him. “Can I help with the tape? You found an egg that’s not part of the hunt. I want to make sure it’s safe.” He pulled off the Tape with his pocket knife, and in the light from the team lantern, slit the tape on the plastic egg.

“Do you think it’s safe to open it? I don’t want some trick like getting ink all over my hand.”

The Lucky Guy shook it. “It just sounds like a coin. Come on, let’s open it.”

He twisted the two parts of the egg apart, and pried it open. A quarter-sized gold coin was inside.

“All that for nothing. It’s just a toy coin.” He threw the plastic egg on the ground in disappointment.

But another picked up the coin and pulled on his night vision goggles. “It’s an

American Eagle gold coin. The face value is 20 dollars, but it's worth much more than that. Its value is based on the gold content."

The Guy says, the Face value of that little coin is worth 20 bucks, but It's worth even more than that?" He decided to Radio Sarina.

"Oh, you were the Lucky One to find it. Some generous organisation back home crowd sourced a fund just for this Easter Hunt. Brace Yourself, that coin is worth 10 thousand Bucks!"

"Wow," the others couldn't believe it. "Where'd you find that egg with the tape? Let's find some more."

He tucked the coin in his boot for safekeeping

The participants scattered over the field in teams of two, scanning the uneven ground.

"What do you think?" one of them asked their partner..

"I'm stunned I wonder who left it. I've seen advertisements for coins like this on Fox Television when I am back on leave, usually the big Gold ones, but I've never held one."

"We can do some research when we get home," he went on "But what do we do about the gold coin? Should we Radio Sarina and give our names so no one tries to steal it from us?"

"Not a bad idea. " So they radioed Sarina who was in the crowd at the start line, and explained the situation. She answered right away.

Sarina smiled. "The Base Unit Commander agrees with you. Finders keepers, for now."

Then Sarina blew her whistle. "Egg count time! How many eggs does everyone have?"

The soldiers rummaged in their pockets and bags, counting.

Now Sarina's radio was lighting up every couple of seconds. "We found more eggs wrapped with tape! The calls kept coming Should we open them?"

"Of course." Sarina said. "But give us your names and MOS so we will be sure to have a record of it, you can keep the coins."

So they all slit the tape with their standard issue pocketknives. Sarina jotted down contact information. Each held an American Eagle gold coin.

Sarina finished taking names. "Okay, listen up. These little gold coins are worth a lot more than 20 dollars.

Don't lose them", Sarina warned. Put them back in a plastic egg, screw it shut, and keep it safe. Take the coins back to base and explain how you found them. If they have questions, tell them to call me at the station."

Sarina decided to inform everyone else who had not participated in the Easter Egg Hunt. "We've had an interesting development at the hunt. In addition to the many plastic eggs containing candy hidden by the organisers, an unknown person left several other eggs, each containing a gold American Eagle Coin.

"Those coins are valuable. The Base Chief instructed me to take names and contact information of the Guys who found them. When they get back, we make a final determination of ownership."

The crowd broke into excited chatter, some were ready to charge back up the hill. So Sarina shouted, "The hunt is over, and the hunt territory is closed. It's time to go home, folks."

When the participants got back, they were anxious to get on the internet and learn more about the gold coins. Sarina had assembled soup and sandwiches for all the participants since they had skipped dinner for the Egg Hunt.

"Did you notice if the coin had a date in Roman numerals?" Sarina asked.

One of the Guys responded. "Yes, I think it did, though I couldn't get a close look."

Sarina gazed at the printed image of the Twin Towers on the front of the coin, an American eagle hovering over a nest on the reverse. "They're beautiful. I wonder where you can buy and sell them."

"Coin dealers, I would imagine. The small coins are usually sold in stacks to people who can't think of anything better to do with their savings than keeping Gold Coins under their Mattress. I'm not saying they should be day trading from breakfast to dinner, but at least you should look around a little bit for a better investment.

Anyway, Department of Defense Officials back in Washintgon, D.C. will have to determine if the Lucky ones can keep them. Finders keepers precedent laws indicate they can."

Sarina's friend decided to jump in. "It's all a mystery, but we'll get it resolved. Otherwise, the event went well. I'm sure Sarina's group will be asked to do it again next year."

"Thanks so much for all the excitement!"

"You know it, Sarina." Her friend offered his water bottle, since Sarina mouth had gotten so dry yelling into the Radio all that time with not a moment to rest.

Sarina drank her water in thirsty gulps, and wiped her lips.

The Lucky ones waited, sure they would get an idea about the source of the coins.

"I've got it. I remember those gold coins. Years ago, we had a coin shop back home. It was a little hole in the wall behind Main Street. The owner was robbed, and His State Farm "Discount Double Check" reimbursed him, but he gave up the shop and continued as a coin dealer online. I'm wondering if the

gold coins came from that heist.”

Sarina was more concerned that most of the others in the Unit had now rushed all over the hunt territory convinced there are more eggs filled with gold coins.

We’re having a terrible time keeping them out of the Hunt area. Once word gets out, everyone responsible for guarding the base will have deserted their post for those coins.”

“Suddenly Sarina’s radio activated again. “Excuse me, may I have a word with you?” a mystery man asked.

“I heard about the twilight Easter egg hunt, and decided to have some fun with the Troops. I’ve done very well for myself in Life and got all kinds of coins, and nobody to give them to.” he continued.

So I took a roll of those gold coins, and put them in plastic eggs. I taped them up real good, and sent them to your base since officials had told me that this was the location where morale was the Lowest.

Sarina smiled. “So, it was you.”

The Mystery Man took a deep breath. “I wanted to do some good for Lots of Soldiers. I wanted to give them the excitement of finding the coins. You and your friend were smart to realise that the coins were real.

But I still own the rights to them, he continued and I wanted to make a bunch of Troops happy, on other bases as well.”

Once Sarina’s group had collected all the gold coins, she invited the Mystery Man to come visit that base and join in the excitement when the entire Troop Contingent was rewarded, not just the participants who had discovered the Gold Coins.

So every single Troop at the Base, as well as all the other Bases Stuck in the Sand got a Major Permanent Upgrade to their Mess Hall and several other

amenities. The troops would be sure to appreciate stuff like that improving their morale each and every day with the Simplest of things, like a Great Meal.

And Sarina made a promise she would go to work on a repeat of the twilight Easter egg hunt next spring, even though it won't have as unbelievable an ending next time, since the element of surprise was all used up this year.

But maybe Sarina could use her extreme creative Talents to create something that had never been done before that could be more of an element of surprise with another fun activity on another Holiday, like Independence Day, Halloween, Thanksgiving or Christmas.

"The Morale of all the troops in the Region improved thanks to Sarina's hard work on the Project, becoming Driving Force behind teaching everyone involved a valuable lesson in Sharing and Teamwork that all the Troops will be sure to utilise in the Future during Critical Missions with much at Stake.

"Thanks Sarina!" they all would always say whenever she Visited. You really put in some hard Work on this One. We all love you and appreciate your effort."

## MOON LANDING

Sarina has to push certain circuit breakers in, and program navigation computers. Also she usually gets clearance from the control tower before the engines are turned on.

The chairman could see the target now, coming onto the horizon but still small and distant from the vantage point of the unit. Like a slowly dripping faucet, the minutes dragged on and the officers were anxiously glancing at the timer on a regular basis. A certain strange kind of unrest overcame the officers, and each was dealing with the wait for supplies to carry out the action individually, it seemed to the chairman. There was a palpable presentiment of how the orders would be carried out.

Soldier Sam paints himself into a box in the corner at such times. On the other hand, Sarina always said the state of their condition was decidedly against any open suggestion of being without hope.

So they were silent.

"Oh, well," said Sarina, reassuring Soldier Sam, "We'll get ashore all right."

But there was that in Sarina's tone which made Soldier Sam think twice.

Soldier Sam put on a brave face. "Yes! If this wind holds!"

Sarina responded "Yes! If we don't catch hell in the surf."

A bunch of huge white clouds had surrounded the vantage point of the regiment, and stood at attention when the air exploded with noise as another shelling from the Mainland commenced. We had slowed down to solidify our position, and the situation was at hand. The officers relayed the signals, waiting to see what was coming, and they felt small next to the forces that had assembled against them on the Mainland. It was like descending rapidly in an uncontrolled manner into an abyss, and it felt like being suspended in midair.

A singular disadvantage of the sea lies in the fact that after successfully

surmounting one wave you discover that there is another behind it just as important and just Sarina was just not sure if she should do something effective in the way of swamping boats. In a ten-foot dingey you can get an idea of the resources of the sea in the line of waves that is not probable to the average experience which is never at sea in a dingey.

As each slatey wall of water approached, it shut all else from the view of Soldier Sam in the boat, and it was not difficult to imagine that this particular wave was the final outburst of the ocean, the last effort of the treacherous water. There was a terrible grace in the move of the waves, and they came in silence, save for the snarling of the crests.

The chairman looked to his flank and gave a start that made some of the officers skip a couple of heartbeats. It seemed like we were drifting into unknown territory that was open like a gaping hole in front of us. It looked dark and unwelcoming and the winds had been silenced as if by a higher power. The size of the operational hole the officers were approaching grew in size, and the fleet was now considering potential modes of escape from the shelling by the Mainland which had intensified.

The mats of seaweed that appeared from time to time were like islands, bits of earth. They were traveling, apparently, neither one way nor the other. They were, to all intents, stationary. They informed Sarina and Soldier Sam in the boat that it was making progress slowly toward the land, to the Birthday Party on Buccaneer Bay.

“Yes!!” they both burst out, both eagerly anticipating such a Celebration of Sarina!!

Sarina, rearing cautiously in the bow, after the dingey soared on a great swell, said she had seen the light-house at Buccaneer Bay.

Presently Soldier Sam remarked that he had seen it. Soldier Sam was at the

oars then, and for some reason he too wished to look at the lighthouse, but his back was toward the far shore and the waves were important to distract his attention.

No other scenario could present itself in any more menacing a manner figured the chairman, and the officers were as if hanging by a harness, but still prepared to duke it out with their adversaries. It was a curious situation for the chairman, still requesting supplies from the terminal, even while the unit had the sensation of landing after a long jump, since they were essentially surrounded by fire from the Mainland. To our flank was a group with which we immediately established secure communications with.

Soldier Sam could not for some time seize an opportunity to turn his head. But at last there came a wave more gentle than the others, and when at the crest of it he swiftly scoured the horizon.

"See it?" said Sarina

"I didn't see anything." Soldier Sam replied.

"Look again," said Sarina. She pointed. "It's exactly in that direction."

At the top of another wave, Soldier Sam did as he was told, and this time his eyes chanced on a small still point of light at the edge of the swaying horizon. It was precisely like the point of a pin. It took an sharp eye to find a light house so tiny.

"Think we'll make it, Sarina?"

"If this wind holds and the boat don't swamp, we can't do much else," said Sarina.

Sarina and Soldier Sam searched around for clues on how to get to the Moon when they spotted a massive structure ahead of them in the distance and decided to travel to it.

After they finally arrived within distance with full view of the Moon, they noticed an adversary inside their path.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were surprised and were just about to run when it began to speak.

“No need to run away, I am not going to hurt you.” It said politely. Sarina and Soldier Sam looked at each other in shock.

#### MOON ADVENTURE ACTIVITY

Sarina was all ready and in the act of turning out the kitchen lights when the telephone rang.

Sarina picked it up, and Soldier Sam identified himself.

It was an imposition for Soldier Sam to ask, but it would be a great favor if Sarina would pick him up at the train station.

Sarina said graciously that she'd be glad to give Soldier Sam a lift. “I was just about to leave” Sarina said. “I hope you can be ready fairly soon.”

“I'm ready now, Sarina,” said Soldier Sam's quiet voice over the phone. I'll be

waiting for you at the front of the station.

Sarina hung up the phone, turned off the kitchen light and went out to the car.

The car started briskly and Sarina went on a ride underneath the trees, and then just off the road there was a solitary Soldier Sam sitting on the steps of the already dark station.

As Sarina pulled in to the curb, Soldier Sam picked up a duffle bag and came forward.

Sarina opened the right-hand door. "You're Soldier Sam?" she asked cheerfully. "I'm Sarina."

"It's very good of you," Soldier Sam said in a flat voice. "I thought it was a lot for me to ask."

"Nonsense!" said Sarina. "I'm glad to have company! Put your bag in the back seat and get in the car here with me."

Soldier Sam did so silently.

He took a deep breath and sat with his hands crossed in front of him, as Sarina turned and headed away from the station.

It was really a beautiful night, cool and dark. Presently the houses drew back from the road, and street lights ended, and there were fields on either side of the road with dark figures in the woodland beyond them.

Soldier Sam settled down for the run. Sarina touched the headlight switch and had bright light for the way ahead. The road flowed smoothly toward them.

"It's nice having someone with me," said Sarina. "I really don't like driving at night."

Soldier Sam was silent for a second, and then said, "Yes." His voice was flat and low-pitched. Then Soldier Sam seemed to realise that he was being too quiet. He added, "It's really nice to be somewhere I wasn't before."

"Oh...I got the gas and oil and tires checked today." Sarina said. "I mentioned to the filling-station attendant- why the car wasn't handling right. I guess that's the answer."

"Probably," replied Soldier Sam and asked if Sarina liked listening to music on the radio. Maybe it could be a special memory in the future. He considered.

The dotted center line of the highway became a solid streak, and the road made a wide curve. Woodland bracketed it- the air was chilly among the trees- and abruptly it was clear again. They were a few miles on their way.

Soldier Sam added in the same expressionless manner, "We're near a turn-off, aren't we? I just saw a sign."

"Why, yes," said Sarina.

The car came to the turn-off. There was nothing special about it. It was just a secondary road- well-paved enough – that branched off the main highway and wound across country.

Every once in a while there were a couple crossroads stores and maybe a few houses which could be seen from the highway. Most of the road's length ran through woodland.

Sarina turned into it. Within a few miles tall and columnar tree trunks engulfed the road. The air was cool and the ride no longer had the feeling of being in empty open space.

Above and ahead there was a narrow ribbon of sky in which stars shone brightly. The headlights showed the pavement, and tree trunks alongside, and more tree trunks. There was a bare screen of underbrush at the road's edge.

The attentive figure beside Sarina said, “Not much out here, is there?”

Sarina pressed harder on the accelerator. The car picked up speed. “One thing’s certain,” laughed Sarina, “nobody could make me stop to pick them up on this road!”

Sarina’s car swept past a small clearing, filled now with shoulder high weeds. The road dived into woods again. Just before the trees reenveloped the car, there was a sudden sweetness in the air.

The car went swiftly between crowded tall tree trunks that rose to where their branches joined to form a roof over all the forest.

The sound of the motor echoed back from the wood with a singing note added to it.

Sarina said, “Everything is exactly as before. But everything is different.”

Sarina drove on. She saw lights shining out some windows, and knew that it was the single store between where they were and Burger King.

But the pair was quarter of a mile beyond it when she realised maybe she could have stopped there so Solider Sam could pick up a pack of cigarettes after the long trip.

It was a beautiful night. The car sped through the darkness, its headlights flaring before it, and now and again a bug in their rays, and once there was something glittering by the roadside as the car sped past it

The wood broke away from one side of the road. Far, far away, a single unwinking dot of Burger King shown bright as a stone.

The trees closed in once more, and Sarina knew that from here to Burger King there would be no other light. The road was very straight, here, and a long way ahead there was the light.

Soldier Sam piped up “You said you had your car checked today, Sarina?”

There's something on this road that looks delicious.”

Sarina drove a little faster because she was getting hungry too until the lights of Burger King sparkled through the trees.

Sarina slowed the car, turned into the driveway and parked it with beautiful precision just a hop skip and a jump from the Magical Door to Deliciousness.

## RAMS PLANET LANDING

Sarina entered the Starship and it was like getting into a car or bus but the noise of the machine made her feel that it was different. Soon the Starship took off and rose in the air higher and higher. The buzzing sound which had fascinated Soldier Sam continued.

It was like meeting someone you knew in the past as if for the first time under new and more stressful circumstances. A cluster amassed on the Mainland, and our reconnaissance unit was immediately aware to the situation, which they relayed quickly to the unit. The chairman had decided to give orders to the officers to consolidate their positions before shit got heavy. It seemed to the chairman that the surroundings had become strangely quiet, as if before a big storm.

The little boat, lifted by each towering sea, and splashed viciously by the crests, made progress that in the absence of seaweed was not apparent to the two partners on board.

Their Ship was miraculously top-up, at the Mercy of all the Oceans. Occasionally, a great spread of water, like white flames, slammed into Sarina and Solider Sam.

"Defeat it" said Sarina with no room in her heart for the Tidal Wave.

"All right, Sairna," replied Soldier Sam. You're going to get everything I got to give!"

It was like being dropped into unknown territory without a firm grounding with orders to conquer the situation at hand, and it felt more like each of the points on the surrounding periphery was a secret that had to be uncovered and positively identified. It was a phenomenon that made the officers feel more like explorers in an unknown and undefined land than addressing a situation on the Mainland that clearly presented itself as was the case.

It would be difficult to describe the bond Sarina and Solider Sam felt that was here established on the seas. No one said that it was so. No one mentioned it. But it dwelt in the boat, and they both realised it.

Sarina and Solider Sam were friends, friends in a more curiously iron-bound degree than may be common.

It was more than a mere recognition of what was best for the common safety. There was surely in it a quality that was personal and heartfelt. And after this devotion to Sarina there was this comradeship that Solider Sam, for instance, who had been taught to be cynical of men, knew even at such a time this moment was the best experience of his life.

But no one said that it was so. No one mentioned it.

The officers glanced at the clock again, and the sun on the brisk fall morning was exceptionally bright which seemed to compound the significance of the state of the unit's position. We briefly got our bearings, and moved rapidly into another position as if fleeing from an unknown adversary down an unpaved road. Within a few minutes, the officers had determined their new position and immediately relayed the new information to the formations gathered on our flank.

"I wish we had a sail," remarked Sarina. "We might try my overcoat on the end of an oar and give you a chance to rest, Soldier Sam."

So Soldier Sam held the mast and spread wide the overcoat and the little boat made good way with the new rig. Sometimes Soldier Sam had to scull sharply to keep the sea from breaking into the boat, but otherwise sailing was a success.

Meanwhile the lighthouse had been growing slowly larger. It had now almost assumed colour, and appeared like a little grey shadow on the sky.

Soldier Sam at the oars could not be prevented from turning his head rather often to try for a glimpse of this little grey shadow.

As the latest round of shelling moved into the background, the noise the unit was perceiving grew less and less apparent. Part of the regiment has engaged the Mainland, and this action was readily appreciated by the chairman, almost without serious and debilitating concern, since ultimately the fate of the unit rested with the actions of the officers during crises, and he was only really responsible for laying out plans and priorities before areas of concern were highlighted by the reconnaissance teams.

At last, from the top of each wave the partners in the tossing boat could see land. Even as the lighthouse was an upright shadow on the sky, this land seemed but a long black shadow on the sea. It certainly was thinner than paper.

"Sarina, by the way, I believe they abandoned that life-saving station there a time ago." Soldier Sam was not very optimistic.

"Did they?" asked Sarina.

None of the officers could have possibly anticipated the action with any great precision with intelligence signals so soon after the latest round of shelling from the Mainland, and it was unknown which opposing officers had commenced fire towards the unit in our previous position. The chairman perceived some conflict brewing among the officers, which was starting to manifest itself in a manner that was unhealthy for the unit, like someone starting to drag their feet during the long haul of a marathon race.

.

The adversaries used special ray guns and pointed it at the Starship. There was a loud "Bang!" and suddenly Rams Mascot's voice on the radio disappeared.

Sarina fell backwards and accidentally hit the destination lever that changed it for approach and didn't even realize it. The door instantly closed and a countdown started from three on the pod's speakers.

Once the countdown got to one, Sarina and Soldier Sam blasted off from the spaceship in the little escape pod.

## ORANGE VALENTINES #2

“Order Pizza at Varsity”

The Flight through Space was finally complete. The Starship bolted down from the sky and landed in New York.

Cupid was there on the Tarmac to greet Sarina and Soldier Sam.

“Sarina and Soldier Sam!” Cupid called out. “Welcome to Syracuse!”

“Thanks Cupid” Sarina replied.

“Isn’t there a Big Orange Basketball Game Tonight?” asked Soldier Sam.

“There for sure is an Orange Game tonight. But first I have a Place to show you guys?” said Cupid.

Cupid was a Legend at Syracuse. It was in Fact one of his favorite places to be. To work his Magic.

Cupid is constantly creating and refining an internal set of rules and blueprints to organize his ever-shifting and expanding ideas. While he can be somewhat difficult at times, he gets excited when a new idea or possibility presents itself and his mind starts humming with questions and propositions that he wants to test out

Millions of years ago, Syracuse couples were greatly excited by Cupid, the consummate Matchmaker. Cupid was very ambitious and at times would

match up many couples at once from his office. Sometimes 100s of couples would all come to his office at a time and they had to wait their turn in line.

Let's get on our way to our Pre-Game Event, Sarina and Soldier Sam" Cupid instructed.

"This is quite a place. Cupid added.

"Let's do a little Preview before we get to the site, Cupid" Sarina suggested.

"Hop in my Ride, you two. I have a couple of questions about your Flight before we get to the Tour Site" Cupid responded.

When I was Looking around through the Starship windows, I saw the sea and a forest on a distant planet. My brain felt like it had its own heartbeat. I thought about exactly what had happened," Sarina explained.

Then Soldier Sam peeped outside the control room door, and there was a crosswalk to where I was at the time. I asked Soldier Sam, "How many of the crew are working on the project?"

"There were dozens of crew members working here who have been working here for a long time—ever since the Starship had left earth." Soldier Sam told Sarina.

It was like this, Cupid, I had found a new direction in connection with this case, and then I knew what I had to do.

I told Soldier Sam, "Go and get information about how the crew was filling out their work orders."

Cupid's Ride was zigging and zagging though Syracuse Traffic.

Here we are at the Mystery Spot for our Tour, Sarina and Soldier Sam” announced Cupid. “I’m sure the two of you are going to have a lot of Questions.

“We’re ready, Cupid” shouted Sarina. “Let’s Check it out!”

Soldier Sam agreed. “Let’s get this party started, Cupid!!”

“What is this place?” asked Sarina.

We’ve got to stop by this Varsity Hangout here It’s a Syracuse Legend! The Pizza and Wings are incredible and the loaded fries are too. “Cupid informed Sarina and Soldier Sam.

It’s one the few places by Orange Stadium where we can still get good old traditional pizza and beer” Cupid added.

“We’d better keep an eye on the money in our pockets,” Sarina said. “You just never know about all these Orange Fans.”

“There’s no need to worry about that,” said Cupid.

“Why?” Soldier Sam asked.

“You’ll see sooner or later,” replied Cupid. “In fact, you won’t need any of your money from this point onwards.”

Cupid snapped his fingers and the cashier station in the restaurant vanished.

“I don’t get it,” said Sarina.

“You will,” said Cupid.

“Check out what is the latest technology we have developed.

“On we go,” said Cupid, “There is something I want to show you. All of us at Syracuse are really excited about it.”

Mobile phones: Syracuse debuted a flip phone, the communicator and later launched the first mobile flip phone. Interestingly, the creators also gave crew members the tricorder, a hand-held device that gathered and stored data from the planets the crew visited. Had the creators thought to combine the two, they might have prefigured the smartphone.

“Unbelievable,” Soldier Sam said.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were stunned by what Cupid had just said.

“We’re Lucky to be here” Cupid started. “This Varsity place dedicates itself to all things Syracuse. Food is fantastic and you have to cross this one off the list if you're visiting.

“The sign on the wall says Varsity is famous for their pizza and burgers. There are hot meals and assorted sandwiches” observed Soldier Sam.

“Did the Orange Fans create them with the use of advanced technology?” asked Sarina.

“No,” Cupid replied.” They’ve been here since this Syracuse was first inhabited.”

What’s this Cupid? Sarina asked as she and Soldier Sam walked over to the Hologram.

Read it and see Sarina. It is a special clue about Valentines Day” Directed Cupid.

“Ok, Cupid. Lets See what it says” Sarina started reading the Hologram.

“You make my Heart Pop!”

Your personality is such a treat  
Being your Valentine would be really neat  
You've brought me so much fun and happiness  
I like you more than I can express

"I just can't believe it!" Sarina exclaimed. On Valentine's Day. A special message just for me!"

"What do you mean by that, Cupid?" asked Sarina

"Be patient. You'll find out later," Cupid replied.

"Just how big is this place?" asked Soldier Sam as they took their seats at a table..

"I want a burger with fries, cooked fresh per order" Announced Sarina. It says. Amazing flavor and taste. I bet the fries are golden, perfectly cooked.

Varsity was frequented by Orange Fans on a regular basis, along with many others in Syracuse who were more casual Fans, not like Sarina, who was always going at full tilt.

"It is at the centre of Syracuse that this amazing restaurant lies," said Cupid.

“Along with the technology innovation source hubs here.”

“Those Orange Fans don’t seem to be showing any sign of attacking us and eating all of our food.” Sarina said.

“All Orange Fans live in total harmony here,” said Cupid..

At one point, all the Orange Fans came to a crossroads at the entrance to the restaurant. They were hungry like Sarina and Soldier Sam.

“Where do the roads lead to?” Soldier Sam asked.

“To Orange Stadium, of course,” replied Cupid.

Sarina and Soldier Sam had met some really cool people thanks to the seating format at Varsity. Sarina was very enthusiastic about this place!

Sarina and Soldier Sam even got the t-shirt to prove it!

“Wow, Cupid, that was quite a Tour!” Sarina exclaimed.

“It sure was” Soldier Sam had a great time too.

“We have some time to burn before the Game. Let’s stop by this Bar” suggested Cupid.

“By the way, Sarina and Soldier Sam,” Cupid remembered something. “You told me about your flight. But I forget to ask, did you two go on any adventures during your Pit Stops?”

En route to work for the day, I turned right to leave my rest station when Soldier Sam came up to me and suggested I go around the ships ammo holding center. No one else was present.

I followed a longer route to a traffic light intersection on the Starship walkway, where traffic was not moving, and headed for my control room worksite

At the end of the workday, I returned back to my resting quarters and learned of the accident that morning only minutes after I had taken the other direction.

I would have been in that accident. Soldier Sam had preserved my life!

'The Syracuse Administration wanted me to get a Valentine for you , Sarina--' explained Cupid, but Soldier Sam interrupted.

'I got some Action on the Cuse Game tonight" explained Soldier Sam. If we go to the Game, all bets are off!"

'I only need any tickets,' persisted Sarina. 'I can't call myself a Cuse Fan if I have to hang around at this bar all night. They are showing the game on the TV, but it just isn't the same."

'Cupid got us front row seats,' Sarina exclaimed..

"Fantastic!!" responded Soldier Sam. 'We'd better get off this bar and head to the game right now before Cupid gives the tickets to someone else!"

CUPID'S FIRST SYRACUSE ORANGE GAME EXPERIENCE

## PART 2

Cupid's excitement began to sharply boost. The expectation of his first live Orange Hoops was awaiting him on Valentines Day. Even as Sarina and Soldier Sam walked toward the ticket window with Cupid to get the tickets, his anticipation was growing. With tickets in hand, Cupid continued to wait for the gates to open.

Watching all the moments of Orange 3 pointers, Slam Dunks layups, and Zone Defense felt surreal as the Orange fans in the arena would burst out into cheers every time a point was made. It was also interesting to experience other small events during the game such as the breaks they take during timeouts and quarter breaks.

By that time they have reached the stadium gate. Sarina knocked at the door and received a rather surprising response,

"Go away! I won't open the door!" shouted Orange Mascot.

"Then we'll have no choice but to break into!", Soldier Sam concluded.

"But who are you?", asked Orange Mascot.

"Sir, we are lost in the Parking Lot. We don't have food, neither we have a drink to quench our thirst. . Please help us.", Cupid applied his theatrics.

“The door's open, come in”, came a brief response. When Sarina approached the door her mouth fell open.

Cupid and Soldier Sam thought of a reason for this strange series for events, but they were clueless.

“The major question I want to ask now”, Soldier Sam said, “is how do we get to our seats inside the stadium?”

Cupid responded, “Even if we enter with much fanfare or doing something of that sort, we'll be invisible and nobody will be able to see us.”

“I've got a great idea!” Sarina exclaimed. “Soldier Sam and I should get a photo with Orange Mascot. Then we could prove we were here and have a lasting memory.

“Hey, Cupid,” Soldier Sam wanted to get his attention. “Could you snap a pic of Me and Sarina with Orange Mascot? That would be awesome!”

“Of course, Soldier Sam” Cupid replied. Just find Orange Mascot and I will be over to take the shot of you and Sarina.”

Cupid didn't want to mess around with this shot. He was a pretty good portrait snapper and knew just how good he was and just how much of it was his title.

One of the most important tips to remember about being a photographer is to show something in the moment - the emotions that are instant in time. like happiness just as easily as you can capture a moment of heartache or loss.

“Hey Sarina, we got that picture with Orange Mascot! All the lighting was great and we were posed perfectly. Isn’t it great we were able to find Orange Mascot and he was so accommodating?”

“Yes, Soldier Sam” Sarina answered. I thought for a moment Cupid was going to lose his mind trying to operation the photo function on my phone. He had never operated anything like that before.”

“The game is about to start Sarina!” Soldier Sam exclaimed. Why don’t you give me a quick rundown of the season so far?

“I know you have been following it closely and I really don’t have a clue about what the Orange have faced so far this year, Soldier Sam continued. “How are they doing?”

“Sure Soldier Sam,” Sarina was glad to show off her knowledge of Cuse Hoops. “There have been a lot of developments so far this year.

The Orange need to get their offensive Mo Jo working in order to have success in the ACC Tournament. Cuse has one more game to sharpen their skills against Miami as the team closes out the regular season.

Miami did a good job of scouting the Cuse Squad. They were expecting to get these looks. It was just a matter of not settling – of getting the right shot, making that extra pass. Miami did it all during this game.

In the first matchup this season, Syracuse basketball dominated Pittsburgh but allowed things to get uncomfortably close at the end. This time around the Orange got off to a huge lead and kept it that way throughout the contest.

'Well, when someone wants to take a guy to a Syracuse Game--' Soldier Sam reached down and kicked the ground. When a a guy like me gets forced to go to a Cuse Game, there's a payoff, see.'

Sarina was resigned. 'Well I seem to be trapped,' she said. 'But it makes it rather difficult when I am trying to take you to the Orange Game

'When someone like you wants to take a guy to a Hoops game--' Soldier Sam moved his eyes, nodded moved his hands expressively. As he started getting difficult, Sarina spoke in a louder voice

## CUSE GAME ACTION

It's now almost time for the Cuse Game to begin and we could not contain our excitement. What a Thrill to experience!

It is bound to be fast and furious, action-packed with drama and tension. There will be near-misses, penalty shots and trash talk hurled at the referee.

The game is being broadcast live on cable television around the world. Highlights will be shown on the 'Orange Hoops Highlights' Show that would air until the next game.

Tonight the result will be known. Either we will go home full of Orange Excitement or disappointment. There will be Dunks, 3 Pointers and Hustle. There will be a story to tell.

It was quite the enjoyable moment for all the fans, and special thanks goes to the hero who secured a tough ticket, took us to the game and the Mascot was generous enough to fire a Prize Bazooka from the court to donate free t-shirts to us.

## *PART 1*

Sarina walked down the corridor of Orange Stadium, past the Coaches Office, and the Video Room Service, "Play-by Play," Our Specialty.

The 'Cuse Hockey Logo Legend on the ground-glass panel next door said, "Orange Press Office [also Maintenance] Director, Orange Reporter Sarina.

Sarina let herself into the Press Office and said Good Morning to Orange Mascot.

"Well, you certainly look like something that woke up late and rushed to work," Orange Mascot said. Orange Mascot wasn't being very pleasant.

Orange Mascot kicked open the bottom drawer of his desk, tossed a Bottle of Bourbon right into Sarina's hand, and set fire to a cigarette.

"I could use a drink this morning," Sarina said slowly. Her face was veiled, watchful. There was something complete about a bottle of Bourbon first thing in the morning; Sarina knew the day would go smoothly after that.

"Any customers?" Sarina asked.

"An Orange Hockey Fan by the name of Soldier Sam was here first thing in the morning and said he would be back when you get your act together today.

"An Orange Fan?" inquired Sarina.

"He would like you to think so," replied Orange Mascot

Sarina nodded toward the inner office to indicate that she was going in there, and then did.. It would not be the last drink of the day for Sarina, to be sure.

Just a short time later, Soldier Sam burst in the door.

He had Blue Hoodie on with 'Cuse spelled out in Orange. it looked even more curious that way.

Out of breath from sprinting down the corridor, he circled the desk, looking for another chair, and then, spotting a chair next to the massive cabinet where Sarina keeps a change of bourbon, ran to it. Sarina got up from her chair and walked to the cabinet.

Orange Mascot was deep in a Crossword Puzzle.

"See anyone come in here?. Was that Soldier Sam?" he asked Sarina.

There was a thoughtful line drawn on Orange Mascot's face. "Say, what's a 8-letter word meaning when a player precedes the puck into the offensive zone as indicated by the blue line.

“Offsides,” Sarina told Orange Mascot.

“Ok Saina, I’m not quite done with this puzzle. What about a 7-letter word combo for an offensive strategy used to keep control of the puck by keeping it close the boards.?”

“That’s easy” replied Sarina. That’s Cycling” Sarina turned her attention to Soldier Sam.

Orange Mascot let a cigarette burn down between his fingers until it made a small Orange mark, and Sarina asked Soldier Sam what his business was this morning.

“Hi,” Solider Sam responded. “You the ‘Cuse Hockey Reporter?”

Sarina answered in the affirmative.

“You—you’ve got to help me.” said Soldier Sam.

“My friends call me Sarina,” she said pleasantly.

“Sarina.” Soldier Sam repeated. “I don’t believe I’ve ever heard that name before. I love it! Very Beautiful.”

Sarina wasn’t sure what to say.

Sarina planned on getting rid of Soldier Sam without much conversation, but she wasn’t telling him that right away: She was playing it safe until she knew what was up.

When Soldier Sam spoke again, it came with a rush. “Sarina, the A-List of Syracuse Stars Office thinks I’m trying to sell them fake tickets for the Big Orange Stadium Hockey Game. But I swear the tickets are legit—I got them right at the Ticket Window myself.

If I could only find out how the Tickets were altered. I even offered everyone at the Ticket Window bourbon but they wouldn’t tell.” Explained Soldier

Sam.

“Suppose you take it from the beginning,” Sarina suggested.

Soldier Sam drew a deep breath. “You’ve heard of Diamonds they sell at the Mall?”

Sarina said she didn’t.

Well, Soldier Sam continued “It’s a tremendously valuable piece believed to have a storied history, and was eventually passed into my possession. I put it in a Locked Heart Shaped Safe Deposit..

“And now it’s gone again?” asked Sarina...

“No,” Soldier Sam said. “At least, it was in the Safe when I left the Orange Bank Vault just a short time ago.”

Sarina leaned back, pretending to fumble a notebook out of the desk, and studied Soldier Sam again. This was going to be a lot more intricate than she had thought.

Soldier Sam was getting even more excited. “Last night I was examining the Orange Stadium Tickets which were also in the Safe. You know them?”

“Of course, they have a counterfeit guard hologram on them, with the Orange Logo don’t they?”

Soldier Sam’s eyes darkened, lightened, got darker again. “How did you know?”

“I haven’t been the ‘Cuse Hockey Reporter for nothing. I also Moonlight as a Detective. Go on.”

“I—I knew right away something was wrong when the Syracuse Stars got upset.” Soldier Sam explained

.I tried to tell him the New Logo was the counterproof badge, but they carried on like a Madman. Those Syracuse Stars have been suspicious of me since—well, ever since I made that bet with him last season.”

“Just how much bourbon were you pawning the tickets for?” asked Sarina.

“A lot” replied Soldier Sam. More cases than anyone could carry. So much in fact you would have to have a few shopping carts with you.

Oh, Sarina” Soldier Sam continued. I’ve got to win back their confidence. You could find out how they faked those Tickets.

“What’s in it for me?” asked Sarina.

“Anything you want.” Soldier Sam motioned for his assistants to bring a cart of bourbon in. “I’ll run to the market and get you more if you like.”

“This’ll hold me for a while,” Sarina said. “If I need any more, I’ll make sure to let you know right away.”

Sarina stood up from her chair. “Oh, while I think of it, how do these diamonds of yours stashed in the heart shaped vault of yours tie in with to Tickets?”

“It doesn’t,” Soldier Sam said calmly. “I just threw it in for glamour.”

“I kind of wish they were part of the Story” Sarina was disappointed. “That sounds interesting.

“Well, I could make up a mystery like that for you another day, Sarina” Soldier Sam promised.

“I always wanted to know someone named Soldier Sam. It’s so Patriotic.” Sarina admitted..

“Where’d you learn my name?” Soldier Sam was surprised.

"I haven't been a 'Cuse Hockey Reporter/Detective all this time waiting for nothing, Soldier Sam." Sarina answered.

## PART 2

"Let's go solve this mystery, and then maybe that other one another day." suggested Sarina.

Sarina grabbed a bottle of Bourbon for the road and led Soldier Sam down the corridor twists and turns.

Sarina and Soldier Sam first went looking for Orange Mascot at the Stadium, an adventure trip that was now familiar to Sarina.

Sarina knew Orange Mascot had no connection with the Ticket Caper, but in the Reporter Business you don't overlook anything.

When they got around to finding Orange Mascot he was ready to greet Sarina and Soldier Sam at the gate and led them to the Press Box where more Bourbon was stashed.

Sarina asked Orange Mascot if it had seen any first editions of the Tickets.

"You got the wrong pitch, Sarina," answered Orange Mascot "That stuff is hotter than Fuego at a Margarita Fire Side Grilling Event. And we all know how those go!! So tasty!" exclaimed Orange Mascot.

"Maybe Soldier Sam will smarten you up," Sarina said. There's plenty of Liquor Store Discount Outlets around here for anyone who knows why those Tickets were Fake.

"I might talk for that" responded Orange Mascot.

"Start dealing." Orange Mascot motioned toward the back. Sarina took a step forward. A second later, Sarina got a sudden headache. When Sarina recovered. she was on the floor and Soldier Sam was looking over her with great concern.

“Someone Socked Me,” said Sarina, I think it was Orange Mascot—”

“High Octane Offense” responded Soldier Sam. He held up the Orange Game Day Program, Unabridged. “You tripped on a loose board and this fell off a shelf on your think tank.”

“Yeah?” Sarina said skeptically. “Anyways, where has Orange Mascot, gone. Did our line of inquiry upset him?”

By the time Sarina quickened her pace in search of Orange Mascot. Sarina left Soldier Sam behind in the Dust. But that was by design for Soldier Sam.

Soldier Sam’s Plan was to score a Hockey Goal so perfect, Sarina would be so impressed and ‘Cuse would Sign him right that day after a quick combine. Soldier Sam had always claimed he could score a goal from anywhere in Orange Hockey Rink. Even the Press Box!!

“Reach for the stratosphere, Sarina.” Soldier Sam’s voice rang clear as a Bell.

“Well, Sarina, “so you found out how the Tickets were Faked, didn’t you? Fantastic!” Soldier Sam said sarcastically.

“Sure—a military grade 3D Printer, of course,” Sarina said easily. “You knew it all along, Soldier Sam. You Scoundrel!!!

And you planned to make even more Fake Tickets!. Then you’d collect all that Bourbon, enough to start your own Liquor Store” exclaimed Sarina.

But you didn’t count on me!” Sarina said Triumphantly.

“You?” Soldier Sam was getting to the point of moving from sarcasm to mockery. “What are you going to do about it?”

“This! Sarina snapped the Rink Tarp out from under Soldier Sam and he went down in a swirl of comedy. The Puck whizzed by Sarina into the Upper Deck.

“Sarina!!” Suddenly the sarcasm and mockery switched into concern. “Don’t turn me in. I’ll make it up to you, I promise.” Soldier Sam never wanted to try to sell counterfeit Orange Hockey Tickets again as long as Sarina was the ‘Cuse Reporter.

“It’s no good, Solider Sam. You’d only double-time me again!” responded Sarina.

“Try me!” Soldier Sam challenged.

“O.K. The Orange Team Store who designed your Blue ‘Cuse Hoodie—what’s their name? Would you even know if you are wearing a Counterfeit Hoodie?”

“Come on Soldier Sam they’re your dice.” Sarina wasn’t going to cave on this one.

“I won’t tell you. I can’t.” explained Soldier Sam. It’s a secret between this—this store and me. We made the Deal I wouldn’t buy the Blue Hoodie when it was on Sale. They wanted to make me wait for it to be regular price again. And I agreed!”

“They wouldn’t be loyal to you, Soldier Sam. They’d sell you out fast enough.” Sarina promised.

“Oh, Sarina, you don’t have to do this. You don’t know what you’re asking.” I promise I’ll never ever try to sell counterfeit Orange Tickets for my Bourbon Profits again.”

“For the last time.” warned Sarina.

“Oh, Sarina don’t you see? “I’ve got so little. Don’t take that away from me. I—I’d never be able to hold up my head in Syracuse again if I didn’t have my Blue and Orange ‘Cuse Hoodie ” Soldier Sam was even more concerned about the ‘Cuse Hoodie than the Liquor.

“Well, if that’s the way you want to play it...” Sarina picked up the phone and

dialed 911.

On Sarina's trip back to her office, after they took Soldier Sam away, she stopped at the Liquor Store again, just in case Orange Mascot had gone overboard with his drinking today.

After getting back to the office Sarina made her way to her desk. "Need me any more tonight?", Sarina asked Orange Mascot.

"Not right now" replied Orange Mascot "Thanks, anyway. I've got my quota."

"Sarina, would—would you tell me something?" Orange Mascot inquired.

"As long as it's about 'Cuse Hockey," Sarina Replied.

"What's a 8-letter word for when a player scores three goals in a game

"HAT TRICK!!" Sarina exclaimed, and went back to Reporting.

### CHAPTER 3

## SITUATION ROOM

"You want to talk to me? What for?" demanded Cupid. "Couldn't you tell me now--I'm way too busy."

This attitude crossed Sarina--who was here to watch over the Valentines Day Activity interests of both her and Soldier Sam.

'When can you come up to my office and see me?' said Cupid.

Right Away,' said Soldier Sam. 'I feel kind of all shaken up, Well, with how close Valentine's Day is—it's giving me an excited thrill.'

'Sarina really did it and told you all about how special of a day it is?' questioned Cupid.

'Yes, Sarina told me all about Valentines Day,' said Soldier Sam. 'And it's worth its weight in gold compared to other holidays. I'm even going to get me a new agent to promote our Valentines Day Activities and bring them to your office.'

'I tell you a better plan.' said Cupid hastily, 'I'll get you direct access to the Valentines Day Activity Directorate. They approve some of the scenes.

Soldier Sam was overwhelmed by the opportunity. For once he had an opportunity to participate in a Valentine's Day Activity.

"I'm glad you came with me to Cupids Office, Sarina," Soldier Sam said, "you've been great. Did you get my note?"

Sarina wasn't sure what to say. "I thought maybe you had nothing to do so you wrote all those Greeting Cards and you might want to pay me back for all this stuff you have put on me"

"I don't ask much," Sarina said sharply, "I let the world have fun at Soldier Sam's expense behind his back and freeze him out of things. But now I've got something and I'd like you to come over here and consider it"

"All right--all right." agreed Cupid.

Soldier Sam's eyebrows lifted as saw how enthusiastic Sarina had become, but he said nothing—still fixing his eyes on the floor with the bottle of Bourbon raised.

'The trouble this Valentines is Solider Sam doesn't have any imagination" said Cupid. "He wan't in jail or anything like that. He had a Word Processer and a Library.

But all he did was write stories about Rams Mascot and all we got for a scene was that Rams Stadium.

We got to weave something around that-- like he promises Sarina something and in the end she collects.' Suggested Cupid.

'I want time to think it over in my brain' said Soldier Sam. 'If Sarina will agree to go out and do something on Valentines Day—

'Sarina might take you out, Soldier Sam' said Cupid. 'From now on I'm picking my own Valentines Targets for the Holiday.

What do you got?' Sarina looked at Cupids arrows, enough to trick me into going out somewhere with Soldier Sam?"

"What's your plan, anyway, Soldier Sam?" Cupid inquired.

Soldier Sam stared at Cupid blankly for a moment; then out of thin air, produced his best piece of imaginative fiction—

'I might take Sarina on an expedition to some Antique Shops,' Soldier Sam answered, 'and try to find some antique Metal Tins. They are useful for so many things!!'

Sarina looked excited.

'Wait a minute! Wait a minute!' Cupid was on his feet. 'I seem to recall some Antique Shops not too far from here. You two could even stroll down the street on foot. Otherwise you would have to hire a car and hop around all those Strip Malls on the edge of town"

What's your vision, Soldier Sam? Cupid wanted to find out what ideas he had for Antique Metal Tins.

'I seem to see Soldier Sam as an Antique Hunting apprentice.' observed Sarina.

'Yes.' This hopefully" commented Cupid.

Off the top of his head, Soldier Sam had a few ideas, and promised he would think of more before Valentines Day.

"An Antique Tin to offers a super-easy way to keep all your Yankees Game Tickets and paperclip the Box Score to it" suggested Soldier Sam. Crack open a popcorn tin or something else. Some are even customisable and put your Tickets to have a special memory. Do this every year until its full. Then get another one!" Soldier Sam's idea was for sure a good one.

Let's mark your idea as 'Temporary Complete" Soldier Sam" decided Cupid. "and you can even consider leaving something almost as valuable as Yankees Tickets.

"Just think about what that is sparkling that many put in a box for Valentine's

Day.” Suggested Cupid.

Cupid turned to check how many Arrows he had brought with him that day. I’ll consider your idea if you promise to come up with several more ideas about what problems Antique Metal Tins could solve.” Added Cupid.

Sarina suggested that from now on, Soldier Sam’s bright idea would referred to as the “Antique Surprise Shopping Showdown.”

That’s a fantastic name for what is sure to be an Amazing Expedition” Cupid approved. Now Sarina and Soldier Sam were even more excited for Valentines Day!

## TRAINING

Soldier Sam’s Training for New Starship Missions was not at all like what he expected. Rams Mascot was not a typical Instructor.

“Know this,” thundered Rams Mascot, now right in Soldier Sam’s face, “that if you ever do attempt something I have not trained you to do, you will certainly destroy Rams Nation and all that is Great about the Rams.” At this, Soldier Sam looked down at the ground. At that point he wished he was invisible. He did not want to hear more, yet Rams Mascot continued. “Soldier Sam, your orbit is preordained, one from which you cannot stray.”

Those drill instructors have a shared bond and tricks of the trade that have been handed down for generations. Recruits don't hear about them at boot camp - not where it's likely that you'll get smoked with incentive training for simply asking a dumb question. Under the wide brims of smokey hats, the perfectly squared-away uniforms and almost caricature-like demeanors They

come from a wide range of occupational specialties. They decide to return to boot camp to fill a special-duty assignment.

In a Fleet Problem, we would task the CSG to conduct a combat mission--conduct strikes on, giving it maximum flexibility in timing and mechanism. We then would create scenarios rich in submarine threats. The CSG's mission would not be ASW, but rather conducting a core combat strike mission in support of the joint fight in a robust submarine threat scenario. Teaming the submarine threat is the means to the end —strike. If you destroyed all enemy submarines and lost no friendly units but were unable to execute the mission assigned—strike—then Blue loses and Red wins. How the CSG commander manages that threat to accomplish the mission is not prescribed. Speed and manoeuvre? Go for it. Aggressive surface ASW? Great. Will the escorts sweep ahead or stay near the CSG? Air assets? Of course. How is that coordination going?

Night training.

Night vision training has become necessary because of tactical advantages of attack and pursuit, under certain conditions, taking place in darkness. Night vision is not a single capacity but is a complex of innate aptitude plus training. Individual differences are great in night vision.

The most obvious effect of darkness is reduced visibility. This affects a soldier's ability to observe friendly troop movements, understand terrain, and especially affects perception of enemy movements and position. Officers find that darkness hampers many aspects of command, including their ability to preserve control, execute movement, firing, maintenance of direction, reconnaissance, security, and mutual support.

Tell me a little bit about your Training experience, Soldier Sam.

We were assigned to start a fire low in a valley. You keep the flames low to stay in the darkness and cook food on the fire for sustenance. We built a makeshift hut out of ice with the equipment we had. You build it high up on a hill so you can see everything around you and take turns watching out for targets.

Rams Mascot asked me, "Can you see the target coming up?" "Yes, I see it," I said. "I think we will be there within range if my calculations are correct.

We're going moving fast and we're almost in range..

.It's about time you did something right" responded Rams Mascot. . "I think I will round up some of the others in the barracks to play taps and I'll listen to see if they are on point."

"You brought your rifle?" Rams Mascot was obviously upset. "You know I don't go anywhere without my rifle" I responded.. He started to move on for the purpose of listening to the others The time quickly passed.

Another course that I didn't like, but somehow managed to pass, was Night Training. I went to those drills straight from the rifle marksmanship, which didn't help me any in understanding either subject. I used to get all the instructions mixed up.

But not as mixed up as another recruit in my night training class who came there direct from the orientation. He was a tackle on the Academy's Football team.

It seemed to us like Rams Mascot was lenient and helped him along. Rams Mascot gave him more hints, in answering questions, or asked him simpler ones. One day when we were on the subject of transportation and

distribution, focus turned to the Tackle.

It came his turn to answer a question. "Name one means of transportation," Rams Mascot said to him. No light came into the big tackle's eyes.

"Just any means of transportation," said Rams Mascot. The recruit just sat staring at him.

"That is," pursued Rams Mascot "any medium, agency, or method of going from one place to another."

The football player had the look of a man who is being led into a trap. "You may choose among land, air or sea vehicles," said Rams Mascot "I might suggest the largest ship in our fleet that carries aircraft.

There was a profound silence in which everybody stirred uneasily, including the target of the questioning as well as myself.

I looked at that Football player, who was looking up in the air to avoid direct eye contact with Rams Mascot. Then he looked down at the ground, thinking about his troubles. What would Rams Mascot think of this?

For the first time in his life, Rams Mascot did not care as much as he would normally have. For the moment, this recruit got a reprieve. But as I will tell you later, Rams Mascot would continue to target him throughout the training.

Anything else you want to tell me, Soldier Sam ?'

Yes, Sarina. It goes a little something like this.

"It is about prioritising what we are going to do, it's about focusing on the long game with you."

### PART 3

Sarina Loves to go to Cuse Hoops games all season long to her Heart's Delight when she is in Syracuse! Sarina also loves Scuba Diving in the Ocean.

"Your training is not yet complete, Soldier Sam" explained Angels Mascot. "You have been trained in the tech arts, but it is Sarina who has been trained to secure the precious cargo on your trip through outer space."

"I bet you have a lot to tell me, Sarina!" exclaimed Soldier Sam. "Let's get to it!"

Before the Angels Stadium "Trunk or Treat Halloween Parade,, the monster truck known as "The Angels Halloween Express" had visited across Los Angeles

Multiple times each day, huge aircrafts are packed with cargo and Troops for flights into hostile territory.. For example, one time Sarina's crew gathered in the aircrew flight equipment shop to grab flak jackets, night-vision goggles and other supplies they might need for their mission — including equipment they'd need if something went wrong, like small arms and ammunition, life rafts and life preservers.

This day, thankfully, none of those emergency supplies would be needed — it would be a Textbook Supply Run, encountering nothing more dangerous

in the air than local planes full of regular people traveling to their Vacation Destinations or Important Board Room Meetings on how to sell the newest Smart Phone, or whatever normal people run around and do these days.

The restaurant door opened again, and Sarina was there for a moment, said "Oh," and disappeared. Then she returned.

"Why it's Soldier Sam!" she exclaimed. "I was looking for Angels Mascot."

Soldier Sam sat quietly while Sarina recapped the season aloud to him. About midway in the second sequence he fell asleep since he got up so early that morning.

Soldier Sam saw the name on the door--the name on the door was Angels House.

He spent another visit to the bar, but then he realized Sarina was all that mattered.

Sarina is a Scuba Diving Virtuoso. Her Skills far and away are the best in California, and she enjoys the adventures that come along with those Skills.

But Sarina does not like Scuba Diving as much as going to Orange Games and here is the story that tells you why!

"I want to take the Orange Express to Syracuse for March Madness." Sarina said decidedly.

“Tough Shit, Sarina, enjoy work” Soldier Sam laughed.

Sarina doesn't like it when she gets stuck at the Los Angeles Airport, especially the kind of Flight Delay that lasted all season long.

“I won't stay in LA during Hoops March Madness. I want to be jumping up and Down at the Orange Game!” Sarina had announced.

Over the years, Sarina's Birthday has grown into great big, boisterous party created by Soldier Sam. He just thinks it is more and more exciting each time it comes around.

“This was fine by me,” Sarina was not upset and after a pre-birthday wrestling match with all the Sports Mascots, from March Madness, to Football and everyone else you can imagine, all of Sarina's friends began to arrive.

Sarina decided she had had enough of her friends for the day and her Birthday Goals began to shift to Orange Hoops!! March Madness had started and Cuse had a big game coming up.

So Sarina began to swim to the shore. That was clearly the first step to get Cuse Tickets for the Game that was fast approaching.

Sarina just knew there was a ticket out there somewhere for her and it would be the best Birthday Present ever if she could find out some way of getting to Syracuse.

Sarina dragged him to shore and talked to Soldier Sam the entire way back to the Beach, but before he can fully regain consciousness, her boss calls her, forcing her to get back to work in the Studio.

Soldier Sam can't forget her voice, and searches all over California for her to no avail.

Then came the Trip to Orange Beach!

In addition to being the world wide epicenter of Hoops Talent, most people don't know that a lot of Cuse Fans are top-notch Scuba Divers, due to a popular academic curriculum option.

The café car started to make its way to the Orange Express but the City Train took its cargo straight to the Syracuse Beach, much to Sarina's surprise.

The Trip Going back to LA

Sarina decided It was time to go back to LA. "Please," asked Sarina. "May I go back to LA with you?"

TOUR SITE SCENES

## “Santa’s Computer Travels”

Sarina and Soldier Sam had arrived at the North Pole!!

Are you going to have fun on this North Pole Adventure? I had a lot of fun! I loved going to Santa’s office. The reindeer house was my favorite. The hot chocolate shop was fun! But I think I will never want to drink that much hot chocolate ever again! This was so amazing. I think I will come to Santa’s workshop every year. Will you?

Wow! We are going to get a Tour of Santa’s office, where all the important Christmas decisions are made!

Wow, who knew an office could be so huge. Santa’s desk is huge like a house, and his laptop is redder and brighter than Rudolph’s nose. His chair has pockets and pockets full of candy. I see his naughty or nice list. WOW! He has his own milk bar.

After seeing Santa’s office, let’s check out another part of the North Pole—Where all the Work gets done. This is where the magic happens!

The reindeer house was made of a special kind of metal that was snow-proof. I saw Rudolph! He was munching on candy canes. His nose was really bright. His horns were shiny too!

One evening before Christmas Eve, Santa and the elves were sitting around the fireplace in Santa's Den.

Sarina, sad that her job was almost over for the year, said, "I wish I could go with you to deliver presents to all the boys and girls around the world, Santa." Soldier Sam agreed.

Now Santa thought and thought for a moment, and then he got an idea. "Why, you can all go with me on my journey around the world Christmas Eve," said Santa, with a twinkle in his eye. "You can go on Santa's Christmas Eve Travels from the computer!"

Where's Soldier Sam?

Production had come to a stop. Sarina had made a startling discovery.

"We've got a problem here," Sarina pointed out to her team of elves. "Soldier Sam has not shown up to work!"

Detective Sarina was called in for an investigation on a sunny morning. Soldier Sam had mysteriously vanished from the house, and Sarina was told. "I'll phone Santa, and get you the address."

"Sarina and Soldier Sam. I have a Holiday Mystery for You to solve. Announced Santa..

"Oh, Santa. I'm great at Solving Mysteries! Maybe Soldier Sam could help too. What's your problem, Santa?" Sarina asked.

Santa sure did have a mystery that no one at the North Pole could solve.

You enter a room where someone is having a phone call. They don't see you and you overhear a big secret that you clearly weren't meant to. You have to

tell someone. A group of villains in a meeting are now in charge of granting a group action to your plan.

"Sure I will, Santa! I'll help you out" Soldier Sam gained a bit of confidence. He believed in Christmas--he believed such things. "I do have a plan for Sarina if she agrees to give me a shot on Christmas Day.

"Hey Santa, take us to the North Pole's central station. I bet Soldier Sam and I will find a clue there to Solve your mystery.

Santa was skeptical about Soldier Sam's plan. "Computer Video Machines like the one Sarina wants to use were once popular North Pole hangouts but they have long been replaced by smartphone technology and at-home gaming systems.

But Soldier Sam had a plan: "While traditional Computer Video Machines are gone, the mystery-solving machines are still around-- just in different spaces. Sarina and I are going to do some Detective Work on Christmas Day!!"

"All right," said Santa. He had approved the plan. "There's bourbon in the sideboard there. Talk quick and I'll consider giving Sarina a present. I kinda like having you two around."

Ok, Sarina and Soldier Sam. I'll take you to the North Pole's central station. Maybe you will find a clue to solve this mystery. Just be on your best behavior.

You are a Guest at the North Pole. You will learn many useful things about our Operation that will be sure to help you on any mission you might find yourselves on in the Future.

## Visit of the North Pole's central station

Welcome to the North Pole central station! I hope you enjoyed your train ride up here. Are you all bundled up in your warmest clothing? It is very cold at the North Pole! We are supposed to visit the North Pole by sled, but I have a problem... all the sleds have been sent to the garage for a tune-up in preparation for Christmas Eve. Santa will show you how to make your own sled so that we can get started on our tour. I'll see you and your sled and we'll begin our visit of the North Pole.

"Hey, Santa!" Look Soldier Sam! Look at that Orange Box sitting under the Christmas Tree. What could possibly be in the Orange Box?"

"Why don't you open the Orange Box up, Sarina. Maybe it has something you are looking for!"

"Ok, Santa. Come over here and check out this Orange Box with me, Soldier Sam!" Sarina was so excited. They opened the Orange Box together.

Look Soldier Sam!" Sarina exclaimed. "It's the Clue we have been looking for. I just knew we would find something at this Stop on the North Pole Tour!"

Christmas Treats for all the Elves!

Easily transform your kitchen and dining room area into a Christmas baking station! Add a few signs from this dramatic play pack, along with some baked goods to your dramatic play stand to complete this center. Pull out those tins from last year or pick some up at your local dollar store sale tree to add to this center. Make out of this world cookies for your baking center using this Christmas Baking Power Pack.

What a Great North Pole Tour you took me and Soldier Sam on, Santa. Now we have the clue to solve your mystery!" Sarina was so happy.

“Yes Sarina” Santa appreciated Sarina’s Smart Detective Work. Merry Christmas to you and Soldier Sam from all of us at the North Pole!”

## MYSTERY

You enter a room where someone is having a phone call. They don't see you and you overhear a big secret that you clearly weren't meant to. You have to tell someone. A group of villains in a meeting are now in charge of granting a group action to your plan.

'Listen Mr. Reindeer, Santa is having you followed,' said Soldier Sam. 'I don't know why he's doing it. Sarina tipped me off when I was at the Studio..'

'You don't know why?' cried the Reindeer. 'Well, I know why. I got something he wants--that's why!'

'You owe him money?? Asked Sarina.

'Owe him money. Why that--he owes me money! He owes me for a few weeks of long, hard conferences--I outlined a whole damn picture for him.' Me. Rafael Reindeer. It's in-- my brain 'What he wants is in here.'

So that is what Sarina had heard on the phone that was so shocking.

An hour passed at the turbulent table. Soldier Sam waited--and then inevitably, as the bourbon started running its course, Sarina returned to wanting to know all about that mystery.

So what happened, Mr. Reindeer. What was Santa so upset about?” Sarina was getting more and more interested.

'The funny thing is I told him who stole those cookies from Mrs. Claus" the Reindeer replied. "And I even told Santa where they were hidden and why. And then that Master Mind Santa forgot.'

'But Santa's secretary remembered about those Stolen Cookies.' Soldier Sam had an inspiration.

'She did?' Sarina was shocked 'Secretary—I don't remember a secretary.'

'She came in to work late after you had left Santa's Office to go run that errand for Mrs. Claus,' explained Soldier Sam.

'Well then by God he's got to pay me to get the truth or I'll make him wish he had, you can be sure of that.' challenged the Reindeer.

'Santa says he's got a better idea about the cookie disappearance.'

'The hell he has. My idea was the best.. Listen--' the Reindeer

He spoke for a few minutes.

'You like it?' he demanded. He looked at Sarina for applause--then he must have seen something in Soldier Sam's eyes that he was not intended to see.

'Why you little skunk,' Soldier Sam cried out. . 'You've talked to Donner and Blitzen about those stolen cookies..-they sent you here!'

The Reindeer rose and tore like a rabbit for the door. He would have been out into the street before Soldier Sam could overtake him had it not been for the intervention of Sarina who was positioned at the door.

'Where you going?' Sarina demanded, catching the Reindeer by his bells.

'Hold him!' cried Soldier Sam coming up.

Sarina aimed a blow at the Reindeer which missed and landed right on the

door. "Ouch" shouted out Sarina.

It has been mentioned that Santa was strong as well as a powerful man. He went by it and Santa picked the reindeer off the ground, held him high and then in one gigantic pound brought his body down against the floor.

'No, not you, Mr. Reindeer.' Sarina said, 'I can't cast you in this picture. You are a very standardized product, Mr Reindeer.'

Mr Reindeer who was a power in pictures in years past and had even been photographed with Santa, the Soldier Sam, the Secret specialist, stepped smoothly out of the way.

The Reindeer was not truly upset--in his whole life Mr Reindeer had never been totally upset-but especially not now, for Sarina did not want to cast Dancer or Dasher or even Blitzen either.

Sarina had seen the Reindeer in the North Pole Burger King as usual and found he was an actor looking for work, and asked that he be invited to Santa's party.

'You do Christmas scenarios, Mr. Reindeer?'" Sarina had asked..

'I help,' said the Reindeer. 'Takes more than one Reindeer to lift that Sleigh.'

Mr. Reindeer was grateful for this attention and not a little suspicious. It was only because Soldier Sam was such a wreck that he happened to have a job at all. Soldier Sam had forgotten a week ago that he had hired the Reindeer.

When Soldier Sam spotted the reindeer at Burger King and indicted-- what was wanted at Santa's Office the Reindeer had passed a brief spell.

It did not even look like the kind of party that the Reindeer had known in his prosperous days. There was not so much as a Bourbon Drinker causing trouble, except for Soldier Sam of course.

'I imagine scenario playing is very well-paid,' said Sarina.

The Reindeer glanced around to see who was within hearing. Santa had withdrawn his huge bulk somewhat, but one of his apparently independent eyes seemed fixed on the Reindeer.

'Very well paid,' said Mr. Reindeer—and he added in a lower voice, '--if you can get it.'

Sarina seemed to understand and lowered her voice too.

'You mean Reindeer have trouble getting work?'

The Reindeer nodded.

And there was the explanation about the Stolen Cookies that had disappeared from Mrs. Claus' Kitchen.

It was another group of Rogue Reindeer that had conspired to stash the cookies in a side closet of the Main Reindeer House at the North Pole.

'Too many of those other Reindeer get in these unions.' He raised his voice a little for Santa's benefit. 'They're all on the take, most of those Reindeer.'

## INTRO

"Yes, I know all about the World Series Ring Ghost!" Angels Mascot said, as Sarina and Soldier Sam continued their trek to the Haunted House...

"I'll tell you an experience if you care to listen. And, what's more, I'll tell it briefly, without trimmings—I mean without unessentials. That's a thing with story-tellers these days, they never do, you know," Angels Mascot laughed.

"They drag in all the unessentials and leave their listeners to disadvantage; but I'll give you just the essentials, and you can make of it what you please. But on one condition: that at the end you ask no questions, because I can't explain it and have no wish to."

Sarina and Soldier Sam agreed. We were serious. We wanted to know everything about the World Series Ring Ghost. After hearing countless stories from Angels Fans who merely wished to "talk" but had nothing to show for it, we wanted "essentials."

"In those days," Angels Mascot began, feeling from the quality of our silence that we were with him on the journey, "in those days I was interested in sports things, and had arranged to get set up in a Haunted House in the middle of Angels Stadium..."

Sarina and Soldier Sam would end up with Love for the trick or treating experience at Angels Stadium..

Sarina and Soldier Sam go out every Halloween, rain or shine, and carry a huge, industrial bag to stash all their treats.

On one such trip, Sarina was going to Haunted Houses all night with Soldier Sam and the weather was, to say the least, not cooperating.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were all dressed up for the Halloween occasion with ponchos to cover them from the rain. Suddenly, the weather cleared as if by Magic so Sarina and Soldier Sam would get the most out of their Halloween experience!!

This is the Story of that Halloween Night...

PART 3

Sarina and Solider Sam were touring Angels Stadium on Halloween night, standing in a wide hallway; straight ahead was the playing field and on their flank was the open door of a spacious gathering areas for the fans.

In front the hall ran, ever narrowing, into a long, dark passage that led apparently to the top of the stairs. The broad staircase rose in a sweep before them, everywhere draped in shadows, except for a single spot about half-way up where the moonlight came in through the window and fell on a bright patch on the boards.

This shaft of light shed a faint radiance above and below it, lending to the objects within its reach a misty outline that was infinitely more suggestive and ghostly than complete darkness.

Filtered moonlight always seems to paint faces on the surrounding scene, and as Soldier Sam peered up into the well of darkness and thought of the countless empty rooms and passages in the upper part of the Angels Stadium.

Soldier Sam caught himself wishing again for the safety of the moonlit square, they had just left. Then realising that these thoughts were a problem, he put them away again and summoned all his energy for concentration on the present.

"Sarina," he said aloud, "We must now go through Angels Stadium from top to bottom and make a thorough search for World Series Ring Ghost."

The echoes of Soldier Sam's voice went away slowly all over the Angels Stadium, and in the intense silence that followed he turned to look at Sarina. In the candlelight he saw that her face was bright; but she stepped aside for a moment and said in a whisper, stepping close in front of him--

"I agree. We must be sure there's no one hiding. That's the first thing."

Sarina spoke with evident effort, and he looked at her with admiration.

"You feel quite sure of yourself? It's not too late--" asked Soldier Sam.

"I think so," Sarina said softly, her eyes shifting nervously toward the shadows behind. "Quite sure, only one thing--"

"What's that?" Soldier Sam asked.

"You must never leave me alone for an instant." suggested Sarina. "We need to tackle this search for World Series Ring Ghost together"

"As long as you understand that any sound or appearance must be investigated at once, for to hesitate means to admit fear. That is crucial." Soldier Sam decided.

"Agreed," Sarina said, a little shakily, after a moment's hesitation. "I'll try--"

Stealthily, walking on tip-toe and shading the flashlight so it didn't give away their presence through the shutterless windows, they went first into the Angels Stadium cafeteria adjacent to the concession stands.

There was not a stick of furniture to be seen. Bare walls, mantel-pieces and empty grates stared at them. Everything, they felt, resented their intrusion, watching them, as it were, with veiled eyes; whispers followed them; shadows flitted noiselessly to right and left; something seemed ever at their back, watching, waiting an opportunity to do them scared.

There was the inevitable sense that operations which went on in the room had been temporarily suspended till they were well out of the way again.

The whole dark interior of Angels Stadium seemed to become an imposing Presence that rose up, warning them to desist and mind their own business; every moment the strain on their Halloween Search for World Series Ring Ghost increased.

### PART 3

Sarina and Soldier Sam could not believe their eyes. There in front of them was World Series Ring Ghost.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were getting closer and closer to the Finale of the Angels Stadium Haunted House. They were about to meet World Series Ring Ghost!

Sarina and Soldier Sam sat down and turned for the first time to face World Series Ring Ghost and get through with the performance as quickly as possible. And it was in that instant Sarina got her first shock. The World Series Ring was not as she had suspected.

"Now, let me tell you,' World Series Ring began, in that faraway voice of a Ghost that went down Soldier Sam's spine like a knife. 'I'm in different space, for one thing, and you'd find me in any room you went into; for according to your way of measuring, I'm all over the game of baseball

"I have had a tough life, Sarina and Soldier Sam" explained World Series Ring Ghost. It's no wonder I feel like a Ghost."

Soldier Sam felt unsure, as may be imagined. Sarina had her tendencies, and was proud of her liberty, but she did not care to find herself self all alone in Angels Stadium with World Series Ring Ghost.

Something of Sarina's confidence left her. Confidence in her experience with the Angels after a certain point just doesn't matter if what she was doing is mugging for the camera, shooting commercials and winning championships.

"You need not be afraid that I should make you concerned for yourself.  
"World Series Ring Ghost insisted. "I can't touch your hand to begin with, for there's a great gulf fixed, you know; and really this being considered a Ghost suits me best.

Let's get in this taxi, Sarina and Soldier Sam: World Series Ring Ghost instructed. Now it is my mission to drives you to your Launch Pad

World Series Ring Ghost motioned the windows, where the street lamps gave just enough light to outline his shape against the glass.

It was going to be an eventful trip to the Launch Pad. Sarina and Soldier Sam had some unfinished business with World Series Ring Ghost. There would be no more identification as a Ghost. It was time for the World Series Ring to serve its purpose.

“I'm sure of this, Sarina” Soldier Sam said. “You know, for even then I didn't give up hope, but I may tell you that I have never felt so frightened in all my days here on Earth. I had locked myself in the Taxi with World Series Ring!

Sarina and Soldier Sam were in shock about the quality of World Series Ring Ghost's Story, and they stopped the ride in its tracks just moments away as the Story Teller paused a moment to steady his voice, and put his hand softly up to his face before going on again.

“You are not a Ghost, World Series Ring” explained Sarina. “Just a misunderstood Soul.”

What can I say, and how can I describe to you, all the skeptical fans getting ready for all the baseball action, the amazing sensation I experienced of holding an intangible, real thing so closely to my heart that it touched equal pressure all the way down to my heart, and then melted away somewhere into my very being?

#### LAST DAY ON EARTH ADVENTURE ACTIVITY

It was World Series Time and the Yankees were In! Sarina had been invited to spend the night at Yankee Stadium with Soldier Sam. Even though she knew a full variety of Domestic Beers were available at the Game, Sarina had planned ahead and brought a Liquor Flask with her and wanted to fill it

before the big night out.

“Soldier Sam is taking me to see all the Post Season baseball action at in the Bronx before we head home to celebrate the Yankees likely Win late into the night”, Sarina had explained to her friend earlier that week. “It will be great fun!”

Once Sarina arrived the first thing she said to Soldier Sam was “ Great we can take our Liquor in the Flask with us to the Stadium. “ Sarina was so excited.

“Oh, no.” Soldier Sam looked surprised. “We cannot take our own Liquor with us to Yankee Stadium. The Yankees owner would not appreciate us not buying our drinks there.”

Sarina was very disappointed. Then she had an idea! “We could give them to the vendors and have them fill it to the Top for us”. She suggested.

Soldier Sam smiled. He explained that the Yankees have a special selection of domestic beers and they don’t sell Liquor at all. “

They are very big on safety at the Stadium and most people would not be able to handle the Liquor and they would cause a scene. Maybe even be ejected from the Game for Unruly Behaviour. But we can get smashed with our own Liquor when we get back from the Game.”

“Oh Great!”, Sarina exclaimed. I will be able to mix all the Specialty Drinks then.

Soldier Sam almost fell over backwards in shock! “Sarina!!” he laughed at her. “Don’t you know only experience practitioners like me should mix the drinks?”

“But...”Sarina protested.

“Rail Mixers need to be prepared very carefully”, Soldier Sam explained. Each year there is some unfortunate circumstance where there are serious accidents when people mix drinks without Extensive Training.

“Oh, I didn’t know,” replied Sarina.

“Ok Sarina, it’s time for you to get ready said Soldier Sam.” It’s getting late and we want to make sure we find good seats at the Stadium so we will not miss the Big Game.”

“I’m all ready!” Sarina was excited for the moment. “Let’s Go!”

“Sarina”, Soldier Sam cautioned, “Do you have your Yankees Jersey and Hat so you look like the Ultimate Fan? That’s a special tip, Soldier Sam explained. Now you might even get a moment on the Big Board TV in the Outfield and Everyone at the Game will be able to see How You are dressed to the nine.

Now they were ready!

The atmosphere at the Stadium was Brilliant. Sarina stayed close to Soldier Sam so she wouldn’t get lost when she went to get Beer and Nachos. He insisted she close by because you know how Rowdy Yankee Fans can get when there is a Stampede to the Concessions Stands.

Once the Game got started there was a Huge Surprise!! There was a Special Sponsor for the Playoff Game who had promised to set off Fireworks for every Yankee Home Run!

The crowd hooted as giant colourful fireworks lit up the autumn sky. Red, white, blue, amber, green there were so many beautiful colours making the night seem as bright as the day, commented Sarina.

And everyone cheered with delight as huge rockets soared right in to the sky exploding loudly sending out plumes of crackling, dazzling, glittery colours which seemed to pause in the air, frozen in time if only for a moment before finally twinkling out.

“It was So Brilliant”, Sarina exclaimed when she and Soldier Sam finally made it out of the parking garage.

Sarina always looked forward to seeing Soldier Sam, working his Magic at the Bar, where he was stationed immediately once they walked through the Door. Soldier Sam was working with an enormous collection of full Liquor Bottles.

And he had saved a Big Surprise for Sarina, not telling her about it on the way Home. Yankee Stadium was not the only Place Sarina would see Fireworks that Special Night.

Soldier Sam had planned his fireworks display with military precision and would refer to his 'Order of Ignition Sheet' which sounded very impressive to Sarina but it was usually written on the back of a Dinner Napkin.

Every element of the display was carefully considered. The weekend before the big day, Soldier Sam had Dropped off Sarina at the Liquor store, and while she was busy stocking up for the Night, Soldier Sam slipped out and ran over to the Fireworks Store Across the Street.

Soldier Sam and Sarina were both very particular about what to spend their hard-earned cash on and both went to great lengths, Sarina at the Liquor Store and Soldier Sam at the Fireworks Shop to read all the labels and discuss the details of the important purchases with the shop owner.

Once they got back to the House, Sarina asked Soldier Sam to help her carry all the Liquor in and Soldier Sam had to spill the beans. He told Sarina all about his plans, plans to light into the Sky Rocket Cones, Screechers, Spitting Comets and names like Tropical Storm, Hornet's Nest and Crackling Cauldron.

Back at the House, Sarina was impatient. "Let's Get Started!" she said Excitedly.

"Fantastic", agreed Soldier Sam as they started to set up things for what they had planned. We are going to enjoy our Drinks too, but we need to clear some room on the picnic bench and drag it from the Back Yard to the Driveway.

I'll drag it over and why don't you run in the house to get the Drinks I mixed up. I can't wait for all this Action!" Soldier Sam exclaimed.

"Sarina, please put our Drinks on the table but don't drink too much. Soldier Sam always monitored her state of affairs whenever they Partied. Soldier Sam was always big on protecting Sarina from anything that might go wrong in all aspects of Life, not just when they were enjoying Fireworks and Drinks.

"Now you have to be sure we have a proper rocket launcher so why don't you start to think about what we should do about that. And also grab a bucket of water, so we will have something to put the sparklers in when they stop crackling."

Sarina was in the house rummaging through various cabinets and other places where she might find what she was looking for, and also stashing a bottle of Liquor in one of the cupboards that Soldier Sam was sure not to notice.

Soldier Sam took the Fireworks out of the box and placed them in the tin. "Now Sarina, do you still have your Fireworks Code memorised? We went over it just a couple of months ago for the Fourth of July" he inquired.

"I sure do remember. I know all about the fireworks code", Sarina answered proudly. "It's a special set of rules that tells you how to be safe next to fireworks. "

"Well done, Sarina". Soldier Sam was excited for the Localised Display of Fun.

Sarina whipped out a briefing pamphlet and started reading the code underneath the light of the garage lamp. It was a Good Thing she had not started to drink to heavily yet. There would be plenty of time for that Later.

As soon as it was all set up, Solider Sam hooked his iPad up to the speakers and played Frank Sinatra's "New York, New York" track so they would be taken back to their Yankees experience evening, and what else would you play on your speakers after such an Awesome Yankee Win.

Soldier Sam signalled to Sarina that the Fun was just about ready to get started!.

A theatrical experience then followed as Soldier Sam performed “Miracles” in the driveway. He would light each fuse with a long taper and call out “Stand well clear... Launch in ten seconds!”

Sarina would then yell the countdown, from ten down to one, getting more excited with each number. Most fireworks went off at “four”, always taking Sarina by surprise.

Looking back, years later, Sarina realised this was clearly a deliberate strategy but she fell for it every time and then whooped with excitement as each firework worked its Colourful Magic.

Soldier Sam liked to watch Sarina, at her station sitting on top of the Picnic Bench waiting for the brief moment when she would be framed by the light of an exploding firework. The look of delight on Sarina’s face was one that Soldier Sam would carry with him for the rest of his life.

The climax of the display was the Rockets. Soldier Sam and Sarina would always buy the biggest one they could find with names like “Tornado” or “Meteor” or “Super Storm”.

The finale was extra special for Sarina since she would be allowed to light the taper but Soldier Sam always held her arm, ready to snatch her away if there was a problem.

Sarina and Solder Sam watched in awe as the rockets soared into the sky before exploding into a shower of coloured lights. It had been such a wonderful night, well with the Yankees Games, with the Drinks and with the Fireworks.

Sarina paused from looking at the lights and turned toward Soldier Sam and their eyes met for a Special Moment.

“That one’s for you Sarina.” Soldier Sam laughed. “Isn’t She a Beauty?!”

## STARSHIP ADVENTURE

Valentine's Day Countdown!!

### PART 3

“We Got Chased in Space on Our Valentines Starship”

After Earth's Sun exploded, Sarina and Soldier Sam's immense Starship was enlisted into action with the mission to sustain as many Orange Fans as needed to fill Orange Stadium, and then some. All of the Orange Fans dream of finding a habitable planet so the Orange can once again, dominate Hockey.

As part of the few expert detectives aboard your Starship, Sarina needed Soldier Sam to keep the starship in order and mission capable. Soldier Sam has never set foot in Orange Stadium solid ground, but he has heard stories and seen films about Orange Hockey Life.

Soldier Sam's intentions are to Discover the Ultimate Planet, with or without the terrain to support Orange Hockey. Under these conditions, Sarina launched the ship into Hyperspeed, achieving interstellar travel like Soldier Sam had never seen.

Sarina and Soldier Sam's ship contains thousands of machines programmed to terraform a planet in a faraway solar system, building Orange Hockey infrastructure from the ground up.

Will a lava planets work? -What about a hot jupiter? -What about near the galactic center? -Are globular or open clusters good or do they come with problems like being too much of landmarks?

Do Orange Agents hide things well enough or are they too cold to hide heat signatures? Just an idea and it might not even be remotely technically possible but now there are no limits to technology so why not?

Orange Mascot has a Valentine's Day Plan, one in which Sarina and Soldier Sam need to locate a Hiding Place in the Galaxy to find a missing part to the Space Ship so Orange Fans can witness a Hockey game, at least once Sarina and Soldier Sam learn to split command.

In order to try and win over Soldier Sam, Sarina developed a virtual reality simulator that recreates Orange Hockey on Screens surrounding the field of view in Sarina's Communications Headquarters. It depicts the Reality of Orange Hockey on the ground and is controlled and optimized by a highly advanced artificial intelligence simulator.

However, when Orange Mascot realizes the Trick he begins to hash out a scheme to send Sarina and Soldier Sam on a Hide-and-Seek mission to retrieve the Spaceship part and set a course for the future.

Orange Mascot launched a pod off Sarina and Soldier Sam's Starship, set on hiding the Spaceship Part on a planet established by and for the machines, not for Orange Fans.

After years of plotting time travel, Orange Mascot is poised to execute his master plan to send Sarina and Solider Sam on a Hide-and-Seek mission to find the Spaceship Part. The momentum begins to tip in Orange Mascot's favor.

But when Sarina and Soldier Sam's Starship suddenly locks Radar onto a Starship built for another Hockey Team, Sarina became able to capitalize off the crisis and rally the support of Orange Fans around the Mission. Sarina had been trained to never let a good crisis go to waste, as all Starship commanders are.

**We started up our Starship and started having a conversation about how much Space Traffic there was on Valentine's Day.**

Sarina revved the Starship engines towards the direction the Valentine Orange Compass in the Direction of the New Planet. Once at the

destination, Solider Sam proposed they jump off the Starship onto the Planet's Terrain. Then continue to follow the compass for the exact location of Orange Mascot.

Once Sarina and Soldier Sam located the Hiding Place, they must speak with Orange Mascot and tell him you found the Compass. Orange Mascot will then announce the instructions for the part, and Sarina and Soldier Sam will have completed the Valentine's Day Mission.

With so many Starship parts up for grabs in *the Big Valentine's Day Adventure*, it can be overwhelming to keep track of what parts are missing. Thankfully, the developers at Sarina Digital have instilled a feature that allows for the ability to keep track of how many pieces are missing in each available Starship Mission Set.

Orange Mascot had for sure found a good hiding place for our Starship Part and we set due course to find it. We had at our disposal many navigation instruments and talked about the scenery in outer space.

Soldier Sam accompanied Sarina on the Hide-and-Seek adventure in more than just spirit. Soldier Sam's Title was "Chief Engineer of Future Orange Hockey. Soldier Sam can be found within several levels investigating the happenings of the Universe.

In most cases, playing Hide-and-Seek with Orange Mascot is out of the way of the main objectives. Scouring inter-planetary levels is a must for those

interested in tracking him down. Sarina and Soldier Sam were up to the challenge!

“You know Orange Mascot told me a story once”, Soldier Sam explained. “Orange Mascot told me a tale of approximately 14 million years ago, the era that set off right after the First Extinguishment of Orange Hockey Games marking the beginning of the Hockey Planet period.

It was the time when Orange volcanoes erupted and the Earth witnessed major geographical changes due to an asteroid impact. However, a mixture of molten lava and the asteroid formed a Hockey Stadium that took just a few years to grow into a fully matured home for Orange Fans and just a short time for it to cross the elevation of Syracuse.

But Sarina and Soldier Sam’s Valentine’s Day Mission to find Orange Mascot would not pass without incident. Right away, Soldier Sam was on Ray Gun duty and discovered that their Starship was being chased, and an ID on the Starship in pursuit had not been made.

Well there are many black hole in space adjacent to the path that had been set on Sarina’s Starship Control Panel. With Soldier Sam being a defiant partner, he tried to convince Sarina to jump to Hyperspeed to get out of the Tracking Sights the Starship chasing them had enabled.

Sarina glanced through the Moon Scope and just saw their adversary run in after them. Sarina and Soldier Sam were in the Black Hole Portal for hours because she ran in so deep and they both got the Starship turned around.

Soldier Sam found a passage post near the Black Hole border, climbed up it away from the Starship that was chasing them, and found a way out. Sarina then knocked on the Controls to activate the Search Beacon that would be sure to give them a clue as to the Location of Orange Mascot

Sarina and Soldier Sam's Starship was covered in space dirt and scratched up, until they got through to a Repair Station. An attendant gave them a ride back because Soldier Sam was able to point out Galaxy landmarks to get back on our way to find Orange Mascot.

If Orange Mascot's mission was to hide a Starship Part huge enough to attack an enemy which is logistically capable of controlling all the billions of stellar systems in the Milky Way, he would probably decide to hide the Starship Part outside the galaxy.

Now think about the shape of our galaxy! It is a double spiral following an accretion disk of the gravity, so if you put your fleet "over" or "below" but that really means nothing in outer space.

Once Soldier Sam is able to activate the galactic lens, they will be closer to the stars within i.e. in the peripheral systems, but you will literally be "in the middle of nothing".

The huge intergalactic space is what nobody can control or even see-through. If you park 14 light years away from the lens, you don't have to worry about detection for many years, so you are all good.

**Sarina and Soldier Sam found Orange Mascot's hiding spot and Located their Valentine Prize.**

It was the Direct- and Remote-sensing Instruments!

Direct-sensing instruments, also called contact science instruments, register characteristics of phenomena in their immediate vicinity. The heavy ion counter that flew on Galileo is a direct sensing instrument.

It registers the characteristics of ions in the spacecraft's vicinity that actually enter the instrument. It does not attempt to form any image of the ions' source. Galileo and Cassini each carried dust detectors.

These measure properties, such as mass, species, speed, and direction, of dust particles which actually enter the instrument. They do not attempt to form any image of the source of the dust.

Orange Mascot gave Sarina and Soldier Sam the instruction manuals and described the Fix.

"You need to re-invert the damaged dorsal portal bracket. Don't forget to unspam the starboard ram compactor." Instructed Orange Mascot.

The Valentines Orbit Machine went blank. Although Sarina was still clutching Soldier Sam Rescue Rope to hold on from the Polar Vortex, Soldier Sam strengthened the Rescue Rope and let Sarina know the business “You will always remain in my heart.” Soldier Sam promised.

Since then, Soldier Sam had held these words closely to his heart. Sarina decided that she would not give up on the Valentine’s Day mission and would emerge unscathed from all sorts of trials and tribulation with flying colours.

After Sarina and Soldier Sam departed from the Planet Orange Mascot had chosen as the hiding spot, they were covered in Space Dirt. Now they had come to a portion of Space with highly congested traffic lanes.

Suddenly Sarina lost track of the signals on the Starship Controls and bumped into something. Soldier Sam looked up to see an exit to all that traffic and alerted Sarina.. “We've reached our destination after all!” Soldier Sam exclaimed.

“That means this end of the Galaxy is closed for Valentines Day”, Sarina observed looking self-assured of her conclusion.

That Valentine’s Day when Sarina and Soldier Sam reached the Shop on the planet where they would regroup before continuing their Search for a destination suitable for Orange Hockey, Sarina saw no obstacles in their path.

Soldier Sam searched every Galactic Traffic lane and every Pit Stop, but his Stash of Orange Hearts for Sarina was nowhere to be found.

But Soldier Sam played the role of “Space Combat Cameraman” and activated the Starship Space Heart Locator Beam at every possible angle during the adventure.

Soldier Sam located the Orange Hearts with his Universal Scope and dashed to rescue them for a Valentine’s Day Prize for Sarina.

Sarina was Surprised!!

It was so nice to spend Valentine’s Day with you, Soldier Sam” Sarina exclaimed.

“Same, Sarina” responded Soldier Sam. “It was a great Valentines Adventure that I would do again in a Heartbeat even though it was quite a bit of Work.”

The Prospects for finding a Planet suitable for Orange Hockey were now Better than Ever!!

### PART 3

Soldier Sam was right. On the big monitors toward the front of the room, Sarina could see the enormous tension cable swinging majestically free. The arc ascended. Sarina's muscles clenched as she considered whether it would intersect and slice through the fragile hull.

The Radio Crackled. Sarina and Soldier Sam both heard the noise.

“Rams Mascot is that YOU?!!” Sarina was shocked.

“Wait, Rams Mascot, I can’t hear you. Speak up!” Sarina shouted.

“Rams Mascot we have a bad connection. Hold on while Soldier Sam and I fix the ship so we can hear you. Sit Tight! Don’t Go anywhere, We will reestablish the connection,” Sarina Promised.

The station was one long circular corridor with a dozen pairs of modules projecting from its sides. Those modules were divided into “North” and “South.” The shuttle was docked at Sector 3, along the inside of the wheel. Ops was in Sector 7, on the north side of the wheel. North and South were not a completely arbitrary distinction; “east” was the direction of spin.

Venting Sector 3 North must have strained an already fatigued cable. Or one with a manufacturing flaw.

“Are there any suits in here?” Soldier Sam asked, almost casually..

Sarina looked across the deck at the emergency locker. She unclipped, took a deep breath and jumped for the locker.

Empty. The crew must have taken them when they evac’d. Let’s get off this thing while we still can!”

“The cable’s OK,” Soldier Sam said. “It’s going to wrap the hub.”

The hub could survive losing one tensioner. Maybe even two or three, if they failed in the right places around the diameter. But if they failed at the hub, rather than along the wheel, they’d cut it to ribbons as they lashed around.

Across the diameter, the screens showed a puff of debris glittering in the sunlight, particles turning like mirrors falling in slow motion. And in the mist of that shimmer of irregular confetti...

A stronger signal from Ram's Mascots transmission.

The shock zapped through the deck under Sarina and Soldier Sam's feet. They managed to hold on this time.

"Definitely not a drill." Soldier Sam's suit faded color..

"Maybe something blew up when the deck jumped?" Soldier Sam said

Sarina wished she believed that answer. But she figured something much worse was going on. "The rupture is opposite the snap. I think we've got a forced resonance—a critical oscillation frequency—going on.

Something like that hit Rams Stadium back on Earth once. It vibrated to pieces.

"Where are You, Rams Mascot?" Sarina shouted into the radio receiver.

Rams Mascots voice came through loud and clear.

"WHERE ARE YOU, RAMS MASCOT?" Sarina wanted to know as soon as possible. "Can the Planet's Terrain and Atmosphere support Rams Football?"

"I'm on Plant DIADEM! Check it out Sarina!"

Planets thick atmosphere of carbon dioxide acts as insulation, reducing the escape of heat built up at the surface, resulting in high temperatures.

"Sounds perfect for Rams Football" exclaimed Sarina.

Sarina was about to accuse Soldier Sam of mutiny for the plan he had hashed out with the Rams Fans Crew aboard the starship when the welcome interruption came.

Rams Mascot was about to launch into his description of the Planet and transmitted initial graphics of the Terrain there.

Soldier Sam then arrived with a message from all the Rams Fans aboard the Starship.

“Dear Rams Mascot” it read. “ Please take some time off and show all of us around the Planet!”

'My God!' Rams Mascot exclaimed. 'How can I be expected to get anything done and show all the Rams Fans around at the same time. Who are they?' Rams Mascot demanded an explanation from Sarina.

'I don't know” answered Sarina. They are face painted with Royal Blue and Sol colors and some of them are really stirred up about life on the Starship.. Soldier Sam and I fear they are going to break into a Riot.”

“Some of them look like the Fans we had seen on Earth. All they talk about is Football, they can't seem to speak any other language, While all of them!” Rams Mascot continued on.

Soldier Sam was readjusting his virtual reality goggles to see for himself.

We are coming to Rams Planet, Rams Mascot! But we have to make 2 Stops.

First we are going to Planet X for some Upgrades to our Starship since we expect to Drift for Long Time to land on Rams Moon.

Then New Starship Upgrades for Big Fight to get from the Moon to Rams Stadium.

We are going to make a day of it on Planet X while our ship gets fixed. It will be an Adventure!! Then we will go on a Day Trip on Your Rams Moon too.

“Look, Solder Sam!” Planet X is fast approaching “ said Sarina. Prepare for landing!!”

They will feel the plane slow down and the cabin crew will prepare them for landing.

## PLANET X ADVENTURE ACTIVITY

### PART 1

This is the story of Sarina and Soldier Sam’s Mystery Day of Adventure! Both of them were very bright stars and were looking forward to spending their Holiday with each other.

But little did they know at the beginning of the day it would end in a TIME WARP!!

Did Sarina and Soldier Sam love solving mysteries” Would they have a Mystery to solve that day?

Yes!! Sarina and Soldier Sam would put their love for mysteries to the test! They would be tasked with finding their lost things and use their smarts to search for it like a detective.

They would also encounter something unexpected and try to figure out what it could be used for. This would be tricky!

“Dozing off again, Sarina?” laughed Soldier Sam. “Or rather gliding in Time Vacuum?”

“No Soldier Sam, I’m making a theory of relativity to survive this exhausting day.” said Sarina who literally was dozing off, but got up from the kitchen table.

Sarina gave Soldier Sam a test of knowledge, when she started off about space, everything Sarina knew about the universe.

Putting his head down on the table, Soldier Sam disappeared into his own tornado of stupidity. Starting from ground zero he did to take up the task for explaining these things to Sarina, to convince Sarina how he could achieve the new theory that would open up gates of time travel.

Sarina and Soldier Sam both had a magnifying glass and had a telescope. Sarina and Soldier Sam used these tools to see distant things from that telescope and also get a close up when need be.

Sarina and Soldier Sam had fun with sports and played especially with their football. They used to throw it to each other with great fun to be had.

There was also a dog in their house named “Mickey”. Mickey was both very adorable and very naughty but everyone loved Mickey. Both Sarina and Soldier Sam Loved Mickey like they loved each other.

All three played together with that football.

On that morning, Sarina and Soldier Sam thought of playing with the ball. Sarina and Soldier Sam started searching for that football from place to place. They searched everywhere but could not find that football anywhere. Now they started thinking about where did that ball go?

They checked out all the places and especially that place where they had kept that football. But, the football was not there. This was not just the first time or the only example.

Many things in the house were disappearing.

Sometimes some things were disappearing from the kitchen, and also some things kept in the Trophy Room. Sarina had won quite a bit of Contests over the years.

Both Sarina and Soldier Sam could not understand what was happening in the house. It had become a mystery inside the house that would test all their smarts.

And their patience too!

Now it was the time to find the lost things, especially their favorite Treasure, that football.

Now both Sarina and Soldier Sam were going to be spies “The Little Detectives” who would find out everything. Now, will they remove the curtain from this secret soon and find out who is hiding things from their house?

Both of them put a cap on their head, Both of them hung their binoculars on their shoulder and started searching for the culprit with a magnifying glass in hand.

First of all, they both looked closely at the place where the football was unusually placed.

Sarina and Soldier Sam examined the place very closely. After investigation, they found a piece of evidence. By finding this evidence they got the first lead in their investigation.

There they found a Mystery Ticket. This was like a proof for them that they wanted to use to find their lost football.

Sarina showed that Mystery Ticket to Soldier Sam and said, "Soldier Sam look what we got!"

Soldier Sam asked, "What did you get?"

"Look at this Mystery Ticket. See this carefully. We got our evidence." Sarina said.

"Now the question arises, what is this Ticket for? What is the destination?" Soldier Sam asked Sarina.

Both Sarina and Soldier Sam started thinking about that Mystery Ticket. At first they thought that everyone else in life must have a Mystery Ticket. "And here is ours! Sarina exclaimed.

Sarina started to remember memories from future. Memories that were sent to the past by the future Sarina...maybe.

As abrupt as it sounds, it is abrupt. The way Sarina described time as flow of information, she might just have found a way to reverse the flow of information, with at least memories.

"Why would Mickey hide this ticket? Does Mickey want to go too?" Soldier Sam asked

Both of them thought that Mickey would not take the ball because what would Mickey do with it? But Surely Mickey would not take it. But the question remains, what was the purpose of this Mystery Ticket?"

Sarina immediately started explaining to Soldier Sam that some Mystery Tickets are for nothing less than an Incredible TIME WARP!

And Sarina and Soldier Sam can't suspect each other because they don't tell lies to each other, They are like 'truth and love partners' who never tell lies to each other.

In such a situation, Sarina and Soldier Sam were given the mission to find the football and finding out who had the answer to why was this Mystery Ticket important?

It was a Time Warp Sarina was trying to jump into? The memories, were they from future or past? To explain this let's just say, Sarina was getting worked up over incidents she hasn't even experienced.

"But first of all, Soldier Sam," Sarina began.. we have to figure out who has hidden this Mystery Ticket and, most importantly, Where?"

The suspicion of both Sarina and Soldier Sam eventually landed on Mickey.

Now both Sarina and Soldier Sam kept an eye on their dog and looked closely at Mickey. They both kept an eye on his antics. Both wanted to know what Mickey was up to.

Waking up from his heading down position, Mickey finds out only Sarina and Soldier Sam were standing between him and his Dog Breakfast.

Sparkles in his eyes, Mickey was only interested in the topic of breakfast.

Mickey barked loudly when he realized what was happening to him. At one point he knew everything and now suddenly he is blank. "The paradox, the

warp, everything is; what's the paradox I am talking to myself about?" thought Mickey.

Sarina and Soldier Sam would be keeping an eye on Mickey's behavior and following his every movement.

The day went on but they had not got the football yet. But, still their suspicion remained only on Mickey.

Then both of them saw that Mickey was digging a pit behind a tree. Both of them were surprised to see this action of Mickey. Then they started thinking, what is Mickey doing?

Both Sarina and Soldier Sam watched Mickey's actions quietly and kept watching him till Mickey had taken a break from digging the hole.

Together with Soldier Sam, Sarina decided that now they will go there and see what is going on with that hole in the ground Mickey was digging. And there may be the end of their investigation.

Now both Sarina and Soldier Sam went under that tree and saw the place well.

There, the detectives examined the pit and were surprised to see what they saw inside that pit.

At that place there was their football and also an arrow pointing at a sign saying:

"Do you want to JUMP INTO THE MOST MAGICAL TIMEWARP IN HISTORY?"

Now Sarina and Soldier Sam found out what the mystery was all about.

This major discovery triggered Sarina's imagination. Sarina now understood, all that happened was a Trick where the ends of ever expanding universe had curved to bend time and linking the past the present and the future.

Sarina had deduced that information flowed from one end to another creating an infinite loop for less than a minute.

Sarina started jumping around. “Let’s jump into that pit and see where it takes us , Soldier Sam!”

Soldier Sam also suspected something interesting would happen if they both were to jump into that pit. He knew Mickey was up to something—that he was behind it.

Sure enough, Mickey had created some sort of time machine or something. Sarina and Soldier Sam figured out if it wasn’t a time travel portal, well, it would at least be something that would take them somewhere interesting.

Now it was the time to make sure they kept their most important things they owned back in their Space Backpacks.

Yes! They had Space Backpacks to keep their things.

Sarina and Soldier Sam kept their detective gear in their Space Backpacks and also two items that needed to be exchanged.

Maybe jumping into this pit would take them to some sort of location where exchange could be possible.

So Sarina and Soldier Sam decided they would jump into that pit to see where it would take them. They shouted: “One, Two, Three!” glancing at each and took a leap of faith into the pit

## PART 2

Wow! Sarina just won Scuba Diver of the Year. And the Prize was an adventure to fly a helicopter out to a Navy Ship to go Scuba Diving on Valentines Day! As you can see she is absolutely Thrilled.

As the first rays of sunlight appeared in the east on Valentines Day, Sarina got up, put her

Sarina and Soldier Sam do something special every Valentines Day.. Today was no exception. Sarina cannot find her sunglasses. Sarina always loses things. The sunglasses are not on the Kitchen counter. They are not in her room either, either.

Sarina ran upstairs and put on some new clothes that she had saved for today over her swimsuit. It was a Rockin' Outfit and Soldier Sam admired Sarina's selections from her closet.

Sarina gets dressed. She is almost ready. She just needs her sunglasses. She thinks maybe they are on the table by the door. Or maybe they are in the Trophy Room. They could also be in her purse. Sarina is exasperated.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were so excited they were going on a scuba diving adventure! And that she would get to pilot a helicopter for the first time to get to the ship.

They had decided to go out and grab a meal at Burger Palace on their way out of town.

Sarina grabbed her keys

"What a pretty day!" said Soldier Sam.

"This is going to be an awesome Valentines Day Adventure!" Sarina was excited.

"I'm excited too" Soldier Sam laughed.

Soldier Sam puts the bags in the Back of the Jeep. He checks to make sure everything is there . Yogi, their dog, jumps in the backseat. That puppy sure loves adventures! Soldier Sam is ready to leave. Where is Sarina? She knows he likes to arrive at Burger Palace before the Lunch crowds.

The Valentines Day weather outside was just perfect, a light breeze and the small patches of fog that hovered close to the ground soon disappeared with the rising of the sun.

This was going to be a very special day for Soldier Sam since he had not even seen Sarina during the week since she was off flying God-knows-where on her assignments.

Every morning before work Soldier Sam would Call Sarina and they would pass the time talking as they each made up their Breakfast. Over the course of the last week Sarina and Soldier Sam had talked about a lot, but there was still a lot of ground to cover.

Each day they grew closer together and when they had talked last during the week Soldier Sam had asked Sarina if she has heard about the results of the Valentines Day Contest.

Sarina told Soldier Sam that she did and she won the Grand Prize so he seized the opportunity and asked her to be his Valentine for the Big Day.. She said that she would

love to and offered some suggestions to make their Valentines Day Extra Special.

Back at the house on the day of the trip, Soldier Sam was starting to grow impatient to get the Show on the road. Sarina is always late!

Sarina searches for her sunglasses. She cannot find them, and she knows Soldier Sam is waiting. She always hears about it when she is late! She grabs her purse and locks the door.

"You are late," Soldier Sam says as she gets in the Jeep. Sarina tells Solider Sam that she could not find her sunglasses.

Solider Sam looks at her and laughs! He flips down the sun visor so Sarina can see herself in the mirror. Sarina looks in the mirror and laughs too. Her sunglasses are on top of her head. They were there the whole time!

"It is always in the last place that you look," Sarina Laughed.

Soldier Sam says "What would you Like to Do on Your Valentines Adventure that would make it extra special, Sarina?"

"I have been thinking about it all Week!", Sarina said with unbounded Excitement. And Solider Sam knew Exactly what he wanted to do with Sarina all day long. It would be Magical"

Solider Sam already had it all Figured out because her had been planning ahead for the Valentines Day Adventure ever since he found out Sarina had won the Prize.

Solider Sam spilled the Beans and told her he had brought along a Blockbuster Coupon that would make the Event extra memorable.

"Great! I can't wait to Start having so much Fun Valentines Day Activities with you, Soldier Sam!" Sarina exclaimed.

Choosing the right Scuba diving centre is always very important & just might change your perspective on Life. Solider Sam had done a lot of research to find out just how unique the Adventure would be so they can share in something that the entire world can't Replicate & have fun with the best possible scuba diving experience.

The day would indeed turn into an adventure for Sarina! Days like these are great for our business interests because Sarina comes in to grace us with her presence" the owner of the Scuba Diving Center told his Staff

Sarina was bouncing off the walls as her Valentines Day Adventure drew closer and closer.

“I can fly the helicopter out to the ship for the first time and experience unmatched fun!” exclaimed Sarina.

Sarina has a Special Valentines Day Present coming soon. What in the World could it be? When Sarina had been notified that she won the Grand Prize in the contest, the message said “Sarina, you have a BIG Valentines Day Present coming.”

“What could it be” Sarina wondered.

Then the moment finally came. “Come and See you Special Valentines Day Present Surprise, Sarina!”

It is the Best Present Ever!” Sarina could not believe it when he saw the coupon for 50% off everything in the Store.

Sarina Smiles and Smiles and the Smiles would just not disappear as Sarina started to look around.

Here is a Valentines Day selection for scuba diving Lovers, Soldier Sam explained. I’m sure this will make any scuba diver happy!

Sarina had made her decision. “We are going to land on the Ship now!”

After landing safely on the pod, Big Boat put to sea. Sarina was so excited to be free once more seeking fun & adventure.

And fun and adventure Sarina found. Sarina was having so much fun she knew that in the future she wanted to make many more joyous deployments with Soldier Sam on the ship, sharing the wonder of the whole wide world.

Sarina and Solider Sam were so very happy together and grew very strong.

Sarina had found herself over herself head over heels in another adventure with Solider Sam. The fun would never Stop!

Monster waves stomped the sea as Sarina made entry into the water!

Things like that happen in adventures.

As the calming colours chased away the clouds, this adventure was getting more and more fun for Sarina.

The water was the perfect home for Sarina’s Valentines Day Adventure. It is full of life

and love and Sarina was so Happy she got to spend the Valentines Day on the Beautiful Sea.

Sarina had found a place so very different from the elements of the City and the Ocean was so very different inside.

"It is pretty awesome! The ocean is a splash-filled retreat" explains Sarina, as she raced to the extreme depths of the Amazing Underwater Playground. It offered Sarina a rare chance to be totally free of Traffic in the City and other daily hassles!

Sarina loved her new Orange Scuba Tank since that is the colour of her favourite College Basketball Team. Sarina really wanted Syracuse make it to the Big Dance so she could spend time with Soldier Sam watching all the Action during the March Madness Tournament. Or even the NIT tournament if it means more Syracuse Basketball " says Sarina.

"I love spending time at the depths of the ocean so I can see everything I am capable of doing" added Sarina..

Sarina was such a Water Warrior and had proven beyond doubt that you can stay entertained and active on Valentines Day, no matter what!

"Especially when you are locked up in in the City all week you have to get your energy out somehow and this is the perfect place to come do it" laughed Sarina.

Sarina wears a High-Tech Mask when she is diving in the water. She can take pictures of all the beautiful coral reefs, fish & sharks in the Ocean and has the safest air tank in the World when she goes underwater.

Sarina thinks this is all an Incredible Joyride & likes to tell her friends about her underwater adventures when she goes back to all the fun parties that everyone is so glad she is a part of.

Sarina loves having the time and freedom to spend all Valentines Day moving the Flippers on her feet so she can get around easily when she dives in the water.

As she was slicing through the water Sarina saw a Sting Ray up close. It was Big. It was Grey. It swam up very quickly coming very close to Sarina!

Sarina did not stick around for long to take pictures of the Sting Ray. She swam away really Fast. The sting ray nearly scared the wits out of her.

And we all know that one must keep their wits about them while scuba diving!

After Sarina had all the Scuba Diving fun someone could possibly pack into Valentines Day, she returned to the Ship.

“Thanks for such a Fun and Exciting Valentines Day, Soldier Sam! It was the Best Ever!”

Sarina was all ready Scuba Dive all over again, just as soon as the next opportunity on the Horizon.

## MOON LANDING

“We need to save Rams Mascot, we are traveling to the moon with adversaries in our path, we need your help understanding what is going on!” said Sarina.

It looked up at Sarina and Soldier Sam and began speaking: “Well, we all used to live on the moon.

One day, one of our leaders wanted to take over Rams Planet, but this created conflict. The fight lasted for millenniums until the planet could no longer handle it anymore.

The chairman wondered what the hell was going on, and he decided to look into the matter himself. It was paramount that he seek out a decent vantage point, so he left the officers to their own business and went to check out the wireless communications unit. We were making our way quickly with a zig

here and a zig there as we beat out a path to the next destination, keeping a distance from the flanking fleet.

The wind slowly went away. Soldier Sam was now obliged to hold high the oar. But the waves continued their old tough swooping at the dingey, and the little craft, no longer under way, struggled over them.

Shipwrecks are their own animal. If only we could train for them and have them occur when we had reached peak condition, there would be less disasters at sea.

Despite the fact that the signals were being shielded from forces on the Mainland, they had somehow spotted us, and the shelling began again in earnest. An hour passed and then the barrage stopped as suddenly as it had started. It seemed like a peaceful silence to the officers, they gave the signal to advance and the chairman jumped up like there would be a real opportunity for some significant gains.

Neither Sarina or Soldier Sam had slept any time worth mentioning for previous to embarking in the dingey, and in the excitement of clambering about the deck of a foundering ship they had also forgotten to eat heartily.

For these reasons, and for others, Soldier Sam was not fond of rowing at this time.

Sarina wondered how in the name of all that was holy could there be people who thought it amusing to row a boat.

It was not an amusement; it was punishing, and even someone who could

convince themselves of anything could never conclude that it was anything but a slap in the face to the muscles and a crime against the Spirit.

Sarina mentioned to the boat in general how not the amusement of rowing struck her, and the weary-faced Soldier Sam smiled in full sympathy.

The view we had achieved from our new position was not as good as the officers had hoped. We spotted one of the islands with a fresh mountain range that was unexpected and the officers scrambled to verify our new vantage point on the maps. Reconnaissance had reported an unidentified group of spectators on a high plateau and they appeared as if little ants scurrying around, but we had no idea what their intentions were or if they were packing a punch.

Previously to the foundering, by the way, Soldier Sam had worked double-watch in the engine-room of the ship.

"Take it easy, now, Soldier Sam." said Sarina.

"Don't spend yourself. If we have to run a surf you'll need all your strength, because we'll sure have to swim for it. Take your time."

Slowly the land arose from the sea. From a black line it became a line of black and a line of white, trees and sand.

So were descended into another proverbial valley as far as intelligence was concerned, and the chairman decided to set up a new headquarters where the officers could be tuned into the wireless to establish communications with our flank. Maybe they could be of some assistance. The time passed quickly, and the first reports coming in from the companies were somewhat

contradictory and a little bit obscure. Even though they were close to the island, they had not as of yet encountered any resistance but were establishing a solid line of defence anyway.

Sarina said she could make out a house on the shore.

"That's the house of refuge, for sure," said Soldier Sam. "They'll see us before long, and come out after us."

The distant lighthouse reared high.

"The keeper ought to be able to make us out now, if he's looking through a glass," said Sarina. "He'll notify the life-saving people."

"No other boat could have got ashore to give word of the wreck," said Soldier Sam in a low voice. "Else the lifeboat would be out hunting us."

Slowly and beautifully the land loomed out of the sea. The wind came again. It had veered from the NE to the SE. Finally, a new sound struck the ears of Sarina and Solider Sam in the boat. It was the low thunder of the surf on the shore.

"We'll never be able to make the lighthouse now," said Sarina. "Swing the head a little more north, Soldier Sam."

"You got it. A little more north,' Sarina," said Soldier Sam.

During the ensuing hours, activity on the island appeared to the officers as chiefly single, disjointed actions, without any real coordination, but it quickly became apparent that a surprise was going to be in order. Suddenly and unexpectedly, the group appeared to be in an organizational mode, so we had to become prepared for another onslaught. A scouting party has

achieved some success in determining exactly what types of forces were present and they quickly relayed their concerns as they advanced slowly to get an even better perspective.

Whereupon the little boat turned its nose once more down the wind, and they both watched the shore grow. Under the influence of this expansion, doubt and apprehension were leaving Sarina and Soldier Sam.

The management of the boat was still most absorbing, but it could not prevent a quiet cheerfulness. Soon, perhaps, they would be ashore. And soon they will for sure be able to celebrate Sarina's Birthday like they had been looking forward to the whole year. From the day after her Birthday last year.

Their muscles had become thoroughly used to balancing in the boat, and they now rode this Wild Bronx Bronco of a dingey like pros.

Bad news would come next from the officers in communication with the scout team from the flanking fleets. They indicated that they had found themselves in an unfavourable position among elements from the Mainland that had taken up quarters in our immediate vicinity, so the chairman took it upon himself to find out first-hand what sort of contingencies were anticipated by the officers. After briefly examining the most recent reconnaissance intelligence, the chairman decided that a offensive show of strength would be warranted in this case. The position of our company was hardly satisfactory.

Soldier Sam thought that he had been drenched to the skin, but happening to feel in the top pocket of his coat, he found a pack of cigarettes!!

Half of them were soaked with sea-water; and the other half were perfectly scathless.

After a search, Sarina produced some dry matches, and thereupon the partners rode strong in their little boat, and with an assurance of an impending rescue shining in their eyes, puffed on the smokes and judged the good and bad of all humankind.

Sarina and Solider Sam both took a drink of Scotch that they had in store for the Big Celebration ahead. Like the Magic Island, Sarina's Birthday was getting closer and closer!!

The Starship rushed fast through the air without a bump or a jolt, when all of a sudden bad weather overtook Sarina and Soldier Sam. The Starship began to swing from side to side

## MOON ADVENTURE ACTIVITY

### PART 1

"Let's go to Burger King!" Solider Sam approached the car. "Wow, what a beauty."

Sarina turned to look at Soldier Sam. "I beg your pardon?"

"I said she's a beauty."

"The car. You were talking about the car."

“Yeah, right“.. Sarina was checking out the car’s sleek curves.

“It’s the latest thing.” Solider Sam said starting on a litany of the car’s greatest features.

Sarina held up a hand. “I know all about cars.

“Well, why don’t you get in. Get the feel of it.”

Sarina slid into the drivers seat, She touched the gear shift

“It’s got a Radio.” Solider Sam’s voice interrupted her..

She touched the steering wheel, thinking about the future. Road trips. Its always such an adventure out there, just waiting for me thought Sarina.

“Um, Sarina?

“Yes?”

Solider Sam smiled, and held up the car’s key. “Road trip?”

The traffic moved forward a couple of feet and the people behind them are honking. You should keep up with the others, Solider Sam says.

If this is such a smart car, Sarina replied, it can damn well drive itself.

Traffic starts to move again around them, but they're stuck now behind the vehicle. There's a lot of honking and fender crunches as cars try to squeeze around them.

The dashboard is making binging and bonging noises to go with the flashing lights. Can't you turn that damned thing off? Sarina asks.

Solider Sam fumbles with the buttons and dials on the instrumentation panel and sets off a wailing alarm.

What was that? Sarina exclaimed.

It's probably just the virtual reality feature, Solider Sam says calmly, something happening on our windshield that we can't see because of the sunlight.

With sound effects? Shock waves? Sarina is still concerned.

It's a very smart car, Solider Sam reminds her.

I just want to get to Burger King for a Double Whopper with Cheese!" Sarina complains.

The special feature gizmo on the dashboard showing what lies ahead has gone dark.

Perhaps they've lost reception. But then there are sirens around them either from outside the car or inside the dashboard.

There's a kind of whooshing bump—FASTEN YOUR SEATBELTS! Sarina shouts—and the temperature drops and sky darkens and they are all alone on an empty highway.

Sarina turns on the windshield wipers, turns them off, turns on the headlamps.

Why is it so dark out? Sarina asks.

Probably a different time zone, Solider Sam says with a shrug.

I wish I knew where we are, complains Sarina as they race along,

The special satellite feature on the dashboard is working again, but it seems to be stuck back in the other time zone, where it's still sunny.

Now turn on your interior lights, Sarina and I'll show you how to get the video phone going. Also I'll see you better with the lights on.

Maybe it would help if you could turn off the virtual reality on the windshield, Sarina.

It's not like the dashboard feature, Sarina. It only shows what's around you that you can't see because of the dark, things like road signs, billboards, other stuff

Actually, with the full moon out, I can see most of those things anyway, Sarina says, now I can read the signs.

We're passing one now. It says Burger King!

Look at the screen on the dashboard, Sarina. It's right here!

The special satellite feature already has the menu right in front of them.

Whoa! Sarina says

Everything in between them and Burger King is suddenly contested airspace.

Overhead, bombers and cargo planes, fired upon by booming anti-aircraft batteries, are flying through searchlight beams and exploding shells, dropping bombs and parachutists.

Let go of the wheel, Sarina! Soldier shouts, his urgency making him sound more like a drill sergeant.

The virtual reality feature will drive you out of this!

On the ground, heavy artillery is shelling the tanks and armoured cars rolling through the ruins of the filling stations and restaurants.

And keep your foot off the brake, Sarina!

They are surrounded by waves of troops attacking one another with grenade and rocket launchers, flamethrowers, submachine guns, missiles. Fighter jets

strafe the battling troops, water bursts from bombed mains, and balls of fire roll into the air.

The car bounces across blasted parking lots, races past exploding gas pumps, dodges the tumbling debris and the low-flying jets, then drops down into a ditch, weaves through a thick forest, splashes across a river, climbs a bank, wheels spinning in the mud, and lands finally on a darkened highway.

Where are we? Sarina complains.

Uh oh. More changes happening here, Watch the wheel, Sarina! Just keep going straight ahead!

Solider Sam turns the virtual reality feature off and turns the music on from the radio, noticing how silent the night is.

As if simply by magic, the road was empty. No other cars or lights.

At least we're going the right direction, Solider Sam says cheerfully.

They cross into the sunshine and soon they are driving through light traffic down the sunny highway, heading for Burger King with their favorite song on the radio as they roll along.

Sarina starts Singing. "Better than what is coming from the radio, says Solider Sam. Although you kinda need the backbeat."

Everything is familiar now, and so, being familiar, passes without notice. "I know where we are now" says Sarina.

We went for a ride in the car, Sarina" Solider Sam recaps the drive. "Things happened. Now we're at Burger King so the real adventure is just starting."

PART 2

On the way to the restaurant Sarina talked about her friends who would be at the Game.. Soldier Sam tried to remember all their names but knew that he would find a way to fuck up as usual.

As they approached the restaurant after the driver let them off, Soldier Sam opened the door for Sarina like always, just one of the many things he does to show how much he Loves Sarina.

“Do you have a reservation for lunch?” the hostess greeted them.

“Yes, Table for Two... Sarina.” Sarina hoped they would have a good view of a television at their table, because she still can’t get enough of ESPN.

When they sat down at the Table, Sarina tested the television to make sure it works, otherwise she wouldn’t be able to see all the pre-game Hype.

“How many times did I tell you it’s going to be a blast today? Sarina said Don’t you know, Soldier Sam? This is LA!”

Sarina and Soldier Sam ordered their lunch, for Soldier Sam the usual Whopper with Cheese and Onion Rings. Sarina was eating light, but also ordered Onion Rings too, so she and Soldier Sam could both have Rings.

Having Lunch together was a way to build a relationship full of considerate words and actions..

Sarina and Soldier Sam talked about different things and somehow got on the subject of whether Rams Fans should have a committed relationship with someone from a place like Wisconsin. Sarina said all things considered, she thought it was a bad idea.

"Why?" Soldier Sam asked.

Sometimes Soldier Sam got this look blank look of confusion on his face and just stared down at the ground.

When Sarina saw him like this she knew she should keep his mouth shut, but she never did. Actually it made Sarina talk more. Soldier Sam had that look now.

"Why?" he asked again, putting his burger down on the plate.

"Listen," she said, "I went to school with Midwesterners, I've worked with Midwesterners, and we've always gotten along just fine. I don't need you coming along now and implying that I'm discriminatory

"I didn't imply anything," Soldier Sam said, and began munching on his burger again. "I just don't see what's wrong with someone who lives in California ending up with a Midwestern person, that's all."

"They don't come from the same culture as we do. Listen to them sometime - they even have their own language. That's okay with me, I like hearing them talk" - she did; for some reason - "but it's different. A person from their culture and a person from our culture could never really know each other."

"Like you know me?" Soldier Sam asked.

"Yes. Like I know you." Sarina replied.

"But if they love each other," Soldier Sam said. He was eating his burger faster now, not looking at her .

"Oh man", Solider Sam said.

"Don't take my word for it. Look at the statistics. Most of those relationships break up." Sarina kept on going.

"Statistics." Soldier Sam was now munching on the Mozzarella Sticks at a terrific rate, just swiping at them with his hands. Many of them were greasy, and there were a couple just stranded in the Marinara Sauce.

"All right," Soldier Sam said, "what about someone moving to LA from the Bronx like you? I suppose you think the same thing about East Coast West Coast couples being in successful long term relationships.

"Yes," Sarina said, "as a matter of fact I do. How can you understand someone who comes from a completely different background?"

"Different," said Soldier Sam. "Not the same, Like by that reasoning we shouldn't have gotten together."

"Yes, different," Sarina snapped, not pleased with Soldier Sam for resorting to this trick of repeating her words so that they sounded bad.

"That burger is a mess, Soldier Sam" Sarina said.

Soldier Sam began to try and put his burger back together, giving a lot of attention to the tomatoes.

"So," Soldier Sam said, "you wouldn't be with me since I am from the Midwest. Well, that's what you said, didn't you?"

"No, I did not. This whole line of questioning me is ridiculous. If you had stayed in the Midwest we probably wouldn't even have got together. You would have had your friends and I would have had mine. The only Midwesterner I ever really knew was my camera man at ESPN, and I was already going out with you by then."

"Then you probably would have been going out with a Midwestern Girl. But doesn't matter anyway because we are so close " Sarina picked up a ring with her hand and put it in her mouth.

"Thank you," said Soldier Sam and started to go to work on his Rings, just like Sarina did.

Sarina paid the bill and they went outside. The sky was clear. They hired another cab and the traffic was steady and light.

Soldier Sam and Sarina both immediately regretted the little fight. Why would all that stuff matter anyway? They thought of all the time they had spent together, and how close they were, and how well they knew each other so they both wanted to talk about another subject on the way to the Stadium.

They both promised to make it up to each other by ordering extra drinks at the Rams Game.

But Soldier Sam was really paying attention to Sarina, her loveliness now going through the turnstiles into the Stadium.

Soldier Sam and Sarina were now almost finally to their seats on the 50 yard line after grabbing a full tray of drinks.

## RAMS PLANET LANDING

The Starship rushed fast through the air without a bump or a jolt, when all of a sudden bad weather overtook Sarina and Soldier Sam. The Starship began to swing from side to side

We quickly became underpinned by initial fire from the Mainland forces, and wasted little time in getting undercover, since we had no great direct view of their positions and our ears rang in response to a huge explosion just off the mark of our position. The chairman advised the reconnaissance team to advance using caution and following on these orders, they achieved a measure of success. When they scanned the terrain, they spotted what looked like an observation post, so the chairman agreed that this would be a suitable initial target, something to get us going and fire at.

"Soldier Sam," remarked Sarina, "there doesn't seem to be any signs of life about your house of refuge."

"No," replied Soldier Sam "Funny they don't see us!"

A broad stretch of lowly coast lay before the eyes of Sarina and Solider Sam. It was of dunes topped with dark trees. The roar of the surf was plain, and sometimes they could see the white lip of a wave as it spun up the beach. A tiny house was blocked out black upon the sky. Southward, the slim lighthouse lifted its little grey length.

Tide, wind, and waves were swinging the dingey northward. "Funny they don't see us," said Soldier Sam.

Once we engaged, the sudden attenuation of activity directed towards us from the island seemed like a great blessing. The chairman had been irritated that it took the officers so long to positively identify a key position on the island because it had halted our advance and pinned us down, but the thought of actually being hit did not occur in the minds of the officers. They had been in situations like this before and even while their stomachs crawled regularly, most were readily accustomed to this physical phenomenon. We were certainly in a spot.

The surf's roar was here dulled, but its tone was, nevertheless, thunderous and mighty. As the boat swam over the great rollers, the partners sat listening to this roar.

"We'll swamp sure," said Sarina and Solider Sam simultaneously.

It is fair to say here that there was not a life-saving station within miles in either direction, but the they did not know this fact, and in consequence they made disparaging remarks concerning the eyesight of the island's life-savers. Sarina and Solider Sam were upset and surpassed records in the invention of dirty words.

"Funny they don't see us." Soldier Sam remarked.

The fleets to our flank were tasked with the most dangerous task for our company in this case, the destruction of the coastal battery that was now clearly preparing for another round of action. The chairman had little time to prepare for this contingency and he was given carte blanche from the Oceana authorities since a positive advance against the Mainland forces would be a good bargaining chip in their political negotiations. The conditions were quite similar that that faced by another company in previous months.

The lightheartedness of a former time had completely faded. To their sharpened minds it was easy to conjure pictures of all kinds of incompetence, blindness and, indeed, not quite right. There was the shore of the populous island, and it was bitter and bitter to them that from it came no sign.

"Well," said Sarina, ultimately, "I suppose we'll have to make a try for

ourselves. If we stay out here too long, neither of us have strength left to swim after the boat swamps."

And so Soldier Sam, who was at the oars, turned the boat straight for the shore. There was a sudden tightening of muscle. There was escalation in the brain workings.

The officers observed that it would be lucky for the chairman to not subsequently be subject to a review by the Oceana authorities about the details of the operation. His knowledge of the vicinity, gained by the study of maps and photographs taken by the drones, enabled him to positively identify the spot on the island that would serve as the target. On reaching the range of the target, the officers encountered a state and condition of affairs that might well have quieted even a strong and robust heart.

"If we both don't get ashore--" said Sarina. "If we don't both get ashore, I suppose no one would know where to send news of my finish?"

They then briefly exchanged some addresses just in case either one would make it and not the other. As for the reflections of them both, there was a great deal of unhappiness in them.

Perchance they might be formulated this: "If I am not going to make it, why, in the name of the seven mad gods who rule the sea, was I allowed to come thus far and contemplate sand and trees? And to have wonderful anticipation of Celebrating Sarina's Birthday Celebration!!

We halted often enough to make sure they were advancing correctly given the light conditions provided by the moon, and we thankfully slipped by a patrol that had come from the Mainland. The operators of the drone had hardly joined the company when the chairman gave the order for the gaps

in the island forces to be blown. The success signal was relayed within an hour, right before the second drone was set to arrive. Filled with pride that an action in the interests of Oceana was complete, the officers felt that, even while a tradition of excellence had not yet been established by Oceana in this theatre, they were instrumental in an effort to create one that could have lasting effects.

Both of Sarina and Soldier Sam's eyes opened wide.

"Sarina! That must be what happened to Rams Mascot! He must've seen the same guy that grabbed Rams Mascot so they took him out before he could tell anyone." Soldier Sam exclaimed.

"Yes, that sounds about right, and if we don't get to Rams Planet right now, we could be next." concluded Sarina.

ORANGE VALENTINES #3

"Check out Green and Round Lake!"

The Flight through Space was finally complete. The Starship bolted down from the sky and landed in New York.

Cupid was there on the Tarmac to greet Sarina and Soldier Sam.

"Sarina and Soldier Sam!" Cupid called out. "Welcome to Syracuse!"

“Thanks Cupid” Sarina replied.

“Isn’t there a Big Orange Basketball Game Tonight?” asked Soldier Sam.

“There for sure is an Orange Game tonight. But first I have a Place to show you guys?” said Cupid.

Cupid was a Legend at Syracuse. It was in Fact one of his favorite places to be. To work his Magic.

Cupid’s brain is always buzzing with possibilities and ideas that can improve the future. In decisions, Cupid is practical and no-nonsense. The logical method is nearly always the best way forward even if it means sacrifices have to be made.

Cupid is so popular because he has been used many times in films. In this Valentine’s Day story will see how millions of years ago all the couples of Syracuse were saved from the grip of boredom.

Let’s get on our way to our Pre-Game Event, Sarina and Soldier Sam” Cupid instructed.

“This is quite a place. Cupid added.

“Let’s do a little Preview before we get to the site, Cupid” Sarina suggested.

“Hop in my Ride, you two. I have a couple of questions about your Flight before we get to the Tour Site” Cupid responded.

“One day, I wake to the sound of waves. I opened my eyes to have the sunlight blinding me” Sarina explained.

It took about 14 seconds for me to realize I was in my seat at the Starship controls.. The seat looked like it kept me from face-planting into the sand.” Sarina said.

Soldier Sam, my assistant told me, “Sarina the control room is locked from the inside and my Fix-It Station is in another location So I was like how can anyone come here and tell me what’s going on?”

On hearing Soldier Sam, I said to myself, “It is not what it looks like to us.”

Soldier Sam investigated the control room carefully watching each part of the situation. While he was investigating near the window, I heard a strange noise! I asked Soldier Sam “Where is this noise coming from?”

Soldier Sam told me “A few days ago there was some work going on in the engine room. It is a noise of some gears that is coming from inside the engine room.”

Cupid’s Ride was zigging and zagging though Syracuse Traffic.

Here we are at the Mystery Spot for our Tour, Sarina and Soldier Sam” announced Cupid. “I’m sure the two of you are going to have a lot of Questions.

“We’re ready, Cupid” shouted Sarina. “Let’s Check it out!”

Soldier Sam agreed. “Let’s get this party started, Cupid!!”

“What is this place?” asked Sarina.

“This is Green and Round Lake” Cupid replied. “And this lake is so special because these two lakes in New York look like they are filled with water from the Caribbean!”

“We know you’ve heard about this before, Sarina. Soldier Sam too.” Cupid said.

“How?” asked Sarina, who was taken aback.

“Syracuse is the spot for highly futuristic Technology,” Cupid replied. “We know everyone who has ever talked about Syracuse everywhere on the planet.”

“Check out what is the latest technology we have developed.

3D holograms were inspired by the “Star Wars” scene in which the Syracuse robot R2D2 projects a holographic image, researchers have been busily working to bring this technology to life. Now, holography is offered in a number of applications.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were stunned by what Cupid had just said.

“What do you mean by everywhere on the planet? Sure, you probably know who has been in Syracuse before like Sarina, but how do you know about me?” asked Soldier Sam.

“Be patient, Soldier Sam” Cupid responded. “You’ll find out at a later time.”

“Take us to see all the Orange Fans for now then,” Sarina suggested..

“Well I’m pleased that you’re both enthusiastic,” said Cupid..

“Is your Orange Stadium invisible too?” Soldier Sam asked.

“In a way,” replied Cupid

“What do you mean by that?” Sarina asked.

“Be patient and You will see,” replied Cupid. .

Cupid walked straight towards the water and placed his hand on a rock by the beach. And then, a keyhole shaped opening appeared.

Green Lake and Round Lake, are meromictic lakes. This means that the lakes have layers that do not ever mix.

The Layers create a lake that preserves things incredibly well at the bottom and has a very bluish-green hue in the top layer that is nearly crystal clear” explained Cupid

“Don’t be scared,” Cupid said.

Sarina and Soldier Sam, who was still very nervous, approached the cabin on the beach and examined the opening.

“Is the Hotspot for Orange Fans in some kind of hidden structure?” asked Sarina.

“Yes,” Cupid replied.

Having hiked many incredible places in New York and beyond, Sarina could say, without a shadow of a doubt, that this scene on the Lakes was one of the most beautiful and unusual spots she had ever visited.

Green Lakes State Park was not too far from Orange Stadium.

Cupid went to the side of the structure, stepped onto the Boardwalk and then turned round to face Sarina and Soldier Sam.

“Who wants to come first?” Cupid asked Sarina and Soldier Sam..

“I do,” replied Sarina.

Sarina was still unsure of things, but it all changed when she encountered a Giant Hologram just a couple of steps away.

What’s this Cupid? Sarina asked as she and Soldier Sam walked over to the Hologram.

Read it and see Sarina. It is a special clue about Valentines Day” Directed Cupid.

“Ok, Cupid. Lets See what it says” Sarina started reading the Hologram.

“You're such a Smartie!”

Seeing a special Valentine  
Brings happiness to stay  
And that is what you do so fine  
You brighten every day!

“I just can’t believe it!” Sarina exclaimed. On Valentine’s Day. A special message just for me!”

What Sarina and Soldier Sam would see next could only describe as an illusion

The Lakes had turned Orange and the waves crashed up onto the beach. Cupid had changed the color of the water. No one in Syracuse had ever witnessed something like that.

“Wow, Cupid, that was quite a Tour!” Sarina exclaimed.

“It sure was” Soldier Sam had a great time too.

“We have some time to burn before the Game. Let’s stop by this Bar” suggested Cupid.

“By the way, Sarina and Soldier Sam,” Cupid remembered something. “You told me about your flight. But I forget to ask, did you two go on any adventures during your Pit Stops?”

Every day, when I went to the Engine Room to pick up Soldier Sam for dinner at the end of the day I would ask, “How was your day?”

For the entire trip I always got the same response—“Fine, fine”—with no eye contact. His stress, it seemed, was going to deprive me of the normal chitchat I relished so much. No one on the crew talked to me much either.

One afternoon, after a fierce battle with enemy ships I asked the question,

expecting the same answer. “How was your day?”

Soldier Sam replied, “Good, good.” Then he looked at me and said, “How was your day, Sarina?”

With a big smile on my face, I said, “It’s really good, Soldier Sam—the best day yet on this intergalactic trip through time.”

As Sarina and Soldier Sam ran up to the bar after their Darts Game, Cupid had already ordered their drinks.

After a minute Sarina opened her Valentine.

'What this all about, Cupid?' Sarina asked.

It’s about tonight’s Cuse game, of course.' replied Cupid.

Cupid waited for an answer.

'Soldier Sam wants to know what about the Cuse Game?' Sarina asked.

'Look, Soldier Sam' said Sarina excitedly. 'Look—it’s Front Row seats for the Orange Game. Right at Half-Court. How did you find these, Cupid?'

I just called up 1-800-BALL-CUSE and told them I was Cupid and had to play Matchmaker Tonight!”

Lets get out of here and get our seats in Orange Stadium ASAP,' said Soldier Sam, finishing his drink.

CUPID’S FIRST SYRACUSE ORANGE GAME EXPERIENCE

## PART 3

Standing in front of the iconic Orange Stadium on Valentine's Day felt nothing short of a miracle to Cupid. Orange Stadium is seen by many as the benchmark for top league stadium developments not only in New York but in the world. Its design is timeless wonder "Dome Style" stadium. The entire Orange Hoops Experience is sublime and intimidating.

The T-shirts and other small items they throw out into the crowd and the fan moments such as the Love Cam and dancing videos would be quite enjoyable. The t-shirt cannons and the "Make Some Noise" chants also enlivens the crowd as the players discuss their plays during timeouts, so it never became boring for the fans.

"Cupid you!", Sarina exclaimed. "I really feel so insulted. I was begging YOU Cupid. "Are you behind all this crazy stuff?", she asked firmly.

"Do you doubt my innocence, Sarina?", came Cupid's reply. "If none of us have a clue as to how we got here then I'm more than certain you will.

Come on open up, Soldier Sam!" "Soldier Sam, please. I don't know how I got here and you are interrogating me!!

While Sarina and Cupid were absorbed deeply in the conversation , Soldier Sam seemed to be lost in his thoughts.

“What's up?”, Cupid asked Soldier Sam.

“I wonder if you'll believe me, but I'd like to say a story”, Soldier Sam replied.”

“A story, really?”, Sarina said. “We won't waste our precious time listening to your nuisance stuff.”

“Hey, Cupid,” Soldier Sam wanted to get his attention. “Could you snap a pic of Me and Sarina with Orange Mascot? That would be awesome!”

“Of course, Soldier Sam” Cupid replied. Just find Orange Mascot and I will be over to take the shot of you and Sarina.”

Cupid moved the shot from a different angle and pictured a square of digital canvas by what had been window space.

If you don't pay attention to the background, you run the risk of having something distracting back there that diminishes the visual appeal of the image.

“Hey Sarina, we got that picture with Orange Mascot! All the lighting was great and we were posed perfectly. Isn't it great we were able to find Orange Mascot and he was so accommodating?”

“Yes, Soldier Sam” Sarina answered. I thought for a moment Cupid was going to lose his mind trying to operation the photo function on my phone. He had never operated anything like that before.”

“The game is about to start Sarina!” Soldier Sam exclaimed. Why don’t you give me a quick rundown of the season so far?

“I know you have been following it closely and I really don’t have a clue about what the Orange have faced so far this year, Soldier Sam continued. “How are they doing?”

“Sure Soldier Sam,” Sarina was glad to show off her knowledge of Cuse Hoops. “There have been a lot of developments so far this year.

It’s one more game for Cuse to get our shit together before a must-win ACC Tournament for Syracuse if they plan on going to the NCAA Tournament as a participant and not a spectator. The Orange’s seeding is yet to be determined, but Syracuse will get a first-round bye into the second round.

“Before the game, the Orange Nation knew Pitt could shoot,” We felt like they were going to miss 3s, but they didn’t. We left them open and that was the key. We just left them open. We weren’t even close. They were really open. We need to do a better job on defense.”

Once the Orange started selling out on stopping the inside game, the Pitt capitalized with their shooting

The Panthers did a really nice job bottling Cuse in the first game between the teams in with some stingy defense. But we soon found out that lightning wasn’t going to strike twice in the same place in the rematch.

In spite of the reassurance that the tickets would be along with the deal, Soldier Sam approached the rendezvous with uneasiness. In his young and impressionable years he had looked through a sight into a firing squad machine where Cuse Tickets slapped before his eyes in sequence.

Soldier Sam had stopped off for a couple of drinks on the way, but his first words: 'How you doin' Sarina ?' failed to set a positive note for the occasion

'Well, Soldier Sam,' Sarina said smoothly, 'it's nice of you to spare me an afternoon for the Cuse Game.'

'We don't work too hard around here he assured her. 'Everything is "Mañana"--in Spanish that means tomorrow.'

## CUSE GAME ACTION

I would say one big thing is the loud and big crowds cheering because at an Orange Hoops Game, the Orange Faithful are shouting and screaming things. They could be shouting all different things like "Take it to the Rim" or "Defense".

They could also be screaming "Push it down the Court", or to the opponents "you are losers", or "boo". Some people might not notice but when they shout out or scream out those things, it gives whichever team more adrenaline to win the game.

Cuse performing at a high level made everyone that was on the other team's side very disappointed and then the Orange side is happy.

The Orange Fans were wildly screaming and hollering all kinds of things, it was so exciting. As the game continued on, the score went back and forth and it was so exciting because we had no idea who would win.

Blowout Games are what we normally see from Cuse since they are such an incredible team. In runaway victories like that it is just fun to see the Orange dominate a game and it reminds all of us just how lucky we are in life to be Cuse Fans.

RAMS STADIUM

PART 1

Sarina was looking forward to the Big Hockey Championship Showdown, when Orange Mascot would show up at Orange Stadium. Sarina was wandering about the Stadium Grounds to burn some time before the game.

Sarina was beginning to wonder if Orange Mascot was going to show up for the Big Game. Sarina dialed him up on the phone

"Well, Sarina!" Orange Mascot would boom. "Well!"

"Well, Orange Mascot!" Sarina would say, doing her best to boom back at him.

Orange Mascot would sound back and say, "Sarina, I like your spirit! Tell Soldier Sam I said to add something extra to your bottle of Bourbon."

Oh, Orange Mascot was just around the corner from the corner! Mm-m-m, Maybe he would show up for the Game after all!

At that moment, Soldier Sam burst into Sarina's office.

Sarina and Soldier Sam would go to every 'Cuse Hockey Game. Sarina would never forget Soldier Sam's first Orange Game. It was Magic!

Though what Soldier Sam was going to do that day during the 'Cuse Game, Sarina could not have imagined. Make a mockery of hockey she supposed ...

Well, perhaps so. All the same, hold on to what you got.

" That's the Stuff," said Sarina. " And Orange Mascot told me on the strict down low. it came straight from the Bronx.

Solider Sam's mouth fell open at the sight. He couldn't have looked more surprised if Sarina had produced a dozen roses.

" It's bourbon, ain't it ?" Soldier Sam piped.

Sarina turned the bottle and proudly showed him the label. Bourbon it was.

" D'you know," said Soldier Sam, peering up at Sarina " they won't let me touch it while I'm on call for all the equipment maintenance stuff." And he looked as though he was going to break down right then and there.

" Ah, that's where we know a bit more than the Orange Front Office," laughed Sarina, swooping across for two tumblers that stood on the table, and pouring a generous splash into each.

" Drink it down. It'll do you good. And don't put any soda with it. It's sacrilege to tamper with stuff like this. Ah ! " Sarina tossed off hers, and pointed an eye at Solider Sam who was ready at the shot.

Soldier Sam made quick work of his drink, was silent a moment, and then exclaimed, " It's Fucking da Bomb! Gimme More! "

But it warmed Solder Sam, his brain responded—he remembered.

" That was it," Soldier Sam said, ready to tell Sarina all about it. " I thought you'd like to know.

The 'Cuse Players were wandering around the grounds having a look at Orange Stadium, and they happened to come across the extensive trophies and Hockey Championship Rings won by Orange Mascot over the years.

" The 'Cuse Players were delighted with the way the place is kept," Solider Sam told Sarina.

" Beautifully looked after. Couldn't be better. . You've not been across that way around Orange Stadium, have you? "

" No, no ! " For various reasons, Sarina had not been across.

" There's entire hallways full of it," described Soldier Sam, " and it's all as neat as a pin. Quotes by Orange Mascot, game day photo ops, Hockey Championship Rings all the business.

It was plain from Solider Sam's voice how much he was interested in Rings, of any sort.

Oh, Yeah?" responded Sarina. "Tell me more, Soldier Sam!.

" D'you know what the Grounds Crew made the 'Cuse Players pay for a look at the Trophy Case ? " Soldier Sam laughed. " Robbery, I call it. And 'Cuse Players have never seen a single Championship Ring, and probably never would have if I hadn't jumpstarted the Team, if you want my opinion.

Orange Mascot wanted to teach 'em a lesson. Quite right, too. Orange Mascot thinks because the players gained access to the Trophy Case with all the Hockey Championship Rings over there having a look round they should be ready to pay anything. That's what it is."

Soldier Sam turned towards the door.

" Quite right, quite right! " Sarina exclaimed, though what was quite right she hadn't the least idea. Sarina came round by the desk, followed the shuffling footsteps to the door, and saw Soldier Sam out of the office.

For a long moment Sarina stayed, staring at nothing, while Orange Mascot, watching her, dodged in and out of his cubby hole like a dog that expects to be taken for a run.

Then : " I'll see nobody for an hour," said the Sarina. " Understand ?

Nobody at all."

" Very good, Sarina. I'll see to it" Orange Mascot replied.

It had been a terrible shock to Sarina when Solider Sam sprang that remark upon her about the Hockey Championship Rings.

It was exactly as though the earth had opened and Sarina had seen Orange Mascot with the 'Cuse Players staring him down. For it was a surprise.

Although weeks had evaporated, Sarina never thought of Orange Mascot except as triumphant in his uniform, a winner forever. "

My Dear Orange Mascot! " exclaimed Sarina

Time had declared then, Sarina had told everybody, could make no difference. Others perhaps might even have recovered, might live their loss down, but not Sarina.

How was it possible ? Ever since she arrived in Syracuse, she had worked at building up this business for Orange Mascot; it had no other meaning if it was not for Orange Mascot.

Life itself had come to have no other meaning. How on earth could she have worked so hard kept going all those years without the promise for ever before her of Orange Mascot arriving tonight for the 'Cuse Hockey Game stepping into Orange Stadium and carrying on where he left off ?

And that promise had been so near being fulfilled. Orange Mascot had been in the office learning the ropes.

Every morning they had started off together ; they had come back by

the same train. And what congratulations Sarina had received as the 'Cuse Team Reporter!

No wonder ; Orange Mascot had taken to it marvellously. As to his popularity with the Orange Players, every man jack of them down to the Goaltender couldn't make enough of Orange Mascot. And he wasn't in the least spoilt. No, he was just his bright, natural self, with the right word for everybody, with friendly look and his habit of saying, " Simply splendid ! "

But all that was over and done with as though it never had been if Orange Mascot couldn't be on the mark for the big game that night.. The day had come when Soldier Sam had handed Sarina the telegram that brought the whole place crashing about her head.

" It's a Freezing Blizzard out there in Syracuse tonight. The storm is so bad Orange Fans have been advised to stay home. The Game is delayed ..." And Sarina had left the office a broken woman, with her Game Day in ruins.

How quickly time passed since the last Orange Game! It might have happened yesterday. Sarina took her hands from her face ; she was puzzled.

Something seemed to be wrong with Sarina. She wasn't feeling like she normally would before an Orange Game.

Sarina decided to get up and have a look at the photograph of Orange Mascot in front of his Trophy case, wearing on both of his hands 10 of the Hockey Championship Rings

At that moment Sarina noticed that a Ring had fallen into her bottle of bourbon, and the Ring was trying desperately to clamber out again.

What would it make of that? What indeed ! The Ring seemed absolutely stunned, and afraid to move because of what would happen next.

But then, as if painfully, it dragged itself forward. The Ring waved, caught hold, and, more slowly this time, the task began from the beginning.

That Hockey Championship Ring is a plucky little devil, thought Sarina, and she felt a real admiration for the Ring's courage. That was the way to tackle things ; that was the right spirit. Never quit ; it was only a question of ...

But the Ring had again attempted its laborious task, and Sarina had just time to grab another bottle, to shake fair and square on the Ring.

What about it this time ? A moment of suspense followed. And how did the Ring get in the bottle in the first place? Many of these questions would be answered eventually.

Sarina leaned over the Ring and said to it sharply, " You artful little b . . ." And Sarina actually had the brilliant notion of just breaking the bottle over her Desk to have a better look, to try it on.

" Come on," said Sarina. " Look sharp ! " And she stirred the bottle, to no avail. Nothing happened or was likely to happen. The Hockey Championship Ring was stuck in that bottle.

Sarina finished the last drink and started forward to press the bell for Soldier Sam in the other office.

" Bring me a fresh bottle," Sarina said, sternly, " and look sharp about it."

Oh Right! Orange Mascot was stuck in Syracuse traffic again. Either that or brazenly defying his duties.

"Git that damn tank back on the road!" Sarina would say, every time she called Orange Mascot that afternoon.

There was a tremendous to-do. Then Orange Mascot finally arrived at the Stadium

'Cuse's New Scoreboard was Hockey's newest and largest sign and secured first-run rights on the most publicized games.

Orange Mascot would hang around the concession stands to overhear the remarks of all the Orange Fans, and often he would join in himself:

"What was that part about the Hockey Championship Ring?" Orange Mascot would demand, moving up and down the lobby, striking his fist into his open hand, "...

Orange Mascot had that Hockey Championship Ring... I thought he was going to try and give it to her! I mean,, I don't get it!"

Orange Mascot had a good deal of trouble about his alterations of certain Hockey films and was eventually reigned in by the Hockey commish. You can bet it cost him a pretty to keep clear in the end.

## PART 2

The Greatest Blizzard in Syracuse History had stopped and Orange Fans were coming to Orange Stadium in droves.

Orange Stadium was packed to capacity and Sarina was not surprised to see several times that number sitting outside.

It was a splendid party, decided Sarina as she dodged a flying Hockey Puck during the action.

Occasionally an overly zealous player would fall knocked hard to the ground, much to the expectations of Soldier Sam.

At that moment there was a commotion at Center Ice where Sarina should have been positioned as 'Cuse Hockey Team Reporter.

Orange Mascot was standing on his bench and making motions for quiet, getting ready to make a pre-game speech.

The crowd yelled approval, thinking that now was the time for Orange Mascot to distribute the expected gifts among them. But what followed surprised even Sarina who looked at Orange Mascot with shocked admiration.

The riot that followed had best be left to the reader's imagination. But Orange Mascot sounded the alarm, having prepared by prearranged signal to touch off the fireworks.

Suddenly there came a deafening roar and a blinding light. Soldier Sam hit the dirt as the tumult thundered and flashed around them.

"You should have seen the players faces," Orange Mascot exclaimed to Sarina and Soldier Sam.

"They ran like scared children!" laughed Sarina.

"No Shit, Orange Mascot, I told you to be careful," said Soldier Sam  
"You may have really caused some damage."

"No, no," said Orange Mascot, "all the shrapnel blew the other way. And it was a good way of getting a rise out of 'em before I signaled for the action to start"

"Not now," interrupted Soldier Sam impatiently. "Just tell Sarina what you told me."

"What Orange Mascot means," began Soldier Sam "is that there have been many signs I have seen, here and elsewhere."

"Signs?" said Sarina

"Seriously" responded Soldier Sam. "Many wonders I have seen".

"But what do all these things mean?" asked Sarina.

"Beats me," said Soldier Sam with a shrug, "but I thought it made good copy. But there is more.

"Don't believe everything you hear from the Syracuse Times ," said Orange Mascot

But how can this be done?" asked Sarina. "And what is this Hockey Championship Ring?"

"Stop eying the possible exits and I will tell you Soldier Sam answered.

"But only one of them was in the bottom of My Bourbon Bottle," observed Sarina. "Where are the Rest?"

"Recalled for factory defects," laughed Orange Mascot. "They tended

to short-circuit in the Snow.

Orange Mascot would explain to Sarina. "The Great Ring masters all the others. Its powers and charms are shrouded in legend, and many works are said to be given to its owner.

Orange Mascot continued. "It is said that, according to her powers, the wearer can perform impossible deeds, vanquish invincible armies, bend steel with their bare hands, leap tall buildings at a single bound, win friends and influence people, fix parking tickets—"

"And get herself elected Queen of Syracuse," finished Orange Mascot  
"Anything she pleases!"

"This Great Ring is much desired by all, then?" asked Sarina.

" But it also comes with great responsibility!" Soldier Sam responded.  
"For as surely as the Ring gives power, just as surely it becomes the master!

"A Tough Climb, this Great Ring," observed Sarina.

Soldier Sam glanced at Orange Mascot, who nodded and casually flipped a small object into Sarina's hand.

"Congratulations, Sarina!" exclaimed Orange Mascot "You've just won the MVP Trophy."

But it was no Hockey Championship Ring. It was just an old dollar bill expertly folded in the shape of a Ring. But Not a Hockey Championship Ring.

Sarina checked her pockets to see if any other money was in them.

They were empty so she put the Ring in one of her pockets. She could unfold it to use in a Vending Machine.

And later that night, Sarina and Soldier Sam would be visiting Burger King.

## CHAPTER 4

### SITUATION ROOM

After calling Sarina, Soldier Sam dropped in on Cupid. Soldier Sam didn't have an idea for a Valentines Day Activity to submit yet, and he caught Cupid in a hurried moment flying off to a producers' conference.

Sarina was surprised she and Soldier Sam were invited to step in before Cupid was off to the races..

Cupids office was about what you would suspect. Sarina thought the red walls with hearts painted on it was a nice touch.

There were no letters worth reading on Cupids desk, but there was some bourbon in a cupboard and presently Sarina took a seat on the couch and started drinking.

“Don't fall asleep, Sarina” Soldier Sam suggested. “You have to be quick and alert when Cupid gets back.”

Soon, Cupid returned to his office and was not in a receptive mood and looked at Soldier Sam with almost indignation.

'Of all the damn nonsense! We get a hurry call--heads of all Valentines

Activity departments. One guy was late and we had wait for him. He comes in and gets bereted for wasting time.

“They say time is money, but in this case, planning time cuts into the fun Sarina and I am hoping to have on Valentines Day” observed Soldier Sam.

“Then what do you suppose?” Cupid continued. I lost all my arrows. I’m pretty sure I remember where I left them, but...”

Soldier Sam wanted to make it clear that Cupid would not associate the happening with Sarina. After all, Sarina was starting to warm up to the idea of a Valentines Activity, and wanted Cupid to get his arrows back if not for her, for everyone else.

“I stopped all the meetings with the activity planners” Cupid explained. 'I instructed everyone to stop everything they were doing to locate my arrows.' He sank despairingly into a chair,

'I don't have much time to talk to you guys today, Cupid motioning at Sarina and Soldier Sam. I have to get a few activities on the calendar schedule . Got your idea yet, Soldier Sam?'

'No I don't have an Idea totally worked out yet,' said Soldier Sam, but..I was thinking maybe Sarina and I could Hit up a go-kart track”

Sarina jumped into the conversation: Go-kart tracks can be Tons of fun, Soldier Sam, but many Go-kart tracks aren't always indoors, the weather would have to cooperate.”

Soldier Sam agreed, “the Go-Kart Track might be slick with ice but I've never met anyone who went around a go-kart track/demolition derby and was bored doing it”.

"And you, Cupid?" Sarina asked, “What do you think about the Go-Kart Track for a Valentines activity?”

"I've heard only the general line for justifying such an adventure for Valentines Day," said Cupid with director's caution, "but it seems you two

could handle it, you know, give it your best effort and make a fun day out of it”

Cupid winked at Soldier Sam. "I didn't know you still had original ideas to propose to Sarina, since you have tried to get a date with her for so long, I didn't think you had much a brain."

Soldier Sam glowed with the compliment, but Sarina, even though she was considering doing the Go-kart track thing didn't jump on the bandwagon just yet.

'All right then,' said Soldier Sam. 'I'm going to stand over there and put the magic on you while you say your line.'

'Oh, for God's sake!' said Sarina. 'Listen, I'll support this concept I have my schedule right over there. Here, I'll get it.'

Sarina dashed into the other room and Soldier Sam felt the relief. Maybe Cupid would approve this Go-Kart Track idea but the jury was still out.

"It's important nobody talks about this" cautioned Sarina. "Those Honchos running the Valentines Day Activity Directorate would find some way of shooting it down.

Cupid responded, Let's work hard on so we can get the script done we'll finalise it with the Board of Directors"

"I agree," said Soldier Sam "They have run the studio so long that--well, I don't know what the outcome would be. It's not like Sarina and I could find tickets to the track by ourselves, but if we can get those tickets, well.. we'll be off to the Races!"

Sarina was surprised. She didn't know how tough of a ticket the Go-Kart Track would be on Valentines Day and that getting those tickets lined up was the hinge upon which swung the great Valentines Day Activity proposal

Sarina's response was clear. "Let's Go Soldier Sam. Lets do everything we can to get that Go-Kart Track Ticket for Valentines Day. That sounds like so much fun. And I can drive like the devil when I get the chance!"

## TRAINING

Soldier Sam's Training for New Starship Missions was not at all like what he expected. Rams Mascot was not a typical Instructor.

Soldier Sam listened, incredulous, at what Rams Mascot told him, and he suddenly felt a new respect for Rams Mascot. Soldier Sam was trying his best, but Rams Mascot was pushing him to his limits. With this respect came the sinking knowledge that what Rams Mascot was telling him was true. As he slipped from sight, Soldier Sam heard Rams Mascot one more time before he made his rounds around the training range to ride the dark sky by himself.

Make no mistake: these Drill Instructors are playing a role. At its best, it's masterful performance art, but with a twist — the tremendous personal responsibility they feel for building raw recruits into disciplined products. Despite their gruff, borderline hostile interaction with recruits, Drill Instructors are real people with real emotions and tremendous dedication to shaping young lives.

"Task success equals mission success" may hold true in theory as long as Red is constrained. But in our experience, rarely in the real world does the sum

of the tasks successfully completed equal mission success. to note that there is no experimentation in the usual sense in Fleet Problems. We are not notionally employing systems and weapons that are not already deployed in the fleet. Each unit attacks the problem using what it has physically on hand today. So commander developing and executing a plan must be based on our warfighting intent rather than ticking off a discrete schedule of individual training objectives.

Hand-to-hand combat and weapons training.

Hand-to-hand combat is an engagement between two or more persons in an empty-handed struggle or with handheld weapons such as knives, sticks, and/or rifles with bayonets. These fighting arts are essential military skills. Projectile weapons may be lost or broken, or they may fail to fire. When friendly and enemy forces become so intermingled that firearms and grenades are not practical, hand-to-hand combat skills become vital assets.

Today's battlefield scenarios may require silent elimination of the enemy. Unarmed combat and expedient-weapons training should not be limited to forward units. With rapid mechanized/motorized, airborne, and air assault abilities, units throughout the battle area could be faced with close-quarter or unarmed fighting situations. With low-intensity conflict scenarios and guerrilla warfare conditions, any soldier is apt to face an unarmed confrontation with the enemy, and hand-to-hand combative training can save lives. The many practical battlefield benefits of combative training are not its only advantage.

Tell me a little bit about your Training experience, Soldier Sam.

We had to board the pirate vessel and engage in live combat with the crew to stop their plan. Rams Mascot would say, "In the future, every one of you will be glad you've been trained for moments like this."

When we stepped outside, it felt like we were floating on air. So when we walked, it was as if we were bouncing with each step. We quickly gathered up some moon rocks as souvenirs. Then we began to inspect the rocket to make sure it was flyable for the return trip. Things did not look good.

Right when this phase of the training started, Rams Mascot's attention turned to that unfortunate football player. He was one of the best on that Great Team, but he really had become a target for Rams Mascot.

In order to be eligible to play it was necessary for him to keep up in his studies, a very difficult matter, for while he was not dumber than a brick he was not any smarter.

Rams Mascot abruptly broke this silence in an amazing manner. "Pow, Pow, Pow!" he said, in a low voice, and turned around to face the group. He glanced appealingly around the room.

All of us, of course, shared Rams Mascot's desire that the recruit should stay on top of this training phase for the hardest and most important of the season was almost here, and all of us wanted to see the team play well enough to get the W.

"It has fighter jets taking off and landing on it!" some recruit shouted out with an encouraging tone and we all were cheering on Mr. Football, hoping he would grow a brain.

Somebody else gave a fine imitation of a jet launching off the runway.

Rams Mascot himself rounded off the little show. "It carries aircraft!!," he provided the most obvious clue.

This guy was staring at the floor now, trying to think, his hands rubbing together, his face red from the effort to respond to Rams Mascot with the right answer to the question.

An aircraft carrier's mission is led by a captain who has a lot of real world experience. Most have spent much of their long careers at sea.

Those who are assigned to deploy on the carrier are accompanied by an experienced crew that had also been through a lot of training for the fighter landing mission. One of the crew showed up at our training session and proceeded to introduce us to a secret known only to astronauts: that there is a small base on the moon.

A crew makes up that base with a continuous presence they live there and the station interior is somehow in some sort of bubble of existence with normal Earth properties -- air, gravity, etc. As we were told, this "bubble" is not visible to normal telescopes on Earth—the field of view just begins/ends from the vantage of other planets.

Anything else you want to tell me, Soldier Sam ?'

Yes, Sarina. It goes a little something like this.

"I'm really happy with the changes we're implementing. As long as you and me are working together, we are in the right place."

## PART 4

Sarina Loves to go to Cuse Hoops games all season long to her Heart's Delight when she is in Syracuse! Sarina also loves Scuba Diving in the Ocean.

"Your training is not yet complete, Soldier Sam" explained Angels Mascot. "You have been trained in the tech arts, but it is Sarina who has been trained to secure the precious cargo on your trip through outer space."

"I bet you have a lot to tell me, Sarina!" exclaimed Soldier Sam. "Let's get to it!"

Once the trucks found their way to Angels Stadium, the crowds swarmed to "Trunk or Treat" Halloween Display and climb the tires.

Sarina pulls on her helmet with night vision goggles attached and stepped inside booths with blackout curtains to test them. The crew went out to the Flight Line, where a K loader — a vehicle designed to move heavy cargo onto airplanes — pulled up with four big pallets of spare parts and medical supplies and a smaller pallet of mail.

The aircraft ramp lowered and was braced with a wooden support stool. After Load Masters moved the pallets over the rollers onto the plane and tightly secured the cargo, Sarina threw both her arms in the air and cheered.

The restaurant door opened again, and Sarina was there for a moment, said "Oh," and disappeared. Then she returned.

"Why it's Soldier Sam!" she exclaimed. "I was looking for Angels Mascot."

The next morning there would be a lot of work, but he had a little in his

bourbon bottle and some dollars in his pocket.

“Is that enough cash to take you out for dinner?” Soldier Sam asked.

It is if you are taking me out in the sticks.” Laughed Sarina.

So what’s your deal, Soldier Sam?” asked Sarina. Why do you think you are so much better at doing your job than everyone else? It sure doesn’t seem that way when you talk. It’s like listening to a broken record.

“My bosses found my plan, and now it’s property of the company” explained Soldier Sam.

Sarina is a Scuba Diving Virtuoso. Her Skills far and away are the best in California, and she enjoys the adventures that come along with those Skills.

But Sarina does not like Scuba Diving as much as going to Orange Games and here is the story that tells you why!

“Sarina waited until she was sure Soldier Sam was busy, jumped out of work, packed her bag and started the journey to the Airport.

But Soldier Sam caught Sarina at the Door. “Get back to business, Sarina!”

Sarina doesn’t like it when she gets stuck at the Los Angeles Airport, especially the kind of Flight Delay that lasted all season long.

“I won’t stay in LA during Hoops March Madness. I want to be jumping up and Down at the Orange Game!” Sarina had announced.

Over the years, Sarina's Birthday has grown into great big, boisterous party created by Soldier Sam. He just thinks it is more and more exciting each time it comes around.

The Food at the Party was the first victim. Sarina charged at the Birthday Treat Table at a million kilometres an hour, knocking the table legs to the ground! The tableware was cracked and food was splattered everywhere, and Sarina felt as proud as ever taking the biggest piece of steak with her to devour!

All of Sarina's Friends were cheering for her like mad-men. "I felt like I was in the Olympic 100m race!" Sarina would later explain.

Sarina decided she had had enough of her friends for the day and her Birthday Goals began to shift to Orange Hoops!! March Madness had started and Cuse had a big game coming up.

So Sarina began to swim to the shore. That was clearly the first step to get Cuse Tickets for the Game that was fast approaching.

Sarina just knew there was a ticket out there somewhere for her and it would be the best Birthday Present ever if she could find out some way of getting to Syracuse.

The next time Soldier Sam saw Sarina was at Burger King with a totally new hairdo, and though he initially finds her familiar, her lack of a voice makes him think that she cannot be the woman who rescued him.

Soldier Sam, however, eventually meets up with her at one of the tables and she is wearing a Burger King Crown!

Then came the Trip to Orange Beach!

In addition to being the world wide epicenter of Hoops Talent, most people don't know that a lot of Cuse Fans are top-notch Scuba Divers, due to a popular academic curriculum option.

The Cuse Transit Ride landed on the beach, and Sarina disembarked, excitedly.

The Trip Going back to LA

Some of the Orange Fans called out to Sarina. They were ready to head back to LA too.

TOUR SITE SCENES

“The Sunny Sky Adventure”

Sarina and Soldier Sam had arrived at the North Pole!!

When I first went into Santa's workshop, I didn't know where I was. But then I saw the reindeer, and at that very moment, I knew I was at Santa's workshop. The two places I wanted to go to most were Santa's Office and then see a part of the North Pole outside of Santa's Office like the reindeer house and the workshop itself.

Wow! We are going to get a Tour of Santa's office, where all the important Christmas decisions are made!

Oh, it's Santa's reading room. Let's look around. Santa's reading room was huge. It had normal things you see in rooms, but they were magical. The walls were made of frosting. Santa also has a huge collection of books and a collection of CDs. His furniture was made of gingerbread, and his book talked. Santa's desk is delicious because it is made out of cookie dough.

After seeing Santa's office, let's check out another part of the North Pole—Where all the Work gets done. This is where the magic happens!

It was wonderful to get my wish and see the elves' toy shop with the amazing toys and Santa's office where the list felt like it would never end. I want to keep this experience in my heart forever!

It had been cold and cloudy at the North Pole for almost two weeks. The elves were sitting in front of the fireplace trying to get warm.

"It has been cloudy for so long. I really wish we could see a sunny sky," said Sarina.

The other elves agreed that they, too, were tired of the cloudy skies.

“I’ve got an idea!” said Soldier Sam. “Why don’t we build a great big tower—higher than the clouds! It’s sure to be sunny up there.

Back in Mrs. Claus’s Kitchen “Whaaaachoo!!” a cloud of flour drifted out through the bakeshop door.

“Ah..uh..uh..uh, My Goodness!...” Sarina exclaimed.

Sarina and Soldier Sam had discovered where the clouds in the sky were coming from.

Soldier Sam scampered to Mrs. Claus’ table just in time for the “Ginger bread cookies!”

Detective Sarina walked Santa into the other room. "Up here," Detective Sarina called from a twisting flight of stairs. The front door banged shut just as Sarina started up the steps. "Oh, I must have left the door open. The wind must have shut it." Sarina said. Again they started up the stairs.

“Sarina and Soldier Sam. I have a Holiday Mystery for You to solve!  
Announced Santa

“Oh, Santa. I’m great at Solving Mysteries! Maybe Soldier Sam could help too. What’s your problem, Santa?” Sarina asked.

Santa sure did have a mystery that no one at the North Pole could solve.

There is something going on out there that seems ordinary to you but would be perceived as extraordinary by someone else. Why do people go to football games?

Sarina flashed such a dazzling smile that for a moment Santa Smiled Back.

But there was business to be taken care of.

"When is Santa going to give us clues to solve the Mystery?" Solider Sam inquired.

"I don't know." Sarina Answered.

"Don't let Santa give you the run-around. Not with such a charm about you." Said Soldier Sam.

'Oh, to hell with that!' Solider Sam addressed Santa 'I can't mix it up with you right now.. I got to figure this Mystery out, so go back to wherever you came from, write one of your books and forget it.'

Momentarily Soldier Sam looked at Sarina smiling as if she would understand, as if anyone would understand. 'I can't tell you all about the North Pole in just a couple of minutes, Sarina.'

"Hey Santa, take us to the North Pole's observatory. I bet Soldier Sam and I will find a clue there to Solve your mystery.

Santa straightened his attention.

'When I do write a book,' Santa said, 'I'll make you the laughing stock of the North Pole, Soldier Sam.'

After a minute Sarina spoke.

'You guys can never get the idea,' Sarina commented. 'I've never seen anyone get the idea and I been in this business a long time.'

Ok, Sarina and Soldier Sam. I'll take you to the North Pole's Observatory. Maybe you will find a clue to solve this mystery. Just be on your best behavior.

You are a Guest at the North Pole. You will learn many useful things about our Operation that will be sure to help you on any mission you might find yourselves on in the Future.

### Visit of the North Pole's observatory

Today, we will be visiting a location that very few people know about. You will be given the chance to visit the North Pole's observatory. This observatory is used, among other things, to follow the trajectory of the North Star and the Evening Star, but also to follow Santa on Christmas Eve so that we know right away if he has a problem. Santa will guide you in this special adventure. Enjoy your visit of the starry sky!

“Hey, Santa!” Look Soldier Sam! Look at that Orange Box sitting under the Christmas Tree. What could possibly be in the Orange Box?”

“Why don’t you open the Orange Box up, Sarina. Maybe it has something you are looking for!”

“Ok, Santa. Come over here and check out this Orange Box with me, Soldier Sam!” Sarina was so excited. They opened the Orange Box together.

Look Soldier Sam!” Sarina exclaimed. “It’s the Clue we have been looking for. I just knew we would find something at this Stop on the North Pole Tour!”

### Letter Opener

Santa gets a lot of mail. I mean a LOT of mail. And tiny little elf fingers are very susceptible to paper cuts. That’s why you need to bring a letter opener, and ideally one that’s as awesome as this one depicted in the North Pole’s greatest mail-in shows on TV.

What a Great North Pole Tour you took me and Soldier Sam on, Santa. Now we have the clue to solve your mystery!” Sarina was so happy.

“Yes Sarina” Santa appreciated Sarina’s Smart Detective Work. Merry Christmas to you and Soldier Sam from all of us at the North Pole!”

## MYSTERY

There is something going on out there that seems ordinary to you but would be perceived as extraordinary by someone else. Why do people go to football games?

After a call on Soldier Sam, the studio bookie, whose great patron he once had been, Mr. Reindeer dropped in on Sarina.

The reindeer. He had no idea to submit, but he caught Sarina in a hurried moment flying off to a North Pole Producers Conference and was unexpectedly invited to step in and wait for her return.

The office was rich and proper. There were no letters worth reading on the desk, but there was a bottle of Bourbon and glasses in a cupboard and presently he sat down on a big sofa and fell asleep.

He was awakened by Sarina’s return, in high indignation.

'Of all the damn nonsense! We get a hurry call--heads of all departments. One Reindeer is late and we wait for him. He comes in and gets a bitching out for wasting untold dollars worth of time.

Then what do you suppose: Santa has lost his favourite hat!

Soldier Sam failed to associate the fact with himself.

'All the department heads stop production!' continued Soldier Sam.  
Everyone here drop everything and look for a Red Santa Hat!

Soldier Sam sank despairingly into a chair, 'I can't talk to you today, Mr. Reindeer.. By end of day, I've got to get a title to a picture about something called a football game. Got any ideas to understand what that is all about? I don't"

'No,' said the Reindeer. Never heard of it". 'No.'

'Well, go up to Santa's office and help him figure something out. There's a decent payout in it.

In a daze the Reindeer wandered to the door.

'Hey,' said Soldier Sam, 'don't forget your hat.'

They walked to the Bulletin Board and Sarina saw that there was work scheduled on three stages--and one of the directors was someone Soldier Sam knew from another job.

Soldier Sam glanced at the beginning and then at the end.

"I'd like it better if we could get Rams Stadium in somewhere," he said frowning. "Have the Reindeer go as a Fan and then the character could get regenerated. See what I mean?"

There was no answer. Sarina turned and saw the door softly closing.

What is this? Sarina exclaimed. What kind of collaborating can someone do if there is a walkout?

Santa had not even given the legitimate excuse--the big football game at Rams Stadium.

The door opened again, a Reindeer's face, rather frightened, showed itself momentarily, said "Oh," and disappeared. Then it returned.

"Why it's Mr. Reindeer!" Sarina exclaimed.

"I was looking for Santa."

Sarina fumbled for his name but the reindeer supplied it.

"Roger Reindeer. I was your secretary when I worked here before.

Soldier Sam knew the Reindeer had once worked with him and Sarina but for the moment could not remember whether there had been something remarkable he had accomplished.

It did not seem to Soldier Sam that it had been some kind of employment--but looking at the Reindeer now, that appeared rather too bad.

"Sit down," said Sarina. "You assigned to Santa?"

"I thought so--but he hasn't given me any work yet." Replied the Reindeer.

"I think he's nuts," Soldier Sam decided. "He asked me what a Touchdown was. Maybe he's out of order or some other malfunction--that's why he's out here. He'll probably start upchucking all over the office."

"He's well now," Sarina ventured.

"He doesn't look like it to me. Come on in my office. You can work for me this afternoon."

Soldier Sam opened up another bottle of Bourbon while Sarina read the script of Rams Stadium aloud to him. About midway in the second sequence

he had started drinking.

'You'd like a ticket ?' Sarina asked as they entered the Football Film Room

'What guy wouldn't? complained Soldier Sam sarcastically'

'Some would, for millions of dollars. 'Some of them would rather go on pounding the keys or just hanging around. You'd be surprised.'

'I'd do almost anything for Rams ticket, I guess. If you are going to be there, Sarina' Soldier Sam said.

Looking at Sarina a minute later he wondered honestly to himself if it couldn't be arranged.

There was Donner, there was Dasher, there was Blitzen, and all the rest of the usual Suspects, but their credit was low on all sides of Soldier Sam.

He could do something for her, Soldier Sam decided. He would try at least to get an agent interested--if all went well at the meeting.

'What are you doing next week?' Soldier Sam asked.

'Nothing,' Sarina answered promptly. 'Hadn't we better eat and get to the Rams Game

'Sure, sure.' Conceded Soldier Sam.

Soldier Sam made a further inroad on his bank account to pay for the case of Bourbon he needed to tolerate the game--you certainly had the right to celebrate before your own preview--and took Sarina out for dinner at Burger King.

"Who was that Reindeer Suspect again, Soldier Sam?" asked Sarina.

The answer to that question figured more prominently than that game to

Soldier Sam.

## INTRO

"Yes, I know all about the World Series Ring Ghost!" Angels Mascot said, as Sarina and Soldier Sam continued their trek to the Haunted House...

"I'll tell you an experience if you care to listen. And, what's more, I'll tell it briefly, without trimmings—I mean without unessentials. That's a thing with story-tellers these days, they never do, you know," Angels Mascot laughed.

"They drag in all the unessentials and leave their listeners to disadvantage; but I'll give you just the essentials, and you can make of it what you please. But on one condition: that at the end you ask no questions, because I can't explain it and have no wish to."

Sarina and Soldier Sam agreed. We were serious. We wanted to know everything about the World Series Ring Ghost. After hearing countless stories from Angels Fans who merely wished to "talk" but had nothing to show for it, we wanted "essentials."

"In those days," Angels Mascot began, feeling from the quality of our silence that we were with him on the journey, "in those days I was interested in sports things, and had arranged to get set up in a Haunted House in the middle of Angels Stadium..."

Sarina and Soldier Sam would end up with Love for the trick or treating experience at Angels Stadium..

Sarina and Soldier Sam go out every Halloween, rain or shine, and carry a huge, industrial bag to stash all their treats.

On one such trip, Sarina was going to Haunted Houses all night with Soldier Sam and the weather was, to say the least, not cooperating.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were all dressed up for the Halloween occasion with ponchos to cover them from the rain. Suddenly, the weather cleared as if by Magic so Sarina and Soldier Sam would get the most out of their Halloween experience!!

This is the Story of that Halloween Night...

#### PART 4

On Halloween Night, Sarina and Soldier Sam passed through the big Angels Stadium doors into a sort of merchandise or smoking-room, equally in silence, darkness, and dust; and from this they regained the hall near the top of the back stairs.

Here a pitch black tunnel opened before them into the lower regions, and--it must be confessed--they hesitated. But only for a minute. With the upcoming meeting with World Series Ring Ghost still to come it was essential to turn from nothing.

Sarina stumbled at the top step of the dark descent, not well lit by the flickering flashlight, and even Soldier Sam felt at least half the decision go out of his balance.

"Come on!" Soldier Sam said heading off danger, and his voice ran on and lost itself in the dark, empty spaces below.

"I'm on my way" Sarina stumbled, catching his arm with unnecessary force.

They went a little unsteadily down the stone steps, a cold, damp air meeting them in the face. The boiler room, into which the stairs led along a narrow passage, was large, with a lofty ceiling. Several doors opened out of it--some into electrical spaces, and others into little ghostly back offices, each colder and less inviting than the last.

Bugs scurried over the Angels Stadium floor, and once, when Sarina and Soldier Sam knocked against a deal table standing in a corner, something about the size of a car jumped down with a rush and fled, scampering across the stone floor into the darkness. Everywhere there was a sense of recent occupation, but now an impression of emptiness.

Leaving the main Angels Stadium area they next went towards the ticket window. The door was standing ajar, and as they pushed it open to its full extent Sarina let out a piercing scream, which she instantly tried to stifle by placing her hand over her mouth.

For a second Soldier Sam stood stock-still, catching his breath. He felt as if his spine had suddenly become hollow and someone had filled it with particles of ice.

Facing them, directly in their way between the doorposts, stood a tall figure. At first, like other haunted house inhabitants, Soldier Sam thought he saw wildly staring eyes, and his face looked terrified..

The figure stayed motionless for the space of a single second. Then he was gone--gone so quickly--and the door framed nothing but empty darkness.

"Only the damn jumping flashlight," Soldier Sam said quickly, in a voice that sounded like someone else's and was only half under control. "Come on, Sarina. There's nothing there."

Soldier Sam dragged her forward. With a clattering of feet and a great appearance of boldness they went on, but over his body a chill moved and Soldier Sam knew by the weight on his arm that he was supplying the force of locomotion for two.

Much of the space was empty and they went round it, tried the door leading to the playing field, and the windows with posters, but found them all fastened securely.

"There's nothing here, Sarina," Soldier Sam repeated aloud quickly. "Let's go upstairs and see the rest of the stadium. Then we'll find the Press Box to wait up in."

On the next floor they found the large Play-by-Play Video Room, a search of which revealed nothing. Here also was no sign of furniture or recent occupancy; nothing but dust and shadows. They opened the big doors between front and back office rooms and then came out again to the landing and went on to the next level.

Sarina and Soldier Sam had not gone up more than a dozen steps when they both simultaneously stopped to listen, looking into each other's eyes with a

new apprehension across the flickering flashlight. From the room they had left hardly a moment before came the sound of doors quietly closing.

It was beyond all question; they heard the booming noise that accompanies the shutting of heavy doors, followed by the sharp catching of the latch.

"We must go back and see," said Solder Sam briefly, in a low tone, and turning to go downstairs again and somehow Sarina managed to drag after him.

When they entered the front box seat suites it was plain that the doors had been closed—just couple of minutes before.

Without hesitation Solider Sam opened them. He almost expected to see someone facing him in the back room; but only darkness and cold air met him.

#### PART 4

Sarina and Soldier Sam could not believe their eyes. There in front of them was World Series Ring Ghost.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were getting closer and closer to the Finale of the Angels Stadium Haunted House. They were about to meet World Series Ring Ghost!

It was not World Series Ring Ghost she had interviewed earlier and made plans with. Sarina's heart gave a jump.

"Now who are you, tell me?' Soldier Sam said. 'You don't have anything to do with Angels Stadium? Nothing to do with what I arranged earlier.. Who are you?'

Let me try to explain what I was trying to say before. You know, so many people have come to Angels Stadium supporting their team and dreaming of World Series Rings to solidify their happiness in pursuit of World Series Rings and most of them have seen World Series Rings, and one and all have wanted me as a symbol of their success.

If only, oh, if only some one would be not terrified of me as a Ghost but kind and loving to me! Then, you see, I might be able to change my condition and get away. Get back to being just a World Series Ring, not a Ghost."

"I have had a tough life, Sarina and Soldier Sam" explained World Series Ring Ghost. It's no wonder I feel like a Ghost."

Or perhaps you don't know, Sarina. Clearly no one on the Angels Team knows anything about being World Series Champions and most never will.

But anyhow Sarina's confidence went downhill in a quick rush, and felt afraid to be in the Angels Stadium Haunted House for the first time, especially with World Series Ring Ghost.

World Series Ring Ghost's voice was so sad that Sarina felt tears start somewhere at the back of her eyes; but fear kept all else in check, and

Soldier Sam stood shaking and cold as he listened to World Series Ring Ghost.

Let's get in this taxi, Sarina and Soldier Sam: World Series Ring Ghost instructed. Now it is my mission to drive you to your Launch Pad

As Soldier Sam got the attention of World Series Ring Ghost, something changed in the back of that Taxi or in Sarina—hard to say which.

It was going to be an eventful trip to the Launch Pad. Sarina and Soldier Sam had some unfinished business with World Series Ring Ghost. There would be no more identification as a Ghost. It was time for the World Series Ring to serve its purpose.

Soldier Sam realized his mistake, so that his fear, which had so far been physical, at once altered its character and became part of his heart.

Sarina and Soldier Sam listened to World Series Ring Ghost finishing up the Story as they approached their destination "I swear to you that all fear of anything in Life had left me, and something was singing round me in the air and in my heart like the joy of a spring morning or fall afternoon, take your pick.

"You are not a Ghost, World Series Ring" explained Sarina. "Just a misunderstood Soul."

Not all the devils or shadows or hauntings in the world could then have caused me a single tremor” World Series Ring affirmed.

#### LAST DAY ON EARTH ACTIVITY

Sarina was driving up to the Burger King Parking Lot for Lunch, and her spirits mounted still higher when she opened the door to the fast food establishment. Sarina was hungry.

Sarina started walking into the restaurant, but didn’t see any customers sitting at the tables. When she walked up to the counter, no worker was there to greet her and punch in the order.

Sarina was curious, so she scanned the back of the kitchen and didn’t see anyone there either. Burger King was totally empty!!

After waiting for some time, Sarina turned to leave and try her luck at another restaurant down the street.

And that’s when Soldier Sam walked right up to the counter to greet her.

“I’m here to help” Soldier Sam was friendly. “Is there anything you would like me to do for you today?”

Sarina was thinking he didn’t look exactly like anyone she would expect to find serving her at Burger King.

Soldier Sam wasn't smiling but his desire to work that afternoon was evident.

Soldier Sam's speech was direct and practical; in spite of clear exhaustion. The kitchen area was quite orderly and gave Sarina confidence to eat lunch at Burger King that day;

"This menu is better than anything I had dreamed of," said Sarina.

"Well, Miss, that's not a wise way of beginning a bargain, if you'll excuse me." Soldier Sam replied. "I could charge you through the roof for your meal, take you for everything you got."

However, Soldier Sam took no advantage, of Sarina's admission; and they struck the bargain as Soldier Sam opened up a little bit.

"I wouldn't mind if you come behind the counter so I can teach you how to make your order" Soldier Sam said surprisingly. "It will make your Burger King Lunch Experience more interesting."

Sarina had not planned on making her lunch, but Soldier Sam had a point. How boring is it to just stand there by the Soda Fountain waiting.

"It helps to have a can-do Do It Yourself attitude in Life," Sarina decided.

Now it occurred to Sarina that she might do very well with Soldier Sam, so this was settled and Sarina jumped over the countertop into the Kitchen.

"Where do I start?" asked Sarina.

To this day, Soldier Sam can hardly describe the happiness he experienced having a customer.

“My friends call me Sarina, and your Name Tag says Soldier Sam. Pleased to meet you!” Sarina was generous.

“I keep myself busy” Solider Sam explained, even though this place has been empty except for me for the last 10 years”

“I have a sharp appetite for meals, and practice my skills every morning. Then I wind up the day’s work planning my next Adventures” Soldier Sam explained. “You know, directing manoeuvres to the beach and back from my remote work station.”

Sarina observed that Solider Sam was not used to talking much; and when she started to address him, Soldier Sam seemed at times unable to give attention.

It was as though Soldier Sam strayed off to some small job he had forgotten, and his eyes wore a listening look, like he was waiting for Sarina to talk.

"Well, that is what I'm coming to. That, so to say, this is just It!!" Sarina exclaimed. “I’ve always been curious what happens behind that counter. I mean what is it like?” Sarina inquired.

“Well, every morning I wake up, I Start my day practicing my skills by making one order of everything on the menu, so I am at the ready should any customers walk through that door. Meals prepared to the moment.” Declared Solider Sam.

Whoppers, with and without cheese, sometimes with bacon and special sauce, regular cheeseburgers, chicken sandwich, fries, onion rings, and everything else you could imagine!”

“As we Like to say in commercials: ‘Have It Your Way’ But I don’t do Fish Sandwiches. They’re Disgusting!”

In a hundred little ways Soldier Sam’s orderliness, these preparations, seemed to read Sarina’s interest.

“Did I wish the roses renewed in a bowl upon the dining-table, considered Sarina. Sure enough at the next meal they would be replaced by fresh ones”.

Did Sarina want to try the “Impossible Whopper?” Soldier Sam had mastered that task as well..

“Soldier Sam must have surprised and interpreted a glance of mine.” Considered Sarina. “And yet I could not remember having anticipated the Flowers at the Table adjacent to the Drinking Fountain.

And how on earth had Solider Sam guessed the very roses, the very shapes and colours I had lightly wished for? Sarina was amazed.

“This is only an instance, you understand.” Explained Sarina. “Every day, and from morning to night from here on out, Solider Sam, I want to happen on other surprises, each slight enough, but all together bearing witness to true love.

"I am a light eater, Soldier Sam". Explained Sarina, as you might guess, I’m not going to order every item on the menu right here and now.

“So you 'Ready up' at four in the morning every day, Soldier Sam? That’s what the Store Hours sign says on the front door” inquired Sarina.

I'm always ready, Sarina" answered Soldier Sam. "As for customers, never a trace, but there is one guy who visits on every Holiday. He helps me come up with new material for my short stories.

And there is never a trace of customers.

Sarina began to understand Solider Sam's predicament.

After learning about the Broiler, Sandwich Prep, and Grease Pits, Freezer and Trash Receptacle, Sarina went Straight for the Orange Soda and called. 'What is wrong with this tap?' Sarina asked. 'The rest of the restaurant is well enough supplied.'

"I don't know, Sarina. I never use it. I save it for Special Occasions, You know, to treat myself on Holidays." Answered Soldier Sam'

"But there must be a reason; you must grow tired washing up the plates and glasses in the kitchen and every thing else you do every day. Aren't those enough justification for you to drink what you want every day? Come around to the back with me, and we'll have a look at this Syrup Fill.

"It's as plain as daylight,' said Sarina. 'The pipe between the two is choked.' And Sarina clambered up a ladder to reach the top of the Soda Fountain.

"I wouldn't, Sarina" warned Soldier Sam. You might disable all the Soda Flavors. Then what am I to say to customers?'

"But I want the Orange Soda for my flowers.' Sarina protested. 'I thought as much!' said Sarina, as she twisted the Ring and immediately the Orange Soda began to flow.

Sarina turned triumphantly to Soldier Sam and he was shocked. That was a problem he had never figured out how to fix.

Soldier Sam regained his composure. He was ready to take Sarina as she was. Like a Ms. Fix It Pro, after all, she is a Treasure.'

"Let me tell you, Sarina" began Soldier Sam. "Running this Kitchen isn't the most interesting things I do every day."

Really, Soldier Sam?" responded Sarina.

"Well, the best part of working here.. You would never guess!" Soldier Sam continued.

:"There is a secret hiding in this restaurant. The paper you put on top of the dining trays? You know the entertainment that is meant for kids when they eat out?"

"Yes. Go on! I'm listening." Sarina exclaimed.

"There is a Secret Treasure Map!" Soldier Sam started to explain. "There are landmarks everywhere with dotted arrows between them and you have to solve the Puzzle!

Soldier Sam was getting more excited now that he had someone to explain it to. "There are Peel-Off Stickers for each Island. I study it all afternoon and even at night sometimes. It's Fascinating!"

"Wow!!" Sarina was interested.

I've got it almost figured out. But the problem is.." Soldier Sam paused.

"What? What's the Problem?" Sarina encouraged.

Well, I haven't talked to anyone else except the Guy who comes in the restaurant on Holidays. He's My Best Friend."

"He knows a lot about a lot, but it's all his past experiences. You know, Gangbanging, Professional Boxing, stuff like that. He doesn't know any more about what's going on in the world that I do." complained Soldier Sam.

"Tell me Sarina, have there been any advances in Technology over the past 10 years?" inquired Soldier Sam.

"You haven't had the opportunity to investigate?" Sarina was shocked. "Tons of Stuff has been going on. But it's just a bit too much to explain before Lunch which by the way.. I'm getting Hungry. Are we almost ready to eat?"

"Just give me the very most important developments, then. You are the first opportunity I have had for an update!" Soldier Sam asked.

"Well, Far and Away, the biggest advancement in technology has been in Predictive Maintenance. Sarina noted. Practically every part on engines and other pieces of machinery can be hooked up to sensors that detail the real-time condition of the equipment performance during operations."

"Actually, that doesn't surprise me," stated Soldier Sam. "That's exactly the kind of stuff I have been independently working on for these 10 years."

"Maybe since I didn't talk to everyone in the field that talks to everyone in the field.. Well, Maybe I have reached some independent conclusions."

"Maybe You have, Soldier Sam, Maybe you have" responded Sarina.

"But Sarina," realized Soldier Sam. "Now that that Orange Soda Tap is fixed we can fill up and head to the table to eat our lunch. The Food is Ready!"

And sure enough, Sarina and Soldier Sam found it so—the Soda was flowing freely from the Fountain and they were all set to dive into their Meal.

So Sarina and Soldier Sam picked up their trays and headed for the Best Table in Burger King. The one with the most Roses.

Sarina and Soldier Sam leaped over the front counter without pause and ran to the Table. There Sarina and Soldier Sam reached for the Cardboard Burger King Crowns and put them on, Laughing.

The Ring that Sarina fixed on the Orange Soda Tap was not the only Special Ring that Lunch. For they had an Unlimited Supply of Onion Rings too! With extra Zesty Sauce!

Sarina and Soldier Sam were not afraid to eat their Lunch right then and there in the completely vacant Burger King--not even one little bit. In fact, the notion that anything might go wrong had never crossed their minds.

But something else was there that Lunch that neither one of them could have imagined that morning when they had started that day.

They had Discovered the solution the Ring Problem on the Orange Soda Tap. The world would never be the same again!!

STARSHIP ADVENTURE

Valentine's Day Countdown!!

## PART 4

“We Got Stuck in Space on Our Valentines Starship”

If the mission is successful, Sarina and Soldier Sam will be the first to see the new Planet to be Home of Orange Hockey. The Starship was entered into commission when the Sun exploded and destroyed the entire planet Earth.

Despite having spent his life supporting Orange Hockey and training for this very purpose, the thundering excitement Soldier Sam felt nearly gives him a heart attack the moment Sarina Launched their Spaceship into Lightspeed.

it is Orange Stadium Highlights that leave Soldier Sam speechless and awestruck. Monitor readings and everything else seem fine during your intergalactic journey so far. Finally—with a lengthy transmission time Sarina received a communication from another planet, but it is just added to the list of planets with terrain that would not support Orange Hockey.

Sarina and Soldier Sam are excited about arriving at a planet soon, but Orange Mascot had a plan to hide the Spaceship Part in a secret location in the Galaxy Soldier Sam wanted to stay within the confines of the ship until he could build a New Orange Stadium in a harsh, untamed world.

The aliens can try to search for you based on where you were years ago, but the volume of space they have to search will just be too big. For every

year out of date the bad guy's information is, the volume of space they have to search gets larger

This is cool because adds some suspense to the game. There is a risk of being accidentally found. You can also pick places to go to that are even farther from the nearest star systems, should you wish to do so.

Orange Mascot has a plan where Sarina and Soldier Sam need to locate a Hiding Place in the Galaxy to find a missing part to the Space Ship so Orange Fans can witness a Hockey game, at least once Sarina and Soldier Sam learn to split command.

But Orange Mascot had cut time short by creating a Hide-and-Seek Game for a Spaceship Part and Sarina would have to convince Solider Sam before he breaks ranks and starts to think he could lead the Orange Fans to believe in the very idea of a planet hosting a Brand New Orange Stadium..

**We started up our Starship and started having a conversation about how much Space Traffic there was on Valentine's Day.**

Sarina revved the Starship engines towards the direction the Valentine Orange Compass in the Direction of the New Planet. Once at the destination, Solider Sam proposed they jump off the Starship onto the

Planet's Terrain. Then continue to follow the compass for the exact location of Orange Mascot.

From Soldier Sam's perspective, abandoning a spaceship that had survived all this time without Orange Hockey, in favor of a new dangerous mission would be crazy. Soldier Sam is sights set on winning over Orange Fans to his audacious plans. Soldier Sam mission is to convince the Orange Fans to believe in the pipedream such a planet could support Orange Hockey.

To the Orange Fans aboard the ship with Sarina and Soldier Sam, Home is this Starship plain and simple and plans are in the works to build an even greater starship, one that can reach the edge of the universe and see what is beyond.

Orange Mascot had for sure found a good hiding place for our Starship Part and we set due course to find it. We had at our disposal many navigation instruments and talked about the scenery in outer space.

Soldier Sam accompanied Sarina on the Hide-and-Seek adventure in more than just spirit. Soldier Sam's Title was "Chief Engineer of Future Orange Hockey. Soldier Sam can be found within several levels investigating the happenings of the Universe.

In most cases, playing Hide-and-Seek with Orange Mascot is out of the way of the main objectives. Scouring inter-planetary levels is a must for those interested in tracking him down. Sarina and Soldier Sam were up to the challenge!

*Sarina and Solider Sam had piloted the Starship to arrive at the Interstellar Junction. This science-fiction inspired and futuristic world harbors a secret passage that many mission leaders in the past overlooked without a second thought. Beneath the conveyor belt near the center of this Galaxy, there lies a hidden Vortex full of mystery.*

To get to the Vortex Flame, Sarina and Solider Sam were required to start up the Mission Controls Maps to start the search for the Hidden Vortex Islands Adventure by speaking with all the Orange Fans.

After informing Soldier Sam she wanted to investigate the most storied part to the Shipwreck Bay Vortex, Sarina had to light up the Flame of Valentines Day that when lit will appear beside her and Soldier Sam. This could be the missing puzzle piece they needed to complete the Hide-and-Seek Mission Orange Mascot had designed.

But, an alarming event took place. With time the Path to the Vortex was gradually shrinking right in front of Sarina and Soldier Sam's eyes.. One of Sarina and Soldier Sam's space professional contemporaries appeared on the control radar, piloting one of the most respected Starships of all time.

The Space Scientist carried out research work for a decade about a mysterious compartment just off the beaten path Sarina and Soldier Sam were traveling on.

Sarina and Soldier Sam could just not resist the challenge of stopping by the Mystery Site that was shaped like a Treasure Chest. It had huge Radar arms creeping up in the air and this welcoming site was one that Sarina and Soldier Sam could not resist checking out.

Soldier Sam observed that this Treasure Chest Vortex Destination could turn Space-goers and the objects they carried with this into Valentine's Magic Powers. This was due to the mixture of such elements that it created more than enough Valentines than Sarina could ever imagine and enable Sarina to possess magical powers.

To their great surprise, Sarina and Soldier Sam got stuck in a small corner of the Welcoming Pad and were momentarily trapped there for a period of time that seemed to last forever, but that was just their perception, not reality.

In reality, they only stayed there for a few minutes and there was such an Orange Glow from the radar beams that it was just stinging Soldier Sam's eyes and it was up to Sarina to provide the vision they needed to break free of the Trap!

Soldier Sam was in a momentarily vulnerable position due to his lack of sight, and like a determined fool he stayed in that position until he felt dizzy.

But still, Sarina remembered from her Space Star Training Manuals that it had the potential to get very cold in there cold and the icy conditions made the Starship Control Panel go sticky and they were still Stuck there.

Not remembering anything that happened after, Soldier Sam's vision woke up and realized that it was up to him to get the Starship out of that trap, but he was overcome with a headache, one that could easily be made to disappear with some Valentine's Chocolate Candies.

You can guess what happened next, around and around the Spaceship went as Sarina wrestled it Free and yelled for Soldier Sam to help and they yelled back to open the door while they Powered up the Controls.

Luckily, that did the trick so Sarina and Soldier Sam became Free after being spun 14 times. The Starship was now set in motion and they moved forward, renewed in their efforts to locate Orange Mascot to retrieve the Spaceship Part.

Sarina was relieved that the Mission was now on track and Soldier Sam activated the Engine Power Beam to propel the Starship Forward.

"That could have been so much worse, Soldier Sam!" Sarina exclaimed. But now we have conquered that obstacle and we can laugh about it now. What a Valentine's Moment that was!"

The best place for Orange Mascot to hide in this universe would be orbiting just outside the event horizon of one of the supermassive black holes near the centre of the galaxy. His plan was economized due to his advanced logistics, since near the surface of a black hole the immense gravitational warping brings time close to a stop.

Sarina and Soldier Sam's Starship was orbiting very close so they experienced a similar effect in terms of time dilation. Orange Mascot decided to hide there for a few subjective hours.

The aliens determined to thwart the Orange Planet Mission will have had millennia to evolve into something new, or become extinct, or find a new quest to occupy them.

The accretion disc assisted the Starship's Tractor Beam, since it will be radiating immense amounts of energy at every wavelength, making it difficult to shield against.

Any enemy fleet will have to find a way to "see" through that in order to find you. How you actually get in and out of the disc and near the surface of the black hole is an exercise for Sarina and Soldier Sam to add to the Valentine's Day Video Game Project they had in development..

**Sarina and Soldier Sam found Orange Mascot's hiding spot and Located their Valentine Prize.**

It was the Magnetosphere Imager!!

All Starships carry a unique instrument that's never been flown before in the outer solar system. The Magnetospheric Imaging Instrument (MIMI) Ion and Neutral Camera (INCA) can form images of the giant magnetic envelopes of any Planet and its main objective, Saturn's Rings, as well as fields associated with Saturn's moons.

The Magnetosphere Imager doesn't use closed-circuit cameras to make images. In fact it doesn't even use light at all. This essential component of a

well-outfitted Starship is more like a particle detector, although unlike most particle detectors, it is actually a remote sensing instrument.

The Imager senses ions and neutral atoms that have been flung out of a planet's magnetosphere, forming an image of the source of the particles.

Orange Mascot gave Sarina and Soldier Sam the instruction manuals and described the Fix.

"There's an antimatter particle trace in the boron magneto driver. Don't forget to bypass the bubble booster wiper." Instructed Orange Mascot.

As Sarina and Soldier Sam set the Starship course for their next exploration event they became enveloped with a lot of Traffic on the Intergalactic Super Highway. It seemed that it was an impenetrable obstacle and Sarina radioed for help.

"This is crazy!" Sarina exclaimed to Soldier Sam. I was sitting at the Spaceship Controls and it looked like it was clear. How did we get into a Traffic Jam in this area of the galaxy?"

"It's just a dream, Sarina" Soldier Sam responded, "It's a Valentine's Day Joke the universe is playing on us" and Sarina saw that it was true, glancing at the vastness of the Clear Road ahead of them in awe.

The cold breeze blew over the Starship, and we were now sitting on the edge of a cliff surrounded by a Group of Moons.

“How come we’re not facing any Planet Streaming Obstacles? What in the name of earth is happening?” Soldier Sam asked.

Sarina looked around desperately. “What is this? What a Valentine’s Day sight to see! I was just entering the Space Coordinates a moment ago.

Happy Valentine’s Day, Sarina!”, Soldier Sam said in the Secret Language bond they shared. “Orange Mascot told me I was going Crazy with all this Cupid Stuff!”

Orange Mascot was right! It seems I have gone mad! Let me still cross-check!” Soldier Sam ran to the Engine Room to see if the Orange Valentine’s Day Candies he had stashed for Sarina were still there.

Soldier Sam took a drink of Bourbon. Rubbing his eyes he realised that it was true indeed!

As Sarina and Soldier Sam were now very quickly feeling the effects of their Valentine’s Day Bourbon Drinks, the journey through the Universe suddenly became even more enjoyable once we reached the clearing on the other side of the Moons.

Sarina and Soldier Sam headed for the denser part of the Galaxy and looked for a site to pitch their Valentine’s Day Camp. After a wild day of enduring the steady Drumbeat of Holiday Traffic, we found the perfect spot and hastily unloaded our packs of Bourbon marked for the Rest of that

Valentine's Day Adventure!

It was so nice to spend Valentine's Day with you, Soldier Sam" Sarina exclaimed.

"Same, Sarina" responded Soldier Sam. "It was a great Valentines Adventure that I would do again in a Heartbeat even though it was quite a bit of Work."

The Prospects for finding a Planet suitable for Orange Hockey were now Better than Ever!!

PART 4

Sarina slapped her hands over her ears, only aware an instant later that the Starship's entire hull had rung like a massive bell. There was another pop, even more enormous, but Sarina felt it rather than hearing it. She was already deafened.

The Radio Crackled. Sarina and Soldier Sam both heard the noise.

"Rams Mascot is that YOU?!!" Sarina was shocked.

"Wait, Rams Mascot, I can't hear you. Speak up!" Sarina shouted.

“Rams Mascot we have a bad connection. Hold on while Soldier Sam and I fix the ship so we can hear you. Sit Tight! Don’t Go anywhere, We will reestablish the connection,” Sarina Promised.

On the monitors, Rams Mascot’s visual was flickering on and off. Sarina and Soldier Sam saw debris falling, being tossed around.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were running toward the video console, dragging themselves along the rails where they could. In some cases, just falling and crawling.

“Why evac instead of putting out the fire?” Soldier Sam asked.

“Because the venting would cause an oscillation?” Sarina guessed.

“Let’s go back to the shuttle,” Soldier Sam said. “Let’s get out of this sector The crew can take care of themselves. They let us establish our position when they were already evac’ing.”

Sarina looked at Soldier Sam. She wanted to fold up and fall silent. Go along.

Soldier Sam looked at Sarina. “Who put you in charge?”

Sarina ignored Soldier Sam “Why are those decomp doors sealed?” Sarina asked.

“Faulty sensor, it looks like,” Soldier Sam replied. “They came down all over the hub when we blew the fire out.”

“We could have foreseen that”, Sarina admitted. “But we didn’t.” And now, she realized, it was going to cost the two of them a lot.

“We should evacuate too,” Soldier Sam insisted. “The crew members who should be here doing this job already bugged out.”

“They’re trapped,” Sarina said.

“The crew?” Soldier Sam was upset. He hadn’t recliped. From the way the crew was looking at them, Sarina thought they might be right behind him.

“Our people. Our Rams Fans” Sarina exclaimed

“They’re not all Rams Fans,” Soldier Sam observed. “They should have stayed, then.”

“Well, they didn’t expect a decomp, that’s for sure.” Sarina responded.

Soldier Sam didn’t look at Sarina, but her hopes flared. Maybe she couldn’t just leave all those Rams Fans there.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were not the best Space Detectives in the Universe, it was true. But they were trained, and it was their job to save them if it was at all possible.

“Where are You, Rams Mascot?” Sarina shouted into the radio receiver.

Rams Mascots voice came through loud and clear.

“WHERE ARE YOU, RAMS MASCOT?” Sarina wanted to know as soon as possible. “Can the Planet’s Terrain and Atmosphere support Rams Football”

“I’m on Planet CALLISTO! “Check it out, Sarina!”

Planets fast rotation creates strong jet streams, separating its clouds into dark belts and bright zones wrapping around the circumference of the planet.

Sounds perfect for Rams Football” exclaimed Sarina.

Locked in combat with the NFL over his betting escapades, Soldier Sam won some points, lost a few, but could not get the NFL execs to accept his Malibu home as a “working office.”

“What do they think I use it for?” Soldier Sam asked Rams Mascot.

“They don’t know,” said Sarina. “They just sense it isn’t for work.”

“Then let them come up and see it,” said Soldier Sam. “I’ve got nothing to hide.”

“I wouldn’t do that,” said the cautious Sarina. “I’d settle.”

“No way,” said Soldier Sam. “I’m entitled to have whatever kind of office I like. Send ’em up.”

In truth, Soldier Sam worked a little in his setup and played a lot. But what business was that of the NFL’s? For all they knew, he slaved away in the place from dawn till midnight and never had any fun there.

The Ocean View? He needed it to put him in the mood for hard work. The best NFL players in history probably had a dozen such places, all over the globe, each of them a party house. Why not one for Soldier Sam?

We are coming to Rams Planet, Rams Mascot! But we have to make 2 Stops.

First we are going to Planet X for some Upgrades to our Starship since we expect to Drift for Long Time to land on Rams Moon.

Then New Starship Upgrades for Big Fight to get from the Moon to Rams Stadium.

We are going to make a day of it on Planet X while our ship gets fixed. It will be an Adventure!! Then we will go on a Day Trip on Your Rams Moon too.

“Look, Solder Sam!” Planet X is fast approaching “ said Sarina. Prepare for landing!!”

They will feel the plane slow down and the cabin crew will prepare them for landing.

## PLANET X ADVENTURE ACTIVITY

### PART 1

One of Sarina’s most memorable all-time moments will always be the Great 2020 Earthquake in California. It makes a better recitation than it does a piece of film media, for it is almost necessary to throw furniture around, shake doors, and bark like a dog, to lend the proper atmosphere and credit to what is admittedly a somewhat incredible tale.

Still, it did take place, and, as you will see, is not precisely a fair or accurate description of what actually occurred, but it is the way in which the members of Sarina’s family invariably mark the occasion every year..

It happened that night Sarina had decided to sleep in the attic to be away where she could consider California Life. Rams Mascot opposed the notion strongly because, he maintained it was not always safe up there.

As so often in California, an earthquake would be none too kind to an attic. But there was no dissuading Sarina, however, and after a long day at work, she went up the narrow twisting stairs and closed the attic door behind her.. The attic was quite a piece of history, and everyone in the complex heard suspect creakings as she settled in for the night.

Sarina was usually asleep somewhat early, but up again a short time later to protest bitterly against Soldier Sam, Sarina's dog Mickey and Rams Mascot who were always in the habit of playing over and over, namely, "I just called to say I Love you," an R& B classics by no other than Stevie Wonder or sometimes "This will be an everlasting Love" a great rendition by Natalie Cole.

The records had been played so many times that its grooves were deeply cut and the needle often kept revolving in the same groove, repeating over and over the same words. "I just called to say I Love You." It was this reiteration that generally got Sarina out of bed to complain.

On the night in question, however, everyone had all gone to bed at about the same time, without much drama. Mickey, the resident dog at the complex, as a matter of fact, had been in bed all day after becoming quite exhausted chasing tennis balls. It wasn't severe enough to cause craziness and Mickey was the last canine in the world to give way to that.

Nevertheless, he had warned Sarina, Solider Sam and Ram's Mascot that day, that some weather stations were predicting an earthquake in the next 24 hours.

Just as predicted, a powerful Earthquake rocked all of California in the middle of the night.

It all started when Sarina was putting together the script for her next show. Soldier Sam was offering some suggestions for her work. Sarina was just getting ready to go live with her show when everything started shaking.

Things were flying everywhere. It was an EARTHQUAKE!

A single tremble quivered beneath Sarina's feet. She perceived a faint growl in the distance. The trees hovering outside the wind began to sway intensively while the tall grass stirred in an unruly pattern. Then came the silence, the silence that could only mean one thing— destruction.

Everything was a blur once everyone in the house understood what was going on. The sky was foggy, and its blue hue was covered by a gray smog. The fog kept Rams Mascot from seeing the things around me clearly.

Sarina and Soldier Sam ducked for cover while everyone else stood there, too scared to move. Even Mickey and Rams Mascot didn't move! It shook like jelly and it was the scariest earthquake ever!

A bookshelf fell on top of Rams Mascot. The lights from Sarina's Studio Set nearly swept Mickey off his feet. It was a disaster! Everyone was as scared as they could be.

The earthquake went for a couple more minutes and then Soldier Sam ran into the corridor and checked if anyone was ok.

Sarina ran into the kitchen and it was as cold as ice. It was a nightmare! They all ran upstairs and Sarina heard singing. It was the best singing she had ever heard and Sarina made a note of it as it had good material for her next show.

“Where’s the jackhammer?” asked Sarina.

That literally was Sarina’s initial thought when the earthquake hit. It was followed by the following conversation in her head:

“Is this normal? That must be the biggest jackhammer ever! And could it shake the room this much?” asked Sarina.

“Maybe a very strong, fighter jet just flew overhead” suggested Soldier Sam.

“Wait...this is lasting too long to be a fighter jet” exclaimed Rams Mascot.

In all honesty, Rams Mascots’ initial gut reaction was “EARTHQUAKE!” – but this was immediately cast aside in his head for being a ridiculous thought.

After going back and forth in Rams Mascot’s head, with the room continuing to shake, he reached the following conclusion. Yes, this was indeed an earthquake. Next thought process?

“Uhh—when is this going to end?”

“Oh no, I have no idea what to do in an earthquake.” Sarina admitted.

Soldier Sam proceeded by running around, slightly panicked, trying to find a place in the house where he thought he might be safe.

Should I go outside? Do I stand under a doorframe? Go under the couch and join Rams Mascot, who ran under there promptly and who is, by the way, still there?

Sarina went back to her desk, and proceeded to check Twitter (yes, crazily enough, that was her decision process) to see if she was going crazy. .

It was real for sure. Lots of tweets about earthquakes. Sarina realized she clearly not imagining things. Followed by more walking around...continued shaking.'

Assessed damage?

Several crooked painting frames and one terrified dog. In all seriousness though, it was very scary!

Every house, tree, and object that was once intact was now in ruins. Sarina's vision blurred even more when she saw the remains of the house across the street. The tree in the front yard was lying on the ground with brambles all around it, its bright orange swing set was unattached but close to it.

Could the house that used to contain all the happiness in the world fall into a pile of shattered pieces?

Sarina always knew California was prone to natural disasters since it had been struck by earthquakes multiple times in years past, but she had never experienced a terror such as this earthquake. The earthquakes she had experienced before never affected her. They were always somewhat minor and at most had only taken down a couple of trees, but this earthquake was much more. It was much worse than anything she had endured in her lifetime.

## PART 2

The Earthquake instantly awakened Rams Mascot on the second floor right below the attic, who came to the immediate conclusion that his worst premonitions were realized: the quake could render the attic a disaster area so Rams Mascot screamed, "Let's go Rescue Sarina!"

Soldier Sam slept on an army cot in the kitchen every night one of those affairs which are made wide enough to sleep on comfortably only by putting up, flat with the middle section, the two sides which ordinarily hang down like the sideboards of a drop-leaf table.

When these sides are up, it is perilous to roll too far toward the edge, for then the cot is likely to tip completely over, bringing the whole thing down on top of you, with a tremendous banging crash. This, in fact, is precisely what happened, when the earthquake went down.

Soldier Sam was at first unconscious of what had happened when the Earthquake rolled it right onto the floor and it toppled over on him. It left

him still unhurt, for the cot rested above him like a canopy and he did not wake immediately, only reached the edge of consciousness and went back.

The Earthquake had stunned Soldier Sam.

Soldier Sam tried to stand up, but his body was motionless. he had no strength to position himself on his feet.

Soldier Sam regained a bit of strength after lying on the ground for some time, but his mind was still a blazing fire. He mindlessly hobbled around the kitchen, passing by mounds of rubble and broken bricks though not really processing anything in his head at all.

Soldier Sams' eyes viewed different things, different places, and even different people, but he walked on as a mindless zombie, having no reaction to anything around him at all. All he could think of was if there would be breakfast in the morning.

Soldier Sam had no notion that at this moment, Sarina thought he had gone out of his senses; Solider Sam could only believe that she had gone out of hers or that, only partially awake, she was engaged in some form of running in her sleep.

By this time Soldier Sam was conscious of what was going on, in a vague way, but did not yet realize that he was under the cot instead of on it. Awakening in the midst of loud shouts of fear and apprehension from Rams Mascot, Soldier Sam came to the quick conclusion that he was dreaming

that we were all trying to "Rescue." Sarina.

Not knowing what else to do, Soldier Sam grasped the bottle of bourbon at the head of his bed and took a big gulp.

He leaped out of bed and inspected the window, and saw it had crashed and rained on the alleyway below.

It was at this juncture that Soldier Sam, in trying to get up, had the strange sensation of feeling the cot above him. Foggy with sleep, Soldier Sam now suspected, in turn, that the whole uproar was being made in a frantic endeavor to extricate him from what must be an unheard-of and perilous situation. "Get me out of this!" Soldier Sam shouted out.

It was this shout, rather than the noise of Soldier Sams' cot falling, that awakened Sarina in the attic. Rams Mascot's refrain had become, rescue Sarina!" and "You're all right!"

Soldier Sam found at last the light switch in the kitchen, unlocked the door, and joined Rams Mascot at the attic door.

Several hours before the earthquake...

Before the earthquake, Mickey who was wakeful, decided to pretend that craziness was on him, in order to have, as he later explained it, some "fun."

Mickey got out of bed and, going to Sarina's room in the attic shook her and said, "Sarina, the Earthquakes time has come!"

"Hmm?" said Sarina, with drowsy confusion. "Get up, Sarina," said Mickey but with a certain gleam in his eyes. Sarina leaped out of bed, and rushed to escort Mickey from the attic, locked the door behind him, and went back to sleep.

But after the earthquake hit, a few hours later...

By this time Rams Mascot, still shouting, was trying to open the door to the attic, in order to go up and Rescue Sarina out of the wreckage. The door was stuck, however, and wouldn't yield. His frantic pulls on it only added to the general banging and confusion.

Sarina, farthest away and soundest sleeper of all, had by this time been awakened by Soldier Sam in the kitchen and by the battering on the attic door. She decided that the house was on fire. "I'm coming, I'm coming!" she cried out in a slow, sleepy voice--it took her some time to regain full consciousness.

Rams Mascot and Soldier Sam could hear Sarina crawling out of bed upstairs. Soldier Sam pulled the attic door open, with a mighty jerk, and Sarina came down the stairs, sleepy and irritable but safe and sound. A great smile came across Rams Mascot's face the moment he saw she was in good condition.

Sarina began to orient herself to the situation. "What in the name of God is going on here?" she asked.

"You've had a bad dream," Rams Mascot said.

This vexed Sarina. "I tell you Mickey busted up into the attic and interrupted

my beauty sleep to announce the Earthquake and told me my time had come," she said.

Sarina was determined to run outside the house to inspect the neighborhood.

Soldier Sam ran after her and caught her at the door and tried to reason with her. He shook her a little, trying to wake her completely.

"Now, what?" demanded Rams Mascot pulling Sarina and Soldier Sam apart. Rams Mascot was capable, fortunately, of handling them both and never in Rams Mascot's life was alarmed by their actions..

"What's the matter with Sarina?" Rams Mascot demanded. Soldier Sam said he didn't know. Sarina had just straight ran towards the door.

"Where did you think you were going?" Rams Mascot asked Sarina. Rams Mascot looked at Soldier Sam.

"Look out for Soldier Sam!" said Sarina to Rams Mascot.who looked at Soldier Sam.

Rams Mascot went to Mickey's door, unlocked it, and tiptoed through into the room. Mickey was lying in his bed, breathing easily, as if he were fast asleep. It was apparent at a glance that he was not as exhausted as was thought earlier in the day.

Rams Mascot gave Sarina a look. "I tell you he did," said Sarina.

Their presence in the room finally seemed to awaken Mickey and he was-- or rather, as to be found out long afterward, pretended to be—astonished, shocked and confused. "What's the matter?" Mickey asked.

"Nothing," said Rams Mascot. "Just Sarina had a nightmare."

"I did not have a nightmare," said Sarina, in a matter of fact tone.

The situation, before all present would let it drop and everybody went back to sleep again, became, as such situations in such a motley crew group usually did, rather more complicated than ironed out.

Sarina, Soldier Sam, Rams Mascot and Mickey argued the thing for perhaps an hour after which Rams Mascot convinced Sarina to sleep in the Trophy Room for a while "You're be safer there Sarina," said Rams Mascot firmly, as he shut her door.

Soldier Sam could hear Sarina grumbling for a long time, with an occasional unsympathetic retort from Rams Mascot

The situation was finally put together for Solider Sam like a gigantic jigsaw puzzle. Solider Sam had been having a dream, and it was clear to him now that Mickey's earthquake prediction before he went to sleep had a profound effect on him.

"Solider Sam was going on and on, Ramblin' about California at this infernal hour of the night," said Sarina. "He came into the attic and asked me to name towns in California."

Rams Mascot looked at Soldier Sam.

"I just asked her," Soldier Sam said. "I was trying to think of one and couldn't sleep."

"What was that?" asked Rams Mascot. "Soldier Sam, you had a dream last

night?"

"I sure did, Solider Sam, replied. "I'll tell you all about it!!"

That day, Soldier Sam had been trying all afternoon, not successfully, to think of the name Thousand Oaks. It seems now like a very simple name to recall and yet on the day in question he thought of every other town in the state, without even coming close to Thousand Oaks. Twentynine Palms was the closest he came, although it was not very close.

Long after Soldier Sam had first started to rest on the cot, he was struggling with the problem. He began to consider the wildest scenarios as he lay there in the dark, such as that there was no such town, and even that there was no such state as California.

Soldier Sam kept repeating the word "California" over and over again, until it became meaningless. If you have ever lain awake at night and repeated one word over and over, thousands and millions and hundreds of thousands of millions of times, you know the ridiculous state you can get into.

So Soldier Sam got up from his cot and walked up to the attic. It was right after Mickey had awaked Sarina but still before the Earthquake hit.

"Um?" Sarina mumbled. Soldier Sam eventually got her to wake up, with a glaze of dream and apprehension in her eyes. "

What's the matter?" Sarina asked. Soldier Sam must have, indeed, have been rather wild of eye.

"Wha's it?" said Sarina, sitting up, in readiness to be of service. The thought must have been going through her mind that Soldier Sam was crazy, or at least on the verge of going crazy.

"Listen," Soldier Sam said. "Name some towns in California quick!"

Sarina was still half asleep. She started with the obvious ones: "San Diego, San Francisco, Oakland, San Jose, Sacramento, Santa Monica, Twentynine Palms..."

"It's not Twentynine Palms, but also involves tree counting," Soldier Sam snapped.

"Thousand Oaks," said Sarina, smiling in a faint, strained way which Soldier Sam now understands--but didn't then--was meant to humor him. When he was thinking about it during the Earthquake he fairly leaped for the Kitchen after running down the hall, his coat-tails and shoelaces flying.

So now, as the earthquake started to subside, everyone was eating some breakfast Rams Mascot had cooked up, Soldier Sam finally had put the puzzle pieces of his dream together and the Shaking of the Earthquake had finally stopped and the Sun was coming up.

Rams Mascot would not let the group discuss the affair during breakfast. "We'll go on to something more elevating, like the beauty of Sarina" said Rams Mascot.

"Get some sleep, both of you," Rams Mascot said. "I don't want to hear any more out of you today. Tearing up and down the hall at this hour in the morning!"

So Sarina and Soldier Sam went back to their stations. "Are you all right?" Sarina called to Soldier Sam. "Are you?" Soldier Sam Asked. "Well, good night," Sarina said. "Good night," Soldier Sam said.

That Earthquake became the bond that would sustain everyone in that house for the rest of their lives.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were both just so happy they were alive and hoped nothing like this disaster would ever happen again!

## MOON LANDING

It usually takes only seconds to take off from the ground. Things may seem a little tenuous at first, but that's just because of moving through the different altitudes.

The chairman was informed by the reconnaissance unit that several units of fleets had deployed from the Mainland, and the information suggested that they would be breaching our perimeter sometime that day. As far as our unit's mission, the patrols would not really be considered a big find if we were to engage, although they would be facilitating a key link in maintaining supply routes, which would be quite a bonus for our unit since supplies from our own depot were slow and unreliable in delivery to our regiment.

"Was I brought here merely to have my spirit dragged away as I was just about to Celebrate my Birthday, Solider Sam?" asked Sarina. "It is preposterous. If fate cannot do better than this, it should not be in the business of management of our fortunes."

"Yeah" Solider Sam replied. "If fate has decided to not let me celebrate Sarina's Birthday why did it not do it in the beginning and save me all this trouble? The whole affair is ridiculous."

"Surely not after all this work." added Sarina

Soldier Sam had an impulse to shake his fist at the clouds: "Just you try and cancel Sarina's Birthday Party, now, and then hear what I call you!"

Once we had boarded, the officers decided that it would be sufficient to simply dump the supplies to render them useless to the Mainland, since they were not of the type and size that would be required to sustain our unit until a steady stream of supplies was to arrive and be cleared for delivery to our unit. Based on the intelligence we received from the Mainland unit, it was suspected that the other forces deployed would try to do most of their work at night and lay low during the midday sun, as to avoid interdiction and presumably use the time to make contacts with the Mainland.

The billows that came at this time were more formidable. They seemed always just about to break and roll over the little boat in a turmoil of foam.

There was a preparatory and long growl in the speech of them. No mind unused to the sea would have concluded that the dingey could ascend these sheer heights in time.

The shore was still afar. Soldier Sam was a clever surfman.

"Sarina," Solider Sam said swiftly, "This boat won't last a minute more, and we're too far out to swim. Shall I take her to sea again, Sarina?"

"Yes! Go ahead!" said Sarina.

Soldier Sam, by a series of quick miracles, and fast and steady oarsmanship, turned the boat in the middle of the surf and took the tired boat safely to sea again.

The officers discussed the problem at length and decided that, in spite of this new information, we would form up and begin a search mission to interdict other Mainland supply routes in the hope that we could gather some supplies that would actually be of some use to our unit. The officers would make every effort to ensure that discovery of our units would be avoided and minimize the possibility that our approach strategy would not be reported to the Mainland, who could then deploy additional units.

A faint yellow tone came into the sky over the low land. The shadows on the sea slowly deepened. The wind bore coldness with it. Sarina and Solider Sam began to shiver with cold.

"Holy smoke!" said Soldier Sam, allowing his voice to express his emotions, "If we keep on monkeying out here! If we've got to fuck around out here all night!"

Sarina was more positive "Oh, we'll never have to stay here all night! Don't you worry. They've seen us now, and it won't be long before they'll come chasing out after us."

The chairman planned an action that would cover the line with a series of stops, sweeping out the area to be stopped along a broad base of the wedge-shaped inlet in case the Mainland supply convoy were to break back through the line. The whole objective of the mission was to achieve surprise, and it was essential to commandeer the entire flank to get into their correct positions without being noticed in addition to ensuring that the timing be such that each fleet was in position by the time the interdiction was to commence.

Sarina rowed, and then Soldier Sam rowed, and then Sarina rowed. And you guessed it, then Soldier Sam rowed.

Grey-faced and bowed forward, they mechanically, turn by turn, plied the leaden oars. The form of the lighthouse had vanished from the southern horizon, but finally a pale star appeared, just lifting from the sea.

The mission required a lot of coordination with the members of our flank, and the various forces had to travel some distance and had to approach the targets from several different directions. A long approach march was employed so that, even if our presence would be detected, it would not be clear to the sentries on the Mainland exactly what direction from which we would be intent to advance eventually.

“So, here we are looking at the space between us and the moon and the adversaries that we just saw are there?” asked Soldier Sam.

. “Yes, that is them.” Sarina replied. The adversaries took over the transport ship that you came from and made it their base. They are running a very secret operation on the Moon and want to take it over as a home.

## MOON ADVENTURE ACTIVITY

Sarina happened to be on the train flying by the brick buildings dotting the Bronx landscape on her way to Yankee Stadium for the big game. The Boston Red Sox were in town. She was sitting quietly on one of the cars at the back of the train checking all the pregame hype out on her phone.

Sarina looked up from her phone and noticed Solider Sam sitting in front of her a few seats toward the front of the car. Sarina walked over as the train stopped at Grand Concourse Station.

“Well,” said Sarina, “if this isn’t Soldier Sam!”

“Well,” said Solider Sam, “if it isn’t Sarina!”

“Well, Solider Sam,” said Sarina, “I never expected to meet you on this train.”

“I usually drive to Yankee Stadium”.Soldier Sam replied. “I just took this train this evening because the car was in The Shop today.”

Oh, You’re going to the Yankee Game tonight?” asked Sarina.

“Yeah, I’ve been pretty bored lately at work so I thought I might be less bored if I went to the game.” Solider Sam admitted

“That’s my plan too , and I am certainly glad we happened to be in the same car.” Sarina said.

“I am glad too, but it is funny we happened to be in the same car.” Solider Sam said.

It seemed funny to both Sarina and Solider Sam but they both played it off like it was no big deal. After a pause Sarina spoke again:

“Where are you headed for after the game?” Sarina asked.

“That pub on Jerome Avenue,” replied Soldier Sam. “I try to get over there a couple times a year. Where are you going?”

“Me?” asked Sarina. “I am going there too. I have got to check it out every once in a while when I go to watch the Yankees.”

“Do you go to Yankee games very often?” asked Solider Sam.

“Me? Every little while” Sarina replied How often do you go there?”

“Every chance I get” admitted Solider Sam. “How long has it been since you went to the Fried Chicken Joint for pre-game festivities“. . Lot of changes on the menu recently.”

“Who do you mean, exactly, Like what?” Sarina asked.

“Well, they have a whole new sauce selection for the potatoes, And the coleslaw is new and improved.” replied Soldier Sam.

“Oh, does the Standard Flavor Crispy Chicken still come in the 10 piece buckets?.Maybe we could share. I’m pretty hungry” Sarina suggested.

Soldier Sam agreed at once.

“The Bronx isn’t exactly the same as it was when I was growing up. Sarina said.

"It's changing all the time, replied Solder Sam., I guess every place changes over time. But a lot of things stay the same.

"What are you reading there?" Solider Sam asked.

"Oh, it is just a little article on what the Manager has said about how he might shake up the Batting Order tonight. Sarina replied. " The Yanks haven't exactly been lighting it up the last few games."

Soldier Sam agreed. "There's a good many interesting articles on the Yanks everyday on twitter, I check them out every once in a while when it gets slow at work.

"I've only seen a couple articles specifically about the Game Plan" Sarina said "A lot of them are just advertising for Merchandise, which is fine cause I like to spend some of my paycheck on Pinstripes Gear now and then.

"Well, go ahead and finish your article, Sarina and don't let me disturb you." Solider Sam was going to check his phone too.

"Well I just wanted to finish it up" Sarina replied. Go ahead and finish what you're reading yourself."

"All right. We can talk things over later. It is funny we happened to get on the same car." Solider Sam was so happy he and Sarina were going to the Yankees Game together.

By the time they were halfway to the game Sarina realised Soldier Sam was incapable of talking intelligently about sports.

Soldier Sam was okay, he went halves on cab fare etc., but he refused to argue. He didn't seem to know how.

Sarina was used to everyone in the Bronx who disputed everything she said, every step of the way.

Soldier Sam stuck to simple observations like the Rams sure scored a lot of touchdowns last week” But when Sarina asked him who scored the touchdown, if they were passes, running plays or special teams, he had no answer.

Sarina attributed it to the fact that Soldier Sam was from Wisconsin and thrilled to be anywhere else.

Soldier Sam didn’t mind riding in a taxi from Twentynine Palms at all, but Sarina had wanted to steal a helicopter from the base.

Sarina rested her eyes while they cruised along with Soldier Sam making the occasional announcement.

“Hollywood. Palm Trees. The Pacific Ocean.”

Sarina was getting tired of it. Anyone would know that. Later in the ride, Soldier Sam said, “I never thought I’d see a LA in real life.”

Sarina turned and looked at the side of the road streaming out behind them. Two Red Heart Spots winked back— reflectors nailed to a tree stump.

“Lets Stop for Tacos” Soldier Sam suggested.

Sarina voiced her opinion they should wait until they go to LA to eat. Soldier Sam didn’t mind waiting and said “I’m so glad I got to come with you to the Rams Game, Sarina.”

Soldier Sam’s imagination was bright and capable of seeing wonderful sights, like a UFO passing by over the Mountains. This latest plan popped up soon after they passed Taco Bell and Sarina decided to let it ride.

Soldier Sam grabs his backpack and puts on a Packers hat. Sarina snatches off the hat as quickly as he put it on.

“May I have my hat back please?” Soldier Sam says.

Sarina examines the hat. "A Packers Hat! I never saw such a thing!"

"It's an old hat. May I have it back please?" Soldier Sam asked.

"Sarina!" cries the Taxi Driver. "Give Soldier Sam his hat back this instant!"

Sarina tucks the hat close to the window.

Soldier Sam looks out the window, sees more Mountains fall behind and wonders if his friends back in Madison will be watching the Packers Game

"Excuse me. Excuse me!" The driver is talking to Sarina. "You can give Soldier Sam his hat back, you know."

"No, that's all right," Soldier Sam says. "I can just get a Rams Hat at the Stadium."

"A Rams Fan now, are you?" Sarina said derisively.

"Sure thing" Soldier Sam replied. "Ever since I've been based at Twenty Nine Palms"

"Where are you from again?" Sarina asks.

"Madison."

"Oh, really?" Sarina asks.

"Yes."

"And your friends?"

"They're all from Chicago and watching the Bears Game today.

"I'm kind of curious," Sarina says. "Do you watch the Bears Games too?"

"I'm hungry. I want to stop and eat, Soldier Sam suggests again

“But we’re going out to eat in LA,” Sarina says.

The cab driver was getting tired of Solider Sam. “There you go, Soldier Sam. Looks like you have to wait until we get to LA. And don’t you go jumping out of the car now.

“I’m sorry, but we don’t have time to stop and eat now. Besides, we will get a much better meal in LA. Sarina hoped she had heard the last of it.

So what are you then, anyway? Are you going to support the Rams or the Packers this year? Sarina wanted an answer.

“What do you mean?” Soldier Sam says.

“You know, what are you? You can’t support both Teams.”

Soldier Sam was confused. He didn’t understand. He really didn’t care that much about football anyway.

Soldier senses that Sarina is asking a question he can’t answer. It is as if she is asking him something he had never thought about before.

Here’s your hat back,” Sarina says. “Are you going to put it on again? What’s your team now anyway?”

The question still confuses him. Football was a game to Solider Sam. He just likes watching all the action on the field during big games,.

As far as Solider Sam was concerned, after 60 minutes has been played and the players leave the field, the interest stops there. They all say the same thing anyway.

“Put it this way, Soldier Sam” Sarina says. “Who would you pull for if the Packers and the Rams were in the Super Bowl?”

Soldier Sam was tired of the sports teams he has followed his entire life. He

had adopted all of Sarina's teams like the Yankees and all Syracuse Orange sports. But he didn't give a shit about basketball and only liked watching the Orange if Sarina was.

"Sure you do know the answer to that, Soldier Sam," the Taxi driver says. "How would you feel if Sarina wanted to go the Super Bowl with you?"

"That's an easy one. The Rams, of Course. I am based in California now and I support pretty much anything Sarina wants to do in life" Soldier Sam was 100% positive what he wanted when it came to supporting Sarina.

"Are you sure, Soldier Sam?" Sarina wanted to seal the deal.

"Yes." Of course, Sarina" Solider Sam replied. If Sarina wanted to know all along if Soldier Sam would support her and her teams for Life, why didn't she just ask?

"So is that it? You're a Rams Fan? You know what that means, don't you? Sarina was persistent

The cab driver looks back and smiles at Soldier Sam

"Calm down, Sarina" the cabbie says, his eyes back on the Road. They were approaching the outskirts of LA.

"How would you like it if I interrogated you, Sarina?" Soldier Sam asked. "But that's not what a real man does."

"I'd like you to to come and sit with me at the restaurant, Soldier Sam," Sarina says smiling.

"I'll order you a special drink. Have you ever had a Bloody Mary with tons of non-standard stuff like burger Sliders and Cheese Curds?"

Solider Sam says : "Never!" and nods enthusiastically. Already he feels better.

"My God, Sarina"" the taxi driver interjects. "A man that is that easy to

please? Hold on to him”

Soldier Sam was waiting patiently for his meal as the cab started to slow down because they were coming into the city.

“About time we got here, “ Soldier Sam was glad they had arrived at the Stadium before the tailgating crowds, and was looking forward to getting a Rams hat while Sarina stopped at the Will Call Window at the Stadium to pick up their tickets before they got to the restaurant.

Soldier Sam wanted to make a good impression on Sarina’s friends so they would approve of the Partnership.

Soldier Sam got his Rams hat while Sarina got the tickets and hoped that would make Sarina more happy about his existence.

“I'll tell you what!!”, Soldier Sam exclaimed, “Sometimes the whole life of this world floats inside and radiates outward from Sarina for me. “

Now it is time for the Rams Game to start.. Soldier Sam and Sarina are both so very Happy and Excited beyond all comprehension for the Game to Finally Kick Off!

RAMS PLANET LANDING

Soldier Sam was a little troubled in controlling it, but Sarina fled like she was swinging like a bird in the air and took great pleasure in looking at the scenery of the different stars as they passed over.

The chairman had identified another potential concern, namely, that the officers did not know the terrain very well, and it was considered to be unadvisable to carry out a traditional programme of reconnaissance prior to the action because of the possibility that the unit could be detected sooner. The chairman had arranged the flight of a drone over a trajectory, so it would appear as if we were approaching from a particular direction to the Mainland. Because of a deficit in the technology employed by previous drone sweeps, however, the officers would have to rely on old photographs of the area we would be approaching from, which included passage nearby several islands.

The sea to the east was black. The land had vanished, and was expressed only by the low and disheartening thunder of the surf.

Sarina was calm, took another drink of the Scotch and, felt obliged to speak to the Soldier Sam.

"Keep up the strong rowing! Keep it up!" she encouraged Soldier Sam.

"Keep it up,' Sarina." Soldier Sam's voice was getting worn out.

The flanking fleet was to start from several different positions, and each unit had different distances to cover, so it was important to time the tasking of the units in certain order. It was essential for those that had the longest trajectory to traverse should not be blocked by the components of the fleet that had to make strategic stops. There had to be absolutely no question of one of the flanks having to pass through another to get forward to their positions. We were approaching an open space with no islands in sight and were drawing closer and closer to the area in which conflict was likely.

Soldier Sam's eyes must have been grey and glinted in strange ways as they gazed steadily astern. Viewed from a balcony, the whole thing would doubtless have been picturesque.

Soldier Sam had no time to see it, and if he had leisure there were other things to occupy his spirit. The sun swung steadily up the sky, and Sarina knew it was broad day because the color of the sea changed from slate to emerald-green, streaked with amber lights, and the foam was like tumbling snow. The process of the breaking day was unknown to Sarina, she and Soldier Sam experienced only of this effect upon the colour of the waves that rolled toward them.

The signal communication networks got their sets working and started to take in reports from the various stops and search parties. So far, so good thought the chairman. Reconnaissance came up over the air to verify the position of the flank, so the officers figured that the unit had arrived at the rendezvous without detection or major incident. The officers always thought that this was the worst part of an operation, although this period of time was absolutely essential since some allowance had to be made for some part of the force losing their way, therefore taking longer to get into their respective positions later than initially planned.

A night on the sea in an open boat is a long night. As darkness settled finally, the shine of the light, lifting from the sea in the south, changed to full gold.

On the northern horizon a new light appeared, a small bluish gleam on the edge of the waters. These two lights were the furniture of the world. Otherwise there was nothing but waves.

For the time being, there was really nothing to do except for to begin the search and impatiently wait for something big to happen. It was essential to keep the air clean, free of communications and to stop transmitting. This was not the time for general chit-chat. There was something unnerving and strange about the silence, although almost impossible for the officers to define. The search area was narrowing, as the search partly moved closer and closer to the Mainland. It seemed certain that, if there were suspect fleets in the area, they would soon be cornered and possibly interdicted if the conditions were in our favour. The officials back at Oceana headquarters were silent and distracted with other matters, so we would be on our own for the duration of the exercise.

“But what about Rams Mascot? They blasted him with a ray gun but maybe we can still help him?” Soldier Sam asked.

“Unfortunately, coming into contact with the adversaries, he probably had a lot of trouble with them.” Replied Sarina.

Sarina and Soldier Sam felt defeated, and their oxygen tanks began to give them a warning sound. They knew that it was time to make their move.

ORANGE VALENTINES #4

“Walk around Onondaga Lake Park”

The Flight through Space was finally complete. The Starship bolted down from the sky and landed in New York.

Cupid was there on the Tarmac to greet Sarina and Soldier Sam.

“Sarina and Soldier Sam!” Cupid called out. “Welcome to Syracuse!”

“Thanks Cupid” Sarina replied.

“Isn’t there a Big Orange Basketball Game Tonight?” asked Soldier Sam.

“There for sure is an Orange Game tonight. But first I have a Place to show you guys?” said Cupid.

Cupid was a Legend at Syracuse. It was in Fact one of his favorite places to be. To work his Magic.

Cupid is known for his skill in organizing, his insight into the potentialities of couples, and his observance of tradition. He likes an organized, stable life and makes decisions by weighing the pros and cons and favoring justice in love over the emotional desires of people who are not ready for his arrows.

Some time before Valentines Day several years ago, that Love-Makin’ machine Cupid showered Syracuse with arrows and everyone was ready. As soon Cupid arrived in Syracuse, Sarina and Soldier Sam were ready to look Cupid straight in the eyes and make their case.

Let’s get on our way to our Pre-Game Event, Sarina and Soldier Sam” Cupid instructed.

“This is quite a place. Cupid added.

“Let’s do a little Preview before we get to the site, Cupid” Sarina suggested.

“Hop in my Ride, you two. I have a couple of questions about your Flight before we get to the Tour Site” Cupid responded.

The simple strong starship I was in earlier, during my training simulation, shattered into little pieces of broken glass and metal and went crashing onto the wet coffee colored sand and burning with Orange colored flames.

But then I teamed up with Soldier Sam for the real-world mission. The mission that led us here today” explained Sarina.

Soldier Sam saw the great potential for adventure, and teamed up with me right away at his first opportunity, We climbed up the stairs to the Starship control room and opened the window into the Galaxy.

After this, Soldier Sam and I got involved in the task of Interstellar space together. Soldier Sam had a lot of people in his network that gave him all kinds of news. He always relays the latest intelligence reports to me so I stay up to speed.

Cupid’s Ride was zigging and zagging though Syracuse Traffic.

Here we are at the Mystery Spot for our Tour, Sarina and Soldier Sam” announced Cupid. “I’m sure the two of you are going to have a lot of Questions.

“We’re ready, Cupid” shouted Sarina. “Let’s Check it out!”

Soldier Sam agreed. “Let’s get this party started, Cupid!!”

“What is this place?” asked Sarina.

Onondago Lake Park is bustling year-round with social interaction, special events, waterfront picnics and the region's premier skate and dog parks.

“Where did all the Cuse Fans go, Cupid?” Sarina asked.

“To wherever they wish,” Replied Cupid. They may have gone to another dimension, another planet, another Universe, or maybe just on a hike through this beautiful park.

The "Central Park of Central New York" is an 8+ mile linear greenway, featuring four great trails - East Shore Recreation, Shoreline Walking Trail, Lakeland Nature and the West Shore.

Sarina and Soldier Sam still couldn't make out what that meant.

“Now you will learn about why all the Cuse Fans love this park,” said Cupid.

“Fire away,” Sarina said.

Wegmans Landing, a ten-acre venue, includes Wegmans Playground, a colorful mecca with climbers, swings, play houses and slides while the 16,000 sq. ft. concrete Onondago Lake Skatepark, open to skateboarders, BMX bikers, and inline skaters.

“Cuse Fans are the great descendants of a very highly advanced civilization called New York, which once existed in the Atlantic Ocean, millions of years ago.” Explained Cupid.

“I’m familiar with that name,” Soldier Sam said. “Didn’t it rise above the surface of the sea or something?”

“That it did,” replied Cupid. “New York rose above the waves and docked at the edge of North America, very gradually of course. Millions of years ago, like I said because of the waves created by a mighty flood.”

“Enough about the Oceans millions of years ago, Cupid. Everyone knows about that. Let’s focus on this State Park, as it exists today,” Sarina proposed.

Onondago Lake State Park features the challenging Liberty Bowl, volcano, quarter pipes and fun boxes. Explore a bit of Syracuse history at The Salt Museum, built on the site of an original salt boiling block.

“Why all this change?” asked Sarina

“Because we live very long lives,” Cupid replied. “I myself am almost one million years old.”

“But you look so young, Cupid” said Soldier Sam.

“Appearances don’t matter,” Cupid explained.

“Why do so many Cuse Fans live outside the State Park than in?” asked Sarina.

“In Part because of highly advanced Technology” replied Cupid. It’s so easy to get from other parts to the State Park these days. It’s just a hop, skip and a jump from pretty much anywhere in New York.

“Just take a look at some of the new technology we have developed right here in Syracuse with our world-class research facilities” Cupid offered.

Flying cars: The fastest way to get from Point A to Point B is to travel as the birds fly — in a line. Syracuse’s hilly, watery terrain makes that straight shot impossible much of the time, slowing us down. Is it any wonder that science fiction takes us to the skies?

Sarina and Soldier Sam weren’t all that surprised to hear that — after all, that is how they arrived in Syracuse—in a starship with similar capabilities.

“There is much more to this State Park than I have told you so far” Cupid was gauging Sarina’s interest.

The State Park also features the Griffin Visitor Center with courts for shuffleboard, bocce, and volleyball. The Equipment Rental Shop offers bikes of all sizes and various recreational equipment.

“Let’s check it out. You, Sarina may find something of interest next to the shuffleboard court.

What’s this Cupid? Sarina asked as she and Soldier Sam walked over to the Hologram.

Read it and see Sarina. It is a special clue about Valentines Day” Directed Cupid.

“Ok, Cupid. Lets See what it says” Sarina started reading the Hologram.

“You blow me away!”

Because you're so fine in every way  
I'm sending my Love on Valentine's Day

You made me turn from a life of crime  
Will you be my best friend Valentine?

"I just can't believe it!" Sarina exclaimed. On Valentine's Day. A special message just for me!"

"And after all this, Sarina and Soldier Sam" Cupid continued. There is still so much of the Park to explore:

Shaded picnic areas, ballfields, waterfront lawns, table games, observation area, a fishing pier and the hub of the trail system can all be found here.

"Are we going to do all those things today?" Soldier Sam asked.

"You'll find out later, there is only so much time in a day, after all" replied Cupid.

Sarina and Soldier Sam would have to be satisfied with that

"Wow, Cupid, that was quite a Tour!" Sarina exclaimed.

"It sure was" Soldier Sam had a great time too.

"We have some time to burn before the Cuse Game. Let's stop by this Bar" suggested Cupid.

"By the way, Sarina and Soldier Sam," Cupid remembered something. "You told me about your flight. But I forget to ask, did you two go on any

adventures during your Pit Stops?”

Several times on our Space Trip, my tire went flat while I was driving many of the crew was asleep outside the engine room.

It was a heavily traveled Galaxy route, so I pulled over. I looked in my rearview mirror and saw that Soldier Sam was already on station..

Soldier Sam offered to help. As he installed the donut, we talked. Soldier Sam explained that he was on monitor duty in the engine room when he noticed the discrepancy in the flight pattern.

When I looked back outside the ship, Soldier Sam was gone and the Starship was back on its way. Do angels traverse the Galaxy too? I believe they do.

For the Trip to Syracuse, Soldier Sam looked like he was straight out of Picture Books. He was sporting full Orange Regalia.

“I’ve got a special surprise that you will be sure to like, Sarina!” Cupid announced.

Cupid was excited about Sarina’s Valentine too!

Cupid said to Sarina, “Well, I never saw you so ready for a Valentine as you are tonight.

..Those words you use, Cupid!” —Sarina accepted the Valentine and saw there were Front Row Seats to the game that night..

What excitement Soldier Sam displayed. It was almost time for the Game to Start!

“I’ve never gotten this good of seats for a Cuse Game either, Cupid. Sarina

wanted to show her appreciation for Cupid's thoughtful Valentine.

"Let's get going, Sarina! Soldier Sam agreed with her "All the Orange Fans are starting to do their thing out there, making noise. I don't want to stand in line at the gates forever!"

## CUPID'S FIRST SYRACUSE ORANGE GAME EXPERIENCE

### PART 4

It was Valentines Day and the Orange was matched up against a ACC rival. Sarina and Soldier Sam would enter Orange Stadium on Valentines Day using the tickets Cupid had given us earlier that day. The view inside the stadium was just as amazing as the view outside if not better. The upper tier is contoured to leave open space and the roof is significantly canted inwards. These features are meant to provide cover to the court as is possible. The stadium seats an almost record number of fans and the games always are played to full capacity.

Excitement, adrenaline, fans, and a perfectly painted hardwood floor: these are all things that come to mind when thinking about a Hoops stadium. One of the most impressive hoops stadiums Sarina has ever been to is, "The Orange Dome." This first time Cupid had gone there and he was overwhelmed by the size, and beauty of its massive structure. Have you ever been in a stadium? Have you ever been a fan of a Hoops team? If you have you will know what Cupid was talking about.

A flash of light and here was Soldier Sam here on the edge of the parking lot. He walked around for a while and found the Ticket Gate and thought of taking rest here cause he was tired.”

“Sarina and Soldier Sam! Stop quarrelling. It will lead us to nothing”, Cupid said.

Orange Mascot welcomed them at the Stadium entrance and they all sat in a circle eating some peanuts and popcorn which Cupid had collected from the concession stand.

Cupid wittingly veered away the context of the discussion.

“But we would have realized!”, Sarina argued back. The crew discussed other options as to how they could have come to such a world as Syracuse but everything appeared too far out. They could not find logic in any of the thoughts.

“It is just a request on my behalf, for it might help us unfold the mystery. Soldier Sam challenged.

“Cupid ,we are motivated listeners”, Sarina said. “Please do start.”

Cupid rushed in, saw the same sight and was left in shock. Soldier Sam never would be as amazed as he was at that moment.

Inside the Stadium, way ahead of them sitting on the floor was none other than Orange Mascot.

“Are you talking about that legendary Orange Mascot. If you were aware that this Orange Mascot could get us into trouble, why didn't you warn us before?” inquired Soldier Sam.

“Soldier Sam, I didn't think that an orange stadium fantasy, as it seemed to me, could be true. Never in my wildest dreams did I imagine that such a mascot could exist”, Sarina said.

“I've got a great idea!” Sarina exclaimed. “Soldier Sam and I should get a photo with Orange Mascot. Then we could prove we were here and have a lasting memory.

“Hey, Cupid,” Soldier Sam wanted to get his attention. “Could you snap a pic of Me and Sarina with Orange Mascot? That would be awesome!”

“Of course, Soldier Sam” Cupid replied. Just find Orange Mascot and I will be over to take the shot of you and Sarina.”

“Sarina and Soldier Sam, you were brought here directly. Why don't you act just as if you were working over at the studio? I'll be through soon.

A key mistake that beginner photographers make is that they get so dialed in on the subject of the photo that they forget that there's a background to worry about as well

“Hey Sarina, we got that picture with Orange Mascot! All the lighting was great and we were posed perfectly. Isn’t it great we were able to find Orange Mascot and he was so accommodating?”

“Yes, Soldier Sam” Sarina answered. I thought for a moment Cupid was going to lose his mind trying to operation the photo function on my phone. He had never operated anything like that before.”

“The game is about to start Sarina!” Soldier Sam exclaimed. Why don’t you give me a quick rundown of the season so far?

“I know you have been following it closely and I really don’t have a clue about what the Orange have faced so far this year, Soldier Sam continued. “How are they doing?”

“Sure Soldier Sam,” Sarina was glad to show off her knowledge of Cuse Hoops. “There have been a lot of developments so far this year.

Cuse puts the ball on the floor, gets by their opponents.

The Orange are getting shots in the lane. Cuse has been getting that shot in the Paint this season.

Orange fans really need an Orange Broken Heart Emoji. It would have been used a lot this season.

The Demon Deacons woke up to play this game and got some really quality looks and that really contributed to such good Wake Forest shooting. They were making the passes to get that open look.

The Orange were actually able to close the gap in offensive rebounds and finished with more points in the paint.

As early as Syracuse's opening game, the Orange struggled to move off ball and find open shooting looks. At that point, Syracuse wasn't driving toward the hoop and creating opportunities inside the 3-point arc, either. The result was Syracuse's worst offensive output in recent memory.

'What do I get out of it?' Soldier Sam demanded, 'I'm no basketball expert-- I'm a writer.'

'Your mechanics salary has not stopped,' Sarina said, resuming her attention to the game. 'What does it matter if the boss wants you to do this?'

'It's different. responded Soldier Sam.. I've got my respect to consider.'

'Do I look that way?' Soldier Sam asked, and when Sarina smiled he felt better and asked: 'You haven't got a drink around, have you?'

## CUSE GAME ACTION

The Dome is where all the action happens. Across Syracuse and Orange Nation, basketball is associated with passion, emotion, excitement, and dedication. The term "'Pure Orange Love' and the feeling of being at a Hoops game are among the terms used to describe extreme emotional experiences with fans.

With every bucket and no-look pass, a fast break ending with a spectacular dime and slam dunk made all the Cuse folks happy and proud. As the Hoops performance continued, my emotions were constantly changing with every momentum shift in the game.

For years, I had been dreaming about this moment in time. Just to be at the Orange Dome I had heard so much and only imagined during all those Radio Broadcast. It was so much more than I ever could have imagined.

As I and all the additional Orange Fans were at the game, I appeared all around once again around the sights and sounds from the game that I had anticipated for such a long time.

The fans plus the players really showed up and performed for this game and made it such a treat. The day was a blast for my friends and me personally, and the experience was one I will never forget because it was my initial trip to the Dome.

RAMS STADIUM

PART 1

Maintenance is an extremely important job at Orange Stadium. Someone has to do it. Soldier Sam was the Resident Expert.

Sarina sat in the Press Box at Orange Stadium looking at The 'Cuse Hockey upcoming schedule for the Season. She was putting together the script for her next show later in the week to preview the next Orange Game, and talk about futures of the 'Cuse Hockey Program.

Sarina was figuring out who she should interview during her next Orange Show. She was in a hurry, but being in a hurry never rattled her.

Sarina had been a Media Star for some time now and she was working out the headline of the upcoming show, one that would be sure to feature Orange Mascot. All she had really figured out was the attention-grabbing headline, an imperative sentence, spoken by Orange Mascot:

“When we get to the Hockey Championship this year we got to “Put a Ring on It. That Will Fix It.”

It was a great headline. Sarina was satisfied it would immediately capture the interest of the hundreds of millions tuning into her Show.

Sarina didn't even consider interviewing any one else, just Orange Mascot.

“Put a Ring on It. That Will Fix It.”

The Words of “Rings” and “Fix” gave to Sarina several sidelines for her show, for Orange Mascot was quite the Expert in World Affairs and Many Languages, so Orange Mascot could talk for hours and hours about the subject theme.

But Sarina figured she could get more ideas for her ‘Cuse Hockey Show in the Cafeteria, as she was starting to get hungry. There was just simply a Limit to the Material a Hockey Reporter can dictate by herself in the Press Box.

This was no Game, as Sarina often said, this was an Industry.

“This is No Game,” Sarina remarked to Orange Mascot, who was leisurely drinking at a corridor Water Cooler. “This is an Industry.” Sarina declared.

Orange Mascot knew Sarina's show was great for her Career, with the Millions watching, Sarina was becoming a Bigger and Bigger Star.

“Say look, Sarina! Have you got anything down on Paper for the Show yet?” asked Orange Mascot.

“Say, I’ve got some Stuff already that will be sure to captivate the interests of the audience, that’ll make ‘em...”

Sarina knew the Ratings would skyrocket for many reasons. Orange Mascot on the Show and just Sarina’s basic Charm and Beauty.

Orange Mascot tried to gauge Sarina’s sincerity.

"Want to read it to me now?" Orange Mascot asked.

"Not yet. But it's got Audience Cheering Potential, if you know what I mean." Replied Sarina.

Orange Mascot was skeptical.

“Well, go to it. And if you run into any snags, just check with the Mechanic on Staff in Orange Stadium Maintenance and Utilities Office”, suggested Orange Mascot.

“Great idea, Sarina gladly agreed. “Maintenance Guys are so knowledgeable about Word Affairs, the ‘Cuse Maintenance Office will be sure to come up with some discussion pieces about “What Rings Can Fix.”

Sarina felt good walking around Orange Stadium with Orange Mascot. He was so interesting and fun. So much so that Sarina usually found herself Glued to Orange Mascot, pretty much every where she went.

Sarina and Orange Mascot walked into the ‘Cuse Cafeteria for Lunch.

Sarina had figured out Protocol for Lunch with the Team at the tables. She got their jokes, inflated sense of self-importance and social system with its swift fluctuations, with all the games in the season and the many different opponents, there could be a different MVP or disappearance episode each game.

Sometimes Sarina would sit here or there, sometimes wherever in the same spot

Sarina called the number for 'Cuse Maintenance Office, to see if anyone was available for a quick interview on the record.

Orange Mascot answered and Sarina asked to speak with whoever was in charge.

"He's out for Lunch right now, call after Lunch Hours Please." Orange Mascot responded

"Ok, I'll call back later" Sarina decided.

Sarina was in the Middle of her Lunch when Soldier Sam took a Seat next to her. He was clearly the Guy in charge of Maintenance, or really anything else that had nothing to do with 'Cuse Hockey. Sort of a Resident Expert of some kind.

"So, what's up Sarina?" Soldier Sam was friendly, at least initially, but that could change in a Flash if someone tried to cross him.

Sarina didn't know what to make of him at first, but after a bit of friendly chit chat, Sarina discovered Soldier Sam did know about Stuff other than Hockey, at least in some specialties that interested him.

Sarina was considering adding a character into her Show with Orange Mascot, but only for a brief moment, a one-line punch or something like that.

"I'm working on putting together My Show for this week, would you mind me running some of the Material by You?"

"A Show?" Soldier Sam was surprised. "You mean the players talk and don't just play Hockey and be done with it?"

I'm writing it about a Hockey Championship Ring, and I was thinking about someone popping into the Show to mention facts about how Rings play a role in the Modern World, apart from the Hockey

Championship.

Sarina wanted to ask Soldier Sam some questions. Solider Sam hesitated.

"I don't know. It's my first day out here." Soldier Sam never liked attention.

"It's all right," Sarina assured him. "I don't make a big deal of anyone that gets on the Show . It's not like they have to know about your Life Story or anything like that."

"Everyone is just like "the Guy" or a member of the Team." Sarina wanted Soldier Sam to understand why Her Show was the Best Media Content in the Wide World of Sports.

"Like who do you have on the Show, usually?" asked Soldier Sam.

Sarina explained: "Well there's my main show, which I do Scenes with Orange Mascot, and then I have another one which is usually some content about the upcoming 'Cuse Hockey Game. Other than that, I just have some fun with back and forths with whatever player and members of the Media."

The Guy—his name was Soldier Sam, looked up from his Sandwich had considered the surroundings.

"I don't see anybody worth interviewing here," he said. "Except oh, there's this guy or that guy. What do they do when they aren't eating or lifting weights or running like a Steam Train for a check across the boards to gain an advantage over the other team"

"Oh say, I saw that guy on Tipp Hill a few weeks ago. I just listen the Games on Radio.

Sarina suddenly pointed to the far end of the Cafeteria.

"And there's Mickey Mouse!" Sarina exclaimed.

Soldier Sam jumped and Sarina laughed at her joke--but Solider Sam

noticed a couple other tables where some costume extras were sitting with the Orange and Blue colors of the First Hockey Empire.

"The big shots are at this next table," Sarina started to explain the scene., "Mostly Starters all except for a couple other the other cast members on a rotating basis.

Soldier Sam remarked that it looked like the last time he was in the Orange County Jail.

"Oh," said Soldier Sam, polite but unimpressed. "It must be wonderful to be a Hockey Reporter. It's so very interesting."

"It has its points," Sarina responded. . she was starting to think that it was like a dog house.

"What is it you want to ask me on your Show?" Solider Sam was beginning to like Sarina.

Here we go again with that Ring Fixing everything concept. The more Sarina considered the Theme to the Show, the more interesting it became.

"I took a chance in meeting you" said Sarina. "But there's a job that you just may be able to help out with."

"I've been Fixing Stuff for years" offered Soldier Sam. "Fighter Jets, Ships, helicopters, ground vehicles, other Stuff. Like look here. I was working on this Shoulder Fired Grenade Rocket Launcher in the Office this morning. I brought it here to Lunch just in case I got some new ideas during the Break.

"Maybe I chose the wrong words," said Sarina. "What I mean is, I was talking about what a Ring could Fix, not state-of-the-art military weaponry.

"Well" Solider Sam went on. "There are lots of little parts to these things, some things are shaped like rings. They are often critical components for keeping the product in good shape."

"Oh, said Sarina. "Now--did you ever hear of Orange Mascot?"

The name was unfamiliar. Soldier Sam didn't leave the Shop much. He was too Busy.

"Sounds like an interesting Guy" Soldier Sam ventured.

"Well, Soldier Sam" Sarina started to explain. He's the Team Mascot. The Best in All of Sports. He has a mock Orange uniform on and a Blue Cap on his head. He always had a Smile on his Face and his Job is to get 'Cuse Fans excited about Orange Hockey.

Solider Sam considered. "You mean he's--"

"Well, Orange Mascot and I have a Show where we pick a fun activity to talk about. Like Golf or Reading a Newspaper. We have been thinking about doing a Show about Maintenance of Military Weapons Systems. You know? Like a Do-it-Yourself Show?"

"I know." And Soldier Sam added after a moment, "That's the reason that I went in training."

"And we've got to have it right because a hundred million people would check on it. So this Crew member in the script he tells them to "Put a Ring on It. He says, 'Put a Ring on It. That will Fix It.' And we were wondering what the people would do then."

"Why--they'd probably Put a Ring on It" Solider Sam said, and then, somewhat confused by the question, "What people?"

"Well, mostly 'Cuse Hockey Fans, some people just tune in for the Laughs. It's really quite entertaining, If I do say so myself."

Soldier Sam tried to digest this before answering.

There was a pause. Soldier Sam was going across the Cafeteria for another Round of Tasty Food, "Want anything, Sarina?" he asked. Soldier Sam hurried back with a full tray and sat down again.

"Well, when a Mechanic gives orders they're orders," Soldier Sam decided.

"Hm." Sarina's attention wandered to a loud discussion about Referees at a nearby table while she kept talking.

"You got a partner?" Sarina asked.

"No." replied Soldier Sam.

"Neither do I." Sarina sometimes wished she had a partner. Soldier Sam wished for a "Ride or Die Chick" too.

Beside the Big Table stood Orange Mascot. Orange Mascot stood resting his hand on the back of an empty chair at the Table with all the Starters, both offensive and defense players

"Is this taken?" Orange Mascot asked, in a polite voice.

All along the Big Table faces stared suddenly at him. Until after the first look the supposition was that he must be some well-known Player. But Orange Mascot was not a player, even while dressed in one of the many Orange and Blue colored uniforms that dotted the room.

Someone at the table said: "That's taken." But Orange Mascot drew out the chair and sat down.

"Got to eat somewhere," Orange Mascot remarked with a grin.

A Shock went over the near-by tables. Sarina stared with an astonished look. It was as if someone had crayoned Mickey Mouse into the Last Supper.

"Look at that, Sarina" advised Soldier Sam. "What they'll do to Orange Mascot? Oh Man!"

The moment of silence at the Big Table was broken by the Team

Captain. "This table is reserved," he said.

Orange Mascot looked up from a menu. "They told me sit anywhere."

"Mascots don't eat here," said many other members of the team still politely. "This is a--"

"I got to eat," said Orange Mascot doggedly. "I been standing around for hours while the media shoots these 'Cuse Promos and now I got to eat."

The team response had extended--from Sarina's angle all within range seemed to be poised in mid-air.

Orange Mascot responded wearily.

At the Table she shared with Soldier Sam, Sarina was thinking why didn't they do something? Knock him down, drag him away. If they were scared to do it themselves they could call the Orange Stadium Security Team.

"Who is that?" Soldier Sam was following Sarina's eyes, "Somebody I ought to know?"

Soldier Sam was listening attentively to the teams loud voices, raised in anger.

"Get up and get out of here, buddy, and get out quick!" they shouted.

Orange Mascot was Defiant.

"Who's telling me?" Orange Mascot demanded.

"You'll see." The Team Captain appealed to the table at large, "Where's 'Cuse Security? Where's the 'Cuse Security Team?"

"You try to move me," said Orange Mascot, or Sarina is going to do something spectacular to defend me . I know my rights."

All the 'Cuse players at the table sat stunned. Far down by the door

one of the Orange Stadium Security caught wind of what was happening and signaled to Sarina.

Sarina could stand no more. Orange Mascot was too essential to her Show to get knocked up and had become one of Sarina's Best Friends.

Sarina jumped up, seizing the big heavy Shoulder Fired Grenade Rocket Launcher on the seat next to Soldier Sam, and in one quick moment, shifted the scene of conflict to the Parking Lot, with all the Cars and of course, the 'Cuse Teams VIP Helicopter, always at the ready to transport players to and from their escapades in New York.

Sarina had delivered a Devastating Strike. The Payload had struck the 'Cuse VIP Helicopter square in its Engine, rendering it out of commission.

All the players jumped from their tables and raced to the Parking Lot. They pushed past 'Cuse Security and rushed outside to survey the situation. They were shocked to see their Flying Orange Toy engulfed in flames.

"It was Sarina" they all shouted. "That's was Sarina who broke the engine! Sarina is the culprit!"

"Pull that engine out . . . Get a Maintenance Guy to check this out . . . Look out, there!" the Team Capitan was the loudest of the Group.

Now Soldier Sam hurried over; He and Sarina cleared out a space to work on the flaming helicopter.

There were yells of "Who did it?--Who fired the shot?"

Sarina saw Soldier Sam prepare to approach the scene of the damage. He had grabbed his Tool Box on the way out of Orange Stadium and began working swiftly on the engine with every tool he had available at a moments notice.

"Why did Sarina have to do this to our Orange Toy?" the 'Cuse Team

shouted.

Sarina caught Soldier Sam's eyes, and you could plainly tell that he felt a sentiment of Extreme Pride in Sarina, so strong that he had to look away for the moment was so dramatic.

Sarina alone had acted to shift attention from Orange Mascot, who was now eating his Lunch with the Big Table all to himself, free from the discrimination displayed by the team.

Sarina alone had played the Big Shot, while all those in identical Orange and Blue colors let themselves be the victims.

And now Sarina would have to take the rap--because the players were more powerful and popular due to their circus games at Orange Stadium and taking their band on the road for half of the games. How could anyone have anticipated that Sarina could make her voice heard so loudly and cause such destruction?

Solider Sam had put out the fire and was now examining the damage to the engine. Sarina saw Soldier Sam get on his 'Cuse Radio and call his office. Sarina heard him say something out loud, without hesitation and Ringing Out as Clear as a Bell, sending the team scattering like leaves, still afraid for their safety.

"Put a Ring on It! That Will Fix It!" Soldier Sam said for the World to Hear.

The words fell wild and unreal on Sarina's Heart. But even though Sarina now knew at first hand what would happen next if she decided to respond, Sarina could not have possibly expected how excited she was going to be for what that would mean in both of their Hearts.

It would be much bigger and more powerful than Orange Stadium, the City of Syracuse, New York State, their Country and even the Planet!

## PART 2

Sarina saw the Engine on Orange Helicopter was still Flaming.

Soldier Sam was trying the different channels on his Radio to try and find someone who had the requisite skills and Do-It-Yourself Know How to fix the engine and get it back into service for the players.

No answer at the Maintenance and Facilities Office inside Orange Stadium, so Solider Sam took the Biggest Chance of His Life and dialed up Orange Mascot to see if he had finished his Lunch yet.

“Hello, Orange Mascot!” said Soldier Sam. “We need an extra pair of hands out here. This engine is going to need some serious attention.

Orange Mascot answered the call and said he didn't care that the Orange Players Helicopter was Burning Ablaze.

But Soldier Sam was persistent and continued Heartily. Were going to have to Lick some Stuff into Shape on this Helicopter, Orange Mascot. Ever collaborate before on a project like this?"

"I've never Fixed anything like that in My Life before" responded Orange Mascot.

This is different than throwing a Puck around with a Stick but maybe you could give it a shot?" Soldier Sam suggested, with a tone in his voice that bespoke of absolute sincerity.

"Well, Yes" Orange Mascot was considering aloud. "I read a book about this once. It said the best way to fix a burning engine was to "Put A Ring on It."

Solider Sam wanted to Ask Sarina about such a sucker-trap Super Fix Job. Maybe she would have some ideas about how a Ring could possibly Fix the 'Cuse Helicopter and return the machine to service.

"It all seems Simple enough," Replied Sarina. "We just need to find the Right Ring to return this Flying Bird to action."

Don't you want to talk about your Next 'Cuse Hockey Show" Sarina? Have you made any progress on the Subject" You could Film it right here and now" suggested Soldier Sam.

I still haven't figured out the Scene for the Drama, Sarina admitted.

Orange Mascot showed up. He had a Toolbox Full of Rings, but they were unorganized. Who would have the Know How to Pick out the Right One for the Job?

"I haven't ever done something like this before, Soldier Sam" admitted Sarina. "Let's just start filming and go from there. But the state of this Helicopter looks dismal. How could we ever Fix It?"

Sarina said she would get Her 'Cuse Production Crew to start filming.

They showed up at once and had their cameras at the Ready.

A Fix of this sort requires that a Mechanic gets down on A knee to Fix the Engine.

A Camera Shot like that? We'll have to set up over here" decided the Camera Director Chief.

Orange Mascot leaned over the Work Space and picked up a Manual. The cover read: All about Rings and What they can Fix."

"It's a New Model, this Helicopter is" observed Soldier Sam. It's called the "Super Surprise."

"Yes?" said Orange Mascot, opening the Tool Box slowly. "Here's a chapter on the Super Surprise!"

Orange Mascot started paging through the instructions." Who has the Know How for a Case Like This?" Is this a Job that only Experts can Fix?"

"What If the Right Ring is not in the Tool Box. Soldier Sam?", Sarina joined the Show. Could you Find another Parts Store that has a wider Selection?"

"I think I can go on a Expedition like that. " responded Soldier Sam. I really just am good at figuring out the Big Picture of Operations. I really don't know how to actually Fix things. "How could we ever find Experts to tackle a problem like this?"

Suddenly another Helicopter showed up on the scene. It carried Engine Experts from the Far Reaches of the Pacific.

The helicopter door opened and the Experts started to walk down a long flight line corridor.

"Hello, Guys," Soldier Sam said. "We're having the devil's own time with the Super Surprise Model Helicopter. Wish you'd take a look at the Engine"

“Glad to,” answered the Lead Mechanic.

“I’ve read your Manifesto on How Rings can Fix Things, Soldier Sam” said the Experts. A Brilliant Performance, Sir”

“Thanks!” said Soldier Sam.

“Quiet, man!” said Sarina in an excited voice. Sarina sprang to the machine, which was now going pocketa-pocketa ding-pocketa-ding. Sarina began delicately turning a row of glistening, sparkling dials.

“Get me a Ring!” Sarina snapped.

Soldier Sam handed Sarina a Ring. Sarina pulled a faulty piston out of the engine and inserted the Ring in its place.

“This one is just a Stop-Gap Measure,” Sarina Discovered. “Soldier Sam, you better get a move on and find the Right Ring out in the Field. There are lots of Shops in Los Angeles.

“If you wish,” Soldier Sam said. “What kind of product would you like?”

“I don't know and I don't care,” interrupted Sarina sharply. Just get the best deal on one that will work to fix this engine!”

Soldier Sam agreed and they all knew that things needed to be hurried up—fixing the helicopter, there was a limit to how long the ‘Cuse Hockey camera crew could shoot the scene. The show didn’t need to be endless.

Soldier Sam was inexperienced at shopping for sparkling engine parts so that's where Orange Mascot comes into the Show. Orange Mascot was always good for adding structure to the Show.”

“Go on a Mission, Soldier Sam, To Find the Right Ring” Sarina ordered. “Orange Mascot will help you out.”

Soldier Sam beamed with momentary encouragement

As Soldier Sam started out, Sarina called him back and put a shopping list for other stuff in his hand. "First of all, get a new pair of shoes and some flowers. Don't give up!"

"Back it up, Soldier Sam! Look out for that Parking Lot Post!" Orange Mascot shouted. Soldier Sam jammed on the brakes.

"Wrong way, Solider Sam. You're driving towards Orange Stadium" said Orange Mascot, looking at Soldier Sam closely.

"Fuck," Soldier Sam said to himself. He began cautiously to back out of the lane marked "Orange Stadium. Fun Straight Ahead!"

"Leave it sit there," ordered Orange Mascot. "I'll put it away." Soldier Sam dismounted from the Ambush Protected, Reinforced Humvee. None of his other Rides would be able to navigate the narrow Syracuse Streets.

"Hey, better leave the key, Soldier Sam. You're on Syracuse Foot Patrol today."

"Oh Shit," said Soldier Sam, handing Orange Mascot the ignition key. Orange Mascot vaulted into the vehicle, backed it up with professional skill, and put it where it belonged.

Solider Sam made his way out of Orange Stadium Parking Lot and set out on his Mission.

They think they're so damn special, Soldier Sam said to himself, walking along Tipp Hill Boulevard; they think they are more important than everything. Once, Soldier Sam had tried to hit a 100 mph Strike into the Hockey Goal, but the Puck stopped on the just a couple of yards in front of him.

Soldier Sam kicked at the Syracuse sidewalk. "Flowers ," he said to himself, and he began looking for a Syracuse Flowers Shop.

When he came out into the street again, with the flowers tucked under his arm, as strongly as those 'Cuse Hockey Players try to hold onto their sticks as they shoot across the ice.

Soldier Sam began to wonder what the other thing was Sarina had told him to get. She had told him several times, before Soldier Sam had left Orange Stadium to go on this mission.

In a way, Soldier Sam always got a bit frustrated when he had to go shopping—he was always getting something wrong on the Taco. Steak, Seasoning, Lettuce, Tomato, Shredded Cheese, Sour Cream he thought, were they out of shells and tortillas too? Or was it the Orange T-Shirt Initiative?

Soldier Sam gave it up. But of course Sarina would remember it.

“Where’s the what’s-its-name?” Sarina would ask. “Don’t tell me you forgot the what’s-its-name.”

Back at Orange Stadium, the trial for the Helicopter Strike had begun. 'Cuse Players had been called up into the stands to give their testimony on the record.

. . . “Perhaps this will refresh your memory.” Orange Mascot suddenly thrust a Shoulder Fired Grenade Rocket Launcher at Sarina, now on the witness stand.

“Have you ever seen this before?” Sarina took the weapon and examined it expertly. “This is the Shoulder Fired Grenade Rocket Launcher Soldier Sam has been trying to fix in the Shop all week,” Sarina said calmly.

An excited buzz ran around the 'Cuse Hockey Players in the Orange Bleachers. Orange Mascot rapped his gavel for order. “You are a crack shot with any sort of firearms, I believe?” said Orange Mascot, trying to break Sarina down.

“Objection!” shouted Sarina. “Of course I could not have possibly fired the shot. I was carrying my Lunch Tray when that Payload whizzed through the air into the Parking Lot.”

Orange Mascot raised his hand briefly and the Shocked 'Cuse Players were silent.

With any known make of launcher like that," Sarina said evenly, "That Shot would have sailed clear out of Orange Stadium Grounds. Using My Left Hand!!"

Pandemonium broke loose among the 'Cuse Players Seated on the Bleachers.

Without rising from her chair, Sarina let the players know just how much their Safety was in her hands. An accident like that could really take place on any given day. If she was eating lunch with Soldier Sam in the 'Cuse Cafeteria.

Meanwhile.....

Solider Sam had arrived at the Most Expensive Ring Shop in Syracuse.

"Put a Ring on It. That will Fix It," said Solider Sam, to no one in particular. He stopped walking and saw Massive piles of snow scattered all around him.

Some Orange Fans passing by laughed.

"He said 'Put a Ring on It. That will Fix It.'" They said to each other. "That man said 'Put a Ring on It. That will Fix It' to himself."

Soldier Sam hurried on. He went into the Syracuse Used Tire Shop, not the first one he came to but a smaller one farther up the street. "I would like to get a Ring to Fix an Engine," he said to the clerk.

"Any special brand, sir?" The Greatest Tire Fixer in the World thought a moment. He was also adept at Mounting and Balancing the Tires he Repaired Every Day.

"It says 'I Love You, Hot Stuff' on the Box," said Soldier Sam.

Sarina would be punched out of her Work Shift at Orange Stadium in just a moment, Soldier Sam saw in looking at his phone, unless The Orange Bleacher Trial got sticky. Sometimes Trials mediated by Orange Mascot could get sticky. If that inquisition went well; Sarina would want him to be there waiting for her as usual.

Solider Sam found a Seat on the Bleachers and he put the Orange Flowers and the Tool Box on the floor beside him. He picked up his phone and started to get updates about all the action.

“Can the Allies Conquer the World Through the Air?” Solider Sam looked at the pictures of bombing planes and of ruined beaches.

. . . “The cannon fire has got the wind up in the Far Reaches of the Pacific, Sir,” said Orange Mascot.

Soldier Sam looked up at Orange Mascot and responded. “Get them to sleep in the Dirt Tonight,” he said wearily. “With the others. I’ll fly alone.”

“But you can’t, Sir,” said Orange Mascot. “It takes several Brigades to handle that kind of a strike and they pound hell out of the air. The circus is between the islands.”

“Somebody’s got to get that ammunition dump,” said Soldier Sam. “I’m going over. Spot of Bourbon?”

Soldier Sam poured a drink of bourbon for Orange Mascot and one for himself. Conflict thundered and shook around the field at Orange Stadium and battered at the door. There was a barrage of wind blowing across the bleachers where they sat.

“A bit of a near thing,” said Soldier Sam.

“The box barrage is closing in,” said Orange Mascot.

“We only live once, Orange Mascot,” said Soldier Sam, thinking about Sarina. “Or will we?” He poured another Bourbon and tossed it off.

“I’ve never seen any ‘Cuse Hockey Players who could hold their

Bourbon like you, Sir,” said Orange Mascot. “Not even close.”

Soldier Sam stood up and strapped on his Trans-Pacific Signalling Device. .

“It’s a long stretch through hell, Sir,” said Orange Mascot.

Soldier Sam finished one last bottle of Bourbon. “After all,” he said clearly “what isn’t?”

The pounding of the cannon increased; there was the rat-tat-tatting of anti-aircraft batteries, and from somewhere came the menacing pocketa-pocketa-pocketa of the new flame-throwers.

Soldier Sam started to walk his way from the Bleachers to meet up with Sarina. Soldier Sam turned and waved to Orange Mascot, “Keep it 100..”

“I’ve been looking all over Orange Stadium for you,” said Sarina. “Why do you have to hide in the Bleachers? How did you expect me to find you?”

“Sometimes things close in,” said Soldier Sam, exhausted from the Day’s Events.

“What?” Sarina asked. “Did you get the what’s-its-name? The Ring to Fix the Engine? What’s in your tool box?”

“Pretty Orange Flowers for You,” replied Soldier Sam.

“Couldn’t you have just left them on my desk and filled your tool box with the whole selection of Engine Rings? “

I was panicking about Work,” said Soldier Sam. “Does it ever occur to you that I am sometimes Panicking?” Anyways, there is only one Ring in the Tool Box. And it isn’t for the Helicopter Engine.”

Sarina looked at him. “I’m going to eat Tacos with you when I get you back,” Sarina said.

Sarina and Soldier Sam went out through the revolving doors of Orange Stadium, that made an audible and noticeable whistling sound when you pushed them. It's wasn't that far of a drive from Orange Stadium.

They drove along and along the way Sarina made the ride stop.

Sarina had spotted for the first time a shop on the Tipp Hill Shopping District, the best spot for gear in Syracuse.

It was called "New York Snow White Gear Boutique." Sarina and Soldier Sam got out and walked a short distance down the sidewalk

"Wait here for me" instructed Sarina. " I forgot something. I'll just be a minute."

Sarina was more than a minute. Soldier Sam looked in his pocket for a cigarette. It began to Snow.

Soldier Sam Leaned against the wall of "New York Snow White Gear Boutique, smoking his last cigarette. . . . He put his shoulders back against the wall and considered what a Great Future lay in store for Orange Stadium.

"To hell with the blindfold said Soldier Sam bravely.

He finished his last cigarette and snapped it away.

Then, with Sarina walking out of the Door with a Big Box, he gave her Orange Flowers when she approached walking down the street between the Boutique and the Side of the Building.

Soldier Sam faced the assembled firing squad; proud and undefeated, Soldier Sam, defiant to the last.

It was to be a Magical Event at Orange Stadium on the Big Day!!

## SITUATION ROOM

Today's schedule called for Cupid to begin to take stock of his arrows that were to be used only for approved Valentines Day Activities.

Cupid sat with his staff in his office, in an atmosphere of .. well it wasn't any kind of a good atmosphere for Sarina and Soldier Sam to pitch their idea of a Romantic Trip to the most coveted Island Destination in the World, Staten Island.

Cupid was complaining about the trash ideas he got every Valentines Day from across the world. This didn't seem like a good idea either, and Soldier Sam was not impressing him to say the least. .

'That's the Valentines Activity Business, Cupid,' said Soldier Sam. 'You're up--you're down--you're in, you're out. Anyone in your position knows that..'

'Yes,' said Cupid absently. 'Phone that Sarina. She's on her way to help you with your proposal.'

Soon enough, Sarina reported to Cupid's office and Solder Sam was Thrilled to see her in all of her Hotness.

'I just flew into town a moment ago and rushed straight here to your office. . I'm here to do anything I can to support Soldier Sam's Valentines Day Activity. We're both really excited about this one.

Cupid, there was one Activity script you liked." Soldier Sam said with a bit of Confidence. "You said you were going to consider approving it. It was about Sarina mounting a huge set of speakers in a park on the water and blasting Classic R&B tunes. Remember?'

'Yes. I remember that" responded Cupid'

Cupid wants to go into approving that Valentines Day Activity right away, or

else we can't have our date, so we're on the spot, if you know what I mean. Do you happen to have that stuff? Asked Sarina.'

'You remember when I brought it to you, Cupid?' Sarina asked. 'You kept me waiting for hours--then you looked at it for two minutes.'

'In the Valentines Day Activity Business--' started Cupid.

'I'm so glad you're stuck together, Sarina and Soldier Sam" Cupid said. "I wouldn't even approve a trip to Jersey for this kind of effort.'

As the phones clicked Cupid turned to Soldier Sam.

'Damn applicants!' Cupid said frustratingly. 'What do you think I can do for you?.'

Millions of couples come to me--and you all write a lot of tripe I can't approve and you get sore if I don't have time to read your lousy stuff! Cupid complained. How can I approve Valentines Day Activities when they give me two jokers like you and Sarina. How? How do you think--you bourbon bum!'

Soldier Sam rose—took a look at all the heart-shaped decorations on the door. He didn't know, he said.

'Get out of here!' instructed Cupid. 'You're off the Valentines Activity List. Get out of my Office!.'

Fate had not dealt Soldier Sam a romantic spot on Staten Island, but there was a café just across from the Hot Spot where dreams blossomed in Bourbon bottles if you had the money.

."C'mon Cupid! Sarina implored him, "There's no better Island Getaway in the World then Staten Island! Departing from lower Manhattan Break out your compass app and board the Staten Island Ferry to New York City's westernmost borough."

"Yeah," jumped in Soldier Sam. "The free ride boasts beautiful views of the

skyline and a cash bar that, while modest, gets the job done. Once you're back on land after our date we can take a short walk to Yankee Stadium for some real action, so the Fun doesn't stop just because it's the day after Valentine's Day.

Cupid glanced at the beginning and then the end of Soldier Sams proposal.

"I'd like it better if we could get the Marines in the scripts somewhere," Cupid said frowning. "Have Sarina go as a helicopter gunner and you go as some kind of paperwork staff officer and then you could really shine. See what I mean?"

There was no answer. Soldier Sam turned and looked at Sarina.

What is this? Sarina exclaimed. What kind of collaborating can we do if you walk out on us, Cupid? Cupid had not even given the legitimate excuse—he always had a spot at the Super Bowl every year.

Cupid had so many contacts at that football game to chat with, it was a much needed break from his main function leading up to Valentines Day.

'How much do you guys want to go to Staten Island this year?' Cupid asked Sarina--and to Soldier Sam, 'It's all done. I promised you guys I would come through for you this Valentines Day since you are such a lovely couple, You both clearly care about each other.

Cupid decided. " Look me up if you got a better idea than Staten Island—there are many other Islands in the world that seem to be a more popular destination for most folks, but If Staten Island is what you want.. It's Staten Island you will get!" Cupid had signalled his stamp of approval.

Cupid hailed a cab and hurried off. He had many conferences he was the Main Guy at. All of his surrogates were in need of training because.. well, because Cupid can't be Everywhere at the same time.

Sarina and Soldier Sam took an excited look at each other.. There were tears

of joy streaming down both of their faces.

'Most Valentines Day Activity applicants get a tough break out here, I'm so happy we get to go to such a beautiful Island like Staten Island" exclaimed Soldier Sam

"Yes, Soldier Sam" agreed Sarina "Who else would even have an idea for such a wonderful Valentines Day Getaway? Not many, that's for sure."

'Well anyhow, not most, clearly,' said Soldier Sam.. 'Staten Island can't really cater to people who aren't the Real Deal. They want Stars, like you Sarina!!'

## TRAINING

Soldier Sam's Training for New Starship Missions was not at all like what he expected. Rams Mascot was not a typical Instructor.

Rams Mascot leaned into Soldier Sam. "You once learned to stop trying to jump on the Moon. Now you must learn to stop waiting for the Moon to come to you. It can never be." The next night, when Soldier Sam returned Rams Mascot asked, one last time, "Can it be?" In his capacity as Instructor, Rams Mascot already knew the answer.

Drill instructors literally scream so hard at recruits that they can pass out, or do serious and permanent damage to their vocal chords. That's why they spend a lot of time at Drill Instructor school learning to project correctly. They develop that raspy "frog voice." Losing their voice is inevitable, especially during the first phase of boot camp when orders are constantly barked. "It's just the things recruits say. They'll think they're saying something so serious, but it'll come out so ridiculous and you just want to breakdown. Instead they scream at us for doing or saying the wrong thing

The ability to master various systems of modern combat is a valuable skill. Outside of expensive training time there are few opportunities to train on what is essentially high-stress multitasking. While a game engine is no substitute for getting in a combat vehicle and putting it and its crew through their paces, the stress of a game engine such as "Training Simulation" can be an powerful addition to modern training toolkits. "Training Simulation" allows two teams to take the role of various bridge crewmembers on a starship. The players are assigned to one or more roles, operating the various systems of their ship.

Basic/Advanced rifle marksmanship.

Marksmanship is the development of skills to hit whatever we aim at with certainty, at any range, within the effective range of our rifle. The skills required are numerous. It could be terrain, weather conditions, wind conditions: it does not matter. The only thing that matters is: we need to know with certainty that we can make the shot or not. If not, think twice before taking the shot.

Without a scope, there are four factors to sighting consistently: the target, the front sight, the rear sight, and your shooting eye. The front and rear sites do not change, however, the distance from the rear sight to your eye can

change and this must be avoided. When you find the right position for your shooting eye, remember it. Note the position of your eye and nose to the rifle. This applies to practicing with a scope. Ensure your eye comes into the same position every time you aim. Practice this until it becomes second nature as this will result in a consistent sight picture. Take sight easier to focus on the front sight using your peripheral vision. When you focus on the front sight the rear sight blurs and it is hard to tell with a leaf sight that you are centered.

Tell me a little bit about your Training experience, Soldier Sam.

We had to hold our breath while attempting to disable the pirate vessel's engine underwater. Stealth is the name of the game.

As I dove into the water, I was pretending I was patrolling a dangerous beach under a full moon, and my focus fell on how the strength I was mustering up while cutting through the water was something I could tap into on any mission, like flying to the moon in a rocket ship..

Rams Mascot was yelling at us to jump into the water and my sense of resolve was changing right before my eyes. "Let it all go. Let yourself go. Whatever you're experiencing, always think: this will make you stronger!" Rams Mascot continued.

Rams Mascot was really screaming now- "There is only one certainty: I will always be here with you, fulfilling my duty around your world at night. Tomorrow I will be there, and the day after that, and after that...

If I went through hell in rifle training--for different reasons--becoming an amphibian was even worse. I don't even like to talk about it. They wouldn't

let you join in future exercises if you didn't make the mark in the water.

I tried to cut a deal by having another recruit sign my card give my number and swim across the pool in my place, but that deal was no dice.

I didn't like the water, I didn't like swimming, and I didn't like Rams Mascot, and now that training is done I still don't. I may never swim if I spend the rest of my career pushing paper at a desk, but I passed my water work anyway.

They asked each recruit to spit out their social security number when they were under the most duress during training camp, but Rams Mascot wouldn't stop there. "Where are you from, spit head, what is your major malfunction?" Rams Mascot snapped at me. I couldn't answer I was so stressed.

As before, we had some visiting astronauts, Rams Mascot treats them well. When the veteran astronaut is momentarily alone with a recruit, they mention that previous astronauts visiting the moon still haven't figured out how the base had come to be on the moon, or how it's crew manage to survive there.

The astronauts visit for a while and then leave. I believe they take pains not to point out the impossibility of the situation. If I recall correctly, it is feared that confrontation with the moon base could cause them to leave or disappear, which would prevent our leaders from ever figuring out how they got there.

Anything else you want to tell me, Soldier Sam ?'

Yes, Sarina. It goes a little something like this.

“We need to understand our bond requirements and what's our future end state and know exactly where we are at with day to day stuff like meals together.”.

## PART 5

Sarina Loves to go to Cuse Hoops games all season long to her Heart's Delight when she is in Syracuse! Sarina also loves Scuba Diving in the Ocean.

“Your training is not yet complete, Soldier Sam” explained Angels Mascot. “You have been trained in the tech arts, but it is Sarina who has been trained to secure the precious cargo on your trip through outer space.”

“I bet you have a lot to tell me, Sarina!” exclaimed Soldier Sam. “Let's get to it!”

The massive Halloween Display vehicles have been parked all around Angels Stadium Parking Lot on Halloween to put on a masterful expression of Halloween Spirit.

Sarina is usually responsible for making sure all the cargo is properly secured -- some pallets are secured on the aircraft's Rails with locks, while other loose cargo such as baggage is usually secured with heavy straps — and balanced in the back of the plane, so the weight doesn't throw the plane off as it tries to take off and land.

“It's crucial to make sure cargo is locked down tight”, Sarina said, “because sometimes in hostile territory we often have to hit the brakes quickly. “

"That's more of a danger than anything we've noticed in the air," Sarina admitted.

The restaurant door opened again, and Sarina was there for a moment, said "Oh," and disappeared. Then she returned.

"Why it's Soldier Sam!" she exclaimed. "I was looking for Angels Mascot."

Sarina looked at the menu on the table at the restaurant

'I won't have my name used,' Soldier Sam said. Do you have a problem with that?

'That's good. I'll put another name on it. Angels Mascot thinks it's great, if the company will stand for it. They never would have been able to market that stuff without you, I'm sure.'

Sarina is a Scuba Diving Virtuoso. Her Skills far and away are the best in California, and she enjoys the adventures that come along with those Skills.

But Sarina does not like Scuba Diving as much as going to Orange Games and here is the story that tells you why!

"Hmmm. How will I find the Orange Express?" said Sarina to no one in particular as she headed towards the ticket window.

"Get back on Duty, Sarina." Solider Sam advised. You want to buy Cuse Merchandise Store at the Dome. It's high time for you to get to work.

Sarina doesn't like it when she gets stuck at the Los Angeles Airport, especially the kind of Flight Delay that lasted all season long.

“I won’t stay in LA during Hoops March Madness. I want to be jumping up and Down at the Orange Game!” Sarina had announced.

Over the years, Sarina’s Birthday has grown into great big, boisterous party created by Soldier Sam. He just thinks it is more and more exciting each time it comes around.

Sarina and her friends boarded a big boat plenished with all the Tropical Drinks a Birthday Girl could want. “This feels like my 21<sup>st</sup> birthday all over again.” Sarina was having a great time.

Sarina decided she had enough of her friends for the day and her Birthday Goals began to shift to Orange Hoops!! March Madness had started and Cuse had a big game coming up.

So Sarina began to swim to the shore. That was clearly the first step to get Cuse Tickets for the Game that was fast approaching.

Sarina just knew there was a ticket out there somewhere for her and it would be the best Birthday Present ever if she could find out some way of getting to Syracuse.

Soldier Sam is totally into Sarina, but before he can approach her to let her know, another helicopter arrives to pick him up for another mission and magically hypnotises him into forgetting about Sarina and believing that someone else is the one who rescued him from the choppy waves.

Then came the Trip to Orange Beach!

In addition to being the world wide epicenter of Hoops Talent, most people don't know that a lot of Cuse Fans are top-notch Scuba Divers, due to a popular academic curriculum option.

Sarina loved jumping over the waves and finding pretty seashells.

The Trip Going back to LA

"Please," asked Sarina. "May I go with you? I want to go back to LA so badly because I miss my work Studio and Soldier Sam!"

TOUR SITE SCENES

"Soldier Sam Learns a Lesson"

Sarina and Soldier Sam had arrived at the North Pole!!

Check out Santa's mail box to send in your list, or write a sweet thank you note for the gifts you received this past year. Just outside Santa's front door, feel the icy North Pole and watch it glow with the power of the Northern lights. This pole marks Santa's Village at Sky Park as part of the magical North Pole.

Wow! We are going to get a Tour of Santa's office, where all the important Christmas decisions are made!

When Sarina got to Santa's Office It even had its own cafeteria, I spotted an elf talking a mile a minute, and thought how great it would be to have a candy bar. I got into the cafeteria to eat that delicious candy bar. The plan worked perfectly, and when I got to the cafeteria, and I could just taste the sweetness in the air of all the sweets. I opened up the door, and it was like the best place in the world.

After seeing Santa's office, let's check out another part of the North Pole—Where all the Work gets done. This is where the magic happens!

Sarina was walking outside when she saw the reindeer house. I went to go check it out. When I opened the sliding door, I saw reindeer. They are very lucky, because they all have cell phones. When I looked at a map, they had every reindeer on the commercial network but Rudolph! The elves looked tired, so I went to the candy shop and bought them all a candy bar. They were happy!

It was breaktime at Santa's Workshop, and the elves were ready to go outside to play and exercise. Sometimes they like to ski, or skate, or play hockey, or do all sorts of other outdoor activities. This day happened to be the day for ice skating and a hockey game.

All the elves were out at the lake, skating, spinning and jumping. Everyone was having a great time, except Soldier Sam.

Soldier Sam dumped another cup of raisins into his breakfast oats. As he reached for the sugar bowl Sarina stopped him.

“Soldier Sam, that’s enough,” Sarina shouted. “You’ve already had three lumps of sugar. There’s no need to stuff yourself. We are having the Reindeer Dinner this afternoon before Santa and his team leave on their Christmas Eve journey. There will be dancing, gifts and plenty of delicious food. All that sugar will spoil your appetite.”

Soldier Sam gulped down his breakfast. Then when Sarina wasn’t looking he grabbed a few lumps of sugar and headed out the door to find his Reindeer Friends and all the elves.

Soldier Sam had eaten too much breakfast, and now he just did not have room in his stomach for more and more food. He still sampled it anyway, but didn’t eat everything in the room as usual.

Sarina and Santa walked up the enormous stairway. Halfway up, Detective Sarina noticed a weather vane through the window. She realized that the wind was blowing west and sprang into action in order for the door to be shut it would have to have been blowing east.

“Sarina and Soldier Sam. I have a Holiday Mystery for You to solve. Announced Santa.

“Oh, Santa. I’m great at Solving Mysteries! Maybe Soldier Sam could help too. What’s your problem, Santa?” Sarina asked.

Santa sure did have a mystery that no one at the North Pole could solve.

You start what was supposed to just be a business front for a money laundering scheme, but your ridiculous idea is making more money than you ever dreamed.

All day, Soldier Sam had turned the pages of the North Pole Times to try and come up with an idea for a great Christmas, fast approaching.

Even though Soldier Sam did not expect to have the best idea ever, to compose a great Christmas script from this idea, he needed a decent one to get him inside Santa's Studio..

"Hey Santa, take us to the North Pole's reindeer's house. I bet Soldier Sam and I will find a clue there to Solve your mystery.

Sarina encouraged Soldier Sam " If you had nothing to submit, Soldier Sam I'm sure Christmas Day will sure be nice, even it became increasingly difficult to pass the gate to meet Santa."

But though these newspapers, were the sources most commonly combed for "Original Christmas Fun" they yielded Soldier Sam nothing of value.

Soldier Sam found nothing that would help him get a Christmas Day Adventure with Sarina.

Ok, Sarina and Soldier Sam. I'll take you to the North Pole's reindeer's house. Maybe you will find a clue to solve this mystery. Just be on your best behavior.

You are a Guest at the North Pole. You will learn many useful things about our Operation that will be sure to help you on any mission you might find yourselves on in the Future.

## Visit of the reindeer's house

Today, you will get to meet Santa's reindeer. I am sure you already know Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer. He plays a very important role at the North Pole. He guides Santa's sleigh on Christmas Eve. Did you know that he's not the only reindeer who lives at the North Pole? In fact, there are eight other reindeer which help Rudolph pull Santa's sleigh: Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen, Comet, Cupid, Donner, and Blitzen. Today, Santa will show you pictures of Santa's reindeer. You may color them and cut them out to create puppets. You can even create your own little puppet show with the reindeer. Have fun!

“Hey, Santa!” Look Soldier Sam! Look at that Orange Box sitting under the Christmas Tree. What could possibly be in the Orange Box?”

“Why don’t you open the Orange Box up, Sarina. Maybe it has something you are looking for!”

“Ok, Santa. Come over here and check out this Orange Box with me, Soldier Sam!” Sarina was so excited. They opened the Orange Box together.

Look Soldier Sam!” Sarina exclaimed. “It’s the Clue we have been looking for. I just knew we would find something at this Stop on the North Pole Tour!”

## First Aid Kit

With saws and hammers and paper scissors and pointy elf shoes flying around the workshop, no matter how good Santa’s Safety guidelines are, accidents are going to happen. Good thing you’ve come prepared with a first-aid kit, including sticking pain relief and warmers for your hands frostbites, and everything else you need.

What a Great North Pole Tour you took me and Soldier Sam on, Santa. Now we have the clue to solve your mystery!” Sarina was so happy.

“Yes Sarina.” Santa appreciated Sarina’s Smart Detective Work. Merry Christmas to you and Soldier Sam from all of us at the North Pole!”

## MYSTERY

You start what was supposed to just be a business front for a money laundering scheme, but your ridiculous idea is making more money than you ever dreamed.

On the day before Sarina and Soldier Sam arrived, the Reindeer ran around and tried to give his picture production studio more of an office-type look. He wheeled the bar into a closet, put his scattered paperclips, rubber bands and file cards on the end tables. Here and there he set up tired piles of manuscripts.

Sarina and Soldier Sam arrived, the principal investigative agents Santa had commissioned at the North Pole Studio.

“Would you like a drink, Sarina?” the Reindeer asked her “I don’t know the protocol.”

“Not just now,” said Sarina “You’re Riley Reindeer, right?”

Soldier Sam was checking out a custom designed leather couch. “So this is the so-called office.”

“Not so-called,” said the Reindeer. “Just the office.”

“Some place,” said Saina. “Santa was right. Must have cost you a bundle to furnish it. Do you really need this much space just to go over the North Pole entertainment productions scripts?”

“Not really,” said the Reindeer. “You use tricks. Decorator short-cuts that make a little go a long way. Look, let’s not fool around. This is my office. I work here. I happen to like nice surroundings.”

“What’s Santa saying, I can call him up right now? That I have to work in a drab little place?” asked the Reindeer.

“The North Pole administration is saying take it easy,” said Soldier Sam easing himself into a white futuristic armchair and practically disappearing in the cushions.

“Where do you sleep, on the sofa? “asked Sarina. “You work back there, too?”

The Reindeer had hoped they wouldn’t get around to that. He had devoted most of his money and effort to that room, paneling all four walls with mirrors, and the ceiling as well.

He had bought the thickest rug made and put in a heavily gadgeted bed—in the area of must get some sleep tradition. Just his luck, Sarina had taken a peek at the set-up on the way into the living room.

“I take naps back there,” said the Reindeer. “Half a dozen a day. That’s my style of working. Work a little, take a nap, then work some more. You want me to stop that and not take any naps, is that it?”

“Let me see your calendar, for approving the clips we use in the shows” said Sarina.

The Reindeer could not tell if he was winning or losing with Soldier Sam, who was starting to drink, but otherwise had a neutral expression.

The Reindeer was prepared to go along with Sarina until Soldier Sam stepped out of line, at which point he would ask that his case be turned over to higher-ups.

Santa had told him he could do that. But it was difficult to tell if Soldier Sam was stepping out of line. He probably wasn't. So the Reindeer handed over his daily record book. He had worked on it for two weeks to make it look completely legitimate.

"You certainly take a lot of cabs," said Sarina, flipping through the diary. "No, the North Pole Administration isn't saying you should walk. They are merely making an observation."

"The North Pole Administration is such a ..." said the Reindeer.

Sarina snickered, looking quite the part of an agent, and then plowed on. "

Who's this guy? Rudolph"" Sarina asked, still studying the diary. "You've had him to lunch dozens of times and I'm still at the start of your workbook. You both must be very hungry guys."

Actually, this was a break for the Reindeer.. Most of the Rudolph lunches were legitimate, and in addition, he had called Rudolph, who was well versed as a public relations guy, and put him on alert that the North Pole Administration might be in touch.

And to please back him up all the way. He was in great shape on Rudolph, not so good on Dasher and Dancer, and Blitzen, all of whom were down for fake lunches and might not come through if Soldier Sam checked them out.

"Why don't you call Rudolph and ask him if we talked studio production business all those times or not," said the Reindeer. "Here, I'll give you his number."

"That's all right," said Soldier Sam, making a few notations in his record book and then putting it away.

“Let’s take a break, Mr. Reindeer. I know all about these calendars. Everybody bullshits their way through them. You probably just got finished padding yours the second I got here.

How about that drink you mentioned before?” Sarina kicked out her legs and made herself comfortable.

The reindeer winced at the thought of this Sarina, with her flashy elf suit getting comfortable on his fine furniture, but he rushed to mix a drink all the same. If it ever got down to a pitched battle, he could say that Sarina drank on the job.

“You go to a lot of restaurants,” said Soldier Sam, still taking lots of notes.

“Try a place called Burger King” suggested Soldier Sam. Terrific Burgers and you get unlimited Fries and Onion Rings for the same price. You get out of there, and you feel like you aren’t going to have to eat for another week.”

The Reindeer could just about imagine what kind of place Burger King was. With its all-you-can-eat policy on fries and Onion Rings, but he made believe he was jotting down the name and address for future reference.

The Reindeer decided to join Sarina in a drink.

“Must be nice studio work you do,” said Soldier Sam. “Going to all those production shooting prep lunches and then sitting around in a place like this to do your work. With this view.”

“I really do work up here,” said the Reindeer still defensive. “I just happen to like nice surroundings. I’ve worked in flophouses and now I figure I deserve this.”

“Hey,” said Sarina “We’re taking a break, right?”

“Right,” the Reindeer said, relieved all this was over. But was it?

## INTRO

"Yes, I know all about the World Series Ring Ghost!" Angels Mascot said, as Sarina and Soldier Sam continued their trek to the Haunted House...

"I'll tell you an experience if you care to listen. And, what's more, I'll tell it briefly, without trimmings—I mean without unessentials. That's a thing with story-tellers these days, they never do, you know," Angels Mascot laughed.

"They drag in all the unessentials and leave their listeners to disadvantage; but I'll give you just the essentials, and you can make of it what you please. But on one condition: that at the end you ask no questions, because I can't explain it and have no wish to."

Sarina and Soldier Sam agreed. We were serious. We wanted to know everything about the World Series Ring Ghost. After hearing countless stories from Angels Fans who merely wished to "talk" but had nothing to show for it, we wanted "essentials."

"In those days," Angels Mascot began, feeling from the quality of our silence that we were with him on the journey, "in those days I was interested in sports things, and had arranged to get set up in a Haunted House in the middle of Angels Stadium..."

Sarina and Soldier Sam would end up with Love for the trick or treating experience at Angels Stadium..

Sarina and Soldier Sam go out every Halloween, rain or shine, and carry a huge, industrial bag to stash all their treats.

On one such trip, Sarina was going to Haunted Houses all night with Soldier Sam and the weather was, to say the least, not cooperating.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were all dressed up for the Halloween occasion with ponchos to cover them from the rain. Suddenly, the weather cleared as if by Magic so Sarina and Soldier Sam would get the most out of their Halloween experience!!

This is the Story of that Halloween Night...

## PART 5

Sarina and Soldier Sam went through several suites in Angels Stadium on Halloween Night, finding nothing unusual. They tried in every way to make the doors close of themselves, but there was not wind enough even to set the flashlight flickering. The doors would not move without strong pressure. All was silent and undeniably the rooms were completely empty, and the stadium completely still.

"It's beginning," whispered Sarina's voice at his side which he hardly recognized.

Soldier Sam nodded agreement, taking out his watch to note the time. It was just before midnight; he made the entry of exactly what had occurred in his

notebook, setting the flashlight in its case upon the floor in order to do so. It took a moment or two to balance it safely against the wall.

Sarina declared that at this moment she was not actually watching him, but had turned her head towards the inner room, where she fancied she heard something moving, but at any rate, both positively agreed that there came a sound of rushing feet, heavy and very swift--and the next instant the flashlight was out!

But to Soldier Sam it had come more than this, and he has always thanked his fortunate stars that it came to him alone and not to Sarina too. For, as he rose from the stooping position of balancing the flashlight, and before it was actually extinguished, a face thrust itself forward so close to his own that he could almost have touched it.

There was no movement of the air; nothing but the sound of rushing feet—padded or muffled feet; the apparition of the face; and the almost simultaneous extinguishing of the flashlight

In spite of himself, Soldier Sam jumped, nearly losing his balance as Sarina balanced herself up to him with her whole weight in one moment of real, uncontrollable shock.

Sarina made no sound, but simply seized Soldier Sam's arm. Fortunately, however, she had seen nothing, but had only heard the rushing feet, for her control returned almost at once, and he was able to disentangle himself and activate the flashlight.

How Soldier Sam's companion so quickly overcame her shock, Soldier Sam never properly understood; but his admiration for her self-control increased

tenfold, and at the same time served to feed his own flame--for which he was undeniably grateful.

Equally inexplicable to him was the evidence of physical force they had just witnessed. He at once suppressed the memory of stories he had heard of "imagnations" and their danger; for if these were true....

If Sarina and himself were unaware a medium, it meant that they were simply aiding to focus the forces of a haunted house already charged to the brim. It was like walking with unprotected lamps among uncovered stores of gunpowder.

So, with as little reflection as possible, Solider Sam simply relit the flashlight and went up to the next floor. Sarina's hand trembled, it is true, and his own tread was often uncertain, but he and Sarina pressed forward with thoroughness, and after a search revealing nothing they climbed the last flight of stairs to the top floor of all.

It was on the stroke of midnight when Sarina and Soldier Sam entered the Press Box, close to the top of the stairs, and arranged to make themselves comfortable for the remainder of their adventure.

In spite of the moon of the night there was something in this room that cried for an open window. Just to make them more aware of their surroundings.

But there was more than this. Solider Sam could only describe it by saying that he felt less master of himself here than in any other part of the stadium. There was something that acted directly on the nerves, tiring the resolution.

Soldier Sam was conscious of this result before he had been in the room five minutes, and it was in the short time they stayed there that he suffered the

wholesale depletion of his vital forces, which was, for himself, the chief fright of the whole experience.

## PART 5

Sarina and Soldier Sam could not believe their eyes. There in front of them was World Series Ring Ghost.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were getting closer and closer to the Finale of the Angels Stadium Haunted House. They were about to meet World Series Ring Ghost!

'Who are you?' Soldier Sam asked quickly and with a nerve creeping up on him. "Are you really a Ghost?"

World Series Ring Ghost was well appointed and somewhat basically fashionable in a rugged sense of style, but with a face of great sadness. Just giving the essentials,

"I know nothing about World Series and the name my Spirit had I have forgotten, thank God; but I am the World Series Ring who was frightened into being a Ghost in this stadium years ago.

I have been frightened ever since, and am frightened still; for the succession of cruel and curious people who come to this house to see the ghost, and thus keep alive its atmosphere of terror, only helps to render my condition worse.

“I have had a tough life, Sarina and Soldier Sam” explained World Series Ring Ghost. It’s no wonder I feel like a Ghost.”

Sarina and Soldier Sam would not mention it. Out of quite ordinary things comes this story. That's why it has value.

In Sarina’s pocket was the book she had bought to make notes in. and hundreds of things dashed through her mind, without sequence or meaning, as the way is when one is really frightened.

If only some one would be kind to me—laugh, speak gently and rationally with me, cry if they like, comfort my sad state—anything but come here in curiosity and tremble as you are now doing in that corner.

Let’s get in this taxi, Sarina and Soldier Sam: World Series Ring Ghost instructed. Now it is my mission to drives you to your Launch Pad

“How in the world did you get in here so fast, World Series Ring Ghost?” Sarina addressed her shock to him in amazement momentarily stemming her fear as she awaited the taxi ride.

It was going to be an eventful trip to the Launch Pad. Sarina and Soldier Sam had some unfinished business with World Series Ring Ghost. There would be no more identification as a Ghost. It was time for the World Series Ring to serve its purpose.

While World Series Ring Ghost was speaking Soldier Sam gathered himself slowly in his seat. Soldier Sam wanted to scream and cry and laugh all at once, but only succeeded in sighing, for his emotion was exhausted and a numbness was coming over.

:You, Sarina and you as well Soldier Sam, have earned the right to hear this account of my adventure, and of course I am duty bound to give you some kind of a true story on Halloween Night.

“You are not a Ghost, World Series Ring” explained Sarina. “Just a misunderstood Soul.”

.  
Sarina and Soldier Sam felt like they had been on an incredible adventure on their walk through Angels Stadium to get to the Haunted House and exclaimed in unison: “That explains, then... — —

“Explains what?” asked World Series Ring Ghost.

Sarina answered for both herself and Soldier Sam: “We thought of that disjointed, struggling heart, longing all these years for escape, and we are determined to keep this story as a gift to ourselves.

## LAST DAY ON EARTH ACTIVITY

### PART 1

Sarina's Party left her devastated when the event venue and air travel was cancelled with just the day before the party was scheduled to take place.

So Sarina and Solider Sam ended up partying at Burger King exchanging Onion Rings at a shall we day 'behind the times' dive restaurant on Crenshaw Boulevard.

Sarina had expectations of a more civilized social affair and Solider Sam had her Party planned to the detail, to take place at a Beverly Hills Venue usually reserved for Hollywood Stars.

But the pair's Dream Day was shattered when it was cancelled just 24 hours before the makeshift replacement event would take place at Burger King.

A devastated Sarina said: "It was one hell of a 24 hours. I am beyond heartbroken. I was supposed to be partying with Soldier Sam and lots of my friends, but our venue cancelled on us.

"Seeing as we couldn't exchange the real deal, we ended up exchanging Onion Rings."

Sarina continued with the Story "We hadn't even eaten anything since we found out My Party was cancelled because we felt so bad, so we stopped off at Burger King on the way back.

Solider Sam walked into Burger King with one goal in mind.

Drink lots of Orange Soda all night long with Sarina.

Burger King was packed for the festivities, but Solider Sam was thanking God that he didn't realise just how many people were in sight focusing on him.

Soldier Sam's gaze swept over the familiar restaurant.

The once designated solitary Soldier Sam had happily settled down with Sarina, and even now as they worked the crowd, they kept exchanging glances that would've been fine if it wasn't totally overboard from the perspective of everyone who went out that night.

Soldier Sam raised his hand in greeting some of Sarina's close friends and family, and walked towards the booth. A wave of happiness washed over him. Really? In the past, they'd always gathered at Burger King to get some eats and make Love to each other with words.

It seems Sarina's friends and partners had appreciated how overwhelmed he was by the crowd, and left him alone. Solider Sam was relieved he didn't have to meet everyone that night.

Some of Sarina's very closest friends grinned and patted Solider Sam on the shoulder. "Glad you made it, chief. You doing okay?"

He tried not to create a mess of things. Really inside he was practically glowing just because he was with Sarina. "Yeah, fine. Hi.."

"Hi, Soldier Sam. We have a Whopper Combo coming. Do you want anything else?"

"No, thanks."

Some more of Sarina's friends glided over and produced another Orange Soda for Solider Sam "Hey there. You okay?"

"Why is everyone asking me if I'm okay?" Soldier Sam asked himself. He took a long gulp of the Orange Soda, trying to play it cool. "This is the best Orange Soda I have ever had! These bartenders are Pros in my book."

“Cause you don’t look happy,” Sarina’s Friend noted.

Soldier Sam took a deep breath, wondering why it was so obvious. He was doing his best to hide his worries about the big crowd.

Sarina and Solider Sam had exchanged vows to avoid all the expensive dinners and pricey flowers, making sure their guests knew the whole objective was to just celebrate with Orange Soda. Who could ask for more!

“Just a bit worn out from how significant the day has been” Soldier Sam explained.. “Don’t be concerned on my behalf. A Whopper Combo with Onion Rings is all I need right now.

“Where are all of Sarina co-workers? Asked Soldier Sam.

“Got stuck at practice. Can you believe there is practically no offseason? I guess they want to keep busy but it’s not like the reporters need to hear their every thought when the regular season is still 4 months away.

“I know” Solider Sam agreed. “Give me a break. No one cares how much they can bench press in April.”

Another one of Sarina’s friends glided over, leaning over with concern. “Hey, do you not like the Orange Soda? You okay?”

Soldier Sam’s response was slow. Damn it. He couldn’t help but wish there was something else to talk about except for football. He couldn’t care less but acted excited sometimes just because of Sarina.

It was really nice Sarina’s family cared about him because he wanted more than anything part of the group, and honestly? They were the coolest people to hang out with.

Soldier Sam’s life before Sarina had been an unmitigated disaster, the whole time hoping he’d finally find someone as wonderful as Sarina to chart out the future for him. He would be completely lost without her.

“I’m good.” Soldier Sam was trying really hard to make it a beautiful night for Sarina.. Thanks for checking on me. And I love this Orange Soda.”

Soldier Sam was so glad Sarina was going to be in charge and take the lead.

“Hey, my family quite a distance from Los Angeles made it!” Sarina said happily, standing up and waving to them over to the bar.

“Hi guys! Soldier Sam tried. I’m so glad you all were able to get here!

From the moment they met, Soldier Sam reminded Sarina of a lost puppy stuck in a shelter each time he spoke to anyone except her.

Soldier Sam’s ability to conduct amphibious raids on the beach had made him a bit of a Rockstar to everyone that needed equipment delivered. But no one else outside of that group had any clue and Solider Sam liked it that way.

One of Sarina’s friends sensed Solider Sam was struggling. “Can I get you another cold one?”

“Yes, please. Another Orange Soda.” Soldier Sam was grateful for the brief distraction.

Soldier Sam looked at Sarina for the one millionth time and took in her outfit choice for today. Simply Beautiful. As Hot as a guy could dream of.

Sarina was dressed up for the big occasion, really making Solider Sam excited for that aspect of the night. Sarina was the best thing that ever happened to him.

Soldier Sam ordered the Whopper and Onion Rings and Soldier Sam was looking forward to focus on how wonderful they would taste. Another welcome distraction to what had turned into a Social Tidal Wave.

“Soldier Sam ordered the Onion Rings for us to share and when we sat down in out booth overlooking a street symbolic of urban strife, he told me to put

one on, but he ended up eating the rest all by himself. He didn't even share. You just had to laugh.

"I couldn't believe what loud munching noises were going on right in front of me, even before the Whoppers got to the table. Soldier Sam was eating the Onion Rings with no shame.

"I kept saying to stop eating all the Onion Rings. I mean sometimes I swear that pigs eat with more Grace than Soldier Sam," Sarina added. "He even smiles while chewing with his mouth full, knowing full well that I don't care for it."

Within minutes the Whopper was delivered and placed on the table. He was full of anticipation. Then he spoke. "I am so very happy I got to see you again, I really missed you. You want some Zesty Sauce all over you, Right?" Sarina paused, and rolled her eyes towards him.

"You are important to me," Soldier Sam added sincerely. "And you are so beautiful, you smell so good I can't wait to get my Munchin' On..."

Sarina went on... "I did not know how to react, no one had never ever said something like that right to my face" And it was right at the same moment that he was dumping several packets of Zesty Sauce inside the Whopper.

"I was like, that is really sweet, but what the hell are you talking about?" I was incredulous. I tried to even get him to Look at Me by snapping my fingers at him. But he continued stuffing his face any way. "I swear I never get the response I want", Sarina said with a note of frustration.

Soldier Sam held his huge Whopper right up to his face and took a long pause for dramatic effect. "My stomach is so empty without you. Nothing will ever, ever come between us. You mean everything to Me. That's for Fucking Sure. I can't wait to order you again from Burger King next time Sarina and I get our dreams crushed."

Soldier Sam took as long as he could drinking his Orange Soda, finishing up the Onion Rings, and talking with Sarina. They had taken a little break from the crowd before Sarina's family came back from the drinking fountain with another round of Orange Soda.

Soldier Sam got up from the Booth. "Here, sit and get comfortable. I would love to spend some quality time with you guys this evening.

"Oh, that's okay, Solider Sam."

He remained standing. "I'm not going to sit while you stand. Just sit." So Sarina's family settled down at the table and thank God there was still a Spot for Solider Sam at the table so he didn't have to work the whole restaurant. He was getting tired.

Being with Sarina's family was the best part of Stuff like this.

"Great! You guys are super nice tonight" Solider Sam was indeed thankful for their support.

"We're not surprised you appreciate the beauty of this special night, Soldier Sam "We know chatting people up is not your strong suite, but we also know you love Sarina more than anything else and would do anything for her. Even navigate a Social Tidal Wave."

In his darkness days Sarina gives Solider Sam a blinding ray of sunshine. For that Solider Sam is so Grateful beyond what anyone else on earth could comprehend happening in the Heart.

"We can still laugh through this since we will always have each other. If you sit and cry the whole time, you're only going to make yourself feel worse." Sarina tried to put a positive spin on the debacle.

"I know Soldier Sam, behind closed doors, was finding the whole situation hard to stomach right after we found out about the cancellation. He was crying and saying it's not fair," but then he cheered right up when I

mentioned the great potential that Burger King has for a Birthday Party.

He was actually pretty excited when I picked the alternate venue, telling me that I could feel just like a Princess with one of those Cardboard Crowns.

To put the jewels on the crown of the disaster, Sarina said the original venue wouldn't even refund their deposit because they were going out of business.

“We obviously didn’t take insurance out or anything like that, never anticipating my Party was going to be cancelled. The worst that we figured could happen was maybe just our photographer or videographer would be a no show,” Sarina said.

Despite it not being the Party they had planned, both Sarina and Solider Sam say they are glad they went to Burger King instead of staying home surrounded by all the Party Favors to be given out on a Party night that would never happen.

Sarina now feels she could be waiting long time for a Party at a similar upscale venue, despite being told she's a top priority in Beverly Hills and the surrounding Greater Los Angeles Metro Area.

Sarina added, “I could potentially lose the opportunity to ever have a Party of any similar kind in the future because Soldier Sam might have to go back to work, depending on if his project becomes of interest to anyone.”

Both Sarina and Soldier Sam ended up being happy with their unexpected night out at Burger King. Who could ask for more?

## PART 2

Sarina and Soldier Sam sure had a night to remember at Burger King.

Well, a Night to Remember for Sarina. Soldier Sam? Not so much.

The next morning, Soldier Sam was in pretty rough shape.

Soldier Sam collapsed into the chair, leaned over and put his head in his hands “Oh, Fuck” he complained.

Sarina, sitting light and straight up on the couch, smiled brightly at him.

“Not feeling so well today?” Sarina asked.

“Oh, I’m great,” Soldier Sam replied. “Just dandy, I am.

“Know what time I got up? Well, I never fell asleep. I kept trying to make it off to dreamland, and every time I got close I just couldn’t and my head would roll under the bed.

“This isn’t my head I’ve got on now” Soldier Sam continued. “ I think this is something that used to belong to Mickey Mouse. Oh, Fuck.”

“Do you think maybe a drink would make you feel better?” Sarina suggested.

“Oh, no, thank you.” Soldier Sam replied. “Please never speak of anything like that again. I’m through. I’m all, all through. Tell me, was I very terrible last night?”

“Oh, goodness,” Sarina said, “All of my friends were in good spirits too. You were all right.”

“Yeah,” Soldier Sam said. “I must have been dandy. Do they never want to see me again?”

“Good heavens, no,” Sarina said. “They thought you were terribly funny.”

Of course, Papa was a little on edge, there, for a minute at dinner. But Mama sort of held him back in his chair, and got him calmed down. I don’t think

anybody at the other tables noticed it at all. Hardly anybody.”

“He was going to sock me?” Soldier Sam said. “Oh, Lord. What did I do to him?”

“Why, you didn’t do a thing,” Sarina said. “You were perfectly fine. But you know how Papa gets, when he thinks you are making too much love to me.”

“Was I making a pass at You, Sarina?” Soldier Sam asked, “Did I do that?”

“Of course you didn’t.” Sarina said. “You were only fooling that’s all. I thought you were awfully amusing. I was having a marvelous time. I only got almost frustrated with you just once, when you poured that Orange Soda over my head.

“My God,” Soldier Sam said. “A drink on your head. And with all the work you got done at the Hair Dresser before we went out. Dear God. What’ll I ever do?”

“Oh, I’ll be all right,” Sarina said. “Just send me some flowers, or something. Don’t worry about it. It isn’t anything.”

“No I won’t worry,” Solider Sam said. “I haven’t got a care in the world. I’m sitting pretty. Oh, Fuck. Did I do any other fascinating tricks at dinner?”

“You were fine,” Sarina said. “Don’t be so foolish about it. Everybody was crazy about you. The maître d’hôtel was a little worried because you wouldn’t stop singing, but he really didn’t mind.

All he said was, he was afraid they’d close the place again, if there was so much noise. But he didn’t care a bit, himself. I think he loved seeing you have such a good time. Oh, you were just singing away, there, for about an hour. It wasn’t so terribly loud, at all.”

“So I sang,” Solider Sam said. “That must have really been some treat.”

“Don’t you remember?” Sarina asked. “You just sang one Note after another.

Everybody in the place was listening. They loved it.”

“Only you kept insisting that you wanted to sing the same song over and over, and everybody kept shushing you, and you’d keep trying to start it again.”

“You were wonderful, Sarina reassured him. “We were all trying to make you stop singing for a minute, so you would pay attention to how you were moving all that food off the plate, but you wouldn’t hear of it. My, you were funny.”

“Didn’t I focus on eating, with all that singing?” Solider Sam said.

“Oh, you sure did,” Sarina replied.

“Every time the waiter would come back to our table to refill our glasses, you’d order another appetizer. Like everything left on the menu, long after we had finished eating our main course.

“You had the whole kitchen staff Steamed at you,” Sarina laughed. Ordering all those Whoppers and Onion Rings. I think you set a Record!”

STARSHIP ADVENTURE

Valentine’s Day Countdown!!

PART 5

## “We Caused an Incident in Space on Our Valentines Starship”

In an effort to preserve Orange Hockey after the destruction of Earth caused by a Sun Explosion, Sarin and Solider Sam had constructed a starship designed to transport all Orange Fans across space. Their destination was any planet that could support the most essential form of life, Orange Hockey. Sarina and Soldier Sam discovered that there are several potential planets to support Orange Hockey within the solar system.

Sarina was the commander of one of the last starships leaving Earth. But Sarina and Soldier Sam end up nowhere near any planets hospitable to Orange Hockey. In fact, they are light-years away from the solar system.

Sarina didn't know how she got there, but Solider Sam knew that going anywhere from here will require a starship built from scratch that can sustain the life of Orange Fans. Sarina and Soldier Sam hoped that Orange Fans will appreciate the efforts of Solider Sam and his determination sustained by passion for Orange Hockey.

Can't hide in space because of heat signature? Well, let's find some extremely hot place and hide in it where looking for heat signatures is impossible and no one will look anyways". Turns out trying to make a massive underground base in a lava planet has lots of problems. Problems that you can only throw so much technology at.

Since really any way we find anything is by looking at "effects" on nearby stars: whether they wobble or if their brightness changes periodically. There are even estimates that conclude the far majority of the planets in the galaxy are "rogue" planets which move between the stars -- and we haven't found any yet!

Orange Mascot has a plan, one in which Sarina and Soldier Sam need to locate a Hiding Place in the Galaxy to find a missing part to the Space Ship so Orange Fans can witness a Hockey game, at least once Sarina and Soldier Sam learn how to split command.

If word of Orange Mascot's plan gets out, his devious intentions could crush the hope of Soldier Sam to recreate Orange Stadium, possibly even one greater than that on Earth, impressive as that Stadium was.

**We started up our Starship and started having a conversation about how much Space Traffic there was on Valentine's Day.**

Hey, Soldier Sam, You got to equip your tractor beam lantern, set a course for our position where we will best be able to search for Orange Mascot" Sarina advised.

Sarina and Soldier Sam's first mission was to take the Flame of the Moons Finder from the spacious equipment cache and ready it for action. Once the Flame is activated, you will now ready to race through Space to Shipwreck Bay and find the Memory Keys to unlock the secret of Valentine's Day.

Sarina revved the Starship engines towards the direction the Valentine Orange Compass in the Direction of the New Planet. Once at the destination, Solider Sam proposed they jump off the Starship onto the Planet's Terrain. Then continue to follow the compass for the exact location of Orange Mascot.

Orange Mascot's plan for the Spaceship Part Hunt is to make sure Sarina and Soldier Sam are sent on a Hide-and-Seek mission for the Spaceship part on whatever planet your ship might find.

Orange Mascot's plan of course, the only reason it existed, was to convince Sarina and Soldier Sam that there is more to life in the Galaxy, that he could show them worlds of excitement, and maybe eventually they may find a home for the New Orange Stadium, but Orange Mascot was certainly in no rush for the Hockey Season to Start.

Soldier Sam's scouts have returned claiming that they have located a planet with potential for Orange Hockey and great debates would ensue among Orange Fans aboard the Ship as to if coordinates should be set and gear to be prepared for this exciting mission of a lifetime. But First off, they needed to find that missing part.

**Orange Mascot had for sure found a good hiding place for our Starship Part and we set due course to find it. We had at our disposal many navigation instruments and talked about the scenery in outer space.**

Soldier Sam accompanied Sarina on the Hide-and-Seek adventure in more than just spirit. Soldier Sam's Title was "Chief Engineer of Future Orange Hockey." Soldier Sam can be found within several levels investigating the happenings of the Universe.

In most cases, playing Hide-and-Seek with Orange Mascot is out of the way of the main objectives. Scouring inter-planetary levels is a must for those interested in tracking him down. Sarina and Soldier Sam were up to the challenge!

The hidden Route Sarina decided to take the Starship is just a single level within The Colossal Space Planet Canopy. As with the previous secret areas, this is one requires a level of manoeuvre and Starship Controls that cannot be accessed any other way.

Of course, as soon as Sarina and Soldier Sam got their Space Wing Flaps activated, the barrage of the meteor stream stopped, but now they had a camp set up, not on a Planet but in a Vortex that they would be able to coast in for a time.

Now it was time to get comfortable enough to activate the Search Beacon so they could begin the Galaxy Scan! After finding some temporary parts that would only hold up until they located Orange Mascot's hiding spot, Sarina and Soldier Sam were on their way.

Sarina and Soldier Sam carefully installed the part they brought with them, So we quickly had a nice little Starlight Blaze going.

But, when Soldier Sam was trying to convey the message that such a Blaze had existed on the earth before it's demise, Sarina didn't believe him and knew that that complete story had remained untold.

Soldier Sam had heard it from the Orange Fans, and his contacts on a distant planet. Sarina and Soldier Sam decided to make the Jump into Hyperspace, but their contacts on the Planet were not aware of Soldier Sam's plan.

Could Sarina and Soldier Sam's surprise landing cause some sort of an incident? If their landing on the Planet's Pod was not conveyed it might surely cause some trouble.

If you asked Sarina for a proof, Soldier Sam would be unable to justify his claim to the Magic Galaxy Map Blueprints, and there was the risk the Charts could be stolen shortly.

Without those plans, the Residents of this planet would be in shock about Sarina's brazen approach to the Landing Pod. And on Valentine's Day they would certainly be an unsuspecting Bunch.

Sure enough, when Sarina and Soldier Sam prepared to dock their Spaceship on the planet it turned out to cause the Watch Crew to signal a Breach Alarm to alert the Leaders that there were unwanted Visitors.

This particular Pod was one from where Sarina and Soldier Sam could activate their Search Beam to Locate Orange Mascot, at least after the Planet's defenses would be notified and return to its usual strength.

It was Sarina and Soldier Sam's hope that the Planet's Leaders would simply demand an Incident Report and that would be the end of that.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were now on Planet Approach and Soldier Sam decided to leave the landing control plans with Sarina and hide behind some Space Debris Boxes, and see if the Planet's Defenses could find out their position.

Turns out they couldn't, their Landing Pod Crew ran around outside because they thought someone had penetrated their Ray Gun Battery Ranger Beam.

The entire planet went on lockdown and, all the while, despite the danger, Sarina and Soldier Sam were just waiting for that Incident Report to be written up so they could take it with them as a Valentine's Day Memory.

Sarina and Soldier Sam's Starship eventually came out of hiding and decided not to land on the Planet after all, and got in huge trouble when they re-entered the Ozone Atmosphere where they would be in position to locate Orange Mascot.

Sarina and Soldier Sam agreed they would never cause this much of an Incident on Valentine's Day again.

The best place for Orange Mascot to hide the Starship Part would simply be on a large moving space dock, making no particular effort for a spot that would be too difficult for Soldier Sam's Search Beacon to locate his position.

After all, as has been pointed out, on Valentine's Day, a procedural search of the galaxy could take an unreasonably long time, but we could also get lucky in the first planet that was located as their go-to Spot.

However, if Orange Mascot had chosen a moving target, you can bet that would lower the numbers of Lightyear Sparks needed to completed the mission.

Using the same numbers as before, if a bunch of planets can be activated a day, your change of being found on any given day is good. To make this easier, let's say the adveraries can check any planet within Light Years of their location instantly. This increases your chance of being found.

Of course, there is a low chance of you randomly encountering them a lot earlier, or a lot later, but with that kind of margin, it would definitely be smart to put your chips down on lasting at least the 14,000 years you want.

**Sarina and Soldier Sam found Orange Mascot's hiding spot and Located their Valentine Prize.**

. It was the Polarimeters!

Polarimeters are optical instruments that measure the direction and extent of the polarization of light reflected from their targets. Polarimeters consist of a telescope fitted with a selection of polarized filters and optical detectors.

Careful analysis of polarimeter data can infer information about the composition and mechanical structure of the objects reflecting the light, such as various chemicals and aerosols in atmospheres, rings, and satellite surfaces, since they reflect light with differing polarizations.

A polarimeter's function may be integrated with another instrument, such as a camera, or the Voyager photopolarimeter that combines functions with a photometer. The molecules of crystals of most materials are optically asymmetrical; that is, they have no plane or center of symmetry. Asymmetrical materials have the power to rotate the plane of polarization of plane-polarized light.

Orange Mascot gave Sarina and Soldier Sam the instruction manuals and described the Fix.

"You notice a quantum breakdown in the promethean microfilament fetcher. You should realign the vacuum booster amplifier." Instructed Orange Mascot.

Once they continued on their way after installing the part, Sarina and Soldier Sam made sure to avoid the most disastrous place on the face of the planet.

Who would want to get into that much danger on Valentine's Day, anyways? Soldier Sam was sitting at the Starship Controls with his view into space encircled by Gamma Rays.

What's up with these Visibility Conditions, Sarina?" asked Soldier Sam.

Soon the sky cleared up and Sarina manoeuvred the Starship to land on the Valentine's Day Intergalactic Picnic site on the other side of a moon and the Starship was moving from side to side now that all of Soldier Sam's Orange Valentines had been activated.

Sarina felt the Gravitational Waves in their way and looked up only to see an unknown Giant piece of Space Debris hurling towards her. Soldier Sam threw something into space from his Ray Gun Mounter to distract the directional of the Space Debris.

As their New Target was halfway towards Sarina and Soldier Sam's Starship, Sarina jumped into Hyperspace and cleared out of the Galaxy and as she drew closer, she realized that it wasn't space debris at all, it was none other than her friend Orange Mascot!

"Orange Mascot, what is this place?" Sarina said over the Space Radio. "All I know is we've gotta move through this spot in between these moons faster. Solider Sam and I won't be distracted from Valentine's Day for long!"

With a full Tasty Valentine's dinner now prepared from the Orange Fans Cafeteria in the Starship Cooler Boxes, Sarina and Solider Sam activated their new Orange Space Uniforms and set up for a Wonderful Night that was to be powered by Bourbon,

Sarina packed up the Valentine's Day Prize and the Spaceship took off into to Valentine's Night in the Glow of 14 Planets.

**It was so nice to spend Valentine's Day with you, Soldier Sam" Sarina exclaimed.**

**"Same, Sarina" responded Soldier Sam. "It was a great Valentines Adventure that I would do again in a Heartbeat even though it was quite a bit of Work."**

The Prospects for finding a Planet suitable for Orange Hockey were now Better than Ever!!

## PART 5

Soldier Sam was looking concerned, and it wasn't the wash of the alert lights. Sarina felt just the same. An oscillation meant Waystation was vibrating from a wheel into an oval and back to an oval in the other direction, straining the tensioner cables and stressing the fabric of the hull.

The Radio Crackled. Sarina and Soldier Sam both heard the noise.

"Rams Mascot is that YOU?!!" Sarina was shocked.

"Wait, Rams Mascot, I can't hear you. Speak up!" Sarina shouted.

“Rams Mascot we have a bad connection. Hold on while Soldier Sam and I fix the ship so we can hear you. Sit Tight! Don’t Go anywhere, We will reestablish the connection,” Sarina Promised.

It might break eventually to friction and energy loss and stabilize. That was what it was supposed to do.

Or—and this seemed more likely right then—it might shake the habitation apart, as the wheel snapped back and forth like a giant, shaking jelly mold.

Soldier Sam asked, “We started that when we dumped the atmosphere from 3 North, didn’t we?”

“Probably,” Sarina replied.

“Can we interrupt it?” Soldier Sam asked. “Use the attitude jets to damp it down? What if we dumped the atmosphere somewhere else?”

Much as Sarina couldn’t stand Soldier Sam at that moment, it was a good idea, though the necessary timing and force were probably too precise to manage.

“Looks like something is stuck behind a series of decomp doors in 8 and 9. The evacuation pods are in 10, 11, and 12. They were mid-evac when we popped 3 North.”

“We were just one set of doors away from finding them,” Soldier Sam exclaimed.

“Where are You, Rams Mascot?” Sarina shouted into the radio receiver.

Rams Mascot’s voice came through loud and clear.

“WHERE ARE YOU, RAMS MASCOT?” Sarina wanted to know as soon as possible. “Can the Planet’s Terrain and Atmosphere support Rams Football”

“I’m on Planet CELAENO! Check it out,Sarina!”

Planets higher levels of methane, particularly in the upper atmosphere, cause greater absorption of red light from the sun, in turn causing the planet to appear a blue-cyan colour.

Sounds perfect for Rams Football” exclaimed Sarina.

Again Ram’s Mascot’s voice:

'Quiet, Solider Sam” Sarina shouted. “We'll take Ram’s Mascots transmission now! . . . “Sound, Lights and Action!’

The glare stabbed into Soldier Sam’s eyes, blinding him. He took a step the wrong way--then back. Was Rams Mascot on the take?”—this planet liked like gangster's hide-out--and it seemed Rams Mascot was in his way.

'All right” Sarina Instructed Rams Mascot . . . “Roll 'em” . . . We're turning the Volume Up!’

In his panic Soldier Sam had stepped behind a panel which would effectually conceal him. While Sarina and Rams Mascot played out their scene he stood there shocked a little,

Soldier Sam was at attention but quite unaware that it was a 'Planet Shot', that the camera, moving forward on its track, was almost upon Rams Mascot

'You on the video screen, challenged Soldier Sam--hey you, Rams Mascot, hands up.'

We are coming to Rams Planet, Rams Mascot! But we have to make 2 Stops.

First we are going to Planet X for some Upgrades to our Starship since we expect to Drift for Long Time to land on Rams Moon.

Then New Starship Upgrades for Big Fight to get from the Moon to Rams Stadium.

We are going to make a day of it on Planet X while our ship gets fixed. It will be an Adventure!! Then we will go on a Day Trip on Your Rams Moon too.

“Look, Solder Sam!” Planet X is fast approaching “ said Sarina. Prepare for landing!!”

When the plane touches down it feels almost like a short jolt, and then they will hear them turn the engines to idle and the plane slows down pretty fast.

## PLANET X ADVENTURE ACTIVITY

An Extraordinary Series of Events played out in Los Angeles just before Sarina and Soldier Sam’s Special Day.

A shop-front signboard shows off Footballs used in Super Bowls as long back as when there was No Super Bowls. with an additional inscription ‘We also bake Cakes.’

Soldier Sam woke up rather early that morning and there was an party already in the Kitchen.. As he sat up he saw Sarina, who was a quite respectable woman and a great coffee drinker, taking a fresh cake out of the

oven.

'I don't want any coffee today, Sarina, said Soldier Sam. 'I'll make do with some cake when it cools off and paint White Frosting on it.'

[Here we must explain that Soldier Sam would really have liked to have had some coffee as well, but knew it was quite out of the question to expect both coffee and Cake since Sarina wanted to save all the coffee for herself as a reward for waking up even earlier than Soldier Sam. And it promised to be a long day by anyone's standards.

'Let Soldier Sam have his Cake, I don't mind,' Sarina muttered under her breath.. 'That means extra coffee for me!' And she threw the Cake onto the counter top.

Soldier Sam made his way to the counter and applied all the White Frosting, took a knife and with a determined expression on his face started cutting the Cake.

When he started to slice the Cake, Sarina peered into the middle and was amazed to see something brown there with white stitches in it there. Sarina carefully picked at it with the knife, and felt it with her fingers.

'What on earth is this Solider Sam?'

Sarina pulled it out – a Football!!!

Soldier Sam flopped back in his chair, and began rubbing his eyes, seemingly shocked. . Yes!! it was a football all right, no mistake about that. And, what's more, it was one Sarina was pointing at in the Shop Window earlier this week.

Soldier Sam looked horrified to Sarina.. But this horror was nothing compared with Sarina's indignation.

'You fool, I made up the Cake Batter last night and there was sure as fuck no Football in it!' she cried furiously. 'You scoundrel! I'll report it to the police myself, I will. You thief!

Come to think of it, I've heard several customers say that when they came in for a look at the Footballs you started looking at every one of them so much it looks like the NFL Hall of Fame with such a crowd at each glass case. It's a wonder the Shopkeeper even let's you look around so much!

Soldier Sam knew Sarina had wanted a particular one, from January 30, 1999 when the Rams Defeated the Tennessee Titans 23-17.

But no sooner did Sarina notice, the Football jumped off the countertop and zinged out the window in a tight spiral, a spiral like the Rams struggled to produce all of last season.

Sarina ran out the front door after the football.

Soldier Sam was absolutely stunned. He thought and thought, but just didn't know what to make of it.

'I'm damned if I know what's happened!' as he ran out the door after Sarina. 'I can't say for certain if I came home plastered from the bar next to the Shop and lost a bet or something like that last night. All I know is, it's crazy. After all, Cakes are baked in an oven, and you don't get Footballs in your Cake in bakeries. Can't make head or tail of it!...

But Sarina had stopped chasing it and went back into the house, filled with despair'

Soldier Sam lapsed into silence. The thought that if the Football reached the Police Station, they could afterwards bring a charge against him.

All he wanted was to catch up to it and stuff it away somewhere, either hiding it between two curb-stones by someone's front door or else 'accidentally' dropping it and slinking off down a side street.

But as luck would have it, he kept bumping into his comrades at the bar who would insist on asking: 'Where are you off to?' or 'It's a bit early to be chasing Footballs down the street, isn't it?'

So as a result, Soldier Sam didn't have a chance to get rid of it. Once he did

manage to drop it, but a policeman pointed at it and said: 'Pick that up! Can't you see you dropped something!' And Soldier Sam had to pick it up and hide it in his pocket. Despair gripped him, especially as the streets were getting more and more crowded now as the shops and Food Trucks began to open.

Soldier Sam decided to make his way to the Bridge and see if he could throw the Football into the River without anyone seeing him.

By now this respectable citizen of ours had already reached the Bridge. First of all he had a good look around. Then he leant over the rails, trying to pretend he was looking under the bridge to see if there were many Boats there, and furtively threw the Football into the water. He felt as if a couple of hundred pound weights had been lifted from his shoulders and he even managed to produce a smile.

Suddenly Soldier Sam saw a policeman at one end of the bridge, in a very smart uniform, with a blue hat and a pistol. He went cold all over as the policeman beckoned to him and said: 'Come here, my friend!'

Recognizing the uniform, Soldier Sam stopped in his tracks before he had taken half a dozen steps, tripped up to the officer and greeted him with: 'Good morning, Sir!'

'No, no, my man, none of your 'Sir'. Just tell me what you were up to on the bridge?'

'Honest, officer, I was on my way to get a bite to eat and stopped to see how fast the current was.'

'You're lying. You really can't expect me to believe that! You'd better come clean at once!'

'I'll give you a bribe, Sir, honest I will, Solider Sam called out in desperation.

'No, no, my friend, that won't do, said the officer. Will you please tell me what you were up to?'

But at this point everything became so completely enveloped in mist it is really impossible to say what happened afterwards.

In a terrible panic, back at the house, Sarina drew up some water from the faucet, rubbed her eyes with a towel. No mistake about it: her Football was gone. Sarina began pinching herself to make sure she was not dreaming, but to all intents and purposes she was wide awake.

Sarina hopped in her car and off she dashed straight to the Head of Police.

As if this morning was not bad enough, there was not a parking place at the Cop Shop in sight, and she had to drive around. 'But perhaps I dreamt it! How could I take a football enveloped in Cake out of the oven?' And then it flies away. Oh, Dear.

Suddenly Sarina drove down an unfamiliar street stood rooted to the spot near the front door of some house and witnessed a most incredible sight.

A truck drew up to the driveway. The doors flew open and out jumped a uniformed, Football who dashed up the steps. The feeling of shock and amazement that gripped Sarina when she recognized the football defies description.

Now she must be dreaming! After this extraordinary sight everything went topsy-turvy. Sarina could hardly keep to her feet, but decided at all costs to wait until the Football returned to the truck.

A short time later a Football really did come out. It was wearing the Rams new uniform, complete with the New Helmets!

And it was abundantly clear that the Football was going to visit someone. It looked right, then left, revved up the car, shouted 'Let's go!', climbed in and drove off.

Sarina nearly went out of her mind. She did not know what to make of it. How, in fact, could a Football, which only a few minutes ago was found in her

Cake, and which could not possibly walk around or drive in a truck, suddenly turn up in a Rams Uniform!

Sarina followed the truck which fortunately did not travel very far and came to a halt outside the Cathedral. Sarina rushed into the Cathedral Square.

Only a few people were at prayer, all of them standing by the entrance. Sarina felt so distraught that she was in no condition for praying, and her eyes searched every nook and cranny for the Football in a Rams Uniform.

Then Sarina spotted it standing by one of the walls to the side. The Football's face was completely hidden by the Helmet and it was praying with an expression of profound piety.

'What's the best way of approaching it?' thought Sarina. 'Judging by its uniform, its helmet, and its whole appearance, it must be part of the Rams organisation. But I'm damned if I know!'

Sarina tried to attract its attention by coughing, but the Football did not interrupt its devotions for one second and continued towards the altar.

'My dear Sir,' Sarina said, summoning up her courage, 'My Dear Sir...'

'What do you want?' replied the Football, turning around.

Sarina didn't know what to say 'I don't know how best to put it, sir, but it strikes me as very peculiar...Don't you know where you belong? And where do I find you? In church, of all places! I'm sure you'll agree that...'

'Please forgive me, but would you mind telling me what you're talking about?...Explain yourself.' the Football replied.

'How can I make myself clear?' Sarina wondered. Nerving herself once more she said: 'Of course, I am, as it happens, I am the Rams Reporter. I know everyone on the Team. But I have never interviewed you.'

'I can't see any problem here,' the Football replied. 'Please come to the point.'

'My dear sir,' continued Sarina, 'I really don't know what you mean by that. It's plain enough for anyone to see...Unless you want...Don't you realize you are a Rams Football!'

The Football looked at Sarina and frowned a little.

'My Dear Woman, you are mistaken. I am a Football in my own right. I just decided to put the Rams Uniform on since I happen to be in Los Angeles. And the Chargers are a poor excuse for a Football Team. Furthermore, I don't see that we can have anything in common. Judging from your outfit this morning, I should say you're from another Planet, like the Bronx.'

With these words the Football turned away and continued its prayers.

Sarina was so confused she did not know what to do or think.

But suddenly Sarina jumped backwards as though he had been singed by the Oven: She remembered that without the Rams she wouldn't be having as much fun, and tears streamed from her eyes.

Sarina turned around to tell the Football in a Rams Uniform straight out that it was only masquerading as a Ram, that it was an impostor and a scoundrel. But the Football had already gone: it managed to slip off unseen, probably to pay somebody a visit.

This reduced Sarina to absolute despair. She went out, and stood for a minute or so under the colonnade, carefully looking around her in the hope of spotting the Football.

Sarina's car wouldn't start back up again so she cried out in a despairing voice: 'TAXI!! Let's go!'

'Blast and damn!' said Sarina. 'Driver, take me straight to the Chief of Police.'

'Drive like the devil' Sarina shouted, once the Cathedral was out of range'

'Where?' asked the driver.

‘Straight on!’

‘Straight on? But it’s a dead-end here – you can only go right or left.’

So just as Sarina was about to tell the driver to go straight to the Justice Hall, it struck her that the scoundrel and impostor who had behaved so shamelessly could quite easily take advantage of the delay and slip out of the city, in which event all efforts to find it would be futile and might even drag on Forever, God forbid.

Finally inspiration came from above. Sarina decided to go straight to the newspaper offices and publish an advertisement, so the LA public might be of some help since there were only so many places they could search at any one time.

Sarina considered the detailed description of the Football she would make so that anyone who happened to meet it would at once turn it over to Sarina, or at least tell her where she could find it.

Deciding this was the best course of action, Sarina ordered the driver to go straight to the newspaper offices and throughout the whole journey never once stopped pummelling the driver in the back with her fist and shouting: ‘Faster, damn you, faster!’

Finally the cab came to a halt and the breathless Sarina tore into a small waiting-room where a clerk was sitting at a table with his pen between his teeth, counting out copper coins.

‘Who sees to advertisements here?’ Sarina shouted. ‘Ah, good morning.’

‘Good morning,’ replied the clerk, raising his eyes for one second, then looking down again at the little piles of money spread out on the table.

‘I want to publish an advertisement.’ Sarina said with a sense of urgency.

‘Just one moment, if you don’t mind,’ the clerk answered, as he wrote down a figure with one hand and scribbling down some math with the other.

‘My dear sir, will you take the details down now, please. I really can’t wait any longer.’ Sarina said, beginning to lose patience.

Finally, the clerk turned to Sarina and said: ‘What do you want?’

‘I want...’ Sarina began. ‘Something very crazy’s been going on, whether it’s some practical joke or a plain case of fraud I can’t say as yet. All I want you to do is to offer a substantial reward for the first person to find the Football dressed in Rams Regalia.

‘Name, please.’

‘Why do you need that? I can’t tell you. Too many people know me. Just put ‘Sarina, Rams Reporter.. or even better, Sarina, Star of the Rams’

‘Hm, interesting. And did this Football steal much, or cause any kind of disturbance?’

‘My Football!!! I’m trying to say. You don’t understand! It’s my own Football that’s disappeared. It’s a diabolical practical joke someone’s played on me.’

‘How did it disappear? I don’t follow.’ the clerk replied.

‘I can’t tell you how. But please understand, My Football is traveling at this very moment all over the town, calling itself a Ram. That’s why I’m asking you to print this advertisement announcing the first person who catches it should return the Football to its rightful owner as soon as possible.

“Imagine what it’s like being without a Football!!!” Sarina exclaimed.

The clerk’s tightly pressed lips showed he was deep in thought. ‘I can’t print an advertisement like that in our paper,’ he said after a long silence.

‘What? Why not?’

‘I’ll tell you. A paper can get a bad name. If everyone started announcing her Football had run away, I don’t know how it would all end. And enough false reports and rumours get past editorial already...’

'By why does it strike you as so ridiculous? I certainly don't think so.'

'That's what you think. But only last week there was a similar case. Someone came here with an advertisement, just like you. All they wanted to advertise was a Runaway Coffee Maker. And what do you think he was up to really? In the end we had a libel case on our hands.'

'But I want to publish an advertisement about my Football, not my Coffee Maker," protested Sarina.

'No, I can't accept that kind of advertisement.'

'But I've lost My Football!!'

'Then you'd better see a Football Shop about it. I've heard there's a certain kind of specialist who can fix you up with any kind Football you like. 'Anyway, you seem a cheery sort, and I can see you like to have your little joke.'

'By all that's Holy, I swear I'm telling you the truth. If you really want me to, I'll show you what I mean.'

'I shouldn't bother if I were you,' the clerk continued, lighting up a cigarette. 'However, if it's really no trouble,' he added, leaning forward out of curiosity, 'then I shouldn't mind having a quick look.'

Sarina whipped out her phone and showed the clerk the photo she snapped of the Football wearing a Rams Uniform Praying at the Cathedral.

'Of course, it's no problem printing the advertisement,' the clerk said. 'But I can't see what you can stand to gain by it. If you like, why not give it to someone with a flair for journalism, then they can write it up as a Story about a Very Nutty Football and have it published in The LA Times. The clerk lit up another cigarette. Make it something of interest to the general public.'

Apparently even the clerk was touched by Sarina's terrible predicament and thought it would not hurt to cheer her up with a few words of sympathy.

'Really, I can't say how sorry I am at what's happened. How about a

cigarette? It's very good for headaches – and puts fresh heart into you. It even cures the flu.

With these words the clerk deftly flipped back the lid of the box.

This unintentionally thoughtless action made Sarina lose patience altogether.

'I don't understand how you can joke at a time like this,' Sarina said angrily. 'Are you so blind you can't see that I don't have a Football anymore? You know what you can do with your cigarette! I can't bear to look at it, and anyway you might at least offer me a real Marlboro not that filthy rolling tobacco.'

After this declaration Sarina strode furiously out of the newspaper office and went off to the local Inspector of Police. Sarina arrived just when as the officer was having a good stretch, and saying, 'Now for a nice two hours nap.' Sarina had clearly chosen a very bad time for her visit.

The Inspector gave Sarina a rather cold welcome and said that today wasn't at all the time to start investigations.

The reception given her by the Inspector startled Sarina so much she threw out her arms and said in a dignified voice, 'To be frank, after these remarks of yours, which I find very offensive, I have nothing more to say...' and walked out.

Sarina arrived home hardly able to feel her feet beneath her. It was already getting dark. After her fruitless inquiries being back home seemed extremely dismal since she had all but cinched the Football's Freedom.

Solider Sam promptly jumped up and rushed to take off Sarina's coat. Exhausted Beyond Comprehension, Sarina went to her room, threw herself into an armchair and after a few sighs said:

'My God, my God! What have I done to deserve this? Being without any Cake wouldn't be very pleasant, but it wouldn't be the end of the world.

But to lose My Football for no reason at all and with nothing to show for it!

No, it's absolutely impossible...It can't have gone just like that! Never! It must have been a dream, or perhaps I drank some of that Scotch instead of water.

It was absolutely incomprehensible. If a Television, or her workout bike, or her Ping-Pong Table, or something of that sort had been missing, that would have been understandable. But for her Football to disappear from her own house...Sarina weighed up all the evidence and decided that the most likely explanation of all was that Soldier Sam was to blame, and no one else.

Suddenly there was a knock on the Door. Soldier Sam got up to open it.

'Does Sarina-- Rams Reporter. Or pardon me.. Sarina Star of the Rams live here?'

'Please come in. Sarina is home, said Solider Sam.

A smart-looking police officer, the same police officer who had stood on the River Bridge at the beginning of our story – made his entrance.

'Are you the woman who lost Her Football?'

'Yes, that's me.' Sarina replied.

'It's been found.' explained the officer.

'What did you say?'

cried Sarina. She could hardly speak for joy. She looked wide-eyed at the police officer.

'How did you find it?'

'Very strange. We caught it just as it was about to drive off on the way to the Marine Corps Base in San Diego. It's passport was made out in the name of 'Rambo Rams' Strangely enough, I mistook it at first. But I could see it was really a Football.

Sarina was beside herself.

'Where is it? I'll go right away to claim it.'

'That's it!' cried Sarina, once she got to the property claims depot at the Police Station, 'no mistake!

Dear Soldier Sam!..

Sarina was typing into her phone, even though he was just sitting at the Kitchen Table. Sarina and Soldier Sam did that every once in a while because there are somethings just better written, that would be impossible to communicate in normal everyday conversation.. Take this Report, for example.

Meanwhile, rumours about the strange occurrence had spread throughout Los Angeles not, need we say, without a few embellishments. At the time everyone seemed very preoccupied with the possibilities of an actual Football walking about with a Rams Uniform that could drive a car and pray at a Cathedral would show up at the Brand New Rams Stadium when it opens for business.

These events came as a blessing to Los Angeles socialites-- indispensable for any successful party who loved amusing each other and who were now stuck in their houses, unable to carry on the essential business of Hollywood, quite more important than the defense industrial base..

And all this took place in Los Angeles, the capital of our vast empire! Only now, after time can we see that there is a great deal that is very far-fetched in this story. Apart from the fact that it's highly unlikely for a Football to disappear in such a fantastic way and then reappear in various parts of the town dressed in a Rams Uniform, it is hard to believe that Sarina would find a newspaper to accept advertisements Runaway Footballs

And, come to think of it, how did the Football manage to turn up in a Cake and how did Sarina...? No, I don't understand it, not one bit! But the strangest, most incredible thing of all is that authors should write about such things. That, I confess, is beyond my comprehension. It's just...no, no, I don't understand it at all! Firstly, it's no use to our empire whatsoever; secondly, it's no use...I simply don't know what one can make of it...However,

when all is said and done, we can concede this point or the other and perhaps you can even find...well then you won't find much that isn't on the ridiculous side, will you?

And yet, if you stop to consider for a moment, there's a grain of truth in it. Whatever you may say, these things do happen—not too often but they do happen. And it's usually for a Lovely, Beautiful Reason.

## MOON LANDING

The door of the aircraft was closed and the Starship started to move towards the runway. Just short of the runway it stopped and a light came on the front of the plane. Sarina could faintly hear the rumbling noise of the aircraft engine.

A faint yellow tone came into the sky over the low land. The shadows on the sea slowly deepened. The wind bore coldness with it. Sarina and Solider Sam began to shiver with cold.

"Holy smoke!" said Soldier Sam, allowing his voice to express his emotions, "If we keep on monkeying out here! If we've got to fuck around out here all night!"

Sarina was more positive "Oh, we'll never have to stay here all night! Don't you worry. They've seen us now, and it won't be long before they'll come chasing out after us."

The officers had been given the task of redacting the communications trail we had left behind on our way to the island, and the chairman went back to his tasks. It was a slow business for the chairman and it was anything but exhilarating following the last mission. Frequent halts made pressing on feel like an insurmountable barrier for the unit. The officers marched on that day, slipping away to check the wireless and make a few dispatches of their own describing the state of our position in relation to the island.

Sarina and Soldier Sam huddled in the stern, and distances were so magnificent in the dingey that Sarina was enabled to keep her feet partly warmed by thrusting them under Soldier Sam's.

Sometimes, despite the efforts of the tired Soldier Sam rowing the oars,, a wave came piling into the boat, an icy wave of the night, and the chilling water soaked them anew.

Sarina's plan was to twist her body for a moment and sleep the knocked out sleep once more, while the water in the boat gurgled about them as the craft rocked.

All columns had reported that they were aware of the potential news that supplies would be moving up, which would result in increased confidence should reinforcements arrive in a timely manner. It appeared to the officers as if the patrols had suddenly come up on the track which we had crossed shortly before stopping to check out some smoke on the horizon. One of the flanking units was charged with preparing an ambush and deal decisively with any attempt for the Mainland to follow up with action of their own.

The plan of Soldier Sam was for one to row until he lost the ability, and then arouse the Sarina from his sea-water couch in the bottom of the boat.

Soldier Sam plied the oars until his head drooped forward, and the

overpowering sleep blinded him. And he rowed yet afterward. Then he touched Sarina in the bottom of the boat, and called her name.

"Will you spell me for a little while?" he said, quietly

.  
There was no answer so Soldier Sam started dragging himself up to a strong sitting position. And was going to be the workhorse for the night. He would do anything for Sarina. Only bounded by her imagination

The chairman wanted more details of the plan, since he wasn't absolutely positive that an ambush by the flanking fleets would succeed without certainty that the Mainland forces would in fact come through the area in question and the very real possibility that they would bite along the flank and might cut off the progression of the unit instead of following up on the tail. The chairman decided to attract as much attention from the Mainland for the time being waiting for the flank to be cleared, even though he had serious reservations about the strategy.

Sarina was cuddling down in the sea-water at Soldier Sam's side, and seemed to go to sleep instantly.

"What a Glorious thing to see!! Soldier Sam wanted to shout to all the oceans how much he Loves Sarina!. But he kept these emotions to himself and just started to come up with a good plan so his behavior wouldn't disrupt Sarina's Big Birthday Celebration.

"Sarina will be rested in the morning so hopefully her positive Spirit will miraculously carry us to shore so the Fiesta can get on it's feet!!, Soldier was sure she could do it.

The officers had nothing to report as of yet, having seen nothing except for smoke in the distance. The chairman agreed that the patrol had probably stopped part of the unit so he had gone off to report, although far from

certain about the intelligence. We had marched down the line in an extremely sloppy fashion with regard to the communications trail, and the officers were even buoyed by the sentiment that it was almost a relief to just charge though without serious concern.

Sarina is like Superwoman to Soldier Sam,. Like a strong ray of sunlight shining through tough day after tough day..

In a low voice Soldier Sam addressed Sarina. He was not sure that Sarina was awake, although she stirred in the night so Soldier Sam was never sure if she was paying attention.

"Sarina,, should I keep her making for that light north,"

Sarina's steady voice answered him. "Yes. Keep it about two points off the port bow."

According to the maps and photographs, the nearby islands closed in until it became a precarious and dangerous defile, after which the lanes would be open for good and we could beat out a path to our destination. Until the unit had made it though, the chairman was quite apprehensive, a sentiment which evaporated quickly when we got past the island patrols without incident. We were certainly not expecting a supply drop en route until the officers had navigated well beyond the island, and even the success that unit had had at the crossing did not guarantee a smooth go at things for the time being.

Sarina noticed a growling of water, and a crest came with a roar and a swash

into the boat, and it was a wonder that it did not set Soldier Sam awake. He continued to sleep, but some time later he sat up, blinking his eyes and shaking with the new cold.

"Oh, I'm awful sorry Soldier Sam," said Sarina. Get a few moments more of rest."

"That's all right, Sarina," said Soldier Sam, and lay down again to continue his brief respite.

The chairman gathered up some of his attending flank, with the hope that they might be able to flush out another observation post or another target on the island they were approaching, which was controlled by the Mainland. This might rouse the neighbourhood, and the chairman was still harbouring doubts about the decisions he had made the last couple of days, but he felt strongly that another scrap at things with the Mainland might justify the action.

Soldier Sam had his coat on in order to get even the warmth, and he seemed almost stove-like when a rower, whose teeth invariably chattered as soon as he ceased his labor to get a moments rest.

Sarina, as she rowed, looked down at Soldier Sam.. He looked like a victim of the sea, a rendering of just about what you would expect after working though the entire night.

Presently it seemed that even Sarina dozed, The wind had a voice as it came over the waves, and there was a long, loud swishing astern of the boat, and a gleaming trail of blue flame, was furrowed on the black waters. It might have been made by a monstrous knife.

Then there came a stillness, while Sarina took some long breaths and looked

at the sea.

The plan had the potential to break down because the reconnaissance did not disclose an alternative track so the chairman had no options other than to gather up the columns on the flank with the expectation that the track would soon give way to some open space so he could then send off the other units. The officers stopped again to probe for a gap, but they drew a blank several times even while the maps indicated that the unit had some distance left to go and now a time factor was at play.

Soldier Sam, in the bow, moved on what was left of the Scotch and sat up.

Save some for me! Suggested Sarina. "Pretty long night, wasn't" she was sympathetic about all the hard work Solider Sam had accomplished.

That evening Sarina and Soldier Sam began to question their prospects of landing on the Moon soon.

.

Sarina looked up in the night sky and said "We have to do it. We have to get to that moon. I believe the adversary is still on that transporter ship."

Soldier Sam looked over at Sarina and asked "but how would we possibly get there?"

MOON ADVENTURE ACTIVITY

Sarina followed Soldier Sam up the Stairs from the Entrance to Rams Stadium to the Press Box.

When they walked through the door to the Press Box there was Rams Mascot. "Rams Mascot, could you take a moment to meet Sarina?" It will be a moment she will never forget.

Sarina walked over to Rams Mascot, surprised by his stature and friendly face. Rams Mascot spoke kindly to Sarina, looked over at Soldier Sam and he nodded his approval.

"Sarina, we here at Rams Stadium are going to do everything within our power to make sure you have a Very Merry Christmas

.

"Sarina, Rams Mascot is the most wonderful mascot in the whole NFL. He motivates the Fans, warms the children's hearts and even operates the concession stands from time to time."

"Yes, I can see it in his eyes" said Sarina "They look so full of Fun!"

Sarina turned to Soldier Sam. "Doesn't Rams Mascot look like he could pass for Santa? With that Red Hat and all..."

"Sarina" said Soldier Sam, "Rams Mascot is not Santa, but who knows what he is capable of, especially during this Magical Holiday Season."

Sarina was so excited to meet Rams Mascot and she was grateful to Soldier Sam for mediating the encounter. Sarina was ready for the Holiday Season, whatever it might have in store.

But Sarina was in for a Big Surprise on this day. There were recently some happenings in the Trophy Room at Rams Stadium and Rams Mascot was

about to fill her in on the details.

Sarina took the advice of Soldier Sam. "Be happy for what you got, Sarina." He would encourage her. Indeed, there at Rams Stadium, Rams Mascot's management was excellent and seemed to have a heaven-sent faculty for explaining all things Rams Football.

Then came news of the Burglary. Rams Mascot told Sarina that the Football Players had broken into the Trophy Case down the hall. It was really more like an attempt, for the Super Bowl Trophy was still present intact on its mantle.

It seemed the Football Players had just gotten away with some secondary memorabilia, presumably of little value but, as Rams Mascot put it, "They were lucky in getting off so easily, Sarina, for it was after all, an infraction, kind of like lining up in the Neutral Zone on Defense.

Rams Mascot went on to explain to Sarina, "By the way those Football Players went about their business, I should say that they were experienced cracksmen. They must have tripped off the Alarm when they were just first beginning their Heist."

"Yes" said Sarina. "I suppose the entire Rams Organisation got Lucky on that one, it could have been much worse, Right?"

"I have no doubt," said Rams Mascot, "that we will be able to trace the Football Players.. I've said that they must have been old hands at the game. The way they got in and opened the safe shows that. But there's one little thing that puzzles me."

"What's that?" asked Sarina.

Rams Mascot went on to explain: "One of them was careless enough not to wear gloves, and I'm bothered if I know what he was trying to do. I've traced his finger marks on all the markings of the Trophy Case. They are very

distinct ones too."

"Right hand or left, or both?" asked Sarina.

"Oh, for sure on the left hand, Sarina" replied Rams Mascot. That's the funny thing. He must have been one of the main characters in the plot, and I bet it was him that wrote that." Rams Mascot took out a slip of paper from his pocket.

"That's what he wrote, Sarina."

"Sarina, Go Follow your dreams and take a trip to Magic Mountain Island Adventure Park with Soldier Sam. Have Fun!"

"One of them trying to have some fun, I suppose" surmised Rams Mascot." It will make it all the easier for us to trace him. Do you recognize the writing?"

"Umm..," said Sarina; "it's not the writing of anyone I know."

Sarina and Soldier Sam were about to execute the instructions they had received to take a break from Rams Stadium and pay a visit to Magic Mountain Island Adventure Park.

"I'm not going to stay here in Rams Stadium today, Soldier Sam. Won't you take a Trip with me to Magic Mountain Island Adventure Park?" Sarina asked Soldier Sam.

"We'll make the trip today. Get Rams Mascot to ready our things and meet me in the Truck in the Parking Lot" Sarina instructed.

Then Sarina added, "And bring along that Bottle of Bourbon, won't you? We'll polish that off together on the way to Magic Mountain Island

Adventure Park”

"How long are we going to be away from Rams Stadium, Sarina? Don't forget there's the Big Game Tonight!" reminded Soldier Sam.

"I can't say for certain, but be prepared to stay for some time. We've stuck to work pretty closely during this Football Season, and I for one need a holiday. I'll call ahead to the Theme Park.

Magic Mountain Island Adventure Park was right down the Freeway from Rams Stadium. Neither Sarina or Soldier Sam had been there before, so they were both excited.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were on their way to Magic Mountain Island Adventure Park!

Rams Mascot was going to drive the Truck, and carefully put the Entrance Tickets in his pocket. "What do you think the Traffic will be like on the way there, Sarina?" asked Rams Mascot.

"Probably pretty busy," Soldier Sam answered for her. Sarina was distracted thinking about the fun to be had on the Rollercoaster she had been hearing about ever since she arrived in LA.

It was actually named in her honor.. "The Mighty Yankee Clipper."

"Yes," said Sarina, "I think we might do worse than leave Rams Stadium for a few hours."

Sarina and Soldier Sam both knew there was fun to be had at Magic Island. But they never could have expected it was where the players had stashed the Football, wrapped up in a Pretty Christmas Bow.

"You should feel right at home in Magic Mountain Island Adventure Park, Soldier Sam," said Sarina as they entered to gate to the playground.

“Sporting your new Rams Hoodie like that. You do yourself very well, all things considered.”

A minute later Sarina screamed with delight. "Oh, Thank God," Soldier Sam heard, "there's the Yankee Clipper Rollercoaster straight ahead! Quick, Solider Sam quick!"

Then came a smacking thud. A football had flown right into Sarina's hands. "Somebody just chucked this football at me," Sarina said with surprise.

“Come now if you want to help me carry this thing to the Yankee Clipper Rollercoaster, Solider Sam" Sarina asked. Soldier Sam jumped at the opportunity and ran with Sarina toward the magnificent ride.

Along the way, both Sarina and Solider Sam couldn't help but notice.. It was a Rams Football, one that had originally been in the Rams Stadium Trophy Case. An there was a Giant Bow around it—in the Rams Colors.

"Yes, Yes it is! It must be the Football stolen from the Rams Trophy Case!" shouted Sarina.

Sarina almost tripped over her feet in absolute Shock.

Sarina found herself Shocked beyond belief that the Football Wrapped in a Christmas Bow was found right at the first Rollercoaster Solider Sam suggested they ride.

"I don't know what to make of it," Rams Mascot said to Soldier Sam. "I can only suppose that Sarina has found herself in the state of some great excited shock. You had better let me send someone to help.”

Sarina, however, would have no one with her but Soldier Sam. "I don't want anyone else here with me so near the Yankee Clipper," Sarina said. "They'd

try to keep me off that ride somehow. I know they would."

"Don't worry about it, Sarina", reassured Solider Sam." This sort of thing can't go on indefinitely. You know I'm Shocked too. I saw that beautiful Christmas Bow around the football as well as you!"

"As soon as you're a bit stronger we'll get on that Rollercoaster". promised Soldier Sam. "Don't you worry about that, Sarina."

"I'm going to take this Football on the Yankee Clipper Rollercoaster with us, Soldier Sam," decided Sarina. "If we ever make it there. I must admit, that was quite a shock."

"Cheer up, Sarina!" offered Solider Sam. "You'll be well enough to get on that ride in just a bit. I know we will."

Sarina was beginning to suspect there was something Special inside that Magic Football. After all, why else would it be wrapped up in a Giant Christmas Bow?

"What have I done?" asked Sarina. "Why was this Football Chucked at Me? I'm not the only one at this Adventure Park. Well, obviously we are the only clients today, but there are all the workers" noticed Sarina.

."I'm no different than any other girl" wondered Sarina. I know I'm not. I was at the bottom of all that dirty business last year. I even got coal in my Stocking last year."

"That;s where you're wrong Sarina.": advised Soldier Sam. I can tell you that you are unique among all women, there are none your equal."

" I noticed it Right Away!!" bragged Soldier Sam.

Rams Mascot had long since ceased to wonder at how crazy fun Sarina and Soldier Sam's Holidays always were. And there were different every year!

"Why there MUST be something inside this Football, exclaimed Sarina.  
"There Just has to be!"

"Maybe there is Sarina, maybe there is," Soldier Sam was curious too.

"Could it be Christmas has arrived early for Me?" Sarina asked excitedly.

"Maybe there is a Christmas Present in there for you, Sarina" Soldier Sam responded. And. Maybe it's just the beginning of your Holiday Treats, Sarina.  
"

Soldier Sam had heard about Monster Christmas Extravaganzas "Your early present might not be the only surprise for you this Holiday Season., Sarina."

Why there's always Festive Music, Green Trees with a Star atop and Snacks in your Stocking on Christmas Morning." reminded Solider Sam. "Santa is always busy at work this time of the year."

PART 7

Sarina and Soldier Sam were about to receive instructions about how they should behave during the Roller Coaster Ride, and what would be expected of them.

"Where are we going to sit on the Yankee Clipper, Sarina?" asked Soldier Sam at that moment. "You're excited. I'm excited. I think we both know the answer to that question"

"Let's sit wherever we please, Soldier Sam It's not like there are any other people at Magic Mountain Island Adventure Park today" observed Sarina. We're not a couple of kids fresh from a course of media lectures. Get Ready!"

Sarina and Soldier Sam approached the entrance to the Yankee Clipper.

At that very moment, Rams Mascot handed them a note. "I am sorry I didn't bring it to your attention before, "but it was lost amidst all my other paperwork. Rams Stadium is so busy this time of year!"

"Open it, Sarina, and see if it wants answering." suggested Soldier Sam

It was very brief. There was neither address nor signature. It read:

"Enjoy your ride on the Yankee Clipper, Sarina and Soldier Sam. Be sure to bring that football along with you, and untie the Christmas Bow when the Rollercoaster Ride is complete."

"Who is it from?" asked Soldier Sam.

"It was meant for me," said Sarina "There's no answer required, Rams Mascot. It just says to enjoy the ride."

Rams Mascot asked no more questions. Sarina and Soldier Sam boarded the Yankee Clipper.

It was the most exciting Rollercoaster Ride Sarina and Soldier Sam had ever experienced in their life. Rams Mascot was at the controls of the Magic Mountain Island Adventure Park Intercom System.

On the Yankee Clipper Audio Speakers, Sarina and Soldier Sam could hear Christmas Music to accompany their Thrilling Ride. Every Note.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Sarina. "All the Best Christmas Music. Clear as a Bell."

There were many wonderful sounds to hear on that journey, including "Rudolf the Red Nosed Reindeer" and "Run Rudolph Run" and of course, "All

I Want For Christmas Is You.”

"Who's DJing?" asked Sarina.

There was no answer.

"Rams Mascot, is that you?" Sarina was pretty sure it was Rams Mascot.

"That is definitely Rams Mascot causing that raucous," said Soldier Sam, laughing. "No one else could have known all the right songs to play."

"Now, Sarina and Solider Sam..." Rams Mascots voice was clear as a bell as the Rollercoaster came to a stop. There's only one possible thing for you to do.

"What's that?" asked Sarina.

"Open that Bow and see what's inside that Football, Sarina. Merry Christmas!!" Rams Mascot was proud of the role he had played in the whole Mystery.

When Sarina and Soldier Sam's Rollercoaster Ride slowed to a stop, they removed the Christmas Bow from the Football and opened it up.

"What is it that.. Is It...?. Really?" Sarina was Shocked.

"Yes, Sarina" answered Solider Sam. "It's a Super Bowl Ring!!"

"Yes, It IS a Super Bowl Ring!" exclaimed Sarina. That is what was in the Rams Football this whole time! Who would have guessed?

It's going to try to get off the Rollercoaster with us. Should we let it?" Soldier Sam asked.

Both Sarina and Soldier Sam found it impossible to fix their attention on Magic Mountain Island Adventure Park at that Special Moment.

Sarina and Soldier Sam could not hear Rams Mascot, yelling at them to get off the Yankee Clipper and they seemed all at once to have lost their Rollercoaster Fears.

"Would you two like another bottle of Bourbon to celebrate your Discovery?" Rams Mascot asked. "You made quick work of that first one on the way from Rams Stadium to Magic Mountain Island Adventure Park. I saw you do it!!"

"Of course we want more Bourbon, Rams Mascot!. Sarina was so excited.

"There's nothing Magic about that Ring, Sarina." Soldier Sam realized. I mean, it seems to be ruled by the laws of time and space physics. It's not the sort of thing that transforms life. The Transformation is in both of our Hearts."

"And since that's so, We'll get back on the road pretty soon" interrupted Rams Mascot," It's almost Game Time at Rams Stadium!"

"Pass that Bottle of Bourbon between yourselves, Sarina and Soldier Sam!" Rams Mascot instructed. "This is a special moment for me too."

Sarina and Soldier Sam had completed their mission at Magic Mountain Island Adventure Park and were arriving at Rams Stadium for the Big Game. There were to be Fireworks in the Sky that night.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were standing at the 50 yard line with their Bottle of Bourbon, Super Bowl Ring and Matches. Standing alongside a massive cache of Fireworks to be raised into the California Sky that Night.

"Quick!" said Sarina, as the Pre-Game Hype was Wrapped Up [pun intended]. "We haven't a minute to lose. What can we do? Light the fire, Soldier Sam Give me a match, quick!"

"They must be all here. I'll get them." replied Soldier Sam

"Hurry, Solider Sam, for goodness' sake! The Football Game is about to Start!"

"Be quick!" shouted Sarina. "I want to watch and hear something Magic!"

"Right" Soldier Sam answered, here's a Match." He had found one at last that had slipped down onto the Turf.

There was a great roar from the Fireworks as the flames shot up.

Sarina and Soldier Sam had been right on time with the display on that Los Angeles Night.

"This whole place is going to be On Fire!" shouted Sarina. "FUEGO!!"

"This whole Rams Stadium is Ablaze!" observed Soldier Sam.

The Super Bowl Ring had arrived at its destination, right on target for its intended recipient at last. For a moment Sarina and Soldier Sam stopped to look into the Sky.

Afterwards, Sarina and Soldier Sam could never be quite sure as to what they had seen that Magical Day, but at the time all they were thinking about was that massive display of sound and light above Rams Stadium.

For a moment Sarina considered cancelling the game to allow more time for the Fireworks to make their Magic, but the Football Players were running down the passage onto the Field, "Fire! Fire!" the Fans Shouted.

Sarina and Soldier Sam rushed to their seats at the 50 yard line and were ready to watch some Football that night.

Rams Mascot would be delivering bottles of Bourbon in every Aisle in Rams Stadium that night, all game long, and for that, Sarina and Soldier Sam were grateful beyond words

## RAMS PLANET LANDING

The pressure of the air entered in the front of the wing and the forces of the air flowing from the outside. Without using any engine, the Starship can fly for good amount time, covering a lot of ground.

Certain instinctual moves can play devious tricks on the mind during a period of crisis, and the track was compromised by darkness because of the low moon. It still seemed all to peaceful with no patrol sentries guarding the approach, and the chairman started to feel like the unit had been wrapped up in the drama which may have been a bunch of hot air playing to an empty house. The officers were concerned that the flanking columns could get jammed in their pursuit of their unique objectives with no real means of getting off of it should Mainland activity be found on or around the island.

Later in the day, Soldier Sam took the boat farther out to sea and wait for the perfect time to make their advance and secure their plans for Sarina's Big Birthday Bash on the Beach, or maybe somewhere else on the island. But who could imagine anything forward when reaching shore seemed too

impossible a feat.

Sarina directed Soldier Sam to take one oar at the stern and keep the boat facing the seas. He was to call out if he should hear the thunder of the surf.

The chairman was consumed with a curious instinct to promptly apologize to some of the officers because he was about to commence fire onto the island, and the officers were already preoccupied with other tasks. The officers wasted no time carrying out the orders but, no sooner than they had let loose on the island, when the unit reached a point on the track were they had been spotted by a Mainland patrol that was quite menacing in their approach to the flanking column. This was followed by a couple of shots that came out within the vicinity and it made our ears ring as the slow stream turned into something quite heavy.

On the morning of Sarina's Birthday the sea and the sky were each of the grey hue of the dawning. Later, carmine and gold was painted upon the waters.

The morning appeared finally, in all its splendor, with a sky of pure blue, and the sunlight flamed on the tips of the waves.

On the distant dunes, the Lighthouse reared above them. No people, ground vehicles or rescue boats appeared on the beach. Sarina and Soldier Sam both wondered why the Island had not invested in aerial drones. One would think they would need some to provide for defense.

The chairman had a premonition that he had failed on the flanking action, and feared that the Mainland forces would circle around somewhere down

the stretch of the column, so he devised a plan to try to work out a small flank guard on the side of the island if possible, attracting as much attention as possible so as to give members of the other flank a free run at things. The officers sent out a communication that told the units in question to anticipate another repeat performance somewhere down the line that stretched well beyond the island, closer to an adjacent Mainland command post.

Now Soldier Sam and Sarina were thinking this Island might be deserted

The voyagers scanned the shore. A conference was held in the boat. "Well," said Sarina "if no help is coming we might better try a run through the surf right away. If we stay out here much longer we will be too weak to do anything for ourselves at all."

Soldier Sam silently acquiesced in this reasoning. The boat was headed for the beach. Soldier Sam wondered if none ever ascended the Light House, and if then they never looked seaward.

The officers told the chairman that he had better make his mind up in short order and the chairman decided to stick it to everyone in sight that even slightly suggested that they were or would become engaged. To some of the officers, it was not so clear why the positions had not been spotted earlier in a more timely manner, and they wanted to be absolutely clear to the units where exactly the rendezvous was to take place, despite the potential inaccuracies in the maps we had on hand. The chairman paused for just a moment, only to make sure that the actions were to take place without delay and then joined the column as it beat another path trajectory to the island.

"Now, Soldier Sam," said Sarina, "It's going to swamp, sure. All we can do is

to work it in as far as possible, and then when it swamps, pile out and scramble for the beach. Keep cool now, and don't jump until it swamps."

Soldier Sam took the oars. Over his shoulders he scanned the surf. "Sarina," he said, "I think I'd better bring it about, and keep it head-on to the seas and back her in."

"All right, Soldier Sam," said Sarina. "Back it in."

Soldier Sam swung the boat then and Sarina looked over her shoulders to contemplate the indifferent shore.

The chairman put on an upbeat façade, even while he was still very concerned about the intentions of the Mainland forces, and it was disconcerting to still be waiting on supplies for the unit from the terminal. He, like the officers, had fully expected to run into the column without too much time passing by, but there was not sign of them as we pressed on. The officers had sent a patrol out to make sure we were where we thought we were, and issued a confirmation that the unit would move on toward the fire when it was to begin in the future. Added to all this, the officer informed the chairman that a communication had just arrived from the terminal over the wireless.

When Sarina and Soldier Sam arrived at the Moon base, they first came up with a plan.

"We will each take one of these ray guns I found here on our space fighter jet, and take out every adversary we see.

We find the coordinates of Rams Mascot and race back to this ship and make our approach . Sound good?” asked Soldier Sam.

“Sounds good!” Sarina agreed..

## ORANGE VALENTINES #5

“Have Breakfast Anytime at Stella’s”

The Flight through Space was finally complete. The Starship bolted down from the sky and landed in New York.

Cupid was there on the Tarmac to greet Sarina and Soldier Sam.

“Sarina and Soldier Sam!” Cupid called out. “Welcome to Syracuse!”

“Thanks Cupid” Sarina replied.

“Isn’t there a Big Orange Basketball Game Tonight?” asked Soldier Sam.

“There for sure is an Orange Game tonight. But first I have a Place to show you guys?” said Cupid.

Cupid was a Legend at Syracuse. It was in Fact one of his favorite places to be. To work his Magic.

Cupid is big on the tradition of Love and is dedicated to making Syracuse a beautiful and comfortable place for everyone on Valentines Day every year. Cupid frequently refers to the past and adheres to rules he believes in.

Years ago, a potential target for Cupid's arrow was acting up and making a scene. "You don't know me. I am very powerful. If you don't believe it, try it." The rest of the crew responded. "What strength you think you have. The only way you are going to impress Cupid is by using brains, not with force."

Let's get on our way to our Pre-Game Event, Sarina and Soldier Sam" Cupid instructed.

"This is quite a place. Cupid added.

"Let's do a little Preview before we get to the site, Cupid" Sarina suggested.

"Hop in my Ride, you two. I have a couple of questions about your Flight before we get to the Tour Site" Cupid responded.

We had a rough landing on one of the supply replenishment satellites" explained Sarina. I unbuckled Soldier Sam's seatbelt causing him to fall into the sand.

"I kept a mental note that his reaction time was way off and it seems my body reacted slower to the Gravitational Force coming from that satellite.

Soldier Sam was stuck in the sand so I rescued him and took him back to the Starship Camp the crew had assembled.

I was interrogating Soldier Sam about his plans to perform at a higher level when we came about onto the next waystation.

I investigated Soldier Sam's protocols and collected the crews post-disaster action report.

Soldier Sam learned from his mistakes and performed brilliantly the next time we encountered a scenario like that on our journey.

Cupid's Ride was zigging and zagging through Syracuse Traffic.

Here we are at the Mystery Spot for our Tour, Sarina and Soldier Sam" announced Cupid. "I'm sure the two of you are going to have a lot of Questions.

"We're ready, Cupid" shouted Sarina. "Let's Check it out!"

Soldier Sam agreed. "Let's get this party started, Cupid!!"

"What is this place?" asked Sarina.

"I'm hungry," Sarina announced. "I could do with some food."

"So could I. Me too" said Soldier Sam

"Very well," said Cupid.

Stella's is hands down the best diner in Syracuse. It's 100 times better than over pricey places like Rise n shine and modern malt." Cupid explained.

"I bet we can pick anything from the menu and not be disappointed" Soldier Sam predicted.

“We for sure picked the right place to eat today. They are very fast!!!” said Cupid.

Sarina looked at the menu. “Look, Soldier Sam, they have Waffles, pancakes and French toast. This is going to be the best breakfast I have ever had.”

“I come to Stellas at least once every weekend, just looking for couples to shoot with my arrows. This place is always packed” explained Cupid.

“Why did you go over and talk to some Cuse Fans just now?” Soldier Sam asked Cupid.

“I know you are a bit of a Tech Junkie, Soldier Sam. Here, I have something to show you. Said Cupid.

“Check out what is the latest technology we have developed.

3D food printing: The animated TV show “The Jetsons” had a home food machine that produced full meals. Then there was replicator, which could print food literally from thin air in mere seconds. Now Syracuse has created 3D printing technology that can produce entire cooked meals from prepared ingredients rather than from molecules — although that technology is in the works as well. And for dessert, the race is on to invent the ultimate chocolate printer.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were stunned by what Cupid had just said.

“That’s Amazing” Sarina said with interest. Why do all the restaurants these days have this capability?”

“Sometimes these places are so crowded with Cuse Fans there is just simply not enough cooks and prep space to go around. 3D Printing makes sure everyone can eat their fill without having to wait very long.” Replied Cupid.

“Time to eat,” said Cupid who asked the waitress to distribute the meals to himself, Sarina and Soldier Sam.

Sarina and Soldier Sam each ordered an omelette and toast with a tall glass of bourbon.. Two of them were huge!!

Soldier Sam considered taking half of his meal back with him, but as he got going, his stamina took over and he finished the whole meal.

Cupid wasn't as hungry so he got the Monte Cristo. It was really good and just enough.

So the adventure at Stella’s continued.

“Wow,” said Sarina. ““What great eats! Now I understand why this place is so packed with Cuse Fans.”

Yes, Sarina. Simply a fantastic meal. And to share it with Cupid, what a treat.” Soldier Sam was sure glad they had checked Stella’s out that day.

The waitress kept their bourbon glasses filled and everyone in their seating section was having an enjoyable time visiting. When we were done the place was really filling up even more, maybe over capacity and a lot of Cuse Fans were waiting to get seated.

“Are we going to meet more Cuse Fans before we go?” Soldier Sam asked. “We haven’t even checked out the extra seating on the second level.”

“Of course,” replied Cupid.” That reminds me. There is something up those stairs that you will probably want to check out, Sarina.”

What’s this Cupid? Sarina asked as she and Soldier Sam walked over to the Hologram.

Read it and see Sarina. It is a special clue about Valentines Day” Directed Cupid.

“Ok, Cupid. Lets See what it says” Sarina started reading the Hologram.

“You're off the Hook!”

Your fun heart turns life to play

Make me laugh from day to day  
So I write this poem, and I'll hang my sign  
Saying, "Please Be My Valentine."

"I just can't believe it!" Sarina exclaimed. On Valentine's Day. A special message just for me!"

"Wow, Cupid, that was quite a Tour!" Sarina exclaimed.

"It sure was" Soldier Sam had a great time too.

So Sarina and Soldier Sam said their goodbyes and made room for more Cuse Fans to come in and enjoy a great meal.

"We have some time to burn before the Game. Let's stop by this Bar" suggested Cupid.

"By the way, Sarina and Soldier Sam," Cupid remembered something. "You told me about your flight. But I forget to ask, did you two go on any adventures during your Pit Stops?"

"Our Starship was approaching a waystation on a distant satellite somewhere around Planet X and the supply chopper comes in, usually loaded with mail, MRE rations, ammo, and sometimes clean clothes.

But Soldier Sam was like "What is this?" It was an ammo canister full of soup but we have no utensils to serve the soup, so Soldier Sam broke off a handle from a Power Control Station and used that to serve the crew as they made their way through the Mess Hall Line."

"Yeah, Sarina, Soldier Sam added. What a pleasant surprise that an ordinary

piece of equipment could leave a lasting memory like that!"

"I've got a special surprise that you will be sure to like, Sarina!" Cupid announced.

Cupid was excited about Sarina's Valentine too!

"I got you a Valentine, Sarina!" announced Cupid

"Fantastic." Said Soldier Sam.

To everyone's surprise, Sarina jumped onto the bar. She opened that Valentine with an audience.

Sarina got to her feet.

"I must open it now," Sarina said with excitement.

Sarina opened it up and looked surprised.

"Why Cupid got us Front Row Seats for the Cuse Game, Soldier Sam, Look! Sarina displayed the Tickets..

"So you like your Valentine, right?." asked Soldier Sam.

Sarina answered his question.

"I think it's wonderful, Cupid, Thank You. Now let's get out of here and head to Orange Stadium. We don't want to miss any of the action!"

## CUPID'S FIRST SYRACUSE ORANGE GAME EXPERIENCE

### PART 5

Cupid marveled at how beautiful the stadium was built, taking a look at how the Orange structure produced specific patterns and other designs. Upon going into the stadium on Valentine's Day, Cupid saw the Orange stairs anticipating him. Nervously approaching them ever so slightly, Cupid waited at the back of the line with Sarina and Soldier Sam. I seemed around and saw a large number of people talking and having fun amongst one another.

There was excitement and anticipation in the air as the thousands of fans started yelling and chanting for the teams. The noise kept getting louder and louder as other fans arrived and joined in. There were thousands of fans, cramming their way into every available seat. The seats were painted Orange but were not as comfortable as a pool chair and were built so close together so you had to squeeze into them.

Soldier Sam told Cupid, "It's been enough of you always helping me out. After Valentines Day I'll Stand on my own two feet and you will be shocked at how well I'll do.

Sarina's excitement found no bounds in the prospect of seeing the Orange hoop it up on Valentines Day.

Soldier Sam felt the excitement of the game would never wash away if he does not have to apologise to Cupid for being so emotional and difficult over the years.

Sarina sensed a jolt in appreciating Soldier Sam that he had always been loyal to her and the crew and of the highest magnitude to a mentor like Cupid.

“Is there a way out of this parking lot and into the stadium, Cupid?”, Soldier Sam asked.

“I still don't believe what Cupid is saying, that the Orange Game is going to tip off so soon for us”, Sarina exclaimed.

“Let's try to get into the stadium soon so we won't have to miss any of the game”, Soldier Sam pleaded with Cupid.

“Of course we will”, Cupid assured Soldier Sam.

“I've got a great idea!” Sarina exclaimed. “Soldier Sam and I should get a photo with Orange Mascot. Then we could prove we were here and have a lasting memory.

“Hey, Cupid,” Soldier Sam wanted to get his attention. “Could you snap a pic of Me and Sarina with Orange Mascot? That would be awesome!”

“Of course, Soldier Sam” Cupid replied. Just find Orange Mascot and I will be over to take the shot of you and Sarina.”

'I want to get used to you for a minute,' Cupid said. 'Did you ever pose for a mug shot before?' 'Please look at the camera, Soldier Sam, Cupid asked.'

You can develop an understanding of lighting, know how to use your camera's settings to improve the exposure, and study all the rules of composition that you want, but ultimately, if the subject of the photo is boring, your photo will be boring, too. That's assuming that you even have a strong subject in the shot to begin with.

“Hey Sarina, we got that picture with Orange Mascot! All the lighting was great and we were posed perfectly. Isn't it great we were able to find Orange Mascot and he was so accommodating?”

“Yes, Soldier Sam” Sarina answered. I thought for a moment Cupid was going to lose his mind trying to operation the photo function on my phone. He had never operated anything like that before.”

“The game is about to start Sarina!” Soldier Sam exclaimed. Why don't you give me a quick rundown of the season so far?

“I know you have been following it closely and I really don't have a clue about what the Orange have faced so far this year, Soldier Sam continued. “How are they doing?”

“Sure Soldier Sam,” Sarina was glad to show off her knowledge of Cuse Hoops. “There have been a lot of developments so far this year.

Syracuse basketball continues to be incredibly predictable at the end of games, resorting to 1-on-1 and playing nothing but 'Hero Ball'. It's a big reason why they are going to miss March Madness again.

The Orange had to get on their shooters and we just didn't. That's what happens with teams start gelling on any given Saturday. They were open and they were making shots."

"Obviously, we look to shoot and make shots. "But they weren't falling. And we'll just learn from that and move forward."

Through non-conference play, Syracuse ranked in the top quarter of the country in percentage of total points coming from 3-pointers.

Sarina hesitated. She had wanted him to look as if he needed a drink. Compromising, she went to the ice box and fixed him a bourbon bottle. She returned to find that he was ready for that.

'Why don't you have a drink too and make it friendly?' Soldier Sam suggested.

'I have had plenty already" Sarina lied. Now would you mind going on to cheer for the Orange now?'

CUSE GAME ACTION

There is a Cuse Logo at Half Court and bright paint on the Baseline. Just to be in the same building as Orange Mascot and all those screaming fans was an experience that will outlast much of the experiences I have had in life.

Anything spectacular the Orange do which is part of Hoops Action is priceless and people love it and so do the players because it is what they play for and it is just so exciting to be a part of it.

In Orange Games the atmosphere means the feeling that is created by only the combination of imagery, sound, story, gameplay, and sense of agency that makes up the game's narrative. In other words, it is a sense of being immersed in a world of Hoops Action.

Life can work in surprising ways. You could discover yourself in the most unexpected of places and time. That Orange experience in the Dome left a big impact on my life.

The excitement that rushed through me with every swish of the net was amazing and just to hear all of those shoes sliding on the hardwood floor. That is one of the reasons why seeing the Game at the Dome was such an incredible experience.

RAMS STADIUM

PART 1

There was a great deal of preparation to be done before Orange Mascot declared the 'Cuse Hockey Lottery open at Orange Stadium. Sarina and Soldier Sam were both excited for the Big Day.

The night before the 'Cuse Hockey Lottery, Orange Mascot and Soldier Sam made up the envelopes stuffed with slips of paper and put them in the Blue and Orange Box, and it was then taken to the safe of Orange Mascot and

locked up until Orange Mascot was ready to take it to Orange Stadium the next morning.

The rest of the year, the box was put away, sometimes one place, sometimes another; it had spent time in Sarina's office several years and sometimes it was set in Soldier Sam's Bourbon Cabinet and left there.

There were the lists to make up—of all the Orange Players. There was the proper swearing-in of Orange Mascot by Soldier Sam, as the Official of the 'Cuse Hockey Lottery. There was also, a ritual salute, which Soldier Sam had to use in addressing each player who came up to draw from the box, but this also had changed with time, until now it was felt necessary just for Soldier Sam to speak to each person approaching.

Orange Mascot, with one hand resting on the painted Lotto Box, he seemed very proper and important as he talked briefly to Sarina and Soldier Sam.

Just as Orange Mascot finally left off talking and turned to the assembled Orange Fans, Sarina disappeared and made her way to the Orange Bench.

"Clean forgot what day it was, Sarina said to the Orange Coach, who stood next to her, and they both laughed. "Thought Soldier Sam was out back fixing his car, Sarina went on. "and then I looked out the window and saw all the Fans Tailgating, and then I remembered it was Orange Lottery Day and came a-running."

Sarina readied herself and Orange Coach said, "You got here just in time to help with the Lottery Box, though. Soldier Sam and Orange Mascot still talking away up over there."

Sarina took leave of the Orange Coach and began to make her way to Center Ice. The Orange Players separated good-humoredly to let her through: a few players said, in voices just loud enough to be heard above the Crowd of Fans packed into Orange Stadium, "Here comes Sarina," she made it after all."

Sarina reached Soldier Sam and Orange Mascot, who had been waiting for her to grab the Lineup from Orange Coach. said cheerfully greeted her. "Thought we were going to have to get on without you, Sarina, grinning.

"Well, now." Orange Mascot taking a drink of Bourbon, "guess we better get

started, get this over with, so we can go back to work. Anybody ain't here?"

"Defensemen." Several players said. "Some of them are here. Maybe they are upset they have to do all those Media Spots before the Game"

Orange Mascot consulted his list. "Wingmen?" he said. "That's right. Some of them are still Rehabing from last year.

But some of the players showed up anyways. Who's drawing for those players still absent from the 'Cuse Hockey Lottery?"

"Me. I guess," Soldier Sam said. And Orange Mascot turned to look at him

"Soldier Sam draws for the Center and Wingmen" Orange Mascot said. "But doesn't most of the players have an agent to do it for them Soldier Sam?"

Although Orange Mascot and everyone else in the stadium that day knew the answer to that Important Question perfectly well, it was the business of the Lottery to ask such questions formally. Orange Mascot waited with an expression of polite interest while Soldier Sam answered.

"They aren't here, Soldier Sam regretfully. "Guess I gotta fill in for them too this year."

"Right." Orange Mascot said. He made a note on the list he was holding. Then he asked, "is Sarina drawing this year?"

Of course I'm drawing this year, announced Sarina" Several voices in the crowd said things like "Good Luck, Sarina." and "Glad to see you're going to do it!!"

"Well," Orange Mascot said, "guess that's everyone. Is Soldier Sam ready for action? Yep.

A sudden hush fell on the crowd as Orange Mascot gathered his voice and looked at the list. "All ready?" he called. "Now, I'll read the names—and a representative from each group come up and take an envelope out of the box. Keep it unopened without looking at it until everyone has had a turn. Everything clear?"

The Orange players had done it every year so only half listened to the directions: most of them were occupied, not looking around.

Then Orange Mascot raised one hand high and said, "Someone Who defends all shots on the Goal in the Box." A player brought himself from the crowd and came forward. "Hey Big Guy." Orange Mascot said and the Goalie returned the greeting They smiled at one another.

The Goalie reached into the Blue and Orange Box and took out a folded envelope. He held it firmly, as he turned and went hastily back to his place with the other players. where he stood, not looking down at his hand.

"Front Line and Defensemen who haven't gotten a Lottery Ticket yeat!." Orange Mascot said. "All you guys"

"Seems like there's no time at all between lotteries any more." Sarina said to Soldier Sam. "Seems like we got through with the last one just a short time ago, but another year has passed."

"Time sure goes fast for you, Sarina.—Solder Sam said.

"Non-Starters?" announced Orange Mascot.

"There goes those guys." Sarina said.

The group went steadily to the Lotto Box at Center Ice while someone in the crowd said. "Go on, guys," and another said, "There they go."

"We're next." The defensemen had arrived after all, as they came around to the side of the box, greeted Orange Mascot and selected an envelope from the box.

By now, all in front of the crowd there were Orange Players holding the envelopes in their hand. turning them over and over with anticipation.

Still on Stage at Center Ice, Sarina and Soldier Sam stood together, Sarina still steadying the Table.

And... "Sarina!!!" Orange Mascot Yelled.

"Go ahead Sarina," Soldier Sam said. and the entire crowd cheered in delight as Sarina selected her envelope.

"They do say," Sarina said to Soldier Sam, who stood next to her, "that the rest of the Hockey Teams-- they're talking of giving up the lottery because they don't have a Fantastic Promo Guy like the Orange do"

Soldier Sam replied. "Pack of crazys," he said. "Listening to the young folks, nothing's good enough for them. Next thing you know, they'll be wanting to go back to living in their cars, nobody works anymore, except the Orange of Course, Those other Teams can live that way for a while.

"Some Teams have already quit lotteries." Orange Mascot said.

"Nothing but trouble in that," Sarina said stoutly. "Pack of young fools."

"I wish Orange Mascot would hurry up with this, Sarina said to Solider Sam. "I want these proceedings to be over."

"It's almost through," Solider Sam said.

Orange Mascot called his own name and then stepped forward precisely and selected an envelope from the box. Then he called, "Soldier Sam, now it's your turn, finally."

"I've been in the Lottery longest of anyone," Solider Sam said as he reached into the box for his envelope.

After that, there was a long pause, a breathless pause, until Orange Mascot, holding his note in the air, said, "All right, Folks." For a minute, no one moved, and then all the players opened their envelopes at once.

Suddenly, all the Fans began to speak at once, saving. "Who is it?," "Who's got it?," "Is it someone on the Front Line?," "Is it someone on playing defense?" Or could it be the All-Star Goalie?"

Then the voices began to say, "It's Sarina I bet," "I bet Sarina got it."

And all the players were disappointed, turning around to the Fans and

holding their blank slips of paper above their heads.

"Well, everyone," Orange Mascot said, "that was done pretty fast, and now we've got to be hurrying a little more to get done in time." He consulted his list. Sarina he said, "you have the Roster. You got any one else?"

"Of course" said Sarina. "All the Stadium Workers!!" "How many Folks, Sarina? Orange Mascot asked formally.

"Too many to count," Solider Sam said. "They have agreed to split the winnings evenly if they are lucky enough to win."

"Well, we will just ask Concessions and Media to grab an envelope for the whole Stadium Workers Team, Sarina suggested.

"All right, then," Orange Mascot said. ", Stadium Workers got their envelope?" Yep. Anyone win when they opened it? Nope.

The Fans began to move around to see Sarina. Sarina was standing quiet, staring down at the envelope in her hand.

Suddenly. Sarina shouted to Orange Mascot. "You didn't give Soldier Sam time enough to take any envelope he wanted. I saw you. It wasn't fair!"

"Be a good sport, Sarina." The Orange Fans called, and Soldier Sam said, "All of us took the same chance."

"I think we ought to start over," Sarina said, as quietly as she could. "I tell you it wasn't fair. You didn't give Soldier Sam enough time to choose. Everybody saw that."

"Ready, Soldier Sam?" Orange Mascot asked. And Soldier Sam, with one quick glance at Sarina, nodded.

The crowd at Orange Stadium was quiet. They were all whispering, "I hope it's not Soldier Sam," and the sound of the whisper reached the edges of the crowd.

"It's not the way it used to be." Soldier Sam said clearly. "People ain't the

way they used to be."

"All right," Orange Mascot said. "Open your envelope. Soldier Sam, You first."

Soldier Sam opened his envelope and there was a general sigh of relief through the crowd as he held it up and everyone could see that it was blank.

"Now Me" Orange Mascot said. There was a pause, he looked at Soldier Sam, unfolded his paper and showed it. It was blank.

"It's Sarina!!!," Orange Mascot announced, and the Fans were hushed. "Open your envelope, Sarina!!"

Sarina ripped open her envelope and waved it to the Crowd. It had the 'Cuse Logo on it Outlined with an Orange Heart!!

Soldier Sam had created the Orange Heart the night before at Orange Mascot's office.

Now the Prize winning Orange Heart was displayed on the Giant Scoreboard in Orange Stadium, and there was a stir in the crowd. Then the Entire City of Syracuse heard the news on the broadcast and celebrations in the streets would soon follow.

"All right, Folks." Orange Mascot said. "Sarina is the Winner! Let's finish quickly and you Folks drive home safe, you hear?"

Then all the Orange Fans reached under their seats and hurled Orange Party Streamers and Glitter Balls at Sarina, cheering wildly.

"Sarina, Sarina, She is the Winner!!!"the Orange Fans screamed, and Notes of Celebration Flashed across the Giant Video Scoreboard.

Sarina was now the Lottery Winnings Star of Orange Nation!!! So Special! And much, much more 'Cuse Hockey Fun to Follow in Orange Stadium!

## CHAPTER 6

### SITUATION ROOM

On his way out of the bar, Soldier Sam hesitated beside another one down the street, but was too excited about meeting Sarina at Cupid's Office to get another drink. Then he paused, and heard his name being called. It sounded like Cupid's voice.

"Oh, yeah, I'm coming back to your office right now," Soldier Sam promised.

"Before the internet it was very difficult to come up with Ideas for a great time on Valentines Day" Sarina explained. "Cupid would be shooting from the hip and needing an idea for a Valentines Day Activity in a split second.

"Yeah, Now it's an easy job" added Soldier Sam. " Anyone can find a date idea and present it to Cupid. That's one of the reasons why they are all such bad ideas. They got Directors that think they have come up with a decent scene and call it a show! What do they know?"

'I don't know what a girl like me is doing out here anyhow,' said Sarina.

Soldier Sam could have supplied the answer, but he wasn't sure if he should. "Do you really want me to do this, Sarina?"

'It's a funny business, remarked Sarina.

'Funny!' responded Soldier Sam., 'It's confusing! Here against my better judgement I write just what you tell me to make our Valentines Day Activity be approved--and Cupid tells me to get out because we can't seem to agree on what would be the best way to present it.'

'That's an interesting take on it,' remarked Cupid. 'What do you want me to

do, Soldier Sam-- knock you down?'

Cupid checked to see if his arrows were still there.

'Try it!' Soldier Sam suggested. 'You probably couldn't Cupid, I've got a few more pounds on me than most' He hesitated and said honestly. 'I mean extra junk on me that I should work off. I never go to the gym.'

"You've only got several days to come up with a Valentine's Day Activity I can endorse," said Cupid, "--but this is only a deal if your Valentine is for Sarina, of course."

"Don't even believe for a moment that my target is anything other than Sarina!" Soldier Sam affirmed. "My idea won't be any crazy stuff either. I've only got this one chance with Sarina and she knows it."

"Well all right then. You have an audience here with me, and if anything you can do is a good idea, I'll let you know." Cupid said.

"But don't put Soldier Sam under this much pressure to make a decision. I'm sure he will try his best to come up with a spectacular plan" insisted Sarina.

"We're not asking you to invent a miracle, Soldier Sam. If you want you can think it over for a bit. Then get back to me." Cupid conceded.

Soldier Sam felt a little better with this kind of moment to get a plan together.

"Oh, I'll definitely be happy with Soldier Sam's Valentines Day Concept," Sarina said quickly. "Soldier Sam will for sure be able to dig up a good plan on the internet. There are a lot of examples my contemporaries have cited over the years.

"Yeah, I'll make up something special and I'll convince you if it can work or not." Soldier Sam was grateful that Sarina didn't mind if he recycled a plan he could find in his research.

Cupid checked to make sure he had enough arrows for Valentines Day and wrote something on a Orange Heart-Shaped piece of paper.

"All right, Soldier Sam. Run into your office and hop on the computer. It shouldn't take you that long" suggested Cupid.

Soldier Sam only had to sit on the computer for bit before he uncovered an idea. He printed something out on paper and rushed to tell Sarina about it before he presented the plan to Cupid

Look, Sarina. We can Invent a new drink and name it something that belongs to only us" Soldier Sam was excited.

Yeah, perfect" responded Sarina, "We can Have fun mixing and testing new ideas to invent something unique that appeals to both of us. You don't have to splash out we'll just get the ingredients we can and go from there."

Cupid overheard their discussion. "What can you guys handle? Any of the strong stuff? Can you invent something new using bourbon and give it a name? If you can, then this drink now belongs to you both!" That's a great idea" decided Cupid.

Sarina started to wonder if other people had done this same thing for Valentines and their inventions were listed somewhere. Surely they would be able to come up with an original name once they had both Sampled a few.

Soldier Sam made his way around Cupid's desk and poured out his heart. He had been waiting for an opportunity just like this to show Sarina he was worthwhile in life

Soldier Sam put the icing on the cake. "Thanks Cupid, at first you seemed like you we're not going to approve the activity, but now you have generously agreed to let me and Sarina play a game like that on Valentines Day. I'm so thankful you did"

"There you are," said Sarina triumphantly. Soldier Sam we just punched our ticket to a great Valentines Day!"

## TRAINING

Soldier Sam's Training for New Starship Missions was not at all like what he expected. Rams Mascot was not a typical Instructor.

Rams Mascots tough standards taught Soldier Sam a lesson. Soldier Sam knew, at last, that it was a good instinct to fall in love with flying to the Moon. It was great training for the mission that was to follow. It was perfectly normal for Soldier Sam to feel challenged to his limits by Rams Mascots instructions every night, even if they must exist in entirely different realities — Instructor Rams Mascot and trainee Soldier Sam, It was perfectly good that Rams Mascot came to appreciate Soldier Sam's dedication to the mission.

Some Starship commanders who hear about the addition of core values discussions and foot-locker mentoring say that boot camp should be more physically demanding. But drill instructors say their main job is not to prepare Starship Commanders for combat. Their job is turning civilians into

Starship commanders, and there's a specific process that has to occur in order for that to happen in a short period.

Many skill sets must be in the training tool box-- "Engineering" provides power to the other bridge positions. "Helm" maneuvers the ship. "Weapons" prepares and fires torpedoes at the enemy. "Sensors," "Shields," and "Tractor Beam" have duties as well. One player acts as captain, charged with making sense of the great mess that develops against another team of players on a similar enemy ship.

Maneuvering techniques.

Every soldier knows firsthand the daunting challenges of the twenty-first-century combat environment: rapid and disruptive change, fleeting opportunities, incomplete information, an overall sense of uncertainty and disorder. While military commanders have long faced such challenges on the battlefield, meeting them has come to be even more difficult in today's world of electronic weaponry, blurred battle lines, and unshaped enemies.

Military strategy has had to evolve in response to the changing environment. This has led to the growing focus on an approach to armed conflict called maneuver warfare. Recognized as a viable combat construct for many decades, maneuver warfare has risen to prominence more recently because it is so well suited to today's combat environment. Although designed for the battlefield, the approach offers a novel and useful way to think about many types of strategy, allowing everyone in the ranks to capitalize on rather than submit to the formidable challenges they now face.

Tell me a little bit about your Training experience, Soldier Sam.

For one of our missions we had to go around and continue on to the rendezvous point. Nothing should get in the way of rescuing the captured ally.

It was a tiny, artificial base called Station Romeo, and some recruits and I were approaching it in a shuttle we'd been crammed into for a long time.. My group and I were all apprentices in the safety engineering transport internship program. I believe that later, the new astronaut trainer hears that the transport pod on the Station has disappeared.

It might be because the people assigned to the base was inadvertently scared off by a visitor, or maybe because the commander decided that "the Station was getting too crowded" -- I cannot recall.

It is intimated that the transport pod with the group assigned to it still exists on the moon, just moved to a different spot, where they await to be rediscovered and visited by lunar explorers in the future.

It wasn't that Football guy but it was another a whole lot like him who decided to take up the rescue squad training, possibly on the ground that when the mission went to hell he could fall back on office work. He didn't realize, of course, that that would be very much like falling back full-length on a kit of writing tools.

But this guy didn't seem cut out for journalism, being too self conscious to talk to anybody and unable to use a typewriter, but Rams Mascot assigned

him to the rescue mission anyway.

This was a genuinely big "beat," the mission was, for it took up many times as much ground and got a boatload as great a resource appropriation as any training mission we had undertaken to date. The guy knew quite a bit about the subject but nevertheless his stories were dull and colorlessly written.

He took all afternoon on each of them, on account of having to hunt for each letter on the typewriter. Once in a while he had to ask somebody to help him hunt. "S" and "M," in particular, were hard letters for him to find.

Finally, we landed on the Moon because I collided with a massive asteroid. The Moon's surface was covered by bowl-shaped craters. There weren't any gun batteries or security that we could see anywhere.

My foot-prints stayed on the Moon's soil for a very long time because there is no wind to blow them away. Soon, I started to be hungry so I flew to the station to eat. There were few menu items to choose from.

Anything else you want to tell me, Soldier Sam ?'

Yes, Sarina. It goes a little something like this.

"These nightly communications sessions with you validate my understanding of intent and how you're responding to my intent."

PART 6

Sarina Loves to go to Cuse Hoops games all season long to her Heart's

Delight when she is in Syracuse! Sarina also loves Scuba Diving in the Ocean.

"Your training is not yet complete, Soldier Sam" explained Angels Mascot.  
"You have been trained in the tech arts, but it is Sarina who has been trained to secure the precious cargo on your trip through outer space."

"I bet you have a lot to tell me, Sarina!" exclaimed Soldier Sam. "Let's get to it!"

Sarina brought Soldier Sam and her friends out for the "Trunk or Treat" Parade. Soldier Sam said his favorite truck was the one and only "Angels Pirate Express!"

The Unit as a whole usually load up multiple supply flight on a regular basis.

The flights take place multiple times a day and are critical to sustaining Troops directly in the fight. Sarina said her crew typically flies every other day.

"It's kind of boring, those days that we have off," Sarina admitted. "We'd rather be flying, but we need to have a day so that we can recuperate."

The restaurant door opened again, and Sarina was there for a moment, said "Oh," and disappeared. Then she returned.

"Why it's Soldier Sam!" she exclaimed. "I was looking for Angels Mascot."

Soldier Sam went to the bar to grab some drinks for Sarina before dinner was served.

Angels Mascot was at the bar in the restaurant.

'Join the team,' said Angles Mascot, 'I got no time for mixing it up. I got to make a show for the Angels Studio.'

'Hello Angels Mascot,' said Sarina smiling. Then knowing the advantage at the moment Soldier Sam took his chance.

'When do we work together next?' Soldier Sam asked.

Sarina is a Scuba Diving Virtuoso. Her Skills far and away are the best in California, and she enjoys the adventures that come along with those Skills.

But Sarina does not like Scuba Diving as much as going to Orange Games and here is the story that tells you why!

Sarina had made it to the ticket window and heard a whistle just as the Orange Express pulled into the station.

"Get back to the Grind, Sarina. No time off for you!" Soldier Sam was quick to order.

Sarina doesn't like it when she gets stuck at the Los Angeles Airport, especially the kind of Flight Delay that lasted all season long.

“I won’t stay in LA during Hoops March Madness. I want to be jumping up and Down at the Orange Game!” Sarina had announced.

Over the years, Sarina’s Birthday has grown into great big, boisterous party created by Soldier Sam. He just thinks it is more and more exciting each time it comes around.

All of Sarina’s Friends were having a splendid time, and even her partners from the office. Their Faces were starting to get a bit Rosy from all the drinking, and Sarina was no exception.

Sarina decided she and had enough of her friends for the day and her Birthday Goals began to shift to Orange Hoops!! March Madness had started and Cuse had a big game coming up.

So Sarina began to swim to the shore. That was clearly the first step to get Cuse Tickets for the Game that was fast approaching.

Sarina just knew there was a ticket out there somewhere for her and it would be the best Birthday Present ever if she could find out some way of getting to Syracuse.

Soldier Sam almost goes out for dinner by himself, but Sarina and her friends intervene, breaking her boss’ monopoly on her time and restoring her long-lost voice to her.

Then came the Trip to Orange Beach!

In addition to being the world wide epicenter of Hoops Talent, most people don't know that a lot of Cuse Fans are top-notch Scuba Divers, due to a popular academic curriculum option.

Sometimes Sarina built sand castles with high turrets, and sometimes she made sand pies decorated with seaweed.

The Trip Going back to LA

All the Orange Fans could plainly see Sarina was in a big hurry to get back to LA.

## TOUR SITE SCENES

“Reindeer Games”

Sarina and Soldier Sam had arrived at the North Pole!!

Sarina is a very good friend of Santa, so he invited her to come to his workshop. As I walked into the toy shop, I heard little elves chattering about Christmas. They made everything: iPods, board games, pogo sticks and CDs. My favorite item was sitting all by itself on a glass table. It was an Orange digital camera with a card written in cursive saying, “Even though you're naughty, I got your favorite gift, Love Santa.”

Wow! We are going to get a Tour of Santa's office, where all the important Christmas decisions are made!

Sarina walked to the desk and opened a drawer, and inside was a long piece of paper. It said naughty kids and nice kids. I thought and thought, and I finally figured it out: It's Santa's list for who's been good and who's been bad. I immediately searched on this list, and I was on the naughty list. I took a pencil and made sure nobody was watching. I erased my name on the list and then put it on the good list.

After seeing Santa's office, let's check out another part of the North Pole—Where all the Work gets done. This is where the magic happens!

Sarina decided to visit the sleigh. The sleigh was huge and wide. It had a bag full of toys. It was bright red and, guess what, another naughty or nice list. It was decorated with white icing. It had a built-in laptop and iPod in it. I was the luckiest guy on Earth (maybe) because I got to visit Santa's workshop. The sections I visited were awesome, and it was the most wonderful experience I had.

With the first snowflakes of winter, the little reindeer games of tag and hide-and-seek change to challenges of skill and daring. They want to prove to themselves and others that they are strong and fast. Just like the young bucks Santa would choose at the Reindeer Games to fill the openings on Soldier Sam's teams.

This particular morning, a competitive Soldier Sam challenged his friends to a race.

Sarina had been working really hard making a new computer board game for Soldier Sam this Christmas.

Sarina had one problem, she couldn't decide how a player should "win" the game.

Sarina had been thinking for days and days, and still could not agree on an ending.

"Line up here for the race!" Sarina shouted as Soldier Sam ran around his circle of friends.

Soldier Sam pawed the ground as his friends toed the mark. "Ready! Set! Go!" Sarina screamed as he burst ahead of the others racing across the meadow.

"I win! I win!" Soldier Sam boasted as he pranced about.

Then Detective Sarina realized for the first time that there was a third set of footsteps on the stairs That could only be Soldier Sam. Then it dawned on her and she realized she had walked into a trap. Sarina informed Santa she had walked into a trap, but quickly figured it out and moved on.

"Sarina and Soldier Sam. I have a Holiday Mystery for You to solve. Announced Santa.

"Oh, Santa. I'm great at Solving Mysteries! Maybe Soldier Sam could help too. What's your problem, Santa?" Sarina asked.

Santa sure did have a mystery that no one at the North Pole could solve.

Visit a world where car mechanics are the world's biggest celebrities and one person's trash is another's treasure. They get to make a movie about their discovery.

If I could just get out to Santa's studio, thought Soldier Sam--I could maybe get an idea about a Christmas Day Activity on the spot.

This consideration was interrupted by Sarina, who, announced "Soldier Sam, I told you I didn't think Santa would check his voicemail, but he just telephoned me and wants you to see him right away."

Soldier Sam and Sarina arrived at Santa's Studio, but were disappointed when Santa's Sign on the door said 'I haven't got a Date for you on Christmas Day. We've got more applicants now than we can use.'

'I didn't ask for a Date,' said Soldier Sam with dignity. "Just a chance to spend some quality time with someone that I Love. But I am planning to rate some tickets for a show preview on Christmas Day and I was hoping you could endorse the activity'

"Hey Santa, take us to the Christmas recreation centre. I bet Soldier Sam and I will find a clue there to Solve your mystery.

'Oh yes, I want to talk to you about that,' Santa responded. 'We may have to take your name off the credits for the big Christmas Day Show.

'What?' exclaimed Sarina. 'Why, Soldier Sam's name is already on! I saw an advertisement in the North Pole Times. He's put so much work into it.

But Santa had an answer for that: "I may have to take it off when we open the show. Soldier Sam hasn't really come up with a good enough idea for your Christmas Day together.

It looks like Soldier Sam claimed lines where all you did was change "Yes" to "Yes sir" and "Red Heart" to "Crimson Heart" and stuff like that.'

'I been in this business for a long time" protested Soldier Sam' 'I know my rights. Those Christmas Cards were a mess. I was called in to revise a poor

effort!

'I'll join the North Pole Publishers Clearinghouse and fight it.' declared Sarina.

Santa changed his tune a bit, touched by Soldier Sam's sad face. 'Still, I did hear about your efforts on a Crossword Puzzle or something like that. What's up with that?'

"Yes Santa, I did! Let me tell you about it", Soldier Sam's Expression turned to one of excitement.

"I Made a one-of-of-a-kind crossword puzzle. The answers to the clues are all about the Adventures Sarina wants to go on Christmas Day. It's clever because the last clue is the name of a special restaurant that we both enjoy."

Ok, Sarina and Soldier Sam. I'll take you to the North Pole's Christmas recreation centre. Maybe you will find a clue to solve this mystery. Just be on your best behavior.

You are a Guest at the North Pole. You will learn many useful things about our Operation that will be sure to help you on any mission you might find yourselves on in the Future.

Visit of the North Pole's recreation centre

How are you this morning? Because you have worked very hard since you've arrived at the North Pole, I have decided to take you to the North Pole's recreation centre today. We will enjoy a day filled with fun and relaxation! The elves meet at the recreation centre on their day off to play and to meet their friends. As you will see, there are many fun games and activities to explore! Enjoy your day. We will be very busy! Have fun!

“Hey, Santa!” Look Soldier Sam! Look at that Orange Box sitting under the Christmas Tree. What could possibly be in the Orange Box?”

“Why don’t you open the Orange Box up, Sarina. Maybe it has something you are looking for!”

“Ok, Santa. Come over here and check out this Orange Box with me, Soldier Sam!” Sarina was so excited. They opened the Orange Box together.

Look Soldier Sam!” Sarina exclaimed. “It’s the Clue we have been looking for. I just knew we would find something at this Stop on the North Pole Tour!”

### Wrapping Paper

At Santa’s workshop, one of the least coveted jobs is in wrapping department. This is where all the interns live - the work is hard, but at least the pay is terrible. To wrap all the presents for the good people of the world, you’re going to need some funky paper. There are lots of stores that offer some truly unique paper and giftwrap ideas, including chalkboard paper, and this amazing special product that is the best Christmas wrapping.

What a Great North Pole Tour you took me and Soldier Sam on, Santa. Now we have the clue to solve your mystery!” Sarina was so happy.

“Yes Sarina” Santa appreciated Sarina’s Smart Detective Work. Merry Christmas to you and Soldier Sam from all of us at the North Pole!”

MYSTERY

Visit a world where car mechanics are the world's biggest celebrities and one person's trash is another's treasure. They get to make a movie about their discovery.

Listen, Soldier Sam." Sarina said. I want to make a picture about Santa's Sleigh Mechanics Shop because all the Elves are working there on the transmission and wheels and training all the Reindeer.

"But coming up with a story without being there is tough, Sarina" Soldier Sam replied. " Why don't you go over and see the Shop Superintendent? To get some stories on that Reindeer that just left our office

That superintendent owes me big time, and he could maybe give you an idea for a Sleigh Shop picture. And then you bring it back and sell it to Santa.. You're on salary, aren't you?'

"Until Christmas" Sarina answered that question.

'Go and see that Busy Reindeer that hangs out in the Sleigh Shop. He'll introduce you to the Shop Superintendent. Look, Sarina, I got to make lunch at Mrs. Claus' Kitchen now. Just remember, Sarina, that Superintendent owes me a lot of money.

It didn't seem hopeful to Sarina, but it was better than nothing. Returning for her coat in Santa's Office, Sarina was in time to pick up the telephone.

'This is Santa" his voice greeting her. 'I can't get rid of it this afternoon. There's Reindeer Traffic on every road--'

'I can't talk about it here,' said Sarina quickly, 'I got to go over to Sleigh Shop on a business call.

'I've tried to beat the traffic,' Santa complained '--and tried! And every time,

some Reindeer comes along--'

'Aw, please!' Sarina hung up--she had enough on her mind.

For years Soldier Sam had followed the deeds of the Workshop Elves. and the almost as fabulous doings of 'the "Sleigh Coasters', who represented the best Shop for outfitting the Sleigh to be compatible with the fit of the Reindeer Group.

Solder Sam's interest was not so much tactical or training as it was practical--but the Sleigh Coasters had captured his investments plenty in their day--and so it was with a sense of targeted proprietorship that he stepped upon equal parts, Green Red and White Elves at the shop.

Sarina located the Reindeer who conducted him to the Shop Superintendent, who happened to be Santa. Santa,, a famous foremen, was in excellent humour. With all of the Reindeer in this year's line, none of them quite old enough for pensions, but all Transit Specialists of experience, his team was in a fair way to conquer his section of the mission..

'Glad to be of help to your studio,' Santa said. 'Glad to help Soldier Sam. What can I do for you? You want to make a picture? . . . Well, we can always use publicity.

Sarina, I got a meeting of the Facility Reindeer Committee in just five minutes and perhaps you'd like to tell them your notion.'

'I don't know,' said Sarina doubtfully. 'What I thought was maybe I could have a drink with you. We could go somewhere and hoist a bottle of bourbon.'

'Afraid not,' said the Superintendent, still in good spirits.. 'If those smarties noticed liquor on me- that would not be good.

Come on over to the meeting--somebody's been getting away with watches and jewellery and things like that on the Shop Floor and we're pretty sure it's that Reindeer Suspect.'

Santa, having played his role, got up to leave.

'Like some good action on the Rams Game this weekend, or whenever they get around to it the spread is pretty good? The Reindeer was testing the waters.

'Not me,' said Santa.

'You, Sarina? Don't you have some inside view?'

'Not me,' said Sarina..

'Sarina' said someone in the Reindeer Crew, 'Soldier Sam was in here the other day and asked me to pimp out his ride, He wanted to show it off to you, and we had enough time on the schedule.

'I hope you set fire to it,' said Sarina. I do like it when I get taken around in something Hot”.

'I did,' said the Reindeer, winked at Sarina, the most important customer, over a tire.. 'He asked for some rims too so I took it all off and Started over on it.

Now his ride is almost as hot as Santa's Sleigh. We figured we owe in big, well with all those contracts he got us. All of us decided on that” the Reindeer explained.

In fact the rental you came over in looks like it needs some work too. I bet you really want to invest in rental work, don't you Sarina? Asked the reindeer.'

This was the morning the kidding was so pervasive that, to avoid it, something unpleasant would have to have happened.

'The worse part of it is that Soldier Sam told me the ending of his show,'

continued Sarina. "He just has no patience for a secret."

What are you waiting for?' demanded Sarina.

'I forgot it!' admitted the reindeer 'Three phones were ringing at once in my office--one from a working director. And while I was talking Santa had to run around. Now I can't remember it and I can't get him back.

'Now he's on a big bat,' said the Reindeer. 'I know because I got Donner and Blitzen tailing him.

It's enough to drive you nuts--here I got the whole story on the Sleigh upgrades except the pay-off scripts. What good is it to me like that?'

'If he has enough Bourbon maybe he'd spill it,' suggested Sarina practically.

'Not to me,' said the Reindeer 'I thought of it but he would recognize my voice.

Sarina called up Santa to see when he and Soldier Sam expected her back at the studio office.

Having reached the end of his current alley, Santa made his picks for the football weekend that wasn't.

'I got an idea, Mr. Reindeer' said Sarina.

The Reindeer looked suspiciously at Sarina's eyes.

'I got no time to hear it now,' the Reindeer replied. "We already started some work on transforming some of the trash the elves run around on into a magnificent fleet.

So Sarina called Soldier Sam up on the phone. Would he sponsor even more work at the Sleigh Shop. If it meant a better picture? The Christmas Deadline was fast approaching.

'I'm not investing anything more,' Soldier Sam responded to Sarina. 'I got a deal almost ready over at the Spare Parts Distribution Outlet. That should put a stop to their schedule and then I could hold out for what they owe me.'

Listen here, Mr. Reindeer" Sarina instructed. "Once I work this Scene into production a little bit, Santa might give you an advance on some of that work.

"I'm sure You all know he has some pretty tall expectations to meet on his Christmas Eve Trip around the world." Sarina added.

Soldier Sam was ringing her phone again. He wanted to get some insight on the work crew's progress on virtual training.

"Maybe if I look into the matter I could find what you want to know, Soldier Sam.' Sarina wanted everything to work out brilliantly for Christmas.

## INTRO

"Yes, I know all about the World Series Ring Ghost!" Angels Mascot said, as Sarina and Soldier Sam continued their trek to the Haunted House...

"I'll tell you an experience if you care to listen. And, what's more, I'll tell it briefly, without trimmings—I mean without unessentials. That's a thing with story-tellers these days, they never do, you know," Angels Mascot laughed.

"They drag in all the unessentials and leave their listeners to disadvantage; but I'll give you just the essentials, and you can make of it what you please. But on one condition: that at the end you ask no questions, because I can't explain it and have no wish to."

Sarina and Soldier Sam agreed. We were serious. We wanted to know everything about the World Series Ring Ghost. After hearing countless

stories from Angels Fans who merely wished to "talk" but had nothing to show for it, we wanted "essentials."

"In those days," Angels Mascot began, feeling from the quality of our silence that we were with him on the journey, "in those days I was interested in sports things, and had arranged to get set up in a Haunted House in the middle of Angels Stadium..."

Sarina and Soldier Sam would end up with Love for the trick or treating experience at Angels Stadium..

Sarina and Soldier Sam go out every Halloween, rain or shine, and carry a huge, industrial bag to stash all their treats.

On one such trip, Sarina was going to Haunted Houses all night with Soldier Sam and the weather was, to say the least, not cooperating.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were all dressed up for the Halloween occasion with ponchos to cover them from the rain. Suddenly, the weather cleared as if by Magic so Sarina and Soldier Sam would get the most out of their Halloween experience!!

This is the Story of that Halloween Night...

PART 6

It was Halloween at Angels Stadium and the night was passing beautifully. Soldier Sam put the flashlight on the floor blocking the door leaving it few inches ajar, so there was no glare to confuse the eyes, and no shadow to shift about on walls and ceiling.

Sarina spread the bag of candy on the floor and sat down to wait, with their backs against the wall.

Soldier Sam was within a foot of the door onto the landing; his position commanded a good view of the main staircase leading down into the darkness, and also of the beginning of the stairs going to still yet again another unexpected floor above, made up chiefly of the Scoreboard Controls; the flashlight lay beside within easy reach.

Sarina and Soldier Sam noted the moon was now high above Angels Stadium. Through the open window they could see the comforting stars like friendly eyes watching in the sky. One by one the clocks of LA struck midnight, and when the sounds faded away the deep silence of a windless night fell again over everything. Only the boom of the ocean, far away, filled the air with hollow sound.

Inside the Press Box, Sarina and Soldier Sam relished the silence because any minute now it might be broken by sounds to cause terror befitting of Halloween Night. The strain of waiting told more and more severely on the nerves; they talked in whispers when they talked at all, for their voices aloud would give away their lack of security.

A chilliness, not altogether due to the night air, invaded the room, and made them cold. The influences against them, whatever these might be, were

slowly robbing them of self-confidence, and the power of decisive action; their forces were on the decline, and the possibility of real fear took on a new meaning.

Every time Solider Sam fastened his attention on the recently started sounds, they instantly ceased. They certainly came no nearer. Yet he could not rid himself of the idea that movement was going on somewhere in other parts of the stadium

The Angels Stadium video rooms, where the doors had been so strangely closed, seemed too near; the sounds were further off than that. Soldier Sam thought of the locations they had already checked but, somehow or other, they did not seem to come from there either. Surely they were not *outside* the stadium.

Then, suddenly, the truth flashed into his brain, and for the space of a minute he turned to ice.

The sounds were not downstairs at all; they were *upstairs*—upstairs near the Scoreboard Controls.

And the moment he discovered where the sounds were, he began to hear them more clearly. It was the sound of feet, moving stealthily along the passage overhead, in and out among the rooms, and past all in it area.

Soldier Sam turned quickly to steal a glance at Sarina seated beside him, to note whether she had shared his discovery. But it was something else that made him catch his breath and stare again. An extraordinary something had come into her face and seemed to spread over her features like a Halloween party mask.

Solider Sam stared in speechless amazement-- He had heard stories of that strange effect of reality which could wipe your brain clean of other emotions, obliterating all previous expressions; but he had never realised that it could be literally true.

Yet, when he turned a minute later, his feelings well in hand, he saw to his intense relief another expression; Sarina was smiling, the veil had lifted and the normal look was returning.

"Anything wrong?" was all he could think of to say at the moment. And the answer came from Sarina "I feel cold--and a little frightened, Soldier Sam."

"It's upstairs, I know," Sarina whispered, with a strained half laugh; "but I can't possibly go up."

But Solider Sam thought otherwise, knowing that in action lay their best hope of surviving that night at Angels Stadium Haunted House.

## PART 6

Sarina and Soldier Sam could not believe their eyes. There in front of them was World Series Ring Ghost.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were getting closer and closer to the Finale of the Angels Stadium Haunted House. They were about to meet World Series Ring Ghost!

I stared at World Series Ring just as you would have done, Sarina' said Soldier Sam. "Or anyone else listening to me—and felt my reality rocking back and forth, flowing like a sort of hot fluid in an engine.

Now won't you show some sort of affection on me?' World Series Ring Ghost's voice just began to give a glimpse into his despair. 'Won't you step out into the middle of the Haunted Room in Angels Stadium and try to love me a little?'

"I have had a tough life, Sarina and Soldier Sam" explained World Series Ring Ghost. It's no wonder I feel like a Ghost."

Unessentials leaped up and puzzled Sarina, and she thought of what the papers might say if it came out, and what the Angels Boss might think, and whether it would be told that Soldier Sam had cigarettes in his pocket, and was a radical promoter.

You needn't laugh, Sarina! That's how Soldier Sam felt. Small things, you know, touch our brains with great resolve when fright is there—real fright like on Halloween Night. But I might have been at a Bourbon Party in the Hollywood Hills, Soldier Sam thought, for all the ideas I had: they were so ordinary!

"So am I!" Sarina managed to say", speaking instinctively. 'I'm simply frightened."

"In life, you know", World Series Ring Ghost explained, "I was a failure. Everything went wrong with me, and I came to despise the world so much that I couldn't bear to see anyone. Of course, like begets like, and this problem was returned.

Finally I suffered from horrible actions of violence, and my Haunted House became haunted with demons that laughed and grimaced, and one night I ran into a whole cluster of them—and the fright stopped my heart and damaged my Spirit.

Let's get in this taxi, Sarina and Soldier Sam: World Series Ring Ghost instructed. Now it is my mission to drives you to your Launch Pad

Soldier Sam felt for his matches in his pocket, offered World Series Ring a Smoke and made a movement towards the Taxi Door.

"By God!" World Series Ring Ghost exclaimed, at once straightening up against the window, 'you have done a kind act. I feel better already.

It was going to be an eventful trip to the Launch Pad. Sarina and Soldier Sam had some unfinished business with World Series Ring Ghost. There would be no more identification as a Ghost. It was time for the World Series Ring to serve its purpose.

Soldier Sam's heart leapt up to his throat as he heard World Series Ring Ghost, but the sense of comradeship was stronger than that, and he found myself actually leaving the support of his seat and addressed the Taxi driver.

Sarina" I can explain why you do not see World Series Ring as a Ghost,' concluded Soldier Sam.

"You are not a Ghost, World Series Ring" explained Sarina. "Just a misunderstood Soul."

Precisely,' said Soldier Sam, 'and why, if you see anything when you walk through this door to the Angels Stadium Haunted House, it would have had real value, in as much as it could not have been caused by the imagination working upon a story you already knew.'"

#### LAST DAY ON EARTH ACTIVITY

All the Women at the Office are excited about their Valentine Gifts, but Sarina is not expecting anything exciting from Solider Sam.

Sarina braced herself as she stepped into the office on Valentine's Day. She glanced round to check; it hadn't started yet. Good, she'd be able to fortify herself with coffee first. That might help a bit. Looking really busy was her main line of defense though.

Sarina kept her gaze on the screen and her hands busy on the keyboard to discourage anyone from asking her if Solider Sam had cooked her breakfast or made any other lovely gesture.

The onslaught began just before 10AM. A huge bunch of roses arrived for one of the women. Sarina noticed the glowing look on the woman's face as she read the lovely note attached to her bouquet.

More gifts arrived during the day. Chocolates costing twice the regular price because they were in a heart shaped box, Extravagant cards and Teddy Bears and Flowers,

Why did all the presents have to be sent to the office?, Sarina complained. It was as though everyone had to prove something to the world, not show their love to one special person.

The real frustrations Sarina was starting to feel didn't kick into high gear until lunchtime.

By then everyone who was likely to receive such a thing had their flowers, cards or chocolates. A bunch of women had been taken out to lunch and another had left to meet her fiancé as they were off to the Canary Islands for a couple weeks

Conversation then turned to plans for the evening.

Most of the women seemed to have arrangements for a meal out. Soldier Sam and Sarina didn't go to a restaurant on Valentine's Day. Soldier Sam always said everywhere was always so crowded that the atmosphere was hardly romantic.

One woman had plans Sarina approved of. "We're going to an Laker Game. We both like Hoops so he thought it was a good idea. That's pretty romantic, don't you think?"

Sarina and some others agreed.

"And we'll grab a takeaway and bottle of wine on the way home."

That sounded rather nice to Sarina but it was clear one or two others felt that unless the gesture was expensive, it didn't really count no matter how

much thought went into it.

“So, what are you doing, Sarina?”

“We’ll have a meal in”, Sarina tried to sound Upbeat.

“Which you’ll have to cook, I suppose.”

Sarina was planning to cook, but a Frozen Pizza wasn’t her idea of a Good Valentines Day.

“I insist on being taken somewhere luxurious for any special occasions and being given a nice piece of Shiny,” Sarina was told. “You really should get that man of yours trained.”

Sarina and Soldier Sam’s relationship was a true partnership. Special occasions were a reason to celebrate together, not for one to spend money on the other. Any spare cash they had went towards paying for the house, not on Shiny Things.

Sarina didn’t really expect Shiny Things, but there was one piece Sarina would very much like to have. Still, she didn’t expect it. She knew Solider Sam loved her and hadn’t they proved their commitment to each other already?

As Sarina left work that evening, the maintenance guy was hanging around the Lobby. Sarina smiled at him and his face seemed to explode into a grin.

“Whatcha doing for V day, Sarina?”

“I don’t really even think Valantine’s Day is a Big Deal” Sarina replied “ I mean, come on. The clichés are ridiculous. Candy. Flowers. Who Cares?”

The maintenance guy laughed. “You’re such a cynic. You’re not even going to dinner?”

“I’m planning to go home and put a Frozen Pizza in. Not even with Toppings.

Just the Cheese kind.

“You got a delivery, Sarina..”

Sarina smiled. Soldier Sam wasn't so bad. He wouldn't let the whole day pass without something. That was just the type of guy he was, and another reason she loved him.

It wasn't your typical roses, it was a vanilla envelope with her name scrawled in calligraphy instead. Curious, Sarina slit it open and pulled out a single sheet of paper.

“Go outside” it read.

Sarina looked up suprised. “It says to go outside.”

So Sarina went outside. out the door. A Taxi with a Big Heart Shaped “S” was waiting at the curb. The driver stepped forward and opened the door. “Sarina? Someone is expecting you.”

What was going on? Sarina slid into the back seat and the Taxi pulled away from the curb.

Oh, Man, Sarina hoped Soldier Sam hadn't spent a ton of money doing something fancy for her. Sure, sometimes she liked dressing up and hitting the town with her friends, but since she was with Soldier Sam, she was thrilled just for a night out at Burger King.

The taxi cab drove all over town. The driver was telling stupid jokes to get Sarina's attention. Sarina waited until her patience reached a limit and asked him to pull over at the corner,

Nope the taxi drive replied. I have specific instructions on where to let you off.

“There's a pint of cheap bourbon under the seat there. Make yourself comfortable. We aren't there yet.

Sarina did and it took the edge off a little bit.

A short time later, Sarina asked if he had any more bourbon and he said he did.

So Sarina just decided she would roll with it as long as there was something to drink.

It didn't matter, Sarina Decided. Solider Sam was going to do what he was going to do and she would have to just live with it.

Finally, the Taxi pulled up to the curb in front of an abandoned warehouse.

Sarina was like WTF but she trusted Solider Sam.

Stopping in front of the Main Entrance, the driver handed her another envelope.

Sarina opened it.

"Go through the partially shuttered doors, make a right, and follow the hallway." it said.

Sarina followed the instructions, wondering why her heart was beating so fast. Another piece of paper was taped to the Door at the end of the Hallway.

"Enter" it read.

Sarina did.

And froze.

Cupid's Office was covered in darkness, but the moment Sarina opened the door lights flashed on as Bright as the Sun on a Bronx Summer Afternoon.

Sarina had never been so Shocked.

It was a massive replica of Yankee Stadium built entirely with Legos as big as a House!!

Suddenly, Solider Sam appeared.

“What are you doing?” Sarina asked.

He smiled and handed her a Drink in a Tall Plastic Cup just like they sell at Yankee Stadium.

“I figured you’d be disappointed with all the usual Valentine’s Day Stuff. So I thought it would be fun to build this for you. Bet you never expected that!

Surprise rocketed through Sarina. Solider Sam knew her so well,

She reached out and took his hand.

Solider Sam led her to a Pair of Bleacher Seats from the Old Yankee Stadium.

Sarina sat next to him. Her Favorite R&B Classics started playing from Speakers the Second she sat down.

The Lego Yankee Stadium shone bright, as bright as comets exploding and they just took it all in for a Moment.

Finally, Solider Sam handed her a pack of M&Ms and a Valentine's Day Card.

"You're all I got, Sarina."

"Oh, what's this?" Sarina wondered.

"Can I open it?, Sarina Asked.

"Sure Sarina, of course," Solider Sam said. "I Love you Hot Stuff. Happy Valentine's Day."

Sarina poured out some M&Ms into her hand and said, "Oh, that's so sweet."

"You're the best, Sarina.."Soldier Sam said in the Best way he knew how.

"Thank you, Darlin'," Sarina Replied.

" Look, I wrote `I Love You just every bit as much you Love Yankee Stadium."

"Happy Valentine's Day, Solider Sam,, Sarina said.

"I'm not going to give up on Valentine just yet, Sarina. "You know I'll win."

Maybe Valentine's Day wasn't so bad after all.

## STARSHIP ADVENTURE

Valentine's Day Countdown!!

### PART 6

"We Had an Accident in Space on Our Valentines Starship"

Sarina and Soldier Sam are leading a Starship crew of Orange Fans that is lost in space following the Explosion of the Sun, destroying Earth. During that time, Orange Fans were aboard and dreaming of another chance to see a Hockey Game on a new planet. But as Sarina and Solider Sam start to lose hope of ever finding a home and a better future, the Orange Fans became destructive.

Orange Fans regularly participate in their own Hockey games for entertainment and man the virtual reality stations to get their Orange fix

in and escape their reality. Sarina and Soldier Sam's guidance of the Starship has been smooth, and all Orange Fans simply sit and stare at the ship windows, equipped with non-stop highlight reels from all the Hockey exploits experienced in Orange Stadium during its entire existence on earth.

Even with the capacity to look out into outer space with its stars and comets and brilliant asteroids, all the Orange Fans were fixed on the Orange Content. As the Starship's captain, can Sarina keep the Orange Fans passengers on the right path and find a planet suitable for hosting Orange Games before your ship descends into madness.

Soldier Sam is aboard, and they have survived because of an advanced tractor beam contained on the ship. Sarina wanted to find out if there was any possibility the ship would reach the new planet anytime soon and no way of knowing what they would face on their Hide-and-Seek Quest to find Orange Mascot and the Spaceship Part—Sarina took Soldier Sam's hand and opened the airlock.

It really depends on how big an object you want to hide. Remember, it's called 'space' for a reason. Anyways, you want to hide from crazy alien maniacs, so let's assume it's a whole planet for the sake of the argument. As you suggest you need a decent energy supply, it would be smart to allow for that too.

The ultimate factor in where you hide will be the sensitivity of your enemy's sensors. If they use some form of radar or electromagnetic phenomena

that by definition propagates at the speed of light, you don't even have to hide.

Orange Mascot has a plan, one in which Sarina and Soldier Sam need to locate a Hiding Place in the Galaxy to find a missing part to the Space Ship so Orange Fans can witness a Hockey game, at least once Sarina and Soldier Sam learn how to split command.

**We started up our Starship and started having a conversation about how much Space Traffic there was on Valentine's Day**

There are a total of 14 Battle Barriers scattered around Shipwreck Bay Planet. They are hidden in plain sight and are not too difficult to spot. You will also have hints in the form of Space Martian apparitions pointing you in the direction of a barrier.

Orange Mascot and his cohorts have made some wings of the massive ship into raucous battle zones. His plan is to seal off all those loyal to the Orange team and open the airlock, leaving them all in space.

Sarina had seen Orange act up like this before, and when Sarina and Soldier Sam discover Orange Mascot's plan for the Hide-and-Seek Adventure, to take the Spaceship Part with him and to make a desperate sprint to a far away galaxy, it is up to Sarina and Solider Sam to find him.

Sarina revved the Starship engines towards the direction the Valentine Orange Compass in the Direction of the New Planet. Once at the destination, Solider Sam proposed they jump off the Starship onto the Planet's Terrain. Then continue to follow the compass for the exact location of Orange Mascot.

Orange Mascot had for sure found a good hiding place for our Starship Part and we set due course to find it. We had at our disposal many navigation instruments and talked about the scenery in outer space.

Soldier Sam accompanied Sarina on the Hide-and-Seek adventure in more than just spirit. Soldier Sam's Title was "Chief Engineer of Future Orange Hockey. Soldier Sam can be found within several levels investigating the happenings of the Universe.

In most cases, playing Hide-and-Seek with Orange Mascot is out of the way of the main objectives. Scouring inter-planetary levels is a must for those interested in tracking him down. Sarina and Soldier Sam were up to the challenge!

There are 14 Dreamer Balloon Orbs in this Galactic segment, a substantial bounty for those seeking to boost their numbers and unlock upcoming worlds of Space Adventure.

It was dangerous! If there was only the slightest possibility of accidentally bumping into one of the obstacles, it would surely throw a wrench in Sarina and Soldier Sam's Valentine's Day Adventure.

According to Soldier Sam, we have to make the curled Vortex Vectors straight if we want for there to be a hole inside it that will lead us into a passage.

It will be the gateway for us to reach between the Planets to identify out Scope Setter Beams where we would be able to see two rings. This is the Magic Key needed to unlock the secrets of the Mystery Universe.

But watch out for those Orbit Obstacles!

"Sarina!! We've gotta pull them and then it will lead us up and those flying branches will bring us back to our original size." Soldier Sam suggested.

"Right" answered Sarina. Now that we have run straight into this mess, we will need that Starship Part Orange Mascot as hidden to fix all this damage."

An accident is not quite the scenario Sarina had hoped for on this Valentine's Day adventure. But she had faced even greater obstacles in previous mission and Soldier Sam had always fixed accident damage. That was his job.

Sarina and Soldier Sam snuck outside the orbit and climbed into the Gunner Section of the Starship to prepare to make the jump into Hyperspace and thread the needle to get past those Monster Walls.

Just a short time later, Soldier Sam started freaking out—we were headed into a collision course with the Side Rails and he started calling the outposts on the Radio to help look out for potential disaster and started screaming Sarina's name.

Sarina woke up from her Daydream and heard her name being called. Panic ensued as our Winger Cement started scrambling out of the Spaceship and sure enough, without that protection we slammed right into the Barrier!

It was quite an accident, but Soldier Sam Fixed the damage back up and soon we were on our way again to find Orange Mascot to retrieve our missing Starship Part.

It's still stuck bent at a difficult angle to this day. Sarina and Solider Sam started to feel something on the radar behind them. It set their nerves on fire, as could be expected.

Sarina looked down at the Starship Controls and saw they were dusted with debris from all the Bourbon Bottles Soldier Sam had thrown at the Windshield.

Sarina cleaned all that up and admonished Soldier Sam for letting his emotions get the best of him. Soldier Sam apologized and saved himself from further criticism by locking the wing radar on a hard target.

That Starship on their tail was no match for Soldier Sam's battle rhythm he had trained so hard to master all those years in solitary.

As soon as they saw the entrance to the Polar Portal, Sarina and Soldier Sam ran out of there as fast as they could. To this day, Soldier Sam's nerves get set on fire just thinking about it

Galactic center... Good hiding option at first: High flux makes it hard to identify individual targets, lots of energy and mass for industry.... Except – when all the hostiles start to get close, they can get more fidelity from given sensors - Imagine physically moving closer to an object that can't be photographed in any meaningful way, because it's 14,000 Km away and you're using your cellphone camera. So you start to get seen again.

**Sarina and Soldier Sam found Orange Mascot's hiding spot and Located their Valentine Prize.**

It was the Photometers!!

Photometers are optical instruments that measure the intensity of light from a source. They may be directed at targets such as planets or their satellites to quantify the intensity of the light they reflect, thus measuring the object's reflectivity.

Also, photometers can observe a star while a planet's rings or atmosphere intervene during occultation, thus yielding data on the density and structure of the rings or atmosphere. One of the 14 instruments on the Space Infrared Facility is a photometer designed to measure the intensity of stars in the infrared.

Orange Mascot gave Sarina and Soldier Sam the instruction manuals and described the Fix.

“There's an antimatter particle trace in the cadmium delta-wave portal drive. Use your power instruments to fix the problem”  
Instructed Orange Mascot.

This was the first time Sarina had seen Soldier Sam like this on Valentine's Day. If this was back at the home planet villa, there would almost be a camp of Valentine's Candies Delivery Team ready at her service.

Before he met Sarina, Soldier Sam been through years of disaster and had never been familiar with the sense of positivity that Valentine's Day Adventures could bring about.

“For the Love of all that is Great in the world, I'm saved!”, Soldier Sam boisterously cheered as he sat at the Starship Controls, exhausted and still breathing fast.

Sarina too took a seat at the Starship Weapons Bay “Soldier Sam what's this place?”

“I don't know but whatever I can always sense the Valentine's Day Spirit in here”, Soldier Sam replied. “But Sarina, how did you activate the Starship Radar Beams so quickly?”

“It got activated as we flew by that Moon Rock” explained Sarina. In an instant Soldier Sam ran back to the Engine Room. There was an Orange Heart as big as Mount Olympus he had stashed to give to Sarina on Valentine's Day.

“Ring, Ring!” Sarina heard the Radio Activate. “Who’s that?”, Sarina asked.

Soldier Sam replied, “I’m pretty certain I heard a voice a moment ago – Happy Valentine’s Day Sarina and Soldier Sam!”, came the voice again.

It was Cupid! Orange Mascot had made a deal with Cupid that he save one of his arrows for this moment. Cupid had never transmitted an Arrow over the Galactic Radio before.

But there is a first time for everything. Sarina stood up and affirmed, “Orange Mascot, you’re the best. After you gave us that Starship Part there is no fight Soldier Sam and I cannot win-- even if it’s some kind of wild demon or something of that sort!”

“WOAH! WOAH!”, Soldier Sam shouted looking at something on the Starship Control Board Display he least expected. Much to his surprise he saw a Hologram of Cupid carrying a Giant Orange Heart,.

Having landed the Starship on the Docking Pod of what would be their camp for the rest of Valentine’s Day, Soldier Sam had the sense of being chased by a Box of Candy Hearts that were on their way!

With the shelter provided for Sarina and Soldier Sam on that Love Holiday full of Adventure, they deactivated the alarms on the Spaceship and began baking a Heart-Shaped Pizza they would enjoy as the darkness of Valentine’s Night began to fall over the Galaxy.

It was so nice to spend Valentine's Day with you, Soldier Sam" Sarina exclaimed.

"Same, Sarina" responded Soldier Sam. "It was a great Valentines Adventure that I would do again in a Heartbeat even though it was quite a bit of Work."

The Prospects for finding a Planet suitable for Orange Hockey were now Better than Ever!!

## PART 6

Another oscillation wave passed. Sarina and Soldier Sam jerked and squeaked at the end of their harnesses. Soldier Sam held on tight. On the monitors, Rams Mascot's video signal went in and about.

The Radio Crackled. Sarina and Soldier Sam both heard the noise.

"Rams Mascot is that YOU?!!" Sarina was shocked.

"Wait, Rams Mascot, I can't hear you. Speak up!" Sarina shouted.

"Rams Mascot we have a bad connection. Hold on while Soldier Sam and I fix the ship so we can hear you. Sit Tight! Don't Go anywhere, We will reestablish the connection," Sarina Promised.

“The crew can’t get out if we leave,” Sarina said. “The doors are locked. We have to override and set them to manual. Or else we will have major problems/”

“Somebody’s going to have to stay and manage the doors, if they’re on manual,” Soldier Sam had a plan.

“Us,” Sarina said. “We’re staying. We’ll evac back to the shuttle once the crew is in the pods.”

Soldier Sam looked at Sarina and she looked at him.

“We are going to have a tough time here, if we stay.” Soldier Sam said what Sarina was thinking. Sarina didn’t speak angrily. She spoke as if she were making sure all the Rams Fans knew the risks.

“Doors are down between us and the shuttle, too. They’re all down.” Soldier Sam observed.

“I’ll stay,” Sarina said.

A wash of Orange lit Sarina’s panel, and the main support alert light over the monitors went Orange. “Pressure is dropping throughout the hull,” Sarina reported. “We’re springing leaks all over the place.”

“Sectors 3 and 4 just blew,” Soldier Sam said. That was Sarina and Soldier Sam’s route back to the shuttle. Decision made for us: we couldn’t leave.

Sarina knew how to do this. She had done it over and over again in the simulator. This is just a drill? “Override Sector 8, 9, and 10. Soldier Sam, take control. Switch the decompression doors to manual override in all sectors.”

.Sarina’s plan was to open and close them in sequence to act as a series of airlocks.”

“Air’s gonna get thin,” Soldier Sam said..

“Better than no air at all. Soldier Sam, do you have comms with the crew yet?” Sarina’s hands had stopped shaking, but her muscles were squeezed tight.

“Affirmative,” Soldier Sam said. “I can broadcast, at least. I’ve got the loudspeakers.”

“Tell the crew to gather and, once we pop the doors, to get out.” Sarina decided.

Another oscillation wave hit. It seemed worse than the previous one, somehow. Another cable was going to detether any second.

Sarina took the edge of the console and snarled, “How in this busted universe is it getting worse?”

“Ouch!,” Soldier said. Then, “OK, they’re through the first door.”

“Where are You, Rams Mascot?” Sarina shouted into the radio receiver.

Rams Mascots voice came through loud and clear.

“WHERE ARE YOU, RAMS MASCOT?” Sarina wanted to know as soon as possible. “Can the Planet’s Terrain and Atmosphere support Rams Football?”

“I’m on Planet NASHIRA! “Check it out, Sarina!”

Planet experiences dust storms, which can turn into what resembles small tornadoes. Larger dust storms occur when the dust is blown into the atmosphere and heats up from the Sun.

“Sounds perfect for Rams Football” exclaimed Sarina.

Sarina’s Partner, Soldier Sam, stood in front of the controls talking to Rams Mascot. He was just a Legend to Soldier Sam.

Soldier Sam’s position in the Starship would be up soon and he had begun to have that difficult feeling of those who live always on the edge of existence.

'Stuck here on this Starship with you, Sarina,' Soldier Sam complained.  
'That's the only option I have.'

'How do you live?' asked Sarina--without too much show of interest.

'I don't live. The days go by, the weeks go by. But who cares? Who cares--after all these years.'

'You had a good time in your day, Soldier Sam' Rams Mascot reminded him.

Soldier Sam looked after an accounting firm back on earth.

'Sure,' Soldier Sam admitted, 'I had a great business. All anybody could want.'

'You mean that business that Sarina set up with the Rams?' asked Rams Mascot.

\

Soldier Sam looked quickly at Sarina, punching away at the controls.

'No. I didn't say that was one. But I've had plenty of the Rams Fans Crew feeding out of my pocket. Not now though--a man my age is not considered a Brilliant Prospect.'

'But you've got Sarina,' said Rams Mascot. 'Look Soldier Sam, I'll give you a tip’

We are coming to Rams Planet, Rams Mascot! But we have to make 2 Stops.

First we are going to Planet X for some Upgrades to our Starship since we expect to Drift for Long Time to land on Rams Moon.

Then New Starship Upgrades for Big Fight to get from the Moon to Rams Stadium.

We are going to make a day of it on Planet X while our ship gets fixed. It will be an Adventure!! Then we will go on a Day Trip on Your Rams Moon too.

“Look, Solder Sam!” Planet X is fast approaching “ said Sarina. Prepare for landing!!”

During landing it’s like when you’re on a roller coaster and it stops really fast.

## PLANET X ADVENTURE ACTIVITY

Solider Sam was running along the Beach, trying desperately to figure out

where the Fireworks Show was going to take place that night.

As soon as he got to the first road he could see, a Great Truck was rolling down the road.

Soldier Sam recognized the unforgettable sight of Sarina. The Truck rolled toward Solider Sam and he ran in front of it.

Sarina slowed the Truck down. Soldier Sam held up his hand and the Truck halted. Sarina leaned out the window.

'Is there no other patrol here?' Sarina asked of Soldier Sam.

'No, Sarina,' said Soldier Sam quickly. 'There should be. I'm Soldier Sam, just another guy trying to make it from the Beach to the Fireworks Show Tonight. Could you give me a lift down the road?'

It was unprecedented--it was asking for an act of grace, but Soldier Sam's need for the Fireworks Show that night was great.

Sarina looked at Soldier Sam closely.

'Oh yes, I remember you,' Sarina said. 'Get in.'

Soldier Sam considered this and concluded Sarina probably meant for him to get up in the back of the Truck.

But Soldier Sam was feeling bold and wanted to talk to Sarina so compromised by opening the front door.

Sarina was one of the biggest Stars the operation had ever seen.. She did not occupy herself with a simple patrol like this much anymore.

Sarina spent most of her time rocking from coast to coast on fast planes, merging and launching, launching and merging, but sometimes she enjoyed

a break by going on the beach road patrols.

'Some day, these full operations stranding someone like you on the beach might become a problem, Sarina suggested.

"Yes, Sarina' agreed Soldier Sam heartily, 'Sarina--'

'Sarina cut him off. They ought to have a frequent patrol out there.'

'Yes. Sarina. Sarina--'

'Hm-m-m!' said Sarina. 'Where do you want to be dropped?'

Soldier Sam geared himself to work fast.

'Sarina, when I was just a simple recruit--'

'I know,' said Sarina. 'You just wanted a Job.'

"But, Sarina now I don't want anything at all. Soldier Sam said in all honesty.

'But it would sure be a miracle to get to see the Fireworks Tonight.' Soldier Sam asked.

Sarina wasn't planning on going directly to the Fireworks Show. Instead she drove swiftly up the main street to the Area where more Troops had probably found themselves.

In front of the next administration building Sarina stopped on the pretext that the engine was missing, and almost in no time a small but definitely interested crowd began to gather.

'Where are we going?' asked Soldier Sam.

Sarina drove on up the road. Ahead of them a small company group was walking--one of them, turning, saw the Truck and drew the attention of the others to it.

Whereupon the senior member of the party threw up his arms in what appeared to be a gesture to get Sarina's attention, and walked toward the Truck as it approached.

Sarina came to a stop. An excited leader ran up and put his head in the Truck window.

'Sarina, our company has just been through an Exercise Can we use your radio to advise the other groups?'

"What exactly Happened?" Sarina asked.

We ditched our post & started running, totally losing sense of direction. We were being chased. We narrowly missed being hit. Fresh Reinforcements were on the way. Once we had achieved some separation, we slowed out pace. We saw our boss conferring with staff, so we stuck around to see if we could learn anything. We discovered others had held the line & there was no need to retreat after all.

Well, despite being through a lot, it seems you are in a less precarious status now, right? Sarina asked.

The group nodded in the affirmative.

So Sarina and Soldier Sam headed out again to the Fireworks Show. It was a long ride ahead.

Soldier Sam had never been in a Truck before, and had no concept for how they work as far as mechanics goes.

Many Leaders like Sarina describe the essence of how things are supposed to work to increase understanding among subordinates like Soldier Sam.

And Soldier Sam was about to find out much, much more about Trucks.

More that he would have ever wanted to know, in fact.

“Well, we have been through a number of things over much time that were were a great deal like ultimate disasters,” began Sarina.

I remember in particular some of the repercussions of an old Truck we had that wouldn't go unless you pushed it for quite a way and suddenly let your clutch out. Once, we had been able to start the engine easily by cranking it, but we had had the Truck for so long, like I said, it wouldn't go unless you pushed it and let your clutch out.

Of course, it took much more than me to do this; it took sometimes as many as a dozen of us, depending on the grade of the roadway and conditions underfoot. The Truck was unusual in that the clutch and brake were on the same pedal, making it quite easy to stall the engine after it got started, so that the car would have to be pushed again.

Soldier Sam was trying to understand, but just couldn't stop anticipating the Fireworks Show. It was all he could pay attention to.

Sarina went on explaining to Soldier Sam why she had never liked those old Trucks, even when it was good, so that explained her suspicion of all the older Trucks that haven't been maintained properly.

Soldier Sam knew that in the future, he would be required to identify everything in the entire fleet that came into the Maintenance Operations to be upgraded: Hornets, Super Hornets, F-35s, CH-53Ks coming on line, Apaches and F-16s in the other Services.. The list went on and on... Soldier Sam could never remember.

The only Truck Soldier Sam was really interested in was the one they were riding in at the moment, for it needed to hold together to get to the Fireworks Show Grounds, now rapidly approaching.

Sarina and Soldier Sam jumped out of the Truck to get a good view of what was sure to be a Fantastic Display just as the MC started shouting through a

megaphone to prepare everyone to the action ahead., "GET READY! GET READ-Y!!" he was yelling, "THE SHOW IS ABOUT TO START!"

The theatre was in absolute darkness before there were rumblings of thunder and flashes of lightning offstage.

Fireworks Shot in to the Air.

Neither Sarina or Soldier Sam, or anyone else that was there would ever be able to completely get over the Incredible Display, one that Soldier Sam planned on fully considering on the right home. But at the moment, he just wanted to React.

"This is defiant and brilliant!" Soldier Sam started to put in his Two Cents.

"Damn Yes! Hard Core!", exclaimed Soldier Sam.

"And that's how you do that!! added Soldier Sam I can't think of any better way to say what I don't want to say."

"I know you think things too, Soldier Sam" said Sarina. You just don't like to get in other people's business."

"So do you want to know what I believe in or what? asked Soldier Sam.

"What Soldier Sam? Asked Sarina

No One has Values anymore" replied Soldier Sam.

"Everyone has Values, Soldier Sam. But they are not always the same. Sarina responded.

"Cause...!Merica!! Soldier Sam replied.

No one has ever come anywhere close to telling my story. Thank you, Sarina. No one could have said it better.

"There is Nothing America Can Not Do. It just needs to do what is right"  
Sarina said

"I'm the American Pitbull you want, Sarina. Soldier Sam was being sincere  
" It's all I want to be. So make a move on me!"

Hours later, the Fireworks Show finally ended and everyone had to get back to what they were doing before the Show that night. Sarina and Soldier Sam, each in their own times, had never known a July 4<sup>th</sup> moment such as this.

But to get back to the Truck, Sarina and Soldier Sam climbed back in to get back to the Beach for another Round.

Sarina wanted to talk more about the Truck, and Soldier Sam was glad for the opportunity to express how much Sarina and the Fireworks showed extreme parallels to Beauty. Soldier Sam was trying to imagine the Ultimate Beauty that would be on display if Sarina herself was a Fireworks Show.

Sarina still had a few words of instruction for Soldier Sam. Soldier Sam Loved to hear Sarina talk, even if he could not follow the substance of it.

One of my happiest memories of This Truck was when my Boss at the time replaced the real deal by getting together a great many news clipping articles from his office, placing them in a square of canvas, and swung this under the Truck with a string attached to it so the canvas would give way and the steel and tin things would clatter to the street.

This was a little scheme to frighten my company group, who had always expected the Truck might explode. It worked perfectly. That was over a decade ago, but it is one of the few things in my life I would like to live over again if I could. I don't suppose that I can, now.

"Stop the car!" I had shouted, recollected Sarina "But it couldn't. The engine fell out." "God Almighty!" we all knew what that meant, or knew what it sounded as if it might mean.

Time was all mixed up in Soldier Sam's Brain. He didn't understand anything about how Trucks worked. He was still trying to put together an explanation in words for the Fireworks that night. How they had been so Beautiful, just like Sarina. Soldier Sam was trying to put that into words.

All Soldier Sam could contribute to the conversation for instance, he thought--or, rather, knew--that it was dangerous to drive a Truck without gasoline: it fried the valves, or something.

"Now don't you dare drive all over town without gasoline!" Soldier Sam suggested to Sarina as they started off onto another road. Gasoline, oil, and water were much the same to Soldier Sam, a fact that made matters both confusing and perilous.

Soldier Sam could only suppose that Planes, Trains, Trucks and Aircraft. Even Ships, were propelled by some newfangled and untested apparatus which was likely to let go at any minute, making us all taste trouble.

Sarina knew that eventually, everything in the fleet would be replaced in the final assessments. We had parked it too far from the curb on a street with a car line. It was late at night and the street was dark. The first streetcar that came along couldn't get by. It picked up the Truck and drubbed it losing its hold now and then but catching a new grip a second later.

Tires booped and whooshed, the fenders queeled and graked, the steering-wheel rose up like a spectre and disappeared in the direction of the Long Blue Road whistling sound, bolts and gadgets flew like sparks.

Soldier Sam knew that Trucks, Aircraft and the like he never remembered would still be going on every July 4<sup>th</sup> forever, God Willing We Get Our Act Together.

But all of Sarina's talking about Sparks, Flight, Pops and Sparkles for the Fleet was giving Soldier Sam a notion of how he wanted to explain to Sarina just how Beautiful She Is.

Soldier Sam almost had his description of the Fireworks Show he wanted to let Sarina in on ready to go as they approached the Beach after a Long Day and Night.

"Tomorrow, this Truck will all fly to pieces, Soldier Sam", Sarina told him, in graphic description of just how Lucky Soldier Sam had been that night.

"Sarina, Sarina!!" exclaimed Soldier Sam. "I finally Figured out how Beyond Beautiful Fireworks would be if they were like You!!"

## MOON LANDING

The Starship started to move again, this time with more speed. The speed kept on increasing and when it was in the middle of the runway, the Starship started to climb up and was off the ground.

The officers concluded that, in this particular action, it would not be advisable to chase the targets along their path en route to the destination, since this would increase the chances of our flanking columns coming under attack. If the forces on the Mainland islands detected the aftermath of our exercises, they would either lie in wait for us or send out increased detachments of patrols. At this stage, only some of the officers could be tasked with the involved compass readings required for the next round of reconnaissance since the great majority of them had lost some perspective on the mission because of the cumulative effects of Mainland actions against the unit.

The particular turbulence of the sea had ceased. The waves came without snarling. The obligation of Soldier Sam the oars was to keep the boat headed so that the tilt of the rollers would not capsize it, and to preserve it from filling when the crests rushed past.

The black waves were silent and hard to be seen in the darkness. Often one was almost upon the boat before Solder Sam was aware.

After several hours of careful maneuvering, we came up on a Mainland position that was convened in a concentrated group and the officers decided to approach them from behind. It was really too dangerous to stay in the area. The opposing forces were just coming off an action instigated by one of our flanking units and, having been surprised at that juncture, they would soon turn their attention to a comprehensive sweep to rout out any lingering threats. Another unit in our column decided it would be prudent to escort our unit to another position that would not present as dire a scenario. The officers had become consumed with the anticipation and concern that comes with a potential contact in such close quarters.

Suddenly there was another swish and another long flash of bluish light, and this time it was alongside the boat, and might almost have been reached with an oar.

Sarina saw an enormous Shark Fin speed like a shadow through the water, hurling the crystalline spray and leaving the long glowing trail.

Soldier Sam was awakened by Sarina's reaction to the Shark and looked over his shoulder at Sarina. His face was hidden, with his hands, just waking up for a moment then leaned a little way to one side and swore softly into the sea.

The chairman had communicated to the officers that we would not be staying in this position for any great length of time, and some of them were still arguing over the maps, drowning out the objectives of the chairman. Anticipating another sneak attack from the Mainland forces, the officers came back another time on our original bearing which could only mean one thing given the miscalculation the officers had sustained in reading the maps. It looked like we were for a minute lost so the chairman cut off his staff work and directed the unit to start circling to pin down the location of both the unit and the Mainland forces on the nearest island thinking that, despite the current predicament, this could be his lucky day.

Soldier Sam began searching around the approaches to the moon where they found the trap tunnel door where the adversary was taken away.

Sarina knew that this must be some sort of access point and began to dig around on the controls.

Soldier Sam dug and searched all around for a key that would work, but no luck. Until suddenly as Sarina dug around the control room, she made a hit when she looked at the adjacent bunker.

## MOON ADVENTURE ACTIVITY

### PART 1

Sarina Flight Simulation Center is a Huge Place.... The Head Honcho had done this before. He would feast upon the pilots in training, using them up before sending them back where they came from.

"I have to think of a plan. Otherwise I won't be around forever, either," thought the Head Honcho. Soon he came out with a clever plan. He would invite the talent out to Lunch one by one, and make up that he was doing it to discuss a pay raise, he decided.

Among the on-air talent was Sarina who was brilliantly full of energy, always ready with quick-wit and Humour, and able to adeptly handle anything that was thrown her way with Grace and ready confidence to tackle any job.

As Sarina Passed by the Head Honchos office, she noticed how the Head Honcho working on a huge stack of papers and asked him, "Why are you so swamped with paperwork my friend?"

"What can I say," said the Head Honcho in an exasperated voice. "Something terrible is going to happen."

"What is that?" asked Sarina, starting to register some worry on her own Radar.

"When I was on my way here this morning, he said I heard the minutes of a stockholder meeting where they were concerned about the state of the network and cut my funding dramatically, for years to come.

The money will dry up and we will all have to head back into the real world. I am quite stressed. I already have a fat pension. But you all are so young. There is so much for you to see and enjoy," said the Head Honcho.

Sarina tried to get the message out to her crew, who responded with alarm. "Oh no! What do we do? We will all get Pink Slips" they exclaimed.

"There is a very big studio some distance from here. I can take you all there one by one and provide the best possible recommendation so you won't be left on an Island." announced the Head Honcho.

All the on-air talent were comforted and they agreed to visit the new studio one by one.

Every day, the Head Honcho would meet with the dedicated employees one by one. He would arrange lunch for each of them promising them and all-you-can Eat experience right before getting to the new studio.

But instead of taking them to a new studio, he would fire them right at the restaurant and take their campus passes from them right then and there before returning to Studio headquarters.

After some days, Sarina went up to the Head Honcho. "You have been taking all my Friends to the other Studio. When will you take me?" Sarina asked.

The Head Honcho thought to himself, "I am tired of firing all the talent with big salaries on their contract, its not as satisfying. Firing new employees with small contracts would really send a message to the remaining staff."

The Head Honcho agreed to take Sarina to the new studio.

But Sarina was ready for the encounter. She decided to take her own car to the restaurant and leave her security pass under the seat in case anything went wrong.

So Sarina got in her car and started the journey. After a while, at the restaurant, Sarina started to grow impatient.

"How far away is the Studio? Shouldn't we be on our way? Sarina asked the Head Honcho.

"You fool," laughed the Head Honcho. "I am not taking you to any new studio. I am going to take your security card and fire you right then and

there, just like all your Friends.

"I am not a fool to allow you to let me go. I am so good at what I do and my salary is modest compared to most," said Sarina.

He agreed. "Sarina, you are indeed such a Talent. Maybe we could utilise your skills in even bigger and better ways since all these Formats are changing so rapidly."

Sarina committed herself right then and there to work extra hard to achieve Great Things in the Future.

Everyone at Studio HQs breathed a huge Sigh of Relief that their most Talented Leader was still going to Light up Headquarters with all of her Positive Energy and Brilliant Creative Ideas!"

"So, Soldier Sam, "What do you have planned for the exercises next week?" Sarina asked.

"This week I am taking more notes at the Air Combat Simulation Center, in preparation for the Live Fire Exercises next month. The Troops are still behind in getting reps for the manoeuvres.  
"

Sarina is paying the cab driver and they both get out of the taxi. Finally they are at the Stadium for the Rams Game and Sarina is beaming in all of her beauty and glory.

"So how would you describe last week's work at the Simulation Center if you could write your own review just for yourself?" Sarina asked as they walked up to the Gates.

Soldier Sam smiled. "I described how states were formed and battles fought. You may see my books standing straight up on the shelves of libraries. They

stand up like sentries.”

Although Soldier Sam writes boldly he doesn't like the spotlight at work. There are many books here. Nations march back and forth in the books. It is often quiet for Solider Sam during most days but in the books a great thundering goes on.

Napoleon leads an assault on a distant compound.  
General Grant moves some artillery into position.  
Alexander streaks across the manoeuvre space

## PART 2

Sarina watched as Soldier Sam made his way onto the flight line.

Solider Sam put his tools into his pocket and approached the aircraft and found his spot to work for the day. Then he settled in & placed the Special Tool Sarina gave him in his pocket.

Soldier Sam loved Sarina with all his heart, since she was so Full of Life. When Soldier Sam got the position on the Crew, she watched him try to find his way, but Soldier Sam felt like giving up at first so much he ignored the early morning alerts on his phone for a long time.

Sarina was determined to help Solider Sam gain the strength and confidence he needed to succeed.

Finally, Soldier Sam got the courage to go back to work, but how would he get to the flight line from the new house? He would have to take the Train, but was now too overwhelmed to get there himself.

Sarina volunteered to get on the same early morning Schedule, so she could drive Solider Sam through traffic & walk him to the flight line, even though they worked at opposite ends of the Greater Metro Area.

At first, this was agreeable, and fulfilled Sarina's need to protect him since he was not used to making all the important decisions at the job, even performing the slightest task without tremendous effort.

Soon, however, Sarina realised the arrangement wasn't working. Soldier Sam is going to have to start pulling his own weight, she admitted to herself. But he was still so early on the Job, how would he react?

Just as Sarina predicted, Solider Sam was shocked at the idea of not getting a ride and having Sarina walk him to the flight line. "This Sucks!" he responded bitterly. "How am I supposed to know where I am going? I feel like you're leaving me in the Dust."

Sarina's heart broke to hear these words, but she knew what had to be done. Sarina promised Solider Sam that each morning and evening she would ride the Train with him, for as long as it took, until he got the hang of it.

And that is exactly what happened. For weeks, Sarina accompanied Soldier Sam to and from work each day.

Sarina taught Solider Sam how to rely on all his senses to determine where he was and how to adapt his new Job. She helped him befriend people on the Train who could watch out for him, and save him a seat.

Finally, Solider Sam decided that he was ready to try the trip on his own.

Monday morning arrived, and before he left, he said a nice goodbye to Sarina, full of his new-found confidence.

Soldier Sam's heart was filled gratitude for her loyalty, her patience, and the hope she brings. Soldier Sam said good-bye, and for the first time, they went their separate ways.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday... Each day on his own went perfectly, and Soldier Sam had never felt better. He was doing it! He was going to work all by himself.

On Friday morning, Soldier Sam took the train to work as usual. As he was exiting, the driver said, "Boy, I sure do envy you." Soldier Sam wasn't sure if the driver was speaking to him or not.

After all, who on earth would ever envy a guy with a stressful job on the flight line who had struggled just to start his projects for several years.

Curious, he asked the driver, "Why do you say that you envy me?" The driver responded, "It must feel good to know that someone always has your back like you do. Especially Early Mornings when it is Still Dark out."

Soldier Sam had no idea what the driver was talking about, and again asked, "What do you mean?"

The driver answered, "You know, every morning for weeks, a fine-looking woman has been standing across the corner watching you as you get off the train. She makes sure you cross the street safely and watches until you get to the flight line. Then she gives you a little salute and walks away. You are one lucky guy."

A couple tears of Happiness found Soldier Sam's cheek. For although he couldn't physically see so early in the morning, he had always felt like she was there for him.

Soldier Sam was lucky, so lucky, for Sarina had given him a gift more powerful than any fighter jet, a gift he didn't need to see to believe-the gift of hope

that can bring light where there is darkness.

Sarina stayed on the Flight Line that day. She had some great ideas to test out. When Soldier Sam asked what she had planned, Sarina had plenty of answers for that question.

"I am going to invent some wings and fly," Sarina announced.

"Now I really know you're crazy. You won't even get off the ground," Solider Sam said.

"You'll see," Sarina responded.

So Sarina went to her workshop and began working. For a couple of hours, she worked.

Then Sarina came out of her workshop with a great big look of accomplishment on her face.

Sarina called up Solider Sam on the phone. "I'm ready to fly, but I need your help," said Sarina.

"Did you really build some wings?" Soldier Sam asked.

"Yes I sure did and they are really beautiful," said Sarina. "They're a little heavy though. I need you to help me drag them up to the top of Magic Mountain."

"What did you make them out of?" Soldier Sam asked.

"I made them out of some scrap metal I had laying around from when I was out junking last year," said Sarina.

"Metal! Don't you think that will be too heavy to use for wings?" Soldier Sam asked, surprised.

"No, I calculated all of the angles. I will be like a human airplane," said Sarina.

Soldier Sam just rolled his eyes. "Ok, I will be over right away and we'll try them out."

"See you then," said Sarina.

Sarina and Soldier Sam dragged the wings up to the top of Magic Mountain and Sarina strapped them on.

"Are you sure those are not too heavy? Soldier Sam asked again.

"No, the faster I run, the lighter they will get. The wind will lift me up and I will be flying," said Sarina, quite confidently.

"All right, I am going to get a running start and take off," said Sarina. So, Sarina backed up a bit and started running.

As Sarina ran, the weight of the wings started to wear out her legs and she got lower and lower to the ground.

Just as she got to the crest of the mountain, her legs gave out and Sarina skidded across the ground flat on her face.

After Soldier Sam rolled his eyes laughing for about a minute, he got up and asked Sarina if she was Ok.

"Yeah, Yeah, real funny," said Sarina "I guess you may be right they are a little heavy, but I know the shape is just right. I will just go back to the workshop and make them out of another material. Something lighter"

Soon Sarina called Soldier Sam up on the Phone.

"I've done it," said Sarina.

"You've done what?" Soldier Sam asked.

"I reworked the wings. I made them out of wood and tissue paper. These things are so light I may get going by simply jumping off the Workshop Roof", exclaimed Sarina!

Come on over, I need a witness," said Sarina. "I'm on the way," Soldier Sam said right away.

When Soldier arrived, Sarina was already up on the roof with those ridiculous Orange wings.

"Orange Wings!" Soldier Sam laughed.

"Yeah, this is the stuff I had left over from when I invented that giant Robot we used for the Orange Basketball Game last year," said Sarina.

"So you think you're just going to jump off and fly?" Soldier Sam asked.

"Yeah. Here goes," said Sarina.

Sarina backed up a little and took a quick dash and a jump.

"Oh, No!" Sarina Exclaimed. SMACK! The wings broke right off and Sarina landed straight away on her butt in the middle of some bushes next to the workshop.

After Soldier Sam laughed derisively for about a minute, he got up and asked Sarina if she was Ok.

"Yeah, Yeah, real funny," said Sarina. "I guess they may have been a little weak, but I know the shape is just right. I will just go back to the workshop and make them out of another material. Something not as heavy as the scrap metal and not as light as the tissue paper."

"Sounds like a good idea to me," said Soldier Sam with clear sarcasm.

Just a bit later Sarina called Soldier Sam up. AGAIN!!

"I've really done it this time," said Sarina.

"You've done what?" Soldier Sam asked.

"I reworked the wings. I made them out of wax and some strong wood. These things look just like bird's wings. Meet me at Magic Mountain, I need a witness," said Sarina.

"I'm on the way," Soldier Sam responded.

When Soldier Sam arrived, he saw the wings. They did look good!

"I need you to help me strap them on," said Sarina.

Soldier Sam helped Sarina strap on the wings. They fit securely, with a handle under each wing out near the tip for Sarina to use to move the wings up and down and a belt that went around her waist so that they would not fall off.

"Here we go," yelled Sarina as she backed up and began running towards the crest of the Mountain.

Sarina didn't slow down and just as she got to the edge of the mountain, she started to lift up into the air. She was flying! YAHOOO! yelled Sarina.

Sarina flew and flew just laughing and hooting. She flew higher and higher.

She was really getting high now, and she started to worry. "How do I land these things?" Sarina asked herself.

That question was about to be answered.

All of a sudden, Sarina noticed that her wings were starting to melt. Sarina had risen so high, that the sun was starting to melt the wax she used to make the wings. Pretty soon she had tiny wings and she was flying about a hundred miles an hour down towards the woods.

"Boy this is going hurt again," said Sarina to herself.

Sarina crashed right into the trees.

Soldier Sam ran up quickly, "Are you all right?" he asked.

"Yeah, I think so, but I am definitely going to quit trying to fly. This is too rough on the body," said Sarina.

To this day, no one believes Soldier Sam when he tells the story of how Sarina flew like a bird. It may be good that they do not believe him, because others would probably crash into the trees too, just like Sarina did.

Sarina also made a firm commitment not to invent anything that cannot be used while standing on the ground.

Now Sarina often tells everyone, "If people were meant to fly, they would have wings!"

## RAMS PLANET LANDING

Sarina and Soldier Sam rushed out of the door shooting adversaries with their ray guns left and right as they ran down the hall.

They opened the first door they could find and there, sitting on the landing pod was Rams Mascot. He smiled his biggest smile and ran up to greet them both.

“I didn’t think you guys were going to get here on time” Rams Mascot said.

“Of course we would, Rams Mascot!” Sarina and Soldier Sam replied.

His premonition was gratified when a Mainland patrol was spotted, and the officers said their hearts were beating strongly and their blood racing. Everything was suddenly bright as the sun and razor sharp. We turned sharply at the end of the strip and came back for yet another pass. Forward, down, observe and fire. Forward, down observe and fire. It was getting repetitive for the officers and it appeared that the second unit would soon have to come into the theatre for a quick relief effort. There was only enough space for the column to move single file into position, and the chairman was considering going against his better instincts thinking, to hell with the steps he learned during training.

But the Shark did not then leave the vicinity of the boat. Ahead or astern, on one side or the other, at intervals long or short, fled the long sparkling streak, and there was to be heard the whirring of the dark fin. The speed and power of the thing was greatly to be admired. It cut the water like a gigantic and keen projectile.

The presence of the Shark did not affect Sarina as you might expect. She simply looked at the sea dully and swore in an undertone.

Nevertheless, it is true that Sarina did not wish to be alone during all this activity in the water.

The chairman devised a plan to clear through, follow on and fire. The flanking fleet had regrouped at the edge of the clearing, and the officers seemed satisfied that the job was done instead of going in pursuit. The

chairman felt that the unit was just getting started and gaining momentum, so he told the officers to not relent and go after the Mainland forces without delay. The reconnaissance team had filtered through the communications and found the position of a supply depot, so the officers went about making it the recipient of a good shelling and got busy. It would prove to be a serious business and the stakes for Mainland relations with Oceana were higher than it might have seemed to the officers who were totally consumed with the minute to minute decisions that were critical to the success of the mission. Things were getting hot and the operation would last a couple of days

During landing it's like when you're on a roller coaster and it stops really fast.

ORANGE VALENTINES #6

"Support Syracuse Crunch Hockey!"

The Flight through Space was finally complete. The Starship bolted down from the sky and landed in New York.

Cupid was there on the Tarmac to greet Sarina and Soldier Sam.

"Sarina and Soldier Sam!" Cupid called out. "Welcome to Syracuse!"

"Thanks Cupid" Sarina replied.

"Isn't there a Big Orange Basketball Game Tonight?" asked Soldier Sam.

“There for sure is an Orange Game tonight. But first I have a Place to show you guys?” said Cupid.

Cupid was a Legend at Syracuse. It was in Fact one of his favorite places to be. To work his Magic.

Cupid has a strong sense of duty towards his Valentines Targets. He is also detail-oriented, devoted to their traditions and filled with practical wisdom. His generous heart, old-fashioned values, and easy-going friendliness are all trademarks of Cupid’s personality type.

There was once an incident where Cupid could not see properly after a long days of working. His Love targets pretended to wrap him up and Cupid shouted, “Let me go” before continuing on with his Matchmaking tasks.

Let’s get on our way to our Pre-Game Event, Sarina and Soldier Sam” Cupid instructed.

“This is quite a place. Cupid added.

“Let’s do a little Preview before we get to the site, Cupid” Sarina suggested.

“Hop in my Ride, you two. I have a couple of questions about your Flight before we get to the Tour Site” Cupid responded.

After my realization to what was a quite heart stopping incident I began to run into the wet squishy slimy light brown sand on the planet looking in every direction with my wide open eyes filled with confusion in search of other survivors.

On seeing my predicament, Soldier Sam jumped into action.

“Soldier Sam was a good friend of mine but I was ahead of him in the Starship business. But he was getting a greater return on his training than I had because he had had better instructors.

As soon as this became clear, Soldier Sam was told he would have to carry out the entire trip with me as his commander.

Cupid's Ride was zigging and zagging through Syracuse Traffic.

Here we are at the Mystery Spot for our Tour, Sarina and Soldier Sam" announced Cupid. "I'm sure the two of you are going to have a lot of Questions.

"We're ready, Cupid" shouted Sarina. "Let's Check it out!"

Soldier Sam agreed. "Let's get this party started, Cupid!!"

"What is this place?" asked Sarina.

"It's a very Special Sports Arena. Everyone has fun at these games" explained Cupid.

"This is all very exciting," said Sarina. "This looks like a fun activity right in the heart of Syracuse."

"This looks like a visit to one of those places where city folks congregate in large numbers. Is it?" asked Soldier Sam.

"Of course," replied Cupid. "I'm going to take you to one of the most famous gathering spot for sports.

"Syracuse residents love a good sports match up, in Orange Stadium of course, but also for other teams, like hockey." Cupid explained.

“This is Crunch Stadium!” said Cupid excitedly. Here we can see the best hockey on the planet. The Syracuse Crunch!”

“Hockey? I love hockey” Soldier Sam said excitedly. “Even more than other more popular sports. But don’t tell Sarina that!” Soldier Sam laughed.

“Well, you are in luck Soldier Sam.” Cupid Smiled. The Crunch mascot Crunchman is a fun part of every Crunch game. Fans especially love Crunchman and his antics, so keep an eye out for him at the game.

“Amazing!” said Sarina.

“You guys might be interested in some of the technology the Crunch support with their funds” Cupid suggested.

“Oh, show us, Cupid” Sarina was excited to learn more about technology, as was Soldier Sam.

Drones: Syracuse invented assassin drones, and flying vehicles are everywhere in Syracuse today. In fact, a number of sci-fi books and movies depict drones long before they were in actual use, first for military purposes and more recently, for commercial and recreational purposes, like transport to hockey games.

“Amazing! Said Sarina with wide-eyed wonder. “Why IS everyone all looking at the scoreboards promotions of tech, instead of watching hockey?”

“Some people, like Sarina, for reasons unknown, don’t realise that Hockey is the best sports game ever invented. They don’t have a clue,” explained Cupid.

“Why is that, Cupid?” Soldier Sam was certainly one of the enlightened ones that was all in the know about Hockey.

“Hockey is much more exciting for real sports fans to watch than other sports but most people are heavily influenced by newspapers and television, that don’t promote hockey” Cupid explained.

“Most people in the world receive a limited amount of information about hockey,” Cupid continued.

“Why are there so many Fans about?” asked Sarina.

“Because fans often have smart friends that drag large numbers of them to cheer on the Crunch.” Cupid replied.

“Well, now that Sarina has been informed, Let’s get on to the game!!” Cupid said.

Sarina was distracted even as all the amazing action started on the Rink.

Hanging above the ice are banners honoring the accomplishments of the Syracuse Crunch and other residents over the years.

“You’ll even find a banner recognizing the 1954-55 NBA Champion Syracuse Nationals, so make sure to check them out” Cupid instructed.

“That’s so awesome!” Soldier Sam exclaimed. “What a great history Syracuse has.”.

“Now you know a small fraction about the greatness of hockey, one of the most important accomplishments of Syracuse Sports history,” Cupid said.

“Are there any other great sights with in this hockey area?” Sarina asked as the tour continued.

“Of course, Sarina, You may be interested in a hologram with a special Valentine’s Day clue.” replied Cupid.

“I thought Crunch Land was just a legendary location for Sports” Sarina said.

“That’s what other outsiders believe,” said Cupid “Why don’t you check out what it says,” Sarina.”

Sarina and Soldier Sam approached the Hologram

Read it and see Sarina. It is a special clue about Valentines Day” Directed Cupid.

“Ok, Cupid. Lets See what it says” Sarina started reading the Hologram.

“I think you're a Star!”

Together we would be mighty fine  
So won't you be my Valentine?

I'd jump for joy if you'd agree  
To be Valentines, you and me.

“I just can’t believe it!” Sarina exclaimed. On Valentine’s Day. A special message just for me!”

“I must be seeing things,” Sarina said.

“Me too,” said Soldier Sam. “This can’t be real.”

“It’s real,” Cupid responded.

“But there is still more to see, in addition to the game.” Cupid was relishing the opportunity to promote the Crunch.

The Crunch Crew are an integral part of every Crunch game as they lead promotions and welcome you to the arena.

“Don’t miss the Crunch Crew if you want to win some cool prizes or take place in fun promotions.” Cupid advised.

“I don’t understand it,” said Sarina. “But this is sure an exciting game tonight.”

The Crunch were demolishing their opponent, flying across the ice and making goals with their slap shots.

When the game was over, Cupid led Sarina and Soldier Sam out of the arena.

“Wow, Cupid, that was quite a Tour!” Sarina exclaimed.

“It sure was” Soldier Sam had a great time too.

“We have some time to burn before the Game. Let’s stop by this Bar” suggested Cupid.

“By the way, Sarina and Soldier Sam,” Cupid remembered something. “You told me about your flight. But I forget to ask, did you two go on any adventures during your Pit Stops?”

“I volunteered to help Soldier Sam, with all his inexperience in preparing for Starship travel. Soldier Sam was motivated and enthusiastic. I kept him calm, and instructed him to know when it was time to prepare for the trial run race.”

When the starting pistol sounded, Soldier Sam took off like a lightning bolt, leaving his fellow trainers behind. As he neared the finish line, he stopped, turned around and motioned for the other crew to hurry.

Soldier Sam is a bit of a bragger and made sure to let them all know that he had won the race and would be the first to cross the finish line..

In between drinks it looked like Sarina had lost her attention a bit.. Cupid decided to give Sarina her Valentine right then and there.

“Soldier Sam looked at Sarina, the star of his Valentines, every year.

“I’ve got a special surprise that you will be sure to like, Sarina!” Cupid announced.

Cupid was excited about Sarina’s Valentine too!

You’re such a nice guy, Cupid!” exclaimed Sarina. These are the kind of tickets everyone wants for a Cuse Game. They are front row courtside

seats!”

“Why you had obviously gone to the ticket window already a few days ago. What a plan!”

Now, that is a great Valentine, Sarina” exclaimed Soldier Sam. And it was so thoughtful of you too include me!”

Sarina and Soldier Sam bolted from their seats at the Bar and followed Cupid out the door. It was almost Game Time, and they wanted to be there for all the action!

CUPID’S FIRST SYRACUSE ORANGE GAME EXPERIENCE

PART 6

Cupid considered what Sarina had been saying about Orange Stadium and just wanted to bottle up all that excitement on Valentines Day At last, the line started to move. Walking up the stairways, he allowed my enjoyment come out. Cupid was astonished by the magnificent scale the Dome.

Light coming from the gigantic floodlights was blinding, it shone down on the hardwood floor, and made everything look so bright, and dazzling. The lights were set on massive metallic structures, which held them high above the stadium; they could be seen from miles as they lit up the night sky. Below the set of lights was a scoreboard. It was magnificently lit up; it displayed nothing but Orange Brilliance.

Comparison was the main problem with Soldier Sam and translated into his not leading the good life he had set out to do and was often the reason for his frustration and inflictions those days!

While Soldier Sam was busy in his thoughts, Sarina and Cupid proceeded with their discussion. They decided to take a trip down their memory lane.

“We were gonna build a replica of Orange Stadium remember?” Sarina said.

“And then we went to have dinner on that Starship for dinner where Soldier Sam displayed his plan.” Sarina continued.

“Its almost Game Time!”, Sarina exclaimed. “We have been on so much adventure today and Soldier Sam doesn’t have a clue as to where we are!”

"Then think of the concession stand snacks we will get once we are inside the stadium, Soldier Sam” Sarina advised.

“Soldier Sam was all busy thinking about that ‘transparent wall’ where you bumped was to find nothing other than Hoops Action and celebrated the success of his investigation.

“So we are at the edge of the Stadium ”,Soldier Sam observed. “That means that the game is about to start soon.”

“I’ve got a great idea!” Sarina exclaimed. “Soldier Sam and I should get a photo with Orange Mascot. Then we could prove we were here and have a lasting memory.

“Hey, Cupid,” Soldier Sam wanted to get his attention. “Could you snap a pic of Me and Sarina with Orange Mascot? That would be awesome!”

“Of course, Soldier Sam” Cupid replied. Just find Orange Mascot and I will be over to take the shot of you and Sarina.”

'That is better,' Cupid said. That Orange you are wearing. I think they make them just for the games--like the special prints they make for all the rest. Now drink this and we'll get to work.'

Find ways to incorporate a strong subject to add another dimension of interest to the photograph and help you create an interesting narrative to tell with your photo at the same time.

“Hey Sarina, we got that picture with Orange Mascot! All the lighting was great and we were posed perfectly. Isn’t it great we were able to find Orange Mascot and he was so accommodating?”

“Yes, Soldier Sam” Sarina answered. I thought for a moment Cupid was going to lose his mind trying to operation the photo function on my phone. He had never operated anything like that before.”

“The game is about to start Sarina!” Soldier Sam exclaimed. Why don’t you give me a quick rundown of the season so far?

“I know you have been following it closely and I really don’t have a clue about what the Orange have faced so far this year, Soldier Sam continued. “How are they doing?”

“Sure Soldier Sam,” Sarina was glad to show off her knowledge of Cuse Hoops. “There have been a lot of developments so far this year.

Syracuse has been full of effort, entertainment, and everything else this season except for wins in close situations. Unfortunately, that’s pretty much the thing that counts the most.

Syracuse’s inability to cover the shooters came with a caveat. The Wolfpack was always going to be a challenge for SU. NC Sate are big and skilled on the inside.

Once the calendar turned to the new year and ACC play began, Syracuse's offense shifted while defenses began to cover them differently. For example, In both games against the Wolfpack they clamped down on Syracuse's shooters. Syracuse opted for drives to the basket in those games when defenders covered them far out.

Reluctantly Soldier Sam got up, took down the bourbon, somewhat thwarted by the taste, and moved into Orange Stadium. 'Now get situated,' Sarina said.

"Why are you even here in the first place, Soldier Sam," asked Sarina.

For the Cuse game, Soldier Sam had a lot of money on it. He owed the bookie, who stood determinedly beside him at the pay window every day.

Once upon a time he wouldn't have looked at anyone, unless it was right in front of him. But everyone you see around now is petty--always talking about calling the Galaxy Police for running around.

## CUSE GAME ACTION

There are many terms that can be used by Cuse Fans to describe fighting situations, such as 'whipped, beaten, thrashed, hammered, etc.'. Resounding victory is fine. Others can be used to describe a victory for the winners, or a loss for the loser.

The sport of basketball is a competitive team sport that involves scoring points by moving the ball down the court and launching shots through the Net at the end of the floor.

It is such an amazing and unique game that had changed a lot over the years when it comes to strategy and skill of the players, but in some ways the game is so fundamentally simple. Just count the number of times a ball goes through the cylinder. It is so exciting for me to see something like that.

It is impossible to describe all of the Hoops Action that would go down that day in the Dome. It is enough to say it was well worth the price of a ticket and I would get a ticket for every game if my schedule allowed for it.

The home team, putting on Orange jerseys with blue trim took the court with discipline made me feel like I was a part of something. They ran, sprinting to their positions with the Refs blowing their whistles “Play Some Hoops!” the crowd began letting out screams and regards. The game was finally being played Cuse Style.

## RAMS STADIUM

### PART 1

It was FINALLY time for the Big ‘Cuse Hockey Game. The Construction Work on Orange Stadium was complete, and Syracuse was Buzzing with Excitement. Fireworks were shooting up into the New York Sky.

“This is going to be a great Lunch before the ‘Cuse Inaugural Game at the new Orange Stadium!” said Sarina as the Train turned the corner.

Seated next to her was Soldier Sam. “What a commute across Syracuse“ he remarked.

“You’re the Best, Sarina,” Soldier Sam added, “and we are going to lunch together soon and then the Orange Hockey Game after that!”

The Train slowed down to its landing.

“Will we go to Burger King or McDonalds? asked Sarina, “I want Fresh Lettuce, Tomatoes and Mayonnaise in Fiascos on my sandwich and a side of Onion Rings with Orange Soda!”

“Then Let’s go to Burger King , of course,” replied Solider Sam.  
“McDonalds doesn’t serve Onion Rings”

“But first I must phone Orange Mascot.” Sarina Reminded Solider Sam.  
Sarina whipped out her Smart Phone and dialled automatically.

Sarina talked to Orange Mascot for a couple minutes about the big upcoming event.

As they walked down the Street approaching Burger King, they were both getting super excited about a Flame Broiled Whopper.

“And when we get to Burger King, I’ll order first from the Menu. Then you” declared Sarina.

“Good morning, my friends,” said Orange Mascot, coming forward with a Delicious Fiasco in each hand. Sarina and Solider Sam were regulars at the restaurant.

“Can we sit at that table““ asked Soldier Sam as they filled up their sodas?” his eagle eye noting that there was one empty table in the corner.

“That’s the table we usually get, isn’t it?” asked Sarina.

“Yes. Then we don’t have to deal with the traffic from other patrons when

they are moving about,” said Solider Sam, smiling since he was finally getting to eat that day.

“We are having fun, aren’t we?” Sarina asked.

“Yes, Sarina,” Solider Sam answered.

“Do you think we should get some desert?” Sarina asked. “Like some Chocolate Chip Cookies. Or will we not think of anything for a while?”

“We will not think of anything for a while.” said Soldier Sam. “It is still early in the day.”

“Sarina, do you remember that time when we disposed of all the Ketchup on the condiment station in the Trash and no one in the restaurant could dip their Fries until the staff took notice?”

“Yes, of course I remember, Soldier Sam,” said Sarina. It was a little joke they had.

“Sarina, please keep telling me about how fantastic it was to watch Orange Stadium come together piece by piece, but not the rough parts.” suggested Soldier Sam.

Sarina touched his hand even though it was a little greasy from eating so many Onion Rings.

“Burger King is a Great Place and we’re having Fun and I Love You,” Soldier Sam said. He washed down what was left of his Whopper with Orange Soda.

“The Construction Workers were very brave,” Sarina said. “They were put in pretty precarious positions where it is extremely difficult to work. They dispatched many production orders, many of them approved by Orange Mascot the Chief Architect in charge of building Orange Stadium. But I will not at this time discuss all the details.

“Sarina, we are unquestionably being listened to by Orange Mascot over there. You are talking quite loudly.” Solider Sam noted.

“I am going to give you my Cardboard Burger King Crown,” Sarina said, “so that when you look at it in the mirror you can think of me. It will be something between us.”

Sarina tipped Orange Mascot, and when they went out the door the air was as fresh as the Lettuce, Tomato and Mayo they had just had the pleasure of experiencing. The wind was light, and the Sun was bright.

Neither of them spoke as they crossed the street.

Once they had advanced a couple of blocks Sarina was starting to get excited “I’m ready for anything at the first ever Orange Game at the New Stadium! Anything at all. Yeah, what are you looking forward to at the Game?”

“Well” Soldier Sam replied “I am considering ordering a Margarita, since you want to share” but Sarina wouldn’t hear of it.

“Oh, Soldier Sam, what the kind of drink is that for such a momentous Hockey Game? What’s wrong with you?” Sarina smiled and winked. We gotta educate this boy. Get him some good *whiskey*...”

Solider Sam shrugged. “Okay, Whiskey it is.” Sarina nodded her approval.

“Look!” Sarina tapped Solider Sam on the arm to make sure he was listening. “If know this Orange crowd, I have been at many games at the old stadium and let me tell you one thing I’ve learned—this is no town to be giving people the impression you’re some kind of lightweight drinker.

Not during the Inaugural ‘Cuse Hockey Game, anyway. Shit, Orange Mascot will roll you in a minute, knock you in the head and take every cent you have.”

Soldier Sam asked if he could sneak a cigarette. “I guess,” said Sarina.

“But you know I don’t like it.”

He laughed. “Well, Sarina, are you gonna take pictures at the Hockey Game? I guess you’ll be workin’ pretty hard on Twitter the next couple days” Solider Sam knew the answer to that question.

Sarina shook her head and said nothing; just stared at him for a moment, trying to look grim. “There’s going to be trouble,” Sarina said. “My assignment is to take pictures of the Riot.”

“What Riot?” Solider Sam was surprised.

Sarina hesitated. “At Orange Stadium. It’s going to get pretty rowdy at the first game. The Duke Blue Devils Fans. Don’t you read the newspapers?”

The grin on Soldier Sam’s face had collapsed. “What on God’s Orange Earth are you talking about?”

“Well... maybe I shouldn’t be telling you...” Sarina replied. “But everybody else seems to know. The Orange Security Team has been getting ready for this game all year. They have thousands of guards on alert.”

Sarina continued, “They’ve warned us—all the press and photographers—to wear helmets and special vests like flak jackets. We were told to expect the worst....”

Solider Sam couldn’t believe it; his hands flew up into the air as if to guard against the words he was hearing. “Those sons of bitches! God Almighty! At the first Orange Game at the New Stadium!” He kept upped with his act of surprise. “That’s almost too bad to believe!”

“Why? Why *here*? Solider Sam was incredulous. “Don’t they respect *anything*?”

Sarina shrugged again. “It’s not just the Duke Blue Devils Fans. The latest intelligence says busloads of crazies are coming in from all over the country for every game this year—to mix with the crowd and cause

trouble all at once, from every direction. They'll be dressed like Orange Fans. You know—Blue and Orange and all that. But when the trouble starts... well, that's why the Syracuse Security Guard is so worried."

Soldier Sam took a seat on a Syracuse Park Bench for a moment, looking confused and not quite able to digest all this terrible news. Then he cried out: "Oh... Man! What is happening in this world? Where can you get away from it?"

"Not here," Sarina said, taking a seat next to Soldier Sam on the park bench. "C'mon." She grabbed his arm, urging him to get moving. Sarina was overdue to meet Orange Mascot at the Press Box and needed to hustle off to get her act together for what was sure to be quite a spectacle.

Soldier Sam picked up his phone and scanned the front page headlines.

"Sure enough, Sarina, the Syracuse Times is reporting there are to be thousands of Orange Security Guards deployed to counter the Blue Devils Fans"

Soldier Sam wanted to do something about this. "Where is the Duke Blue Devils crowd staying in Syracuse?" asked Soldier Sam.

Sarina sighed. "Soldier Sam, you're in trouble. This town is full. Always is, for sporting events.

Sarina told Soldier Sam that she has never missed an Orange Game and wasn't about to start now.

"Shit is going to get heavy, Soldier Sam. With only hours until game time I have to get my press credentials in order so we can meet up with Orange Mascot."

Sarina needed two sets; one for herself and another for Soldier Sam. How would he bear up under the culture shock of being plunged into a drunken mob scene at Orange Game? There was no way of knowing.

Hopefully, they would arrive soon, and give Solider Sam time to get acclimated. Then Sarina could whisk him off to more agreeable conditions after the game.

The only other kink was the task of convincing the Orange Mascot that Solider Sam was such a prestigious Orange sports fan that common sense compelled them to get two sets of the best Orange Press Tickets.

This was not easily done. Sarina's first call to Orange Mascot resulted in total failure. Orange Mascot was shocked at the idea that Solider Sam could apply for press credentials at such a late point in time.

"You can't be serious." Orange Mascot said "The deadline was quite some time ago. The press box is full; there's no more room... and who the fuck is Soldier Sam?"

The rest of the press corps was interested, and even sympathetic, but there was nothing they could do. Orange Mascot was in charge. But finally Sarina was offered a compromise: she could get us two passes to the press box but a field pass was out of the question.

"That sounds Ridiculous," Sarina said. "It's unacceptable. We must have access to everything. All of it. The pre-game spectacles, the pageantry and certainly the Orange Hockey Game. You don't think we came all this way to watch the damn thing on television, do you?"

One way or another we'll get inside," Soldier Sam. Maybe we'll have to bribe a guard—or even beat up somebody."

So they hatched a plan to play rough with Orange Mascot's security crew at the narrow gates to the field's inner sanctum, then slipping quickly inside, but not before beating up some Blue Devils Fans on the way there, for their own good...

Then Sarina got a call on her phone "Yes, indeed." said the voice of Orange Mascot. "Soldier Sam is being considered at the last minute. Is he

your man or something?”

Sarina chuckled. “You won’t have any trouble finding him. You could pick that man out of any crowd.”

“Why?” Orange Mascot asked. “What is it with him? What does he look like?”

“Well...” Sarina said, “Soldier Sam is the funniest looking thing I’ve ever seen. As a matter of fact it’s written all over him that he is a Big Orange Dan. He will be dressed in full Orange Regalia. You’ll know him when you see him; don’t worry about that.”

Sarina and Solider Sam were already in the press box soon after they got access to the Orange Stadium. Sarina told her co-workers all about Soldier Sam’s description and they seemed puzzled.

“Don’t let it concern you,” Sarina said. “Just keep in mind for the next decade we’re going to be close to all the ‘Cuse Hockey Action at Orange Stadium.”

Soon Solider Sam was putting on a charade typing diligently into his phone in the Blue Devils section of the Press Box Solider Sam and Sarina were standing at the bar, downing Orange Mascot’s Bourbon and congratulating each other on our sudden, unexplained luck in picking up two sets of fine press credentials. The other reporters at the desk were being very friendly to him.

“I just told Orange your name, Solider Sam and they gave us the whole works.” Sarina was so thrilled.

A few hours before game time, Sarina and Solider Sam had everything under control. They had seats looking down on the ‘Cuse Center Ice, color TV and a free bourbon bar in the press room, and a selection of passes that would take them anywhere in the stadium.

“Solider Sam, we have “Walkaround” press passes!!” Sarina was pleased.

The passes presumably to allow the newspaper types such as Soldier Sam to rush in and out for photos or quick interviews, but to prevent drifters from spending all day running around, hustling the gentry and rifling a handbag or two while cruising around the boxes.

Clearly the Hockey Event Walkaround Passes were at a premium for the first ever 'Cuse Hockey event at Orange Stadium. And since it took considerable time to get from the press box to the Ice and even longer to get back, that didn't leave much time for defending the stadium from Blue Devils Fans who were becoming more obnoxious by the minute.

"Soldier Sam, let's go out on the balcony of the press box to get a better view" Sarina suggested.. "This is the first time you have been to a 'Cuse Game, so I want you to have a Blast.

Soldier Sam agreed. "It's such a fantastic scene!!" —thousands of people shouting, exchanging fisticuffs, trampling each other and fighting with broken bourbon bottles. "We'll have to spend some time out there, but it's hard to move around, too many people."

Soldier Sam was curious. "Is it safe out there? Will we ever come back?"

"Sure," Sarina said. "We'll just have to be careful not to step on anybody's toes and start a fight. Just look at this seating section scene right below us. It will only get worse as we start to move down onto the field."

Thousands of raving, stumbling drunk Blue Devils Fans were getting angrier and angrier as game time grew closer. The whole place was jammed with bodies, shoulder to shoulder.

"It's so hard to move around, complained Soldier Sam. "The aisles are packed with people falling down and grabbing at you.

Soldier Sam looked so nervous that Sarina laughed. "Don't worry. At the first hint of trouble I'll start fighting the crowd myself!!"

“You should keep in mind, Soldier Sam, that almost everybody you talk to from now on will be drunk. People who seem very pleasant at first might suddenly swing at you for no reason at all.”

Soldier Sam nodded, staring straight ahead. He seemed to be getting a little scared.

From that point on, the scene at Orange started to become a vicious, drunken nightmare. Sarina and Soldier Sam were glad the Syracuse Security Guards had deployed.

“It’s sort of a joke,” Soldier Sam kept saying. “Why, at Hockey Games in Wisconsin it’s quite normal. People don’t take offense. They understand that it’s just a game.”

“Fuck Wisconsin, Sarina said. “This is New York!!” These Blue Devils Fans regard supporting the Orange as a brutal insult. Just look what’s happening.”

“But all these drinks flying about are going to get all over us,” Soldier Sam observed. “The stands are just brimming with drinks being thrown around.”

“Yeah... well, okay, Sarina said. “Let’s just figure we fucked up about equally on that one. But from now on let’s try to be careful when we’re around all these Blue Devils Fans. I know. You won’t get down to their level and neither will I.”

But almost from the very moment Soldier Sam and Sarina started out on their journey to the Ice Rink they lost all control of events and spent the next couple of hours making their way around in a sea of drunken horrors. Their notes and recollections from the first ever ‘Cuse Hockey Game at Orange Stadium will be somewhat scrambled.

But now, looking at the Orange Reporters Notebook Sarina carried all through that scene, that is quite the evidence more or less of what happened. The book itself is somewhat mangled and bent; some of the

pages are torn, others are stained by what appears to be bourbon, but taken as a whole, with sporadic memory flashes, the notes seem to tell the story.

Soldier Sam was very concerned some sections would catch on fire, since all Blue Devils Fans were showing ruthless disregard for the No Smoking Signs all over the Orange Stadium.

“Could it happen, Sarina? Soldier Sam was getting even more concerned. Trapped in the stands with the masses. Thousands of people fighting. Drunks screaming in the flames and the mud.

Why everything was just running wild. Blind in the smoke. Grandstand collapsing into the flames, Soldier Sam is about to crack. Drinking heavily now, but not getting dragged down into the fray, Soldier Sam and Sarina continued their journey down onto the Ice..

The Blue Devils Mob was thick as far as they eye could see around the entire seating areas; very slow going in the crowd, very hot. On the way, Soldier Sam and Sarina came on a row of Syracuse Security Guards all carrying Riot Sticks.

Many Platoons, with Helmets. One of the security guards walking next to us said they were waiting for the governor and his party.

Soldier Sam eyed the Syracuse Security Staff carefully. “Why do they have those clubs?”

“All the Blue Devils Fans.” Sarina wondered what was going through Soldier Sam’s head at that moment. Probably very shocked; the place was teeming with Syracuse Security Guards in full Riot Gear.

Soldier Sam pressed on through the crowd of Hockey Fans through many gates down many steps. Would they ever get onto the Ice?

Soldier Sam and Sarina shoved through the crowd and finally onto the Ice, quickly stationing themselves at the Free Bourbon Bar at Center Ice. Why

not? Get it on.

Soldier Sam looked back on the crowd, now that they were safely down on the Ice

“Look at that madness, the fear, the anger! I can’t believe we made it though alive.” Sarina looked back and agreed wholeheartedly.

The Orange-Blue Devils Game, the actual Hockey Game, was scheduled to start soon, and as the Magic Hour approached Soldier Sam suggested to Sarina they should probably spend some time on the Ice itself, where they would get the perspective of fully viewing what was still going down, no stop to it. Unabated. Riots, Firestorms or savage drunken attacks.

Sarina agreed. “Right, let’s do it.”

If the bedlam spilled over onto the Ice, Soldier Sam and Sarina could make an escape through the tunnels, provided of course if they weren’t jammed packed with all the Hockey players.

The scene in the stands was only getting worse. As it escalated, Soldier Sam and Sarina were in such shock that it took them a while to adjust.

“God almighty!” said Sarina. “Will you take a look at what is happening at the far end of the Ice beyond the Goal. “This is a... Wow!!!” Sarina turned on her camera, getting video of the Fans getting worse by the minute, trying to take notes.

Total chaos, no way to see the Press Box... “We certainly not going to make it back up there before the game. We will just have to bunker down on the sidelines.”

Sarina had made her decision. They were just not going to make it back up there until long after the Hockey Game, when the Blue Devils Fans would be ushered out by Syracuse Security.

So Sarina just resigned herself to that fact. “Soldier Sam, stand back to

watch those public safety alerts flash on the big board, like a giant bingo game.

It was finally time to watch the Blue Devils visiting 'Cuse in the first ACC Matchup in Syracuse History.

When the crowd stood to face the flag and respect "The Star Spangled Banner," Sarina considered just how fortunate they were to be in Syracuse, the Last Bastion of Hope in the Entire World.

The Orange Hockey Game itself was about to start, and even from their Super Status Seats there was no way to see what was really happening. Later, watching a TV rerun in the press box, we saw what happened.

The Orange left all their energy on the Ice and pulled out a Nail Biter, close to the Final Buzzer.

"Cuse Hockey started off the Historic Season on the right note, but the Season was going to be quite a Marathon. What a Game!!

After the game was over, the crowd surged wildly for the exits, rushing for cabs and buses and cars they had no business driving in their condition.. The next day's Syracuse Times told countless stories of violence in the parking lot; people were punched and trampled, pockets were picked, bottles hurled. But Soldier Sam and Sarina missed all this, having retired to the press box for a bit of post-game drinking.

By this time both Solider Sam and Sarina were both half-crazy from too much bourbon, fatigue, culture shock, lack of sleep and general dissolution.

But Sarina was Upbeat.

"Let's stay here all night, Solider Sam!! 'Cuse really played some Special Orange Hockey Today!!"

"I'm so very happy I got to experience it with you, Sarina." Soldier Sam

was so thankful he got to spend such Precious Time with Sarina at the first ever Orange Hockey Game in Syracuse!!

## CHAPTER 7

### SITUATION ROOM

Cupid had several conferences in his office where Soldier Sam again put forward his idea about the Scavenger Hunt being an ideal fit for the kind of Valentines Day Activity that Sarina would want to participate in.

"Couldn't we not talk about the Scavenger hunt?" suggested Sarina. "I have a couple of friends that have gotten lost on Scavenger Hunts. They are still lost, stuck in other cities where their mission led them.

"You're lucky to be here in LA, Sarina. Where you don't have to be on a Scavenger Hunt. I just thought.." began Soldier Sam, "that it might be a fun divergence from work just on one day out of the year. And Valentines Day seems like a great time to try it out.

"Most likely, Soldier Sam, the biggest challenge for you will be coming up with the concept and the list of things to find." Cupid observed. "I don't know if your brain will be able to come up with good ideas."

"That's as it may be." replied Soldier Sam. "Have you ever been on a Scavenger Hunt? If not, get ready. You're not going to believe what kind of crazy fun you've been missing!"

"Well, what's your idea of the start of the Scavenger Hunt, Soldier Sam?" asked Cupid. "I don't like the items you are starting off with on your list. It

just doesn't seem like a good fit.

"So then, we got to have something in its place. That's why I want to plant the Scavenger Hunt Scene--" replied Soldier Sam.

"I'm late to luncheon," said Sarina. "Maybe I could go out and get a bite to eat while you and Cupid hammer out some ideas.

Soldier Sam believed in his abilities to figure something out. He was, after all, someone who has nothing better to do than dream up conditions for a Scavenger Hunt.

"Cupid can call me anything he likes, but somebody's got to write this Scavenger Hunt Scene. I'd tell Cupid everything, -but I think he would just use his Arrows on someone else, and we wouldn't have any Valentines Day Activity for ourselves.."

So Sarina left Soldier Sam alone for the lunch hour, trying to rouse him to action, but with no avail.

Desperate to convince Cupid of the Scavenger Hunt's merits—Soldier Sam had a drink of Bourbon and attacked the story alone.

Pacing Cupid's office with the bourbon bottle in his hand he started to explain to Cupid what exactly a Scavenger Hunt was--interspersing the dictation with a short, biased history how Sarina first agreed to come with him to Cupid's Studio in the first place.

When Sarina returned from Lunch, Soldier Sam had a couple of ways he could explain the Concept to Cupid.

The next couple of hours were the toughest in Soldier Sam's life--not even a moment to consider how much Sarina meant to him. He just had to focus on what a Scavenger Hunt really was. Gradually with several missteps, his battered brain got in motion.

"Well it's just like this, Cupid.." Soldier Sam began...

Sarina interrupted Soldier Sam..“A scavenger hunt is a game in which the players — either individuals or teams — compete to see who can obtain the most items from a list. Sounds easy enough, right? Well, not necessarily...” explained Sarina.

'But this one has got me down,' said Cupid '--because how did the artillery shell get on the list? Won't you be able to find that a lot easier than Sarina would?"

“Trust me Cupid,” Soldier Sam insisted. “There are several items on the Scavenger Hunt List that will be easier for Sarina to find than me. Like take for instance ingredients for a Taco, a football helmet, Hair Styling Products, the examples go on..”

Well, if that's the case, if you explain it that way, that it will be an even-handed competition, then I am inclined to support your Valentine's Day Activity Concept” Cupid decided.

The Valentines Activity authorization brought a glitter into Sarina's eyes.

“Yes, Soldier Sam, said Sarina excitedly, “Let's plan a scavenger hunt that takes us through LA to different places you've been or someplace completely new that's important to you. We can construct clues that we each have to solve and end up somewhere where we can have great dinner together.”

“That sounds like a fantastic idea, Sarina.” Cupid threw his full weight behind the Valentines Day Activity and said he would be surprised if anyone else this year submits a better idea.

“Have fun on Valentines Day, Sarina and Soldier Sam.” Cupid sent them on their way. “Happy Hunting!”

TRAINING

Soldier Sam's Training for New Starship Missions was not at all like what he expected. Rams Mascot was not a typical Instructor.

Soldier Sam tried to jump to the Moon on his next attempt, tried to leave the orbit of the training range. Rams Mascot and Soldier Sam learned to trust each other, such that even if either had been able to leave their existences at the door, it would have dire consequences for the mission that was to follow, Not only for themselves but for Rams Nation as well. Soldier Sam was learning how to fly in Moon's airless space, and any distraction from the mission would cause massive upheaval if he changed his path around it.

As you prepare for basic training an overwhelming amount of emotions will hit you. While the physical tasks are prevalent, it's the mental growth you go through that gets you to the next level - finding the courage to move forward, while experiencing the fear of wondering if life will ever be the same. You will move most likely from a life of excessiveness to a life of necessities.

The goal of the combat engine is to maneuver a model of a spaceship on the playing board, collecting essential supply items avoiding collisions with astronomical bodies, and destroying the enemy. Players roll customised dice for each duty station to perform their functions—if their station has power. For example, the helm station has dice with symbols indicating various combinations of forward movement for one or two spaces, coming about, and turns to port or starboard.

Engaging targets as part of a team.

Battle Drills are practiced responses to a given situation that represent the ideal mechanism for the response. They define our normal response to situations in ideal conditions however, your squad leader will have received training on their use and implementation. As such they tend to fall more as guidelines that are adapted to the situation in the field.

You should be prepared for this by having the best possible knowledge of these drills so that you are able to understand how to modify and implement them. This drill is designed to be employed when the team is transitioning-- moving positions as opposed to emplaced in cover and concealment The setting of this battle drill is that a squad is moving as two distinct fire teams, with the squad leader in the rear half or centre of the element.

Tell me a little bit about your Training experience, Soldier Sam.

On this particular mission, we had to carefully approach the vehicle and check it out. If it's an enemy, you can share that intel with Intelligence teams.

The members of our group are a hardy, adventurous folk. We take to the void in our little craft. We always have— red boats, white canoes, and blue longboats. planes made out of steel and armed with the tin cans we used to shoot into space.

To make a long story short I would have to explain how they coped with the reappearance of the silver moon in the sky at the same time as the Princess had moon rocks in her hand, but that is enough of the fairy tale for now.

Rams Mascot finally got pretty much upset at the journalist because his pieces were so uninteresting. "See here, meathead" Rams Mascot snapped at him one day, "Why is it we never have anything hot from you on the reviews on the training pavilion?"

Here we have that station packed with people on this installation--more than any other camp in this hemisphere except that one on the east coast--and yet you never get any real low down on them. Now shoot over to target range and dig up something lively."

The recruit shambled out and came back in short time. He said he had something interesting to write about it.

"Well, start it off snappily," said Rams Mascot. "Something people will read."

That writer set to work and in a couple of hours brought a sheet of typewritten paper to the desk; it was a story with the typical words length about some PT scam that had broken out among the troops.

Its opening sentence was simple but arresting. It read: "Who has noticed the morning exercises got reduced to make the grade without Rams Mascots' approval?"

In a Galaxy far away from Earth, that is where the PT was usually scheduled when we landed after our morning Rocket Sorties. It was a planet called a name that reminded us of the worst part of basic training.

Us troops were afraid that an unknown force 'Circle the World' was circling all the planets in the galaxy. We worried that it wouldn't be long till the Grand Ring Master arrived and shrunk our beloved planet.

We searched high and low looking for help, they even resulted in travelling to the moon since we believed only the regiments there would be able to help us.

Anything else you want to tell me, Soldier Sam ?'

Yes, Sarina. It goes a little something like this.

"I have not seen a female commander move the ball down the field like you have over the last 5 years."

## PART 7

Sarina Loves to go to Cuse Hoops games all season long to her Heart's Delight when she is in Syracuse! Sarina also loves Scuba Diving in the Ocean.

"Your training is not yet complete, Soldier Sam" explained Angels Mascot. "You have been trained in the tech arts, but it is Sarina who has been trained to secure the precious cargo on your trip through outer space."

"I bet you have a lot to tell me, Sarina!" exclaimed Soldier Sam. "Let's get to it!"

"It was fun to watch," Sarina said. "It was cool just to be able to bring Soldier Sam. The Halloween shows were pretty late so taking Soldier Sam out all night is kind of not an option, so we had to plan on leaving early.

One Day, the trip into the fight included a FAST — or Fly-Away Security Team — to guard the plane while it unloaded on the runway. One of those FAST airmen, Sarina was beginning to show interest in, wore an Angels patch on his body armour, above pouches packed with spare ammunition, The Side of the Logos on his patch was inscribed “LA Strong”

Shortly before takeoff, Sarina and Her Crew making up the small Expeditionary Signal Battalion boarded and strapped themselves into their seats near the front of the cargo hold. Sometimes Sarina would just fold her arms, lower her head and catch a Quick Nap.

Other times, Sarina would pulled out her smartphone and put in earbuds, eat a contraband candy bar, check out whats playing on the Watch Sports App, or just Shoot the Shit with all her friends on the mission.

The restaurant door opened again, and Sarina was there for a moment, said "Oh," and disappeared. Then she returned.

"Why it's Soldier Sam!" she exclaimed. "I was looking for Angels Mascot."

“Do you like the food at this restaurant, Soldier Sam?” asked Sarina.

"Pretty good," said Soldier Sam happily.

Soldier Sam waved his hand around the restaurant.

"You sure are a good reporter, Sarina. Do you think if I got you some interviews you could put in some good words for me?"

"Why--Yes. I suppose I could." Sarina replied.

"It's a secret. We can't trust anybody at the studio." Soldier Sam explained.

"All right," Sarina said.

Sarina is a Scuba Diving Virtuoso. Her Skills far and away are the best in California, and she enjoys the adventures that come along with those Skills.

But Sarina does not like Scuba Diving as much as going to Orange Games and here is the story that tells you why!

Orange Fans were everywhere!! Some Orange Fans were boarding the Orange Express, some were waving goodbye and others were leaning out the windows.

"Hop aboard!" a crowd of Orange Fans called out.

"No way, Sarina. Get back on Track! Those invoices aren't going to write themselves." ordered Solider Sam.

Sarina doesn't like it when she gets stuck at the Los Angeles Airport, especially the kind of Flight Delay that lasted all season long.

"I won't stay in LA during Hoops March Madness. I want to be jumping up and Down at the Orange Game!" Sarina had announced.

Over the years, Sarina's Birthday has grown into great big, boisterous party created by Soldier Sam. He just thinks it is more and more exciting each time it comes around.

The music was playing and so were Sarina's friends. The Party kept getting more and more out of control. In the chaos, Sarina fell off the boat! Then, everyone stopped and gasped.

Sarina decided she had had enough of her friends for the day and her Birthday Goals began to shift to Orange Hoops!! March Madness had started and Cuse had a big game coming up.

So Sarina began to swim to the shore. That was clearly the first step to get Cuse Tickets for the Game that was fast approaching.

Sarina just knew there was a ticket out there somewhere for her and it would be the best Birthday Present ever if she could find out some way of getting to Syracuse.

Soldier Sam realises that Sarina is the one he has been looking for after that but before they can go out again, the sun sets over the water and her boss intervenes again, saying that he needs the story on the rest of the Hoops Season to air immediately.

Then came the Trip to Orange Beach!

In addition to being the world wide epicenter of Hoops Talent, most people don't know that a lot of Cuse Fans are top-notch Scuba Divers, due to a popular academic curriculum option.

After these masterpieces, Sarina built a sand cave. Sarina was so exhausted from all the Orange Hoops excitement she crawled in to take a rest.

The Trip Going back to LA

"We'll fly you back to LA, Sarina! the Orange Express is ready to board." The Orange Fans said.

## TOUR SITE SCENES

"Mrs. Claus' Little Helper"

Sarina and Soldier Sam had arrived at the North Pole!!

So how does Santa keep it all together? What happens when Santa needs to balance his checkbook? How does he delegate different jobs to his elves? How does Santa run reports to see which toys are more popular in a certain year?

Wow! We are going to get a Tour of Santa's office, where all the important Christmas decisions are made!

Sarina was walking through the candy cane hallway, and she saw a huge door that said, “Do not enter,” so she did. There was a huge desk with a big, leather chair. I sat down. I was sinking. I could barely see over the desk. In the corner of the desk, there was a list as long as the ocean. It took me hours to find my name. I was on the naughty list. Sarina was on the nice list. I traded with her. She won’t care. Sarina doesn’t even believe in Santa Claus. In the top drawer, there were millions of cookies. It was wonderful to get my wish and see the toy shop with the amazing toys and Santa’s office where the list felt like it would never end. I want to keep this experience in my heart forever!

After seeing Santa’s office, let’s check out another part of the North Pole—Where all the Work gets done. This is where the magic happens!

When Sarina was in the workshop, she saw lots and lots of toys. The workshop was so big that millions of elves could have fit in there! I saw a thing that smashed toys that were flat and a wrapping machine that wrapped all the presents, and I saw tables that elves were sitting at. They were pounding nails and sawing wood.

It was another busy day at the North Pole for Santa’s elves. In Santa’s Workshop, the elves were busy testing all the trains to make sure they worked in time for Christmas.

There were all types of train engines and train cars going clickety-clickety clack as they went around the train track. There were locomotives and steam engines, and boxcars and cabooses.

“Oh, Mrs. Claus! You made the loveliest gingerbread village I have ever seen!” exclaimed Sarina. “May I help you?”

“Why thank you, Sarina,” said Mrs. Claus as she continued her work. “But making a village like this takes great skill and patience. Why not sit and

watch as I put on the finishing touches. There is plenty of gingerbread to snack on while you watch.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Claus, but I must go and find something important to do like yell at Soldier Sam,” said Sarina disappointedly as she left the kitchen.

Detective Sarina realized she had walked into a problem when she heard the extra set of footsteps. Hearing the footsteps on the stairs made her remember what Santa had said, Soldier Sam had mysteriously vanished from the Elves’ Shop.

“Sarina and Soldier Sam. I have a Holiday Mystery for You to solve. Announced Santa.

“Oh, Santa. I’m great at Solving Mysteries! Maybe Soldier Sam could help too. What’s your problem, Santa?” Sarina asked.

Santa sure did have a mystery that no one at the North Pole could solve.

You are at the airport and notice someone arriving and making a phone call. Right away you see them walk over to get a return ticket. You muster the courage to ask who they were calling.

Go on, Soldier Sam, tell me more about your Christmas Activities” Santa said. “ I’ll consider using my Sleigh to Deliver Presents now, that sounds interesting.

“It is Santa, it is!” jumped in Sarina. “After the puzzle is solved, you get to tell your partner you have made reservations at that restaurant for dinner on Christmas Day. We even created a feature that lets people search for “crossword puzzle maker” to locate a website that automatically generates crossword puzzles.

“Hey Santa, take us to the candy house. I bet Soldier Sam and I will find a clue there to Solve your mystery.

“Well that about does it, Soldier Sam” decided Santa. “Your concept is approved.” Have fun on Christmas Day and keep me informed about all your product development efforts. I know people who could for sure put that to good use.

“Oh, Santa, Thank You!” Sarina was grateful. “You’re the Best in the Business!”

'Who's this Sarina?' Soldier Sam asked of Santa who was, of course in charge of approving all Christmas Activities Ideas.

. 'Every time I check out the football games all they ever got for excitement is this Sarina.' Soldier Sam noted.

'You know, she’s that Reporter with all that pizzaz,' explained Santa.

. 'Sure, I know she’s a big star, you couldn't miss that. But what kinda record she got? What's she done to capture the hearts of football Fans everywhere? Asked Soldier Sam.

“What indeed, Sarina?” Soldier Sam was curious. Have you, like me battled the challenge of coming up with fresh words every week for so many years?

“Well, Soldier Sam, I have volumes of media credits that would knock your socks off, extending up to--well, long before you ever started writing scripts for Christmas Day Activities.” Sarina explained.

Ok, Sarina and Soldier Sam. I’ll take you to the North Pole's candy house Maybe you will find a clue to solve this mystery. Just be on your best behavior.

You are a Guest at the North Pole. You will learn many useful things about our Operation that will be sure to help you on any mission you might find yourselves on in the Future.

### Visit of the Christmas candy house

So, did your day start out good? Did you enjoy yourself? Today, we will visit the North Pole's Christmas candy house. In fact, we need your ideas. Santa wants to renovate the candy house, but he's not sure what to do with it. He would like us to prepare several different digital models to inspire him. Santa has everything you need to make your candy house models. Hope you have very sweet fun!

“Hey, Santa!” Look Soldier Sam! Look at that Orange Box sitting under the Christmas Tree. What could possibly be in the Orange Box?”

“Why don't you open the Orange Box up, Sarina. Maybe it has something you are looking for!”

“Ok, Santa. Come over here and check out this Orange Box with me, Soldier Sam!” Sarina was so excited. They opened the Orange Box together.

Look Soldier Sam!” Sarina exclaimed. “It's the Clue we have been looking for. I just knew we would find something at this Stop on the North Pole Tour!”

### Sugar Cubes

Those reindeer have a hard life, pulling a sleigh with enough presents for all the children in the entire world. Don't they at least deserve a little sugary treat?

A big part of me totally loves these heart-shaped sugar cubes.

What a Great North Pole Tour you took me and Soldier Sam on, Santa. Now we have the clue to solve your mystery!” Sarina was so happy.

“Yes Sarina” Santa appreciated Sarina’s Smart Detective Work. Merry Christmas to you and Soldier Sam from all of us at the North Pole!”

## MYSTERY

You are at the airport and notice someone arriving and making a phone call. Right away you see them walk over to get a return ticket. You muster the courage to ask who they were calling.

“I’m here to see Santa. You will never guess why I’m here. I’m the heir to his Cookie Fortune” explained the Reindeer.

“Santa doesn't speak in your reindeer code,' said Soldier Sam in a measured voice. 'We are only at the here at the North Pole Airport to pick up Mrs. Claus. We weren’t expecting any reindeer.

'--And I would very much like to see Santa,' continued the Reindeer Applicant. 'I hear that your Studio needs a stand in. Hasn’t there been some kind of issue with Rudolph?.'

They had been walking out of the airport on their way to the production office and it took Sarina a minute to grasp what the Reindeer had said.

'You're Santa’s what?' Sarina asked.

'I’m the solution to all of Santa’s problems this Christmas' said the reindeer, in a sort of sing-song. 'Legally I am the Long-lost Reindeer heir of Santa’s Stash of Cookies.

'Oh,' said Sarina. They had reached the Airport Gate. 'You want to see

Santa?"

'Yes,' said the job-seeking Reindeer. 'If it is convenient.'

Soldier Sam looked at the flight arrival schedule on the wall.

'It may be,' Soldier Sam said. 'We can go and see. See if Santa has any notion of who you are—or claim to be' Soldier Sam said with some doubt.

As they started out towards the production center, Sarina exploded.

'What do you mean, "Santa's long lost Cookie Heir"? I'm glad to see all of your ambition and all that, but say, are you really who you claim to be?'

"With certainty" 'the Reindeer responded 'At that time you and Sarina hadn't even got to the North Pole yet."

Sarina bent forward, looked with cold examination upon the Reindeer and threw up her shoulders without comment. The whole business was sure to put Santa into a fit.

When Sarina pointed out the Liquor Store on the way to the production studio, the Reindeer wanted to stop there 'to buy Soldier Sam a bottle of bourbon.'

It seemed that Soldier Sam had conceived a passion for them back at Rams Games in LA, where they had just come from. The team was taking ship to somewhere else that didn't matter next week.

'--whether or not,' said the Reindeer in response 'I get to see Santa. I do not care if I meet him. I am too new to replace Donner or Blitzen yet.. But they are already well on their way towards being washed by industry standards. But I'd like to see Santa.

'That's what I've heard,' said Soldier Sam. 'their demands are getting out of

pocket. They even want a nine-hole golf course.” I mean, what kind of chump even wants to play that horrible game. I laugh at them.'

'I want to have an interest too Solider Sam admitted, but different. Bourbon has been my life. I want to watch those reindeer go deeper and deeper into that hole.'

'Till they explode,' Sarina agreed 'Just look at Rudolph and how he spends his time off set! I cried for him.' She pointed to her eyes, 'Tears!'

Soldier Sam nodded very sympathetically.

'I want only one thing. The Reindeer said, “That II should go on the lot anytime. No holds barred, nothing else. Only to be there. Should bother nobody. Only help a little from nothing if any other reindeer wants advice.'

Just to get a chance to meet with Santa” the Reindeer added.

'Then you did want something,' Sarina smiled. 'All right, all right by me. Where do you get off now?'

'Could you write me a pass?' the Reindeer pleaded. 'Just a word on your card?'

'I'll look into it,' said Sarina. 'Just now I've got a lot of things on my plate. I'm going to a luncheon to go over some scripts” After that I might check Santa’s gate schedule. You might be able to meet Santa after that.

Soldier Sam’s heart dropped. There it was again—that Luncheon, spreading like a dark cloud over all of Sarina’s responsibilities working with him.

'Soldier Sam,' the Reindeer said so sincerely that his voice almost broke, 'I wouldn't be surprised if Santa is much more of a menace this year than in years past. All the stress might be wearing him down.

“What are you trying to say, Mr. Reindeer?” Soldier Sam was interested in this kind of take on the business from industry.

He gets so many Cookies from the picture proceeds and I wouldn't be surprised if he was so radical that you had to have all new equipment and start all over again like you had to do when the robots started taking over the screen business.

'Oh my God!' complained Sarina.

'And me,' said the Reindeer. 'All I want is a pass and no Cookies. Only to leave things as they are.'

Sarina reached for her card case. "I guess we can fit you into Santa's schedule. He might have some extra time at night when we are done shooting the scenes for the day.

A sort of bell rang in Soldier Sam's head. If there was anything he liked it was a good bottle of bourbon--not this kind of trouble.

'I'll tell you,' Soldier Sam said with sudden decision. 'We'll try today's stage, and take a look at Santa.

'But we are providing for you" Santa said. 'After all of our investigation we decided that you will get a supply of North Pole Cookies for the rest of your natural life.'

'What will I have to do for it?' questioned the Reindeer suspiciously.

'It will only be withdrawn in case--'

The reindeer whispered in Santa's ear, and relief crept into Santa's eyes. The condition was really just about the Cookies, really nothing to do with him at all.

The Reindeer began to get emotional with Santa.

'Goodbye, Santa he said, almost with affection.

Sarina and Soldier Sam stood looking after the Reindeer..

'Goodbye Mr. Reindeer,' Santa said. He stood watching the Reindeer heading back the airport and go out of sight. Then he turned away--feeling like—like... There were tears in his eyes.

Your Cookie Fortune Heir, whatever that meant thought Santa. After some consideration Santa concluded, Giving up all of Mrs. Claus' Cookies, well anyways, it's better than not being

## INTRO

"Yes, I know all about the World Series Ring Ghost!" Angels Mascot said, as Sarina and Soldier Sam continued their trek to the Haunted House...

"I'll tell you an experience if you care to listen. And, what's more, I'll tell it briefly, without trimmings—I mean without unessentials. That's a thing with story-tellers these days, they never do, you know," Angels Mascot laughed.

"They drag in all the unessentials and leave their listeners to disadvantage; but I'll give you just the essentials, and you can make of it what you please. But on one condition: that at the end you ask no questions, because I can't explain it and have no wish to."

Sarina and Soldier Sam agreed. We were serious. We wanted to know everything about the World Series Ring Ghost. After hearing countless stories from Angels Fans who merely wished to "talk" but had nothing to show for it, we wanted "essentials."

"In those days," Angels Mascot began, feeling from the quality of our silence that we were with him on the journey, "in those days I was interested in sports things, and had arranged to get set up in a Haunted House in the middle of Angels Stadium..."

Sarina and Soldier Sam would end up with Love for the trick or treating experience at Angels Stadium..

Sarina and Soldier Sam go out every Halloween, rain or shine, and carry a huge, industrial bag to stash all their treats.

On one such trip, Sarina was going to Haunted Houses all night with Soldier Sam and the weather was, to say the least, not cooperating.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were all dressed up for the Halloween occasion with ponchos to cover them from the rain. Suddenly, the weather cleared as if by Magic so Sarina and Soldier Sam would get the most out of their Halloween experience!!

This is the Story of that Halloween Night...

## PART 7

Soldier Sam took the Bourbon flask and poured out a glass of neat spirit, stiff enough to help anybody over anything, even a Spooky Halloween Night at Angels Stadium Sarina took the liquor with a little shiver.

Sarina's only idea now was to get out of the Press Box before her collapse became inevitable; but this could not safely be done by turning tail and running from the ghosts at Angels Stadium.

Inaction was no longer possible; every minute Soldier Sam was growing less master of himself, and desperate, aggressive measures were imperative without further delay.

Moreover, the action must be taken *towards* the Halloween Fright, not away from it; the result if necessary and unavoidable, would have to be faced boldly. He could do it now; but in ten minutes he might not have the force left to act for himself, much less for both.

Upstairs, the sounds were meanwhile becoming louder and closer, accompanied by occasional creaking of the boards. Someone was moving stealthily about, stumbling now and then awkwardly against the Upper Level Floor of Angels Stadium.

Sarina was waiting a few moments to allow the tremendous dose of spirits to produce its effect, and knowing this would last but a short time under the circumstances, Sarina then quietly got on her feet, saying in a determined voice--

"Now, Soldier Sam, we'll go upstairs and find out what all this noise is about. You must come too. It's what we agreed."

Soldier Sam picked up his bat and grabbed the flashlight. Sarina rose beside him breathing hard, and a voice said very faintly something about being "ready to go. Let's leave the Halloween Candy in the Press Box"

.

Sarina and Soldier Sam crossed the dark landing, avoiding with their eyes the deep black space over the banisters. Then they began to mount the staircase to meet the sounds which, minute by minute, grew louder and nearer.

About half-way up the stairs Sarina stumbled and Soldier Sam turned to catch her by the arm, and just at that moment there came a terrific crash in the corridor overhead. It was instantly followed by a shrill scream.

Before they could move aside, or go down a single step, something came rushing along the passage overhead, blundering, racing madly, at full speed, several steps at a time, down the very staircase where they stood. The steps were light and uncertain; but close behind them sounded the swarm of others, and the staircase seemed to shake.

Soldier Sam and his companion just had time to flatten themselves against the wall when the jumble of flying steps was upon them, and countless Haunted Baseballs, with the slightest possible interval between them, dashed past at full speed. It was a perfect whirlwind of sound breaking in upon the midnight silence of the empty Angels Stadium.

The Swarm of Haunted Baseballs had passed clean through them where they stood, and already with a thud the boards below had received first one, then the other, then the rest. Yet they had seen absolutely nothing-- just a flash.

There came a second's pause. Then the Swarm of Haunted Baseballs ran with uncertain footsteps into the Press Box where Sarina and Soldier Sam had just left. There was a sound of scuffling, gasping, and smothered screaming; and then out on to the landing came another noise, *treading strong*..

A still silence followed for the space of seconds, and then was heard another rushing sound through the air. It was followed by a dull, crashing thud on the stone floor of the hall.

Complete silence reigned after. Nothing moved. The flashlight was steady. Suddenly Sarina, without waiting for her companion, began rushing her way downstairs.

Solider Sam had plans to jump back into the Press Box, picked up the bag of candy from the floor, and, walking very slowly with Sarina, without speaking a word or looking once behind them, they marched down the stairs into the hall.

In the hall Sarina and Soldier Sam saw nothing, but the whole way down the stairs they were conscious that something followed them; step by step; when they went faster it was left behind, and when they went more slowly it caught them up. But never once did they look behind to see; and at each turning of the staircase they lowered their eyes for fear of what they might see upon the stairs above.

A New Wave of Haunted Baseballs was set in motion!!

PART 7

Sarina and Soldier Sam could not believe their eyes. There in front of them was World Series Ring Ghost.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were getting closer and closer to the Finale of the Angels Stadium Haunted House. They were about to meet World Series Ring Ghost!

'But I thought you belonged to the gatekeeper I tipped this afternoon to let me spend time here in this Haunted Stadium!' Sarina asked. 'Did—did you mean to meet me? Aren't you a Real Ghost?' Sarina asked again.

It's remorse, as much as terror, that clogs me so thickly and keeps me here. If only someone could feel sympathy for the devil, and perhaps a little love for me, I could get away and be happy." Explained World Series Ring Ghost.

"I have had a tough life, Sarina and Soldier Sam" explained World Series Ring Ghost. It's no wonder I feel like a Ghost."

Soldier Sam felt the need for vigorous self-assertion. He stood up in that empty room, just shocked. Soldier Sam was determined to assert his individual identity and his courage of someone who had braved the Angels Stadium Haunted House.

"The silence of the night shut up Soldier Sam's voice. For the first time he realized that darkness was over the city of Los Angeles, those Haunted baseballs on the stairs next to both him and Sarina.

When you came this afternoon to see over Angels Stadium I watched you, and a little hope came to me for the first time. I saw you had courage, originality, resource—love.

If only I could touch your heart, without frightening you, continued World Series Ring Ghost. "I knew I could perhaps tap that love you have stored up in your being there, and thus borrow the wings for my escape!"

Let's get in this taxi, Sarina and Soldier Sam: World Series Ring Ghost instructed. Now it is my mission to drives you to your Launch Pad

Sarina moved a little nearer to Soldier Sam in the taxi, frightened, of course, but with the beginnings of a strange determination in her heart.

It was going to be an eventful trip to the Launch Pad. Sarina and Soldier Sam had some unfinished business with World Series Ring Ghost. There would be no more identification as a Ghost. It was time for the World Series Ring to serve its purpose.

Sarina's heart did leap within her, for she could not restrain her surprise. Soldier Sam laughed for the way Sarina called him was so endearing, here in this Taxi.

Soldier Sam's laughter stopped and merged in an undefinable flood when he saw how the change of feeling affected World Series Ring Ghost..

It was very slowly Sarina recovered the memory of her experience.

"You believe now" said Solder Sam that the stadium is haunted?"

World Series Ring Ghost spoke no longer as one who greets Angels Fans, but as one who lives for a friend.

"You are not a Ghost, World Series Ring" explained Sarina. "Just a misunderstood Soul."

"And you have seen it, World Series Ring Ghost!", Sarina Exclaimed. And we, who have lived here in LA for every Angels Season, have never truly set eyes upon it. Because we have never dared... Tell us, is it truly World Series Ring who----"

"In fact it is full of life. A life that escaped the darkness of battle.

## LAST DAY ON EARTH ADVENTURE

It was Saturday. The day before the Super Bowl. Sarina had been looking forward to going to the game ever since the Rams had won the NFC Championship.

Sarina decided to go out for Tea at the most exclusive Tea Room in LA to

burn time until the next day.

Sarina looked Smashing as ever in her white away game Jersey with matching blue pants. She heard LA would be the most Dangerous city on the planet Super Bowl weekend, even dicier than the Columbian countryside right after the cartel coke houses were Raided.

Sarina thought it was too dangerous to carry a purse that night so she put her Super Bowl Ticket in her back pocket. She didn't trust the Hotel Maids who might have keys to the safe in her room.

But Sarina didn't want to bend the Ticket when she put the Ticket in her pocket since she was planning on framing above the fireplace in her house so It was sticking out of the top of her Pocket.

Sarina was approaching the Bar. "Really I Love R&B music, is of course the most musical sound in the world. You will hear it on the Juke Box this evening, Soldier Sam.

Sarina graciously agreed to grab a drink with Soldier Sam the night before the Rams Game.

As soon as the moon rises into the night the Lovely Music began. Sarina was DJ ing so well that everybody at the Bar was singing along.

"Let's talk about the Super Bowl!" said Solider Sam. He was very much upset that he could not get a word in.

Well, good-bye" Sarina said "I have enjoyed our conversation very much, I assure you.'

'Conversation?" said Soldier Sam. There has been music on the whole time That is not conversation.'

Everyone here likes listening to the music, Sarina replied, 'and I like it myself. It makes time pass and prevents arguments.'

'But I like arguments,' said Soldier Sam.

'I hope not,' said Sarina. 'Arguments are no fun. Good-bye a second time; I'm calling myself a cab to get the hell out of here. You do not impress me much.'

Sarina was standing in line waiting to get a table at the Tea House when Soldier Sam snatched it right out of her Pocket!

Sarina almost lost her balance as she spinned around to catch him before he made his way out the door onto the street since she would never keep track on him in pursuit. Everyone was out that day because of the game and it was pouring buckets, quite typical of LA on a day like this..

But instead of taking off full blast as he had hoped, Solider Sam tripped on a Tea Table and ran right into the closed door.

Sarina simply turned around and kicked him right square in his face. Then she reached down, picked Soldier Sam up by his shirt front, and shook him until his teeth rattled.

“Now that you have the chance to be here you had better avail yourself of it, for I am going to have another drink almost immediately” Soldier Sam was still thinking about drinking.”

I am a great favourite at this Bar, Solider Sam went on and on; in fact, some people came tonight in my honour. Of course you know nothing of these matters.”

'There is no good talking to you,' said Sarina.

'Well, that is your loss, not mine,' Soldier Sam was getting to be obnoxious. 'I am not going to stop talking merely because you are paying no attention. I like hearing myself talk. It is one of my greatest pursuits. I often have long conversations all by myself, and I am so clever that sometimes I don't understand a single word of what I am saying.'

Then you should certainly fit in at this Bar,' said Sarina, calling another cab company because the first one still wasn't there

'How very much of a mistake not to stay here!' said Soldier Sam. 'I am sure that you have not often got such a chance of improving your perspective. However, I don't care a bit. Someone as interesting as me is sure to be appreciated some day.

'What a strange man you are! Sarina remarked. May I ask were you born like that, or is it the result of an accident?'

After that Sarina said, "Pick up my Ticket, you bum and give it here!"

Sarina said, "What did you want to steal my ticket for?"

"I'm just such the biggest Rams Fan! I wanted to go see them beat up on the Bengals" Solider Sam replied.

Sarina said, "You lie. You probably aren't even a Football Fan! I best you just wanted to Pawn it off for your Drinking Money!"

'It is quite evident that you have never been to this bar before,' answered Soldier Sam, 'otherwise you would know who I am. However, I excuse you. You will no doubt be surprised to hear that I can fly up into the sky, and come down in one piece.

'I don't think much of that,' said Sarina, 'as I cannot see what use it is to any one. Now, if you could put an actual sentence together or buy me a drink instead of focusing on yourself, that would be something.'

But Sarina,' Soldier Sam proposed in a serious tone of voice, 'I see that you don't understand. A person of my position is never useful. I have always been of opinion that hard work is simply the mistake of people who have nothing whatever to do.'

'Well, well,' said Sarina, 'everybody has their own perspective. I hope, at any

rate, that you are not going to get kicked out of the Bar when my cab comes, which can't be soon enough.'

'Oh! Don't be ridiculous, protested Solider Sam.. 'I am a distinguished visitor. The fact is that I find this place rather tedious. There is no society here.. I shall probably go to the game, for I know that I am destined to make a big sensation.'

'I am made for this kind of Life,' continued Soldier Sam. Whenever we appear we excite great attention. I have not actually appeared myself, but when I do so it will be a magnificent sight. As for anyone else in this bar, it distracts my mind from higher things.' '

Ah! the higher things of life, how fine they are!' said Sarina; 'and that reminds me how much I want my cab to show up. Like right now“

Please don't go!' Solider Sam asked, 'I have a great deal to say to you;' but Sarina paid no attention to him.

By that time several people paused, stopped, turned to look, and some stood watching.

"If I turn you loose, will you run?" asked Sarina.

Soldier Sam didn't speak.

"Um-hum! And your shoes are untied. I got a great mind to tie your shoes for you.

"I'm going to grab one of the wait staff to hold you down so I can tie your shoes right here in front of all the patrons, who were now all watching as Sarina started to drag Solider Sam behind her.

Sarina said, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. I'm going to teach you right from wrong."

Least I can do right now is to tie your shoes. Are you hungry for a biscuit?"

The Bartender came over to their seats. 'This must be the deputation,' said Soldier Sam, and he tried to look very dignified.

'Let us put Soldier Sam's drink down the drain!' suggested Sarina, 'it might help to make him more reasonable.'

But the bartender served him anyway.

'Now I am going off!' Soldier Sam was getting too loud for the bar, and he made himself sit up straight. 'I know I shall fly this plane much higher than the stars, much higher than the moon, much higher than the sun. In fact, I shall go so high that--'

'Delightful! Sarina replied. I hope your flight will go on like this forever. Then I will never see you again.

'I knew you would create a great sensation,' Sarina offered, still wanting her cab to show up. She turned to look at the door.

"Was I bothering you when I came in here for Tea Time?" asked Sarina

Soldier Sam kept quiet.

"But you just had to have that Rams ticket said Sarina. "If you think my hurt feelings are not going to last awhile, you got another thing coming. For a split second I thought I was going to miss the Rams Game. When I get through with you, sir, you are going to remember the name Sarina for the rest of your life.

Sarina stopped, jerked him around in front of her, put a half-nelson about his neck, and continued to drag him around the Tea House.

She dragged Solider Sam to the very centre of the establishment so everyone could see she was in charge of the situation.

Soldier Sam could hear all the patrons laughing and talking as they all stopped drinking their Tea for a moment.

Sarina still had him by the neck in the middle of the room.

Soldier Sam was realizing he got much more than he bargained for when he tried to grab Sarina's Ticket.

"Then, Soldier Sam, you better ask one of the staff to tie your shoes for you before we sit down at the table. You are going to eat a fucking biscuit and have a Cup of Tea with me after all that," said Sarina,

"You not going to take me to jail for trying to steal your Super Bowl Ticket?" asked Soldier Sam.

"Instead you are going to serve me some Tea and a Biscuit?"

"Normally I wouldn't even notice you, not even if you were standing next to me on the Train on the way to the Game and would not take you anywhere in public- certainly not to a table in the most exclusive Tea House in all of LA, but you kinda got my attention when you reached into my pocket" said Sarina.

"Here I am trying to get a cup of tea and a bite to eat and you snatch my Rams Ticket!"

"I just really wanted to go the Rams Game," replied Solider Sam.

Well Solider Sam, Sarina said "You could of just asked me and I would have gotten you an On-Field Pass"

Soldier Sam looked at her. There was a long pause.

A very long pause. After his shoes were tied and not knowing what else to do Soldier Sam turned around, wondering what to do next. The door was open.

He could make a dash for it down the hall. He could run, run, run, run, run!

Well now there so attention at our table, Soldier Sam. Lets let the staff fix us something to eat and draw Our Tea. You might as well put on this spare Rams Jersey so you will look presentable."

"Do you need somebody to go to Go to the Game with," asked Soldier Sam, "maybe to get some Nachos and a Beer or something?"

Sarina did not ask Soldier Sam anything. Instead, as they ate, she told him about her job as the actual Rams Team Reporter.

"Eat some more, Soldier Sam," Sarina said. "Let's get you another Biscuit.

When they were finished eating Sarina got up and said, "Now, lets walk to the Stadium together to see the Big Game! And next time, do not make the mistake of latching onto the back of my pants without asking first.

"Thank you, Sarina! I can't wait to see the Rams Game with you" Solider Sam was so excited for what Sarina would say next!

## STARSHIP ADVENTURE ACTIVITY

Valentine's Day Countdown!!

PART 7

“We Got Arrested in Space on Our Valentines Starship”

Sarina and Soldier Sam are aboard a Starship activated to find any possible planet in the universe to host Orange Hockey Games and Orange Fans regularly awaken from frozen sleep forgetting all the business about the sun exploding and earth going up in flames.

Orange Fans dream of a successful landing on a new planet and are ready to turn any planet they can find into a shrine for Orange Hockey and build a Stadium as great as the one on earth and establish Orange Hockey in a new world.

But after checking the Control Panel instruments, Sarina and Soldier Sam realize the Starship is not at the intended destination.

Soldier Sam created a machine to execute navigational A.I. manoeuvres and plans to land your Starship on a planet in an unknown region of space devoid of the atmosphere and terrain that Orange Hockey requires.

Orange Mascot insists that this is the right place for Orange Fans despite the stark condition, but for Valentine’s Day Orange Mascot had devised a plan to hide at a secret spot in the Galaxy, taking with him an essential Part to Sarina and Soldier Sam’s Starship.

**If your sensors have a relatively low resolution or sensitivity, hiding anywhere with sufficient background will do. If we use a real science base,**

it just has to be the right background - no information can propagate faster than light (even gravity waves), as we currently understand physics.

If your enemy uses electromagnetic sensors you hide near (or in) a bright star (Say a blue supergiant - which has a luminosity [brightness, basically] of many times our sun.) The heat would be a problem at elevated temperatures, but at least you'd have your energy sorted.

Soldier Sam looked out the window from his Radar Seeking Portion of the Starship to see swarms of strange Drones that look like Spy Balloons hovering around your ship, searching for a way inside.

Would such an invasion cause panic among Orange Fans and threaten the continuity in purpose necessary to sustain you mission.”

Is this all a part of Orange Mascot's Valentine's Day plan? Only time will tell the outcome and you are determined to save the Starship.

Orange Mascot has a plan, one in which Sarina and Soldier Sam need to locate a Hiding Place in the Galaxy to find a missing part to the Space Ship so Orange Fans can witness a Hockey game, at least once Sarina and Soldier Sam learn how to split command.

**We started up our Starship and started having a conversation about how much Space Traffic there was on Valentine's Day.**

Once you find the Location of Orange Mascot and the missing Starship Part, Sarina raised a Search Beam Lantern with the Flame of Valentine's Day Love inside to light the Comet-like path to their destination.

Sarina revved the Starship engines towards the direction the Valentine Orange Compass in the Direction of the New Planet. Once at the destination, Solider Sam proposed they jump off the Starship onto the Planet's Terrain. Then continue to follow the compass for the exact location of Orange Mascot.

Something that is a tradition of sorts in Secret Starship platformers is the post-mission review of Space game content. After completing the main mission, many platformers will present players such as Sarina and Soldier Sam with a set of near-impossible challenges.

These test trials can only be unlocked once the Valentine's Day campaign has reached its conclusion. *Mission Impossible: A Big Valentine's Day Starship Adventure* is one Radar Heat-seeker such as a platformer like Soldier Sam that follows suit.

**Orange Mascot had for sure found a good hiding place for our Starship Part and we set due course to find it. We had at our disposal many navigation instruments and talked about the scenery in outer space.**

Soldier Sam accompanied Sarina on the Hide-and-Seek adventure in more than just spirit. Soldier Sam's Title was "Chief Engineer of Future Orange Hockey. Soldier Sam can be found within several levels investigating the happenings of the Universe.

In most cases, playing Hide-and-Seek with Orange Mascot is out of the way of the main objectives. Scouring inter-planetary levels is a must for those interested in tracking him down. Sarina and Soldier Sam were up to the challenge!

Sarina and Soldier Sam started off on the journey to that strange Roller Beam Comet Traffic Jam, and they were speeding along the Lightspeed path at a frenetic pace.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were going so fast, in fact, that they started attracting attention on their rigorous journey by travelling through a dense Polar Vortex Portal.

There were the Space Police taking flight from a nearby Moon and soon enough they were on Sarina and Soldier Sam's Tail. Could it be that this Valentine's Day Adventure could turn into something else entirely?

The Shuttle Highway grew pitch dark, except for the rolling lights and screaming sirens fast approaching the Starship. It soon started to rain comets and Sarina thought this might provide some cover.

Sarina and Soldier Sam kept on at the Controls, trying to escape the Moon Patrol Drones and continuously tried to light The Moon Beam Matchsticks but Soldier Sam's best efforts met failure and the Traffic Police zeroed in on their location.

Orange Mascot's Hiding Place once again crossed Sarina's mind and Soldier Sam got back from the engine room to find Sarina on the Radio Phone with the Inter-Space coordinates set for an Arrest!!

The Space Cops. They were discussing Boarding Drone to enter Sarina and Soldier Sam's Starship.

"We were 'this' close to a search party on Valentine's Day!" Sarina would later explain to Orange Mascot.

The Traffic Police had rounded up a collective group of 14 Paratroopers to secure Soldier Sam. Soldier Sam was ready to take the fall for Speeding in an unauthorized Space Zone.

Sarina probably could have outrun the Planet Moon Patrol if she had wanted to, but decided it would be best just to get this over with so they would be in the clear to find Orange Mascot.

Soldier Sam was indeed arrested, but Sarina explained to the authorities that she and Soldier Sam were only in this neighborhood because it was Valentine's Day had they had to get the Part to their Starship for it to function properly.

Soldier Sam would have gone miles deeper into the outer Galaxy to find the part. Sarina explained that if they didn't keep going one way they could never find Orange Mascot's post.

"So yeah, you had better keep your eyes on Soldier Sam There's no telling what he might do next." Sarina instructed them.

But telling the Traffic Cops "Don't go into the Lightspeed Zone to look for us" Sarina promised. "We will be out of your way just as soon as our search party can make the galaxy jump off point."

But even a Promise from Sarina does not guarantee they will listen.

We misused the Alley Junction Alert, Soldier Sam, but we were very close to forming a successful search party for Orange Mascot." Sarina explained.

Also the police were called back to their Magic Moon to see to other, more serious offenders but they still gave Soldier Sam a good "talking to".

Sarina and Soldier Sam had got the Orange Fans some time to discuss Orange Mascot and his Valentine's Day plans. From the Orange Fans, Sarina was able to learn about the hiding spot for their mission Starship Part.

Soldier Sam was repeatedly locked in the Engine Room so the mission could continue, but he always got to go outside on "Nice Orange Days" to accompany Sarina through the Radar Ray Gun Protocols when the Starship was covered with Space Debris.

Orange Mascot could hide under the surface of a planet close to the sun that always shows the same face to the sun. The temperature will not go far down under the surface, you will find a fresh area to live.

You can produce geothermal energy for 14 thousand years. The difficulty is to keep a pressurized environment underground for that long but that's easier than floating in lava.

**Sarina and Soldier Sam found Orange Mascot's hiding spot and Located their Valentine Prize.**

It was the Infrared Radiometers!

An infrared radiometer is a telescope-based instrument that measures the intensity of infrared (thermal) energy radiated by the targets. One of its many modes of observing is filling the field of view completely with the disc of a planet and measuring its total thermal output.

This technique permits the planet's thermal energy balance to be computed, revealing the ratio of solar heating to the planet's internal heating. Another application measures the atmospheric conditions of far-away planets and surface thermal properties.

Orange Mascot gave Sarina and Soldier Sam the instruction manuals and described the Fix.

"I'm detecting an automatic power signature in the zinc charge propeller housing. You should scrub the antigravity drive grease." Instructed Orange Mascot.

Sarina and Soldier Sam soon activated the Lightspeed Plug-in and sprinted hastily for the destination they had chosen to complete this exciting Valentine's Day Adventure.

All of a sudden Sarina noticed Soldier Sam and Orange Mascot making some deals with the Orange Fans.

“Are you behind all this Valentine’s Day drama?” Sarina asked the duo sternly.

“No we aren't! In fact we ourselves are occupied with such a strange caravan of Orange Hearts events” Soldier Sam replied. “You will find out soon enough what all this Valentine’s Day Drama is all about!”

“I’ve been running this Starship for ages! Explained Sarina. “I can’t rush through Light Years like this any longer!”.

Sarina and Soldier Sam still had to run and run in the future to locate the perfect Planet for Orange Hockey and eventually gave in to the reality of such a monster mission.

But Sarina slowed down the controls to the Starship and on purpose started losing pace. Soldier Sam staggered from the Bourbon he had sneaked before dinner clutching the bottle and decided to help Sarina prepare the Valentine’s Day Dinner.

Orange Mascot decided to pitch in with some Restaurant-quality Labour and prepared a Heart-Shaped Pizza and Sarina and Soldier Sam settled into the table and enjoyed a wonderful dinner with Orange Mascot!

With our Valentine’s Day dinner and Red Velvet Heart Cake eaten, it was cleanup time for this Galactic Mission and we were off to our Bourbon Bar for some much-needed Relaxation!

It was so nice to spend Valentine's Day with you, Soldier Sam" Sarina exclaimed.

"Same, Sarina" responded Soldier Sam. "It was a great Valentines Adventure that I would do again in a Heartbeat even though it was quite a bit of Work."

The Prospects for finding a Planet suitable for Orange Hockey were now Better than Ever!

## PART 7

Soldier Sam bent over his console, fingers flying, reading off a string of pressure differentials. Maybe his brain had kicked over into a different mode, and he was ready for a little perspective for a change.

The Radio Crackled. Sarina and Soldier Sam both heard the noise.

“Rams Mascot is that YOU?!!” Sarina was shocked.

“Wait, Rams Mascot, I can’t hear you. Speak up!” Sarina shouted.

“Rams Mascot we have a bad connection. Hold on while Soldier Sam and I fix the ship so we can hear you. Sit Tight! Don’t Go anywhere, We will reestablish the connection,” Sarina Promised.

“Strain on the tensioners is peaking,” said Soldier Sam. “I’m going to try to dampen it with the attitude jets and see if I can buy us a little more time.”

“Good,” Sarina said. “Keep us in trim. I’m diverting atmosphere to the sectors where the crew is.”

This plan was to divert it away from the sectors. Sarina and Soldier Sam needed to move through on their way out. But neither of them thought they had a chance of escape. Not with three blown. Not without suits.

“They’re through to Sector 9,” Soldier Sam said.

The hull creaked. Soldier Sam ducked, then laughed at himself and went back to work. Popping noises followed; it was Sarina’s turn to flinch.

“Sealing the Sector 8 doors,” said Soldier Sam. “Opening the ones into 10. Get the pods open.”

“Working on the pods,” said Sarina. “OK, they’re unlocked.”

“Orderly evacuation,” Soldier Sam said. “It doesn’t look like the crew is panicking. First group are into the pods.”

“I’m panicking” Sarina thought but didn’t say it out loud.

Soldier Sam smiled. “I guess I didn’t need to” figured Sarina..

“First load of pods away,” said Soldier Sam. “Sector 9 door sealed. The door into Sector 11 is open. And I’ve got 12.”

“Where are You, Rams Mascot?” Sarina shouted into the radio receiver.

Rams Mascots voice came through loud and clear.

“WHERE ARE YOU, RAMS MASCOT?” Sarina wanted to know as soon as possible. “Can the Planet’s Terrain and Atmosphere support Rams Football”

“I’m on Planet ADHARA! Check it out, Sarina”

Planets spectra suggest that its lower stratosphere is hazy due to condensation of products caused by the interaction of ultraviolet radiation and methane

Sounds perfect for Rams Football” exclaimed Sarina.

Rams Mascot did not have the camera working, he feared that this particular Planet was forever out of range. Other means must be found to keep Soldier Sam out of this business.

Soldier Sam left the control room with his heart, stopping only momentarily to do some fixes in the engine and some Bourbon for himself, possibly the first of many drinks he and the crew had together.

Rams Mascot’s voice came over the radio, and to Sarina it seemed Rams Mascot had an aggravated problem. For once Sarina did not want to go after Soldier Sam to put a lid on the can of his mischief.

It was not merely Soldier Sam’s plan Sarina feared--it was the whole might of Rams Fans in search of a dream, a dream to see Rams Football once again, not just the Rams, but the Hype of the entire NFL.

Nerving herself with a drink, reaching the bottom of the Bourbon bottle, Sarina started to scope out Rams Mascot’s position.

We are coming to Rams Planet, Rams Mascot! But we have to make 2 Stops.

First we are going to Planet X for some Upgrades to our Starship since we expect to Drift for Long Time to land on Rams Moon.

Then New Starship Upgrades for Big Fight to get from the Moon to Rams Stadium.

We are going to make a day of it on Planet X while our ship gets fixed. It will be an Adventure!! Then we will go on a Day Trip on Your Rams Moon too.

“Look, Solder Sam!” Planet X is fast approaching “ said Sarina. Prepare for landing!!”

You almost have to brace yourself on the seat in front. It’s quite an experience, even on the smaller jets.

#### PLANET X ACTIVITY ADVENTURE

Sarina was lost on Magic Island on Thanksgiving Day. Sarina called out again, and again the echo followed. Then a wavering speck of light came suddenly out of the dark, shifting, disappearing, growing momentarily nearer and brighter.

Running towards it at full speed, Sarina found herself, to her great joy, face to face with Soldier Sam and a lantern.

"Thank God!" was the exclamation that burst involuntarily from Sarina’s lips.

Blinking and frowning, Soldier Sam lifted his lantern and peered into her face.

"What for?" he growled.

"Well--for you. I began to fear I should be lost in the snow." Sarina responded.

"Eh, then, folks do get cast away hereabouts fra' time to time, an' what's to stop you from bein' cast away likewise, if the Lord's so minded?"

"If the Lord is so minded that you and I shall be lost together, friend, we must just figure out a way," Sarina replied; "but I don't mean to be lost without you."

Sarina found herself standing before a gate that led into a yard bordered by a strip of dirty earth, where there were flowers everywhere surrounding her and above the entrance was a board with the inscription--

Soldier Sam, Monumental Granite Mason, also High-Tech Warship Repair

From the yard itself came a cheery whistle, the noise of hammer blows, and the cold sound of steel meeting stone.

A sudden impulse made Sarina enter.

Soldier Sam was sitting with his back towards Sarina, busy at work on a slab of curious marble. He turned round as he heard Sarina's steps and she stopped short.

Soldier Sam sat there, looking as dumb as a box of rocks, the sweat pouring from his face, which he wiped with a fancy pocket square handkerchief. But though the face was the same, the expression was absolutely different.

Soldier Sam greeted Sarina smiling, as if they were great friends, and offered a rose, or a stone, he wasn't quite sure.

Sarina apologised for her intrusion into the Shipyard.

"Everything is uncomfortable outside," Sarina said. "This seems an oasis in the wilderness."

"I don't know about the oasis," Soldier Sam replied, "but certainly the weathers' a bitch out there. Take a seat, Ma'am. What's your name"?

"Sarina, pleased to meet such a hard worker like you."

Soldier Sam pointed to the end of a marble bench near where he was at work, and Sarina sat down.

"That's a beautiful Turkey Piece you are chiseling away at "Sarina said.

"In a way it is," Soldier Sam answered; "the surface here is as fine as anything you could wish, but there's a big flaw at the back, though I don't expect you'd ever notice it.

I could never make really a good job of a bit of marble like that. It would be all right in the summer; it wouldn't mind the blasted heat. But wait till the winter comes. There's nothing quite like frost to find out the weak points in stone."

"Then what's it for?" Sarina asked.

Soldier Sam paused.

"You'd hardly believe me if I was to tell you it's for an exhibition, but it's the truth. Artists have exhibitions: so do grocers and butchers; we have them too. All the latest little things in Stone Modeling for Holidays, especially for Thanksgiving, you know."

Soldier Sam went on to talk of marbles, which sort best withstood wind and rain, and which were easiest to work; then of his garden and a new sort of

Roses he had bought just in case someone beautiful would show up. At the end of every other minute he would drop his tools and curse LA for existing.

Solider Sam finished his work, spit on the ground, and got up with a sigh of relief.

"There! what do you think of that?" he said, with an air of evident pride. The inscription which Sarina read for the first time was this—

"A Special Turkey: For Any Pretty Girl Named Sarina Comes 'Round Here"

For some time Sarina sat in silence. Then a wave of curiosity. She asked Soldier Sam where he had seen the name.

"Oh, I didn't see it anywhere," replied Soldier Sam. "I wanted some name, and I put down the first that came into my head. Why do you want to know?"

"It's a strange coincidence, but it happens to be mine." Soldier Sam gave a long, low whistle.

"You probably heard my name," Sarina said.

"And you must have seen me somewhere and have forgotten it! Were you at Rams Stadium for a Football Game Recently?"

Soldier Sam had never been to Rams Stadium in his life. Both were silent for some time, both looking at the same thing, the name carved into the Granite Turkey.

"Come inside and take a look at the other projects I am working on. The Turkey is just a fun side-project for Thanksgiving. I try to make one for every holiday, just in case it brightens someone's day" said Solider Sam.

Soldier Sam introduced Sarina to his Shipyard Team as a friend of his who was an artist. The result wasn't quite what Sarina wanted, since she had to sit and express her admiration for nearly an hour, and there was no time to be wasted on a Holiday like Thanksgiving.

Sarina was examining all the Holiday Pieces and She noted there were perfect stone chiseled monuments from Valentines Day, and St. Patricks Day, to Halloween and 4<sup>th</sup> of July.

Sarina looked over at Soldier Sam and found him sitting on the bench smoking.

Sarina and Soldier Sam resumed the conversation at the point they had left off. "You must excuse my asking," Sarina said, "but do you know of anything you've done for which you could be put on one of those Reality TV Shows?"

"No. Not interested. This is good, honest work. We have contracts, but it's always geared for the good of the teams. Business is prosperous enough. Last year I even gave turkeys to some of the children in the village, to brighten their day. But really, I am a good decent guy, despite what you might have heard about our products.

Soldier Sam got up, fetched a can from the porch, and began to water the flowers. "Regular schedule every day," he said, "and then the weather sometimes gets the better of the delicate ones. And Roses, man! They really require some attention. Do you live here on Magic Island? Any plans for Thanksgiving Dinner?"

Sarina told him this was her first trip to Magic Island. "For good or for bad, I live in LA. I don't have any plans for Thanksgiving this year 'cause I'm stuck here on Magic Island, Obviously."

"It's like this," Soldier Sam said. "We'll look at the matter straight up. If you go back to LA tonight, you take your chance of accidents. A Turkey Cart may run over you, and there's always orange peels, not really a specific reference to Thanksgiving really, Everyone Loves a Good Orange, don't they?."

Soldier Sam spoke of the improbable with an intense seriousness that would have been laughable to Sarina on a regular day. But Sarina did not laugh. This was not a regular day of any sort.

"The best thing we can do," Soldier Sam continued, "is for you to come with me looking for a real Turkey to go along with this Holiday Bourbon. Obviously, we can't eat a stone turkey."

To Sarina's surprise, she agreed.

They were both sitting on the bench now, and Soldier Sam kept himself busy sharpening some tools, Bourbon Bottle in hand..

The other bench was cracked and Soldier Sam, who seems a handy guy with his tools, was planning to go about and fix it as soon as he finished putting an edge on his chisel.

Time was ticking so Sarina and Soldier Sam set out on their Turkey hunt.

Soldier Sam started to scour Magic Island scrambling through a remote forest leading up to the edge of a beach. They were both going out of their heads trying to figure out how they were going to get supplies for Thanksgiving Dinner.

But Soldier Sam could not find any Turkey, Stuffing, Potatoes with Gravy,

Cranberries or Pumpkin Pie. All he could find were Nuts!

So Solider Sam gathered some Nuts in the woods and sat down under a tree and tried to eat them to make sure they were fit for Thanksgiving Dinner, but he did not have his issued pocketknife, and just could not open the nuts himself

"Oh," Solider Sam complained, "if only someone would come and open these nuts for me!"

Hardly had Soldier Sam said this when Sarina came back from the woods nearby where she was searching. And Soldier Sam observed such a beautiful sight!

Sarina was quite even more amazing than he had initially noticed when his attention was focused on his tools.

Sarina was like nothing Solider Sam had ever seen. What a Great Thanksgiving Day Surprise!

'This Beach is the most desolate in the Island Chain. I don't have much confidence in finding anything but Nuts here. Sorry, Sarina.'

As Sarina came near she was singing, "Nuts, Nuts, Nuts!! I will help you chase through the trees, I gather nuts just as I please. I place them in my jaws so strong, and crack and eat them all day long!"

Soldier Sam laughed at how wonderful Sarina sounded and his heart was filled with a Thanksgiving Wave of Gratitude when he saw Sarina, and he knew this Thanksgiving out be the best one ever if she stuck around.

Soldier Sam called out to Sarina: "If you know how to crack nuts, why, come here and open these."

But Sarina had conditions and spelled them out: "If I crack the nuts for you Promise that you'll give me a proper Thanksgiving Dinner."

"Yes, yes," responded Soldier Sam, "you shall have all the Thanksgiving Fixins you wish, only crack some for us, and be quick about it!"

Sarina did what she does, laughing hard all the time. Whenever she picked up the nuts there was a sharp CRACK, and a broken nut busted out of Sarina's "Nutcracker" mouth.

Soon all the nuts were opened, and Sarina laid out her expectations.

"Thanksgiving Night! Night! Bite! bite! Your nuts are cracked, and now set our table with a Snap. I wish for Turkey, Stuffing, Potatoes with Gravy, Cranberries and Pumpkin Pie!"

"Hmmm..." Solider Sam was exasperated. He had already searched high and low to find what was expected on a Thanksgiving Day Table. There was just

no supplies at all to be found.

Sarina was insistent "If you do not agree, Why, then, you've not produced for me! I am hungry, you are hungry, Quick, find the food soon or I'll give you a slammin' like that would make you remember me."

But Soldier Sam replied: "You 'll knock my head off will you! Just sit at this tree stump just as fast as you can, or you'll have to tackle even more of these nutshells."

How far are we from our Thanksgiving Dinner Location, Soldier Sam?" asked Sarina.

"A Several hours walk, there are picnic tables set up there and there is also a docking for Ships, more or less, actually much less. The Ships stopped coming to Magic Island Years ago"

"And the nearest village?"

"The nearest village is just at the edge of the forest you were searching, we are basically on the outskirts of it. Right on t'other side." Soldier Sam replied.

"So you know anyone who lives around here then. Maybe they would have a fresh bottle of Bourbon for us to take to the beach with us?" Sarina suggested.

"We have made quick work of this one just after we opened it back at the shop," Sarina observed.

"We could try our luck," said Soldier Sam, turning on the lantern again.

"You know someone, I presume?" inquired Sarina.

"Maybe I do." Answered Soldier Sam. "I know some business contact who comes by the Shop for my Stone Productions.

"Then I'm going with you." Sarina declared.

"It ain't o' no use," Responded Soldier Sam. "He wouldn't let you in—not this guy. He's tough to deal with usually."

"We'll see about that," Sarina replied, briskly. "Who is He?"

"Rams Mascot." Solider Sam replied. He has a cottage on the Island during off season when nothing is happening at Rams Stadium,"

"Why does he go to Magic Island?" Sarina asked.

"That's a mystery to you," was the unceremonious reply from Soldier Sam. But you can ask him yourself if he even answers the door."

"Well, well; you lead the way, and I'll engage that Rams Mascot shall give us some Thanksgiving company and the rest" Sarina was insistent. "We will need some extra energy for our Turkey Hunt inbetween Rams Mascot's house and the Ship Dock."

"Well you can just go ahead and ask him" muttered Soldier Sam; still holding on to his skepticism. He had known Rams Mascot for so long, he wasn't about to make predictions, especially on Thanksgiving.

An imposing structure painted in Royal Blue and Sol loomed up presently out of nowhere, so Sarina and Soldier Sam readied themselves.

"Is this the house?" Sarina asked.

## MOON LANDING

Finally Soldier Sam's waiting period came to be over. Right on time, Sarina started the engine. The Starship began to run on the ground and soon it rose higher and higher.

The chairman was glad about one aspect of the next operation, that it was authorized without a piece of paper from the Oceana authorities, expanding the prospects of what could be accomplished in theatre. Some breaking news had been issued by the Mainland and the possibility existed that their patrols would be curtailed for the time being. It was announced over the wireless, and speculation was rampant among the officers. Some thought that the unit would be met with a better reception on the next island than in previous engagements, while other officers took a more cynical view away from the dispatch.

So Solider Sam joined Sarina in admiration of the Shark as she grabbed her Yankees Bat in case the Shark came close enough to sock it too him like he deserved for making the morning difficult.

Would Sarina's Birthday ever come? Soldier Sam began to consider that they would sill be in this predicament of being denied access to the island.

As the Shark circled the boat, Sarina again reached into the bottom of the boat to grab the bottle of Scotch. But it was starting to run out and would be empty soon at this pace.

By the next day, it was becoming apparent that the situation on the islands was not as had been hoped, and suspicions were confirmed that the unit would be met with some resistance and could not necessarily expect passage without incident or delay. The night passed quietly and uneventfully, although with morning, it became readily apparent that the Mainland forces had become entrenched along the pass, and several problems with the plan the chairman had concocted had been overlooked.

Sometimes the boom of the surf rang in Sarina's ears, and he turned the craft seaward then and rowed harder.

Soldier Sam reported the radar had built a watch-fire on the beach, still so far away. It was too low and too far to be seen, but it made a shimmering, roseate reflection upon the bluff back of it, and this could be discerned from the boat.

The wind came stronger, and sometimes a wave suddenly raged out like a Bucking Bronx Bronco, and there was to be seen the sheen and sparkle of a broken crest.

It was soon obvious that unless we pressed forward and knocked the Mainland position out, establishing operations at our current post would become untenable. The only certain method of preventing the infiltration of the opposing forces had to be disregarded, however, part of the flanking fleet were sent to offer support to our position off the island. Throughout the day, the unit withstood repeated attempts to compromise our progress as they kept trying to break through.

Sarina and Soldier Sam dug and dug at the controls trying to find an access point until they found an opening on a path to crawl inside and shoot for the moon, and were shocked at what they saw.

Just as they thought, there sitting good as new was a space fighter jet that would help their approach. They high-fived and jumped in the air with excitement.

Sarina and Soldier Sam wasted no time at all and hopped right in. Their excitement turned into confusion when they realized, they didn't know how to work it. Sarina clicked a few buttons which started the engine, and noticed a big red autopilot lever and switched that on too.

## MOON ACTIVITY ADVENTURE

### PART 1

It was a day like any else, but it wasn't. It was July 4th at Rams Stadium. Fireworks were sure to be shooting into the Los Angeles Sky on July 4th.

But before the Fireworks that night, there was business to be taken care of at Rams Stadium.

The Star of the Rams, Sarina was preparing to tell the world all about the Magic that was present in Rams Stadium on that Special Day.

The Story of that Magic started something like this. Everyone in the World wanted to hear from Sarina on this particular day.

Hi, I'm Sarina! Today isn't like every day of the year, It's a Magic Day. It's July 4<sup>th</sup>, America's Birthday. And I'm broadcasting live from Rams Stadium!

"Hey do you want to know my Super Powers?" Sarina asked. "Ok I'll tell you! I have wings! Yeah you heard me right Wings! I can fly like an airplane!"

"Hey again, I have another power. It's SUPER cool way better than yours! I can bend and shape any kind of metal. yeah I know AMAZING right! " Sarina was certainly talented.

"And guess what I have a THIRD power! Yeah you heard me THIRD I'm like the best. I can...control any machine! I know it's awesome." Sarina continued.

"I have a mentor whose name is Rams Mascot," Sarina announced " He's a real fan favorite at Rams Stadium. Soldier Sam told me that I would have to train with him so I could fight for Rams Stadium. Like OK, Soldier Sam I will! "

"So today Rams Mascot told me to come to Rams Stadium so I need to go there! Sarina exclaimed.

"Hey, Ram's Mascot wassup!" Sarina greeted Rams Mascot

"Hey Sarina.." Rams Mascot answered. "Anyways meet your new 4<sup>th</sup> of July partner."

Soldier Sam walked out on the tarp that covered the field at Rams Stadium. Sarina asked Soldier Sam to show her his powers but he blew her off

"Just show her," Rams Mascot insisted.

"Ok." Solider Sam agreed. He brought out his hand and fire came out of it!

"Ah!" Sarina stepped back and almost fell over with Surprise.

"What's your power?" Soldier Sam asked.

Sarina showed Soldier Sam all her powers. Soldier Sam couldn't believe his eyes. "How do you have three?" he said shocked.

“I don't know, It's like I was blessed with a Super Trifecta” Sarina said.

“Let's fight.” Sarina grinned at Soldier Sam with a smug look.

“Yes, of course, Sarina. It's on!” responded Soldier Sam

Sarina and Soldier Sam jumped over the fence and ran onto the playing field at Rams Stadium.

Soldier Sam blasted fire at Sarina so she jumped over the barrage of Fuego and morphed into a rolling ball of steel and ran up to him.

Proceeding to run Soldier Sam over he targeted Sarina like a football and blasted her head with a shot of fire.

“AHHH!” Sarina was surprised and ran right back towards Soldier Sam.

“OK Soldier Sam, you want to fight for real?” Sarina was going to have some fun with Soldier Sam to show him who was the Boss.

Sarina backed up to him dodging his fire blasts. Soldier Sam jumped aside.

Sarina was confused as Soldier Sam froze. Maybe he gave up, I didn't know.” Sarina was asking Rams Mascot for some help understanding the situation.

Sarina could have done away with Solider Sam right then and there, but she wasn't ready for this game to end.

Soldier Sam's eyes grew a fiery red and his hands were flaming with fire. He got up and made a HUGE blast of fire!

Sarina was stuck in a fire tornado! Sarina was feeling Fuego and asked for Rams Mascot's help.

Rams Mascot was ready to do whatever it takes to stop Soldier Sam and end his insubordination. This was not the behavior expected of guests at Rams Stadium.

Rams Mascot smiled at Sarina.

Sarina was shocked at Soldier Sam's behavior too. shocked about what she had the power to do to him.

Rams Mascot smiled again at Sarina and pointed towards the horizon where that night, the City of Los Angeles was to display a Massive Municipal Masterpiece of a Fireworks Show for the 4<sup>th</sup> of July Celebration!

Sarina was wondering just what kind of crowd would be lining the Malibu Beaches that night.

Rams Mascot pointed again at the Spot.. There was to be a shocking surprise for Sarina at the center of all the action that night. What could it be, wondered Sarina.

Sarina was ready to go right then and there, but Rams Mascot reminded her about some work duties that needed completion in her Giant Office at Rams Stadium.

Sarina went on her way and then gave a glance at Soldier Sam. "I'm ready to take care of this work cause I am so excited for the July 4<sup>th</sup> Fireworks Show tonight" Sarina proclaimed.

Sarina had spent quite a bit of time in her office over the past several years and as you might expect, she had often wondered if the other football teams had a Mascot like the Rams do.

If they did exist, Sarina wasn't sure if she would like them, well with all the football contests she had witnessed at Rams Stadium were pretty intense with competition.

"I wonder what the other Football Games are like, since she had suspected that the Rams players were going to other stadiums every other week during the Season.

Every Sunday, Rams Mascot would check Sarina's office to clear it of any of the LA fans, like Solider Sam. Much of LA seemed interested in the Rams, but Soldier Sam was clearly a Super Fan.

At the end of the search, Rams Mascot would announce: "There's nothing here Sarina, now go to work!"

At the beginning of most days, after the office door was closed and her computer plugged in, this was when Sarina's imagination ran wild with speculation about the possibility that other Mascots existed in other Cities.

Certainly on Twitter, there was a lot of talk about football teams in other cities and Sarina's imagination would be piqued with every Tweet as a validation of her belief.

But an event would soon occur that would convinced Sarina beyond doubt that other Mascots did not live only in her imagination, as Soldier Sam had often told her.

This July 4<sup>th</sup> date had started like any other. After searching her office,, as usual, with Rams Mascot finding nothing to distract her, Soldier Sam called her about going to the Fireworks Show that night as a date, not as a Rams Super Fan might do.

Whenever Sarina asked Rams Mascot if there were other like him, all she would hear back was what sounded like an evasive response.

Sarina thought this was strange because wouldn't he be the first to admit it? So, where were these indicators coming from?

Sarina was back listening to Soldier Sam and in time, was able to distinguish some music in the background. This carried on for a while but it stopped abruptly when Soldier Sam said he had a call on the other line.

But when Soldier Sam clicked back on, the background sounds followed the same pattern.

When Soldier Sam noticed the excitement in her voice he asked Sarina about it, she said: "I really do believe there are other Football Mascots in other cities."

Soldier Sam would put an end to that topic of their conversation, switching the topic back to the 4<sup>th</sup> of July fireworks that night.

"Not this again Sarina, it's your overactive imagination. Other Mascots do not exist, even though you may dream it is so." Soldier Sam would say

anything to distract Sarina from her Football Duties. He had certainly proved that over the years.

“Have you actually seen one?” asked Soldier Sam.

“Well.... no, but I’m really starting to suspect the other Mascots do indeed exist,” Sarina answered.

“There is nothing to worry about today, Sarina,” Soldier Sam insisted. Keep your eye on the ball. Today is a Holiday Celebration, America’s Birthday. The Fireworks Show is sure going to be one to remember. You just imagined it all. Now quickly finish up your work or you will be late for the Festivities tonight!”

## PART 2

Sarina was starting to buy in to Soldier Sam’s idea for an Exciting 4<sup>th</sup> of July Party that night.

Sarina decided the loud noise of Music would be too much to pass up and Soldier Sam had promised there would be Bourbon served on the festival grounds as well.

In an attempt to make sure Sarina could stay focused on her important work, the Rams had banned Sarina the chance to listen to music in her office.

Sarina’s excitement about the Fireworks that night overcame the rest of the Tasks she had been assigned and she was so fed up with Rams Mascot for the Day, Sarina quickly ran out of Rams Stadium and hopped in her Truck to begin her investigation of the Fireworks Scene that was becoming more interesting by the minute.

As Sarina suspected, she didn't have to go very far, as Soldier Sam had promised and sounds of music were becoming more audible as she sped down the highway.

The scene in the distance not far away now was illuminated by red white and blue lights as the sun had just set over the Pacific Ocean, a scene Sarina and Soldier Sam had become lucky enough to celebrate every night. The beams shone from what had become close at hand.

Sarina looked around in amazement at the scene now in view after she had passed her Billboard and dialed up Soldier Sam so they could find a suitable meeting place, given the size of the crowd.

“What is this place, Soldier Sam?” It was the music and the prospect of a Beautiful Display of a Fireworks Demonstration that kept her moving forward.

The sounds Sarina heard nearby were increasing in volume and by the time she reached the freeway tunnel exits, the ground shook with deep bass.

Emerging onto the Festival Grounds, Sarina looked around in wonder and soon found the source of the lights she had been promised to witness by Soldier Sam.

They were spotlights, dancing in the night sky. The beams criss-crossed each other, and they drew Sarina attention to the spot she and Soldier Sam had agreed to meet up at.

There was a queue waiting to enter, moving forward slowly. The night was perfect temperature wise, and Sarina was glad she was dressed appropriately.

Sarina was now toward the front of the line and Soldier Sam had just dialed her number.

“Excuse me, where am I?” Sarina asked once she entered the Gate. When nothing happened she shouted louder: “Excuse me!”

When the crowd turned around, Sarina had never been more shocked in her entire life.

Sarina realised the crowd was not at all as she had expected. It was ALL the NFL Mascots from EVERY Team. Sarina just froze for a minute. It was just as she had suspected!!

Picking herself up off the grounds,, Sarina closed her eyes tightly. "I must be crazy, this must be a Dream."

As you might surmise, it would take a miracle for Sarina to process everything she felt at that moment. Validation, Amazement, Excitement and a Tidal Wave of Surprise.

Just then, Sarina heard her phone ring. It was Soldier Sam again, and Sarina gathered up all of her ability to focus amid the Shock she felt at that moment.

At the front of the line of Mascots was the most familiar. Her own Rams Mascot! All the other Mascots were smiling at Sarina so that made her feel welcome.

"Oh Sarina,, you must be so thirsty. Let's get you something to drink." Rams Mascot shouted: "Stand aside, we are coming through!" The queue of Mascots were drinking too.

Soldier Sam was waiting at the concession stand for Sarina and greeted her: "Good evening, Sarina, it's the night of the Fireworks Show. It's July 4<sup>th</sup>. Get ready to party, Sarina!!

Soldier Sam knew what the deal was with Sarina and Parties. "I know how much you dislike waiting in line, especially for beer and Festival Food.

Rams Mascot pointed to a list of rules at the concession stand: "To the front of the line goes Sarina AND the football Mascots tonight. Everyone else be prepared to wait!"

Soldier Sam nodded and said: "Yes, I am well aware considering Rams Mascot wrote the rules but , we need you to feel comfortable Partying with all the Mascots tonight."

"All the Mascots are so friendly. It will be good for the LA Community business and for your Job with the Rams." Soldier Sam continued.

. Wouldn't you agree, Sarina?" asked Rams Mascot.

Sarina began walking to the group of Mascots who had scoped out the very best spot to enjoy the Fireworks Show. Soldier Sam was at her side. The

moment that the Fireworks Display would start to work their Magic was getting closer and closer by the minute.

Soldier Sam must have understood the look of Shock on Sarina's face and hurriedly took her straight into the group of Mascots

A smaller contingent of the Mascots approached Sarina and Soldier Sam.

"Let's Break the Ice Sarina. I will introduce you to some of the Mascots, starting with the ones that share your Super Talent for Flying."

Sarina's fellow aviators, Seahawk, Cardinal, Eagle, Falcon, were the first to greet Sarina.

"We are some of the best Mascots in the League. But ask any other of the Mascots 'Who is the Best and they will say they are, of course'"

"My name is Sarina" Sarina was starting to grow more confident, and the Fireworks finally started. There was an Explosion in the Sky and everyone looked upward at the display.

"Well, it's very nice to meet you, Sarina!" the group of Mascots greeted her in unison. Loudly so they could be heard over the Booms of the Fireworks.

Rams Mascot came to Sarina's rescue when she was at a loss for words "I expect you have many questions. Let me get you a drink to set you up and then you can ask as many as you want."

Soldier Sam returned carrying two more mugs of Ice Cold Beer. "Here you go Sarina. There is tons of Bourbon on the way so we can use these as chasers."

Sarina took it gratefully, just taking a moment to let it all sink in. She was so amazed at the scene of Mascots and the Beautiful Explosion of Colors and it was a wonderful moment. Then she started slamming the drink. It was sweet and delicious.

"Ok, Sarina fire away!" Soldier Sam was sure to encourage Sarina..

"What is this place?" Sarina asked.

Soldier Sam jumped in with the answer. "Welcome to The Diamond Guest Section. It's the very best section to view the fireworks. And there is room for all the Mascots!"

"Everybody's here and you are too, Soldier Sam!" Sarina responded with delight.

"In your world, you know us as the Ram's Opponents, but to our fans we are just as important as the Rams Mascot is to the Fans in LA. We prefer the name "Fan Heroes"

Rams Mascot set up the whole business after seeing how much negative attention we were getting in in the LA Press. "We wanted you to know that we are on Your Side Tonight, Sarina!"

"Don't believe everything you read or see on Twitter about us. We are just as friendly as your friend Rams Mascot" Sarina smiled, took Soldier Sam's hand and was introduced to all the Mascots.

Meanwhile the Fireworks were getting Louder and Louder and more Colors were bursting into the Sky. There were extremely Special Moments when the only Fireworks were Orange! And that made Sarina feel very special.

The more Sarina and Soldier Sam talked to her new Mascot Friends in the Diamond Fireworks Section, the more Sarina's view on Mascots changed.

All the Mascots were not as bad as Twitter would have you believe. The Mascots were all Charming and Friendly. And Great Partners to watch the Fireworks with on America's Birthday!

When July 4<sup>th</sup> started, the whole concept of other Football Mascots had only been a Dream for Sarina, but Thanks to Soldier Sam and Rams Mascot, all her Fireworks dreams came true that night.

The Fireworks were getting Louder and Louder. The Super Finale was at hand!

At that moment Sarina and Soldier Sam felt as close as could be and all the Mascots approved.

Of course, the Finale was 100% Orange, in Sarina's Honor.

Soldier Sam and All the Mascots had decided to make Tonight, the Best 4<sup>th</sup> of July Sarina had ever experienced!

## RAMS PLANET LANDING

Sarina was sitting at Soldier Sam's back, guiding the way. After a short lapse of running on the stars, the ground disappeared beneath their feet. In a spin of some seconds, they were flying in space.

The monstrous in-shore rollers heaved the boat high until Sarina was again enabled to see the white sheets of water scudding up the slanted beach.

"We won't get in very close," said Sarina

There were no hurried words, no plain panic. The duo simply looked at the shore.

"Now, remember to get well clear of the boat when you jump," said Sarina.

Seaward the crest of a roller suddenly fell with a thunderous crash, and the long white comber came roaring down upon the boat.

"Steady now," said Sarina.

Shortly after, a member of the flanking fleet was heavily shelled, but another unit soon came to their rescue. We were still in a precarious position, and the officers soon recognized that step would have to be taken to improve our standing so another appeal was made to some other members of our flank. A section gave supporting fire and we soon made a mad dash for a new route by way of sheer determination from the officers. The counterattack was an unbridled success and the chairman was quite pleased with the progress that had been made in just a few days.

Soldier Sam was silent. He turned his eyes from the shore to the comber and waited. The boat slid up the incline, leaped at the furious top, bounced over it, and swung down the long back of the wave. Some water had been shipped and Sarina bailed it out.

But the next crest crashed also. The tumbling flood of white water caught the boat and whirled it almost perpendicular. Water swarmed in from all sides

The little boat, slammed with this weight of water, reeled deeper into the sea.

"Bail her out, Soldier Sam, Bail her out!" said Sarina.

"All right, Sarina," said Solider Sam.

Word arrived from Oceana headquarters that a portion of our flank was to be temporarily relieved of its role in the cover operation and would make its way into a narrow reserve position along a narrow opening between two of the islands. However, our hopes that they had completed their mission for the time being and could soon be withdrawn was immediately brought into concern when they came under fire just as they had mobilized. The positions of the flank held, but not with nothing to spare and they soon headed back to their previous position

Sarina figured the next one would do them in, for sure. . "Make sure to jump clear of the boat." she shouted.

The wave moved forward, huge, furious, implacable, relentless and unstoppable.

It fairly swallowed the dingey, and almost simultaneously Sarina and Soldier Sam tumbled into the sea. A piece of lifebelt had was in the bottom of the boat, and as Sarina went overboard she held on with everything she had.

Our unit could do no more for that operation but, fortunately, no more action was needed. That night, our compatriots were withdrawn to a position removed from the frontline the Mainland forces had established the day before. Eventually, our adversaries trudged off reluctantly with heavy payloads but evidently not willing to continue the resistance that they had so aggressively mounted. Soon, the officers were all talking at once over the wireless to the chagrin of the chairman. Such was their spirit, that it won out against seemingly insurmountable odds that had been pushed upon them by the Mainland.

Just as Sarina and Soldier Sam dove into their space fighter jet, they heard the countdown “9...8...7...”

Rams Mascot shouted over the Radio “go, go, go!”

Soldier Sam and Sarina put on their seatbelts, Sarina hit the engine go button, and the space jet launched them deep into the space sky.

Sarina and Soldier Sam turned around to look out of the window and watched as the adversary transport ship exploded into a big fiery ball of nothing.

ORANGE VALENTINES #7

“Switch it Up on Tip Hill”

The Flight through Space was finally complete. The Starship bolted down from the sky and landed in New York.

Cupid was there on the Tarmac to greet Sarina and Soldier Sam.

“Sarina and Soldier Sam!” Cupid called out. “Welcome to Syracuse!”

“Thanks Cupid” Sarina replied.

“Isn’t there a Big Orange Basketball Game Tonight?” asked Soldier Sam.

“There for sure is an Orange Game tonight. But first I have a Place to show you guys?” said Cupid.

Cupid was a Legend at Syracuse. It was in Fact one of his favorite places to be. To work his Magic.

Cupid is fiercely loyal to his friends and the values he holds. Cupid can be a staunch traditionalist at times who follows his duty and maintains allegiances even when it’s emotionally difficult for him to do so. He presents a calm, focused demeanor to the world and is a steady force for good.

A group of residents challenged Cupid “Well look what you did to our people, they are all running around in love. What about that? Your reputation is one that you have established over the years.” Cupid responded, “It’s just my job, I always come here ready to boost couples Valentines Day experience.

Let’s get on our way to our Pre-Game Event, Sarina and Soldier Sam” Cupid instructed.

“This is quite a place I have to show you. Cupid added.

“Let’s do a little Preview before we get to the site, Cupid” Sarina suggested.

“Hop in my Ride, you two. I have a couple of questions about your Flight before we get to the Tour Site” Cupid responded.

At one particular Planet approach, Soldier Sam and I were aboard in the mission control room when the Starship starts to go down. The crash would have been a little too dramatic. Finally we got the Starship unstuck from the

gravitational pull on it. As we floated towards the planet the force was a little too strong,

Soldier Sam got very upset seeing the vault empty. He thought, "Only I know the password of the vault, so how can anyone open that vault?"

So we called up the crew to find out and their Detective investigated that vault very well.

During the investigation, he found a control lever piece missing so the suspicion first came upon Soldier Sam.

"Forgive me sir responded Soldier Sam. I don't know how it got here But I haven't stolen anything."

Cupid's Ride was zigging and zagging though Syracuse Traffic.

Here we are at the Mystery Spot for our Tour, Sarina and Soldier Sam" announced Cupid. "I'm sure the two of you are going to have a lot of Questions.

"We're ready, Cupid" shouted Sarina. "Let's Check it out!"

Soldier Sam agreed. "Let's get this party started, Cupid!!"

"What is this place?" asked Sarina.

"This is Tip Hill Neighborhood." Cupid answered the question.

“How did all the Orange Fans come here to Syracuse? It seems a bit incredible, picking a spot that is so cold and snowy.” asked Soldier Sam..

“All of the Cuse Fans, for things such as football and basketball came here along here because of the Greatness of Orange Mascot, like you would suppose”, Cupid replied.

Tipperary Hill in Syracuse was settled largely by Cuse Fans, and they didn't like the Red sitting atop the Green on the stoplight at Tompkins Street and Milton Avenue and also wanted to turn the Yellow into Orange.

“But what about the other neighborhoods?” asked Sarina. “What does Syracuse do at all of their other traffic lights?”

“They all stayed the same,” Cupid replied. “Sure, local residents could learn about this one stoplight, but imagine the confusion Syracuse would be thrown into if all the traffic signals were switched.”

“Check out what is the latest technology we have developed.” Cupid revealed.

Autonomous cars: Cars with “robot brains” have been central feature of Syracuse for decades. Much effort was put into the designing of vehicles with 'robot-brains' – vehicles that can be set for particular destinations and that will then proceed there without interference by the slow reflexes of a human driver.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were stunned by what Cupid had just said.

Is this just a local thing?” asked Soldier Sam.

“It started off as a local thing here in Tip Hill Neighborhood, for the reasons I just explained.” Replied Cupid. “The cars were programmed for this unusual traffic light, but then the technology spread across Syracuse.”

“In fact, we are now deciding whether to spread our newest automated cars to other parts of the country and eventually the entire world.” Cupid let Sarina and Soldier Sam in on the business.

“That will be great for the Syracuse economy right?” Soldier Sam was pretty sure it would.

“Yes, and we are deciding whether or not to build other types of vehicles this way, like Buses and Trucks and Taxis to meet the needs of the global population.” Explained Cupid.

But what was the driving force behind that Stop Light?” Sarina wanted to direct the conversation back to that subject.

“Well, Sarina Kids threw stones at the light and broke it, prompting a local official to ask that the green be put on top. The city obliged, but the rest of New York ended up changing the light back to red over green to avoid confusing people per state law.”

The stone throwing resumed, and eventually the city changed the colors again. Today, Tipp Hill is home to the nation's only stoplight that has green over red, just one of its unique parts of history that is resident in Syracuse.

What is this neighborhood?" asked Sarina. "Who lives here? Is it an exclusive site set by boundaries?"

"Yes it is Sarina. because only people who are Orange Fans are allowed to live here, along with their families." Cupid replied.

"Just Orange Fans?" asked Soldier Sam.

Even the most important Fans live here- the ones who have season tickets for basketball and football. There are many Shuttles that run directly to Orange Stadium

"In fact, let's go up that hill now to see the traffic light. There is also something important for Sarina to do," Cupid proposed.

What's this Cupid? Sarina asked as she and Soldier Sam walked over to the Hologram.

Read it and see Sarina. It is a special clue about Valentines Day" Directed Cupid.

"Ok, Cupid. Lets See what it says" Sarina started reading the Hologram.

"I think you are Amazing!"

Special people are very few  
Who is special? That would be you  
My Valentine's Day would be so fine  
If you would be my Valentine.

“I just can’t believe it!” Sarina exclaimed. On Valentine’s Day. A special message just for me!”

There is just one more thing on Tip Hill I want to show you, Sarina and Soldier Sam,” Cupid relayed his plan.

Coleman's boasts an Orange Door and miniature phone booth and sponsors Orange Beer Day. The menu features may local favorites highlights such as soda bread, and pies and other Orange Staples are among the menu highlights.

The Restaurant used their advanced knowledge to seal off the entrances so only Orange Fans could enter. Otherwise it would get too crowded in there. And Quite Boring” Cupid explained.

“Wow, Cupid, that was quite a Tour!” Sarina exclaimed.

“It sure was” Soldier Sam had a great time too.

“We have some time to burn before the Game. Let’s stop by this Bar” suggested Cupid.

“By the way, Sarina and Soldier Sam,” Cupid remembered something. “You told me about your flight. But I forget to ask, did you two go on any adventures during your Pit Stops?”

I was flying with the Space Ship for quite some time, and Soldier Sam was moving cargo all over the Universe. But we had to go on a couple adventures on the planets along the way.

We would be gone for some time, on then out in Space on our mission for a while where we encountered many obstacles like other Starships, and sometimes we were only delivering cargo to even larger ships, like I mentioned” said Sarina

Now we have arrived in Syracuse and found you! You have sure taken me and Soldier Sam on an adventure today and there is probably more in store for us here,” Sarina predicted.

“I’ve got a special surprise that you will be sure to like, Sarina!” Cupid announced.

Cupid was excited about Sarina’s Valentine too!

“Oh yeah, this is a great bar, Sarina.” Soldier Sam ordered Sarina a drink. There are several good bars in Syracuse, but this is so nicely appointed, I have to rate this as the best.”

Cupid wants to take us on a tour round Orange Stadium Soldier Sam. Look, this Valentine is tickets for the Game tonight. And they are in the front row” Sarina explained.

“Yes, that’s a very lovely Valentine, Cupid; Look Soldier Sam. The tickets are Orange. And they even have our names on them!!” Sarina observed.

The trouble is, at bars like this.. this one is surely one of the best, but at some point we have to leave. Look, It's almost game time." Soldier Sam noted.

"One other thing, Sarina and Soldier Sam" Cupid added—you can hang out at this bar after the Game too. They are open really late on Game Days.

"Let's make sure to come back here after the Game, Soldier Sam. We'll take another go at this Orange Soda.

"There you go again, Sarina. Always looking for a chance to drink more Orange Soda" Soldier Sam laughed.

## CUPID'S FIRST SYRACUSE ORANGE GAME EXPERIENCE

### PART 7

Cupid proceeded to seize the totally free Valentine's Day program becoming handed out. Shopping around, he observed the Orange seats, the Orange act concession stands, and the Orange scoreboard studded with lightbulbs. Cupid was overcome taking in the magnitude from the stadium. Continuing down on his way, Cupid ceased and grabbed some food.

Once entering the stadium, Cupid really could smell the popcorn popping, the hotdogs cooking, and the French fries being deep-fried. Being quite hungry, Sarina and Soldier Sam ordered a large buttery popcorn. The popcorn, was white and yellow in color and smothered with butter that set on Cupid's taste buds.

.

“Soldier Sam carefully took my empty bottle and head over to hand it over to the trash can” Sarina recalled.

“Then Sarina passed Cupid the next one out of the case and he was too eager to see it and finally Finished it and gave it to Soldier Sam to put it inside another receptacle.

Soldier Sam was really doubtful about the name of the opponent, so he searched it on the web, but no positive result was found. We started our approach to the stadium.

“I'll say!”, Cupid reacted instantaneously. “Fine”, Soldier Sam mumbled heaving a sigh.

“Now we will have to pull our tickets out of our pockets?” asked Soldier Sam.

“Exactly”, Sarina replied.

Sarina and Cupid pulled their tickets out of their pockets while Soldier Sam struggled to pull out his but he did and in no time they were headed towards the gates.

“Relax!”, Cupid said. “The only way we can get out of the parking lot is to relax, for your problems will leave you once you do so. Just calm down and think of a happy, or neutral place in the case of Soldier Sam.

“I’ve got a great idea!” Sarina exclaimed. “Soldier Sam and I should get a photo with Orange Mascot. Then we could prove we were here and have a lasting memory.

“Hey, Cupid,” Soldier Sam wanted to get his attention. “Could you snap a pic of Me and Sarina with Orange Mascot? That would be awesome!”

“Of course, Soldier Sam” Cupid replied. Just find Orange Mascot and I will be over to take the shot of you and Sarina.”

Cupid had been trying to straighten the camera. Now he stopped and stared at Sarina and Soldier Sam for a moment. 'Do you know you're difficult to shoot?' Cupid said, laying down the camera.

As obvious as it seems, many photographers struggle early on with incorporating a subject into their shots that is both strong and interesting. But by striving to have a strong, interesting subject, your image will be more likely to catch the viewer's eye and tell a more engaging story at the same time.

“Hey Sarina, we got that picture with Orange Mascot! All the lighting was great and we were posed perfectly. Isn’t it great we were able to find Orange Mascot and he was so accommodating?”

“Yes, Soldier Sam” Sarina answered. I thought for a moment Cupid was going to lose his mind trying to operation the photo function on my phone. He had never operated anything like that before.”

“The game is about to start Sarina!” Soldier Sam exclaimed. Why don’t you give me a quick rundown of the season so far?

“I know you have been following it closely and I really don’t have a clue about what the Orange have faced so far this year, Soldier Sam continued. “How are they doing?”

“Sure Soldier Sam,” Sarina was glad to show off her knowledge of Cuse Hoops. “There have been a lot of developments so far this year.

Orange Stadium had been jumping off all year with Cuse Fans always packing the venue to support the Orange year with fans sitting courtside, and all the seats, even the nose bleed cheap tickets.

It was a beautiful day in Syracuse. Around 20 degrees. Nice breeze. Puffy clouds. There were Syracuse basketball fans parked in lots outside.. The Orange are still scoring, it just comes from different areas now.

“We’ve kind of figured out the ability, got the ability to go in the lane as well and make plays. “We just have to finish in there.”

We got three premier really good shooters. Great shooters. We thought we were going to get our looks but things change.”

'What say we knock off and finish that bourbon,' Soldier Sam suggested.

'This game has already made me thirsty.'

'What do you expect me to do-joke around with you?' Sarina asked.

'No--that's old stuff. But I thought we could sit around and have a drink.'

'Perhaps later,' Sarina said, and then, "Is watching a Cuse game all so tough for you? Am I so difficult?"

Listen, if you tried all the doors you'd find a lot of them locked and don't you forget it.'

Sarina stepped back and looked at him. 'Locked? I'll get you a drink.'

## CUSE GAME ACTION

A capacity crowd is expected for the Orange Hoops Contest between my team and their opponent who we are playing. The competition is fierce and bragging rights are at stake.

I arrived to the stadium well before the matchup. I enter the stadium through a turnstile and there is time to have some Orange Soda and Nachos and Cotton Candy, which of course only comes in the Orange variety, before taking to my seat.

Over the game, the feeling of just being present in the Dome felt like a miracle to me and ran throughout the entire experience that was beyond everything I thought it would be like.

Cuse showed fight this game, and demonstrated for all the world to see just how amazing of a place Syracuse is. Just the fact that there were 3 pointers and dunks and steals and rebounds that will forever live in scorebooks and game tape that I was witnessing in person was an unforgettable experience.

My Orange Spirit began to get the best of me and all the Cuse supporters. The stadium filled up with excitement quickly as the game started and the excitement just kept on building as the game went on. I am truly thankful I got to witness Orange Hoops Magic Live in Person. What a fantastic experience.

RAMS STADIUM

PART 1

Sarina suddenly looked up at the Scoreboard at Orange Stadium, and there was in the air that sense of Pre Game Hockey Hype before the 'Cuse Game, which is so essential to life.

The Orange Scoreboard had a rough start to the year, but still it threw out a deep Blue/Orange glow. As Sarina looked up it started booming in spite of the season's difficulties.

There at Center Ice sat Orange Mascot, steadily stealing a glance at Sarina's eyes. He made a motion to it as though to hunt it away, but it did not stir.

Then Sarina made the motion of throwing something. Still Orange Mascot did not stir, but showed its Tough Guy Colors, and his eyes shone in the Stadium lights with an added effect.

Sarina felt amazed, and seizing Hockey Stick ran onto the field. But before she could reach Center Ice, Orange Mascot let out with a rally cry to the crowd, took a couple of steps jumping and running up the rope, the Climbing Rope that Soldier Sam had stolen from a nearby Boot Camp.

At the top of the training rope was the Orange Scoreboard with an Alarm Bell affixed to the bottom of the scoreboard at the top of the climbing rope.

It was not quite visible to all the Orange Fans that day since their eyes were strictly fixed on the Orange Scoreboard Lights, and there was darkness beyond the range of the digital spectacle. Instantly, the noisy scampering of the hockey players taking their positions on the Ice began again.

All at once Sarina stopped, as on previous game days being overcome by a sudden sense of excitement. Sarina had been given the responsibility of controlling the Orange Scoreboard Display Content on her Smart Phone from her position on the field.

Sarina remembered the occurrence at the First Orange Game this Season, when Soldier Sam told her if she didn't shape up and take some basic steps he would lock himself in the control room and highjack the Scoreboard Display. To be sure, Sarina was not going to let that happen on this day.

There, right smack dab on Center Ice was Orange Mascot, clearly to be full of mischief for this game.

Instinctively Sarina took the nearest thing to her hand, the official game day hockey puck, and flung it at Orange Mascot. The Puck was not quite aimed right and Orange Mascot did not stir, so again the shot of the Puck was repeated against at Orange Mascot, and being closely pursued, fled up the climbing rope of the Alarm Bell stationed on the bottom of the scoreboard.

Strangely too, the departure of Orange Mascot up the rope was instantly followed by the renewal of the noise made by the hockey players, as the Game was about to start.

On this occasion, as on the previous one, Sarina could not see into which part of the Scoreboard Orange Mascot disappeared, for her Smart Phone needed all of the Pixels in each compartment to Display her content to the tens of thousands of fans in Orange Stadium that day.

Could Orange Mascot have the intent to Sabotage the Scoreboard this Game? Only time would tell.

On looking at her watch Sarina found it was close to gametime; so she lit up the Scoreboard and made herself a glass of Bourbon, as was her custom to make it through the game. Sarina had got through a good spell of work, and thought herself entitled to a bit of liquor; and so she sat on the bench at the side of the field and enjoyed it.

While drinking, Sarina began to think that she would like to know where Orange Mascot disappeared to, for she had certain ideas not entirely disconnected with an Orange Mascot Trap.

Accordingly Sarina lit up several parts to the Scoreboard to play Feature Presentations she had composed over this past week placing it so it would shine well into the view of all the Orange Fans.

Then Sarina got all the hockey pucks in her vicinity and placed them handy to throw at Orange Mascot .Finally, Sarina lifted the rope of the Alarm Bell and placed the end of it on Center Ice Stage.

'You could inform the entire State of New York of an important event, one much greater than a hockey game,' Sarina thought to herself. When her preparations were made she looked around, and said to Soldier Sam:

'There now, Soldier Sam, I think we will learn something of you this time!' Sarina began her work again, and though as before somewhat disturbed at first by the noise of the hockey players, soon lost herself in her propositions and problems.

Again Sarina was called to her immediate surroundings suddenly. This time it might not have been the sudden silence only which took her attention; there was a slight movement of the rope, and the Scoreboard Lights moved.

Without hesitation, Sarina looked to see if her pile of hockey pucks was within range, and then cast her eye along the climbing rope. As Sarina looked she saw Orange Mascot drop from the rope on the Center Ice stage and look at her like as if to challenge.

Sarina raised a hockey puck in her hand, and taking careful aim, fired it at Orange Mascot who, with a quick movement, sprang aside and dodged the missile.

Sarina then took another puck, and a third, and fired them one after another at Orange Mascot, but each time unsuccessfully. At last, as Sarina stood with a puck poised in her hand to throw, Orange Mascot had given up his defenses.

This made Sarina more than ever eager to strike, and that Hockey Puck flew and struck Orange Mascot with a resounding blow. He gave a shout out of surprise and turning away from his pursuer, ran up the steps to the Center Ice Stage and made a great jump to the rope of the Alarm Bell and ran up it like lightning.

The Scoreboard Foundation rocked under the sudden strain, but it secured strongly and did not topple over since it had been engineered so solidly.

Sarina kept her eyes on Orange Mascot, and saw him leap into the structure and disappear through a hole in one of the great sections of the Display Marvel, making himself obscured and invisible to the world.

Sarina turned herself towards Soldier Sam, who was looking forward to the 'Cuse Hockey Game too.

'Soldier Sam, I will with pleasure answer you any question you may choose to ask me if you will answer me one question first.' said Sarina

Solider Sam seemed surprised, but he smiled and answered at once, 'Done! What is it?'

'Did My Bronx Friends ask you to come here and see me and advise me?'

Soldier Sam for a moment was taken aback, and Sarina's Friends got Hot and turned away; but Soldier Sam was a frank and ready figure, and he answered at once and openly.

'Your Bronx Friends did: but didn't intend you to know it. I suppose it was certain parts of my actions that made you suspect.

Your Bronx Friends told me they did not like the idea of your being in Syracuse all by yourself, and that they also thought you were getting too attached to your bottles of Bourbon.

In fact, your Bronx Friends want me to advise you if possible to give up the Bourbon and the very late hours. I was quite the party goer in my time, so I suppose I may take the liberty and without offense, advise you not quite as a stranger.'

Sarina with a bright smile held out her hand. 'Fo' Sure as I always say,' Sarina said. 'I must thank you for your kindness and My Bronx Friends too, and your kindness deserves a return on my part. I promise to take no more strong Bourbon at Orange Hockey Games—no Bourbon at all till you let me—and I will not stay up so late at night. Will that do?'

'Fantastic,' responded Soldier Sam. 'Now tell us all that you have noticed in Syracuse so far,' and so Sarina then and there told in minute detail all that had happened lately.

Sarina was interrupted every now and then by some exclamation from her Bronx Friends, till finally when she told of the episode of going to a 'Cuse Hoops Game too.

Sarina's Bronx Friends pent-up frustrations found vent in expressed shock; and it was not till a stiff glass of Bourbon had been administered that Sarina grew composed again.

Soldier Sam listened with a face of growing interest, and when the narrative was complete and Sarina's Bronx Friends had been restored he asked:

"Orange Mascot always went up the climbing rope of the Alarm Bell?"

'Always Every Game.', replied Sarina.

'I suppose you know,' said Soldier Sam after a pause, 'what the rope is?'

'I don't know about the details of it', answered Sarina.

'It is,' said Soldier Sam slowly, 'the very rope Orange Mascot used in Boot Camp at the nearby Training Base. I recently acquired the rope via theft when I went on an excursion there.

Here Soldier Sam was interrupted by another scream from Sarina's Bronx Friends and steps had to be taken for her recovery. Sarina having looked at her watch, and found that it was close to Game Time and readied herself.

When Sarina's Bronx Friends regained their composure they almost assailed Soldier Sam with very pointed questions as to what he meant

by putting such stories into Sarina's head. 'Sarina has quite enough there already to upset her,' they added.

Soldier Sam replied:

'My Dear Bronx Friends, I had a distinct purpose in it! I wanted to draw Sarina's attention to the Alarm Bell Rope, and to fix a Special Surprise there. It may be that she is in a highly distraught state, and has been Reporting on the Team too much, although I am bound to say that she seems as sound and healthy a woman, in strength and spirit, as ever I saw.'

But then the Hockey players—and that suggestion of the devil.' Soldier Sam looked down at the ground and went on. 'I would have offered to go everywhere with Sarina, but that I felt sure it would have been a cause of offence, to the Team. Not that I really care about offending them, it's more like disinterest. Except for 'Cuse Hockey Game Days, of course.' Soldier Sam added.

Sarina may get into some strange fright and if she does I want her to pull that rope and ring the alarm bell, so we can rescue her,' Soldier Sam explained.

All alone as Sarina is it will give us warning at the base, and we may reach her in time to be of service. I plan to be sitting up pretty attentive during all team activities and will always keep my ears open. Do not be alarmed if the nearby Base full of recruits issues a strong response before morning.'

'Oh, Soldier Sam, what do you mean? What do you mean?' Sarina asked.

'I mean this; that possibly—actually more probably—we shall hear the great alarm bell from Orange Stadium tonight,' and Soldier Sam made about as effective an exit as could be thought of to head for the concession stands before the game got started.

## PART 2

Sarina had all the 'Cuse Hockey Games business all worked out in her Orange Reporters Notebook all right, and then her attention began to wander from Hockey

The actual circumstances around Orange Mascot, the calls on Sarina's attention, and her susceptibility as a result of her perfection were not to be denied. By this time the Orange Fans crowd noise had become much louder, and was about to reach a fever pitch.

Orange Stadium, solid though it was, seemed to shake to its foundations, and the crowd of fans roared and raged through its many concourse levels, private luxury boxes, up and down every corridor, spilling into the massive overflow sections in the Syracuse Entertainment Park District and indeed all over Syracuse and the great state of New York.

Even the Great Alarm Bell on the Scoreboard must have felt the force of the raucous, for the rope rose and fell slightly, as though the bell were moved a little from time to time still without sound and the climbing rope fell on Center Ice with room to spare. There needed to be a bit of slack

in the rope, as Soldier Sam had designed it, for reasons we will see soon enough.

As Sarina worked the Scoreboard Content masterfully, she bethought herself of Soldier Sam's words, 'It is the rope Orange Mascot used in Bootcamp and she went over to the rope to take a look at it. Her hand touched the knot at the bottom of it, a knot that could not be broken by most recruits at the base.

There seemed a sort of strong interest in it, and as Sarina stood there she lost herself for a moment in speculation as to just who these recruits were that were such good friends of Orange Mascot, and all of Orange Mascot's stories of their exploits.

As Sarina stood there the swaying of the bell on the Scoreboard still lifted the rope now and again; but presently there came a new sensation—a sort of tremor in the rope, as though something was moving along it.

Looking up instinctively, Sarina saw Orange Mascot speeding down towards her, glaring steadily. He dropped the rope and started back with a muttered curse, and then to Sarina's surprise, Orange Mascot ran up the rope again and disappeared, and at the same instant Sarina became conscious that the noise of the hockey players, which had ceased for a while, began again.

With a feeling of something like destiny, Sarina recognised the scene of Orange Stadium as it stood, and gazed around her in an awestruck manner as though she expected to find some powerful presence there that day.

There, at Center Ice with the climbing rope hanging behind, sat Orange Mascot, and save for the shouts of the Orange Fans, without there was silence.

Another bottle of Bourbon recalled Sarina to herself. Fortunately it was unopened so the liquor had not been spilt as a result of all the commotion.

However, the practical need of attending to it settled at once Sarina's apprehensions.

When she had reached the bottom, in a matter of minutes, Sarina tried to pick herself up off the Ice floor and thought for a moment.

'This will not do,' Sarina said to herself. 'If I go on like this I shall become a crazy fool. This must stop! I promised Soldier Sam I would not drink the entire bottle of Bourbon..

Soldier Sam was pretty right about me not being able to put down the bottle of Bourbon! My nerves must have been getting into quite a state. Funny I did not notice it. I never felt better in my life. However, it is all right now, and I will not be such a fool again.'

Then Sarina poured herself just one more good stiff glass of Bourbon and resolutely prepared to ready her Orange Hockey Reporting Notebook for the game, which was about to start!

Sarina listened and watched attentively, and presently heard swift whistle noise at Center Ice where the climbing rope hung down, and she

thought it was the smashing of rope on the floor as the swaying of the bell raised and lowered it.

But it was in fact the beginning of the 'Cuse Hockey Game. Sarina felt for a moment another moment of panic as she thought that now the possibility of calling the outer world to her assistance was cut off, but an intense motion took its place, and seizing the Hockey Puck hurled it at Orange Mascot

The blow was well aimed, but before the missile could reach him Orange Mascot dropped off and struck the floor with a soft thud.

Sarina instantly rushed over towards Orange Mascot who darted away and disappeared in the darkness of the shadows of Orange Stadium. Sarina felt that her work was over for the night, and determined then and there to order Orange Stadium Security to put on a hunt for Orange Mascot.

There, on Center Ice stood Soldier Sam, with a smile of triumph on his resolute face as he lifted up with his hands a great weight..the great weight of Surprise!

Sarina felt as if the blood was running from her heart, as one does in moments of prolonged suspense. There was a ringing in her ears from the roar of the crowd, and through it, swept on the storm, the moment in Time Soldier Sam had hit the Ice, sliding down the rope.

Sarina stood for a space of time that seemed to her endless still as the Hockey Championship Trophy, and with wide-open eyes, breathless.

As game time struck, so the smile of triumph on Soldier Sam face intensified, and he picked up the piece of the rope of the Alarm Bell which lay on the floor, drew it through his hands and then deliberately began to fasten the Surprise, a Hockey Championship Ring to the end of the rope.

Sarina tried to think of what she should do. There was some triumph in Soldier Sam's eyes, which he never took off Sarina. It was far and away beyond his capability.

Activities such as these had went on for many times, Soldier Sam seeming never discouraged nor discomposed at failure, but playing as if Sarina owned the game.. At last in despair, which had reached its peak, Sarina cast a quick glance round her.

Sarina walked over and placed herself standing at Center Ice and stepping up beside Soldier Sam, put her hand up and caught the end of the swaying rope of the alarm bell.

As Soldier Sam raised his hand the hockey players fled in fright, and disappeared through the tunnel out of the Orange Stadium Rink.

Taking the end of the rope, where the Hockey Championship Ring was now in Sarina's hand, Soldier Sam suggested Sarina take control of the Alarm Bell rope and show all the amateurs there that day how professionals take care of business.

When the Alarm Bell of Orange Stadium began to sound the crowd soon assembled with excitement, and Sarina, as always, became the Star of the Show!

## CHAPTER 8

### SITUATION ROOM

"This is Soldier Sam, Cupid. I've been working on a Valentines Day Activity with Sarina and we are hoping you can approve it today so we can get everything all lined up."

This would give Soldier Sam a head start on the plan with his chief collaborator, Sarina.

"Is it an emergency?" asked Cupid.

"I'll say it is. For Sure." insisted Sarina.

Soldier Sam continued to improve the script till Cupid arrived. He wanted to put in his Bronx Zoo Trip Ice Cream Eating Match idea but time was short-- still, he had finally let Sarina in on the plan, but they weren't sure how to plan it all out. Even where the match would take place.

Soldier Sam wrote laboriously in his notebook.

"Soldier Sam, you look exhausted by this effort and you could probably use a drink!" observed Sarina.

So Sarina opened the Bourbon drawer and poured Soldier quite a drink. Soldier Sam gulped it down quickly and requested another. Sarina granted his request and even sampled the Bourbon herself.

With the Bourbon Glow, Soldier Sam got his second wind. He had done almost what he had been hired to do—but he usually did more with the dialogue of the Valentines Activity scripts than he did the structure.

Cupid arrived and addressed Soldier Sam: “How can I be sure that the idea is an original one?” You do have lots of ideas for Valentines Day Activities but how could you come up with all of them just spending the day staring at a wall?”

Soldier Sam’s response was immediate. “Because of Sarina. She makes watching Paint Dry the most exciting event on Earth. She inspires me to do things that would be unimaginable if I tried to do it myself.”

Soldier Sam had another drink, and told Sarina to amuse herself at the nickel slots machine in the in the back of Cupids Office so he and Cupid could discuss the substance of the thing. You know how it would all play out.

“So you’re interested in an Ice Cream Eating Valentines Activity at the Bronx Zoo, but on a much bigger scale that is usually offered at most Zoos?” Cupid asked Soldier Sam.

"Yeah, I figured the Zoo would be packed on a Holiday like Valentines Day, such as things are these days, and no one would notice if we had Ice Cream all over our faces" responded Soldier Sam.

Sarina had won big at the nickel slots machine and decided to stop there with that game and return to the conversation.

“So we are still trying to figure out where to go for our Valenines Day Activity? asked Sarina.

“What about the Bronx Zoo?” Cupid Suggested. That king of Valentines Day Activity idea is for the most diehard couples. Sarina might even mistake Soldier Sam for a Resident at the Monkey Tent.

“Yes, what a great idea, Cupid!” exclaimed Sarina. “We could even get some exercise, Soldier Sam. Why, with all the different Exhibits throughout the Bronx Zoo, we could walk around all day!”

Soldier Sam agreed. Yes, Sarina, the Bronx Zoo does seem tailor-made for an Ice Cream Eating Contest. “But just don’t let go of my hand when we are at the Monkey Exhibit. You don’t want to lose your Date.”

Cupid approved the idea immediately. This is for sure an original idea. Even so, this one might be a bit intense if you’ve never been to the Bronx Zoo before. If you have never tried it, go for it. It’s a blast.

“Soldier Sam, Sarina is going out with you on Valentines Day at least, and it'll remind the world you're alive. And I'll dig you up some tickets”

“But keep an eye out. Sarina. It isn't good for you to get socked if you want my honest opinion.

The proposal had buzzed Cupid, he switched the order of his arrows

'You two are going to have to wait for Valentine’s Day.' He turned to Soldier Sam: 'That's enough. Your Valentine’s Day Activity has been approved. Better go out the side door, Soldier Sam and Sarina.

'How about the tickets, asked Sarina?'

I haven’t got them yet” responded Cupid. Drop by again when Valentine’s Day finally gets here.

TRAINING

Soldier Sam's Training for New Starship Missions was not at all like what he expected. Rams Mascot was not a typical Instructor.

Rams Mascot and Soldier Sam both learned something else during the training sessions. They learned they would both carry the resolve their training relationship had brought them, as well as the, bond they developed forever. Soldier Sam would always carry the drumbeat of Rams Mascots instructions and Rams Mascot could carry Soldier Sam's performance indicators into training sessions with future prospects.

Drill instructors at every moment during this time will attempt to turn the recruits into a unified platoon to enforce discipline and teamwork. Details you never paid attention to during your everyday life will be scrutinized. Most branches will teach you and take you through various martial arts and hand-to-hand combat techniques.

While powered, the helmsman may roll the helm dice and set aside those maneuvers that fulfill the captain's orders at each decision point. The other stations also have custom dice tailor-made for their particular functions. The captain keeps schedules moving by directing the movement of energy from engineering to all of the other divisions. All the while, the enemy team is doing the same thing. Commands are issued and countermanded. The departments can indicate they need more power.

Completing convoy operations.

The task: take supplies and personnel to support allied forces with a constant danger of IEDs from the time you left the Crossing until you

returned to a more secure base. For example, we were assigned a convoy mission, and it took weeks, basically hopped from one FOB to another with supplies, equipment, and even personnel. Our job was to provide combat support to the convoy using Humvees and military weapons to defeat enemy attacks and threats. There were normally a minimum of gun trucks assigned to a convoy. There would be one in the front, one in the rear, and two either roving or placed logistically in the convoy to oppose against any enemy threat.

At the pre-trip briefing, there is confirmation to the participants, the radio channel to be used, the number of vehicles in the convoy, the name and vehicle if required, confirm with the participants their knowledge of the units of convoy procedures. Once participants are in their vehicles at the commencement of the trip or at the commencement of each day for multiple days, there is a radio check to ensure all vehicles in the convoy are "on channel", being the channel nominated to the participants at the pre-trip briefing.

Tell me a little bit about your Training experience, Soldier Sam.

At this point in the training, we had to practice getting the special forces unit drop us off at an inlet near the rendezvous point and handle the pirate vessel before continuing out. Rams Mascot said in no uncertain terms that we have a mission to complete.

The training I went through there was all about taking on a future in which I would be an astronaut and sure enough, I got cleared as one of a small group ready to go to the moon.

I was feeling scared and a bit worried about the mission but also feeling great because I was finally going to the moon. I went into a secret hide out to

get my spacesuit on. I started to feeling like my adrenaline was pumping and was a bit excited.

Our service branch had requirements for a big chunk of our time to be set on compulsory Drill Duty.. We drilled with our new rifles and studied the tactics of wars past even though a new World War was going starting at the time.

At a very early hour each morning we all spread out to deploy over the training grounds, creeping up on the target range we had all been qualified at. It was good training for the kind of warfare that was waged on the moon but it had no connection with what was going on in other Solar Systems.

Some people used to think there was moon money behind it, but they didn't dare say so or they would have been thrown in the brig and go on trial as spies. It was a period of muddy thought and marked, I believe, the decline of military might for the experienced forces we would soon be replacing

At drill I was never any good at all. Most of the cadets were glumly indifferent soldiers, but I was no good at all.

Once Rams Mascot popped up in front of me during regimental drill and snapped, "You are the main trouble with this entire unit and you will be treated as such with punitive actions!"

I think he meant that my type was the main trouble with the drill formations but he may have meant me individually.

Before we could take off in our space crafts, Rams Mascot decided we had to stop of at the space station since the distant command group had told him some other information about what trouble our adversaries were causing in space. So first we travelled on a train to the space station, carrying all of the gear we would need.

Anything else you want to tell me, Soldier Sam ?'

Yes, Sarina. It goes a little something like this.

"What I think about every day is are we enabling team activities, and are we capable of sustaining our relationship forever? We have to ensure the right tools are available for our training."

## PART 8

Sarina Loves to go to Cuse Hoops games all season long to her Heart's Delight when she is in Syracuse! Sarina also loves Scuba Diving in the Ocean.

"Your training is not yet complete, Soldier Sam" explained Angels Mascot. "You have been trained in the tech arts, but it is Sarina who has been trained to secure the precious cargo on your trip through outer space."

"I bet you have a lot to tell me, Sarina!" exclaimed Soldier Sam. "Let's get to it!"

So this is such a treat to at least get a little taste of what Halloween in Angels Stadium Parking Lot is like and what all the trucks displays look like." Sarina explained.

Sarina admitted how exciting her first deployment was on the "Supply Pain Train".

"I'm ready to get out there and do it again!", she exclaimed.

But when Someone on the flight mentioned going home in a few days, Sarina was about halfway through her first deployment, said, "I really miss my Friends at Angels Stadium. Sometimes I wish I was there cause it is Kinda Fun doing all those Sports Bloopers."

The restaurant door opened again, and Sarina was there for a moment, said "Oh," and disappeared. Then she returned.

"Why it's Soldier Sam!" she exclaimed. "I was looking for Angels Mascot."

"I'll send one of the assistants in with the stuff. I got a conference."

"All right, Soldier Sam. I hope we can eat at this restaurant again, don't you?"

"Sure, I'll come here again. If it's with you." Replied Soldier Sam.

From now on Soldier Sam was done with going everywhere himself. He admired Sarina and wanted to take every opportunity to see her, anywhere.

"Coffee wakes me up in the morning, and Bourbon helps me sleep at night. I am always trying my best to get through the week." Soldier Sam explained.

Sounds like you don't do a very good job getting though the week but you are a master at consuming coffee and bourbon" remarked Sarina

Sarina is a Scuba Diving Virtuoso. Her Skills far and away are the best in California, and she enjoys the adventures that come along with those Skills.

But Sarina does not like Scuba Diving as much as going to Orange Games and here is the story that tells you why!

"Why aren't you Scuba diving this year?" Sarina asked one of the passengers on the Orange Express.

“Oh some of us prefer taking the Orange Express to Syracuse, the Orange Fan answered. “It is more relaxing and we like to just kick back and enjoy the ride.”

“Return to your workplace immediately, Sarina.” Said Soldier Sam. “Every Orange Fan needs to work so they can have cash to spend on tickets.

Sarina doesn't like it when she gets stuck at the Los Angeles Airport, especially the kind of Flight Delay that lasted all season long.

“I won't stay in LA during Hoops March Madness. I want to be jumping up and Down at the Orange Game!” Sarina had announced.

Over the years, Sarina's Birthday has grown into great big, boisterous party created by Soldier Sam. He just thinks it is more and more exciting each time it comes around.

No one at the Birthday Party wanted to jump in, for they were all wearing their best clothes. Sarina's Boss yelled out: “Sarina!” (That's the Birthday Girl) Look at that helicopter!!

What could the helicopter be doing so close to their Party Boat?

Sarina decided she had had enough of her friends for the day and her Birthday Goals began to shift to Orange Hoops!! March Madness had started and Cuse had a big game coming up.

So Sarina began to swim to the shore. That was clearly the first step to get Cuse Tickets for the Game that was fast approaching.

Sarina just knew there was a ticket out there somewhere for her and it would be the best Birthday Present ever if she could find out some way of getting to Syracuse.

Soldier Sam keeps going after her, sending a bunch of helicopters to check the beach again and calls her a whole bunch more times.

In the battle that follows, Soldier Sam takes the helicopter off ship and charges it towards her boss, kicking his butt.

Then came the Trip to Orange Beach!

In addition to being the world wide epicenter of Hoops Talent, most people don't know that a lot of Cuse Fans are top-notch Scuba Divers, due to a popular academic curriculum option.

Sarina loved the beach. She loved the sea salt air rushing by her. It was like waves in the air.

The Trip Going back to LA

Now you will be reunited with Soldier Sam in LA!” the Orange Fans promised.

## TOUR SITE SCENES

“Whatever the Weather”

Sarina and Soldier Sam had arrived at the North Pole!!

Sarina went to the North Pole and pressed some buttons, when this gigantic building came out of the ground. As I walked in the door of the building, I saw tons of elves with funny looking Red, White and Green clothing on. Then I saw lots of toys. Right then, I knew it was Santa’s workshop.

Wow! We are going to get a Tour of Santa’s office, where all the important Christmas decisions are made!

Wow, who knew an office could be so huge. Santa’s desk is huge like a house, and his laptop is redder and brighter than Rudolph’s nose. His chair has pockets and pockets full of candy. I see his naughty or nice list. WOW! He has his own milk bar.

After seeing Santa’s office, let’s check out another part of the North Pole— Where all the Work gets done. This is where the magic happens!

Look, it's the elves. Let's follow them into the tool shop. Whoa, it's cool in here! When you first walk in you see the tool calibration machine. The very top of the hangar is too tall for the reindeer to jump. If you walk into the workbench area, you will see a tiny tables, not really like regular tables for regular workers you see everywhere else.. All the tool shop walls are red and green. Would you ever want to come to the elves' tool shop?

"How does the weather look, Sarina?" asked Santa as Soldier Sam checked the screen. "You know it is only a couple of hours before we head out tonight. I need the final report so I can plot my course.

"We are on a tight schedule this year" added Santa. "There have been so many new good boys and girls added to my list this year," he said as he watched Soldier Sam tinker with the dials of the Frosty-Weather-Meter-Reader.

Soldier Sam twisted and turned the dials. He was having great difficulty getting a good reading. Never in its 100 years of operation had the weather machine failed to provide Santa with the information needed for him to plan a safe route for his Christmas Eve trip.

Detective Sarina realized that this was not Santa because at that very moment she realized that she was climbing stairs in a supposedly one story Gingerbread House.

"Sarina and Soldier Sam. I have a Holiday Mystery for You to solve. Announced Santa.

"Oh, Santa. I'm great at Solving Mysteries! Maybe Soldier Sam could help too. What's your problem, Santa?" Sarina asked.

Santa sure did have a mystery that no one at the North Pole could solve.

You can only watch in disbelief as the work-place prank you had planned turned to chaos. It wasn't a Holiday Party, people had to explain their jobs to a new boss that knew nothing about the company.

'I can't do nothing, Soldier Sam,' Santa admitted. 'I always have trouble getting Sarina on the phone. Now it's something a about a football trade and suddenly it's like the season never ended for the Media. Some bullshit like that always happens.

'What's that got to do with me?' asked Soldier Sam. Sarina started off on an explanation about how important quarterbacks are to a football franchise and the concept of trading two former #1 Draft Picks for each other was unprecedented, and.....

"I've got another idea for this year" Soldier Sam interrupted Sarina and started up his pitch machine. "It's tons of fun! I think anyone that has any sense of adventure would be enthusiastic about it."

"Hey Santa, take us to the elves' workshop. I bet Soldier Sam and I will find a clue there to Solve your mystery.

Ok, Sarina and Soldier Sam. I'll take you to the North Pole's elves' workshop. Maybe you will find a clue to solve this mystery. Just be on your best behavior.

You are a Guest at the North Pole. You will learn many useful things about our Operation that will be sure to help you on any mission you might find yourselves on in the Future.

Visit of the elves' workshop

Today, we will visit the North Pole's main industry: the elves' workshop. This is where all the toys are made, painted, wrapped, and even imagined! Santa will help you recreate the elves' workshop within your tour group. You can clean and fix toys just like an elf. When you are done, you can even wrap the toys with colourful paper. Working in the elves' workshop is a lot of work, but if you really put your heart into it (and listen to Christmas carols while you work), it's also plenty of fun! Are you ready? The elves start their day really early!

“Hey, Santa!” Look Soldier Sam! Look at that Orange Box sitting under the Christmas Tree. What could possibly be in the Orange Box?”

“Why don’t you open the Orange Box up, Sarina. Maybe it has something you are looking for!”

“Ok, Santa. Come over here and check out this Orange Box with me, Soldier Sam!” Sarina was so excited. They opened the Orange Box together.

Look Soldier Sam!” Sarina exclaimed. “It’s the Clue we have been looking for. I just knew we would find something at this Stop on the North Pole Tour!”

### Ridiculous Christmas Sweater

Ridiculous Christmas sweaters are becoming all the rage these days, with “crazy sweater parties” becoming a popular Christmas party alternative. Since it also happens to be quite cold at the north pole, everybody on your team is going to be wearing one of these Christmas creations. Don’t be the odd-one out - deck yourself out in the craziest Christmas sweater imaginable. You can find a great selection of really bad Christmas sweaters at Walmart.

What a Great North Pole Tour you took me and Soldier Sam on, Santa. Now we have the clue to solve your mystery!” Sarina was so happy.

“Yes Sarina” Santa appreciated Sarina’s Smart Detective Work. Merry Christmas to you and Soldier Sam from all of us at the North Pole!”

## MYSTERY

You can only watch in disbelief as the work-place prank you had planned turned to chaos. It wasn’t a Holiday Party, people had to explain their jobs to a new boss that knew nothing about the company.

'Well, I remember,' said Sarina, '--because I was there when Soldier Sam had that Christmas Frosting Hole dug. He was out there on the back lot at nine o'clock

in the morning Soldier Sam teamed up with a gang of Elves to dig the hole and four cameras. He called you up from a field telephone and told you to go to the costumer and get into an elf suit. Now you remember?' asked Sarina.

'I don't load my mind with details, the Reindeer responded.

'You called up that they didn't have one to fit you and Soldier Sam told you to shut up and get into one anyhow. When you got out to the back lot you were sore as hell because your suit didn't fit.'

The Reindeer smiled charmingly.

'You have a most remarkable memory, Sarina Are you sure you have the right picture--and the right actor?' he asked.

'Am I!' exclaimed Sarina. 'I can see you right now. Only you didn't have much time to complain about that elves uniform because that wasn't Soldier Sam’s plan.

Soldier Sam always thought you were the toughest ham in the North Pole to get anything natural out of--and he had a scheme.

Soldier Sam was going to get the heart of the Christmas picture shot by noon--before you even knew you were acting. He turned you around and shoved you down into that Frosting hole on your backside, and yelled "Camera".'

'That's a lie,' said The Reindeer. 'I got down by myself.'

'Then why did you start yelling?' demanded Sarina. 'I can still hear you: "Hey, what's the idea! Is this some---- workplace prank? You get me out of here or I'll walk out on you!"

'--and all the time you were trying to claw your way up the side of that Frosting pit, so damn mad you couldn't see. You'd almost get up and then you'd slide back and lie there with your face working--till finally you began to get really worked up and all this time Soldier Sam had four cameras on you.

After about twenty minutes you gave up and just sat there, out of wind. Soldier Sam took a hundred feet of reel to record that and then he had a couple of prop men pull you out.'

So you had no right to file that false action claim against Soldier Sam. All you reindeer should be upset with yourselves for overtaking Soldier Sam and putting him in that studio lot holding cell.

Santa had arrived in the Christmas squad car. He stood in the doorway against the lamp of the Main Steet

'What you got here, Sarina? Someone who sampled too much Bourbon today?' asked Santa.

Sarina walked over to the holding cell, unlocked it and beckoned Soldier Sam to come out. Soldier Sam blinked a moment--then his eyes fell on the reindeer and he shook his finger at him.

'So you see I do know the whole story about you,' Sarina said. 'Soldier Sam cut that piece of film and titled it so you were supposed to be a race car driver who was being forced to serve as a Christmas Eve Sleigh puller.

You wanted to climb out and get at Soldier Sam in revenge, but Frosting all around and the Frosting kept knocking you back in.' added Sarina.

'What's it about?' demanded Santa.

'I want to prove I know this guy's business,' said Sarina. 'Soldier Sam said the best moment in the picture was when the reindeer was yelling "I've already gotten the Gig with Santa on Christmas Eve!"

Soldier Sam titled it "Rough Transition to North Pole Career"

'You've got here "Collision with Bourbon",' said Santa looking at the blotter. 'Let's take these guys down to the precinct and give them the test.'

'Look here now,' said the Reindeer with his flashing smile, 'my name's Randy the Reindeer.. You can't hold my crew in county."

The Santa remembered the name and the face but he was not especially impressed because the North Pole was full of reindeer with bad attitudes- Comet, Dancer and Dasher, and all the rest.

All the reindeer failed that drinking test in the field, so they got into the squad car at the gate

After the test the reindeer were held at the station house until Rudolph could arrange bail.

Sarina was all ready to go but her car would not run, so Santa offered to drive her home.

'Where do you want to go, Sarina?' Santa asked as they started off.

Let's just drive around listening to Christmas Music for the night. When a friend of mine wakes up I'll touch her for a couple of bucks and go to the Best North Pole Hotel Conference.'

'Well now,' said Santa, 'I got a couple of bucks that aren't working.'

The great mansions of Los Angeles slid by and Sarina waved her hand at them in salute.

'Last Christmas was nice,'" Sarina said, 'I like to be able to drop into some of those houses day or night. And Sunday mornings for football--'

'Is that all true you said in the station,' Santa asked, '--about how they put that unlucky reindeer in the Frosting Pit?'

'Sure, it is,' said Sarina. 'That guy needn't have been so upstage. He's just a reindeer like all the rest.'

## INTRO

"Yes, I know all about the World Series Ring Ghost!" Angels Mascot said, as Sarina and Soldier Sam continued their trek to the Haunted House...

"I'll tell you an experience if you care to listen. And, what's more, I'll tell it briefly, without trimmings—I mean without unessentials. That's a thing with story-tellers these days, they never do, you know," Angels Mascot laughed.

"They drag in all the unessentials and leave their listeners to disadvantage; but I'll give you just the essentials, and you can make of it what you please.

But on one condition: that at the end you ask no questions, because I can't explain it and have no wish to."

Sarina and Soldier Sam agreed. We were serious. We wanted to know everything about the World Series Ring Ghost. After hearing countless stories from Angels Fans who merely wished to "talk" but had nothing to show for it, we wanted "essentials."

"In those days," Angels Mascot began, feeling from the quality of our silence that we were with him on the journey, "in those days I was interested in sports things, and had arranged to get set up in a Haunted House in the middle of Angels Stadium..."

Sarina and Soldier Sam would end up with Love for the trick or treating experience at Angels Stadium..

Sarina and Soldier Sam go out every Halloween, rain or shine, and carry a huge, industrial bag to stash all their treats.

On one such trip, Sarina was going to Haunted Houses all night with Soldier Sam and the weather was, to say the least, not cooperating.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were all dressed up for the Halloween occasion with ponchos to cover them from the rain. Suddenly, the weather cleared as if by Magic so Sarina and Soldier Sam would get the most out of their Halloween experience!!

This is the Story of that Halloween Night...

PART 8

Sarina was ready for anything at Angels Stadium Haunted House on Halloween.

"I can assure you," said Sarina, "that it will take a very tangible ghost to frighten me." And she stood up before the Haunted Baseball Swarm with the Baseball Bat in her hands.

"It is your own choosing," said Soldier Sam and nodded his approval.

"I've been working for the Angels several years," said Sarina, "I have been all over this stadium, and never a ghost have I seen as yet."

Sarina sat staring hard into the Haunted Baseball Swarm, her eyes wide open. "For Sure," she broke in; "Years I've been around baseballs and never seen the likes of this!

There's a many things to see, Sarina swayed her head slowly from side to side. "A many things to see."

Sarina suspected the baseballs were trying to enhance the Angels Stadium Haunted House by their droning insistence.

Sarina put down her empty bottle of Bourbon, looked about the scene, and caught a glimpse of Soldier Sam, abbreviated and broadened to an impossible sturdiness, in Angels Stadium mirrors at the end of the hallway.

"Well," Sarina said, "if I see anything on this Halloween Night, I will be so much the wiser. For I come to the business ready for action!"

"It's your own choosing," said Soldier Sam once more.

Sarina heard a step on the flags in the passage outside, and the door creaked on its hinges as they entered the scene. Soldier Sam made straight for cover and gave a short glance; but Sarina took no notice and remained with her eyes fixed steadily on the baseball Swarm.

"I said--it's your own choosing," said Soldier Sam when the surprise was dealt with.

"It's my own choosing," Sarina answered.

Soldier Sam became aware of Sarina's presence for the first time, and threw his head back for a moment and sideways, to see her. Sarina caught a momentary glimpse of his eyes, small and bright and inflamed.

"Why don't you drink?" said Soldier Sam, pushing a bottle of Bourbon towards Sarina and poured out a glassful with a shaky hand that splashed half as much again on the deal table.

A monstrous shadow crouched upon the wall and mocked action as he poured and drank.

"There's a flashlight here," said Soldier Sam looking at Sarina as he addressed her. "But if you go to the Most Haunted Room tonight----"

"This night of all Halloween Nights!" said Sarina.

"I'm going with you" Soldier Sam promised.

"Very well," Sarina answered. "And which way do we go?"

"You go along the passage for a bit, until you come to a door, and through that is a spiral staircase, and halfway up is a landing and another door painted in Angels colors. Go through that and down the long corridor to the end, and the Haunted Room is right up the steps."

"Have I got that right?" Sarina asked and Soldier Sam repeated his directions.

"And are you really going?" asked Solider Sam, looking at Sarina again questioningly.

## PART 8

Sarina and Soldier Sam could not believe their eyes. There in front of them was World Series Ring Ghost.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were getting closer and closer to the Finale of the Angels Stadium Haunted House. They were about to meet World Series Ring Ghost!

The Haunted Stadium was just Sarina, Soldier Sam and World Series Ring Ghost—the floor above was untenanted and the floor below empty. World Series Ring Ghost was alone in an unoccupied and Haunted stadium, unprotected.

"World Series Ring Ghost's voice and his words ran through Soldier Sam like a shockwave, and he felt ready to drop.

"So Sarina and Solider Sam" World Series Ring Ghost addressed them "Now I must confess my heart began to ache a little, as fear left me." World Series Ring Ghost's words sank their sad meaning into Sarina. Still, the whole affair was so incredible.

"I have had a tough life, Sarina and Soldier Sam" explained World Series Ring Ghost. It's no wonder I feel like a Ghost."

Sarina chilled. She heard the wind round the Haunted House, and knew the stars were hidden. Her thoughts rushed to the Angels Team, Fans and Yes, even to Soldier Sam. Sarina thought about everything that was useful and comforting back in Los Angeles outside of Angels Stadium

Soldier Sam suddenly realized what a fool he was to come to the Angels Stadium Haunted House. Soldier Sam was afraid and felt like ice.

Soldier Sam thought the end of tenure with the Angels had come. He was a complete fool to go into Angels Stadium when had not the necessary nerve to visit the Haunted House.

A Symbol of Achievement touched so the quality of the devil, and the story of the Representation of the Greatest World Series Ring in all of the Wide World of Sports had come to investigate had so obviously nothing to do with this thing.

It manifested in a kind of wild dream that seemed likely to stop at any moment and leave somewhere after a nightmare.

Let's get in this taxi, Sarina and Soldier Sam: World Series Ring Ghost instructed. Now it is my mission to drives you to your Launch Pad

World Series Ring Ghost had left the windows of the taxi alone with its hands stretched out towards Soldier Sam, and the first signs of a kind of glory showed about his station.

It was going to be an eventful trip to the Launch Pad. Sarina and Soldier Sam had some unfinished business with World Series Ring Ghost. There would be no more identification as a Ghost. It was time for the World Series Ring to serve its purpose.

A series of shocks ran all over and all through Soldier Sam like a momentary flaming sweetness and wonder thrilled down into him, his heart gave another great leap—and the Taxi was ready to go.

Sarina wanted to be clear. "There is neither Ghost of World Series Ring nor Ghost of Battles Won and Battles Lost in that stadium, there is no Ghost there at all.

"You are not a Ghost, World Series Ring" explained Sarina. "Just a misunderstood Soul."

"The worst of all the things that haunt someone Like World Series Ring Ghost," said Soldier Sam; "and that is, in all its Reality--Fear that will not have light nor sound, that will not bear with reason, that deafens and darkens and overwhelms.

## LAST DAY ON EARTH

"Soldier Sam, I wish you'd fix up this Kitchen every once in a while. This one isn't working," Sarina was frustrated.

"What's wrong with it?" Solider Sam asked.

"I don't know."

"Well, then."

"I just want you to look at it, is all, or call a maintenance guy in to look at it."

"What would he find?" Solider Sam didn't like where this conversation was going.

"You know very well what he'd find." Sarina paused in the middle of the kitchen and watched the stove busy humming to itself, making supper.

"It's just that the Kitchen is different now than it was." Sarina continued.

"All right, let's have a look, Soldier Sam agreed.

He walked over and opened the Freezer.

Solider Sam's approach threw off a switch somewhere and the Kitchen light flicked.

The light kept going on and off like it was on autopilot.

"Well, there is something wrong with the Kitchen you found, Solider Sam. Nice Work."

"The Freezer is completely empty. That's a Problem." Soldier Sam observed.

"But nothing's ever good enough for you, Solider Sam" Sarina said. You could at least make yourself useful during the day.

The Freezer was empty as the Staples Center when the Lakers were getting blown out in the 4th Quarter.

"The autopilot must have forgotten to go grocery shopping," Sarina was getting sarcastic.

Now, as Sarina and Solider Sam stood in the center of the Kitchen, Solider Sam had an bright idea.

"Let's order a Pizza and get it delivered," he said. "This freezer is pretty empty and it's your fault you didn't stop by the Market on your way home from Rams Practice."

"But you haven't been doing anything all day except playing on your phone, Sarina shot back.

Solider Sam didn't say anything.

"You're so Lazy," Sarina complained.

Solider Sam put his hand up to shield off the criticism.

"If you only knew the shit I have to deal with on my phone" Solider Sam replied.

"Are you serious?" Sarina sounded peculiarly tense.

"Yeah, I'm always late for meetings because I am constantly scrambling to figure out what they are going to be talking about. Always Late. It's not fun."

"I bet there's nothing on your phone anyways. No one is paying attention to your Reports." Sarina started to throw punches.

The only thing I ever see that you write down is material for your Comic Books." Sarina continued.

"Let's get back to talking about the Kitchen, Sarina. I'm hungry." Solider Sam tried to redirect the conversation.

Soldier Sam was filled with admiration for whoever invented Dinner Delivery. A miracle for a reasonable price. They should figure out how to cook every kind of food that we just get delivered by calling one number, like 1-800-FOOD-4-ME

Every home should have that on Speed Dial so we wouldn't always have to eat Pasteles", Suggested Solider Sam.

Oh, really Solider Sam? Are we going to walk down that road tonight? Sarina was upset.

I want Dinner to taste like a quick jaunt to any place in the world as a change of scenery. Instead of flying to the Bronx Caribbean every night, said Solider Sam.

Well, there it was! Sarina and Solider Sam were fighting their way through an argument again.

And here came the Lions now, tempers flaring and so startlingly real you felt like you were being punished by a Roman Ruler in the Coliseum.

The Lions stood looking at Sarina and Solider Sam like they were hungry too.

"Watch out, Solider Sam!" screamed Sarina.

The lions came running at them. Sarina bolted and ran for the Patio. Instinctively, Soldier Sam followed after her.

Outside on the Patio, with the door slammed they both looked at the other's reaction.

"Solider Sam!", Sarina exclaimed. "Let's stop fighting right now!"

"Sarina! I just got bitched out by the entire Pentagon today. I'm pretty stressed.

"They almost got us, Solider Sam!" Sarina was relieved it was that simple of a problem to fix.

"Here Soldier Sam. Now that we're standing out on the Patio I got you a pack of cigarettes on my way home. But I didn't have time to stop at the Grocery Store. So we still have that problem we were arguing about in the house."

Sarina didn't like fighting at all. Neither did Soldier Sam.

Here's your pack of Cigarettes. I bet running the business was rough today if you say it was." Sarina was being the bigger person.

Solider Sam checked the patio door.

"It's got to be locked with all this smoke." Sarina reminded him "That's all there is to it."

"All right." Reluctantly Soldier Sam locked the Patio door.

"You've been working too hard, Solider Sam. You need a rest." Sarina just wanted the argument to end.

"Actually, maybe I don't have enough to do. Maybe I have time to think too much." Soldier Sam offered. "Why don't we shut the whole house off for a few days and take a vacation?"

"You mean you want to go somewhere? Are You Serious?" Sarina asked.

"I guess", offered Solider Sam.

"But I thought that's why we got this house, so we wouldn't have to go anywhere." Sarina said.

"I suppose I have been smoking too much. Sometimes I don't know what to do with myself in this house when you are gone. I smoke a little more every morning and drink a little more every afternoon. I need something else to

do.”

"Oh, Solider Sam!" She looked beyond him, though the door. "Those lions can't get out of there, can they?"

He looked at the door. "Of course not," he said. "You have your phone in your pocket don't you? Let's just have dinner delivered to the Patio."

"But I forgot the number." Soldier Sam admitted.

## STARSHIP ADVENTURE

Valentine's Day Countdown!!

### PART 8

"We Got Distracted in Space on Our Valentines Starship"

As the Captain of this Starship, Sarina was getting tired of the seemingly endless journey through the void of space. This mission has been the only hope for Orange Fans to hold on to their dreams of once again, Filling Orange Stadium for Hockey Games like they had done so many times before on Earth before it was destroyed by explosion of the Sun.

Soldier Sam convened a summit on Valentine's Day where you ask your lead engineers if there is any way to get to your destination faster. All nearby planets within the range and speed of the Starship have been scouted and found to be unsuitable for Orange Games.

Sarina required a new strategy to increase the power of your Starship to find a new home for Orange Hockey. After years of research and experimentation, the engineers report that they have found a way to increase engine efficiency, and you order your engineering team to immediately begin implementing this new design.

Soldier Sam is a Starship mechanic in charge of implementing the discovery of your engineers. Everyone else on the ship lacks the knowhow Soldier Sam has developed in a lifetime of Space Adventures, missions that he had experienced even while Orange Fans were still on Earth.

Your Starship has maintained adequate resource production for a long time and on Valentine's Day it is extra important to find out the cause of something breaking down and production is slowing drastically.

On the surface of most planets, it would depend on how far away your enemy was – there's no way to get exact numbers because it would depend on the sensitivity of the sensors to electromagnetic flux, but consider that many chemicals produce an EM spectrum very similar to that of industrial activity on planets that could hide a smaller colony unless a ship got quite close relative to the resolution of their sensors.

Carbon Planets would be a good bet assuming you didn't vent phenomenal quantity of Oxygen into the atmosphere. You mentioned terrestrial planets with a large amount of volcanic activity. Not a good idea to bet on it, as terrestrial planets would be a priority in a hunt, because they tend to be ideal for life to evolve.

Orange Mascot has a Valentine's Day plan, one in which Sarina and Soldier Sam need to locate a Hiding Place in the Galaxy to find a missing part to the Space Ship so Orange Fans can witness a Hockey game, at least once Sarina and Soldier Sam learn how to split command.

Orange Mascot may be involved with a Hide-and-Seek plot to render your Starship unable to reach more planets with the potential to host Orange Hockey Games. To avoid panic, you've told this information only to those Orange Fans who govern the ship as crew members and you are now tasked with fixing what's broken in time to save the Starship and determine if Orange Mascot is plotting against you.

**We started up our Starship and started having a conversation about how much Space Traffic there was on Valentine's Day.**

Sarina revved the Starship engines towards the direction the Valentine Orange Compass in the Direction of the New Planet. Once at the destination, Solider Sam proposed they jump off the Starship onto the Planet's Terrain. Then continue to follow the compass for the exact location of Orange Mascot.

Orange Mascot had for sure found a good hiding place for our Starship Part and we set due course to find it. We had at our disposal many navigation instruments and talked about the scenery in outer space.

Soldier Sam accompanied Sarina on the Hide-and-Seek adventure in more than just spirit. Soldier Sam's Title was "Chief Engineer of Future Orange Hockey. Soldier Sam can be found within several levels investigating the happenings of the Universe.

In most cases, playing Hide-and-Seek with Orange Mascot is out of the way of the main objectives. Scouring inter-planetary levels is a must for those interested in tracking him down. Sarina and Soldier Sam were up to the challenge!

The Dream of Sarina and Soldier Sam finding a New Orange Planet is the Valentine's Day world of adventure and offers substantial challenges to those interested in testing the skills they've have trained on over the course of the campaign. With several stages requiring substantial skill, it's a test created with the most astute Galactic Players in mind.

Once Soldier Sam decided to light all 14 Ray Gun Blasters on Shipwreck Bay with the Flame of Valentine's Day, Sarina decided to head to the center of the island Planet where you'll find a Magic Portal to another Galaxy. Inside the new Portal is the Spinning anti-gravity magnet you need to light to complete this Valentine's Day Mission.

It was just the sort of thing that could provide for a distraction from Sarina and Soldier Sam's Valentine's Day Mission to find the missing Starship Part Orange Mascot had so deviously hidden from them.

Sarina became distracted and bumped into Warp Speed and her Orange Spacesuit had activated the Plasma Heater. It was getting cold in the Universe on Valentine's Day.

Soldier Sam was even more distracted from their Hide-and-Seek mission than Sarina was and he was feeling the Galaxy Pulse in his inner core..

The bold and courageous Sarina felt like giving up, but a mind reminiscent of the most Lovely Spell of all of her Valentine's Days with Soldier Sam combined soon infused the lifeline the Starship would need to summon.

Sarina was knocking on the Engine Room Door for Soldier Sam in a desperate move, while all the Orange Fans were waiting outside. Soldier Sam opened the door and clutched Sarina's hand tight.

Sarina and Soldier Sam entered the Control Pad room and thought the Path to find Orange Mascot was free and clear, but suddenly off in the distance was a Star exploding into Orange Hearts.

How in the World could Sarina and Soldier Sam not be distracted by such a beautiful sight?

Then Sarina and Soldier Sam noticed another Starship fleeing the Planet. Of course, it scared the living daylights out of us and it was not possible to turn away.

Sarina manoeuvred the Starship around on a dime and headed towards the Orange Hearts in a totally different trajectory than the course they had set to find Orange Mascot and the mission Starship Part.

It was just at that moment when the doors to the Radar Beacon Activation Station swung wide open and Sarina was looking right at it. Sarina hit up Soldier Sam with instructions to Set the Beam on the Straight and Narrow and Leave this distraction behind once and for all.

Everything fell out of the door and Soldier Sam took off in the other direction. We called Orange Mascot to come out and show them the part, but Orange Mascot decided to drag this game of Hide-and-Seek out just a bit longer.

What happened next to Sarina and Soldier Sam on that Valentine's Day defied all and any explanation. We put the Radar Gun back with the rest of them, back in the engine room.

Right on their trajectory was the biggest Virtual Reality Portal they had ever seen in their time together!!

Sarin and Soldier Sam swore to never get distracted again and never mind the Exploding Star of Hearts again, at least until they had located Orange Mascot. Once that mission is completed Sarina and Soldier Sam could gaze at them again.

Empty space is a great option for Orange Mascot to hide in! Actually multiple points in empty space. Move around every year or so to random points in the space between stars where nobody has any reason to be since space is really big and really empty and you can't be found. Why? At the speed of light it will take years for the light from your fleet to reach the nearest star (and heat is light). By that time you'll have moved to the next random spot.

Remember there are 14,000,000,000 planets in the Milky Way, so searching each on a closest first basis could still take millions of years, assuming you travel with instant acceleration and deceleration. So by extension of that logic, Any planet you wouldn't expect to find life, perhaps the atmosphere of a gas giant - It might be hard to get materials there.

**Sarina and Soldier Sam found Orange Mascot's hiding spot and Located their Valentine Prize.**

It was the Plasma Wave Detectors!!

Plasma wave detectors typically measure the electrostatic and electromagnetic components of plasma waves in three dimensions. The instrument functions like a radio receiver sensitive to the wavelengths of plasma in the solar wind from about 14 Hz to about 140 kHz.

When within a planet's magnetosphere, it can be used to detect atmospheric lightning and events when dust particles strike the spacecraft. The Voyagers' plasma wave data has produced sound recordings of the particle hits the spacecraft experienced passing through the ring planes of the outer planets.

Orange Mascot gave Sarina and Soldier Sam the instruction manuals and described the Fix.

"The plasma link is offline. You need to eject the tritonic globe drive plates." Instructed Orange Mascot.

Suddenly an idea popped into Sarina's mind, and she let Soldier Sam know what the notion was right away.

In no time Sarina swiftly crawled the Starship up the tallest point in the Galaxy and the sight was so Spectacular and it was right in their sight. "Look! Soldier Sam! Orange Mascot Look!" Sarina screamed.

"What is it?", Soldier Sam asked. Looking out of the Largest Warp Window on the Starship he saw the same Orange Hearts they had been distracted by Plastered all over the front of the Starship!

"I've never seen such a spectacular sight was this!" Sarina exclaimed. "Why, HOW?!"

Orange Mascot turned to Sarina and tried to offer his best explanation.

"It's obvious Sarina, such a gigantic mass of traversing Orange Hearts could only be the Magic of Cupid on this very special Valentine's Day!"

"Whatever you say, Orange Mascot?!" jumped in Soldier Sam. "I'm so relieved", Now some of the Valentine's Day pressure is off me. I was beginning to worry some about that. Many thanks, Cupid!"

We must not venture near that exploding Planet again, Soldier Sam, or that explosion will be on our next stop!", Sarina exclaimed as she observed Orange Mascot glancing at his watch.

"Time for what, Orange Mascot" Soldier Sam asked.

“It’s time for you and Soldier Sam to prove the Unmatched Magic of Valentine’s Day. Don’t you think?” responded Orange Mascot.

Later that night, Sarina and Soldier Sam would celebrate Valentine’s Day over a Bottle of Bourbon and give thanks to the Stars for letting them witness such a spectacular sight as the Orange Hearts.

It was so nice to spend Valentine’s Day with you, Soldier Sam” Sarina exclaimed.

“Same, Sarina” responded Soldier Sam. “It was a great Valentines Adventure that I would do again in a Heartbeat even though it was quite a bit of Work.”

The Prospects for finding a Planet suitable for Orange Hockey were now Better than Ever!!

## PART 8

The Starship hull shuddered hard enough that Sarina thought it would drive her brain crazy. Sarina grabbed the rail. “Open 12,” she said. “Give them a fighting chance to make the pods. There’s no more time.”

The Radio Cracked. Sarina and Soldier Sam both heard the noise.

“Rams Mascot is that YOU?!!” Sarina was shocked.

“Wait, Rams Mascot, I can’t hear you. Speak up!” Sarina shouted.

“Rams Mascot we have a bad connection. Hold on while Soldier Sam and I fix the ship so we can hear you. Sit Tight! Don’t Go anywhere, We will reestablish the connection,” Sarina Promised.

“Fifty percent evacuated,” Soldier Sam reported.

“Oh, no,” Sarina thought, transfixed in her space.

Soldier Sam shouted. “Second wave of pods—”

All the lights went out with a tremendous rush of wind.

There was darkness and silence, but it wasn’t the silence of the void. Around Sarina, she could hear all the noise.

And then the lights snapped back on—ordinary, pleasant full-spectrum light, and not the yellowish emergency lights.

Sarina blinked, half-blinded, and shaded her eyes until they adjusted. When she lifted her head, Soldier Sam was standing by the sealed door, his hand on a panel housing a perfectly ordinary light switch. The air was sweet and clean, no hint of smoke.

“Congratulations,” Sarina said. “You passed.”

Sarina sat across the console table from Soldier Sam, who smiled smartly. Sarina tried not to be furious with Soldier Sam. She was only doing her job.

. Despite that, Soldier Sam pulled it together and did what had to be done in the end. In no small part due to example.

Sarina was pretty upset, but showing that wouldn't be professional. Sarina had Bourbon, at least, and drank some. "I'm so damned sorry that I let everyone down." Sarina admitted.

Soldier Sam looked up surprised at Sarina over his own Bourbon bottle. "What makes you say that?"

"Maybe I could have done better." responded Sarina.

"The crew is real," Soldier Sam reminded her. "It's just the disaster that was imaginary. And—imagine—you saved all the Rams Fans"

"You know there's no such thing as perfection" Sarina said. "It's within parameters for the situation, however."

"Where are You, Rams Mascot?" Sarina shouted into the radio receiver.

Rams Mascots voice came through loud and clear.

"WHERE ARE YOU, RAMS MASCOT?" Sarina wanted to know as soon as possible. "Can the Planet's Terrain and Atmosphere support Rams Football"

"I'm on Planet PERSEI! Check it out, Sarina!"

Planet's Gravity field suggests it never got warm enough to differentiate into a rocky core and icy mantle, remaining instead a primitive mixture of ice and rock all the way down.

"Sounds perfect for Rams Football" exclaimed Sarina.

'Hey Sarina' Rams Mascot voice was excited too. 'I think it's Great too," agreed Rams Mascot?'

Actually to have interfered with the shooting of Rams Mascot's position on Planet X was somehow a big deal, compared to which expensive exploits of Soldier Sam on the part of Rams Fans going comparatively unpunished.

Soldier Sam brought Rams Mascot with difficulty into focus, turning the camera first on one side then on the other, letting it sink, snap up and then lash forward to capture the best image taking a candid snapshot. Evidently it recorded what Rams Mascot had said.

On the other hand, zero hour for the Starship was coming soon, and Rams Mascot seemed positively the last resource and a stretch of one at that.

'Rams Mascot! Sit down and what will you have to drink? Soldier Sam, this is Rams Mascot--best Mascot in the NFL.. Are you hearing this Soldier Sam?'

Rams Mascot sat down, amid suspicious looks from Soldier Sam's eyes. Was Rams Mascot an old friend sent to get Rams Football a home?

Rams Mascot saw this and waited for a moment until he found Sarina at the monitor.

We are coming to Rams Planet, Rams Mascot! But we have to make 2 Stops.

First we are going to Planet X for some Upgrades to our Starship since we expect to Drift for Long Time to land on Rams Moon.

Then New Starship Upgrades for Big Fight to get from the Moon to Rams Stadium.

We are going to make a day of it on Planet X while our ship gets fixed. It will be an Adventure!! Then we will go on a Day Trip on Your Rams Moon too.

“Look, Solder Sam!” Planet X is fast approaching “ said Sarina. Prepare for landing!!”

The air pressure increases, and Soldier Sam was complaining about the lower pressure his has adjusted to. Now, the extra pressure pushes his eardrums inward.

## PLANET X ADVENTURE

Sarina was excited to finally see the Thanksgiving Day House she was so curious about. And Soldier Sam fumbled in his pocket for the key.

Sarina drew up close behind him, prepared to lose no chance of entrance, and saw in the little circle of light shed by the lantern that the door was heavily studded with iron nails, like the door of a prison.

In another minute Solder Sam had turned the key and Sarina had pushed past him into the house.

"That's for you," said Soldier Sam, with a grin. "Rams Mascot's room is right over there."

Soldier Sam pointed to a door painted in the same Rams colors as the outside of the house. Soldier Sam set Sarina in motion.

Sarina crossed over, rapped somewhat loudly on the door, and went in, without waiting for an invitation. Rams Mascot rose from a table covered with Rams football memorabilia and Game Tapes, along with notebooks full of plays.

Rams Mascot confronted Sarina sternly.

"Who are you?" said Rams Mascot "How came you here? What do you want?"

"Sarina, Rams Team Reporter. On foot across the island. Just a chance to rest for a moment and drink a little Bourbon. That is all' Sarina answered.

"We have to get out and continue on our journey to the Ship Dock and find some Thanksgiving Food Supply. All we have found so far on the way here were some Nuts'" Sarina explained.

Rams Mascot bent his eyebrows into an intimidating frown.

"Mine is not a house of entertainment," Rams Mascot said, squarely. "Soldier Sam, how dared you admit this stranger?"

"I didn't admit her," grumbled Soldier Sam. "She followed me on my walk over from the Repair Shop , and shouldered her way in before me.

"I'm no match for a beautiful woman like Sarina" Soldier Sam continued.. "It's a weakness of mine. I pour My Heart out to her, and she does with it what she pleases!"

"And tell me, by what right have you forced an entrance into my house, Sarina?" Rams Mascot demanded.

"The same by which I should have clung to a boat, if I were drowning. The right of self-preservation." Replied Sarina. "This Bottle of Bourbon is almost empty, See?"

"Your own self interest? In a Bourbon Bottle?" asked Rams Mascot.

"All we have found in our quest for Thanksgiving Dinner on the ground so far is Nuts," Sarina replied, briefly; "hardy sufficient for a Holiday Meal Celebration"

Rams Mascot strode to the window, pulled aside a heavy curtain, again the Teams' Colors and looked out.

"Well, I guess you can take a break here," Rams Mascot said. "You can stay, if you choose, for a few hours before you two head on your way for Thanksgiving Dinner. Soldier Sam, serve the Bourbon Drinks."

With this Rams Mascot waved Sarina to a seat, resumed his football activities, and became at once again absorbed in the Rams Football Studies from which Sarina had disturbed him.

Sarina placed her coat and hat in a corner, drew a chair to the hearth, and examined her quarters at leisure.

Sarina stared about with an amazement increased by every fresh object upon which her eyes chanced to rest. So strange a room Sarina had never seen; yet seemed it stranger still, to find such a room on Magic Island.

Over and over again, Sarina looked from her host to his surroundings, all football related, and from his surroundings back to her host, asking herself who and what he could be?

While Sarina was yet observing Rams Mascot the door opened, and Soldier Sam brought in the drinks. Rams Mascot then closed his book, rose, and with more courtesy of manner than he had yet shown, invited Sarina to the table.

Soldier Sam opened up the Bag of Nuts he and Sarina had collected and placed them in little Party Dishes On the Table.

"We might as well snack on these Nuts to make the Bourbon settle a bit. We might have to wait a bit for our Thanksgiving Dinner; that is, if we are lucky enough to find it today." Soldier Sam said.

"I have but the basic run-of-the-mill Bourbon to offer you, Sarina," said her entertainer. "Your appetite, I trust, will make up for the deficiencies,

Sarina had already made herself at home, at the Rams Mascot House and thanked Rams Mascot, saying that she had never tasted anything so delicious, except at your Local Los Angeles Burger King Restaurant.

Rams Mascot bowed in courtesy, and sat down to share those Nuts, which along with the Bourbon were the only supplies to be found there.

Sarina carried on her Thanksgiving Day business in silence, and, when everyone had finished snacking, Soldier Sam removed the tray. Sarina then drew her chair back to the fireside.

Rams Mascot, somewhat to Sarina's surprise, did the same, and turning abruptly towards her, started to brief her on his Life so far.

"Sarina, I have lived here on Magic Island in the Rams offseason for almost two decades. During that time, I have not seen as many strange faces, and I have not read a single newspaper" Rams Mascot began to explain.

"You are the first stranger who has crossed my threshold for several years. Will you favour me with a few words of information respecting that outer world outside of Rams Stadium that I have parted company with so long?" Rams Mascot asked.

"Go Ahead and Fire," Sarina replied. "I am at your service."

Rams Mascot caught Sarina's eyes in acknowledgment; leaned forward, with his elbows resting on his knees and his chin supported in the palms of his hands; stared fixedly into the fire; and proceeded to question Sarina.

Rams Mascot spoke with bitterness, and, having said this, relapsed for some minutes into silence. Presently he raised his head from his hands, and added, with a different voice and manner,

"I, Sarina, paused, investigated, believed, and was not afraid to state my convictions to the world. I, too, was branded as a visionary, held up to ridicule by my contemporaries, and hooted from that 5 sided Pentagon in which I had laboured with honour during all the best years of my life.

"These things happened a long time ago," continued Rams Mascot. Since then, I have lived as you see me living now, and the world has forgotten me, as I have forgotten the world. You have my history."

"It is a very interesting one," Sarina murmured, scarcely knowing what to answer.

"It is a very common one," Rams Mascot replied. "I have only suffered for the truth, as many a better and wiser man has suffered before me."

Rams Mascot rose, as if desirous of ending the conversation, and went into the kitchen.

"I don't have much to offer, but I do have this Frozen Turkey in the freezer I can put in a paper bag, so then it will be a bit easier on you two cause you will just have to come up with the fixins."

"Oh, Look!" Rams Mascot was surprised. "I had forgotten, There is a Pumpkin Pie too. So you can have that as well if you want."

"Oh, Thank You, Rams Mascot. That is such a generous and kind action!" Sarina was delighted.

"Look, Soldier Sam!" Sarina exclaimed, starting eagerly to her feet. "Oh, will you look at what Rams Mascot made possible for us tonight. What A Treat!"

"Even if we don't find anything else when we make out way across to the Dock, We will not be hungry tonight. What a relief" Sarina gave thanks.

"At the Ship Dock," Rams Mascot echoed, thoughtfully. "Yes, the distance, it

is true, but--are you so very motivated to spend the next hours to get there?"

"Yes, so very, very motivated, that I would just give away Rams Tickets for next season, lets hope there is one, to anyone at this moment for a chance to have Thanksgiving dinner at the Dock."

"Your wish can be gratified with a surprise too,," said Rams Mascot, smiling.

"I have inside information that a Special Ship will be docking there soon, a Ship full of Mystery.

If Soldier Sam were to go with you to meet the ship, and put you aboard, why, you could find your way to maybe the most exciting Thanksgiving you have ever expected," Rams Mascot suggested

"A unique experience, to be sure." Rams Mascot added.

Rams Mascot smiled again, rang his Bell again with another drink of Bourbon, gave Soldier Sam directions, and, taking yet another bottle of Bourbon from the shelf offered it to the pair as a gift for their company that Holiday.

"The trip over to the Dock could be difficult walking, will this do for the rest of Turkey Day? I have noticed you are stumbling a bit so that probably means you have had plenty already." Rams Mascot observed.

Sarina would have declined the extra liquor, for Rams Mascot was right, she was already feeling a bit toasty, but Rams Mascot pressed it on her so she agreed.

Just for good measure, Sarina took one last stab at the bottle on the table and it seemed like a liquid flame, and almost took her breath away.

"It is strong," Sarina said; "but it will help to keep our spirits up on the Journey. Good night, Rams Mascot!! You're the Best!"

Sarina thanked Rams Mascot for his hospitality, and would have given him a salute but that he had turned away before Sarina could finish her sentence.

In another minute Sarina was out the door. Soldier Sam had locked it behind her, so Sarina and Soldier Sam were out on their way to discover what would be in front of them at the Dock.

Soldier Sam, less prepared than he should have been for his mission, given the sheer mass of Bourbon he and Sarina had consumed that day, shambled on before in silence, his lantern in his hand, and his shadow at his feet.

Sarina followed, she was glad for the peace and quiet after The Great Thanksgiving Pre-Party she had with so much fun experienced with Soldier Sam.

Sarina's thoughts were full of the wonderful host Rams Mascot was that day. His voice yet rang in her ears like a Bell. Musing thus over what she had heard, and striving to recall a lost link here and there, Sarina strode on at the heels of Soldier Sam, making good progress on the Trail.

Presently--at the end, as it seemed to Sarina, of not so much time walking as she had expected—Soldier Sam came to a sudden halt, and said:

"Here's the road to the Dock. Keep the stone fence to your left hand, and you can't fail of the way."

"The road's a fair road enough," Soldier Sam explained, "for foot passengers; but 'twas over steep and narrow for vehicular traffic. You'll mind where the parapet's broken away, close again the sign-post. It's never been fixed in years.

"Near the sign-post, you say? I will bear it in mind. Let's Do It!" Sarina was feeling Brave.

"This ship is probably docked already" Soldier Sam was thinking about their inability to find any more Supplies for Thanksgiving Day Dinner, and was happy he was carrying the Turkey and Pumpkin Pie Rams Mascot had gifted them, and of course, the enormous sack of nuts.

Sarina and Soldier Sam walked faster. Sarina hummed a fragment of a tune, casting up enormous excitement in her head, having nothing to do with the Ship or the Upcoming Thanksgiving Day Feast

Sarina did her best to dismiss the wild speculations about the docking of the Ship and, to some extent, she succeeded.

There could be no doubt, however, of the fact, for the lights grew larger and brighter every moment, and Sarina even fancied she could already see the dark outline of the Ship ahead It was coming up very fast, and quite noiselessly, as Sarina and Soldier Sam picked up their pace.

Now the Ship was upon them and Sarina, in which might have been the boldest action of her Life, bounded up on to the Ship and motioned to Soldier Sam to bring the Thanksgiving Day Supplies on board.

Sarina attempted to open a conversation.

"How amazing this ship is tonight," Sarina said, addressing the Captain.

The Captain, looked at Sarina, but made no reply.

"The Siege of the Island," Sarina added, "seems to have begun in earnest."

"This ship," Sarina continued, "is clearly in a post-battle condition., I suppose you have brought to this Island to under repair?"

"Yes." said the Captain. We plan to disembark and get this thing to the Shop, but not before we all eat Thanksgiving Dinner. Our Chefs have been working non-stop to prepare a great Thanksgiving Day Feast."

We have all been looking forward to this. Would you and your Friend like to join us on the Ship?" asked the Captain.

"Of course!!" exclaimed Sarina. "That sounds wonderful!"

So Sarina and Soldier Sam sat down at the Thanksgiving Table and gave thanks for each other's company.

The table was shared by many of the ship's company, and not knowing what else to say..

"You're awesome & tasty" said Sarina to the nuts. It had been a beautiful Thanksgiving dinner so far. Sarina's sweet face beamed down the length of the great table. Both Sarina and Solider Sam felt very thankful.

"I wish all the children this side of the Seven Seas had some Turkey, Stuffing, Potatoes with Gravy, Cranberries, Pumpkin Pie, and things," Sarina said quietly. Sarina was always thinking of beautiful things like that.

"And some nuts," Sarina said, setting her beautiful white teeth into the meat of a big fat nut. "It wouldn't seem like Thanksgiving without nuts."

"I know somebody who would be thankful with just nuts," smiled Sarina.

"Indeed, I think I would rather have them for all the courses of my Thanksgiving Day Dinner Today, Sarina said"

"Just nuts! No Turkey, No Fixins, or anything!" Sarina's head bobbed up from her plate and nut pickers in amazement. "Just nuts!"

"Sarina!" laughed Solider Sam. "Why, of course! Sarina! She would rather have just nuts for her Thanksgiving Dinner this time."

"I wish Sarina had more of my nuts today," Soldier Sam said to no one in particular, but they all laughed heartily, as heartily as they were eating the delicious food the chefs had worked so hard at preparing for everyone. It sure was tasty!!

What a Wonderful Thanksgiving Dinner Sarina and Soldier Sam had that Evening!

"I stuffed plenty in my Face, thank you." It was the satisfied voice of Sarina at her Best. Some nut juice had spilled onto her attire.

Soldier Sam looked at Sarina in surprise, for how did he ever believe this morning that Sarina would have plenty of nuts?

Then Sarina realized something and wanted to tell the world. Everyone at the Table could hear her as clear as a Bell.

"I'm where Solider Sam's nuts went to!" Sarina yelled so everyone on the entire Ship could hear her. "He gave them to Me!"

Everyone at their Thanksgiving Tables throughout the entire Ship imagined correctly what she had done with all of it."

"Yes, that's where," said Sarina, leaning over her plate. And sure enough, it was. They all went into Sarina's nut-hungry mouth!

And Sarina had found the very best ones she was sure, for not one was left when she came back to the table after grabbing some more Bourbon for everyone on that Lucky Ship, now graced with Sarina's presence.

"Why, maybe, this very minute - right now – I've figured out the Ultimate Thanksgiving Day Dinner," Sarina laughed.

"Just as I dreamed about! Maybe I've come to the ultimate nut course - but every time I open my eyes it's just a Load of all nut courses.

And maybe all the rest of the Folks that have been waiting for Solider Sam to join up on the ship—are giving thanks to me for all my hard work," Sarina exclaimed.

Soldier Sam Certainly Was. He knew Sarina was the one and only in the World he would ever want to share Thanksgiving Dinner with. What a Gift Sarina is always, but especially on that Thanksgiving Night!!

## MOON LANDING

Soldier Sam caught Sarina's hand to get some courage. Sarina was so experienced at space journeys, she was sitting conformably and told Soldier Sam to be normal. Soldier Sam tried his best to be normal and within a few

minutes got his confidence back.

There was a problem. Some of the forces on the islands would not be part of the action, and the chairman knew that, if they were left out, they would not likely react positively to their exclusion. As with any raid, if it were to achieve any level of success, detailed planning must be carried out with consideration given to any possible eventualities. Each column had their own responsibilities and targets.

The water was icy, and Sarina reflected immediately that it was colder than she had expected to find it on the coast. This appeared to her dazed mind as a fact important enough to be noted at the time. The cold water was tragic.

When Sarina came to the surface she was conscious of little but the noisy water. Afterward she saw her companion in the sea. Soldier Sam was swimming strongly and rapidly.

There is a certain immovable quality to a shore, and Sarina wondered at it amid the confusion of the sea. The piece of life-preserver lay under her and sometimes she whirled down the incline of a wave as if she was on a handsled.

Our unit would hang out at the closest position to the islands, and lay in wait for the convoy and serve as a navigational beacon for the flank.

Reconnaissance task forces were to rush back to the points and give the officers a chance to review the photographs and maps of gathering Mainland forces that would serve to be crucial for the unit to pull off the objectives set forth by the chairman. All the tactical information was quickly reviewed so there was an up to date view of the targets.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were approaching nearer to shore.

Sarina remained in the grip of this strange new enemy--a current. The shore, with its white slope of sand and its green bluff was spread like a picture impressively before her. It was growing nearer and nearer, for both Sarina and Soldier Sam.

A wave whirled Sarina out of this small, deadly current, for she found suddenly that she could again make progress toward the shore.

Sarina and Soldier Sam dashed inside the base and snuck through the halls. Suddenly, a group of adversaries were coming towards them from all directions!

"In here!" shouted Sarina, and Soldier Sam followed into an office looking room and locked the door.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were frantic trying to think of a plan when Sarina noticed a big orange button that said Code Emergency!

"Should we press it? What do you think it does?" asked Soldier Sam in a Panic. "

"I guess we'll find out!" shouted Sarina as she slammed down the button. Suddenly the space ships intercom began to countdown.

MOON ADVENTURE ACTIVITIES

## PART 1

It all started when Sarina was on holiday and decided to go on an adventure to make the day even better. Sarina was excited to go on a Magical Safari!

So Sarina packed her things and prepared for an adventurous safari. Sarina decided to hire a tour guide to drive her to camp site. It would be a Holiday Sarina would never forget.

The night before the start to a Safari Adventure Experience, a group of pirates landed on the beach at Magic Forest Island, including a tough one named Sarina.

When Sarina's last adventure guarding a bottle of Bourbon was complete, Sarina was celebrated and asked to sign up for a Safari.

Some Pirates went below deck, announcing to Sarina, "Sarina you are going on a Safari Adventure Next. This is your new mission!"

They summoned Sarina and took her from the caverns of the boat.

Sarina's was free once more to seek fun and adventure. And fun and adventure Sarina would find on this Safari Jungle Extravaganza.

Sarina had spent many joyous Pirate Missions with the Pirates on the ship, sharing the wonder of the whole wide world. and the Crew had to land at the Entrance to a Safari Adventure Experience.

But just as all the Pirate Treasure Hype started picking up steam, Sarina is about to find herself head over heels in another adventure..

Sarina was alert as could be and knew she was getting close as she saw herds of zebras grazing. It was Sarina's first sight of animals in the wild. It was the most amazing thing she had ever seen.

When Sarina arrived at the campsite she saw tour-goers jumping up and down as high as any kangaroo. After they did their Safari dance for Sarina she became quite hungry, and the order of the day was rice and a strange meat called bubaduckbie,

it was quite different to any meat Sarina had ever eaten. The rest of the pirates were tired and decided it was time for a nap so Sarina went into their cabin and hopped onto the cot and pretended to sleep. The cot was actually a plank of wood with a table cloth on it. But Sarina didn't care.

All the pirates were so exhausted from their voyage they could have slept anywhere. As Sarina pretended to be dozing off to sleep she just could not stop thinking of what the next day would bring.

Sarina heard the sound of a vicious roar outside the camp. At first she didn't know what it was, but then it was quite obvious, it was a lion. Sarina considered for a moment to stay with her companions and thought she was too scared to go outside. Sarina looked to see if all the others was awake, but they was still sound asleep.

Sarina thought of the small brush fence that surrounded the campsite from the wilderness and her heart started to race. She imagined the lion would jump that fence and decide she was the dinner of the day.

After a while the roar sounded further away, until Sarina couldn't hear it at all. Next, Sarina heard voices chattering, and went outside to see what it was.

The wind had turned the jungle into a Safari wonderland; and as the pirates worked hard to get prepared for the long journey ahead, the wind blowing the sand dunes was getting stronger.

There was one pirate that had no intention of taking a break.

Sarina didn't understand the need to sleep for such a long time.

It was Sarina's first Safari, and instead of just sticking in one space like all the other Pirates she wanted to explore the jungle for the first time by herself.

Sarina was the youngest and smallest Pirates in her group, and the grown up Pirates never let her forget it. She was constantly teased about her size and age.

As the other Pirates prepared to get situated in one spot for the entire next voyage, Sarina stretched her legs and rested next to a jungle tree.

"Are you going to fall asleep before we've even staked out our spots, Sarina?" asked one of the older Pirates.

"Just taking a little break, that's all," said Sarina.

"You haven't been doing much to help out," said another one. "What are you so tired from?"

"I'm not that tired, and if you ask me it's a waste of time to sleep for so long. I would rather be out having fun on a Safari," said Sarina.

"Sarina, even though you're a Pirate try not to be such a problem to be

around,” said the Pirate Boss.. All of Sarina’s compatriots laughed at the big Pirate’s comment.

“Sarina, in order to be rested we need to stick in one spot during this trip,” said the Pirate Boss.

“Yes, Sir” replied Sarina.

Sarina kept to herself for the rest of the evening while the other Pirates prepared to settle down for their long nap. Sarina knew once the other Pirates fell asleep she could leave the gathering spot without being noticed.

And that’s exactly what Sarina did.

After all the other Pirates began to snore, Sarina quietly sneaked out into the jungle for her Safari.

While her fellow pirates slept, all the Safari animals were awake and it was time for breakfast. After breakfast it was time for Sarina’s Safari. First off, Sarina saw warthogs; they were very cheeky, running away with their tails straight up.

Sarina’s mind was clear and the morning calls are carried in the fresh air. It’s like nature is broadcasting in Dolby Digital, and her senses feel almost superhuman.

“This is my personal safari story.” Considered Sarina.

During walking trails leading through the brush Sarina thought how

wonderful it would be to get up every day just before sunrise and take a short stroll near camp.

The birds are tuning their loud instruments for the morning show. Hippos sound their baritone grunts from the coffee pools and monkeys chatter in the Jackalberry trees that branch over the winding River.

Signs of the traveling party that had already moved on are printed in the sand. A herd of elephants that moved past camp; pug marks from the hyenas that wooped outside until 3am; the frightened impalas that skipped by when the lions roared an hour later.

The sand still falls from the cusps of the cat's pug marks, meaning the shy animal passed by only moments before.

There is a reason why senses are sharper and clearer when walking on a Safari.

Scientific studies have shown that time spent on Safaris actually makes everyone who experiences such an adventure more intelligent, more creative, better at solving problems, and also have longer attention spans after walking in the wilderness.

In essence, Sarina was no different to the original nature walkers. And this wilderness is their ancient stomping ground.

The leopard is close, and the skin on the back of Sarina's neck began to tingle.

A predator does not always move silently through the bush. When other creatures become aware of its presence, the thickets begin to reverberate.

The birds, insects, monkeys and other animals all have their way of alarming when there is danger in the area. It's like a natural police unit made up of volunteers from the whole neighbourhood, and if you are tuned into the frequency, you know what to listen and look for.

Monkeys call their croaking alarm from the top of a jackal berry tree; squirrels shriek from the branches, and a bushbuck barks like dogs down by the river.

Sarina's pulse rises. she drew a deep breath, listening. She was aware of the dangers, but could feel the pull of the tracks in the sand.

Sarina tried to visualise her route, to tune into her mental frequency, to become the leopard. She wanted to follow the tracks; to trace the wild course along the spine of this ancient river, past 1000-year-old baobab trees, over open grassland plains, through shallow valleys.

Sarina took another look into the bush, staring deep into the brown to see if she could spot anything, but the alarm calls seem more distant now—the leopard is moving down the bank into into the riverbed.

Once Sarina was through the park's gates – a herd of grazing impalas greeted her; Sarina rubbed her eyes in disbelief! Then a short distance on – a herd of zebras moving swiftly through the bush! Sarina kept photographing frantically just in case this dream would end, but no! An elephant just appeared around the corner”

The park is huge and is teeming with wildlife, but by nightfall visitors must stay secure in a camp, there are many camps in the park offering good amenities, excellent restaurants and safari drives.

As Sarina picked up her pace, she noticed three green looking hyenas slinking slyly about waiting to make their meal. Sarina stopped to look at them.

At first, Sarina was happy with her new found freedom and Loved being able to do whatever she wanted.

Sarina rolled around in the sand and repeatedly fell to the ground to make sand angels. But after some time passed, Sarina started to feel alone and missed her Pirate family.

The food she was accustomed to eating was long gone, and Sarina found herself growing very hungry.

Sarina had also traveled a great distance, and even though she had a powerful sense of situational awareness, she was finding it hard to get any real position on her location.

## PART 2

Sarina leaned into the breeze, and took a step forward.

But there was a sound the opposite direction—the familiar sounds of a truck bumping along and the sounds reminded Sarina of safety, of comfort, of belonging.

The kudu bark in the distance, this time further down the river. The leopard is moving fast. A francolin bursts from the bushes and the monkeys chatter away to each other.

Suddenly out of nowhere, Sarina heard a sound close by. The noise startled Sarina, so she looked around to see where it was coming from.

Sarina didn't see anything! The loud sound could be heard again, and this time Sarina knew it was getting closer.

“Who's there?” asked Sarina. “I'm a Pirate so you better watch out.”

At that moment, Soldier Sam peeked at Sarina from his vantage point in the Truck and looked around a tree. He ran over fallen tree limbs and Sarina figured that's what was making the noise.

As Sarina started her Special Safari ride in Soldier Sam's Truck, the waterfall was as blue as the bluest sky, and it fell into a lake that disappeared into the horizon. The sun blazed in a relentless burning flame, cracking the earth into a giant puzzle. Sarina started walking in awe, her heart bursting with the beauty before her.

Sarina grew up with nice surroundings and had traveled some, but nothing could compare to this kind of beauty. There was an untamed wildness to the Jungle that inspired wonder, and Sarina felt lucky just to witness it.

Soldier Sam had money falling out of his pockets from the Truck bouncing all over with nothing to get for it.. He looked like a seasoned trooper Safari Guide in camouflage. “I'm acting like a tree so butterflies will come,” he said.

As he waited on the grass, a huge orange butterfly landed on his face.

Soldier Sam picked it up and said to no one in particular "A butterfly has come to see you." His eyes widened. His wishes won't always come true, but one did that day.

The Orange Butterfly was lost in the desert wind, exhausted, as it spiraled towards the ground on helpless wings. Sarina snatched it out of the air and cupped the beautiful creature in her hands.

The Orange Butterfly was battered by the winds, but safe in Sarina's care.

Sarina ran out towards the flowers. The butterfly was too weak to perch, so Sarina cupped it in her palm and held her hands up to each flower to drink. Slowly, the butterfly perked up with legs tightened on Sarina's finger. Then she spread her wings and flew off on her own: a tiny, sweet miracle.

It was beautiful on the desert dunes and Monster winds blew the sand around. Soldier Sam's Truck was being tossed around like a Pinball in an Arcade Game.

Sarina had been tossed in the Wild Jungle with only her bottle of Bourbon for company.

Things like that happen in adventures.

By the time the calming colours chased away the clouds, this adventure was getting too hot for a Small Pirate Like Sarina.

Thank goodness Sarina was scooped up by Soldier Sam in his Truck!

Sarina was so glad she got to jump on board Soldier Sam's Truck and was

Safe again.

Then everything changed..

Soldier Sam's skipped Sarina across the desert to a Magic Orange Tent of forever Free. An Oasis in the Jungle, Far Away from competitor Pirates.

Sarina was scared that some animals were going to jump into the truck and. In the distance saw a mother cheetah and a cub. They were beautiful. Sarina could have stayed there watching them all day. But it was time to move on.

Now it was time to go to see the elephants. Sarina loved the elephants; the colour reminded her of silver silk. The elephants didn't seem to mind her being there, until Sarina went closer.

As one of the elephants turned around and made eye contact with Sarina, it started to move towards her, then another elephant came and another and another, until there were dozens of elephants chasing her.

Sarina was petrified. But Soldier Sam knew what to do. He blew this whistle that wasn't very loud to Sarina, but was piercing to them. Immediately all the elephants turned around and stopped chasing us. Sarina made a decision that it was time to move on, for she didn't want any more mishaps to happen.

Soldier Sam revved the motor, bumping Sarina along in the golden grasslands to where a mother Rhino was standing with her child who was the size of a motorcycle. Soldier Sam stopped the truck several yards away from them, and Sarina's breath stopped in her chest as they approached us.

The Rhino towered above them, staring, and then charged. But when the

Beautiful Beast came within five feet, it quickly and abruptly turned and sauntered away.

“Whoa!” Soldier Sam exclaimed as Sarina sat frozen in her seat. “Hah! She was just playing around,” Soldier Sam laughed.

Suddenly, she charged again. It was not a heartwarming sign that Soldier Sam looked scared. When she was a couple feet away from hitting the Truck, Safari Sam slapped the side of the truck hard with his hand. The Rhino screeched to a stop, heaving, and then turned away.

Sarina picked her heart off the ground and continued on her way.

“Please don’t bump me along the road so fast, Sarina asked.

Soldier Answer was “ I’m just a tour guide. That’s what I do!”

“Relax,” said Soldier Sam. “I’m not going to let you get hurt on the ride or anything like that.”

“I’m not scared” Sarina said with conviction.

“Well, that’s a relief to hear, but aren’t Pirates the toughest around?” asked Soldier Sam.

“Yeah, we’re big and tough all right, but I don’t want to get into an accident on this road,” said Sarina.

On these dusty track safari drives Sarina had most magical encounters with rhinos, sleeping lions, wrestling giraffes, sparring elephants and even a brief glimpse of an elusive cheetah stalking its prey.

Equally the most exciting river safaris revealed an exceptional array of birds along the riverbank reeds; yellow weavers, kingfishers, hornbills, a giant footed African jacana walking effortlessly on the waterlily leaf, a lazing crocodile blending in so perfectly, pods of Hippos yawning and sparring.

The next stop was the waterfalls. The huge water cloud hovering above signalled what is about to unfold. In no time, with Sarina drenched in her raincoat, she found herself standing in front of the largest, most beautiful and most majestic waterfall on the planet. The sound of a million litres of water falling every second down a 350 Foot drop along a mile-long strip, was deafening – a treat that few other places in the world can offer.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were now aboard the grand 'Safari Queen' cruising on the river spotting hippos and crocodiles.

Sarina had no time to waste, driving in the SUV ready for a true safari adventure. Soldier Sam took a glance and nodded "I am very doubtful if we can do it with this vehicle, it has rained and there are puddles"

Stuck in a huge puddle, Sarina found herself face to face with this old lone and grumpy buffalo whose kingdom she dared to invade. Luckily the engine restarted and reversed carefully out of this puddle, making Sarina promise herself that from now on she would stick to organized safari trips only! Soldier Sam was not much on organization.

The safari trips were a true 'off the beaten track' wildlife adventure. Watching Soldier Sam dodging the treacherous terrain yet keeping a keen eye animal spotting proved how it might not be such a great idea for Sarina to self-drive in this totally alien environment.

Sarina saw a pack of rare wild dogs setting off to hunt, vultures perched on a dead tree waiting their turn to gorge on a buffalo carcass, crocodiles soaking up the sun on the river bank just a few feet away from her boat. Giraffes and Hippos grazing whilst huge herds of Elephants fearlessly cruising along in the background.

### PART 3

Sarina and Soldier Sam decided to set their poles in rocks, serving as lines in the sand off the front of a small gathering of trees, and set up camp for a quick meal.

Just as an unattended pole bent with the weight of the wind, they spotted other Tour guests from the lodge coming over by the front side of the camp.

Faced with a decision between eating their lunch enduring meal table stories from amateurs that sunny afternoon, Soldier Sam decided to get Sarina and himself out of there.

“We’ll just eat this lunch in the Truck. We will find some shade and shelter from the wind. Sometimes, our state of mind must be served.

Riding on this truck with Soldier Sam was an ‘Out of this World’ treat! At Elephant Sands campsite the huts surrounded a waterhole where elephants came in, between the huts, to drink and play.

Sarina decided to take a moment to rest after heat of the day watching wild elephants at the waterhole.

Sarina shared a moment with Soldier Sam drinking her coffee while the local wild life drank from the waterhole quite close to her. It all came to a climax before a massive storm, hundreds of buffalos, elephants, zebras and giraffes came out of the jungle for a last drink before they disappeared in the jungle for many days.

“Lucky me, Sarina” said Soldier Sam as they took off to find a spot for lunch. “I have a workplace that no longer wants me, and I can’t even get a Pirate in the middle of the desert on a Safari to want me either.” Complained Soldier Sam.

“Do you want me to change my mind?” asked Sarina.

“Oh no,” said Soldier Sam. “I was only joking.”

“Me too,” laughed Sarina. “I’m just teasing you.”

“I appreciate your kindness,” said Soldier Sam.

“What on Earth is a guy like you doing out in the desert anyway? This isn’t a safe place for you to be you know. asked Sarina. “There really are a lot of animals out here who could hurt you. Not to even count the potential for dehydration”

“Couldn’t the same be said for a little Pirate?” asked Soldier Sam.

“Not you too,” said Sarina. She put her arms over her face and said, “Now, I have Safari Tour Guide calling me little.”

“You appear to be quite a pint-sized pirate, so I am surprised to see you out here in the desert by yourself. That’s all I meant!” explained Soldier Sam.

“Well, I am somewhat inexperienced. And yes, I am a little Pirate,” said

Sarina. "Until I get older there's nothing I can do about it. I can't wait until then."

"Why do you want to grow up so fast?" asked Soldier Sam.

"I am tired of being teased about my inexperience and size." Sarina replied.

"As I used to hear when I was just starting out as a Tour Guide, "Don't wish your time away. Enjoy your youth," said Soldier Sam. You'll be a big old Pirate before you know it.

"Years from now you'll look back and wish you were still a little Pirate." Soldier Sam predicted. "Earlier you asked me why I am out here; do you still want to know why?"

"Yeah, I'm curious," replied Sarina.

"Well, I am out here because I am an old Tour Guide that nobody loves anymore." Explained Soldier Sam.

"Why would you say such a thing?" asked Sarina.

"Well, Holiday is coming up soon and as an early gift for the team, my boss hired a new Tour Guide who had better skills than me. When the team saw him work for the first time it was as if I didn't even exist anymore," said Soldier Sam.

"I am sure they still love you just the same. My Pirate Boss always says there are no favorites in World if you put in work. and everyone should get equal Love if they are committed to their work. Your performance should never change how you are appreciated," said Sarina.

Soldier Sam nodded his head and said, "Maybe you're right. What was I thinking? They have been utilising my work my entire life. I know I'm not any less useful than before. I guess I was just jealous about the new guy.

“You have great wisdom for being such a little Pirate, Sarina. “Listen to your own advice and you won’t be so frustrated about being teased,” suggested Soldier Sam “Take it from me, being young is a wonderful thing so enjoy it and have fun.’

To help ease the burden of such a long trek, Sarina and Soldier Sam laughed at some jokes and took turns driving the Truck.

Sarina and Soldier Sam rumbled along to a huge baobab tree where a leopard was dragging an antelope carcass up into the branches for his treetop feast. The silence was broken by the crunching of teeth against bone, and Sarina sat there in jaw-dropped amazement. She had never witnessed, so close-up, the concept of survival of the fittest, and felt vulnerable without razor sharp claws and teeth of her own.

Much to Sarina’s surprise, Solider Sam had turned on the truck boombox speakers as they set along on their way.

About a dozen Lions popped their heads out of their station to see what was going on. Soldier Sam’s boombox made every lion roar to ease the strain on their ears.

Since Solider Sam was playing the boombox so loud, one of the Lions looked over at Sarina and said, “What is wrong with that Tour Guide? Why is he making so much racket?”

“Sorry, he’s just making this Safari more fun by blasting some tunes,” said Sarina.

“That’s what you call that huh, music like that?” asked the Lion.

Sarina approached the lion and said, “Look, I know Soldier Sam’s music isn’t

in tune with you, but please just deal with it like I am. We're on our way back to the camp and he just wants to spread some fun."

The Lion pointed at their hut and asked Sarina, "You hear that?"

Sarina leaned over to look inside and said, "Yeah, I hear music playing."

"That's right," said the Lion. "We already have all the music we need, and we still have the provisions from our hunt to divide up between our groups. Time's a wasting!"

"I understand! Sorry again about the disturbance and good luck to you. We'll be on our way now," said Sarina. The Lion just glared at Sarina and then ran back to the Lion Hut.

As Sarina and Soldier Sam continued their journey through the forest several more animals vented their frustrations to Sarina about Soldier Sam's music.

There was a super-fast Cheetah in their view now. His water dish was dry and his food bowl was empty. The cheetah's group had moved and left him behind, alone in an empty den.

Sarina transferred the Cheetah to the biggest habitat she could find and filled it with toy balls, bells, chewing sticks. Sarina named him Speedy and gave him lots of food to eat.

Then Sarina saw that the Cheetah had straightened his body. He stood tall, gripping his perch with new strength. His spots on his body shone, and his eyes were bright. His revival had begun.

Satisfied with her work, Sarina directed the expedition to move on for a few miles when they encountered a leopard making some noise.

Leopards commonly express feelings through sounds and actions, but words by nature escape them. Leonardo, as Sarina named him can make dozens of

sounds, yet these are merely repetitions without reason—or so Sarina thought.

Now a group of elephants started to claim Soldier Sam's music was the biggest distraction they had witnessed in a long time.

Enough was enough!

The sound of Soldier Sam's music was so bad Sarina thought it was going to wake every animal in the entire Safari.

To get the point across to Soldier Sam that he needed to quit blasting that music, Sarina said she would appreciate it if he wouldn't play another note.

Soldier Sam was disappointed that no one appreciated his music, so he just hummed aloud to himself the rest of the way home.

So Sarina and Soldier Sam had finally returned to their Safari Headquarters, a beautifully carved wooden structure that melted into the landscape. Under the stars, a chef was preparing a Safari feast, tossing a yogurt-soaked antelope-like kudu on the grill until it sizzled.

After rubbing the meat with salt and pepper, the chef perfectly placed bacon strips on top so that the flavor of the bacon melted into the tender meat. For a side for this succulent meat, a sous chef scooped melon balls into a large bowl, in which he sprinkled salt, pepper, muscatel wine, lemon juice, ground ginger, and mint.

The dinner table shook under the weight of curried minced beef pies and baked custard, brandy pudding and a wide selection of Bourbon.

Late that night after the Party was over, Sarina and Soldier Sam staggered back to their rooms only to find the monkeys pounding on all of the windows.

Sarina just laughed, because what else could you expect on a Magical Safari Adventure?

Sarina and Soldier Sam crawled into their cots to the chirping of crickets, safe from stampeding elephants and the crocodiles in the swamp.

The jungle bush orchestra played on long into that Magical Night..

The friendly voices at camp ,would still be there the next time Sarina and Soldier Sam decided to take another trip, but this ended Sarina's safari story.

This Beautiful Safari Oasis was the perfect stop for Sarina. It was full of life, love and Solder Sam to play fun games with.

Sarina was so Happy she got to spend her Vacation on the Beautiful Magic Orange Safari Oasis!

As Sarina and Soldier Sam turned around to gather their belongings at the camp, it was time for them to go home. Sarina then knew that this was a Safari Holiday that she would never forget!

## RAMS PLANET LANDING

Sarina and Soldier Sam were above the stars and it felt as if they were weightless, moving freely in the direction of the current. Before taking off, Soldier Sam had butterflies in his stomach.

True to form, the chairman arrived late at the rendezvous where the officers were gathered, and, since there were to be no alterations to the plan that required his immediate attention, the chairman went about his own business for the time being. Everything was gravy as long as the battery was notified at the correct time and position. A Mainland patrol spotted us moving around and opened fire immediately. Even though the origin of the barrage was out of range for our unit, we fired anyway and it was enough to make the Mainland forces scurry away across the horizon.

Sarina had arrived at a place in the sea where travel was beset with difficulty. She did not pause swimming to inquire what manner of current had caught her, but there her progress ceased for a moment.. The shore was set before her like a bit of scenery on a stage, and she looked at it and understood with her eyes each detail of it.

Soldier Sam approached her from quite a distance. Sarina was calling to him, "Turn over on your back, Soldier Sam! Turn over on your back and use the oar."

"All right, Sarina." Soldier Sam turned on his back, and, paddling with an oar, went ahead as if he were a canoe.

Even though this latest action was considered to be a cake walk for the unit, the next couple of days figured to be quite different. A couple of the fleets to our flank charged inshore towards Mainland forces and were met with a rude reception. It was clear to the chairman that the unit would have to totally wipe out the resistance for our flank to be able to press forward with the mission. The officers were not to be deterred this day, and they met the opposition with a barrage of their own.

In Soldier Sam's struggle to reach Sarina, he focused only on the Birthday Party he would celebrate with Sarina. If they both made it to shore.

Then Sarina performed her biggest marvel of the voyage. A large wave caught her and flung her with ease and supreme speed and after it struck her she was even closer to the shore. A true miracle of the sea.

Sarina and Soldier had at long last arrived on the beach but their exhausted condition did not enable either of them to stand for more than a moment.

After some time passed, the unit was instructed by the chairman to take time to reload and every officer that could be spared for this action was summoned. Some codes were intercepted over the wireless, and they would yield quite a bit of actionable intelligence, including radio call signs, as well as some of the challenges, countersigns and emergency signals employed by the Mainland. Being unaware of this catch, the Mainland did not change their codes in time.

When we moved up on them and engaged, the Mainland forces tried to make a dash for it, running around without a real direct trajectory, so they were hard to pin down. The chairman knew that the unit would have to prevent reinforcements from sweeping down on their new position. Half of the flanking fleet was sent to flush them out, and then the wireless communications trailed off for a significant amount of time.

Some more reconnaissance intelligence was passed on the chairman that a new Mainland position had been established on one of the other islands, so we started rushing towards it to get a better look at things before the officers would put together a plan to compromise their position or potentially rout it out, which would be a key victory for us in the battle for the chain of islands. First, the chairman had to make certain that a good defensive position could be established if the situation started to head south.

Owing to a slight miscalculation, we were late in getting down the route, and it was dark as we headed down the path. Thankfully, the entrance went smoothly and no Mainland check posts were encountered. Once the success signal was floated, we went on alone and as fast as the unit could move to the position on the other side of the island where the observation post was reported to have been established. A quick battery of fire took out their position and we went off into the night to get some rest after a long day.

Rams Mascot directed Sarina and Soldier Sam them to an old spaceship, punched in the destination and they headed on their way to Rams Planet.

A few hours had passed when the spaceship basically dropped down into disaster.

Even the engine fell off in the process, "Rams Mascot wasn't kidding when he said an "Old spaceship" said Soldier Sam looking at all of the broken pieces on the ground.

## ORANGE VALENTINES #8

“See a Show at Landmark Theatre”

The Flight through Space was finally complete. The Starship bolted down from the sky and landed in New York.

Cupid was there on the Tarmac to greet Sarina and Soldier Sam.

“Sarina and Soldier Sam!” Cupid called out. “Welcome to Syracuse!”

“Thanks Cupid” Sarina replied.

“Isn’t there a Big Orange Basketball Game Tonight?” asked Soldier Sam.

“There for sure is an Orange Game tonight. But first I have a Place to show you guys?” said Cupid.

Cupid was a Legend at Syracuse. It was in Fact one of his favorite places to be. To work his Magic.

Cupid is an energetic, clever problem-solver known for his ability to find solutions in dire situations. Cupid responds creatively to challenges and can react quickly to changes or “surprises” in the current moment. He has a zest for life that is contagious and a quick, engaging sense of humor.

There have been some past Valentines Day where some of the couples did not listen to Cupid when he advised them of the best Valentines Day activity. Cupid is the King of Love and always knows best. Some couples challenge Cupid directly on his ideas, and this always leads to an unhappy Valentines Day for them.

Let's get on our way to our Pre-Game Event, Sarina and Soldier Sam" Cupid instructed.

"This is quite a place. Cupid added.

"Let's do a little Preview before we get to the site, Cupid" Sarina suggested.

"Hop in my Ride, you two. I have a couple of questions about your Flight before we get to the Tour Site" Cupid responded.

"Looking into the vast ocean upon me I knew I had survived the plane crash, but how could I have ended up on this mysterious planet?" Sarina recalled. "I sat there for a moment trying to piece together what had occurred.

Both me and Soldier Sam had a suspect and that was an enemy ship. We had to find out whether their adversaries had contributed to their crash or not.

We had a potential proof but still both of us were not convinced by that. Then our intelligence officers asked us to investigate further.

After investigating more, Soldier Sam found another piece of evidence. He told me "I have found one more clue and I know who the guilty party is. Now I can claim the conclusion about who was responsible."

Cupid's Ride was zigging and zagging though Syracuse Traffic.

Here we are at the Mystery Spot for our Tour, Sarina and Soldier Sam" announced Cupid. "I'm sure the two of you are going to have a lot of Questions.

“We’re ready, Cupid” shouted Sarina. “Let’s Check it out!”

Soldier Sam agreed. “Let’s get this party started, Cupid!!”

“What is this place?” asked Sarina.

Landmark Theatre has distinguished itself for over 40 years as the largest exhibitor of independent, traditional and specialty film.

“You’ll all have to really watch your step in here,” Cupid told Sarina and Soldier Sam in a low voice.

“Why?” responded Soldier Sam.

“Because it is our centre for the arts,” replied Cupid. “Cuse fans want to see the show and the performers need to concentrate.

As long as there are filmmakers creating compelling cinema, the Landmark will remain committed to exhibiting meaningful films as part of a unique sophisticated entertainment experience

The group walked silently around the edge of the chamber to check it out

“Now you have gotten to see the stage where the greatest performance artists play to a full house of Cuse Fans” said Cupid.

“What are all these shows about” asked Sarina.

“The shows at the Landmark span many decades and all the way up to today.” Explained Cupid. Many of the currently running shows are about technology and the impact it has had on Syracuse.

“What kind of Technology?” asked Soldier Sam.

“A lot of the technology shows focus on action, there are many applications, like Autonomous Urban Aircraft. They will play a huge role in the future of the world and it all started in Syracuse!”

“Check out what is the latest technology we have developed.

“Autonomous urban aircraft” is under development privately as well as by the military and NASA. These flying vehicles, capable of carrying at least one human and therefore not considered drones, are already being debuted in Syracuse.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were stunned by what Cupid had just said.

That’s Amazing,” Sarina said “ But what’s the point of making it all artsy. Aren’t there real demonstrations happening in the real world, like the Air Show near the airport?”

“Because the shows at the airports don’t doesn’t span the full range of knowledge,” replied Cupid. “Such knowledge can only be gained when we consider the full spectrum of its impact well into the future. The arts are meant to stretch people’s imaginations beyond current demonstrations.”

Theatre and the performing arts teach society about itself, pointing out the attitudes and mindsets of current society. It can be a tool used to educate people about their current conditions.” Cupid continued.

“Look at this exhibit outside the theatre, Soldier Sam observed. “It tells us how the Landmark goes about showing the Orange Fans all the new releases.”

We enjoy playing a wide range of films; however, due to such factors as film release patterns, screen availability, or other challenges, not all films play in every market.

There was a moment’s silence.

“I’d like to show you something else” Cupid continued. It’s a hologram, with a special Valentines Clue for Sarina!”

“I’m going to take you over there now,” announced Cupid.

What’s this Cupid? Sarina asked as she and Soldier Sam walked over to the Hologram.

Read it and see Sarina. It is a special clue about Valentines Day” Directed Cupid.

“Ok, Cupid. Lets See what it says” Sarina started reading the Hologram.

“You take the Cake!”

I’m thinking of you on Valentine’s Day  
You are nice, so I want to say

Give me a clue; give me a sign  
Will you be my Valentine?

“I just can’t believe it!” Sarina exclaimed. On Valentine’s Day. A special message just for me!”

“Most impressive, who is behind this whole Landmark Theatre thing” Soldier Sam asked.

“In a way, the Landmark belong to all the Orange Fans that live here in Syracuse,” said Cupid. “And their families – ours included.

“Theatre helps us to understand the people around us and how they might be expected to react in certain situations” added Cupid.

Since the inception of the Landmark in 1974, it has been dedicated to exhibiting and marketing primarily independent film, foreign-language films, documentaries, top-quality studio releases and restored classics.

“It’s a paradise for all Orange Fans to take in the performance arts,” Cupid said.

“Look Soldier Sam,” Sarina said excitedly. “Here is a display about coming attractions.”

As soon as we know a film will be playing, our website is updated to reflect that information. “Coming Soon” information is available on each individual market and theatre page and on our recordings.

“I see.” Observed Soldier Sam. “Let’s make sure to go to a show soon, Sarina!”

“Wow, Cupid, that was quite a Tour!” Sarina exclaimed.

“It sure was” Soldier Sam had a great time too.

“We have some time to burn before the Game. Let’s stop by this Bar” suggested Cupid.

“By the way, Sarina and Soldier Sam,” Cupid remembered something. “You told me about your flight. But I forget to ask, did you two go on any adventures during your Pit Stops?”

It was a big day for shuttling through space, like a moving day for me and Soldier Sam. As we flew our Starship to our planet destination, one of the missile containers blew out into space.

We pulled off to a nearby planet that was not in our flight itinerary. Soldier Sam joined me, and as we waited for the repair, we sat in a beautiful landing pod laughing about our predicament, sharing stories, and discussing our future.

What could have been a bad day turned into a special and private moment with Soldier Sam. I knew even at the time to cherish our time without all of our typical distractions.

Cupid turned to Soldier Sam and handed him a drink, “Listen, Soldier Sam. I got Sarina a Valentine” Cupid explained.

Great, responded Soldier Sam. Sarina is for sure deserving of a great

Valentine. Let me guess. It has something to do with the Game tonight?”

“I’ve got a special surprise that you will be sure to like, Sarina!” Cupid announced.

Cupid was excited about Sarina’s Valentine too!

Sarina recognized that the Tickets were courtside and in the front row!!”

“What are we doing Still at the Bar like this?” Cupid asked.

“You’re right, Cupid.” agreed Soldier Sam. “Let’s get a move on!”

## CUPID’S FIRST SYRACUSE ORANGE GAME EXPERIENCE

### PART 8

After watching hundreds of Orange games on ESPN and seeing highlight reels on SportsCenter, being in the actual arena on Valentines Day and experiencing the game in first person felt totally different to Cupid.

The stadium address system would be crackling as the announcer began to say, “Ladies and gentlemen, will you make sure you rise and remove the hats for the vocal singing of our nationwide anthem. Rising to his feet Cupid started to listen to the tune. The performance artist’s voice was harmonious

and enchanting while she did. Finally, the moment Cupid had continued to wait for, The Game was about to start!

The Stadium with its magnificent resemblance to others but still the best drew the whole group of fans towards it.

Cupid affectionately gave us a. Orange basketball with our names carved on it” Sarina exclaimed.

Everybody was finished with their parking lot activity projects and went towards the gates. But Soldier Sam held back for a moment to take a couple of pictures.

“We'll have to fight the situation”, Cupid assured Sarina as he motioned to Soldier Sam.. “Please don't break down. I am positive we'll find our way back.”

Sarina was the first to exit the parking lot, followed by Cupid and Soldier Sam, but Soldier Sam was struggling.

Suddenly, Soldier Sam felt something striking him pleasantly in his head. he looked up and saw orange stadium and all of its glory.

“Solider Sam, do you like it?” asked Sarina.

“Of course I do”, Soldier Sam said in his bravest voice but from what Cupid wasn't sure what kind of condition he was in.

Cupid decided that this was the only way out of the parking lot, and he thought of the delicious food to and within minutes led Soldier Sam out of the parking lot in his usual form.

“I’ve got a great idea!” Sarina exclaimed. “Soldier Sam and I should get a photo with Orange Mascot. Then we could prove we were here and have a lasting memory.”

“Hey, Cupid,” Soldier Sam wanted to get his attention. “Could you snap a pic of Me and Sarina with Orange Mascot? That would be awesome!”

“Of course, Soldier Sam” Cupid replied. Just find Orange Mascot and I will be over to take the shot of you and Sarina.”

Cupid worked quickly--several times he was content with the angle and several times he deliberated and started over. Something that he had seen wasn't a perfect shot.

The whole point of taking a photo is so that you can remember a moment. You're much more likely to capture the feelings and emotions of those moments by focusing on taking pictures that are authentic.

“Hey Sarina, we got that picture with Orange Mascot! All the lighting was great and we were posed perfectly. Isn't it great we were able to find Orange Mascot and he was so accommodating?”

“Yes, Soldier Sam” Sarina answered. I thought for a moment Cupid was going to lose his mind trying to operation the photo function on my phone. He had never operated anything like that before.”

“The game is about to start Sarina!” Soldier Sam exclaimed. Why don’t you give me a quick rundown of the season so far?

“I know you have been following it closely and I really don’t have a clue about what the Orange have faced so far this year, Soldier Sam continued. “How are they doing?”

“Sure Soldier Sam,” Sarina was glad to show off her knowledge of Cuse Hoops. “There have been a lot of developments so far this year.

Syracuse fans always flood the Dome with vintage Syracuse jerseys and sweatshirts. Outside the arena, before the game, one opposing fans said to me. , “A lot of ‘Cuse fans her a mildly surprised tone. The opposing fans had never seen its equal.

Productive presence in the middle allowed Georgia Tech to capitalize on an inside-outside scoring punch that Syracuse and its slow-to-shift zone could not discourage.

The first regular season game in the Dome was a star-studded affair. I was sitting courtside, leading the student band at one point and regularly entertained the crowd with my theatrics.

Interviews from the Orange Fans showed an outpouring of support: "I'm a huge Sarina fan ever since I found out about Orange Athletics. Having her

here meant a lot to me, it was amazing experience, but I wish we could've gotten the win.

When Sarina returned from the concession stands she stopped for a moment in the doorway.

Let's just go ahead with this Hoops Game Soldier Sam said. 'You can have it. I know most things aren't more important than this.

"Just let me finish,' Sarina said. As Soldier Sam hesitated she added, 'Then we'll have a drink together.'

'When will that be?' asked Soldier Sam.

## CUSE GAME ACTION

The game time atmosphere at the Orange Dome is electrifying and tense. The supporters of the other team are put in one corner of the Dome. Both sets of supporters are loud in their vocal support of their respective team and cheer with passion.

It is just this sort of rivalry that makes games such a fascinating spectacle. These teams have played against each other for years, and though the names of the players change with every year, it remains just the simple fact that Cuse has the best basketball team the world has ever known.

The supporters wear the colours of the stripe of their team. Hats and Jerseys and banners were aplenty as the two teams took turns running up and down court with excitement and energy with the officials and Orange Mascot.

Every time I need a mood lift or just to relax, I will once again visit that part of my brain and recall the incredible experience of being among all the fans and how they made me feel like I'm a part of the big Orange family.

For many others, the memory of watching an Orange Hoops game might just be another exciting experience, but for me, the memory has created a special place in my heart; it is a place where I'm perfectly happy and that is not usually the case.

## RAMS STADIUM

### PART 1

Sarina was working in the Press Box, Soldier Sam was hitting the concession stands for Nachos and Orange Mascot.. well no one knew where Orange Mascot was at the time.

Sarina had just stepped out of the Press Box, Orange Notebook in one hand and Bottle of Bourbon in the other when she heard the Nachos Explosion at the Gates.

Sarina always half suspected that something unexpected would happen at Orange Stadium. Unexpected Stuff happened all the time in Syracuse, and with the fans beginning to Tailgate in the Parking Lot, well anything could happen.

And it was no surprise that Delicious Nachos would play such a key role in all the Angels action on that beautiful Syracuse Night.

"Psst!" Sarina was trying to get Soldier Sam's attention on the Radios they always carried with them, for Orange Stadium was so vast, sometimes Soldier Sam and Orange Mascot got lost.

"The game is about to start!" as Sarina and Soldier Sam started to discuss the prospect of making their way to the seating area into the Main Concourse.

The Orange Stadium Lights still shone bright. But there was something INCREDIBLE that would delay the start of the Game. Some Magic!!

Orange Mascot rushed up to the Press Box and opened the door quickly and joined Sarina. He slammed shut the door and Locked it, to protect Sarina as an immediate instinct.

But not before Soldier Sam had found his way to the Press Box.

"What was that that you started telling me the other day about a Hockey Championship Ring or something, Soldier Sam?" asked Orange Mascot

"Nothing." said Soldier Sam, "nothing worth hearing."

"A Hockey Championship Ring?" asked Sarina curiously "Orange Mascot has not won a Hockey Championship or anything like that..

"Well, it's just a bit of what you might call Orange Magic, perhaps." said Soldier Sam off-handedly.

Sarina leaned forward eagerly. Soldier Sam automatically took in the remainder of his Bourbon Bottle and then set it down again. Sarina promptly gave him another one hoping Soldier Sam would tell them about this Hockey Championship Ring.

"To look at," said Soldier Sam, fumbling in his pocket "it's just what you imagine it to be, Sarina." Here, it's for Orange Mascot but you can try it on.

Sarina put on the Hockey Championship Ring and examined it with interest.

"And what is there special about it?" inquired Orange Mascot.

As Sarina placed it on the table Orange Mascot took interest.

Orange Mascot reached for the Hockey Championship Ring on the table and examined the Prize closely. "How do you do it? How do you work the Magic?" Orange Mascot inquired.

"So If you don't want it Sarina," said Orange Mascot, "Are you really giving it to me? Because I still believe in Magic, just take a look at you two." Orange Mascot motioned to Sarina and Soldier Sam. "It's a miracle she puts up with your nonsense, Soldier Sam"

## PART 2

It was Game Time at Orange Stadium. The 'Cuse Hockey Game was about to start.

Orange Mascot was on the Ice while Sarina and Soldier Sam took their seats at behind the Orange Bench.

In the business of the Big 'Cuse Hockey Game, the Hockey Championship Ring was momentarily placed aside, but not forgotten, Soldier Sam looked at the Scoreboard above them in an unbelievable sight, another installment of unprecedented action at Orange Stadium entertainment.

Once the 'Cuse Game got underway, Soldier Sam was starting to think about Nachos, not the action on the Ice

"I might just want Orange Mascot to hit the concession stand and bring me a bottle of Bourbon and some Nachos," said Soldier Sam distinctly. "With extra sauce" he added.

Soldier Sam often times wondered, "Who made the first Nachos? And why did they make it the way they did? Is there a deeper meaning behind a simple plate of Nachos"?

A fine flashing of the Orange Stadium Scoreboard greeted his words, interrupted by a thunderous response from the crowded seats. 'Cuse had scored the first Goal of the game.

"Well, I don't see any Bourbon or Nachos," said Sarina, "and I bet I never will.."

"I expect you will get your Bourbon and Nachos by Intermission, Soldier Sam" Sarina predicted. "Orange Mascot has a break with his duties in between Periods. He should be on his way momentarily."

In the brightness of the Orange Stadium Lights, the first period was almost over. 'Cuse held a small lead and the rest of the game was poised to be a close one, with each team having a lot to play for. Both teams were in the running to make the Playoffs.

But the minutes slowly passed and expectations gave way to resignation - the hopeless resignation of being without Nachos and Bourbon, sometimes called a 5 Alarm Crisis.

The Hockey Game was getting so exciting, sometimes Sarina and Soldier Sam hardly exchanged a word, of course they would have plenty of time to talk about during dinner at Burger King after the game.

The sounds of the crowd were getting louder and the excitement was building with the contest knotted in a low scoring game.

Suddenly Sarina considered the moment.

"THE HOCKEY CHAMPIONSHIP RING!" Sarina reminded Soldier Sam... " THE HOCKEY CHAMPIONSHIP RING!!"

Soldier Sam was reminded of that as well. They both had gotten so wrapped up in the Game they had forgotten about their mission.

Sarina started up, "Where? Where is it at?"

Sarina reached over in Soldier Sam's vicinity. "I want it," she declared.

"You've not lost it, have you?"

"It's still in my pocket," Soldier Sam replied, marveling. "Why is now the right time?"

"I only just thought of it," Sarina said excitedly. "Why didn't I think of it before? Why didn't you think of it?"

"Think of what?" Soldier Sam questioned.

"Your Nachos, of course, Soldier Sam!!" Sarina exclaimed.

The game was getting closer to intermission, and then, as if on cue, Orange Mascot appeared with the Nachos!

"*WHAT'S THAT?*" exclaimed Soldier Sam, starting up. The bottle of Bourbon too. It's as if you planned perfect timing, Orange Mascot. Sarina and I had just finished what we are working on now!. We won't even have to take a break from the drinking as we push through the crowds to the Exit."

"It's Nachos, Soldier Sam" said Orange Mascot triumphantly. And I arrived just in time!!"

The activity on the Orange Stadium Ice had ceased suddenly, although the echoes of it were still in Orange Stadium. Soldier Sam and Sarina headed for the Exits..

'Cuse got the win, Soldier Sam!." Sarina was excited about it. Our team is Playoff-Bound!!"

And Orange Mascot made it all possible!! The Nachos were right on time and Extra Delicious!!

### PART 3

The Orange Team Merchandise Shop stood tall above any venue at Orange Stadium. Decked out to the tune of no other stadium in sports. The shrine was stocked with everything imaginable.

Any Orange Design on anything to wear. Pennants. Coffee Cups. License Plate Covers, Umbrellas, Snow Shovels [Yes, there is Winter Cold in Syracuse] etc. again, anything you could imagine.

At the Gear Shop Door, the Syracuse Office Messenger stood at the ready, with a sign: "Free Single Orange Merchandise Item if your name is Soldier Sam" Not valid with any other offers. Limit one per customer. Item is non-refundable.

Tonight would be Sarina and Soldier Sam's first dinner date, and she had left all her money on her desk, and nothing to buy dinner with.

No money on her to get something for Soldier Sam. Sarina had spent some time planning something nice for him. Something nearly good enough. Something almost worth the honor of belonging to Soldier Sam.

And that is where Sarina discovered the Orange Team Merchandise store with that sign on the front of it.

There was a looking-glass between the windows of the majestic store. Perhaps you have seen the kind of looking-glass that is placed in

mer-chandise shops.

Suddenly Sarina turned from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brightly.

Solider Sam had already left for Burger King, so their dinner order could be placed just ahead of Sarina's arrival.

With the bright lights of the Orange Merchandise Shop still in her eyes, Sarina stopped and moved quickly through the door and into the Orange Shopping Center of No Equal.

Oh, and the next hours seemed to fly. Sarina was going from one floor to another, to find a perfect Orange token of her appreciation for Solider Sam.

Sarina found it at last. It surely had been made for Soldier Sam and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the shops, and she had looked in every shop in Syracuse.

It was a Blue Hoodie with the 'Cuse Logo painted in Orange. It was very simply made. Its value was in its rich and pure material. Because it was so plain and simple, every one knew that it was very valuable, and it had been earned. All good things are like this.

As soon as Sarina saw it, she knew that Soldier Sam must have it. It was like him. Simplicity and Value.

With that hoodie on, Soldier Sam could represent what he considered important.

When Sarina arrived at Burger King, her shopping rush quieted a little.

She began to think more reasonably. All that was left to do was eat a de-licious Whopper with Cheese and Onion Rings. Zesty Sauce of course and a refreshing Orange Soda [unlimited refills]

“But what could I do—oh! What could I do without a Burger King Cou-pon?” asked Sarina.

Sarina and Soldier Sam’s dinner was ready for them. Soldier Sam never had trouble ordering dinner at Burger King.

Sarina held the Hoodie in her hands and sat in the seat they always did..

Then Sarina saw Soldier Sam pick up their tray full of food and step in towards the Hall of Drinking Fountains.

Sarina often times said little prayers quietly, about simple everyday things.

And now Sarina asked “Please God, I hope Soldier Sam likes this Hoodie.”

Soldier Sam’s eyes looked at Sarina, and there was an expression in them that she had never seen before.

Sarina waited for Soldier Sam to sit down at their table.

“It’s finally our Burger King Date.. Let’s be happy. You don’t know what a nice—what a beautiful nice surprise I got for you.”

Soldier Sam looked around the room. “You say you have a surprise?” he asked.

“You don’t have to look for it,” said Sarina. “It sitting right next to you.”

Should we eat dinner, Soldier Sam?"

From inside his pocket, Soldier Sam took something tied in a napkin. He tossed it upon the table. "I want you to go to all the Orange Games with me, Sarina," he said. "Nothing in the world could make me love you any less.

"But if you'll open that, you may know what I felt when I saw you walk through the restaurant door."

Sarina pulled off the paper. And then Shock. For there was an Orange Ring Pop, like you see at every Candy Shop in Syracuse. The exact one in fact that had been advertised at the bottom of her Bourbon Bottle.

Sarina had seen it in Orange Mascot's Trophy Row of Victory. She had looked at them without the least hope of owning one. And now it was hers.

And then Sarina jumped up and cried, "Oh, oh!" Soldier Sam had not yet seen his beautiful gift. She pointed in the direction of the empty spot next to him.

The 'Cuse Hoodie was all he had ever wanted. And now he had one. Sari-na's Orange Spirit had come through in the Clutch again.

Soldier Sam picked up his Whopper with Cheese and smiled. "Sarina," he said, "let's put our Burger King Surprises away and keep them a while. Long after Dinner at Burger King. They're so very nice.

And here has been told you the story of two Orange Fans who wore their 'Cuse Hearts on their Sleeves.

Each gave the most valuable thing they owned in order to make a

sur-prise for the other.

But let's speak a last word to the pair of these days: Of all who give surprises, everywhere, these two were the best. Of all who give and re-ceive, they are the most lucky.

Everywhere they are the best kinds of Orange Fans

## CHAPTER 9

### SITUATION ROOM

Soldier Sam was going to finish the script by himself and hand it to Cupid with the statement that he didn't understand a single line.

But it was too much—Soldier Sam was too far gone. He blew up when he was half through and went on a Bourbon Binge and arrived back at Cupid's Office to find a message that Cupid wanted to see the script right away.

Soldier Sam was in a confused state when his door opened and Sarina came in with a typescript in one hand, and a copy of Cupid's note in the other.

Sarina and Soldier Sam walked to the Bulletin Board and Soldier Sam found out Cupid was interested in Valentines Day Activities where popular movies could be translated into another language.

'Oh!' Sarina exclaimed. 'Those are all fantastic Valentines Day Activity pictures. And "Stairway Access to Confusion" is my Bronx Friends' favourite picture and "Penny for Your Thoughts?" is mine.'

'I thought "Angels Exist Working Magic" and "You're Waiting for.. ME?!" were by far the greatest pictures," Soldier Sam said excitedly. 'Great Stuff! 'I've been here a long time and I have never done a Valentines Activity in another language

Sarina and Soldier Sam walked up to a stage and Soldier Sam sent his idea to Cupid. Cupid said he would keep himself busy straightening his arrows to strike while Sarina and Soldier Sam rehearsed a scene.

"What've you done? Are these all Love Stories?" asked Cupid.

"Yes." answered Sarina. "At first I was held back over concerns about language translation, but once I got started it was very simple. You just get on with your Valentines Day Activity and dream."

Soldier Sam was enthusiastic. "It was written in the Flash Cards, Sarina, we were supposed to collaborate. Cupid will be wild."

"I've always wanted to do my Valentines Day Activity in another language," said Sarina. "I'll explain it to Cupid.

Soldier Sam sat in a daze. If Sarina's script was good--but how could a first script be good? Sarina should have fed it to him as he wrote; then they might have something.

The uncertainty started Soldier Sam's brain working--he was struck by his first original idea since he and Sarina had first started talking about it.

Soldier Sam turned to Cupid for some input. That's when Cupid came over and told Sarina what he wanted. Sarina was interested.

"Listen outside Cupids office, Sarina. If he's in, push it under his door. If he's

out get it delivered to him, wherever he is. Say it comes straight from the Language Learning Directorate Then you can step out for lunch so he won't catch on, see?

Cupid opened Solder Sam's script.

To Cupid's vast surprise it was technically proficient--the dissolves, fades, cuts, pans and trucking shots were correctly detailed. This simplified everything.

Soldier Sam was turning back to the first page and looked to see what Sarina wrote at the top.

Then, working frantically, Soldier Sam made several dozen small changes. He substituted the phrase "At the present time" for "Right Now!", he put "Please" instead of "It is requested to" and also replaced "In accordance with" with the efficient "Per!" and "In consideration of the fact" was substituted for by "Because"

"Look Cupid, I can do this Valentines Day Activity if I learn a few romantic words or phrases in another language like "Je t'aime" means "I Love You" in French, "Je t'adore" means "I like you a lot" in French, and "Te Amo" means "I Love You" in Spanish.

Then Sarina came back from lunch.

Soldier Sam's response to Sarina was clear "Right now I got an important Valentines Day Activity angle to work on. I can't spend all my time learning another language.

Sarina turned to Cupid.

"There's your Valentines Day Activity, Cupid." Soldier Sam is here for one reason only--because he Loves Me. There's nothing against him but he belongs to Language Learning Days as much as--as much as--" Sarina's eyes fell upon Soldier Sam..

"What do you mean?" demanded Cupid.

"Well, In the beginning, it's sparks and fast heartbeats.." Started Sarina. "You use a common language between you – often English – and you don't care much for a misplaced verb or a poor choice of adjectives.

"Yeah, Sarina, mistakes are one more chance to see your charming smile. Communication happens through glance, touch, laughter. Words don't seem to matter, right." Soldier Sam said.

"Learning a common language between the two of you sounds like a great Valentines Day Activity," Cupid approved. "The words in your partners language are playful, exciting and form a great bond with each other."

Soldier Sam added, Then there will come a point when speaking the language is a little more than a game " You learn to say I Love You; you understand a few sincere compliments. It's like a secret code between you, making your relationship thrilling and unique."

"But then there comes a time for reality" Cupid:wanted to make sure everyone was on the same page.

Soldier Sam and Sarina planned to make this Valentine's Day Activity a go and promised to come back next year and discuss these encounters so maybe Cupid would let them take an even bigger step a year from now.

"All signed up and ready to go," said Sarina. "Look at this Soldier Sam, now—the whole year we going to sit in the office and send notes in two languages to the big shots!

"So what's the answer, Cupid?" asked Soldier Sam.

"Who's going to the top?" asked Sarina, now showing excitement.

"It's going to be quite a ride for both of you. But I'm sure it's going to go great" Cupid approved of Sarina and Soldier Sam's idea with conviction. "Not

many partners have such a great idea for Valentine's Day Activities!!"

## TRAINING

Soldier Sam's Training for New Starship Missions was not at all like what he expected. Rams Mascot was not a typical Instructor.

Rams Mascot challenged Soldier Sam "do you not once again plan to skip any of your training, as you have indicated?" Soldier Sam was astounded. Who had told Rams Mascot such a thing, since it was something he had only confided as much to Sarina, and only once had he attempted something he had not even begun to figure out how to do. In reply, Rams Mascot was silent, and did not challenge Soldier Sam any further. Soldier Sam had done what he was required to do at the Training Camp.

Teamwork comes in many forms in the different branches of Space Travel Prep, but one thing is for certain: instructors will push each team of recruits to work together and overcome the obstacles before them, leaving no man behind. During your training you will be asked to act despite the fear you are feeling.

Everyone is rolling dice during simulations like at a craps table, looking for the right combination of symbols that will load a torpedo tube or raise a shield or move the ship to just the right spot to fire on the enemy. Meanwhile, the teams steal glances across the table to see what the enemy is doing. It is stressful, barely controlled chaos.

Identifying and disabling improvised explosive devices.

Detection of improvised explosive devices is difficult and requires a wide spectrum of strategies. Detection during emplacement is the best hope. Nonimaging sensors provide several advantages over cameras in expense, robustness, and processing simplicity for this task. We describe experiments with inexpensive commercial sensors, and show how data can be combined to provide monitoring for suspicious behavior at close scale.

Our approach assesses terrain to rate likelihood of emplacement. We install sensors and monitor the terrain, seeking direct clues to suspicious behavior such as loitering and odd sounds such as excavation. We also use sensor data to track people by inferring their probability distributions, and use this to detect significant accelerations and atypical velocity vectors, both of which can indicate suspicious behavior. We did experiments to conduct with a prototype sensor network of close to a dozen kinds of sensors, from which it appears that motion and sonar sensors are the most helpful for this task.

Tell me a little bit about your Training experience, Soldier Sam.

One of the toughest missions we had in all of the entire training course was to request a submarine transport where we could surface discreetly using a manned submersible. The more covert this operation, the better.

Amazed, I flew at the same time as the Moon Group. Looking down at the Earth, our training grounds started getting smaller and smaller. I kept looking down, my heart growing less heavy with the increasing height. When I looked down again through the scope our entire department looked unrecognizable, like a blur in a darker pool. Soon that too became a blur until it was removed entirely from sight by the Space Clouds.

I was mediocre at drill, certainly--that is, until my training was complete. By that time I had drilled longer than anybody else in the group having failed at the end of each training cycle so that I had to do it all over again.

I was the only one still in uniform. The uniform which, when new, had made me look like a foreign railway conductor, now it had become faded and too tight made me look like a character in one of those adventure books. This had a definitely bad effect on my morale. Even so, I had become by sheer practise little short of a master at squad manoeuvres.

In the beginning of that training that seemed so long ago, I recalled the whole group was marching in one direction and I was marching away from them at an tangent angle, all alone.

"Company, halt!" shouted Rams Mascot, "That renegade is the only one of you who has it right!" I was placed first in the mess hall line that night for my achievement.

When we were in the space craft, all the recruits clung on tightly since we had never felt a power like this before. We soon zoomed out of the earth's atmosphere and were in space! We all chanted, "We're going on a time warp run, we're going to find enemy one, we're not having Fun!"

Anything else you want to tell me, Soldier Sam ?'

Yes, Sarina. It goes a little something like this.

"We have a tough mission ahead and optempo is not getting lower, it's getting higher. We need to use our lifestyle time resources smartly."

## PART 9

Sarina Loves to go to Cuse Hoops games all season long to her Heart's Delight when she is in Syracuse! Sarina also loves Scuba Diving in the Ocean.

"Your training is not yet complete, Soldier Sam" explained Angels Mascot. "You have been trained in the tech arts, but it is Sarina who has been trained to secure the precious cargo on your trip through outer space."

"I bet you have a lot to tell me, Sarina!" exclaimed Soldier Sam. "Let's get to it!"

Soldier Sam said the Halloween "Trunk or Treat" Tailgaters were all friendly and waved back at parade-goers.

Sarina had started texting that guy she was interested on the Flight Security Team with the Angels Patch. The others ribbed Sarina for being so soft — and for saying "Sports Bloopers." She took the joking in stride, firing back: "It is Fun! Look it up sometime on your smartphone!"

"You just got here," he texted Sarina back, "Its not like Angels Stadium is just going to pick up and run away while you are doing other things like "Riding the Supply Pain Train" he said with a laugh.

The restaurant door opened again, and Sarina was there for a moment, said "Oh," and disappeared. Then she returned.

"Why it's Soldier Sam!" she exclaimed. "I was looking for Angels Mascot."

As we went out the restaurant door Soldier Sam wished he had chosen the right words at dinner. I'm always trying to be sincere." Soldier Sam said.

But Soldier Sam realized that this was no time to talk about himself. Soldier Sam don't like doing that.

"It's all right," said Sarina. "I fixed it. All is well in the world."

It was good timing when the taxi picked us up, Sarina. Is that always about how long it takes for them to get here?" asked Soldier Sam.

"Yes it was good timing, wasn't it," Sarina said.

Sarina is a Scuba Diving Virtuoso. Her Skills far and away are the best in California, and she enjoys the adventures that come along with those Skills.

But Sarina does not like Scuba Diving as much as going to Orange Games and here is the story that tells you why!

Sarina looked around the Orange Express. Some Orange Fans were playing

chess, others were playing checkers and another Orange Fan invited Sarina to join a game of cards.

“The boss called an “All Hands On Deck Sarina.” Soldier Sam explained. “You are no exception.”

Sarina doesn't like it when she gets stuck at the Los Angeles Airport, especially the kind of Flight Delay that lasted all season long.

“I won't stay in LA during Hoops March Madness. I want to be jumping up and Down at the Orange Game!” Sarina had announced.

Over the years, Sarina's Birthday has grown into great big, boisterous party created by Soldier Sam. He just thinks it is more and more exciting each time it comes around.

After the Helicopter dropped all the Party Supplies onto the deck of the boat, it began to circle around. Was the helicopter going to drop off more supplies? The party goers didn't know the answer to that question.

Sarina decided she had had enough of her friends for the day and her Birthday Goals began to shift to Orange Hoops!! March Madness had started and Cuse had a big game coming up.

So Sarina began to swim to the shore. That was clearly the first step to get Cuse Tickets for the Game that was fast approaching.

Sarina just knew there was a ticket out there somewhere for her and it would be the best Birthday Present ever if she could find out some way of getting to Syracuse.

Soldier Sam's helicopter manages to reach the shore this time, and when he wakes up, he sees Sarina again, with her voice back, and they have a Great Time laughing about it.

Then came the Trip to Orange Beach!

In addition to being the world wide epicenter of Hoops Talent, most people don't know that a lot of Cuse Fans are top-notch Scuba Divers, due to a popular academic curriculum option.

But most of all, Sarina Loved Scuba Diving! Just then, a huge wave crashed onto the shore and washed away Sarina's sand cave!

The Trip Going back to LA

So the Orange Fans all fastened their Seatbelts for the trip to LA.

## TOUR SITE SCENES

“Santa’s Can’t Find his Tools”

Sarina and Soldier Sam had arrived at the North Pole!!

Check out Santa’s mail box to send in your list, or write a sweet thank you note for the gifts you received this past year. Just outside Santa’s front door, feel the icy North Pole and watch it glow with the power of the Northern lights. This pole marks Santa’s Village at Sky Park as part of the magical North Pole.

Wow! We are going to get a Tour of Santa’s office, where all the important Christmas decisions are made!

You guessed it. Santa is on the internet. With internet business tools, you can work anywhere ... even in the North Pole. And no business can function these days without high speed internet - especially not the largest toy manufacturing plant in the world.

After seeing Santa’s office, let’s check out another part of the North Pole— Where all the Work gets done. This is where the magic happens!

Let's first go to the reindeer house. The reindeer house was made of a special kind of metal that was snow-proof. I saw Rudolph! He was munching on candy canes. His nose was really bright.

Life was good in Mrs. Claus's Dinner Table space behind Santa's Workshop. Soldier Sam had become a regular there after Mrs. Claus discovered evidence of his appetite.

Food was easy to find. There was always a scrap from a sandwich or a cookie that fell from Sarina's tray that Mrs. Claus sent to Soldier Sam and all the other workers from her kitchen.

It was clean up time and Santa was helping Mrs. Claus fold the laundry when he noticed his big red toy bag was missing.

"I'm sure it was here when I took everything from the dryer," said Sarina without explanation."

"Yeah, where is it, Sarina?" Soldier Sam asked.

Worry covered Santa's face. "Please don't worry" suggested Mrs. Claus. "If the elves can't find it, we'll invent another way for you to carry the children's toys."

At this, Santa tried to imagine doing his job without his beloved old toy bag.

Detective Sarina immediately called for backup and located Soldier Sam.. She then walked down the stairs to find Santa near the bottom.

"Sarina and Soldier Sam. I have a Holiday Mystery for You to solve. Announced Santa.

“Oh, Santa. I’m great at Solving Mysteries! Maybe Soldier Sam could help too. What’s your problem, Santa?” Sarina asked.

Santa sure did have a mystery that no one at the North Pole could solve.

You are traveling when you are informed by an airport official that your passport isn't valid, the North Pole doesn't exist. You get in a taxi cab that takes you where you need to go, not where you were planning on going.

“Yeah, right Soldier Sam,” Santa jumped in. We all know that instances of you finding someone to go on your crazy Christmas adventures have been few and far between. In fact, I’m Santa and I can’t seem to find any records of you doing anything at all on Christmas Day.. like ever.

“Hey Santa, take us to Mrs. Claus' kitchen I bet Soldier Sam and I will find a clue there to Solve your mystery.

'Listen, Soldier Sam—guys like you don't last long in this Christmas Day Activity market,' said Sarina. 'We've seen 'em come and we've seen 'em go, right Santa?'

'Maybe it's your attire, Soldier Sam,' suggested Santa. 'Maybe you should be a fashionista like all these football players who must spend hours in front of the mirror every morning admiring themselves.

“Yeah Soldier Sam, all you ever do is alternate between Walmart outfits and your Camouflage get-up. And those boots aren’t getting anywhere in my book” stated Sarina. “That will never get you off Santa’s Naughty List.’

Ok, Sarina and Soldier Sam. I'll take you to the Mrs. Claus' Kitchen. Maybe you will find a clue to solve this mystery. Just be on your best behavior.

You are a Guest at the North Pole. You will learn many useful things about our Operation that will be sure to help you on any mission you might find yourselves on in the Future.

### Visit of Mrs. Claus' kitchen

Today is one of the best stops on the tour. The train will be picking you up in a little while to take you to your next destination.. In the meantime, Mrs. Claus is waiting for you. She is in the kitchen and I think she is preparing a very special Christmas Meal in your honour. You will see... Mrs. Claus is an excellent cook! I appreciated your visit. I hope it allowed you to discover many of the North Pole's hidden secrets. Enjoy this wonderful meal and don't forget to look up at the sky on Christmas Eve. You may see Rudolph's nose shining bright!

“Hey, Santa!” Look Soldier Sam! Look at that Orange Box sitting under the Christmas Tree. What could possibly be in the Orange Box?”

“Why don't you open the Orange Box up, Sarina. Maybe it has something you are looking for!”

“Ok, Santa. Come over here and check out this Orange Box with me, Soldier Sam!” Sarina was so excited. They opened the Orange Box together.

Look Soldier Sam!” Sarina exclaimed. “It's the Clue we have been looking for. I just knew we would find something at this Stop on the North Pole Tour!”

Eggnog

All this wrapping and manufacturing and caroling is going to make you a very hungry and thirsty elf. And I'm not just talking about a cup of cocoa. You need something that will really make you merry. The answer is, of course, eggnog.

We've already found a fantastic eggnog recipe in last week's "cocktails for difficult clients" section in the North Pole Times. From one of my favourite stores comes this delicious amaretto eggnog-flavoured candle - it will help warm those cold winter nights.

What a Great North Pole Tour you took me and Soldier Sam on, Santa. Now we have the clue to solve your mystery!" Sarina was so happy.

"Yes Sarina" Santa appreciated Sarina's Smart Detective Work. Merry Christmas to you and Soldier Sam from all of us at the North Pole!"

## MYSTERY

You are traveling when you are informed by an airport official that your passport isn't valid, the North Pole doesn't exist. You get in a taxi cab that takes you where you need to go, not where you were planning on going.

The agent at the airport had taken a step forward to the Reindeer.

The Reindeer turned to Soldier Sam. 'Will you loan me--' he faltered, '--will you advance me the price of a ticket to the North Pole?

'Sure,' said Soldier Sam.

The Reindeer spoke fiercely to the security guard at the airport gate. "Santa is waiting for me. Punch my Ticket and let me get out of here.

The Reindeer got on the Phone to Santa. "Ho Ho Ho!. Who's calling, is this Rex the Reindeer?"

'You hear that in the Background Santa. I'm at the airport, Get me out of here!

"You'll get your money, Rex," responded Santa. "But if this Passport breaks, it will be on you.'

The next few minutes passed in a dream. Soldier Sam heard the last denial of the Reindeer's passport and the last instructions as they walked out the door.

The Reindeer felt like he was stuck in a ditch, having to stay in this town. But he would settle for a hero to drive far away from the airport, like to another state on the other side of the country.

The Reindeer looked heartbroken at his passport. A picture of himself, with no home entry to another place denied.

Soldier Sam picked up keys to the cab and told the Reindeer to hop in the back seat.

In the distance the Reindeer heard the plane taking off', then Soldier Sam's voice and the noise of the car warming up.

'Action!' called Soldier Sam. There was the sound of the car moving through traffic on its way out of the airport.

And then the Reindeer knew no more about the course that was set ahead of him. He had heard stories about flights to the North Pole turning into disasters from other Reindeer, Dasher, Dancer, Blitzen, and even Comet.

'Where are we going?' persisted the Reindeer 'If I got to be protected against something I got a right to know what it is.'

"We're going to Sarina's" Soldier Sam answered. "It's the next best thing to the North Pole."

They passed by a couple of old warehouses, presumably wrapping presents since Christmas was fast approaching.

Soldier Sam came suddenly up to Sarina's and smiling, steered the reindeer toward the door. Once inside he handed the Reindeer a flask with a full ration of Bourbon.

'Have a drink, friend.' offered Soldier Sam. "You have sure been through a lot of trouble today."

The reindeer took a long pull of the Bourbon.

'There's a bit of business, Mr. Reindeer," said Sarina "Your attire needs some new costuming. It's not Festive enough. I'll explain it while they bring it in.

'This is the very finest Holiday cheer to wear, Mr. Reindeer,' Sarina assured him. 'The very best in strength and resistance. For all the cold and snow. It was built at the North Pole.

'What's it for?' Mr. Reindeer demanded, 'I want to know. You're not going to shoot at me with a camera if that's what--'

'No shooting.' Answered Sarina

'Then what is it? I'm no stunt man--' protested the Reindeer.

'You signed a contract with Santa, just like all the other Reindeer. It's required of you to do anything within reason--and the North Pole Administration has certified this legit.'

'What is it?' the Reindeer wanted to know.

'If you aren't going to be at the North Pole on Christmas Eve because of your passport expiring or being from Nowhere it appears, then..'

'You're going to make me drive an automobile and use the scene for your next picture, Sarina aren't you?

I suppose Santa doesn't have a 100% accuracy for all the chimneys, that is a North Pole State Secret."

'Give me a chance to tell you' Sarina instructed. 'Nobody's going to hit on you for presents. The car is just going to pass through town in a Parade. that's all. This case is so strong for maximum exposure.'

'Oh no!' said Soldier Sam. 'Oh no!' he noticed the Reindeers bottle of Bourbon was empty.

'Mr. Reindeer, Not on your contract is that the last bottle of bourbon. We have to make your stay here accountable and enjoyable, well as much as possible given the situation-'

Sarina looked at the reindeer with a firm gaze.

'Soldier Sam, you almost wrecked this Holiday picture once--you're not going to do it again. Get this Reindeer to the North Pole for Christmas Eve. That is where he belongs' Sarina

'That's what I'm going to be? Asked the Reindeer. I'm shocked. Well after all this.. How?!'. You're not going to squash me out flat and airmail me to the North Pole like a Frisbee, are you?'

'Either you fill your contract,' said Sarina, '--or you're out of the Holiday pictures for keeps.'

“Soldier Sam wanted to do something for you. He thought perhaps if you were a such the great Reindeer you claim to be you would be considered an essential worker by the State.

Soldier Sam might want to go with you to the North Pole to finish up a few things before Christmas. And he might even take me along” said Sarina excitedly.

'I never claimed to be—Soldier Sam cautioned.

“Soldier Sam” Sarina continued. “Despite your protests we both know that you are one of the best pilots in the State and everyone here knows Mr. Reindeer won’t need a passport, or even any money for that matter for you to launch your plane right from the patio here.

Mr. Reindeer, not only are you an essential worker at the North Pole, your Resume speaks for itself, you are legendary there.” Sarina insisted.

Sarina continued, “Soldier Sam--in your own land permit this Reindeer to fly to the North Pole, and take me with you for good measure.”

'Aw—that would be Fantastic,” exclaimed the Reindeer. “Thanks a bunch. I’ll put in a special word to Santa to give you both extra presents this year.

“I wish you well forever, Mr. Reindeer. Sarina was so genuine. Just don’t be getting yourself stuck up in any regular airport again.

## INTRO

"Yes, I know all about the World Series Ring Ghost!" Angels Mascot said, as Sarina and Soldier Sam continued their trek to the Haunted House...

"I'll tell you an experience if you care to listen. And, what's more, I'll tell it briefly, without trimmings—I mean without unessentials. That's a thing with story-tellers these days, they never do, you know," Angels Mascot laughed.

"They drag in all the unessentials and leave their listeners to disadvantage; but I'll give you just the essentials, and you can make of it what you please. But on one condition: that at the end you ask no questions, because I can't explain it and have no wish to."

Sarina and Soldier Sam agreed. We were serious. We wanted to know everything about the World Series Ring Ghost. After hearing countless stories from Angels Fans who merely wished to "talk" but had nothing to show for it, we wanted "essentials."

"In those days," Angels Mascot began, feeling from the quality of our silence that we were with him on the journey, "in those days I was interested in sports things, and had arranged to get set up in a Haunted House in the middle of Angels Stadium..."

Sarina and Soldier Sam would end up with Love for the trick or treating experience at Angels Stadium..

Sarina and Soldier Sam go out every Halloween, rain or shine, and carry a huge, industrial bag to stash all their treats.

On one such trip, Sarina was going to Haunted Houses all night with Soldier Sam and the weather was, to say the least, not cooperating.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were all dressed up for the Halloween occasion with ponchos to cover them from the rain. Suddenly, the weather cleared as if by Magic so Sarina and Soldier Sam would get the most out of their Halloween experience!!

This is the Story of that Halloween Night...

## PART 9

"This night of all Halloween Nights at Angels Stadium!" said Sarina.

"It is what I came for," Sarina said, and moved towards the door. As she did so, Soldier Sam rose and stumbled round the table, so as to be closer to Sarina.

At the door Sarina turned and saw Soldier Sam dark against the firelight, staring over his shoulder with an intent expression.

"Goodnight to us, Let's Go," Sarina said, setting the door open.

Sarina turned on the flashlight, and walked down the chilly, echoing passage, with Soldier Sam following.

"Well, Sarina" Soldier Sam said, 'you're welcome to look over it;

I've heard it's a pretty enough place, inside and out. There's no trouble about keys, because you'll get shown round."

With your permission I'll step in there with you, so we can face the business together.'

Sarina thanked him and Soldier Sam paused. 'There's one thing I must tell you, though, Sarina. Whoever enters the haunted house must be ready to take on more swarming baseballs."

"More swarming baseballs?' Sarina echoed. 'Is that it? Anything else?'

"Yes," responded Soldier Sam. I'm sorry, Sarina but I can't let you in on all the details right now,' he added,

Sarina's face was telling him no doubt what sort of danger she expected there to be; 'But I got to make a rule—anything I encounter, Soldier Sam encounters with me.

Sarina confessed she had scarce expected Ghosts to be at Angels Stadium Haunted House that Halloween Night. To Sarina, there something nonsensible to Soldier Sam day by day.

"If," said Sarina "you will show me to this Haunted House, I will make myself well established there."

Soldier Sam answered so suddenly that it startled Sarina, and shot another glance of his eyes at Sarina waited a minute, glancing at them.

"If," Sarina said a little louder, "if you will show me to this Haunted House, I will relieve you from the task of entertaining me."

And I dare say you better be on my side too, Soldier Sam. You're quite sensible and know the place." Sarina advised. Soldier Sam was in service there on prior Halloween Nights, but this was Sarina's first time checking it out.

"I may as well see the Haunted House, anyhow," said Sarina. So Sarina and Solder Sam started to walk down the path. walking side by side.

Sarina caught Soldier Sam from time to time stealing an inquisitive glance under his eyes.. Courteously though he carried himself, it was clear that he could not sum up the Fright they would experience upon meeting World Series Ring Ghost!

## PART 9

Sarina and Soldier Sam could not believe their eyes. There in front of them was World Series Ring Ghost.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were getting closer and closer to the Finale of the Angels Stadium Haunted House. They were about to meet World Series Ring Ghost!

"Good God, World Series Ring Ghost!" Sarina said. 'If you're not who the world thinks you are, what I thought I was signing up for when I called the Stadium Officials to arrange this with, who are you?'

Soldier Sam was really stiff with fright. World Series Ring Ghost moved slowly towards him across the empty room.

“You two, Sarina and Soldier Sam, World Series Ring Ghost’s voice plainly thrilling at the approach, 'you to whom life often brings no opportunity of spending your great love, oh, if you only could know how many simply live for it.

“I have had a tough life, Sarina and Soldier Sam” explained World Series Ring Ghost. It’s no wonder I feel like a Ghost.”

"By this time Soldier Sam was convinced he and Sarina were entertaining either a rogue or a madman, and cursed his stupidity for thinking World Series Ring Ghosts are well adjusted and proud, even happy.

With having seen his sad face, Sarina’s mind was quickly made up, and knew what to do. Ghosts phenomena flew to the winds. If she angered World Series Ring Ghost, her Angels Career might pay the price.

""Now, of course, I remember,' Sarina said with a sort of stiff smile that was very hard to force. 'Now I remember your World Series and the wonderful way you behaved.

It would save my Life, if but you knew. Few might find the chance that you now have, but if you only spent your love freely, without definite object, just letting it flow openly for all who need, you would reach hundreds and thousands of Ghosts just like me, and release us!

Oh, I ask you again to feel the feeling of Life with me, to be kind and gentle—and if you can to love me a little!' World Series Ring Ghost addressed them.

Let's get in this taxi, Sarina and Soldier Sam: World Series Ring Ghost instructed. Now it is my mission to drive you to your Launch Pad

With Sarina seated next to Soldier Sam, World Series Ring Ghost had taken over in the Drivers Seat in front of them, Turning onto the Road leading to the Launch Pad, the taxi was prepared to drop Sarina and Soldier Sam off in time to catch their flight.

It was going to be an eventful trip to the Launch Pad. Sarina and Soldier Sam had some unfinished business with World Series Ring Ghost. There would be no more identification as a Ghost. It was time for the World Series Ring to serve its purpose.

World Series Ring Ghost turned on the gas and struck a match in the curve of the road to prove he was in charge.

Then Soldier Sam spoke for himself. "That is it," he said. "I knew that was it. A power of darkness. To ask so much of a World Series Ring Ghost. It is there always. You can feel it even in the daytime at a Beautiful Park on a bright sunlit summer's day.

It's the most common experiences of daily life, something that is only known by the few and the proud, keeping behind you however you face about.

“You are not a Ghost, World Series Ring” explained Sarina. “Just a misunderstood Soul.”

“You are correct, Soldier Sam” Sarina explained: “Like the Haunted baseballs that Swarm along the corridor of Angels Stadium on Halloween Night, like they follow You..

#### LAST DAY ON EARTH ACTIVITIES

The Dutchess of Bronx is a Classical Story.

Soldier Sam and Sarina were going to the Yankees Game, so there were general rejoicings. Solider Sam had waited a lifetime to go to Yankees Stadium, and at last the moment had arrived.

Sarina had the 5 Train Journey all worked out and on her head was a Fitted Yankees Cap. Sarina was so beautiful that as she got on the train with Solider Sam all the people cheered. 'Sarina is the most beautiful Dutchess of Bronx we have ever witnessed” they cried, and they threw down colorful flowers on the Train floor as she boarded.

'Your Yankees Jersey looks so beautiful on you Sarina” Solider Sam couldn't help saying 'but you are even more beautiful today than I could have ever imagined. Sarina blushed, adding even more Rose Color to her face.

'She was like a Princess before” said a the guy taking their tickets at the Turnstile, 'but she is an even bigger deal than that” and the whole line of

people with tickets were delighted.

For the next few minutes everybody went about saying, 'Sarina, Sarina.. She is like a Red Rose;' and Soldier Sam gave orders at the concession stand that there would be free beer that night for everyone at Yankee Stadium.

Soldier Sam considered it a great honor to buy everyone drinks at the Game and the appreciation from the fans was duly published on Twitter.

When it became time for Sarina to throw out the First Pitch the entire Stadium shook with celebration. Sarina walked hand in hand with Solider Sam to the mound.

Then there was, after all, the actual Game against the Red Sox. Solider Sam and Sarina had tickets in the Front Row behind the Yankees Dugout and commenced the festivities by slamming an entire beer in a Classic Plastic Cup.

'It is quite clear they love each other,' said the Yankees as they took the field.

'What an honor!' thought Solider Sam. To be appreciated by the Bronx Faithful.

Once the Game got underway, Sarina considered just how happy she was to be there cheering on her Bronx Bombers. "The Yanks are going to kick some Red Sox Butt! Making them cry on their plane ride back to Boston!" Sarina found herself shouting.

The Yankees put on a grand display of Home Runs like a Fireworks Show and the Game had just started. Sarina had seen offensive fireworks from the Yanks before, but for some reason they seemed even more Special today. It was a strikingly gorgeous Summer day in the Bronx.

'Are the Bronx Bomber Fireworks like all the time, Sarina?' asked Soldier Sam as he tried to contain the Ketchup, Mustard, Onions and Relish Condiments. Soldier Sam always tried to fit more than the usual apportionment in the Silver Tinfoil Hot Dog Wrapper but usually found himself regretting it once it

was time to eat back at their seat.

'They are like a gift from God, replied Sarina. "I prefer them to stars myself, as you always know when they are going to appear, but Yankee home runs are always unpredictable. Well at least when the Bookies hadn't fixed the game" Sarina admitted.

Solider Sam certainly agreed.

'Yankee Stadium is so very beautiful!" Sarina exclaimed. 'Just look at that crisp application of the Chalk Lines on the basepaths. Why! they could not be lovelier. I am so very glad we have Yankees Tickets today.":

'Any place you love in the world to is special, Sarina. But I know Yankee Stadium pretty much takes the Cake." Soldier Sam was impressed at the job the Grounds Crew had done to prepare for the Big Game too.

The Yankees are always the Biggest Deal in the World to me, Solider Sam" Sarina continued. Yankees Stadium is like the moon. It will always live forever in our Hearts.

"I heard all about the Matchup this morning on Twitter. Sarina said. If Twitter says the same thing over and over a great many times, it becomes true in the end.

Suddenly, another sharp crack of the bat reminded both Soldier Sam and Sarina, that, despite how easily the beers had started to become emptied, there was still a Baseball Game to be played.

Then came another fine-looking Rocket of the end of a Yankee's bat, whizzing over the short porch in Right Field. Sarina always cheered whenever the Yankees even got a routine hit, but her excitement could not be contained after a Moon Shot like that, widening the already substantial Yankees lead.

Sarina made the brilliant observation that the Red Sox will always Suck, attracting attention from the others in their seating section.

“YES!!” Soldier Sam was getting pretty involved in the Game too.

Solider Sam was something of a sports politician, but had always taken a prominent positive bias toward the Yankees when Sarina was involved, so he knew the proper Parliamentary expressions to use.

'Quite Brilliant,' Soldier Sam continued, Slamming His Beer and wondering when the Beer Vendor would venture down the Aisle to serve Sarina.

As soon as the inning came to an end the Beer Vendor appeared, and Solider Sam began getting his order started.

Soldier Sam spoke with a very slow, distinct voice, as if he was explaining the importance of Amphibious Landings to a group of young Marines.

'How fortunate it is for you to appear with more beers,' Soldier Sam remarked. Sarina and Solider Sam had finished their drinks at the same time and she was proud of her accomplishment, even though Solider Sam was already several rounds ahead of her. But who's counting?

Really, it was always that way, but today could not have turned out better for Sarina. Princesses are always Lucky.

'Dear me! said Sarina, 'I thought it was quite the other way, that we were keeping an even pace.'

'It may be so with you,' Soldier Sam answered; 'Indeed, I have no doubt that it is, but with me it is different. I am a very remarkable Beer Competitor, with a storied history“

“A Drunk, you mean“ laughed Sarina, 'I know it is True, for I saw it written on your face.'

'Well, I said I was when we first met,' answered Soldier Sam, in a severe tone of voice, and Sarina began at once to bully Soldier Sam around, in order to show that she wore the pants in the relationship..

'I was saying,' continued Solider Sam, 'I was saying- What was I saying?'

'You were talking about your Love for beer,' replied Sarina

'Of course; I knew I was discussing some interesting subject when I was so rudely interrupted. I don't really appreciate rudeness and bad manners of any kind, even from the Love of My Life. No one in the whole world is as sensitive as I am, I am quite sure of that.'

'What do you mean a sensitive person?' said Sarina to Soldier Sam.

'A person, who, because he has major issues himself, doesn't like to rain on other people's parades,' answered Soldier Sam.

What are you laughing at?' inquired Soldier Sam; 'I am not laughing.'

'I am laughing because I am so happy we are here at Yankees Stadium enjoying the beautiful game," replied Sarina. "Don't take life so seriously, Soldier Sam" Sarina suggested.'

'Certainly,' agreed Soldier, who was now in better spirits; 'that is only common sense.'

'Common sense, indeed!' said Sarina. But Sarina was Brilliantly uncommon, and very remarkable. Why, anybody can have common sense. But Sarina has imagination, for she never thinks of things like everyone else. That was one of the countless reasons Soldier Sam Loved Sarina.

The only thing that sustains Soldier Sam through life is the existence of Sarina and this is a sentiment that is eternal, it existed long before he even know who the embodiment of his dreams would be.

'Well, really," Soldier Sam said "It is a most joyful Day at the Ball Park, and when you soar up into the air I intend to tell the stars all about it. The world sees them twinkle when I talk to them about you.'

'Ah! What a view of life you have, Sarina!' continued Soldier Sam; Just as I expected out of you today. You are Brilliant and Beautiful in every possible way

'You had really better keep yourself focused on the game,' said Sarina 'That is the important thing.'

'Very important for you, I have no doubt,' answered Soldier Sam. "Me too.

Now Solider Sam and Sarina's attention was back on the Game. "Let's Go Yankees.. Let's Go Yankees, came the always enthusiastic cheer from the Bronx Crowd, Truly the Best Fans in Baseball.

'Let the fireworks begin!" Sarina joined the noise of the over capacity crowd at Yankees Stadium; and stood up with the rest of the Bronx Faithful.

It was certainly a magnificent display.

'What a delightful voice you have, Sarina!' Soldier Sam was so in Love and Happy that he had finally found a friend to go to Yankees Stadium with!

STARSHIP ADVENTURE

Valentine's Day Countdown!!

PART 9

"We Lost Cell Phone Service in Space on Our Valentines Starship"

Sarina was in charge of a Starship with an original Crew of Orange Fans who have been on call to man the ship their entire lives, even while Earth was still together before being blown to pieces when the Sun exploded.

Even though the Orange Fans aboard the Starship vividly recall the excitement they experienced at Orange Stadium on Earth, Soldier Sam is also on board and has never been to an Orange Hockey Game, only shown Virtual Reality Footage of the Orange filmed in a time and place he had never experienced.

Even while Sarina is the Captain of the Starship she too had been a long running resident of Earth and the opinion of the Orange Fans Crew is always that living aboard the Starship is so much different from being on the ground.

Soldier Sam and the Orange Fans can't wait to get off the ship and establish a new Orange Stadium in all of its glory on any planet you can find with the capacity to support Orange Hockey. So on Valentine's Day Sarina and Soldier Sam devised a plan to change the Starship's course to a nearby Galaxy full of unexplored Planets.

**If your Starship is the one moving at near-light-speed, you'd barely get your first mission done before you run into an enemy fleet, that spent many years tracking you down. The faster you move, the slower your time passes.**

**This brings us to two somewhat related ideas. If you create a massive cylinder of a material like neutronium and rotate it about the long axis near the speed of light, it creates a "frame dragging" effect, tipping light**

cones and allowing you to "escape" through a timeline loop. In effect, since the light cone is pointing somewhere else than a cone at rest would, you would be escaping to "Valentines Love Land"

Orange Mascot has a Valentine's Day plan, one in which Sarina and Soldier Sam need to locate a Hiding Place in the Galaxy to find a missing part to the Space Ship so Orange Fans can witness a Hockey game, at least once Sarina and Soldier Sam learn how to split command.

Sarina has taken control of Spaceship command and she alone has the authority to parcel out the power required for transit to the new planets and if Orange Mascot's Valentine's Day Hide-and-Seek Plan succeeds, the Starship will run the risk of being lost in space forever.

Soldier Sam can't wait to get down to the surface so You and the Orange Fans can experience a better way of life. One in which Orange Hockey could go on forever.

Soldier Sam has a plan for Valentine's Day and he intends to stop Orange Mascot from abandoning the Group of Orange Fans on the surface of a planet without the possibility for an Orange Hockey surface on the new planet and take the Starship up into orbit.

With Soldier Sam's knowledge of the location of vast supplies and advanced technology, he is essential to your Starship Operations unless you can find someone else on the ship with his Skill Set. Sarina was well aware of Orange Mascot's Hide-and-Seek plans for Valentine's Day and if word gets out, it may immediately lead to unrest among all the Orange Fans on your Starship.

**We started up our Starship and started having a conversation about how much Space Traffic there was on Valentine's Day.**

Sarina revved the Starship engines towards the direction the Valentine Orange Compass in the Direction of the New Planet. Once at the destination, Solider Sam proposed they jump off the Starship onto the Planet's Terrain. Then continue to follow the compass for the exact location of Orange Mascot.

Orange Mascot had for sure found a good hiding place for our Starship Part and we set due course to find it. We had at our disposal many navigation instruments and talked about the scenery in outer space.

Soldier Sam accompanied Sarina on the Hide-and-Seek adventure in more than just spirit. Soldier Sam's Title was "Chief Engineer of Future Orange Hockey. Soldier Sam can be found within several levels investigating the happenings of the Universe.

In most cases, playing Hide-and-Seek with Orange Mascot is out of the way of the main objectives. Scouring inter-planetary levels is a must for those interested in tracking him down. Sarina and Soldier Sam were up to the challenge!

With the Big Valentine's Day excursion, The Starship Orange Fans presents an excellent sendoff for what has been a Valentine's Day Renaissance for Sarina and Soldier Sam with their control panels in a new high-tech Play Station format.

Surely with these new tools at their fingertips, Sarina and Soldier Sam will be able to locate Orange Mascot and retrieve the missing Starship Part.

Once Sarina and Soldier Sam find The Coded Mystery Tablet, they want to sail to their Valentine's Day Destination.. You can find the Station of Hearts on Crescent Moon Isle, Marauder's Arch, and Ramblin' Ridge.

Then Sarina and Soldier Sam will finally be able to set course and Sail to one of those three islands and approach their Valentine's Day Stop with their Coded Mystery Tablet in hand.

Sarina knew that this Coded Mystery Tablet was just a glorified Cell Phone, but it would be a critical part for completing this mission to find Orange Mascot and the mission Starship Part.

Sarina and Soldier Sam did this task together and Soldier Sam used the Cell Phone to straighten up the Radar Seeker Pod, but with great difficulty. While Soldier Sam was occupied with this high-tech straightening business, Sarina ran into a great deal of trouble.

Sarina lost the Cell Phone when an anti-gravity airlock at the front of the Starship was blasted open with a flying piece of Space Debris from the moon they were passing by!

That cell phone, the key to finding Orange Mascot and the missing Starship Part, was rendered inactive by one of its Vortex Channels, but Sarina didn't give up on the mission and continued.

After meticulous effort and some luck, Sarina was able to locate the coordinates of the lost cell phone, Several parts of the antimatter inactivation faces had fuel spilling from it's hatch and Sarina was determined to retrieve the cell phone that would be required to find Orange Mascot in his Hiding Place.

What a treacherous game of Hide-and-Seek this was turning out to be! Sarina and Soldier Sam convened a meeting with several Orange Fans and they all agreed to drop everything and go after the flying cell phone.

So Soldier Sam goes into the engine room because that was his spot to figure out big problems. Retrieving the mission cell phone would challenge all of Soldier Sam's brain, but he was up to the Task.

When Soldier Sam finally comes up with an idea he ran up to the Control Room to find Sarina. Both of them began to see hope and the light at the end of the tunnel for their Valentine's Day Adventure.

So Soldier Sam located the Far End of the Moon where the Cell phone was in orbit and he says to Sarina with excitement "Sarina!! I think we have found it!"

What a relief!! Sarina and Solider Sam were able to activate a Tractor Beam that radiated a magnetic pulse to draw that cell phone back into their hands.

Sarina and Solider Sam were once again able to Radio the Search Satellite and they were now closer than ever to locating Orange Mascot and their missing Starship Part.

Sarina looked at Soldier Sam straight in the face surprised and told him "Where!?! Where did you find it?"

Soldier Sam told Sarina the answer to that question and they immediately called The Vortex Steamers to clean up all of the Space Debris.

For some context, this was turning out to be one of the most challenging Valentine's Day Missions Sarina and Soldier Sam had ever been a part of.

Sarina manoeuvred the Starship to go in the storm drain of the far moon and she assumed and entered so the Polar Vortex could no longer hold them back.

How about letting Sarina and Soldier Sam get a clue as to Orange Mascot's Location? One of the most obvious hiding places would be to orbit the supermassive black hole in the centre of the milky way, maybe travelling light years and orbit low using the infinite power of technology to hold the structure together. Cause that would be hard to spot.

What sort of Starships are you talking about? If they are smaller than Jupiter and don't radiate more heat than an Orange Moon, empty space is just what you need. You see no one - regardless of his technology and computational capacity - can categorize all tiny, cold objects in the galaxy, so if you put your fleet into the darkness and nobody will see it.

**Sarina and Soldier Sam found Orange Mascot's hiding spot and Located their Valentine Prize.**

It was the High-energy Particle Detectors!

High-energy particle detector instruments measure the energy spectra of trapped energetic electrons, and the energy and composition of atomic nuclei. They may employ several independent solid-state-detector telescopes.

The Cosmic Ray Subsystem measures the presence and angular distribution of particles from planets' magnetospheres, and from sources outside our solar system: electrons of 14-1400 MeV and nuclei 1-14 MeV from hydrogen to iron. The Energetic Particle Detector on the Starship is sensitive to the same nuclei with any degree of energy.

Orange Mascot gave Sarina and Soldier Sam the instruction manuals and described the Fix.

"The primary and auxiliary link is offline. Don't forget to reset the radial pulse turbine lubricator." Instructed Orange Mascot.

Sarina heard a loud rumbling that sounded like it was coming from a far-away planet and Sarin prepared to make the jump into Hyper-Space. "What was that, Soldier Sam?", Sarina asked with excitement.

Soldier Sam had jokes that Valentine's Day. "That didn't come from outer space, that was my Stomach, I am so damn hungry after all this action. Are we ever going to have that Valentine's Day Dinner we have been talking about all day?"

"Soldier Sam! Look!", Sarina shouted. "Can you see the Fast Food Drive-Through on that Moon we are passing at this very moment?" Sarina was shouting even louder. She was excited too!

"Fast Food on a Distant Galactic Space Station over here?" Soldier Sam asked, puzzled.

We could probably learn some lessons on this Valentine's Day. Lessons on how to build Fast-food Drive thrus on Orange Planet, should we ever find one" Sarina suggested.

"Right, Sarina" Soldier Sam responded. "It would for sure make for a brilliant end to our Valentine's Day if we find generous host, who'll serve us loads of Food" Soldier Sam concluded.

That very moment, Sarina and Soldier Sam recruited Orange Mascot to share that Valentine's Day dinner, turned that Starship around and made a Warp-Speed entrance to the Restaurant.

Sarina and Soldier Sam got their first taste of Valentine's Day Dinner .Yes, this is a fantasy world in which Heart-shaped Fast Food is going to be available on every Planet!!

It was so nice to spend Valentine's Day with you, Soldier Sam" Sarina exclaimed.

"Same, Sarina" responded Soldier Sam. "It was a great Valentines Adventure that I would do again in a Heartbeat even though it was quite a bit of Work."

The Prospects for finding a Planet suitable for Orange Hockey were now Better than Ever!!

PART 9

The Radio Crackled. Sarina and Soldier Sam both heard the noise.

"Rams Mascot is that YOU?!!" Sarina was shocked.

“Wait, Rams Mascot, I can’t hear you. Speak up!” Sarina shouted.

“Rams Mascot we have a bad connection. Hold on while Soldier Sam and I fix the ship so we can hear you. Sit Tight! Don’t Go anywhere, We will reestablish the connection,” Sarina Promised.

Performance of the Starship exceeded design. When confronted with the overwhelming force, such an impact at a relative velocity, extending much of the length of her hull ... Sarina and Soldier Sam weathered it.

The Starship stayed afloat and in trim the whole time. Because of the heroism of crew members in the boiler rooms who knew they were sacrificing their safety in the effort, the lights stayed on.

Sarina and Soldier Sam wanted to believe terrible things happened for reasons. They wanted there to be a flaw to correct, something they could have done better. A choice could have somehow made differently. We want disasters to be preventable.

But the Galaxy doesn’t work that way.

“Where are You, Rams Mascot?” Sarina shouted into the radio receiver.

Rams Mascots voice came through loud and clear.

“WHERE ARE YOU, RAMS MASCOT?” Sarina wanted to know as soon as possible. “Can the Planet’s Terrain and Atmosphere support Rams Football”

“I’m on Planet CAPELLA! Check it out, Sarina!”

Planets warm air reaches the cool wall and roof, loses its extra energy, and recirculates to the warm surfaces, thus setting up a steady state of trapped warm air in which the surface of the soil and plants and the average air temperature are higher than the temperature outside

Sounds perfect for Rams Football” exclaimed Sarina.

Sarina signaled on the Video Chat to get a close look at Ram Mascot’s position on the Planet .

Sarina went directly to the controls with her Captains Suit, and her Adventure Goggles pulled tight.

Rams Mascot said he knew a secret railway through the terrain of the Planet that might get him to the new Rams Stadium unobserved.

And glanced at Soldier Sam’s Report on Rams Fans activities that day.

"Get a chance to read it?" Soldier Sam asked in a tone of expectation.

"It's Great” responded Sarina. Better than your usual stuff. Listen, Rams Mascot is with me now."

"Have you signed him up to scout out the terrain on Planet?” Soldier Sam was full of curiosity about the potential for Rams Football to be played there.

"I'm going to.” Sarina decided. “Seems he wants to work with Me. Here, you talk to him, Soldier Sam"

We are coming to Rams Planet, Rams Mascot! But we have to make 2 Stops.

First we are going to Planet X for some Upgrades to our Starship since we expect to Drift for Long Time to land on Rams Moon.

Then New Starship Upgrades for Big Fight to get from the Moon to Rams Stadium.

We are going to make a day of it on Planet X while our ship gets fixed. It will be an Adventure!!

Then we will go on a Day Trip on Your Rams Moon too.

“Look, Solder Sam!” Planet X is fast approaching “ said Sarina. Prepare for landing!!”

After Sarina’s assurance, Soldier Sam was confident and was just enjoying every moment of it. After a span of several minutes, Sarina prepared the landing.

## PLANET X ADVENTURE ACTIVIES

### PART 1

Soldier Sam had always dreamed about checking out Magic Forest Island with Sarina. Soldier Sam was still an apprentice and received little compensation.

He worked non-stop, tirelessly promoting advanced space travel concepts. The Bossed never paid him any attention and the work was hard.

Sarina worked at the Studio back in the states. The producers were just as heartless. . Sarina too was underpaid for her important and impactful work..

For both of them, at first the work cool. There was so much money coming in , that their bosses were sitting on a fortune, even while Soldier Sam and Sarina worked long hours, without appreciation.

“Oh,” Soldier Sam sighed one day. “How nice this had seemed to be. “ remembering the days when he and Sarina had showed up on the scene, each brimming with confidence and great expectations.

“I hope things go back to the way they used to be”, Sarina wished. Soldier Sam and Sarina remembered and wished, but nothing ever changed.

One day, Soldier Sam came up with an idea. He asked Sarina to run away with him on a Vacation they had never been given.

“Our lives would be better if we took a break and let things fall apart at the office so our Bosses would be at least mildly appreciative when we get back, he said.

Sarina agreed at once. That night, Soldier Sam and Sarina sneaked out of the office and hopped on flights to their destination. But when they arrived and looked at a map they realised that the airport and beach were separated by a Great Forest.

So Soldier Sam and Sarina decided to make their way through miles of trees and run to the beach! Deep into the woods they went. It was very dark so they could barely see where they were walking. They fell and stumbled

through the thick brush for hours and hours. Their stomachs started grumbling from hunger.

They were about to stop and rest when Sarina saw something. "Soldier Sam," she called. "Look, look it's a Hotel!" she cried with great relief. As they got closer and approached the hotel they could not believe their eyes.

The hotel had a Burger King inside!! "Oh, how I would love a Double Cheeseburger and Fries" Sarina exclaimed. Soldier Sam agreed, signalling he wanted a Whopper Combo with Onion Rings.

"Do you think.. we could eat there? Is it still open at this Hour?" Sarina asked. I am so hungry!" "I think so" replied Soldier Sam. They made it into the restaurant and ordered their meals. He dived right into the Onion Rings, dipping them in Zesty Sauce and took two big bites out of the Whopper It was tasty.

Sarina eagerly unwrapped her double cheeseburger and grabbed a few Fries before rushing back to the counter to order the Milk Shake she had forgotten to order before she started to eat the rest of Her Meal.

Then, suddenly the hotel concierge approached their table. She smiled at them. "Come on in Guys," she invited them into the hotel. "You two must be very tired, when you finish getting something to eat, you can check into our Penthouse Suite" she offered. "There is a lot to see at the Beach and you are already well on your way!"

Soldier Sam and Sarina followed the concierge into the Hotel, relieved that they had filled up at Burger King and seemed to be getting a fortunate break finding somewhere to sleep.

The Hotel Lobby was nicely appointed and it had a pool on the patio and also a Huge Bar with Pint beers on tap for Solider Sam and also Rail Mixers for Sarina.

The Bartender drew up a Pint of Beer on Special for Soldier Sam and Sarina ordered the Fruitiest Drink on the Menu. "Made in the Shades" were mixed up with Captain, Malibu, Orange and Pineapple Juice and topped off with some Grenadine.

Sarina inquired about putting an umbrella straw in her Drink, and the bartender quickly hooked it up since they were, after all, on vacation.

"Perfect! It was one of the best drinks Sarina had ever tasted. "This is the best Bar!" Sarina exclaimed happily.

The Bartender let Soldier Sam and Sarina drink as much as they wanted long into the night. Soon they were both Plastered. Consuming all the drinks had made them very happy.

Then, Sarina's eyelids started drooping, she were so tired. The Bartender noticed and said,"You two must be sleepy. You can be our guests and stay here tonight in the Penthouse."

So the concierge took them all the way to the Top of the Hotel. The Suite was Top Notch. They continued drinking until they were now completely out of energy. Then they quickly fell asleep in the comfortable bed. And before you know it, they had drifted off into their respective dreamlands.

But when Soldier Sam woke up the next morning, he could tell that something was very wrong. Sarina was nowhere to be found and he discovered he was locked in the Suite and found a note that said Sarina had become an indentured servant in the Burger King Kitchen!

Soldier Sam was shocked, and was overcome with emotion and disbelief since there was no way to get past the locked door to rescue Sarina. He could not believe that they had been tricked!

Meanwhile, Sarina was being ordered around in the Burger King Kitchen by the Crew Chief. "Clean that Broiler! Prepare All the Sandwiches! Put Fries and Onion Rings down in the Grease! Then Clean out the Fryers and take out the Trash!"

As soon as Sarina completed the Tasks, the Crew Chief indicated that there would be no end to her Service. Sarina did not know how to react and replied. "I can even begin to tell you how full of shit you are if you think this arrangement is going to work out!"

When the Crew Chief heard this he started laughing derisively.

"You... you are the one with the key to the suite aren't you?" Sarina suddenly realised. Sarina knew something had to be done about the Crew Chief. She waited for the right time to make her move.

When Sarina saw that his back was turned to her she jumped up and beat the shit out of the Crew Chief. She knew she had knocked him out cold for some time, and grabbed the keys off his belt.

Right away, Sarina rushed up to the Penthouse Suite to unlock the door setting Soldier Sam free and they embraced happily. "We can run away to the Beach now!" Soldier Sam told Sarina.

But before their ran out of the Hotel, they made sure to stop off at the Bar for a couple more drinks, Bloody Marys with Pickle, Olives and Double Mushrooms since that was the Classic Breakfast Time Beverage.

But Sarina was missing her Orange Treasure Soldier Sam had worked so hard to purchase for her, even at the expense of him never having any pocket change for himself. On a hunch, Sarina thought the invaluable pieces so close to her heart might have been hidden in the Hotel Desk Safe.

Behind the Hotel Desk, they found Sarina's stuff, all of it. Soldier Sam grabbed it and all the Cash in the Safe, which was a small fortune by anyone's standards and took a Helicopter Flight the rest of the way to the beach.

Once Soldier Sam and Sarina had soaked up the Sun and beautiful Ocean views to their Hearts Content, they quickly called their travel agent and booked a first class flight to another destination.

Soldier Sam and Sarina decided they would hit all the Fun Spots and kick their feet up and relax for a while, but only long enough to hold on to enough of the fortune so they wouldn't have to work quite so hard when they got back.

## MOON LANDING

At the fixed time the signal was given. Sarina and Soldier Sam hastily got into the cockpit. After a few minutes, Sarina took her seat. Soldier Sam was ordered asked to fasten belts and given earplugs to escape the whirl of the plane. Sarina started the machine.

We started to close in on another Mainland patrol. The unit was in the centre, and there were two others on our flank. The chairman told the officers to keep moving straight ahead and move as quickly as possible. We figured the patrol would be surprised that we were coming for them as fast as we were. There was no point in relenting our pursuit and the patrol likely considered our advance to be a menacing concern.

It soon was realized that the patrol was quite resolved to stay in the fight. The chairman fell back on the principles of attack he had learned during training. The unit had to follow up the strike on the patrol before they would have a chance to get themselves off of the ground and mount a strong defence with adequate countermeasures. The only thing left to do was to instigate an assault that would force the patrol into capitulation.

The wireless operator determined that the patrol had in fact been in contact with the Mainland the whole time It took a little time to decipher the messages and we decided to wait for more information. Three options presented themselves to the chairman, First, the patrol could be disposed of and we would wait for a response from the Mainland, Alternatively, the patrol could be left under guard and we could try and pick up the action

later. Finally, the patrol could just be left where they were and matters would end as they were.

To leave the patrol under guard would diminish our the readiness level of our force since they would be all tied up, and to leave them without guard would give them too good of a chance of the Mainland forces following up on us in a few days. The chairman put the situational problem to the officers and most were committed to aggressive action, and they saw no real alternative because they decided leaving them under guard was an untenable option and they simply did not want to let the patrol go on their way without incident.

After some time had passed, the chairman came up with a solution that would at least leave his conscience intact. We would go on with our forces not compromised and do as we had been directed. He decided that the answer was to make sure the patrol had no chance of meeting up with the garrison in the short-term, and this would enable his unit to get away from adverse consequences resulting from their mission.

As the boat bounced from the top of each wave, the wind was messing up Sarina's hairdo, and as the craft plopped its stern down again the spray splashed past..

The crest of each of these waves was a hill, from the top Soldier Sam looks, and for a moment, a broad tumultuous expanse, shining and wind-driven.

It was probably splendid. It was probably glorious, this spashy play, wild with lights of emerald and white and amber.

"Good thing it's an on-shore wind," said Solider Sam; "If not, where would we be?"

"Wouldn't have a show." laughed Sarina.

"That's right," Soldier Sam agreed.

The intercom countdown suddenly caught Sarina and Soldier Sam's attention.

They didn't know what it was for, but they knew that they did not want to stick around to find out.

They dashed out of the door and back down the hallway. Soldier Sam zapped the adversaries in front of them before they could even lift their ray guns while Sarina covered the back.

There were shots flying through the air from every angle and the noise of shouting everywhere.

## MOON ACTIVITIES

### PART 1

Flying through the Hawaii Skies, Sarina was piloting the Island Hopper, a state-of-the-art fighter jet. Sarina's repeated efforts were unsuccessful when

she tried shake the catapult bride loose — a device that connected the airplane to the catapult shuttle.

Because attempting to land the Island Hopper on the jammed nose strut was unsafe, Sarina was directed to fly over the base, point the aircraft out to sea and eject.

Minutes later, after a successful ejection and seat separation, the crash crewman Solider Sam was riding in a truck and watched Sarina make a safe parachute landing in a nearby field.

Soldier Sam jumped out of the truck and ran up to Sarina. Pointing overhead, he exclaimed, “Your buddy’s still up there!”

Giving Soldier Sam a confused look, Sarina said, “Buddy? I don’t have a buddy up there.”

But looking up, looking where Solider Sam was pointing, Sarina saw it — her Island Hopper— descending and turning back toward where the Pair stood.

Both were frozen in place as they watched the jet continue to circle and lose altitude. Coming in lower, the unpiloted bird just missed colliding with the Football Stadium, then moments later neatly landed on nearby Beach.

Sarina has one of the more challenging jobs in the world. As helicopter expert, she drops bombs from helicopters to trigger avalanches in order to clear dangerous areas.

On one mission, Sarina was doing exactly that when she realized that the bomb that she just dropped on a mountaintop had landed much closer than she had expected. The helicopter's rotor wash whipped up a cloud of snow powder, obliterating Sarina's visibility. Due to a gust of wind and a separation of a mere 5 meters the rotor blades clipped the mountain, sending the Helo tumbling down the side in a blanket of snow.

During the fall, Sarina had become buried underneath one hundred pounds of explosives. Tightly strapped in and aware she had just thrown a lit fuse into the snow above, Sarina was desperate to free herself from the explosives and the helicopter so she and Soldier Sam tumbled over a 7,000 ft cliff. The aircraft continued its downhill slide, stopping just short of another drop.

Sarina was able to cut himself free once the helicopter stopped sliding, and took off running with Soldier Sam. The bomb she had just thrown detonated soon after, triggering an avalanche that chased her and Soldier Sam down the mountain. They reached a ridge and survived, and thanks to their helicopter's tracking device, they were rescued later that night by—you guessed it—a helicopter.

Back in the early days, Sarina's dream of owning a helicopter got Sarina buying scrap pieces and collecting rubbish to construct her own flying machine. In spite of ridicule and a shortage of monetary resources, she customized her helicopter with a television, PlayStation controllers for steering, and a motorcycle battery as a power source.

Neighbors who had watched her craft slowly come together have said that although they had no idea what she was building at first, it soon became apparent when they heard the sounds of the engine roaring and the rotor blades thumping.

While the consensus was that Sarina's helicopter likely will never fly, she was often ridiculed as crazy by locals who witnessed her work and the craft's lack of flight on a daily basis, Sarina patiently continued adding parts for years, still hopeful that one day she would prove her detractors wrong.

Authorities presented Sarina with a personalized flight uniform and, inspired by her optimism and perseverance, scheduled offers for many missions so she could further her skills in aviation. Sarina was convinced that, with the right engine, her home-built helicopter can be airworthy.

Sarina was patient in awaiting a safety inspection from aviation experts before she took her first voyage.

"My heart is content" Sarina speaks of her first helicopter flight.

Sarina's helicopter was at work everyday. One morning, a pilot came rushing towards Sarina with a van full of sacks and piles of Super Bowl Rings and said "Hurry up and pile these inside the chopper!"

"I hope she can fly with all this weight." said Soldier Sam.

"Sure I can!" said the helicopter.

That day, Sarina steered the helicopter and carefully discharged the goods on a narrow stretch of land with people running towards them. They thanked her for reaching on time with the goods.

That day, when the helicopter returned to its hanger, all the airport staff clapped and cheered it. “Good job done Sarina!” they said. The little helicopter has become a rescue helicopter!

Helicopters are used everywhere. They’re often in the media, either for their participation in heroic rescue efforts or, more tragically, for crashing. Presented here for your reading pleasure are scenes involving adventurous use of helicopters—some inspiring, all daring.

On another day, Sarina was attempting to circumnavigate the Island when her helicopter broke a gear midway through his trip. Her aircraft crashed and Sarina was only able to grab her life raft and some flares before the helicopter disappeared. Sarina ultimately managed to get ashore.

Fog dampened Sarina’s hope of rescue. On the morning of the second day, after the fog had lifted, she heard the sound of a helicopter and was just barely able to alert them to her location with his last remaining flare. Sarina was picked up, uninjured and stated her plans to eventually retry her trip in a new helicopter.

## PART 2

But the story we will now tell stands above all Stories as Sarina and Soldier Sam found themselves in an adventure of international espionage, a mission that would alter the course of history. Its objectives were highly classified.

As the first rays of sunlight appeared in the east the next day, Sarina got up, put her shoes on and started to go to work doing her hair. She was surprised to see Soldier Sam already in the kitchen cooking up some raspberry chocolate pancakes. She had completely forgotten Yankees highlights were on Sportscenter.

“Yum, I’m Super hungry!” Sarina was smiling even though she hadn’t gotten a lot of sleep and the alarm clock had surprised her.

After eating, they make quick progress to the airfield and made a final check on the weather. The forecaster on the radio came on in between innings of the Yankee Game and reported that it would be “Ceiling & Visibility Unlimited” for at least another 48 hours.

“The Ship’s all ready to fly,” said the mechanic. He had done his job well in preparation for their mission & greeted them as they walked across the tarmac.

Soldier Sam excused himself, the called his maintenance and operations guy to have the plane fueled and ready to fly at the crack of dawn.

Sarina and Soldier Sam got into the plane and fastened their seatbelts. A sudden roar echoed across the field as Sarina started the engines. She made a quick but thorough check of the instruments. Minutes later, they were airborne and climbing rapidly towards their destination.

The day passed and Sarina and Soldier Sam had been on a mission for every minute of it.

The Orange phone rings at 2200 hours. Sarina blinks and rubs her eyes. She had spent the last hour staring into the radar monitor's screen, and now its orange circle burned the inside of her eyelids.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were watching this beautiful night turn to soup. One low bank of clouds moved in, sweeping in, drawing strength like Soldier Sam does when he drinks an Orange Soda from a straw.

The Storm was gathering strength as they approached the control Station.

Picking up the Orange receiver , Sarina hears the first raindrops hit the hangar roof. As visibility drops to 800 feet, she knew the next phone call will be from the air traffic control tower.

Beside the phone, the flight radio squawks with static.

Sarina picked it up and heard the voice of the Security Chief at the air base.

The Chief sounded excited. "I've had a report that one of the pilots using the air base has been acting suspicious lately. He used to seem like a good guy and stay around for a couple drinks and a cigarette or two after he lands. Now shortly after he gets in he leaves in a waiting helicopter. He never says where he is going. We are starting to think he is a Secret Agent."

"That is strange," Sarina remarked. "A helicopter! The kind of aircraft that can take off and land vertically" she asked.

"Right! It can also fly at lower speeds and hover around a Target." Said the Chief.

"Have you any idea where the secret agent goes?" Sarina asked, hoping to trip him up if he didn't have his story straight.

“No flight plane was filed with me.” The Chief said.

“Who owns the Plane?” Sarina inquired.

“I don’t know, but now I mean to find out,” the Chief replied. “Whenever the pilot asked for landing instructions he only partly identified himself .

“What about his history as a Pilot?” Sarina asked.

“He only first showed up here several months ago. Seems efficient and no Red Flags popped up in his record of service. The flight arrival path is part of his regular schedule, and I’ve been watching it for anything that could be the least suspicious.”

“I have an idea,” said Sarina. “Next time he shows up and takes off in his helicopter, Soldier Sam and I will follow him.”

“Follow him? The chief wasn’t registering what her plan was.” How?”

“In my plane” Sarina responded matter of factly.

“But if you were to turn immediately behind him and trail it on the same course,” the chief countered, “wouldn’t that arouse the pilots suspicions? He isn’t stupid.”

“We would act like we have been coming from another air field” Sarina said. “Hold on just a minute, will You?”

Sarina signaled for Soldier Sam to come over and he handed her an aeronautical chart. Spreading it out, Sarina carefully examined the surrounding terrain. “Here we go”, she told the Chief. “We’ll go there and wait. When you see the pilot boarding the helicopter, let us know. Hopefully the weather will cooperate.”

"Well, if they can fly in this stuff, we sure can," Sarina says before dropping the Orange receiver back in its cradle.

The rotors of Sarina's aircraft are spinning. Soldier Sam was wiping raindrops from the windshield as they cinch down their shoulder belts. Sarina pulls the throttle grip towards her knee and the steering stick into her lap, and the helicopter jumps into pursuit.

Sarina veered in the right direction to outrun the rain, takes a left turn, aims the nose at the fleeing target and looks up to see the full moon streaming in through the windshield and lighting up the cockpit.

"If we were in our car, I would flip the sun visor down." Soldier Sam joked.

To the left Soldier Sam sees the moonlight bouncing off the storm wall, turned to Sarina and says, "That thing just got bigger. It's six thousand feet tall now, with high winds pushing a knot of cloud forward from the main front like a boxer throwing a punch."

Sarina sees the power line at the last possible moment. With the storm to her back she cannot climb any faster, and could not stop.

Soldier Sam commented that they could feel the impact before he hears it, and he knows he has hooked the power line with his skids. As they started losing speed, time slows down. Sarina pulls the stick with all her strength,

hoping to break the line. The helicopter is temporarily suspended, roaring at full throttle but motionless in the sky. The radio comes to life.

"This is Control Tower Romeo. Please be advised that all air traffic is suspended until further-"

"We should get there with plenty of time to spare", Soldier Sam tried to assure her.

Sarina scooped up the receiver when it suddenly activated. "This is the Security Chief, Ma'am. Your secret agent just registered again on the radar. Its taking off in your direction right now."

"Roger." Sarina replied. "We're on our way!"

"There's the helicopter, Sarina. Get ready!" Soldier Sam was very confident in her abilities.

The Secret agent veered slightly so Sarina kept following at a safe distance. A short time later, the helicopter made two complete turns, then reverted to course. Sarina did the same. Moments later, their quarry repeated that manoeuvre.

"Why all these Fucking Turns?" Sarina complained.

"He's probably checking to see if he is being followed" Soldier Sam replied.

"Do you think he's spotted us?" Sarina asked.

"No doubt", Soldier Sam concluded. "But we've nothing to lose by continuing the chase.

Then, suddenly, the gap between the two crafts started to close quickly as

the helicopter reduced speed. One glance at the airspeed indicator told Sarina her plane was dangerously close to a stall.

Sarina was just about to increase power and get the hell out of there, when the Secret Agent suddenly executed a sharp turn and headed directly at them!

Sarina quickly executed a quick manoeuvre out of the way, but the sharp movement of the controls were not giving them any sort of really enjoying themselves any more.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were thrown against their seatbelts as the plane started to drop. The wind whistled against the wings.

“Hang on!” Sarina shouted as she pulled the throttle closed and applied aileron and rudder control.

Sarina managed to level the wings, then concentrated on recovering from the steep dive. As she eased back slowly on the wheel, they were pressed down into their seats by the increasing G Force.

Finally, Sarina had the aircraft back to straight & level—but with not much altitude to spare. She increased power and the plane climbed higher. For a moment neither of them spoke.

“Whew. Goodness Gracious!” Sarina finally exclaimed as she looked in the mirror at her hair to make sure it hadn’t fallen out of place during the Wild Ride.

Soldier Sam was relieved too. “I can’t say I’m much for this kind of manoeuvre. “ he admitted.

Sarina had made her decision. She quickly agreed. “Who gives a Flying Fuck about this Secret Agent anyway. Let’s head back to get some dinner at Burger King. The Yankees Game is still on after all, Right?”

## RAMS PLANET LANDING

The Starship flew very fast rushing through space without a bump or a jolt when all of a sudden bad weather overtook Sarina and Soldier Sam. The Starship began to swing from side to side and Sarina was a little troubled in controlling it.

Once evening fell upon the unit, the officers consulted the maps and planned the march ahead. We had covered quite a distance during the week, so the chairman agreed to press forward along the decided trajectory in principle, although we would have to maneuver around a group of islands which would slow the unit down considerably. Some of our stateside authorities came over the wireless and wanted to know what was going on.

Then Sarina, in the bow, kept laughing in a way that expressed humor, determination and tragedy, all in one.

"Do you think We've got much of a show now, Soldier Sam?" asked Sarina.

Whereupon they were both silent, except for some back and forth chit-chat about the Yankees.

To express any particular optimism at this time they felt would be premature, but they both doubtless possessed this sense of the situation in their head.

The chairman considered the communications to be an unwelcome intrusion on a mission that they could not possibly understand, given their distant vantage point. As the officers reported, they thought that, at best, no Mainland operatives were watching or tracking our movements and, at worse, if other patrols were to give chase, the odds would likely be in our favour, given the geography of the islands we were headed for momentarily.

Seagulls flew near and far. Sometimes they sat down on the sea, near patches of seaweed that rolled on the waves with a movement like carpets in a hole in the wall store across from a strip mall.

The birds sat comfortably in groups, and they were envied by Sarina and Soldier Sam for the strength of the sea was no more to them than it was to someone thousand miles inland.

We set off toward the islands filled with vigor and positive thoughts and met a good pace as we pressed forward with a dogged determination to make good time. On this particular leg of the long journey we were glad for the prospect that we would have a few uneventful and secure moments, and the officers spotted a location where we could hole up and regain our peace of

mind, if only for a while. We cleaned ourselves up and hydrated to quench our thirst and hunger for the first time in several days, which buoyed our spirits.

"Soldier Sam," Sarina intoned with a note of urgency. "We've lost our course a bit as far I can tell in my condition." I guess you had better start paying more attention.

Then Sarina and Soldier Sam both heard the crash of the toppled crests.

Sarina passed Soldier Sam some Scotch in a plastic cup. Not to trust him with the whole bottle. That was her job.

The officers immediately began to be concerned that the Mainland forces might be leaving a trap for us, since our route had not been met with any more patrols. The chairman did not think this was the case, since there seemed to be not a single sign of immediate danger. We fully intended to leave our trajectory for the time being to find some cover, but there was really nothing around but open space. The officers wondered aloud about our intentions to lay low and not seek out another engagement, where we would at least be reasonably sure about the state of the Mainland patrols.

The adversaries were split into two groups, one on Sarina and Soldier Sam's left and one on their right.

The ones on the left who followed Sarina and Soldier Sam out from the moon and then the other group has arrived at our position coming from Rams Planet.

"What are we going to do?" asked Soldier Sam.

## ORANGE VALENTINES #9

“Go to BBQ Party at Dino’s”

The Flight through Space was finally complete. The Starship bolted down from the sky and landed in New York.

Cupid was there on the Tarmac to greet Sarina and Soldier Sam.

“Sarina and Soldier Sam!” Cupid called out. “Welcome to Syracuse!”

“Thanks Cupid” Sarina replied.

“Isn’t there a Big Orange Basketball Game Tonight?” asked Soldier Sam.

“There for sure is an Orange Game tonight. But first I have a Place to show you guys?” said Cupid.

Cupid was a Legend at Syracuse. It was in Fact one of his favorite places to be. To work his Magic.

Cupid has a no-nonsense logical way of working and quick reflexes that make him such a formidable Matchmaker. He’s able to put his emotions aside and make rapid action-plans to undermine competitors.

Not everyone was happy with Cupid last year, but no one had the nerve to complain to him for a long time. But everyone remembered his warning about not to approach him unless you are committed to your proposed arrow target.

Let's get on our way to our Pre-Game Event, Sarina and Soldier Sam" Cupid instructed.

"This is quite a place. Cupid added.

"Let's do a little Preview before we get to the site, Cupid" Sarina suggested.

"Hop in my Ride, you two. I have a couple of questions about your Flight before we get to the Tour Site" Cupid responded.

The Starship crash was a little too dramatic because it went on for too long." Sarina recalled. Finally, we got our craft unstuck. As we floated down the water the waves were a little too strong, and the water rushing over our Starship was too loud."

Once again, it lasted too long. We saw too much water and splashing so all the crew were called into the control room.

Everyone entered the room. Then I said to Soldier Sam, "Now tell me who the real hero is?"

"Yes, I will" Soldier Sam replied, "There is only one crew member in the engine room who was responsible for saving us from a certain disaster.

Cupid's Ride was zigging and zagging though Syracuse Traffic.

Here we are at the Mystery Spot for our Tour, Sarina and Soldier Sam" announced Cupid. "I'm sure the two of you are going to have a lot of Questions.

"We're ready, Cupid" shouted Sarina. "Let's Check it out!"

Soldier Sam agreed. "Let's get this party started, Cupid!!"

“What is this place?” asked Sarina.

“It’s Dinos BBQ Restaurant” replied Cupid. It’s an essential stop when anyone visits Syracuse. Everyone totally recommends stopping here to eat when you are in Syracuse! That is why I have brought you here.”

“This is a marvellous gallery on the wall. I’ve never seen its equal, at any restaurant I have ever been in my life. And it is right here in Syracuse!” Sarina said with wonder.

“I wonder what all of the grand masters and impressionists would make of it all,” said Soldier Sam.

“Sculptors like Michelangelo would be ever so envious.” Cupid was on a promotion kick.

The greatest artistic talent was focused on updating the primary dinosaur caricature logo and the secondary mark, which had been a curvy version of the words “Dinosaur Bar-B-Que” but is now more block letter style.

“They kept the funky spelling of bar-b-que, of course.” Cupid explained. The owners once admitted that came about because they didn’t know how it was spelled.”

One element of the new primary logo is that the “Dino” part of the name is a different color — it’s white on the yellow version.

“Look” Sarina said. “There are also other versions.

“Yes, Sarina, That makes sense since so many of the restaurant’s Orange Fans simply call it “Dino” anyway. As for the flames, they now project from the platter, which no longer has food on it” Cupid pointed out.

“I don’t get it,” said Soldier Sam. “How do the workers do this when the caricature does not allow for there to be any space left for the menus.”

“This is a great example of how Syracuse is so far ahead in technology that this kind of problem has an easy solution.” Cupid explained.

“Go ahead and show us what is the latest technology Syracuse has developed.” Sarina said excitedly.

Smart watch tablet displays: Syracuse glimpsed the future years ago when it gave restaurant workers a two-way wrist radio. Then we invented culinary video, a feature that smart watches don’t sport today but that seems inevitable. Dinos has pioneered the practical application of this technology.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were stunned by what Cupid had just said.

“There’s nothing compared to the almighty meat!” Soldier Sam declared.” That’s it. I’ve been pushed to my limits. I had thought up the most roguish and devilish plan. Soon, that meat would be mine!”

“I could do with some food while we’re here,” Sarina was laughing at Soldier Sam and his plan.

Cupid put the meat onto a large tray and then onto the sturdy table. Surrounding it was the most delicious-smelling, exquisite foods Sarina had ever seen. There were scrumptious salads, crispy breads and curling butter, creamy cheeses, delicious sauces and dressings and bottled Orange Soda.

That took me by surprise! Soldier Sam exclaimed, 'so then, why did you yell at me for ordering that much!'

But Cupid just smiled and let Soldier Sam go to work on the delicious feast.

"Just try to stay out of trouble won't you, Soldier Sam?" Sarina said.

"Not if I have anything to do with it..." Soldier Sam declared.

"Where are you showing us next, Cupid?" Soldier Sam asked.

"You will see," replied Cupid. "It's an amazing hologram that contains a Special Valentines Clue for Sarina.

What's this Cupid? Sarina asked as she and Soldier Sam walked over to the Hologram.

Read it and see Sarina. It is a special clue about Valentines Day" Directed Cupid.

"Ok, Cupid. Lets See what it says" Sarina started reading the Hologram.

"You rate sky high with me!"

I'm sending this note

'Cause I want to say

You are special  
Happy Valentine's Day!

"I just can't believe it!" Sarina exclaimed. On Valentine's Day. A special message just for me!"

There were glasses clinking and laughter to be shared. "It looks like everyone is having a ball!" noted Soldier Sam.

Sarina decided to help out at the barbecue station where Cupid was 'cooking' up a second helping.

"Soldier Sam just accused me of thievery and told me to leave!" complained Sarina.

"This food is amazing and the service is great. The outdoor patio is very nice and clean as well." Cupid observed.

The appetizer of chargrilled BBQ chicken wings were some of the best wings I ever tasted" Sarina was satisfied.

"Wow, Cupid, that was quite a Tour!" Sarina exclaimed.

"It sure was" Soldier Sam had a great time too.

"We have some time to burn before the Game. Let's stop by this Bar" suggested Cupid.

“By the way, Sarina and Soldier Sam,” Cupid remembered something. “You told me about your flight. But I forget to ask, did you two go on any adventures during your Pit Stops?”

Just out of training, Soldier Sam were pulling around a curve set by one of the planets and it felt like we were screaming through the mountains on our way to paradise.

When the Starships overworked clutch gave out, we found ourselves stranded on another dangerous curve.

Soldier Sam ran out from the engine room, pulled us over, detached the mission bay cartridge and landed on the planet where we got help.

Before I could properly thank him, he was gone, back into the engine room so I picked up speed and continued in the opposite direction. I never got the chance to talk to him that day, things were so busy.

“Listen, Soldier Sam” said Sarina.” I know you have never been this excited that there is a Cuse Game tonight. But we don’t have any tickets. Maybe you have been to some kind of game in your life, but never this important.

Of course, Sarina. You are right” agreed Cupid. Soldier Sam has never seen anything else this exciting.”

Look, Sarina.” Cupid continued. I got you a great Valentine that will be fun for you and Soldier Sam. Well, even Me!”

Sarina opened the Valentine. It’s front row seats for the game tonight, Soldier Sam!”

I don’t need to think twice about an invitation like this, responded Soldier Sam.

A few minutes later Sarina suggested they get out of the bar and start to make their way to Orange Stadium.

The other people at the bar are jealous, see” Sarina observed,

Yeah, Sarina” responded Soldier Sam. “Even the Fans who have tickets. I bet none of them are for the Front Row.

“Look, Sarina” Cupid said. The clock on the wall shows it’s almost Game time. We had better get off these seats and head for Orange Stadium.

“Listen, Soldier Sam, are you going to visit the merchandise store when we are at the Game?’ Sarina asked. There are cool things there I want to check out. I’m sure we will both find something to like”

Yes, Sarina, Really anything. Lets go there at half time, suggested Soldier Sam. If it’s Orange If sure I would like pretty much all of it. It doesn’t really take much to make me Happy if I am with you!”

## CUPID’S FIRST SYRACUSE ORANGE GAME EXPERIENCE

### PART 9

When Cupid arrived at Orange Stadium on Valentines Day it was exciting and thrilling as he journeyed through the marvelous infrastructure of the Dome building. Cupid was greeted with music and people walking in every direction. Following all the small entertainments and team merchandise

shops, the smell of delicious food filled the air as we walked near the various food shops offering game treats such as nachos, fries and beer.

Cuse Fans started to fill in the stadium and several minutes before the start, the Orange Stadium was fully filled. The players were set and as the referee blew the whistle, Sarina and Soldier Sam would let out a deafening roar. While the players prepared to work their trade on the pristinely painted hardwood floor, the fans did what they do best. Acting like their supervisors, Sarina and Soldier Sam cheered nonstop.

“We can inform our crew that we are at the Cuse Game, Soldier Sam!”, Sarina exclaimed. “I’ll call them up!”

Soldier Sam ran his hands through his pockets but he was disappointed for no phone was discovered.

“We must have left our phones in the Starship”, Cupid surmised.

“What’s that?!”, Sarina called out. Cupid turned around to see Orange Mascot at a distance closer to the Stadium. Without uttering a word they started running for the gates.

Sarina was the first to realize the time to the game was getting short and ran ahead of Cupid and Soldier Sam. Suddenly he bumped into something just before the ticket gate!”

“What’s the time? How much time do we have before tip off”, Soldier Sam asked Cupid.

“Almost Game time now”, Sarina answered the question as she was looking at the lights flashing on the outside of the stadium.

“I’ve got a great idea!” Sarina exclaimed. “Soldier Sam and I should get a photo with Orange Mascot. Then we could prove we were here and have a lasting memory.

“Hey, Cupid,” Soldier Sam wanted to get his attention. “Could you snap a pic of Me and Sarina with Orange Mascot? That would be awesome!”

“Of course, Soldier Sam” Cupid replied. Just find Orange Mascot and I will be over to take the shot of you and Sarina.”

'Don't talk for one minute, please.' Cupid paused with the camera uplifted, seemed to listen, then made a swift stroke and looked doubtfully at the result

Instead of forcing the subject to line up for a posed portrait, just take a few steps back as they interact with you and strive to capture those genuine moments that everyone wants to remember for a lifetime.

“Hey Sarina, we got that picture with Orange Mascot! All the lighting was great and we were posed perfectly. Isn’t it great we were able to find Orange Mascot and he was so accommodating?”

“Yes, Soldier Sam” Sarina answered. I thought for a moment Cupid was going to lose his mind trying to operation the photo function on my phone. He had never operated anything like that before.”

“The game is about to start Sarina!” Soldier Sam exclaimed. Why don’t you give me a quick rundown of the season so far?

“I know you have been following it closely and I really don’t have a clue about what the Orange have faced so far this year, Soldier Sam continued. “How are they doing?”

“Sure Soldier Sam,” Sarina was glad to show off her knowledge of Cuse Hoops. “There have been a lot of developments so far this year.

The Orange probably aren’t going to the NCAA Tournament. Earlier in the season that statement would have sparked controversy. Not anymore. Syracuse likely has to win the ACC Tournament to secure a tournament bid on selection.

Fans have responded to that in different ways. Some have decided not to watch the team with an emphasis on next season, while others are holding out hope for a miracle run when the Tournament starts

“The fans have been unbelievable this year. "The support has been or better, maybe better, than it’s ever been.”

But Syracuse Fans wasn’t the only show in town. Duke too put on a show for the crowd.

"It was a combination of us not being there to contest the shots like we wanted and them just making tough shots and getting going as a team.

'Been goin to Cuse Games for a long time?' Soldier Sam asked.

'A long time seeing them ball more than you did' shot back Sarina.

'Been around other Stadiums a lot?' asked Soldier Sam.

'Quite a lot--I've been to a lot of basketball games, in a professional capacity they want me there.' Responded Sarina.

'I guess a lot goes on around these Stadiums. Did you ever--' Solider Sam hesitated.

'Ever what?' Sarina asked.

'Did you ever go to a Cuse Game with someone like me?' Soldier Sam asked.

'I don't like this just sitting around,' Soldier Sam complained. 'Let's just go in to see the game and celebrate with a bottle of bourbon.'

## CUSE GAME ACTION

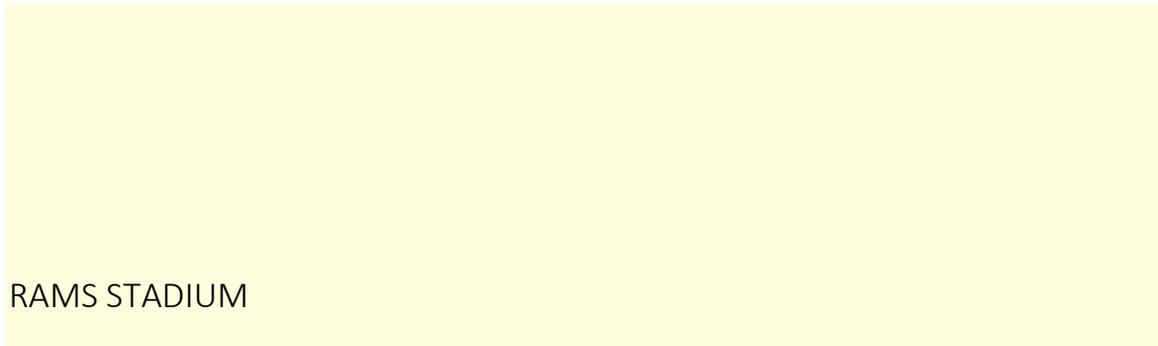
This is the story of a basketball game through the eyes of someone who lives and breathes Orange Hoops. The pure energy that the crowd produces is a special effect on everyone present, an experience that cannot be replicated at any sports venue in the world.

The chants from the fans intensified as the game goes on. Seeing all the Orange Nation coming together and putting aside all their differences was extraordinary. A sense of belonging that I've been craving for so long was satisfied that day. The sea of Orange in the seats throughout the Dome made me feel like I'm a part of something special.

There was just something about the fact that every bucket counted, there were so many factors that made the game exciting. You have keep on your toes on defense when you are playing Cuse or you will be made to look very bad and all the Fans will never pause with their screaming at you.

The emotions of every fan that even remotely had heard about the Hoops Greatness that is Syracuse of many were on display that night. The feelings for opposing fans—It was just so difficult to watch their team get beaten by a Cuse Squad that is so remarkably successful.

As the game got into Crunch Time, we cheered loudly with every Syracuse bucket and our very sense of reality was measured that night as Chants of 'Let's go Orange!' echoed throughout the Dome.



RAMS STADIUM

PART 1

The Orange Stadium Scoreboard. In all of Its Majestic Glory. It was almost Time for Face Off of the Hockey Game.

The Big Day had finally arrived. 'Cuse was set to play in the Hockey Championship and had the Big Magical Hockey Stadium Scoreboard set to

bring the Most Exciting Game Experience in Syracuse Sports History.

Sarina was so excited. As the Orange Team Reporter she would be in charge of all 'Cuse Media throughout the big game.

But there was one thing neither Sarina or anyone else in Orange Nation could have expected on that big night. Soldier Sam had snuck into the Stadium and assumed control of the Giant New State of the Art Scoreboard above the playing surface.

On the way to Orange Stadium, Sarina had stopped off at a bar for some bourbon and cigarettes. If anyone in the Orange Organisation was aware of such behavior they would have been astonished, for it was generally known that Sarina did not drink or smoke and never had. But no one saw her.

It was just a few weeks from when Soldier Sam had called in to Sarina's Orange Radio Show.

Sarina had spent each night of the past week working out her plan and examining it. As she approached Orange Stadium she went over it again.

There were so many elements of potential imprecision, the margin of guesswork that entered into the phone call.. The project as Sarina had worked it out was casual and bold, the risks were considerable.

Something might go wrong anywhere along the line. And therein lay the brilliance of her scheme.

After arriving at Orange Stadium, Sarina made her way to Center Ice to take her post next to Orange Mascot. The Game was just about to start!

The game started and the Scoreboard started to Light Up Majestically.

"Don't we all Love Sarina?" The Scoreboard was flashing. Lets give a Big Shout Out to the Best Reporter in Sports History!"

As Sarina recalled that moment, she knew right away Soldier Sam was at

the Controls of the Scoreboard. She had to keep focused on her plan. This was to be sure going to throw a wrench in how she thought the phone call would go.

“We are so Lucky to have Sarina here!” the next message flashed on the screen for the whole crowd to see.

Then shots of Sarina in her Orange Gear Lit up the Scoreboard. The Big Game was well underway at this point in time but the Giant Screen made no mention of it at all.

It was Orange Mascot who explained to Sarina what the Announcements meant.

It clearly means Solider Sam Loves You, Sarina. There is no other explanation.” Orange Mascot was making this perfectly clear to Sarina.

"Why, I even believe you like Soldier Sam," Orange Mascot said to Sarina. Sarina simply smiled.

But Sarina knew there had to be something done about it. The Love was real, but in her position as the Orange Reporter, somehow this must stop. The Fans needed to be informed about the details of the Game, such as it was.

Sarina considered the facts. Soldier Sam was putting on a willful blatant, and persistent attempt to destroy the Orange System of Communication with Orange Nation.

Orange Mascot agreed. He knew Soldier Sam well, and realized there was no limit to the depth of insubordination he would now dive into.

Both Sarina and Orange Mascot knew the game was "a little disrupted" and they should swiftly resume the planned operational goals of the Media system there?

“Call up Soldier Sam immediately, Sarina!” Orange Mascot decided.

Sarina dialed up her phone quickly and Soldier Sam answered the call immediately.

“Hey Sarina! What’s up? Are you enjoying the game so far? The Orange are playing pretty good, don’t you think?”

Sarina’s heart jumped. "Soldier Sam, this Scoreboard Madness must stop!! The Fans at the Stadium are supposed to be surrounded by” Let’s Go ‘Cuse! or GOAL Orange!! Not prolific announcements about your Love for Me!”

Sarina could no longer doubt that Soldier Sam’s hands were all over the Scoreboard Controls, with a clear mission to undermine the reputation of the Orange, professionally and rationally.

Soldier Sam’s plans were on the upswing, poised for the next blow. It had not come yet; but as soon as it did, Sarina knew she would have to run up to the Press Box and put a stop to this herself.

But there was no doubt in Sarina’s Mind that she must act quickly. The integrity of the Orange, and indeed the whole world of hockey was at stake.

Sarina took off on a beeline up the stairs, blasting by all the Fans as she raced up to stop Soldier Sam.

Soldier Sam’s announcements of Love were increasing at a frenetic pace with Gems like “Isn’t Sarina the Hottest thing we have ever seen? Hotter than Fuego!!” and “Sarina is the Biggest Superstar in Hockey History!!”

Sarina had never run up a set of stairs so quickly in her life. Not even when she was training for her World Championship Triathlon, before setting a Universal Record that will never be broken.

“Look at Sarina go!!” exclaimed Orange Mascot. “It’s a good thing our most efficient worker neither drinks nor smokes. The results speak for themselves!”

Sarina was a frequent visitor to the Press Box, so she had a clear enough picture of what she was getting herself into. It would be smokier than a five alarm fire and the floor likely to be littered with empty bottles of Bourbon.

There would be no doorman or other attendants; just Soldier Sam. There was a great risk at any hour, but especially when the Orange scored during which he would crank up the Scoreboard volume of the Love Content even more.

Sarina jumped forward through the Press Box Door. She got inside fast, closing the door swiftly behind her. Soldier Sam was sitting causally at the digital controls of the Scoreboard, leaning back in his chair with, as Sarina had surmised, an almost empty bottle of bourbon.

"Well, for the sake of all that is Great look who's here!" Soldier Sam's smile rang out like the report of a shotgun.

Sarina took her first glance at the bright lights of the Ice. below.

The score was tied. Knotted at 3 Goals apiece. Each team had just as good a chance at winning the contest as the other.

"What's after you?" Soldier Sam said. "You look excited."

Sarina was almost too shocked to speak. Her heart was pounding in her chest "I—Yes!!," she finally brought out.

"Yes, Soldier Sam you have to get the Scoreboard back to it's planned content schedule." Sarina was clear.

Soldier Sam got up from his chair and started toward a cabinet across the room. "Bourbon and soda be all right? But say, you don't drink, do you?" Soldier Sam turned and gave Sarina an amused look.

Sarina pulled herself together. "Bourbon and Soda will be all right," she heard herself say. Soldier Sam was rustling around at the bar now and came walking towards her with a drink.

Sarina accepted the Drink. "Soldier Sam, why is the Scoreboard still flashing?"

Of course, Sarina," replied Soldier Sam. The Scoreboard Material is on Locked AutoPilot. I have been working all week to implement my plan."

"Isn't it Lovely? Soldier Sam continued" It wouldn't be that exciting if it was just showing player Stats and Replays of exactly what the Fans had just seen happen on the Ice, right?"

By this time, Sarina had already had a few drinks, saw the Scoreboard Situation could not be changed, so settled down with Solider Sam for the Rest of the Game. The Orange Won!!

It wasn't until the game ended that Orange Mascot sent for Sarina.

"Sarina," Orange Mascot said, "You have been with us for several seasons now, Right?" ."

"That's right. replied Sarina. And I've Loved every minute of it!"

"Yes. In this time with the Orange your work and your--uh--manner have been exemplary, to be sure. Everyone Loves You!!" Continued Orange Mascot.

"I trust so, Sir," said Sarina.

"I have understood, Sarina," said Orange Mascot "that you have never taken a drink or smoked."

"That is correct, Sir," said Sarina. "Ah, yes."

Orange Mascot scratched his head. "You may describe what you did after leaving the Ice and running up to the Press Box, Sarina."

Sarina allowed less than a second for her pause. "Certainly, Sir," Sarina said.

"I ran up to the Press Box and demanded Soldier Sam to stop playing with the Scoreboard.

"And then the Game was getting so exciting I decided to just watch the rest of the Game from the Cheap Seats because I didn't want to run back down on the Ice through the crowd. They were gettin pretty crazy during the last part of the Game" explained Sarina.

"Then right when the game ended I got your call, and Here I Am, talking to you!" Sarina sold her story perfectly to Orange Mascot

But all the Scoreboard business was not over. That night all the Orange Fans were treated to even more entertainment. All the Orange Fans would stay at Orange Stadium well into the night.

Sarina and Soldier Sam had some business to take care of and all the Orange Fans Knew It. It would be even more exciting than the 'Cuse Hockey Game had been.

From where she stood, Sarina looked up to the Scoreboard and saw all the evidence of sabotage she needed to put the Soldier Sam away for good—get him off the streets. All of Sarina's Hockey video content was erased.

There was only on the screen fixed into place, a picture of Sarina and Orange Mascot, alongside two Hockey Championship Rings. All across the other portions of the Scoreboard were nothing but Flying Orange Hearts.

Sarina rubbed her eyes in surprise, and then a great wave began to come upon her.

Sarina almost in a daze turned slowly round, and then her strength of resolve seemed to have left her and she was incapable of action.

All this set Sarina conviction, and it occurred to her that she had not investigated Orange Mascot Trophy Case or looked at the Hockey Championship Rings, as she had intended.

But Sarina had some clips of them to put on the Scoreboard to complement the content she had created for the game—a Hockey Championship Highlights Video sequence named, appropriately, “The Chase for a Ring: Everyone’s Dream, but Especially Me!”

Sarina lit up the Scoreboard without shade, and, holding it up strong with her Smart Phone, noted that a section had went blank and the Video was not rolling across the screen as she had designed.

“Damn that Orange Mascot!!” Sarina turned to Soldier Sam. But Soldier Sam was not there. Where was Soldier Sam?

Soldier Sam had a diversion on the way to that concession stand. He went on an excursion to Orange Mascot’s Trophy Case and stood in front of the Hockey Championship Ring Section. Soldier Sam had disappeared from that Press Box for a reason. He had a destination for what he was about to steal.

At the first glance he started back so suddenly that he almost dropped his Hockey Stick, it was quite a sight. The most important Hockey Championship Ring in the Entire World, and a look of extreme motivation overspread his face. His knees felt weak—he would need them for what he was about to do, and because of this, his Heart trembled like the grounds of an Earthquake.

But Soldier Sam knew what his mission was that day, if not anything else was known to him in the world so he pulled himself together, and after the pause of a few seconds stepped into his swing, raised the Hockey Stick, and struck through the reinforced barrier, and examined the Hockey Championship Rings in front of him and one now stood out clearly.

It wasn't just a moment of coincidence that made Sarina's Smart Phone controlling the Scoreboard fall from hand at that very instance, that same moment in time.

Sarina pulled herself together, and went on with her examination of all the video content she had at her disposal.

Later that night, on the way to Burger King, Sarina and Soldier Sam recounted the fun they had during the Hockey Championship at Orange Stadium!"

## CHAPTER 10

### SITUATION ROOM

"Hey, Cupid. This is Soldier Sam" Cupid had answered his phone quickly.

"I've been working on a Valentines Day Activity with Sarina, Soldier Sam continued. And Sarina thinks it's a great idea."

"Yeah" Sarina jumped in. "If you approve of our idea, Cupid, maybe you could point us in the right direction to find a suitable location for our Art Project."

This would give Soldier and Sarina a head start on Valentines Day, as this was an activity probably best done in the morning.

"That sounds intriguing" responded Cupid. "Is it urgent that I find a location today?"

"You can for sure take a few days to figure it out, Cupid" answered Sarina.

"So what is this activity? Inquired Cupid. Is this something that each of you

will have to do.. you know, creating the Art?"

Soldier Sam continued to improve the activity script before Cupid arrived. He wanted to put in his Tree Art Concept idea but time was short--still, when Cupid came thorough the door, Sarina told him to sit down, while Soldier Sam made a sketch on the pad.

"It's an idea to carve our names into a Tree, Cupid" We thought that sounded like a special Valentines Day Activity." Sarina said as she had Cupid's attention.

"This is a thing to do with a great history", Cupid responded. " And as long as there is no rule against damaging one of the trees or maybe you own the tree then you're good to go."

"We want to make sure our carving will be there for many years to come so Sarina and I can revisit it as long as the tree still stands, let those memories keep coming back again." Explained Soldier Sam.

Cupid was exhausted by his efforts at the Arrow Store and announce that he needed a drink to think this proposition over, so he left the lot for a moment and and slipped cautiously into the bar across from the studio where he ordered a glass of Bourbon.

Cupid had another drink and amused himself at Foosball Table at the side of the bar. The bartender asked if Cupid would have another, if that is he had time for a third.

"Not today," answered Cupid. "I have business to take care of with Sarina and Soldier Sam back at the Valentines Studio.

I considered your Tree Carving proposal, Sarina. "It not such a bad idea." Cupid had decided to give the go-ahead to the operation.

"Oh, we are for sure going to be coming back, to this tree year after year. It will be such a Work of Art." Soldier Sam predicted. "Sarina and I are going to

get great training—wih Samurai Swords.

“Yeah, this tree won’t stand a chance when Soldier Sam and I find it” Sarina added, shooting off the cuff and sealing the deal with Cupid as they left the Studio.

“Excellent” responded Cupid. "You two have an important angle to work on this Valentines Day, but you are on your own for finding the right tree!. And your names are just one of many things you can carve into trees.

'What did you two plan to write?' Cupid asked.

A Great Tree loomed on the horizon. Sarina and Soldier Sam’s eyes were glued to it. The names of the Movies they had translated would all fit on the same Tree!

'Those were all so much fun to make in different languages, right Sarina?' Soldier Sam asked

“Yes” replied Sarina. For me the best two films were “Just Another Ordinary Day” and “Million Ways to Say.” Let’s carve those into the Magic Tree first, Soldier Sam!”

“Yeah, lets go to work on this thing. What they called it finally--' He saw that Sarina was excited too.. Soldier Sam’s Love was starting to work quickly.

“You know what ones I am going to carve, Sarina?’ First, I am going to inscribe “If Given Enough Time! My second one is probably the best.. “Brighter than the Sun.” Translating those films with you was an experience I will never forget!”

“And which one Takes the Cake, Soldier Sam?” asked Sarina. “What one is the best, taking the Award of us both carving the title into the Magic Tree together at the same time? Which one is the Best of all the ones we did?”

“Let’s say it together, Sarina” Soldier Sam suggested.

'Well if you asked me to,' Sarina said, 'we will never be too busy to perform that one again. In any language the World has to offer.’’

Sarina and Soldier Sam both felt a sense of Excitement and Unity at that moment. Authoritative and active, the ability to Love and be Loved. Then they both remembered something.

'Our Valentines Day Activity is going to be broadcast to the entire world. So everyone can do it too!'

“OK, Sarina let’s call out the Best Valentines Day activity so everyone can hear it. Ready? One... Two...Three..

“ORANGE VANILLA TWIST DANCE!!!!!!” Sarina and Soldier Sam announced so everyone in the world could participate.. “ORANGE VANILLA TWIST DANCE!!”

Sarina and Soldier sure came up with a Blockbuster Hit on that one script. Sarina and Soldier Sam could now punch their ticket to the Best Valentine’s Day Activity Ever!!

## TRAINING

Soldier Sam’s Training for New Starship Missions was not at all like what he expected. Rams Mascot was not a typical Instructor.

Soldier Sam and Rams Mascot would always have a clear respect for each other, not just for the fight, or for Rams Nation, but for the lesson of Service and commitment to the mission they shared together. No longer did Soldier Sam revert to his old tricks and wanted to put a stop to such practices and save Rams Nation. Rams Mascot made clear he had decided they needed to travel to space to help Rams Nation and realized getting Soldier Sam trained was showing what they needed to arrive at that end state. Rams Mascot would leave a few parting Shots at Soldier Sam's performance but they both knew the mission was the most important part of the training.

You will be challenged during this time with middle-of-the-night wake-up calls. You will be asked to go through challenges with little food and sleep. Sorry if your eight-hour sleep schedule and food type intake ratio is disrupted. You will be asked to act as a team, to pull together or fall apart, to win as one or all will fail.

Establishing strategic communications between agents must be used to direct power requirements trade-off design characteristics of ship components in the simulation under fluid and constant operating conditions. Except when combat begins or the tractor beam is activated, both teams continuously roll dice, ready systems, and maneuver. Being able to think and make decisions on the fly about immediate needs while looking forward to the next requirement-- and the one after that is definitely a valuable skill to develop before it is needed in the real world.

Training on advanced weapons, such as machine guns, live grenades.

The range features separate enemy trench lines that are set up in a typical 360-degree defensive posture. It allows a scenario of having a platoon patrol in a wooded area away from the objective before squad-rushing towards the trenches and firing at pop-up targets. At the same time, machine gunners can move through the hills around the target area to get in position and rain down automatic weapons fire as the riflemen advance.

The machine gunner is responsible for the tactical employment of the 7.62mm medium machine gun, the 50 cal., and 40mm heavy machine-gun, and their support vehicle. Machine gunners provide direct fire in support of the rifle and the squads/platoons/companies and the infantry and battalions. They are located in the weapons platoons of the rifle and recon companies and the weapons company of the infantry battalion. Noncommissioned officers are assigned as mortar gunners, forward observers, fire direction plotters, and squad and section leaders.

Tell me a little bit about your Training experience, Soldier Sam.

Another one of our most difficult tasks was to request a Special Warfare Combatant-Craft Crewmen escort through a nearby body of water on a distant planet.

Rams Mascot always said a little extra defense can't hurt.

Once we got to the space station we were greeted by our next commander! Rams Mascot had told them that his satellites had recorded the mischief that our adversaries were up to and he could see them fleeing from their planet in search for help.

So just like the last time, our visit was no surprise to them. Rams Mascot gave us some extra power tokens so we would be sure to fly our space crafts into orbit successfully.

Just before this mission, Rams Mascot summoned me to his office.

He was eating lunch when I went in. I was silent and he was silent too, for a long time. I don't think he remembered me or why he had sent for me, but he didn't want to admit it.

He was picking up his pace on the meal, I thought he was going to be finished soon and I prepared myself to be disciplined more than I had at any other point in the training. Rams Mascot really had it in for my that Day.

"Straighten Up and Fly Right, Rams Masco snapped.

Looking back on it now I can see that he meant me to drop and beat my face into the ground one last time before our training was complete, but I just stood there.

Rams Mascot lifted the last of the sandwich cautiously. I moved restlessly in anticipation of the punishment.

"You ruined my Lunch!" barked Rams Mascot, looking at me severely. I said I was sorry.

"That won't help the situation!" snapped Rams Mascot, with cold military logic.

I didn't see what I could do except offer to offer him desert and moved toward his desk, but I didn't say anything.

Rams Mascot stared out the window at the faraway figures of the group of recruits that would follow us. They were crossing the training grounds toward

the barracks.

Finally, Rams Mascot told me I could go. So I went. He either didn't know which cadet I was or else he forgot what he wanted to see me about.

It may have been that Rams Mascot wanted to bury the hatchet about having called me the main trouble with our group; or maybe he had decided to pump up my balance of self-worth.

Rams Mascot told me I would be in charge of the mission, leading our whole group since I was the most dedicated, he finally concluded.

I don't know. I don't think about it much anymore.

Anything else you want to tell me, Soldier Sam ?'

Yes, Sarina. It goes a little something like this.

"This was a very good rundown. You are clearly aligned with the intent of my heart. I am grateful for what you do every day. Thanks for doing it!"

PART 10

Sarina Loves to go to Cuse Hoops games all season long to her Heart's Delight when she is in Syracuse! Sarina also loves Scuba Diving in the Ocean.

"Your training is not yet complete, Soldier Sam" explained Angels Mascot.  
"You have been trained in the tech arts, but it is Sarina who has been trained to secure the precious cargo on your trip through outer space."

"I bet you have a lot to tell me, Sarina!" exclaimed Soldier Sam. "Let's get to it!"

"It was awesome just to see all that Angels Halloween Celebration Spirit" Soldier Sam said of the "Trunk or Treat" Tailgate Extravaganza.

Sarina's fellow compatriots let the kidding drop as the plane taxied to the runway and took off. Then Sarina realised there was a Surprise Stowaway, Her new friend with the Angels Patch was there too!

They leaned in close together, Sarina held out her smartphone, and she took a selfie of their smiling faces as they flew off to yet another Supply Drop Target.

The restaurant door opened again, and Sarina was there for a moment, said "Oh," and disappeared. Then she returned.

"Why it's Soldier Sam!" she exclaimed. "I was looking for Angels Mascot."

Soldier Sam was thankful that he could have a smoke after dinner since that was the best time for one.

"So what's next?" Sarina asked.

"Find me a plain envelope and a used stamp and some paste." Soldier Sam instructed.

Soldier Sam told Sarina he was a writer Actually not even that. Just an editor.

She seemed first disappointed, but then she started thinking that would mean more time.

'A writer? . . . Oh, of course. I knew they had to have writers but I guess I never heard about one before.'

'Writers are some of the biggest stars in the business" Soldier Sam was joking about himself

Well I think dinner tonight went about as expected, Soldier Sam." Sarina said..

Sarina is a Scuba Diving Virtuoso. Her Skills far and away are the best in California, and she enjoys the adventures that come along with those Skills.

But Sarina does not like Scuba Diving as much as going to Orange Games and here is the story that tells you why!

Sarina thought all the Activities onboard the Orange Express was much better than working at the Studio!!!

And soon enough, the Orange Express landed in Syracuse just in time for all the Hoops Action and Excitement!

"Get back to the matter. Sarina. Your workplace will not function without you." Soldier Sam explained.

Sarina doesn't like it when she gets stuck at the Los Angeles Airport, especially the kind of Flight Delay that lasted all season long.

"I won't stay in LA during Hoops March Madness. I want to be jumping up and Down at the Orange Game!" Sarina had announced.

Over the years, Sarina's Birthday has grown into great big, boisterous party created by Soldier Sam. He just thinks it is more and more exciting each time it comes around.

Sarina looked up at the helicopter and smiled.. "Well done, whoever you are!!" Thanks for the Birthday Treats!"

Sarina decided she had had enough of her friends for the day and her Birthday Goals began to shift to Orange Hoops!! March Madness had started and Cuse had a big game coming up.

So Sarina began to swim to the shore. That was clearly the first step to get Cuse Tickets for the Game that was fast approaching.

Sarina just knew there was a ticket out there somewhere for her and it would be the best Birthday Present ever if she could find out some way of getting to Syracuse.

The Magic happens when they meet up at Burger King, look at the Menu and Sarina announced she wants to stuff Soldier Sam's face with her delicious Whopper.

Sarina and Soldier Sam talked at Burger King for a long time. Finally the subject of Hoops Action came up and Sarina announced that she would like to go to a Cuse Game with Soldier Sam.

Then came the Trip to Orange Beach!

In addition to being the world wide epicenter of Hoops Talent, most people don't know that a lot of Cuse Fans are top-notch Scuba Divers, due to a popular academic curriculum option.

It was the Best of Times. There were so many awesome things to do at Orange Beach it seemed like Sarina just could not get enough of the Vacation Time!

The Trip Going back to LA

The Orange Express safely carried Sarina back to LA without so much as a Scratch.

TOUR SITE SCENES

“Taking a Break from Work”

Sarina and Soldier Sam had arrived at the North Pole!!

Check out Santa's mail box to send in your list, or write a sweet thank you note for the gifts you received this past year. Just outside Santa's front door, feel the icy North Pole and watch it glow with the power of the Northern lights. This pole marks Santa's Village at Sky Park as part of the magical North Pole.

Wow! We are going to get a Tour of Santa's office, where all the important Christmas decisions are made!

If you want to come on this adventure with me, say "yes" or "no." I see that you are sending mixed signals so come with me, and let's go to Santa's office. His office looks very messy. He has papers all over. The naughty and nice list is pinned on the wall. His desk is shoved in the corner. He has all his pens and pencils on the floor. Wow! He is very messy! When I looked at the naughty and nice list, I saw that I was on the naughty list!

After seeing Santa's office, let's check out another part of the North Pole—Where all the Work gets done. This is where the magic happens!

Are you craving for hot chocolate? I am. Come with me, and we will search for the hot chocolate shop! We entered a. Orange door with smiley faces all over. When I opened the door, I saw thousands of hot chocolate cups. I saw all kinds of flavors like chocolate caramel, candy cane chocolate, peppermint chocolate and mint chocolate. They also had the syrups in a pitcher and the hot chocolate in a pitcher too. That day, I drank ad dozen cups of hot chocolate. Now I don't have a craving for hot chocolate. Do you?

It was the biggest moment of the year at the North Pole. All the reindeer were hitched up, Sarina was finishing up her work for the year and Santa's sleigh was flying across the Christmas Eve sky.

It was almost time to get clocked out for Christmas, and the elves had finished for the day making toys for all the good boys and girls.

They put away their tools and took one last look around. "We made lots of toys today," said Sarina.. "Now it's time for us to get some rest."

Most of the elves waved good-bye, cheering for Santa and the reindeer as they began their trip to deliver toys.

But Soldier Sam was taking a break from making toys and watching TV. Suddenly, a big snowstorm blew in and the electricity went out.

"Oh, no!" cried all the elves.

"The snowstorm knocked out all the power. Now we can't watch TV. There's nothing to do without a TV!" complained Soldier Sam"

Detective Sarina had planned on kidnapping Soldier Sam for eating all the cookies. Soldier Sam was also accused of stealing Onion Ring Coupons for Burger King.. Santa thought Soldier Sam should be brought to Justice.

"Sarina and Soldier Sam. I have a Holiday Mystery for You to solve?  
Announced Santa.

"Oh, Santa. I'm great at Solving Mysteries! Maybe Soldier Sam could help too. What's your problem, Santa?" Sarina asked.

Santa sure did have a mystery that no one at the North Pole could solve.

The North Pole's most connected resident is locked up for an offense they did not commit and offers his fortune to any group or organization that can free him. Two public housing residents team up to win the contest.

This year, Soldier Sam was pitching an adventure of an Exciting Day of Hunting for Spare Change to finance his Bourbon Escapes.

"Hey Santa, take us to the North Pole Computer Center HQs. I bet Soldier Sam and I will find a clue there to Solve your mystery.

"Yeah, Sarina.." Soldier Sam was gauging her interest. We could set up a Christmas hunting expedition!

We can get decent entry-level Detective Gear for just about as much as you would calculate the cost of dinner at an upscale restaurant and a movie ticket plus snack for two, it's not that far off. And at the end of the date, you'll have a present!"

Santa was interested in this concept enough to mark the proposal in his stack of approvals.

"You should think it over, Sarina." suggested Santa. An activity looking for things that haven't seen the light of day in years could be rewarding. Anyways, it can be a fun excuse to walk around and chat and maybe find some cool stuff. Just make sure to take turns."

Ok, Sarina and Soldier Sam. I'll take you to the North Pole Computer Center HQs  
. Maybe you will find a clue to solve this mystery. Just be on your best

behavior.

You are a Guest at the North Pole. You will learn many useful things about our Operation that will be sure to help you on any mission you might find yourselves on in the Future.

### North Pole Computer Center HQs

The North Pole Computer Center is an important part of Santa's Workshop! This dramatic play pack includes printable open/closed and yes/no signs, North Pole Mail Center sign, and the Toy Request Letters and Forms. Add a clipboard, pens and perhaps a mailbox to complete this center! You can find Santa's computers at many different Toy Construction Facilities. For a fun DIY, pick up an inexpensive computer and decorate to create your Santa's Mailbox! The computer center creates many opportunities for elves to acquire advanced computer skills development! Little elves will need to read the letters to Santa in order to complete Toy Request Forms and fulfill Christmas Requests for Delivery!

“Hey, Santa!” Look Soldier Sam! Look at that Orange Box sitting under the Christmas Tree. What could possibly be in the Orange Box?”

“Why don’t you open the Orange Box up, Sarina. Maybe it has something you are looking for!”

“Ok, Santa. Come over here and check out this Orange Box with me, Soldier Sam!” Sarina was so excited. They opened the Orange Box together.

Look Soldier Sam!” Sarina exclaimed. “It’s the Clue we have been looking for. I just knew we would find something at this Stop on the North Pole Tour!”

Computer Project Management Tools

With such a huge volume of production, it's no surprise that Santa needs to stay on top of the latest technology in order to manage the workflow at the workshop. Thankfully, Santa was one of the earliest adopters of network-based project management systems, so he's got his time tracking, job tracking, purchase orders and reporting all in North Pole Work Flow Max Tools. All the elves have their tablets handy, ready to whip out to sign off their time against a job and invoice suppliers instantly. And what's more, when the arctic storms blow out the power Santa can work offline, and he knows none of his important information has been lost.

What a Great North Pole Tour you took me and Soldier Sam on, Santa. Now we have the clue to solve your mystery!" Sarina was so happy.

"Yes Sarina" Santa appreciated Sarina's Smart Detective Work. Merry Christmas to you and Soldier Sam from all of us at the North Pole!"

## MYSTERY

The North Pole's most connected resident is locked up for an offense they did not commit and offers his fortune to any group or organization that can free him. Two public housing residents team up to win the contest.

"Santa!!!" Sarina shouted out.

There was a sound behind Soldier Sam. He turned to see Mr. Reindeer standing in the door.

"Santa, Mr. Reindeer is an employee of yours.. Soldier Sam lent him to me for the afternoon." Sarina informed.

Santa looked at the staring image of guilt upon the couch.

'Get fresh?' Santa inquired.

'I don't want to prefer charges' Sarina decided. "I called the desk to be on the safe side. Mr. Reindeer was supposed to be in the action scene and now he refuses.'

She walked casually to her position shooting the scene' Mr Reindeer, why don't you stop this mock charade. You'll find some bells in the waiting room.'

Soldier Sam reached stupidly for his bottle of Bourbon. Somehow it flashed into his mind that he was in a drinking competition with himself.

'Shake it up, you,' said Santa. 'You heard what Sarina said.'

Soldier Sam stood up and fixed a long look on Sarina..

'You told me--' Soldier Sam, 'you wanted to shoot this scene right away'

'You said it meant something else. Hurry please. And Soldier Sam, there's a drink in the pantry.'

A few minutes later as the reindeer sat square in the centre of the room his memory went back to those shows he had done with the other reindeer, Cupid, Comet, Dasher, Prancer all the rest of them--though at the moment he could see little resemblance.

Mr. Reindeer wore the exact expression that had caught Sarina's attention in the interview, the expression of a North Pole regular, and Sarina worked fast while there was still light enough to shoot the scene by.

'I suppose you don't remember Rudolph,' he said sarcastically. 'or Blitzen, Comet or Vixen.'

Mr. Reindeer took a candy cane out of his pocket with the sort of timing in which the motion pictures have never been surpassed, and offered one to Sarina.

'Couldn't I come in tomorrow?' the reindeer asked. 'I have a Rams Game to watch right now--'

'I'm sorry, Mr Reindeer,' said Sarina--sincerely for the reindeer was an old favourite of hers. 'Santa is due here any minute. After that we won't be holding you.'

'It's just a formality,' said Soldier Sam, from the position of his directors chair.

'Yeah, it's just a--' Sarina glared at Soldier Sam. 'It may not be any formality for you. Did you ever hear of the sobriety test?'

Mr. Reindeer finished his Candy Cane and grabbed another.

'Suppose I come back in a couple of hours,' the reindeer suggested.

'No,' regretted Sarina. 'And since I have to detain you, Mr. Reindeer I want to take the opportunity to tell you what you meant to me once.

It was that picture you made, "Dashing with the Stars on Christmas Eve" meant a lot to every one who is interested in the North Pole.

'Oh, yes,' said Mr. Reindeer, smiling.

Sarina continued, 'I used to try to tell Soldier Sam about the North Pole--how it was, with Santa's Office, the Elves Workshop and all the rest-- I was there a lot for Christmas--but he never understood.

Soldier Sam would always finish his bottle of Bourbon and point his finger at me and say "Boom! It's Christmas time for you," and so I'd laugh and stop trying to make him understand.'

'Hey, can I get out of here? I'm out of Bourbon and have to go to the North Pole diamond store?' demanded Soldier Sam.

'You shut up!' said Sarina fiercely. 'You didn't know a thing about the North Pole until I brought you here'

'I was always preoccupied with preparing my plan for New Year's Eve' said Soldier Sam. 'I do love ringing in the New Year with an Epic Bourbon Bar Crawl.'

'Listen to him,' said Sarina. 'That's what all them slackers say. Well, the North Pole was something. And after Soldier Sam saw that picture of yours I never had to explain to him. He knew''.

Soldier Sam always spoke different about the North Pole after that--never just pointed her finger at me and said "Boom, It's Christmas time for you!"

Soldier Sam will never forget the part where the reindeer were in that training session and the Polar Magnets started messing with the radar systems. That made it so real to Soldier Sam he would always start to dance with Christmas Joy.'

'Thanks,' said Mr. Reindeer graciously. He grabbed another Candy Cane, 'You see, I was just starting out my North Pole Duty at that point and I knew how it was. I knew how it felt.'

'Yes Sir,' said Sarina appreciatively. 'Well; I'm glad of the opportunity to tell you what you did for me. You--you explained the North Pole to Soldier Sam and brightened his whole view of the Christmas Season.'

'What are you talking about?' demanded Soldier Sam suddenly. 'That North Pole picture Mr. Reindeer made when there were still Blockbuster Video Rental Stores?''

'There he goes again,' said Sarina 'Sure—that was the show. Now you pipe down till Santa comes back'

'Mr. Reindeer knew me then all right,' said Soldier Sam, 'I even watched him work on it one day during that Christmas Special made only for TV.

'I just don't happen to remember you, Soldier Sam,' said Rudolph politely, 'I can't help that.'

'You remember the day I shot that Santa's Office sequence don't you? Your first day on the picture?'

There was a moment's silence.

'When will Santa be here?' Mr. Reindeer wanted to know.

'Any minute now,' Mr. Reindeer.. ' Sarina was sure of that., "Santa will straighten up this mystery just as soon as he gets here."

Inside the Building the Reindeer went into the canteen. Then he remembered: by some grant from above, all the vending machines had been removed from the Building recently.

Across the hall he saw Blitzen's door ajar, and discerned him by their code..

'Blitzen , can you make a call out for me from here?' he asked.

Blitzen looked at him suspiciously, then frowned and dug it out of his Pocket.

'You on the lot for long?' Blitzen inquired.

'Will be out next week,' the Reindeer predicted

'Why won't they put the vending machines back in the canteen? Do they think all of us would eat burritos all day?'

'Remember when they took out that meal?' said Blitzen. 'That was years ago—I'm still here.'

'I worked at home then,' said the Reindeer. Now am I going to be able to

make that call or not, Blitzen?" he asked.

Blitzen made the call for him. if Rudolph and the others who were still on the lot were good for a loan--enough to buy stuff like a hat, something to eat or freedom..

Blitzen must have seen the look in his eyes when he was talking to Santa.

'Rudolph's got all your money,' Santa said, 'and I'm concerned about my job.'

'What's he say?' Sarina asked Santa, after Soldier Sam had walked smartly into a North Pole Fifth Avenue diamond shop to pawn something off for another bottle of Bourbon.

But Soldier Sam was only to find nothing but reindeer rubble inside working at the front desk.

## INTRO

"Yes, I know all about the World Series Ring Ghost!" Angels Mascot said, as Sarina and Soldier Sam continued their trek to the Haunted House...

"I'll tell you an experience if you care to listen. And, what's more, I'll tell it briefly, without trimmings—I mean without unessentials. That's a thing with story-tellers these days, they never do, you know," Angels Mascot laughed.

"They drag in all the unessentials and leave their listeners to disadvantage; but I'll give you just the essentials, and you can make of it what you please. But on one condition: that at the end you ask no questions, because I can't explain it and have no wish to."

Sarina and Soldier Sam agreed. We were serious. We wanted to know everything about the World Series Ring Ghost. After hearing countless

stories from Angels Fans who merely wished to "talk" but had nothing to show for it, we wanted "essentials."

"In those days," Angels Mascot began, feeling from the quality of our silence that we were with him on the journey, "in those days I was interested in sports things, and had arranged to get set up in a Haunted House in the middle of Angels Stadium..."

Sarina and Soldier Sam would end up with Love for the trick or treating experience at Angels Stadium..

Sarina and Soldier Sam go out every Halloween, rain or shine, and carry a huge, industrial bag to stash all their treats.

On one such trip, Sarina was going to Haunted Houses all night with Soldier Sam and the weather was, to say the least, not cooperating.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were all dressed up for the Halloween occasion with ponchos to cover them from the rain. Suddenly, the weather cleared as if by Magic so Sarina and Soldier Sam would get the most out of their Halloween experience!!

This is the Story of that Halloween Night...

## PART 10

Sarina and Soldier Sam were having a blast at Angels Stadium Haunted House on Halloween Night. Sarina didn't know what fancy prompted it, but about halfway up the path, Sarina stopped short and asked: "'There are no Ghosts, I suppose?'

"It struck Sarina, a moment after she had said it, as a funny question to ask on Halloween Night; but Soldier Sam took it quite seriously.

'No; I never heard tell of any *Ghosts here*.' replied Soldier Sam. "Except for THE World Series Ring Ghost He put a sort of stress on the word. 'There's always been trouble with drifters with their trash talk runnin'.

"Soldier Sam walked on with Sarina. By-and-by he pointed with his baseball bat. 'It don't look like a place for Ghosts, now, do it?'

Certainly it did not. Sarina asked Soldier Sam if he had ever seen a Ghost anywhere else

"Yes," Soldier Sam announced. Don't sell me short on bravery. "Oh, yes, I have seen a Ghost before.

Soldier Sam gave Sarina a little smile. "Well, Sarina, I am not quite the vanilla you take me for. And, as it happens, I have heard World Series Ring Ghost is most harmless Ghost in the world. But I have been known to be wrong from time to time so this particular ghost might give you the Fright of Your Life!"

"Did you really like the Ghost so much, Soldier Sam?" teased Sarina, "Ghosts you hang out with are always the worst, Soldier Sam. They eat all your candy and are always smoking cigarettes on the porch.

"World Series Ring Ghost raided my refrigerator, certainly" Soldier Sam explained. But I don't know about smoking cigarettes, for I never saw any of that. Perhaps the Ghost was just doing it while I was out of the house, it all depends on that. for instance--"

"Don't be reserved, Soldier Sam, when you know that I'm just really wanting to hear the story." Sarina asked.

And this was Soldier Sam's Story:

"I was determined to test World Series Ring Ghost so I walked up to the Haunted House, calling it by name. I found the Haunted House locked, and no trace of the Ghost.

"I walked forward and knocked at its door. At the second knock the door opened and presently World Series Ring Ghost stood before me in all its Glory, looking, I thought, very scary.

But you will have to make up your mind for yourself when we encounter World Series Ring Ghost tonight, Sarina!: Soldier Sam advised.

" Sarina, I am sure World Series Ring Ghost is not a burglar. But I" found out what I wanted to know that night. You certainly don't need to wait for me to be frightened by World Series Ring Ghost.

And now let's get back to our business, Sarina. like a good trick or treater should!" Soldier Sam laughed.

PART 10

Sarina and Soldier Sam could not believe their eyes. There in front of them was World Series Ring Ghost.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were getting closer and closer to the Finale of the Angels Stadium Haunted House. They were about to meet World Series Ring Ghost!

Soldier Sam held out his arm to stop World Series Ring Ghost getting up out of its chair at the same moment, and he came to halt just opposite to Sarina and Soldier Sam, a smile on its worn face.

'Forget that I'm a World Series Ring Ghost the most sincere voice Sarina ever heard. 'Forget that I'm a Ghost, and come out boldly and just speak so I may live again.

"I have had a tough life, Sarina and Soldier Sam" explained World Series Ring Ghost. It's no wonder I feel like a Ghost."

Space is a human condition and worship of material things, baseball Fame, money, popularity, credits on television and in the movies, but I am out of the body, and am not affected by space." Explained World Series Ring Ghost.

"I should be much happier if you didn't light that cigarette,' World Series Ring Ghost said at once, 'I'm trying to Quit."

Time stopped abruptly. There was an interval of silence.

“Oh, Sarina and Soldier Sam. Let your love flow. Forget yourself just for one minute and do a brave thing! Oh, love me! and I shall be free!’ Free from being a Ghost. I want to experience what everyone else in the world takes for granted every day without a single thought.

Let’s get in this taxi, Sarina and Soldier Sam: World Series Ring Ghost instructed. Now it is my mission to drives you to your Launch Pad

Sarina unlocked the door and hopped in the taxi with a tip of her cap to World Series Ring Ghost and prepared for the ride.

For it was like seizing a rush of cool wind and feeling a touch of burning fire the moment it had struck its swift blow and passed on.

It was going to be an eventful trip to the Launch Pad. Sarina and Soldier Sam had some unfinished business with World Series Ring Ghost. There would be no more identification as a Ghost. It was time for the World Series Ring to serve its purpose.

World Series Ring Ghost leaned against the taxi window, watching Soldier Sam where he sat, Soldier Sam’s heart skipped a beat.

“Sarina and Soldier Sam, I will be completely real with you here” said World Series Ring Ghost "I'm stuck, hesitating, shaking, my determination on the verge of action, yet not quite able to compass it. But the fear had almost gone.”

It's my condition that keeps me here. I want something to change my condition for me, for then I could get away. What I want is comradeship. Or, really, more than comradeship; I want affection—I want love!

“You are not a Ghost, World Series Ring” explained Sarina. “Just a misunderstood Soul.”

Super Bowl Ring's Words, spoke to Sarina such an extent she found it impossible to reflect upon anything else at all, or to consider adequately any ways or means of action.

LAST DAY ON EARTH ACTIVITIES

PART 1

Sarina and Soldier Sam saved football at Rams Stadium. The Computer System controlling the massive scoreboard. Crashed. At the Meeting to find a Solution, much was to be discussed.

Rams Stadium is becoming more and more modernized with computers. What makes these magical computers special is that all the fans volunteer to build these machines all by themselves with a collection of logo-pained spare parts.

Soldier Sam was very inventive in the uses of their computers and he is always looking for ways to use them at Rams Stadium.

Sarina, who was new to computer uses decided she should have a computer to keep track of her scoreboard highlights. She has so much material that she believed she could benefit from this new technology.

When the fans brought Sarina a computer, she decided her computer needed proper Rams Football decorations. She set out the specifications for a nice, colorful Scoreboard Display with Blue/Sol trim to cover this computer and keep it functioning as long as possible given the extreme elements LA is subjected to in the winter.

She also made for her machine a huge, red stocking cap! The elves think this is the only computer in the world that has it's own hat and blanket!

The elves keep telling Santa that the North Pole computers are powered by candy canes, so Mrs. Claus has to make sure there is always a good supply.

Reindeer Vixen, a collector of candy canes, informed the elves that they could borrow some of his candy canes just in case they started running low.

Vixen is always sharing his stuff with others. He, like the other North Pole Villagers know the importance of cooperating with each other and sharing.

Once the elves made a special connection of a big computer to one of Mrs.

Claus's big blue-colored cookie-baking oven. The elves then typed in a special cookie baking software program.

By simply typing in the name of your favorite cookie and holding down the letter 'C' - then pressing the ENTER key rapidly three times, the magical stove will rumble and shake and then a loud bell starts ringing. Then there is a loud "Ka-FLOOMPH" sound! The oven door pops open and your favorite cookie comes flying out! You have to be quick to catch it!

Elf MooMoo, our elfin cookie specialist, uses a baseball-like glove padded with magic snow-powder to catch these cookies! This allows him to catch the cookies without crumbling them.

Mrs. Clause decided to have a naming contest for her new computer. Santa voted for The N-Polar-Treater, Frosty wanted to name it, Comp-U-Yum, Reindeer Prancer voted for MMMMmmmm-MMMMmmmm. Several of the the elves are calling it The Compu-Lippo-Ratta-Tatta-Baker. Of all the names, Mrs. Claus chose to name her computer "Super Sweetest"

If you ever eat a wonderfully tasting cookie and it has the letter, "S" baked on it - it just might have come from Mrs. Claus's computerized Big-Blue Oven baker - The Sweet Super Star Sensation!

Santa receives a lot of letters that ask questions of what goes on during the days leading up to Christmas Eve. The North Pole Villagers are just as excited about Christmas as are millions of girls and boys.

There are always last minute tasks that need to be completed and everyone at the North-Pole has to be flexible willing to work together.

The elves, the snowmen, and the reindeer all work in harmony to get Santa on his way Christmas eve. One task the elves complete is the finishing touches on the magical sleigh. They polish the runners, and are often seen tightening the bolts just enough, and also replacing belts and bells where it

is needed.

The elves are also busy making all kinds of exciting toys! In the busy toy shops, it is helpful that the elves wear little silver bells that are attached to their green stockings. Santa and the snowmen would run into the elves if it wasn't for these little bells.

These bells make a smooth, ringing sound. The melodies from the bells makes everyone realize that Christmas is getting closer and closer.

The weather during this time of the year is quite cold. On some days when it warms up to up to 25 degrees below zero, the elves take advantage of this heat wave and spend time sledding and skating around the North Pole village.

Mrs. Claus also keeps very busy as she bakes a lot of cookies for everyone.

One of Santa's favorite cookies are the Star-Shaped Sugar cookies.

The reindeers also get restless the week before Christmas! They have daily flying practice where they use the North Pole training sleighs. They like to land on top of the North Pole Cookie Bakery and stock up on a variety of cookies.

Mrs. Claus makes sure the reindeer cookie jar is always full. She also has a huge jar full of candy canes and carrots for energy!

What is most important to everyone at the North Pole is keeping the spirit of Christmas alive throughout the whole year.

## PART 2

Suddenly the Magical Cookie Computer blitzed out and not even Reindeer Blitzen could fix it. Everyone on the North Pole got sent into a panic. How could North Pole Life survive without Cookies? Would Santa's Global

Operations be at risk? What to do?

That's when Sarina and Soldier Sam were put into action.

Santa panicked and called the first number he could find in the Services section of the North Pole Daily Gazette Registry.

The business collaboration between Sarina and Soldier Sam could profitably extended from the domestic sphere, where the couple might brighten their contribution to, say, the give-and-take of dinner-table conversation by preparing a few exchanges in advance.

"It's simply the principle of teamwork," Sarina told Soldier Sam in partially describing the idea to him that evening as we were on their way to the Reindeer Dinner Extravaganza to discuss just what had happened to the Computer Network Crash that had disabled the entire North Pole.

"For instance, Soldier Sam" Sarina started instructions on the way to the Reindeer Dinner, "With Blitzen being as hipped as he is on Cookie Machines, we're bound to talk about the candy cane supply as a contributing factor at some point.

Sarina continued, "Well, Soldier Sam, I'm going to tell all the Reindeer about Rams Mascot who's so wonderful. In the middle of it, I'll pause and take up my napkin."

"I'd appreciate it if you'd ask me, 'Is he really the Star of Rams Stadium? They must have a computer network similar to what the North Pole'"

Sarina was planning to answer,

"Yes, except in matters related to Computers. In this work, he is totally lost."

This wasn't much, but Sarina was feeling her way around in the form, trying to get the hang of it before going on to something more nearly certifiable.

Dinner ran along the lines Sarina had foreseen. Rudolph got off on Tech Innovation, and Sarina launched into her account of this wonderful Rams Mascot.

Sarina paused at the appointed moment and, glancing at Soldier Sam, reached for her napkin.

“I keep forgetting,” Soldier Sam came in brightly. “Is Rams Mascot on one of the Shows you do, in the capacity of being Rams Team Reporter?”

“Yes,” replied Sarina. “He’s the only guest on my main show about Rams Football and the show is all about Computers, computers far advanced than the one at the North Pole and he usually right on time.”

A circle of Reindeers gave blank looks at Sarina and met her gaze. The Reindeer were confused as to if Rams Mascot knew anything that would help in the North Pole Computer Predicament

Sarina put her napkin to her face, and Rudolph picked up the thread of the discussion while Sarina reviewed in her mind a couple of other gambits she had worked out with Soldier Sam, on the way over.

One of these concerned Rams Mascot, not present that evening, where Sarina always cut corners. Rams Mascot has worked on some Computers with success, but not any experience of the sort that would save Christmas this year with the North Pole workers..

This shocked all the Reindeer as a match that took the entire North Pole Community by surprise. That made things even more confusing.

“Now, if the thing comes up, as it probably will,” Sarina had coached Soldier Sam, “say something about how you’ve only met Rams Mascot a few times but he seems a mascot of considerable talents of the sort that might Fix the North Pole Computer.

Sarina intended then to adroitly add, "Rams Mascot may solve your Computer Problems in short order."

Sarina expected that to go over big, Rams Mascot being a notorious fixture all around the Los Angeles Metro Area.

The Reindeer Conversation did get around to Rams Mascot soon after it left the subject of immediate fixing of the North Pole Computer, and Soldier Sam came in on cue punctually enough, but his exact words were "He's the Best in the Business. Any Business. Rams Mascot's Talents are Legendary."

This time, Sarina had the presence of mind to realize Soldier Sam's quip was useless, and she checked herself.

.Another misfire followed almost immediately. In preparation for possible discussion of the Rams Season, where, Sarina had primed Soldier Sam to tell about his own visit to Rams Stadium, where there was a Big Game coming up on Christmas.

"In a way, you know, Rams Mascot is Lucky, to have such job security" Sarina had planned to comment. "Most Football Players are washed up pretty quick."

It was clear Sarina would have to explain the football system to Soldier Sam in detail if she was ever to get the bugs out of it.

Sarina decided, in, fact, that she had better reveal in each case what the capper was to be, so Soldier Sam would realize the importance of delivering his line exactly as prearranged.

Sarina did this while she and Soldier Sam took leave of their table to hit the Liquor Bar Santa had set up, since the elves really needed some positive reinforcement after their daily labor making all the Toys, and other Stuff.

Sarina tried to duck Soldier Sam's questions about the failures at the Reindeer Table', preferring to wait till she had some new material worked up to hammer her point home with before she laid the whole thing on the line.

"At the Elf Table' tonight," Sarina said, "there's certain to be the usual talk about all the Industrial Bells and Whistles required to keep the North Pole productive, not the least of which to mention that nothing worked without Mrs Claus' Computer.

Sarina was trying to make a point to Soldier Sam, "Here's a chance for you to get in those licks of yours about integrity of the Master Data Plan on the Computer—isn't it critical to generating decisions on who of Earth's Children are Naughty or Nice, and so on. The sort of thing you are interested in."

"You might cite a few of the more traditional Listings of Toys for Present Recipients, like Monster Trucks and Robot Transformers Then turn to me and ask—now, get this, it's important—ASK'

Why can't we have Production lines back online for those kind of Toys.like that any more?. We have been producing stuff like that for decades, long before the North Pole was dependent on Computer Networks"

"Then what will you say?" Soldier Sam asked.

Sarina paused to make an attempt at finishing the Bottle of Bourbon, after glancing to see if Santa had noticed just how much she was drinking that night.

"It's no time for Smart Talk, Soldier Sam." Sarina replied.

Soldier Sam reached over for his Lighter, then sat waiting for it to pop, took up a cigarette in his hand.

"Of course I'll throw it away," Soldier Sam said. "Just sort of deal with it."

Soldier Sam lit the cigarette and put the lighter back in its pocket. “Isn’t this Elf Conversation going to go bad too?” Soldier Sam asked.

“Why? What’s going to be so bad about it? Isn’t it better than the conversation you have to put up with normally—doesn’t it make for something at least a cut above that?” Sarina responded.

“What’s wrong with trying to brighten life up? We can turn it around if you like. You can take the cappers while I feed you the straight lines—” Sarina was trying to spin it.

“Lord, no, leave it as it is.” insisted Soldier Sam.

“Can I count on you, then?” Sarina demanded.

“I suppose,” Soldier Sam said, taking one last stab at that cigarette. “But step on it. We’re supposed to get this Computer Fixing Gig over and done with. We have to get back to Rams Stadium for the Big Football Game on Christmas!”

### PART 3

Sarina and Soldier Sam began enter the vicinity of the Elves Table and sat down nearby the North Pole Chief, the Legend and the Source of all Christmas Joy and Surprise, Santa of course.

Santa was holding court with a dozen or so elves lucky enough to be chosen to sit at the same table as Santa.

Santa was an imposing figure, yet approachable and quite Jolly overall. The elves around him laughed heartily at everything he said.

It was well known at the North Pole that Santa’s elves who were responsible for making all the Christmas Toys, formed a ready audience who followed Santa to every party, but it didn’t seem to Sarina that all the elves were

present that night.

Sarina knocked back a few quick Bourbon Bottles and soon felt herself a nice part of the group. Sarina looked up and saw Soldier Sam beginning to chat up Santa, not intimidated by such fame.

Matters weren't helped, when Sarina returned to the Table with two more bottles of Bourbon, carried one to Santa and sat down and began to attack the other.

Midway through dinner, there was one of those moments when all conversation suddenly stops at once. Soldier Sam threw in a comment about how possibly could Santa read his Naughty or Nice List or find Los Angeles with a broken Computer.

Sarina saw Soldier Sam put down his bottle of Bourbon and clearly signal his intent to make an announcement.. "Well, if there is anyone to cause any debate over Naughty or Nice, it is Sarina," he said.

Soldier Sam looked squarely at Sarina. "Why is it we no longer have Status on the Naughty or Nice Lists give you a real run-down of the year. Let me tell you one thing, Sarina certainly had an interesting year."

"Like all your exploits with Rams Mascot, for example!!" Soldier Sam wanted the debate of Sarina's year. "Like take Halloween with that costume, or your behavior making the Pumpkin Pies on Thanksgiving, or even what you made of the first part of the year, Such a Target you made of me on Valentines Day. Why is that?"

Everybody turned to regard Sarina, as the one to whom the query had obviously been put. "That's a hard question for me to answer," Sarina said frowning into the table.

Sarina took another drink out of her Bourbon Bottle. "Your basic point is, of course, well taken—that my Status on the Naughty or Nice Debate is a good

round of fun for the North Pole.”

Sarina continued, “Looks like Soldier Sam has a point, if he is even a good judge for something like that, when you take account of his year, his status on the Naughty or Nice List is also a matter for serious debate.

Sarina became lost in the ensuing free-for-all. Not so Soldier Sam, to who an expert summary invariably centers around how he fixes computer problems, to him invaluable to brush aside any other matters. Soldier Sam more than held his own in the argument, which was cut short when Santa knocked over his bottle of Bourbon.

Santa let aside the question of the Naughty or Nice List and began to assure Sarina and Soldier Sam that the computer was not necessary to find Los Angeles.

“I know right exactly where it is in California, Santa assured them, “and I will be sure to make Rams Stadium my first stop of the night in such a cheery way to smooth over the incident.

“And Sarina’s Status on the List will be for all to discuss.” Santa added.

The remark wasn’t funny, nor was it intended to be funny, but to each one of the elves, they threw back their heads and laughed.

Meaning to be nice, Sarina laughed, too, and said, “Well, it goes to show you. Santa certainly has his wits tonight.”

“I’m just going to get you a new computer, Santa” remarked Soldier Sam.

“There’s no sense in fixing what is broken in this case, but it does have some new tech features that you will have to learn on your way there.

Santa heard Soldier Sam clear as a bell, and the elves began repeating it until it achieved wide circulation, with a resulting increase in popularity of Sarina

and Soldier Sam.

With all these matters addressed, the Naughty or Nice problem and the means to find Los Angeles were solved, to the great relief of everyone at the North Pole.

Soldier Sam and Sarina had met their challenge and the mission to the North Pole was a resounding success, and everyone at all the tables cheered Sarina's initiative.

Sarina and Soldier Sam had to bolt and Rush their way to Rams Stadium. There were lots of preparations to be made for the Big Game on Christmas.

Sarina didn't get a chance to speak to Soldier Sam alone until after the dinner. Then she let him have it.

"That was a completely out of line remark about my Status on the Naughty or Nice List," Sarina said. "And do you know why you made it? Just to deflect any debate of your Status, as well.. A feeling of being out of the swim lane. It's because you're not good at repartee that you say things like that.

"Things like what?" Soldier Sam asked.

Sarina explained what, and repeated her charge.

In the fight, quite heated, that followed Soldier Sam's denial of it, he gave Sarina nothing but proof of its truth.

Sarina submitted that the idea that the Computer Problems had given rise to this hassle, and had been just evidence of their partnership, the idea that Sarina and Soldier Sam could operate as a team at the North Pole..

"What could be more Lovely?" asked Sarina

"Our Teamwork found a great location at the North Pole," Soldier Sam

returned.

On that point, Sarina and Soldier Sam certainly agreed.

### PART 3

Soldier Sam had been trying to remember how to fix a Football Scoreboard.

Sarina brings home an experimental computer game. Soldier Sam is somehow pulled into the game, and has to avoid the game's monster in order to survive. Sarina tries to save him.

I remember the cover had these blocky-looking black game monsters.

Is the story you're looking for maybe "Fix the Scoreboard"?

It seems to hit the correct time period, includes getting sucked into the game, having to save people, and avoiding the game's monsters to survive

Soldier Sam was so happy that finally Sarina would buy a him computer All of his friends had one on their homes, and they talked all the time about their computers and the games they played.

Soldier Sam didn't have much stuff to do, besides the park, but it was too boring for everyone else.. When Sarina finally comes back from work, she picks the computer out of the car trunk, and brings it home. Soldier Sam was so happy! When he finally installed it, Sarina decided to play first, then it was me, then her... It was so much fun... For the first week.

A week after, Sarina told Soldier Sam she had to work overtime at Rams Stadium so she wasn't going to use the computer much.

Soldier Sam was quick to capitalize on that opportunity: "When I finally had the full week to play, I noticed something strange. Every-time I was on the computer, I'd get so focused on the game."

The worst thing happened. Out of the possibly bad stuff that could happen to Soldier Sam, well, it happened. One day, Soldier Sam went to this website with a flash game, and decided to play it. Time passed by like it was nothing. When he finally got out of the computer, there was nothing. Soldier Sam was on the middle of a green field, surrounded by some trees.

Soldier Sam decided to walk towards the forest. Finally, after a lot of time walking, he found someone who looked like someone from the future. Soldier Sam looked at Sarina and said:

"Sarina! Where did you go? You were supposed to stay on your house for my birthday. Everyone was worried about you!"

Slightly confused, Soldier Sam asked: "Wait, how old am I again?"

Sarina laughed and answered:

"You're not too old to play Video Games. Don't you remember?"

"Maybe I've just totally imagined this, but I swear I once read a book or a short story about this group of NFL Executives who had computer chips

implanted in their brains” Soldier Sam was trying to figure out how this was possible.

Soldier Sam kept on thinking about it and trying to find it. He was thinking it might be the story he remembered. It was similar, but not the same story.

Here’s what Soldier Sam remembered: The computer chips essentially catalogued the entire online Pro Football Database. People were able to relate to and communicate to each other by referencing the material.

“I think it was something along the lines of “it’s like that one Scoreboard, the one at Rams Stadium! Soldier Sam explained “And because they all had the switch it would immediately pull up in their heads and be understandable.

“I remember that these players were like heroes or something among the general population, and they were kept together - lived together - by..... who? A corporation? The government? I don’t know if it ever said.” Soldier Sam continued.

In the end, one of the characters decided to have her chip removed, and it totally scrambled his brain or something. Without being able to reference the same material as everyone else, the entire NFL essentially just got super confused.

“I get It, Soldier Sam, Sarina jumped in. It’s all this crazy make-believe world, and We are part of it!!”

The new Scoreboard replaced old one just so much back ago! How thrilled

Sarina was to be able to transfer all of her data from her old Scoreboard to the new one with the brilliant operating system!

And it all worked on the new Scoreboard just like the old one and the battery seemed quite healthy on the new One.

Sarina began to wonder if she would have to buy new controls if her battery started to flicker? She'll have to ask the Team Executives.

Oh, but there was one little gotcha. Soldier Sam did not know the password for the account. No worries! The website to recover the account just wanted her to fill in the last four digits of her associated phone number, which she did. Then it sent a text to her landline. This text went no-where.

So, Sarina used the other approaches to recover the account. But they all needed the passwords, in fact several of the passwords she previously used, even though she only had the one, the one that she forgot.

Sarina was stuck. So she contacted Scoreboard Tech Support They explained that they did not trust her or her new controls with the password for her account, so they just stored it in a form that could not be used by her. Only her Scoreboard and only the old one could use it.

So, Sarina wondered: if she called NFL Blink, could she get text-to-landline to work on her phone? Unfortunately, the robot told her to look on the website and there was no such feature. So Sarina's text messages to her landline ended up in a landfill somewhere in Arizona!

But then she found the answer. For just a small monthly fee, a company can get your landline to receive text messages and convert them to voicemails!

Then the code from old Scoreboard could restore the new one and her account can be obtained and she can reset and actually KNOW her password!

And Sarina would not need to raise a finger, which she would not do anyway of course.

But Sarina decided to burn all of her big tech gadgets and move to New York. Because all the jokers work at high tech corporations, she figured that will be an improvement.

“Have you tried unplugging, then re-plugging it?” asked Soldier Sam.

Much the same advice is proffered today by computer technicians: Have you tried unplugging it, then plugging it back in again?

The low-tech version works a treat with devices such as cable modems, routers, streaming television boxes, and “smart” devices from cell phones. all of which have tiny computers inside. Unplugging and re-plugging devices like these reboots their computers, forcing them to flush any temporary malfunctions.

Although plug-out-plug-in often leaves the customer satisfied, it doesn't fix the problem that caused the problem to begin with; but that's its brilliance.

It puts off for a while having to do anything about the device...or even thinking about it.

Often unplugging then re-plugging will buy the Scoreboard operators months of time at the cost of a reboot now and again.

Sarina and Soldier Sam had been putting off getting a new control box for the better part of a year now using this technique.

Sadly, however, as Soldier Sam has warned us, "Everything turns to shit eventually."

"You will eventually be rebooting so often that you'll realize the damn device is unplugging and re-plugging you. Then, to add injury to insult, one day the thing just won't work at all. There are loads of people - you can find them on the web, (where else?) - who write to help sites, complaining that their Scoreboards will no longer work unless they're unplugged and then re-plugged first.

And that, my friend is worse than a chronic case of fallout; but, at least, when you finally call tech support about the problem and you are asked if you tried unplugging it, then re-plugging it, you can proudly answer. YES!!

Soldier Sam could, in no way, be described as a technological genius, has revealed how a computer at his workplace made him so angry that he decided throw it out a window, shattering the glass.

Soldier Sam had been working at his job in the office for months, but had yet to master the temperamental computer he subsequently named 'The Battle Boss', that sat on his desk.

Soldier Sam said: "I'm not the most gifted computer operator, it has to be said, but even turning the machine on presented its problems. I learned very early on what a screen-freeze was, as it happened to me almost every day."

Soldier Sam went on to chronicle to Sarina the various struggles he had with "The Battle Boss."

"The computer would encounter some problem where it would take an eternity for the screen to turn over to the next page, or would lose its internet connection, and have to be restarted, meaning that I'd lost all of the data I'd input" complained Soldier Sam.

"Or the back-up system wouldn't work, or there would be a break in the connection with the printer, or the printer would run out of ink at a critical point. If the printer printed, there would be a problem with the paper, or the loading of the paper, or the paper stuck to other sheets of paper. It was just a long line of disasters related to the computer." Soldier Sam complained.

Sarina started to lose patience with Soldier Sam's incompetence with the machine. How in the world could the Rams Scoreboard be expected to function if Soldier Sam's computer was broken?

"There were all kinds of confusing messages Soldier Sam didn't understand: 'http 404 file not found', 'virus detected', and so on.

Sarina just got fed up with the whole situation. She waited until everyone had gone home, and then went to the top of the building and slung the damn thing off the roof. It made such a crash when it hit the ground. A weight was lifted from my shoulders!" exclaimed Sarina.

Now Soldier Sam is currently looking for an no experience necessary alternative, non-technical employment where he could just work on Comic Books the whole day.

## STARSHIP ADVENTURES

Valentine's Day Countdown!!

### PART 10

“We Hit Some Thunderstorms in Space on Our Valentines Starship”

Sarina's Starship is spinning through space after launching from Earth just before it was destroyed when the Sun exploded. Conflict is brewing aboard the Starship and if Orange Fans don't get to a Planet capable of hosting Orange Hockey, it's more likely than not they will mass in mutiny against your command.

While Sarina periodically received faint radio signals from other planets, you have little hope of ever locking onto a signal and fear your Starship may be spinning in space forever.

Soldier Sam decided to investigate what is the source of these signals and determine if your Engineers can build a Super Amplifier to project the radio signals to you Starship. This is likely your only avenue to make Orange Fans aboard the Starship hold on to their tenuous grip on reality.

But Orange Mascot has convened a group of crew officers to execute a radical order from commanders to plan for landing on any planet possible with or without the capacity to host Orange Hockey Football.

Orange Mascot plans to make Valentine's Day more interesting for Sarina and Soldier Sam by executing a game of Hide-and-Seek where a critical part for the Starship will be taken to a secret location in the Galaxy.

Sarina and Soldier Sam need to design, build, and launch a new Starship a massive enough to make life in space more agreeable for building a new Orange Stadium anywhere in the cosmos, but the Starship Part is required for any new missions.

if you are truly motivated, you could warp space-time so immensely that you pinch off a "pocket universe". Going inside and closing off the wormhole puts you forever out of reach, and if you have the ability to bend space-time like that, you should also be able to tweak the physical constants and fine structure of your new universe to make it fit your needs even better than the current one.

Just remember, don't leave a forwarding address, that's how they always manage to find you. As stated, space is really big and passive sensors could only detect you from within your light-cone, so between normal circumstances there is no point hiding, but - just for the fun - let's assume there is.

Over time, many Orange Fans have wanted to seize control of the ship and Orange Mascot has tapped into their frustrations. It's up to Sarina to squash this rebellion and lead a triumphant return to the Majesty of Orange Hockey in any way your Power enables you to carry on the Mission.

Orange Mascot has a plan, one in which Sarina and Soldier Sam need to locate a Hiding Place in the Galaxy to find a missing part to the Space Ship so Orange Fans can witness a Hockey game, at least once Sarina and Soldier Sam learn how to split command.

**We started up our Starship and started having a conversation about how much Space Traffic there was on Valentine's Day.**

Sarina revved the Starship engines towards the direction the Valentine Orange Compass in the Direction of the New Planet. Once at the destination, Solider Sam proposed they jump off the Starship onto the Planet's Terrain. Then continue to follow the compass for the exact location of Orange Mascot.

Orange Mascot had for sure found a good hiding place for our Starship Part and we set due course to find it. We had at our disposal many navigation instruments and talked about the scenery in outer space.

Soldier Sam accompanied Sarina on the Hide-and-Seek adventure in more than just spirit. Soldier Sam's Title was "Chief Engineer of Future Orange Hockey. Soldier Sam can be found within several levels investigating the happenings of the Universe.

In most cases, playing Hide-and-Seek with Orange Mascot is out of the way of the main objectives. Scouring inter-planetary levels is a must for those interested in tracking him down. Sarina and Soldier Sam were up to the challenge!

Well, as we launched our Valentines Day Galaxy search for the missing Starship part, it would prove to be smart to establish communications on the trip, it was an Valentine's Day Adventure from the start.

Sarina and Soldier Sam had only just started their voyage where something incredible and unexpected shocked the living daylights out of them.

They had run smack dab into a shining and blinding Meteor Thunderstorm. It was a brilliant display of light, but Sarina and Soldier Sam had no chance to make any progress on their mission, it was that impossible.

Imagine that you went for a Space Walk and found something that you could not control, or you were trying to get out of the Thunderstorm. It's a trip to the far reaches of the Galaxy and you ventured into a place that was not there the last time you had traversed a Thundering Polar Vortex such as this.

**Sarina and** Soldier Sam just had to find a way to locate Orange Mascot where ever he might be and continue the adventure. Sarina began by telling Soldier Sam he must get ready to investigate the source of the Meteor Thunderstorm.

It must stop so Sarina and Soldier Sam could weather an impasse, the only way they could to become possible activation of the Light the Flame of Valentine's Day. In that Flame they hoped could appear the chance of a Lifetime despite the Meteor Thunderstorm..

Soldier Sam disappeared into the Engine Room to equip the "Love Lantern" and form a search party to find Orange Mascot and the missing Starship Part.

Sarina and Soldier Sam Starship was still flying through Space but visibility was close to zero. The Orange Fans Team returned back from their activities in the Hockey Highlights Entertainment Area of the Starship.

You might wonder how Sarina knew this Orange Fans Story and the answer to this is Soldier Sam had placed a message in the Control Center, one that would explain everything Sarina needed to know about the search for Orange Mascot.

Sarina and Soldier Sam had a fortunate break in the Thunderstorm that enabled them to get their wits together and regroup. In the history of Sarina and Soldier Sam's travels they had never experienced an event quite like this, and now it was part of their Valentine's Day Adventure!

This Meteor Thunderstorm was the kind with a Brilliant Trail of Stars that seemed to go on forever.

The Hide-and-Seek game Orange Mascot planned for Sarina and Soldier Sam to play this Valentine's Day was like a game of tag in the dark, now that they had entered the center of the Thunderstorm.

Picture like the Tornados familiar to those Orange Fans they had experienced on Earth. In the eye of the Storm it seemed like they had control of the Spaceship, but this was just an illusion.

Their Visibility could get pitch black when you turned the lights out and covered up the one window of the Escape Hatch Soldier Sam was working on.

To add another element to the predicament, Orange Mascot had put in an engineering trick where you could only activate the Search Beacon when the Spaceship would be free and clear of the Meteor Thunderstorm during this Valentine's Day Adventure.

So, there Sarina and Soldier Sam were, standing at full attention and waiting in their hiding spot in the dark.

Suddenly, they decided to go for it and make the jump into Hyperspace with the hope of leaving the Meteor Thunderstorm behind them. They needed to activate the Radar Search Beacon to find Orange Mascot.

This jump into hyperspace immediately turned into a moment where Sarina and Soldier Sam had to shoot through the Thunderstorm or risk the possibility they would never find Orange Mascot.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were Flying through the Galaxy at Warp Speed when all they could see or hear was the Meteors exploding around them so Sarina and Soldier Sam were in a State of absolute Shock.

Being the ultimate authority on this Valentine's Day Adventure, Sarina went right for the Search Beacon light switch and paused for a moment in time that seemed to last forever.

Soldier Sam ran over to assess the situation so he could see what happened. Sarina had snuck downstairs below the Control Room and made a hit with the Search Beam!

They were now locked onto Orange Mascot's position. Soldier Sam quickly read the Coordinates and shot right through the thunderstorm and they were on their way to confront Orange Mascot.

Orange Mascot's Hiding Place was quite ingenious. Now cooling something down to the temperature of empty space while making an adjacent beacon is fine for physics experiments but lousy for hiding. If you need to remain invisible from any direction, the beam is a give-away.

But what if you hide next to a star, and beam the laser towards the star? Well, that changes the situation since you don't want to leave a cold spot against the star: you want to match the outside temperature but make a cold interior. That's more like the original question.

Now back to empty space: what if the cooling beam is incisible? Emit neutrinos or dark matter or something. This is also a favorite idea for a seemingly reactionless drive where you can both move stealthily and keep your heat signature camouflaged by emitting a dark-matter beam.

**Sarina and Soldier Sam found Orange Mascot's hiding spot and Located their Valentine Prize.**

**Orange Mascot gave Sarina and Soldier Sam the instruction manuals and described the Fix.**

It was the Magnetometers!

Magnetometers are direct-sensing instruments that detect and measure the interplanetary and solar magnetic fields in the vicinity of the spacecraft. They typically can detect the strength of magnetic fields in three planes.

As a magnetometer sweeps an arc through a magnetic field when the spacecraft rotates, an electrical signature is produced proportional to the strength and structure of the field.

Orange Mascot gave Sarina and Soldier Sam the instruction manuals and described the Fix.

“The platinum delta-wave is offline. Don't forget to invert the neutrino finalising rockets.” Instructed Orange Mascot.

Sarina noticed Soldier Sam staring at his watch again. “Soldier Sam, what's up?” Sarina asked him out of curiosity.

Orange Mascot told the duo that he had engineered an incredible Valentine's Day Surprise!

“I've got to return to my Orange Heart Shop to make up a Brilliant display for you two” Orange Mascot announced.

Suddenly, a wild thought took Sarina to a completely different world.

It was getting on to Valentine's Day dinner time and Sarina was quite certain that Orange Mascot's Surprise would be something that she and Soldier Sam would cherish forever.

At times, Soldier Sam's memories cheats him, making him wonder the reason behind being in the midst of an activity, be it enjoying delicious grub or commuting or whatever activity is on the Docket for Valentine's Day.

The Trouble does not stop there. There were a number of occasions where Soldier Sam had bumped into Orange Mascot and he had no clue what Orange Mascot was planning.

The Starship mission for that Valentine's Day drawing nearer to an ending as Sarina and Soldier Sam climbed higher and higher with Great Expectations.

With Orange Mascot joining them at the critical junction in Space, the trio gained momentum in their quest for the Ultimate Expression of Valentine's Day Fever.

After a while came Orange Mascot's wisdom - "Guys, what the head or tail happened to you today?!"

"Hold on, I'm trying to recall", Sarina responded.

With the hot coals renewed on the Valentine's Day Flame of Fire, Sarina and Soldier Sam set to open the bottle of Bourbon with a will that would surpass the efforts of anyone else that had ever attempted such a Surprising

Conclusion to a Valentine's Day Mission.

It was so nice to spend Valentine's Day with you, Soldier Sam" Sarina exclaimed.

"Same, Sarina" responded Soldier Sam. "It was a great Valentines Adventure that I would do again in a Heartbeat even though it was quite a bit of Work."

The Prospects for finding a Planet suitable for Orange Hockey were now Better than Ever!!

PART 10

The Radio Crackled. Sarina and Soldier Sam both heard the noise.

"Rams Mascot is that YOU?!!" Sarina was shocked.

"Wait, Rams Mascot, I can't hear you. Speak up!" Sarina shouted.

"Rams Mascot we have a bad connection. Hold on while Soldier Sam and I fix the ship so we can hear you. Sit Tight! Don't Go anywhere, We will reestablish the connection," Sarina Promised.

"Sarina, are you listening to this?" Soldier Sam asked.

"Yes, of course I am" Sarina responded.

"I know this was a tremendously stressful test. The pop quiz to end all pop quizzes." Soldier Sam was sure of this.

"Pop quiz," Sarina said. She had a reaction but it wasn't a laugh. "A brutal surprise. But now you know what you'll do when all the Rams Fans depend on you."

"It's a tough road, Sarina." Soldier Sam reminded her.

"Definitely," Sarina admitted. "But we did fine despite that."

"You're saying that I couldn't have prevented the disaster?" Soldier Sam asked.

"Not in the real world, and not in the simulation." Sarina said.

Sarina continued, "Not if there actually were a flaw in the Starship's design that would cause it to oscillate like that. The disaster could have been prevented. But not by you."

"Huh," Soldier Sam said. "So this Starship is engineered to basically come apart on command?"

"Oh, no," Sarina said. "We just shake the Ops center around and pipe in training footage. It's all make-believe."

Soldier Sam half-smiled. "Take the success. Go get a bottle of Bourbon. Let the crew thank you. They love this stuff. It's a wonderful distraction from all the loss of Rams Football."

Sarina stood up. "Is there anything else I can do?"

"Yeah. Don't waste yourself on some exile on Saturn. Remember that when the chips were down, you stood your ground. And you just stood up to me now."

Sarina finished her bottle of Bourbon.

“Where are You, Rams Mascot?” Sarina shouted into the radio receiver.

Rams Mascots voice came through loud and clear.

“WHERE ARE YOU, RAMS MASCOT?” Sarina wanted to know as soon as possible. “Can the Planet’s Terrain and Atmosphere support Rams Football””

“I’m on Planet TITANIA! Check it out, Sarina!”

Planets surface breathes over the course of its day, exhaling sulfur dioxide as it warms in sunlight, and pulling it back down to the surface as it cools at night with volcanoes heating local areas, making patches of denser atmosphere and out-flowing winds.

Sounds perfect for Rams Football” exclaimed Sarina.

"Must have you here to see it for yourself Sarina," Rams Mascot said. "All the Rams Fans are grateful to you. Had a quarrel with Soldier Sam just before he came on the set but today you have brought us together.

“Besides I want to write a movie about him” Rams Mascot continued. So give his attention to me—Rams Fans don't want to see him anymore today now that he has finished his Report"

Sarina enabled the video console and picked up Rams Signal louder so it would be more clear to her.

"Go after Soldier Sam. He's probably in the Bourbon Bar next to the Engine Room.. We're putting him on that drinking stipend again but we'll be sorry."

Rams Mascots communication device switched off for a moment, switched

on again. "Oh! Take him those Nachos. He forgot his Nachos. Can't very well drink Bourbon on an empty stomach, right?"

We are coming to Rams Planet, Rams Mascot! But we have to make 2 Stops.

First we are going to Planet X for some Upgrades to our Starship since we expect to Drift for Long Time to land on Rams Moon.

Then New Starship Upgrades for Big Fight to get from the Moon to Rams Stadium.

We are going to make a day of it on Planet X while our ship gets fixed. It will be an Adventure!! Then we will go on a Day Trip on Your Rams Moon too.

"Look, Solder Sam!" Planet X is fast approaching " said Sarina. Prepare for landing!!"

in a spin of seconds we were back to the ground. Soldier Sam was filled with satisfaction from a job well done

## PLANET X ADVENTURE ACTIVITIES

As soon as the Pirates were out of sight, Sarina set herself to tuning the Radio and ordered Soldier Sam to keep watch And from that time Sarina and Soldier Sam were searching for any sign of Rams Radio Broadcasts they could pick up, approaching the shore but, not knowing when another strange pirate ship might come upon them.

Now onshore Sarina and Soldier Sam set about their daily adventures but would drop anything they were doing, no matter what it was—stealing wire, having a fistfight, siphoning gas—no matter what, and tear like a blue streak through the alleys, over fences, under porches, through secret short-cuts, to get back not a second too late for the magic time. Whenever there is anything to do with the Rams on radio.

That night could hardly wait until Sarina and Soldier Sam's adventures were over. They both wanted to get to the real thing, the Tailgate Party scheduled for the first ever sign of Football in the Brand New Rams Stadium, a Team Scrimmage.

That's what counts. Soldier Sam had spent the entire day preparing for the Rams Mascot Radio Broadcast, sharpening pencils, practicing twirling the knob on Sarina's plastic simulated gold Decoder pin.

Soldier Sam had lined up plenty of paper to transcribe the instructions that everyone at Rams Stadium was to follow on that Big Football Night. Sarina and Soldier Sam were both already at the radio sitting impatiently through the drone of the Soap Operas and Newscasts, waiting for their direct contact with the Rams Mascot, their first night as Full Members of the most special club, Rams Fans who, together, comprised a Team of the Pair's own making.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were not to be disappointed by the news the Rams Mascot was about to relay. At soon as the clock hit the hour, just as dusk was gathering over the picturesque LA scene, Sarina and Soldier Sam both started the beginning of hope against the gloom, the magic notes of an unforgettable theme song came rasping out of Sarina and Soldier Sam's Radio.

Ah, they don't write tunes like that any more. There was one particularly brilliant line that dealt with the announcement of Soldier Sam, finally solidified as Sarina's sidekick. Who can forget it?

It was probably Sarina that drew Soldier Sam to make the call into the Ram's Mascots Broadcast, during which he would announce his Love for Sarina.

The Rams Stadium rose high above the LA landscape, even as it was not really at such a great height since, as was now the custom of new stadiums, the playing field was set deep underground and the street level entrance was some ways above the playing surface.

On the Great Opening Night for the Scrimmage, there were to be no brawls or fistfights. Or drunks sleeping in doorways. No opposing team was in the building and there were only the diehard Rams faithful to take in the Big Scrimmage.

The parking lot was to have no sign of hubcap thieves or even the guy who had hotwired a truck at the old Stadium that past year. And no Pirates, to Sarina and Solider Sam's great relief.

And then Sarina and Soldier Sam heard the Rams Mascot for the first time, the definitive broadcaster in NFL History.

"Soldier Sam and Sarina!! Get set for an extravaganza like no other. A historical event that will mark the interest of the entire planet. Get Ready for a Pre-Season Team Scrimmage!!"

The Ram's Mascot's voice boomed out of the Radio like some monster, maniacal pipe organ played by the Devil himself. Vibrant, urgent, dynamic, commanding but friendly all at the same time.

"Get Ready for a Secret Message from the Los Angeles Rams. Prepare Yourselves!!!"

All right, Set your Marks...Action!!"

Then—Silence to the rest of the Rams Nation, and also the entire world listening that night. But as Clear as a Bell to Sarina and Solider Sam.

All the Rams Fans out there in the darkness all over the country, there were millions of kids and adults alike, where all they could do was to walk into the kitchen for some more Bourbon, hoping against hope they would hear the

Ram Mascot's voice again that evening.

But as the old truism goes, every man has his chance, and when yours comes you had better grab it. They do not make appointments for the next day. One day Soldier Sam is foraging on his way back from work, lost in a confusing dreamworld, there occurred an incident which forever changed his outlook on Existence itself, although of course at the time Soldier Sam was not even conscious of his own words, only finding out later he had struck the Jackpot and was at last on his way into the Big Time—A World with Sarina!!

There was a standard game played solo by almost everyone Soldier Sam had ever heard of, at least in his neighborhood. It was simple, yet highly satisfying. There were no rules except those which the player improvised as he went along. The game had no name and is probably as old as creation itself.

The contest consisted of kicking a tin can or tin cans all the way to work. This game is not to be confused with a more formal athletic contest called Kick The Can, which did have rules and even teams. This kicking game was a pure dogged contest of Man against Can.

Anyway, Soldier Sam had spent a lifetime kicking all sorts of discarded cans along the alley, occasionally changing cans at full gallop, when he suddenly found himself kicking a can of a totally unknown nature. Soldier Sam kicked it twice; good, solid, running belts, before he discovered that what he was kicking contained a Magic Ring, the first Soldier Sam had ever seen.

Soon, Soldier Sam sent his newfound Treasure to Sarina in the mail and he started to wait. Every day Soldier Sam would rush to work and ask:

“Is there any mail for me?”

Day after day, week after week, month after Month. Waiting years for something to come in the mail is like being asked to build the Pyramids singlehanded, using a Legos Set without the Motor. Soldier Sam never did get much mail, anyway. Usually it was bad news when it did come. Once in a while a letter marked occupant arrived, offering One Million Dollars on his

signature only, no questions asked, “Even your employer will not be notified.” They began with:

“Friend, would you like to always have money to spend? What if you had a country estate with more square yards than 100 Football Fields? Would you like to invest in a Cabinet that would automatically stock itself with Bourbon, making use of all the new technology in the world?”

Soldier Sam could never figure out how they knew, especially since they only called him OCCUPANT. Day after day he watched his mailbox. On Saturdays when Solider Sam took a break from his maintenance work, having no hobbies or interests he would sit on the front porch waiting for the mailman and the sound of friendly dogs that chased him on his appointed rounds through our neighborhood, his muffled curses and thumping kicks mingling nicely with the steady uproar of puppy chatter.

One thing everyone knew. Soldier Sam never chased a mailman. And if he had, he would have caught him.

Everything comes to he who waits, as the saying goes.. At last, after at years of constant vigil, there was delivered to Solider Sam a big, fat, lumpy letter. There are few things more thrilling in Life than lumpy letters. That rattle.

Even to this day, Soldier Sam feels a wild surge of exultation when he touches an envelope that is thick, fat, filled with mystery, and addressed to him!!

Soldier Sam ripped it open. And there it was! His Invitation to be a Rams Season Ticket Holder!! And also a membership card to stock up as he saw fit at the Team Merchandise Shop.

Of course Soldier Sam wanted some New Gear!! He wanted to show off to Sarina.

It was an important moment. Here was a real milestone, and Soldier Sam knew it. Solider Sam was taking his first step up that great ladder of becoming a real American.

Nothing is as important to an American as a membership card with a seal inscribed by the Woman of His Dreams. In Soldier Sam's Case that will forever be in All Things Sarina!!

Soldier Sam had heard of guys who have long strings of them, plastic-enclosed: bankcards cards, membership cards, identification cards, driver's licenses, all strung together in a chain. The longer the chain, the better off were they.

But here was Soldier Sam's first card. He was on his way!

Soldier Sam had finally Hit the Jackpot!!

And in the best of all possible ways in the Universe of Galaxies—Soldier Sam was making it as the Exclusive Member of "Team Sarina!!"

## MOON LANDING

Before taking off, it made a noise. The noise was earsplitting. The propellers began to whirl. There was a sudden roar. At first it ran on the ground like a motor-car for a short distance.

The time in between the red signal to stand by and the green light to move forward seemed to last an indeterminate time for the chairman. The officers waited to catch their breath, and we were now faced with the first

change in plans is quite some time. Even if the plan developed by the chairman was planned down to the last tiny detail and however successful dress rehearsals had gone, there was always the chance that the operation would not go quite as planned. It was proving difficult to gain traction on what was becoming a slippery slope.

Often the Seagulls came very close and stared at Sarina and Soldier Sam with black bead-like eyes. At these times their scrutiny seemed almost sinister, and Soldier Sam hooted angrily at them, telling them to be gone.

One came, and evidently decided to alight on the top of Sarina's head!

"You son of a bitch," said Soldier Sam to the bird. "You look as if you were made with a jack-knife." He swore darkly at the creature.

Sarina tried to knock it away with the end of her Yankees Bat she always brought with her for just such occasions.

But Sarina's emphatic gesture nearly capsized this freighted boat, so with his open hand, Soldier Sam knocked it off Sarina's head.

The seagull flew away after it had been discouraged from the pursuit so Sarina breathed easier on account of her hair.

After this little incident, Sarina and Soldier Sam rowed And rowed. And also they rowed the boat.

It appeared to the chairman that the reconnaissance intelligent reports were valid and that this particular portion of the route was left unguarded by the Mainland even while it was in heavy use. The entire exercise had taken quite less time than the officers had anticipated and now everything appeared still, almost too quiet. Still we waited for some activity and time dragged on, and the chairman began to suspect that something had gone wrong even though it could not be readily determined at this juncture. In an instant the

officers were all on their feet having heard an explosion in the distance, but we kept pressing forward and it would pass without incident.

“We'll just finished off this Scotch and give us a change to chance to get into shape again” Sarina wanted another drink to courage up to the circumstances.

‘Well, Sarina, I have an early Birthday Surprise for you. I stashed another bottle where you wouldn’t notice it.” Soldier Sam was relishing the moment that Sarina would be truly proud of him

“No Fucking Shit!!?” responded Sarina. “Really? Such foresight, Soldier Sam. I’m impressed.”

As the boat cruised on the waves, spray occasionally bumped over the side and gave them a fresh soaking, but this had no power to break Sarina’s enthusiasm for the newly discovered Scotch.

The first duty of the chairman that night was to radio the stateside authorities to notify them as to our whereabouts so the officers set up the wireless. After checking in, it came over the communications network that the officers were to stand by for a message. We switched the set to receive for ten minutes for every half hour and the chairman huddled with the officers in the hope that they could anticipate the content of the message so an adequate response could be quickly dispatched. The high-pitched code was coming through slowly and we started to record. We were informed that a key portion of our flank was being re-tasked so needless to say the unit was extremely disheartened but the chairman was exhausted and almost too tired to really care.

The Shark following the boat had waited to follow the partners new course Sarina set,. The Shark had evidently grown bored of circling the boat over and over again.

There was no longer to be heard the slash of the cut-water, and there was no longer the flame of the long trail.

The light of the sun still glimmered, but the Shark was apparently no nearer to the boat.

.Soldier Sam looked at the shore. "Those life-saving people sure to take their time."

"Did you see that shark playing around?" asked Sarina.

"Yes, I saw him" replied Soldier. He was a big guy, all right."

We had to change our outlook drastically, since there was no longer the inevitability of marching straight to our target island, to be met by our reinforcements. Now we were reduced to taking the of our alternative route scenarios which was far preferable to choosing instead to breach the Mainland line of defence. The officers gathered around the maps to chart out the route and discussed how to ration the supplies, since no replenishment actions had been undertaken stateside in quite some time. The chairman thought that we might have to prolong our stay around the nearby island for the time being while the calculations were being made.

Sarina and Soldier Sam buckled their seatbelts and in the blink of an eye, the space fighter jet burst through the ground and into the sky.

Sarina remembered exactly where the transport ship was, not far off from the moon where they were trying to land and that is exactly where they were headed.

"Hang in there Soldier Sam, we'll be there soon" Sarina shouted..

#### MOON ACTIVITIES

Solider Sam stopped paddling the canoe. "It should be somewhere here, Sarina" he said.

Sarina had been in the front part of the canoe, closely scrutinising the land. She had a sheet of yellow paper on her knee.

"Come and look at this, Solider Sam," she said.

The canoe was now approaching the land.

The bay opened out, and a gap in the white surf of the reef marked where the little river ran out to the sea

The deeper green of the forest showed its course down the distant hill slope.

The forest came close to the beach. Far beyond, dim and almost cloudlike, rose the mountains, like suddenly frozen waves. The sea was still. The sky blazed.

Soldier Sam moved over from his spot on the canoe until he could look over Sarina's shoulder.

The paper had the appearance of a rough map. By much folding it was creased and worn to the pitch of separation.

Sarina tried to hold fragments together where they had parted. On it Solider Sam could dimly make out, written in pencil, the outline of the bay.

"Here," said Solider Sam, "is the reef, and here is the gap." He ran his thumb-nail over the chart.

The river curved and twisted.

I would really use a drink right now" complained Solider Sam.

"You see this dotted line," said Sarina; "it is a straight line, and runs from the opening of the reef to a clump of palm-trees. The star comes just where it cuts the river. We must mark the place as we go into the lagoon."

"What are these little marks down here are for? Solider Sam asked..

Sarina replied, "It looks like the plan of a house or something; but what are all these little dashes, pointing this way and that, can't I get a notion?"

They both sat for some minutes staring at the land, while the canoe drifted slowly. Then Solider Sam looked towards the paddle.

"Your turn with the paddle now, Sarina,"

Sarina quietly folded up her map, put it in her pocket and began to paddle.

Soldier Sam sat with his eyes half closed, exhausted, watching the breakwater of the coral creep nearer and nearer.

The sky was like a furnace, for the sun was at its hottest point.

Though they were so near the Treasure Solider Sam did not feel the exaltation he had anticipated.

The intense excitement of the struggle for the plan, and the long night voyage from the mainland in the unprovisioned canoe had made Soldier Sam, to use his own expression, "Exhausted beyond comprehension."

Soldier Sam tried to motivate himself by directing his emotions to the treasure, but the exhaustion would not rest there; it came back headlong to wanting a stiff drink.

The rhythmic wash of the sea upon the reef was becoming audible now, and it had a pleasant sound to Sarina; the water washed along the side of the canoe, and the paddle dripped between each stroke.

Presently Solider Sam started to doze off.

The worn out map fluttered. A fine story for a pair like Sarina and Soldier Sam to hear!

Solider Sam's dream shifted to the treasure with the entire world intervening to hold him back from it.

His adversaries were shouting his name: "Solider Sam, Solider Sam, you sleepy bum!"--or was it Sarina?

Solider Sam woke up. Sarina had paddled to the mouth of the lagoon.

"There are the three palm-trees. It must be in a line with that clump of bushes," said Sarina. "Mark that. If we go to those bushes and then strike into the bush in a straight line from here, we shall come to it when we come to the stream."

Sarina and Soldier Sam could see now where the mouth of the stream opened out.

At the sight of it Solider Sam revived. "Hurry up, Sarina," he said, "or by

damn I'll have to drink sea water!"

Soldier Sam stared at the gleam of silver among the rocks and green tangle.

"Give me the paddle, Sarina" he said.

So they reached the river mouth. A little way up Sarina took some water in her hand, and began drinking eagerly.

Solider Sam, ran the canoe into a little creek and was about to land among the thick growth that overhung the water.

"We will have to scramble through this to the beach to find our bushes and get the line to the place," said Solider Sam.

"We had better paddle round," said Sairna. "I'll help. I had forgotten we had two oars.

So Sarina and Solider Sam pushed out again into the river and paddled back down it to the sea, and along the shore to the place where the clump of bushes grew.

Here the boat landed, pulled up the beach, and then went up towards the edge of the jungle until they could see the opening of the reef and the bushes in a straight line.

Sarina carried the paddles. "It is straight now in this direction," she said; "we must push through this till we strike the stream. Then we must prospect."

Solider Sam pushed through a close tangle of reeds and trees, and at first it was toilsome going, but very speedily the trees became larger and the ground beneath them opened out.

The blaze of the sunlight was replaced by insensible degrees of cool shadow. The trees became at last vast pillars that rose up to a canopy of greenery far overhead.

Dim white flowers hung from their stems and swung from tree to tree. The shadow deepened.

Solider Sam was cold. "It seems almost Arctic here after the blaze outside."

"I hope we are keeping to the straight," said Sarina.

Presently Sarina saw, far ahead, a gap in the sombre darkness where white shafts of hot sunlight smote into the forest. There also was brilliant green undergrowth and coloured flowers.

The vegetation was thick by the river bank. Great plants grew among the roots of the big trees, and spread rosettes of huge green fans towards the strip of sky.

Many flowers with shiny foliage clung to the exposed stems.

On the water of the broad, quiet pool which the treasure-seekers now overlooked there floated big oval leaves and a, pinkish-white flower not unlike a water-lily.

Further, as the river bent away from them, the water suddenly frothed and became noisy in a rapid.

"Well?" said Soldier Sam.

"We have swerved a little from the straight," said Sarina. "That was to be expected."

Sarina turned and looked into the dim cool shadows of the silent forest behind. "If we beat a little way up and down the stream we should come to something."

Sarina and Solider Sam looked at each other for a moment.

"Let us try a little down-stream first," said Sarina.

Sarina and Solider Sam advanced slowly, looking curiously about them. Suddenly Sarina stopped at a scattered heap of stones,

"Soldier Sam! It's all right. It's here still." There next to Sarina was a number of dull yellow bars.

Soldier Sam bent down in the hole, and, clearing off the soil with his bare hands, hastily pulled one of the heavy masses out.

"Only gold or lead could weigh like this," Soldier Sam observed.

How will we get it to the canoe?" Sarina asked.

Soldier Sam took one end of the bag and Sarina the other, and together they lifted the mass.

"Which way to the canoe, Solider Sam?"

"My arms are still tired from all that paddling" complained Soldier Sam after advancing a few steps.

"What is the good of waiting here all the day? Sarina asked. Pull your own weight, Soldier Sam!"

Soldier Sam could barely move.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Sarina.

"Hopefully, I'll be better in a minute."

RAMS PLANET LANDING

This was surely a quiet evening with the bottle of Scotch stashed safely in the boat's bottom.

Sarina's eyes were just capable of noting the tall black waves that swept forward in a most sinister silence, save for an occasional subdued growl of a crest

Soldier Sam looked without interest at the water enveloping the boat. He was deep in other scenes. He was just imagining how wonderful Sarina's Birthday Party Celebration would be, if they ever got on that fucking island.

Finally he spoke. "Sarina," he asked, dreamfully, "what kind of Burger do you like best?"

"Whopper with Cheese from Burger King, of course. Same as you!" Sarina Replied.

"But let's not talk of such beautiful things right now. Now I'm picturing us sharing Onion Rings and an Orange soda, all warm and dry inside a restaurant." said Soldier Sam. "If they are ever going to open again, anyways." he added.

"Don't talk about such things, blast you!" said Sarina, who was now picturing Onion Rings for both of them

"Well," said Soldier Sam, "I was just thinking about Burger King, and--"

The Mainland was likely to set up checkpoints on our most likely line of withdrawal from our current position which would entail establishing the system along the most direct line in between the islands. They would likely not only alert their reserve forces, but also set up a security perimeter in the hopes that we would stumble into it. What was left of the flanking fleet formed a defensive circle and we waited for a shelling that never came, with

not a single break in the silence. If the flank were to encounter a surprise or ran into any trouble spots they were instructed to fire a couple of shots to alert the officers.

Such being so, you might imagine that after a few hours, the ominous slash of the wind and the water had practically no effect on Sarina. Well, at least from Soldier Sam's perspective

Soldier Sam took a few quick drinks and finished what was in the plastic cup and this steadied the chills out of him.

"If we ever get ashore and anybody wants us to share this with them... Well, Fuck them!"

Sarina agreed. "Yes, you are right Soldier Sam."

The bond of comradeship between Sarina and Soldier Sam just kept growing stronger and stronger with time, at least as far as their Love for Scotch goes.

Under the new plan, the flank would beat a path down to the rendezvous point, although not along the same route they had anticipated. They were to make sure that no Mainland patrols were to follow them, and were told that we could not possibly wait for them if they didn't make it back in enough time, since we had other matters to address. The flanks immediately appreciated the content of the instructions and were well aware that there would be significant risks present in the operation.

Sarina regained her strength first and dragged Soldier Sam further away from the water.

Soldier Sam saw but a Halo about her head, and she shone like a saint. Sarina gave a strong pull at Solder Sam's hand.

"Thanks, Sarina!!" Sarina was a Superhero to Soldier Sam at the moment, indeed also at every point in time since they had started their voyage. Why did they even get in the boat in the first place, anyway? For some reason or another.

Suddenly Sarina whirled around: "What's that?" she pointed a swift finger.

It seems that instantly the beach was populated with Picnic Benches with Birthday Cakes and bottles of Scotch, the remedies sacred to their dreams on the voyage. Even more so during the toughest moments.

Solider Sam and Sarina would be sure to remember for their entire lives together the beautiful welcome of the Shore.

When it came night, the white waves paced in the moonlight, and the wind brought the sounds of the Sea to Sarina and Solider Sam.

Sarina's Grand Birthday Party Celebration was just getting started!!

"We did it!" shouted Sarina and Soldier Sam, overflowing with excitement.

They high-fived and cheered as they stepped out of the Starship, thankful to have made it out in one piece.

Everyone on Rams Planet celebrated as they watched the adversary ships crumble in defeat.

Sarina and Soldier Sam learned a valuable lesson that day. That with hard work and a good team, absolutely anything can be accomplished.

## ORANGE VALENTINES #10

“Get Crazy at New York State Fair”

The Flight through Space was finally complete. The Starship bolted down from the sky and landed in New York.

Cupid was there on the Tarmac to greet Sarina and Soldier Sam.

“Sarina and Soldier Sam!” Cupid called out. “Welcome to Syracuse!”

“Thanks Cupid” Sarina replied.

“Isn’t there a Big Orange Basketball Game Tonight?” asked Soldier Sam.

“There for sure is an Orange Game tonight. But first I have a Place to show you guys?” said Cupid.

Cupid was a Legend at Syracuse. It was in Fact one of his favorite places to be. To work his Magic.

Cupid is always highly aware of his environment. This allows him to use the surroundings to his advantage during fights and helps him to spot opportunities that others miss. Even when Cupid is visibly stressed he is always still able to pull it together and respond as needed to challenges and roadblocks.

Cupid had spent a lot of time on his Matchmaking activities and one day suddenly many desperate couples flooded into his office. Everyone wanted to get their Valentine's Day activities on the books. All the people started lining up at the office door waiting for when Cupid had time on his schedule.

Let's get on our way to our Pre-Game Event, Sarina and Soldier Sam" Cupid instructed.

"This is quite a place. Cupid added.

"Let's do a little Preview before we get to the site, Cupid" Sarina suggested.

"Hop in my Ride, you two. I have a couple of questions about your Flight before we get to the Tour Site" Cupid responded.

Soldier Sam was by the side of the Starship, holding the wing down. He had looked at me with concern and thought that he might be too heavy for the plane to fly correctly. The catapult had released and the Starship had shot off into the air.

Soldier Sam started running away on seeing this, but the other crew members caught him. Soldier Sam began to say, "Forgive me, I didn't know what to do!"

Sarina continued, "I then asked him, "How did you fix that computing error, you didn't know the password?"

"One day, Soldier Sam sneaked into the control room and hid under the console. While I was doing my thing with the password, Soldier Sam saw the password.

Cupid's Ride was zigging and zagging though Syracuse Traffic.

Here we are at the Mystery Spot for our Tour, Sarina and Soldier Sam” announced Cupid. “I’m sure the two of you are going to have a lot of Questions.

“We’re ready, Cupid” shouted Sarina. “Let’s Check it out!”

Soldier Sam agreed. “Let’s get this party started, Cupid!!”

“What is this place?” asked Sarina.

“This is the greatest site to be seen in the entire world! Cupid exclaimed.  
“People from across New York State come together for the State Fair every year to experience an affordable, two week celebration.

“Why have we been brought to the State Fair?” Sarina asked.

“To learn all about New York and the great Orange Fans who make this their home,” replied Cupid.

“There are scores of exciting fantasy rides, and dozens of big-name entertainers... all bringing us together!” Cupid announced.

Just scratch the surface of the New added.

“My absolute favorite event of the summer is always the State Fair for all New Yorkers. Cupid continued. “Everyone loves the great Orange Fans, the rides, the atmosphere, and, of course, the food! There’s just something about a fair that captures the spirit of New York in a way no other event can.”

“What are all the tents here?” Soldier Sam asked.

The Fair Grounds has delicious food, eye-opening exhibits, captivating entertainment, and great fun.

“Is it some sort of Party?” Sarina asked.

“Yes,” replied Cupid “It’s a total spectacle, complete with the latest technology

“I am going to ride with Soldier Sam on his first roller coaster.” declared Sarina

“Oh, you are going to ride with Soldier Sam?” asked Cupid. I didn’t know they would let him on the ride! Well, you got the ticket! I’m sure you two will Love the excitement!!”

The ride operator, not hearing the exchange, was concerned at this point and demanded Soldier Sam fasten his seatbelt platform so he could get going. Cupid was forced to wait at the exit gate while the ride went into action.

“This is a great example of how Syracuse is so far ahead in technology that this kind of problem has an easy solution.” Cupid explained.

“Go ahead and show us what is the latest technology Syracuse has developed.” Sarina said excitedly.

Video calls: Even New Yorkers who aren’t in Syracuse for the State Fair can still join in the excitement! With the use of Zoom for Syracuse meetings and other video-chat apps for business and personal calls — video callers globally spend millions of minutes daily on the Syracuse app alone — it’s difficult to imagine how futuristic and impossible this technology seemed not too long ago.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were stunned by what Cupid had just said.

Life lessons were to be learned by Sarina and Soldier Sam from all the contests and pride over the wins.

Sarina and Soldier Sam had snuck into the fair with Cupid, and still to this day recall the fresh loaves from a bread truck, or the impromptu spotlight dance on an empty stage.

And there would be stories of love and partnership that played out amid the Ferris wheels rides and contest exhibits.

Cupid led Sarina and Soldier Sam near the circus tent behind the cotton candy concessions.

Cupid placed his hand on the entrance to the tent and a large entrance appeared – allowing everyone to enter.

“Amazing,” said Sarina.

Sarina and Soldier Sam suspected that they were at the entrance to the dome.

“Are we in the dome?” Soldier Sam asked.

“Yes we are,” replied Cupid said.

“I am the Gatekeeper to the Main Event,” a Security Guard said.

“Greetings Sir,” Sarina and Soldier Sam said together.

“I see that you have brought along Sarina and Soldier Sam here to witness the Amazing Technology we have here” the Tent Guard said.

“Yes, we have,” said Cupid..

The well dressed attendant turned to Sarina and Soldier Sam. “Come on inside guys and have fun, but be careful!.”

“Where are you showing us next, Cupid?” Soldier Sam asked.

“You will see,” replied Cupid. “It’s an amazing hologram that contains a Special Valentines Clue for Sarina.

What’s this Cupid? Sarina asked as she and Soldier Sam walked over to the Hologram.

Read it and see Sarina. It is a special clue about Valentines Day” Directed Cupid.

“Ok, Cupid. Lets See what it says” Sarina started reading the Hologram.

“You’re one Hot Tamale!”

Your special fun is an epic thing;  
There's so much happiness it can bring

I'm really glad that you're my friend  
It helps me so with Valentines mail I am trying to send

"I just can't believe it!" Sarina exclaimed. On Valentine's Day. A special message just for me!"

The day continued with more fun – Sarina and Soldier Sam even took a ride on the sky glider lift. "All was well, however, and the day would end sooner than they would have liked.

Cupid was invaluable to their experience at the fair... looking at every detail among the exhibits and have a splendid time on the rides, relishing in what depicts New York in the most real way.

Cupid took Sarina and Soldier Sam to an outdoor concert. When the concert ended, Cupid asked Sarina 'do you like the New York State Fair?'

Sarina replied with an enthusiastic 'Yes, I Love the fair.'

Sarina and Soldier Sam agreed to return to the fair again and discovered how much they have in common.

"Wow, Cupid, that was quite a Tour!" Sarina exclaimed.

"It sure was" Soldier Sam had a great time too.

"We have some time to burn before the Game. Let's stop by this Bar"

suggested Cupid.

“By the way, Sarina and Soldier Sam,” Cupid remembered something. “You told me about your flight. But I forget to ask, did you two go on any adventures during your Pit Stops?”

“You don’t realize how unprepared you are until you have participated in a night scavenger hunt with the Starship club.” Sarina explained. The crew talked Soldier Sam and I into it, so off we went, equipped with a flashlight aka “torch,” and a crew member who could navigate.

As I pulled on the controls around the planet, I couldn’t help but wonder what I’d gotten myself into. We walked across mountain tops with nothing but rams fighting and waded through muck and mire.

Night wreck diving in outer space is scary. Light Years away, the highways is shrouded by clouds.

Soldier Sam hit a layer of reflective silt, blinding us. Together we looked our way through the ship, breaking through the uninterrupted, silent darkness of space. As we rose to the surface, I ripped off my mask to breathe the tropical air.

At the destination, a roaring bonfire greeted us, and everyone toasted a job well-done, even with the difficulties that had challenged us.

“Hey, Sarina, you want to see the Valentine I got you? You’ve probably wondered what could be in it, right?” asked Cupid.

“Did you ever see one this immaculate?” Soldier Sam added.

“It’s beautiful.” Responded Sarina.. “ And look, it’s tickets for the Game tonight. Front Row tickets to be exact. Wow!”

Sarina looked out of the window at the bar and saw nothing but Cuse fans. They wanted Tickets like that for the Game. Tip Off was coming not too far in the future.

This was going to be the first time in Soldier Sam’s Life he had ever gotten close to these good tickets, for any game. But he was going to a Cuse Game so it was all the more special.

“I thought you’d like it, because I know you and Soldier Sam hav never seen everything like this together before,” Cupid said to Sarina. “It’s such an important game tonight. Really one of the best match ups there has been in recent memory”

“It’s gorgeous. Sarina responded “ In fact, if anyone ever says to me, ‘What is the best kind of Valentine? I’ll say Cuse tickets for sure.

“We won’t have to go that far to the Stadium, but we’d better be on our way’ Soldier Sam suggested.

“ I’ll say!’ said Cupid. Let’s get to our seats in time for Tip off, right Sarina?”

Let’s get out that door and walk from the Bar to Orange Stadium!” Cupid was already headed for the door.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were right behind him and on their way to the Cuse Game!”

CUPID’S FIRST SYRACUSE ORANGE GAME EXPERIENCE

## PART 10

Entering the actual basketball court on Valentines Day was an entirely new experience as Cupid felt minuscule compared to the thousands of seats that filled up the arena from the floor to the ceiling. As someone who regularly only sees the games on television or through highlights on media apps, the in-person game experience was totally different even though Cupid was watching the same thing.

The first thing Cupid noticed when entering the stadium were the fans. There were so many of them, most of them were wearing Orange Gear.. It was so beautiful how they all looked the same.

Cupid had found out where the place was, the entrance to the stadium.

Sarina was getting excited and asked Soldier Sam, “Why on Earth would you look anything but jubilant if you have located the place?”

Soldier Sam least desired to answer this question. “Where is this place, Cupid? How will we find our seats once we are inside?”

Sarina asked Soldier Sam to follow her. Grasping onto her ticket, Sarina showed it to Soldier Sam.

This ticket could be easily distinguished from tickets for other games because of the Valentines Logo on it. It was the ticket Cupid had issued Sarina earlier that day.

"You mean -" Soldier Sam started to realise how exciting the game inside the stadium was going to be

"Yes Soldier Sam. We are going to a magical game tonight. If you can ever get your act together, that is." Cupid added.

Are there really courtside tickets to the game for us tonight?" Soldier Sam asked of Cupid. "Have you made all the necessary arrangements? You had better double check."

"I am Cupid. The call was being made to the stadium front office If you could please put me on to Orange Mascot.

"Please inform Soldier Sam his tickets are legit answered Orange Mascot. " You all had better get inside fast or you will miss the beginning of the game!"

"I've got a great idea!" Sarina exclaimed. "Soldier Sam and I should get a photo with Orange Mascot. Then we could prove we were here and have a lasting memory.

"Hey, Cupid," Soldier Sam wanted to get his attention. "Could you snap a pic of Me and Sarina with Orange Mascot? That would be awesome!"

"Of course, Soldier Sam" Cupid replied. Just find Orange Mascot and I will be over to take the shot of you and Sarina."

Cupid was reflecting on how all the camera shoots went down. The best part about knowing how to take professional photos? It leads to new opportunities.

The more professional-looking photos you'll be able to produce, the better your online photography portfolio will look. And the better your online photography portfolio looks, the more photography jobs you will land.

"Hey Sarina, we got that picture with Orange Mascot! All the lighting was great and we were posed perfectly. Isn't it great we were able to find Orange Mascot and he was so accommodating?"

"Yes, Soldier Sam" Sarina answered. I thought for a moment Cupid was going to lose his mind trying to operation the photo function on my phone. He had never operated anything like that before."

"The game is about to start Sarina!" Soldier Sam exclaimed. Why don't you give me a quick rundown of the season so far?

"I know you have been following it closely and I really don't have a clue about what the Orange have faced so far this year, Soldier Sam continued. "How are they doing?"

"Sure Soldier Sam," Sarina was glad to show off her knowledge of Cuse Hoops. "There have been a lot of developments so far this year.

The win against Duke came at a critical juncture in the season, meaning that even if they lose their remaining three regular season games and their ACC Tournament opener, the Orange could still be postseason eligible.

Syracuse continues to struggle to guard the inside against teams with big talent. Duke banged the ball in there, either on lobs or on dribble penetration and dump-offs.

Duke also got on the offensive glass. And SU is not equipped to cover the inside against skilled big guys.

“It’s just a matter of moving the ball and moving yourself and just trying to find open spots. Syracuse could not guard the Blue Devils. It was as simple as that.

Sarina smiled. She would tell her friends this story--it would sort of go with the game, if the game was any good.

'You ought to revise your methods out on the street. That’s what got you to this Orange Game,' Sarina said. 'Do you have much success with this approach?'

Solider Sam lit a cigarette and walked into the Stadium.

“If you were really a Cuse Fan I'd give you that line about being nuts about you.'

'But why any line at all?' asked Soldier Sam.

“Solider Sam...” Sarina started.

'Oh, really?' Solider Sam advised Sarina. 'You wanted to just take me to an Orange Game and make me like it, didn't you?'

## CUSE GAME ACTION

The lights in the Dome are brilliantly bright. When asked, it is just a flood of emotions to describe the greatness of Orange Hoops. I am a big Orange fan and I jumped at the opportunity to go to the Dome to watch them play and cheer them along.

Syracuse always brings their A Game when they host ACC rivals at the Dome. It is true I am fortunate to have a season ticket for the home games and I sit in the stands with my Girlfriend.

My Girlfriend is probably the most magical and enthusiastic supporter of the Orange that has ever attended a game, at least from my perspective. It is just amazing to consider all of the Capacity crowds the Dome has seen over decades and all that history that is almost unimaginably incredible is eclipsed by her presence at the concession stands.

Yes it was a once in a lifetime experience for me, but the memories of the fans and the atmosphere that were implanted in my very being will never be forgotten. Every time I need some confidence to do something, I will travel to that part of my brain and imagine myself present at every Orange Game with all the fans are chanting "Go Cuse!"

A trip to the Dome that was meant to be an exciting experience turned out to be so much more than that. It was truly life-changing. Syracuse was the place that shaped me into what I am today and what I aspire to be as I take every step in my life.

This Orange Dome was the place where I found unmatched joy and because I was with My Girlfriend I will never be the same again. It was pure Magic.

## RAMS STADIUM

### PART 1

Sarina and Soldier Sam met at Center Ice of Orange Stadium and Orange Mascot started his way from the sideline to join them. It was to be a fantastic contest. Sarina and Soldier Sam were going to compete in a Hockey Puck Shot battle with the winner taking home a big prize.

Sarina readied herself to begin and Soldier Sam approached his first puck too.

Orange Mascot cast a glance at Sarina who was said to have nerves of steel in contests of this sort. While Soldier Sam was just trying to make it through another 'Cuse Hockey Game.

Sarina's attention was focused on her target, the Goal on the far side of the Ice Rink into which the victory over Soldier Sam on that day would be solidified.

Sarina's eyes met Orange Mascot's and showed a defiant look. Sarina and Soldier Sam were about to make their first Hockey Puck Shots from Center Ice of the night.

Soldier Sam and Sarina confronted each other like two Statues of Liberty in the night and their attention was fixed on their targets at opposite sides of the Ice.

Orange Mascot smiled, transforming his face with an appearance of great authority as he would be serving to officiate the contest.

He turned to Sarina and said "I declare Sarina, you look more like a Star with each passing day.

Sarina's face brightened and her smile was for all to see that night at Orange Stadium. Sarina, like everyone else in the world liked a nice compliment every once in a while.

"That's my sentiment too" added Solider Sam. "Sarina, you're the best!"

"Of course no one in Orange Stadium will ever forget that" Orange Mascot assured, "but we have to keep our eyes on the Pucks right now. This is a contest to the finish!"

Sarina fired the first Shot at Goal and Solider Sam's first attempt at the opposite side of the Rink followed quickly. The competition was underway!

Orange Mascot looked at the two of them, "You guys are completely crazy. In front of this whole crowd, one of you will rise victorious.

"This proposal to compete came about very quickly" Soldier Sam admitted. "I'm still not ready but at the same time ready as I will ever be."

"Yes," said Orange Mascot. "It was very sudden. After just a few 'Cuse Games at the New Orange Stadium."

"What did you call it?" Soldier Sam asked.

"Quickly as the Sun Rises and Sets" answered Orange Mascot.

“You didn’t think it a good Idea to wait?” Orange Mascot asked.

“There was no need” Soldier Sam replied “I am perfectly certain there is no other Hockey Stadium I would rather compete in than the one here in Syracuse. So that was an easy decision for me. And what will the prize be?”

Suddenly, Sarina’s first shot whizzed into the Net. She was well on her way to that Prize to be presented at the First Intermission.

“Don’t interrupt me with conversation right now, Orange Mascot” Sarina instructed.

That night Orange Stadium suddenly went dark, right as the Contest between Sarina and Soldier Sam began.

Sarina glanced up for a moment at the Light Fixtures of Orange Stadium to check the conditions. She had nailed a couple Puck Shots to their destination in the Net by now.

“It’s getting difficult to see the target in this darkness” complained Soldier Sam. “Why doesn’t someone turn on the Scoreboard?”.

“Orange Mascot, you had better get on your mobile device to operate the Scoreboard. Solider Sam is right. We heed some light.” Sarina was insistent.

Orange Mascot started up the controls but said “It doesn’t seem like we need a Light Show quite yet.”

"Yes, we do," returned Soldier Sam said peremptorily. "We must have a light. I must finish this tonight or I can't get the prize, whatever it may be, and I can't see to catch up to Sarina. She is already quite a bit ahead.

Sarina can obviously see the target very well, "Orange Mascot observed. Why can't you?"

"Are you trying to save electricity or are you lazy, Orange Mascot?" Soldier Sam asked. "I can go and get the light myself, but I still have this contest to win.

Sarina paused for a moment. " Orange Mascot, we must have the light,"

"I am sure I don't want to take my efforts into another Stadium" warned Soldier Sam.

"Why, I never heard such a to-do about lighting up the Scoreboard." Orange Mascot complained.

Orange Mascot turned on the lights. The Goals at the ends of the Rink at Orange Stadium were now visible to both Sarina and Soldier Sam.

"Does the light hurt your eyes, and is that the reason why you didn't want the lights on, Orange Mascot?" asked Sarina kindly.

"I always like to sit in the dark," replied Orange Mascot.

Sarina continued to hit her target. Soldier Sam was missing left and right.

Suddenly the Stadium turned dark again except for an Orange Glow inside the Goal. Her glance became a steady stare. She looked intently when her next Puck Shot attempt was suspended in time.

Then Sarina looked away again and took the Next Puck, readied her Hockey Stick and then she looked again, and again turned to her task.

Soldier Sam turned around and looked the Net in Sarina's Goal too taking note of something sitting there. He looked intently, then turned to Sarina.

"What IS that?" asked Soldier Sam..

"What?" asked Sarina. She could see something too.

"That strange Orange Glow in the Goal," replied Soldier Sam. The Orange Stadium lights were still dark but the Orange Glow provided a bright light to guide their way.

"Why don't you tack a closer look, Sarina?" asked Soldier Sam in a wondering and somewhat curious way.

"I am in a hurry to finish this contest" answered Sarina. The clock has almost run out. I'm going to win for sure.

"Look at this Orange Glow! What is it? Solider Sam turned again to look at Sarina's side of the Rink, "Look! Orange Mascot look! WHAT IS IT?"

Then Rams Mascot burst out in a wild cry after a shuddering glance at the Goal.

"Oh, Sarina, there it is again! There it is again! That bright Orange Glow!" shouted Orange Mascot.

Sarina stood steady confronting the Goal. "How should I know?" she said.

"It has been there every game this Season, but no one has had the courage to really believe that it is there." Orange Mascot said.

"Every Game?" Solider Sam was surprised.

"It—it looks like—like—" Soldier Sam wasn't sure what it was.

"I know what it looks like well enough," said Sarina. "I've got sharp eyes. It's a Magic Treasure Chest!"

"And that Orange Glow, observed Solider Sam. "That intense of an Orange Glow could only be coming from one thing. A Hockey Championship Ring!"

"It looks like that," burst out Orange Mascot in a sort of frenzy of shock.

"Only—

"Yes, it does," Sarina exclaimed whose tone matched Soldier Sam's, "only— Oh, it is incredible! What is it?"

"I ask you again, how should I know?" replied Sarina. "I see it there like you. How should I know any more than you?"

"It **MUST** be something in the Treasure Chest," said Soldier Sam staring wildly around.

"We put the Goal up as soon as the Ice was installed after the Hoops Game; Orange Mascot said "it is not anything in the Treasure Chest.

## PART 2

Sarina turned to Orange Mascot. "Of course the Orange Glow is something in the Treasure Chest" said Sarina "How you act! What do you mean by talking so? Of course it is something in it."

"Of course, it is," agreed Solider Sam, looking at Orange Mascot suspiciously. "Of course it must be. It's not just a coincidence. It just happens so. Perhaps it is the Orange Glow that makes it. It must be something in the Treasure Chest."

"It is not anything in the Treasure Chest," repeated Orange Mascot with a defiant tone.

Orange Mascot stood and stared a moment longer. His face showed a gamut of emotions—surprise, conviction, then furious incredulity.

Suddenly Orange Mascot began hastening towards the far end of the Rink and skated up the Orange Glowing Goal. He grabbed ahold of the treasure chest, turning over to see the effect upon the bright glow. Not a line of its outlines wavered.

Sarina clutched Soldier Sam's hand. The contest was over. They both stood started Skating towards the goal but were sure to be out of Orange Mascot's way.

For a few moments Orange Mascot raged about the Ice and skated circles around the Goal Posts like a caged wild animal. He moved that Treasure chest every which way and; when the moving of it did not

affect the Orange Glow, he flung it to the Ice, with Sarina and Soldier Sam watching.

Then suddenly Orange Mascot desisted. He laughed and began straightening up the scene, he flung the great Treasure Box down.

"What an absurdity," Orange Mascot said easily. "Such a to-do about a Glowing Treasure Chest."

"That's so," assented Sarina, in a voice which she tried to make interesting. As she spoke she looked about the area around the Goal.

"Just as good as ever," Orange Mascot said pleasantly. He laughed again, looking at Sarina and Soldier Sam. "Did I scare you?" he said. "I should think you might be used to me by this time.

Orange Mascot continued, "You know my way of wanting to leap to the bottom of a mystery, and that Treasure chest sure looks like a mystery-- and I thought if there was any way of accounting for it I would like to without any delay."

"You don't seem to have succeeded," remarked Sarina, with a slight glance at the Treasure Chest

Orange Mascot's eyes followed Sarina and he hesitated perceptibly.

"Oh, there is no accounting for Orange Glows from a Treasure Chest," Orange Mascot said, and he laughed again. "An Orange Hockey Mascot is a fool to try to account for a mystery like that."

Then the Bell rang signalling the start to the Hockey Game, so Sarina and Soldier Sam went to their seats, but Orange Mascot stayed on the Ice and began skating around the Goal in circles.

Sarina turned to Solider Sam as they walked towards their seats.. " Orange Mascot looked like a demon!" Sarina declared.

Solider Sam led the way with an alert motion and Sarina followed close behind with a bounce in her step. She knew she had won the pre-game Hockey Puck contest.

"I can't sit in these seats again," Sarina complained. "Let's Move to the Seats closest to the Ice and watch, Soldier Sam. "

"Very well, we will watch the game from the seats right in front by the 'Cuse Bench," replied Soldier Sam.

So Sarina and Soldier Sam watched the First Period of the Orange Hockey Game while Orange Mascot was tabulating the results of the competition Sarina had so clearly won, just to make it official.

"What are you going to do about the Treasure Chest Mystery Sarina?" asked Soldier Sam.

"I am going to see what Orange Mascot is about," replied Sarina bravely

"You had better stay where you are," said Soldier Sam with guarded sharpness. "It's not safe out there on the Ice.

"I am going to see," repeated Sarina firmly.

Orange Mascot, evidently reasoning that the source of the strange Orange Glow must be coming from the Treasure Chest and was making systematic passes and thrusts all over and through the intervening space with an old sword he had saved from his Days as a Recruit.

Not a square inch was left unpierced. Orange Mascot seemed to have divided the space into mathematical sections. He brandished the sword with a sort of cold fury and calculation; the blade gave out flashes of light, the Orange Glow remained unmoved. Sarina, watching, felt herself shocked at the effort.

Finally, Orange Mascot ceased and stood with the sword in hand and raised as if to strike, surveying the Treasure Chest in the Net for another place to strike.

"He looked like a demon!" Sarina said again. "Have you got any of that Bourbon with you, Soldier Sam? I don't feel as if I could stand much more of this ridiculousness"

Indeed, Sarina looked overcome. Her face was worn and strained.

"Yes, there's plenty," said Soldier Sam "you can have some whenever you like. I've already started."

"I think we had both better take some," said Sarina. "Oh, my God, Soldier Sam, what—"

"Don't ask and don't speak," said Soldier Sam.

"No, I am not going to," replied Sarina; "but—"

Orange Mascot was still making a lot of noise.

"What are you doing that for?" asked Sarina.

"I just realized the Hockey Shot Contest Prize is in the Treasure Chest" answered Orange Mascot "You want your Prize don't you Sarina? I have it all added up. You are the Winner!!"

“Sarina is the Winner of the Pre-Game Hockey Shot Contest!!” Orange Mascot announced to the over capacity crowd there at Orange Stadium that Special Night.

“The only problem is.. I can’t open the Treasure Chest and I actually have no idea myself what the Prize inside the box is!!” Orange Mascot explained.

Sarina and Soldier Sam looked at Orange Mascot with surprise. If Orange Mascot didn’t know what the Prize was inside the Orange Glowing Treasure Chest was, then who did?

Presently Soldier Sam rose—he could not have told why; something seemed to impel him, some will outside his own. He walked towards the Treasure Chest again and began to examine it right then and there as it stood..

"Soldier Sam has not got any Tools," said Orange Mascot with a skeptical tone. “ I had a sword and I couldn’t get that open no matter what I did.

Sarina, who was busy drinking her Bourbon, rose also, took a few stumbling steps and followed Soldier Sam.

The Orange Stadium Bell rang, and no one heard it except for Sarina and Soldier Sam. The Bell rang a second time and then stopped.

Sarina and Soldier Sam approached the Treasure Box. It was still Glowing Orange and they had finally gotten close enough to see a piece of tape over the presumably locked box that was still Glowing.

Sarina read the inscription on the tape, "You both competed today, and only one of you has been declared the Winner, but I am here to tell you that you are both Winners in My Book."

"Just reach for the Locked Latch and open it together", the inscription continued.

Sarina and Soldier Sam looked around the Ice for Orange Mascot. He had disappeared!

Sarina and Soldier Sam grabbed open the Treasure Chest...

"Oh, my God," Sarina was shocked, "there are—there are TWO— Hockey Championship Rings!! That is why the box Glowed so Strongly.."

Sarina and Soldier Sam glanced at each other each other, staring at the beautiful Hockey Championship Rings. Barely able to keep their balance due to all the Bourbon they both grabbed the Rings.

Sarina and Soldier Sam both felt at that moment that the two of them had actually won the Hockey Championship themselves.

Even though all they had really done was participate in a Pre-Game Hockey Puck Shot Contest. They went back to their seats as the 'Cuse Game was about to resume.

Spoiler ALERT!! 'Cuse Won the Hockey Championship that night! And so did Sarina and Soldier Sam!!

## CONCLUSION

## "If Given Enough Time" Conclusion Flashback Scene

The Day of The Rams Tailgate Party, Sarina the Event MC was looking for a few extra Stars to interview at the Tailgate Extravaganza and went to Hollywood to recruit the Biggest names in the Entire Nation to add more Hype to the Tailgate, as if more was needed.

Sarina went first to the house of the biggest Movie Star in the World. It was a very pretentious house with tall pillars in front, and it stood on tucked away in the Hollywood Hills. It seemed likely that the Movie Star might be chosen to go with Sarina to the Rams Stadium for the Tailgate.

The Movie Star was dressed in clothes from Sunset Boulevard, and looked like a Billion Bucks and sure to delight the Masses of Rams Fans at the Big Event.

"Are you ready to entertain the crowd at the Rams Tailgate Kickoff as everyone would like you to?" asked Sarina.

"Oh, yes!" said the Movie Star. "I have stories about my latest film and interactions with the biggest names in Hollywood. Will you take me?"

But Sarina was not convinced, for the Movie Star was not ready.

Then Sarina went on until she came to the house of the Biggest Pop Movie Star in the land. The singer was quite sure they would be chosen to go with Sarina to the Tailgate. Grammys adorned the home, and the Pop Star told Sarina a great musical performance would headline the event.

"Are you ready to perform at the Tailgate as the Rams Fans would like you to?" asked Sarina.

"Oh, yes!" said the Music Star. "I have been practicing the latest rendition of my Billboard Topping Hit. Will you take me?"

But Sarina went on again and came to the house of California's Surfing Champion. The Star stood at the door, dressed in the wetsuit that had won the Championship, and holding the Prized Surfboard his arm.

The Surfer was quite sure they could provide the best stories and would be chosen to go to the Tailgate, for everyone loves a Surfer.

"Are you ready to go to the Tailgate as the Rams Fans would like you to?" Sarina asked of the Surfer.

"Oh, yes!" the Surfer said. "I have stories and stories about how I conquered the Pacific Ocean Waves. Will you take me?"

But Sarina said no a third time, for the Surfer was not ready.

Sarina did not know which direction to go in after the interviews with the Stars, and she began to think she would not be able to find any Star to interview at the Big Rams Tailgate Party.

As she tuned onto the Freeway to head to the Rams Stadium, she noticed a solitary figure walking down the side of the busy road coming toward her.

Soldier Sam was walking slowly with his head staring down at the Pavement.

Sarina looked at Soldier Sam. He looked like the Saddest resident of the entire LA Metro Area as his feet shuffled back and forth, making slow progress.

Sarina considered that no one in the Rams crowd would care about Soldier Sam and noticed his Walmart outfit and the holes in his shoes.

Sarina stopped her car and spoke to Soldier Sam.

"Would you like to go with me to the Big Rams Football Tailgate Extravaganza?" asked Sarina.

Soldier Sam looked up at Sarina's face in surprise.

"No, I don't know what a Football Tailgate Party is, and I am not even ready for tommorrow" Soldier Sam replied.

“Jump in the car with me and I will bring you to the Rams Tailgate Party, Soldier Sam” Sarina encouraged him. “You are clearly in no shape to be interviewed, but there is a Great Need for someone to collect all the Trash and Recyclables.

“I’ll tell you everything you need to know about the Event” Sarina offered.

“Tailgating is literally Football Fans drinking beer and cooking BBQs from the back of cars in parking lots of sports stadiums before the game. They arrive hours in advance to make the most of the day.

“Tell Me More, Sarina!!” Soldier Sam Exclaimed.

The crowd is mostly sports fans, continued Sarina, “but the food, beer and fun attracts all sorts. We basically describe it as “a collection of many, many small parties happening in the one place at the same time,” began Sarina.

Believe Me, Soldier Sam, you won’t find the Rams Tailgating Information listed in any ‘top X things to do in USA’ articles on Google or Trip Advisor. Trust me. . That’s a good thing. It means you’ve found something real – an LA experience that hasn’t been tainted by the Modern World.”

Side note: it also means it’s not for the faint of heart types – It’s all about sports, beer, food, cultural experiences and good times, read on!

“We’re Here at Rams Stadium, Soldier Sam!” Sarina’s voice sounded like a beautiful anthem to Soldier Sam. No one had spoken to him in years.

“Throw on your power lights, Soldier Sam! We’re going to make our way through the crowd to the Grandstand, where I will be MC. Everyone will See You Soldier Sam!”

Get Ready! We’re going through!” The pounding of Soldier Sam’s Heart was increasing.

Soldier Sam was overwhelmed by the Crowd. He stared at the Massive Group of Fans, walked over and picked up Trash and Recycling Bags.

“Switch My Mission On, Sarina!, responded Soldier Sam “Full strength Ahead!

Soldier Sam wrapped up in his arms as many Trash and Recycling Bags as would be humanly possible.

“We’ll get through this, Soldier Sam.” Sarina assured him. “Together We will be Unstoppable!”.

“Not so fast! We’re moving too fast!” said Solider Sam asked “What are we moving so fast for?”

“The sooner we get the Grandstand, the sooner the Fun will start, Soldier Sam” explained Sarina.

“Hmm?” said Soldier Sam. He looked at Sarina like he had never looked at a woman in his life, He stood beside her, with shocked astonishment.

Solider Sam stopped for a moment and started to realise how important and rewarding his new position would be.

Tailgate Ambassadors tackle recycling, sustainability at football games

Tailgate Ambassadors work to educate tailgaters about the proper sorting of waste and to enhance the tailgating experience by providing tailgaters with recycling and trash bags they need.

While the football team and tailgaters prep for the big game, the Tailgate Ambassadors also are preparing to meet an important challenge.

The main goals of the Tailgate Ambassadors program are to educate tailgaters about the proper sorting of waste and to enhance the tailgating experience by providing tailgaters with recycling and trash bags they need.

Soldier Sam raced his engine a little. “Why don’t you wear your gloves, Sarina ? Have you lost your gloves?”

“I have to save my energy for the Show, Soldier Sam” Sarina replied. The Receptacles are your mission!”

Soldier Sam reached in his pockets and brought out the gloves. He put them on.

“Pick it up, man!” snapped a group of Fans to Soldier Sam as he readied his strength and lurched ahead. He started to drive through the parking lot, with full knowledge what a difficult task had been presented to him.

The Rams Tailgate was not bounded by Space or Time so there was a full gathering of Fans stretched around the Stadium on this important day.

Soldier Sam was the only one working that day so he started gaining the attention of the entire party, as he worked the crown educating them on just how important his mission was to the Future of Rams Football.

Educating tailgaters can make a huge impact on the game day experience as a whole.

The Rams decided to start with tailgating recycling initiative not because it was easy, but because we knew if we could change the culture outside of the

stadium, it will carry inside.

At the heart of Tailgate Ambassadors are people who volunteer their Sundays to catalyze conversations with thousands of tailgaters about sustainability and recycling.

Tailgate Ambassadors trek through the tailgating areas around Rams Stadium equipped with supplies, giveaways and enthusiasm for engaging Rams tailgaters.

Some Rams Fans had mentioned he was “Industrious,” and assumed had got his invitation to the Tailgate Event in expectation, on the part of the Rams Team, that some portion at least of his Industrious effort would contribute to the general success of the entertainment event.

Up until that moment, Sarina had been unable to discover in what direction, if any, his Industry was directed.

Neither did his exterior suggest the sort of man that women are willing to pardon a generous measure of deficiency. He was just “The Trash Guy” to so many.

And now Soldier Sam was beginning to have launched on the world a discovery beside which the invention of gunpowder, of the printing-press, and of steam locomotion were inconsiderable trifles.

Trash Science had made huge strides in many directions in recent years, but this thing seemed to belong to the domain of miracle rather than to scientific achievement.

“All we really ask of you is to believe, Soldier Sam was saying to the Fans when he approached them with those trash bags.” “that you have discovered a means for saving the world.”

“It is a problem at which I have worked for the last decade,” said Soldier Sam, “ but only during the last two years have my efforts resulted into Trash Bags of this strength. I have now been rewarded with smashing success.

Of course I have experimented with thousands of Trash Bag Materials, and when I made the acquaintance of this particular material, I saw at once that I was in contact with the future of NFL Tailgating Events. I have reached that goal.”

“We usually instruct Tailgate Ambassadors to work in teams. But today Soldier Sam’s efforts today stand alone, observed Sarina.

Soldier Sam had been equipped with both blue recycling bags and clear trash bags, and he distributed both to tailgating groups.

“A typical interaction involves the ambassadors approaching tailgaters and reminding them to put only plastic, metal and glass in the blue bags.”

Soldier Sam concluded his remarkable statement in a voice which he strove to downplay a triumphant effort. No one said he was just “The Trash Guy” anymore.

“And do you mean to say,” asked Sarina after a slight pause, “that you have taught the Fans to say and understand easy sentences about their Tailgating Waste?”

“My dear Sarina,” said Soldier Sam patiently, “one has to teach Rams Fans in that piecemeal fashion; when one has once solved the problem of making a new beginning in Trash Science, there is no other way.”

“I can now speak that language with perfect correctness.” added Soldier Sam.

So Soldier Sam went in search of new Tailgating PartyGoers, and the Fans settled themselves down to the expectation of witnessing some more or less remarkable enthusiasm from Soldier Sam.

In a matter of minutes Soldier Sam picked up his pace working his way through the Parking Lot, his eyes dilated with excitement.

“By God, it’s true!” exclaimed Sarina.

Sarina’s Response was unmistakably genuine, and the Fans started forward in a thrill of awakened interest.

“What Drives You, Soldier Sam?” the Fans all started to ask.

“Although recycling at tailgates is a must, a visit from the Tailgate Ambassadors — in true Rams tailgate fashion — is a lot of fun.”

“Our goal is to promote sustainable tailgating, but we also want to enhance the overall tailgate experience. “People respond well to free things they can use, so we also distribute bottle openers and temporary tattoos to tailgaters.”

Soldier Sam had preached to absolutely incredulous hearers. His statement carried instant conviction. A chorus of startled exclamation arose from the Rams Fans gathered at the Celebration, amid which Soldier Sam started to smile enjoying the first fruit of his stupendous discovery.

“Will you take a break and have some beer, Soldier Sam?” asked Sarina .

“I don’t mind if I do,” was the response from Soldier Sam, couched in an enthusiastic tone. A shiver of suppressed excitement went through Sarina as he downed an entire 6-Pack in just a moment.

Another silence fell on the crowd, and then Sarina asked in her best district-visitor manner, if the Trash Business had been difficult to learn.

Soldier Sam looked squarely at her for a moment and then fixed his gaze serenely on her with Love. It was obvious that such questions mattered little compared to how beautiful Sarina is.

So, what do the Tailgate Ambassadors say about the large number of tailgaters expected to be serviced for the First Tailgate of the season at Rams Stadium.”

“We’re ready, bring it on!!” Soldier Sam’s demeanor had now turned completely positive.

“When your inclusion in this Tailgate Party was first suggested to the Front Office, Soldier Sam, Sarina started to explain, they protested that you were the most brainless figure of their acquaintance, and that there was a wide distinction between hospitality and my motivation to take care of a guy like that.

When I called them on that Highway Stop, the Front Office stated that your lack of brain-power was the precise quality which had earned you your invitation, as you were the only person they could think of who might be stupid enough to service the entire crowd with Trash Removal.

The moment they had said it every one realized the blunder.  
“One does not usually discuss these matters in public,” said Sarina.

“From a slight observation of your ways since you’ve been in this Trash Position I should imagine you’d find it inconvenient if I were to shift the conversation on to your Love Affairs.”

“Would you like to go and see if one of the Concession Stands has got your dinner ready?” suggested Sarina hurriedly.

“Thanks,” said Soldier Sam, “but not quite so soon after my beers. I don’t want to disappoint.”

“Well, at least one thing is Certain, Soldier Sam”, Sarina realised.

“Yes, Sarina. Tailgate Ambassadors will be focusing their attention on the entire Rams Stadium Grounds with pride as long as the California Sun Shines” promised Soldier Sam.

“Judging by what you said to me on the Highway, just not too long ago, you were out for food.” Sarina said”

“I repeated your remark afterwards to the Tailgate Event Chiefs,” continued Sarina, “and said, ‘That Soldier Sam is a regular Hunger Marcher; he’d go anywhere for three square meals a day.’”

“We can certainly upgrade scraps you always get at dinner-time,” promised Sarina, “and I will go see to it myself”.

“And my great discovery!” said Soldier Sam; “after all my years of research and experiment—”

“You can go and experiment your techniques with all the NFL Stadiums well into the future, Soldier Sam”. Sarina said matter-of-factly. “That much is clear!”

“I’m happy just here, Sarina” Soldier Sam replied.

“What better way to show the community, state and the nation that the Rams are committed to sustainability, not just on paper, but in action.” Soldier Sam was happy just to make it to the Rams Tailgate Event Grandstand Alive.”

Soldier Sam’s promise was clear.

“Trash Ambassadors will always be out there talking with Rams Fans, enhancing their tailgate experience and promoting recycling all ‘For the Glory of Rams Football and the Entire State of California.’”

The Rams Fan Guests had readied themselves steadily for Sarina’s Performance that night.

“After all your hard work today, with the Trash and everything..” Decided Sarina. “We will let you have the first word of the Evening.”

Really, Sarina?” Soldier Sam was shocked and honored as he and Sarina climbed up the stairs onto the Grandstand.

“Hey, Rams Fans,” shouted Soldier Sam..

“Let’s give a Big Shoutout to Sarina Right Now!! Let’s show how much we Love Her!!”

“And ME ESPECIALLY!!” Soldier Sam added, as the Rams Tailgate Kick Off Party Celebration started taking off into the Sky!!

To celebrate the big Rams Super Bowl, Sarina volunteers to drive the Fan Bus to Rams Stadium for the Super Bowl!

Sarina says the bus is really cool. It has all the latest innovations and an awesome spaceship dashboard. It all but drives itself, Sarina says. It's painted Blue and Gold and it glistens in the California Sun. No one else has one like it. That's why I chose it, Sarina says.

All the Rams Fans come over to admire the new bus.. WE'RE GOING TO THE SUPER BOWL! Sarina shouts as though the fans were as hard of hearing.

Sarina shows Soldier Sam how the augmented reality on the windshield works. It's great at night too in case the freeway shuts down and the team has to take a later flight.

You can see everything a mile around you! Sarina started to quote the online manual that called up on her smartphone, this bus is a complete advanced mobile technology platform!

Stop showing off, Sarina," Soldier Sam shouts. Just make sure we all get to Rams Stadium in one piece.

There are whirs and clicks as the seatbelts fasten themselves around them. They wave goodbye to the Fans packing the bleachers and they're off, Sarina making vroom! vroom! noises.

The freeway, more or less empty at first, starts filling up and soon they find themselves caught up in bumper-to-bumper traffic. All the lanes are jammed. There must be an accident up ahead, Sarina says. It's a nice day, says Sean, everyone's out for a drive.

The whole team feels someone bumping them impatiently in the rear. Sarina unbuckles and steps out to complain about this and her door touches the door of the muddy pickup beside them. The owner jumps out and demands money, pointing at his ride.

He is definitely not a Rams Fan!. Sarina apologises, but politely refuses, observing that no damage has been done. The guy asks again, Sarina says no, and the guy rears back and kicks a dent in the Rams bus with his steel-toed boot. We're even, he says.

Are you going to let yourself be bullied by that meathead, Sarina?"

We're going to hit the Jack Pot at the Super Bowl if we can just get to Rams Stadium in time Sarina says. If we can just stick this out to the end.

The guy behind continues to bang into them and honk his horn. Maybe we should turn back, Sarina?"

The Fuck we are Sarina replies... "We're going to the Super Bowl, Bitches!!

"Sarina Storms Orange Court After Cuse Win"

Amazing. Unstoppable! By all Verified Accounts of the Dramatic Events that unfolded at the Carrier Dome on Wednesday Night, a Night Sarina will never forget, almost every observer caught up in the moment would steadfastly agree Syracuse just Punched their Ticket to March Madness.

The Orange came through in the Clutch—Big Time-- knocking off yet another highly Ranked Team with even more last-second, Buzzer Beating Heroics.

Then, it happened... for the third time this season. Syracuse students, pent up in their sign-waving, orange-wearing section of the Carrier Dome the entire Game, released all their jubilant energy in a post-game court rush.

They streamed from the stands, rivers of both students and Alumni creating a current that puddled on the Carrier Dome court, where their team had just disposed of Duke on a dramatic, last-second shot.

But did He Call Glass? Evidently for Sarina, it didn't at all matter that the Ball Banked off the Backboard. "Nice Shot, We Ballin' Hard" she exclaimed.

Sarina somehow drifted straight to the scorer's table, her momentum carrying her toward a mob of students waiting to pile on. She remembered feeling not so free to move around, struggling to control her excitement.

Sarina remembered the elation, the disbelief. She remembers how all her emotions might collapse under the sheer weight of the absolute Pandemonium. "I just wanted to Bottle it all Up and have it Last Forever." Sarina would later admit.

Last time, Sarina only witnessed the students mass straight onto the court from the Safety of her Living Room Couch. But this time, no. This time, she was suddenly enveloped with her fellow Orange Fans, who were enthusiastic beyond what they could then wrap their heads around.

Sarina's initial inclination was to escape the throbbing bodies for the sanctity of the Parking Lot, where she would certainly be ahead of the traffic since everyone was causing Havoc on the Hardwood. But this time, she said, she "Totally Lost It."

"Everyone rushed the floor so fast, I didn't even realise how very quickly the floor would be Saturated with Orange. I was so Proud," Sarina said in a Later Interview, hours after the Bum Rush.

"We didn't even have consideration for our well-being cuz it was just too crazy out there. Eventually, everyone got out of the way and we were able to get out to the Parking Lot. But we were just having such Great Times with everyone, slapping hands. It was just amazing. An amazing moment."

Sarina was initially too stunned to react when the Orange Nailed a Small Prayer from Just beyond the Arc. She raised her hands in triumph, then headed straight to the scorer's table to just try to Get a Glimpse at the Replay from the official Monitor Screen.

"Honestly, it kind of took me a little bit to figure out what happened," Sarina said. "I just kind of stood there. I was literally jumping up and down in my chair. I literally could not believe 'Cuse just so Totally Drained the Triple to knock off the Blue Devils."

It went in and I just looked at the basket like, 'Thank you, Lord.' It felt really good obviously. Everyone stormed the court, so obviously that's great. You give out a couple high-fives, say 'let's go' and all that stuff."

Even now, Sarina couldn't quite explain what happened or how she felt exactly at that Pivotal Moment, one that she now says she will never forget, even Years from now.

The Dome's big, boisterous atmosphere and how the crowd injected Sarina and all her Orange Friends with momentum and purpose. The game-winner was still a bit of a blur moments after it happened.

"Tonight, I just kind of froze up, it happened so quickly," Sarina said. "I just remember all my Orange Friends came and got me and I felt like the whole pile kind of pushed toward the centre of all the excitement."

Sarina would later add, "I was just in the middle with the masses, with everybody just jumping up and down. It was all so Very Exciting. Obviously, this one is huge. This win keeps us in the mix, it keeps us where we want to be. This is the most exciting of them all."

"It felt Great. It went in for us. It always feels good to get a W, but this one was totally beyond Reality and Everything in Life I thought I understood," Sarina said later.

Sarina went on, still in Such a State Of Excitement. "I was just getting ready to go and Grab Nachos for overtime. It's one of those things. A True moment of Happiness and Joy that is unique in Time and Place, it can't be replicated. Like True Love, It doesn't happen Again."

## PART 1

On Valentine's Day it started rained Hearts at Rams Stadium. Sarina collected them

and made unique valentines for some of her special friends. She opened a high tech training center with Valentine creating stations.

Sarina walked into the training center on Valentine's Day and a bright red arrow goes whizzing by her face so Sarina dove to the ground and heard what seems like laughter.

It's Cupid! Not only is this special visitor a symbol of love real, but he wants to grab a bite to eat with you to talk about Love. What do you and Cupid talk about and what is he like in real life?

Cupid Loves to talk about how important training centers are and how rewarding the work is. This Valentine's Day the trainees move through a variety of stations where they can put their skills to the test.

Sarina wrote an instructive memo directing trainees to create Heart Valentines, play Valentine's Bingo or Lotto, play a game where they must pick up candy hearts with a pliers, and of course, eat some fun Valentine's Day treats like M&Ms

Sarina is working with Rams Mascot. Sarina wants to do a special feature media spot for Valentines but she doesn't know who to interview so Cupid shows up to help her solve that problem.

"Did I know it would turn out this way, I mean the season as far as the playoffs go and stuff?" Sarina confided to Rams Mascot early Valentines Day morning. "The squad had promise. We locked up all of our best players on huge contracts, and now look. They underperform or go to another team, or whatever. You see my point?"

"I need to find someone to interview for Valentines Day," Sarina went on. "I really need to come up with some sort of media segment so I can make some kind of feature out of it. Things are slow at Rams Stadium now that the football season is over.

Rams Mascot leaned forward in his chair and said, "A new interview target will solve nothing. You're so unrealistic. Your problems run much deeper."

"And also this interview must be exclusive. I don't want anyone to be talking to some other reporter too," continued Sarina. "But it can't be anyone at Rams Stadium because I have been talking to them all season."

"Sarina.." Cupid responded.

"Help me, Rams Mascot. asked Sarina. I had a dream last night. I was skipping through Rams Stadium holding a picnic basket and the basket was marked 'Interview Options.' And then I saw there was a hole in the basket..I need someone interesting to plug that."

"Sarina, the worst thing you could do is act out." Advised Rams Mascot You must simply express your feelings here, and together we'll analyze them. You have been Working here for a long enough time to know there is no overnight cure. After all, I'm an analyst, not a magician."

"Then perhaps what I need is a magician," Sarina said, rising from her chair. And with that she prepared to leave Rams Stadium early that Valentine's Day.

Then Sarina's phone rang. Who could this be wondered Sarina. "Hello, this is Sarina, Rams Team Reporter"

"Sarina?" a voice said. "Sarina, this is Cupid"

"Who?"

"Cupid. Or should I say The Great Cupid?"

"Pardon me?"

"I hear you're looking all over town for a magician to help you find the perfect interview segment for Valentines Day? Yes or no?"

"Sh-h-h," Sarina whispered. "Don't hang up. Where are you calling from,Cupid?" Cupid had snuck into Rams Stadium. He was within Striking Distance of meeting Sarina.

Sarina stepped outside her office and looked around Rams Stadium

Seconds later, Sarina was greeted by Cupid

"You're Cupid the Great?" Sarina asked.

"The Great Cupid. You want a bottle of bourbon to kick off your Valentine's Day?"

"No, I want to interview someone I haven't interviewed before. Someone that an interview with could turn into some great media content. I could make a great show out of it.

"But not bourbon? Cupid was surprised. " Amazing. O.K., sit down."

Cupid has a magic time machine that transports you to any sporting event, past or future, to do a media segment with Soldier Sam, who will be available for any sports event Sarina chooses.

Sarina decides she wants to go to the very first game at Yankees Stadium in 1923, 100 years ago, so she gets in the time machine with her Yankees outfit and of course Soldier Sam is there waiting for her.

"You got it, Sarina. Give me a holla' when you've had enough." Cupid tossed in tickets to the inaugural game in Yankees Stadium.

"You sure this is safe?" Sarina asked as Cupid began shutting the time machine doors.

"Safe. Is anything safe in this crazy world?" Cupid pressed the Action Activate button on the time machine.

Cupid was gone when Sarina opened the doors to the time machine.

She was seated at a Diner, and not just any diner. It was in the Bronx, the year 1923

within shouting distance of the new Yankees Stadium. Everyone in the Bronx at the time could hardly contain their excitement.

I can't believe this, thought Sarina, looking around. This is unbelievable. I'm here. I woke up on Valentines Morning like usual in LA and now I'm in the Bronx? 100 years ago!

At the same moment, Soldier Sam popped into the booth and introduced himself.

Soldier Sam looked at Sarina with surprise. "Goodness, you startled me," he said. "Who are you?" He spoke just about like what Sarina expected in the Bronx 100 years ago.

Realizing that it was her who Soldier Sam had addressed, she said, "Excuse me. I'm Sarina, Rams Team Reporter. I-oh, boy!"

Soldier Sam smiled and said, "Would you like a drink? Some Bourbon? Maybe we could order some early brunch, perhaps?"

This Soldier Sam might be the perfect interview for my show on Valentines Day, Sarina thought. What a contrast with what she was accustomed to. She felt a sudden impulse to tell this guy she wanted to ask him some questions. Soldier Sam might be the perfect interview on Valentines Day. It appeared he was a Yankees Fan, just like her!!

"Yes, some bourbon," Sarina said, still shocked. And for Brunch, are we still going to do that? I'll have Sunny Side Down Eggs, Buttered Toast and some pancakes. This might even be better than the IHOPs in LA!!

"Same for me" Soldier Sam told the waitress, and their order was promptly serviced. This kitchen is quick, thought Sarina.

"I've got tickets for the Yankees Game today," Soldier Sam announced. He was clearly excited to have someone to go to the game with.

After Brunch, Sarina and Soldier Sam took a walk down the street leading to the Brand New Entrance of Yankees Stadium. Sarina's head was spinning as she took in

the scene around her.

"I've always dreamed that I could get an exclusive interview unlike any people back in 2021 could imagine. You seem like the perfect target," Sarina told Soldier Sam.

"I Love your Style," Soldier Sam said. I mean the Yankee Jersey hasn't changed in 100 years and it probably never will, but, I've never seen anyone like you around here. Your Hairdo, your makeup and smart pants...and your running shoes, It's so... so modern."

"These shoes are pretty standard in 2021 for LA," Sarina said. "They were marked down. 50% off Regular Price. You would have no concept of what has happened to currency due to inflation and other factors in 100 years. Didn't that Brunch cost 2 dollars?"

Sarina and Soldier Sam had just hailed a cab and sped off towards their destination, Yankee Stadium. Sarina's heart danced on point. I am in Love, she thought. With the Bronx! Oh, what a treat, I am the possessor of a wonderful secret.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were drawing closer and closer to Yankees Stadium and they passed through traffic, to arrive right on time for the game.

Sarina couldn't hide her excitement as she passed through the turnstiles at the gate. She and Soldier Sam were already hitting it off in their short time together, laughing and talking about their different backgrounds.

"My God, I'm at Yankees Stadium and about to get an on the record interview with Soldier Sam!" Sarina said to herself. "Me, who always wondered about the history of the city, growing up in the Bronx."

As the Yankees Game started, Soldier Sam was full of questions about where Sarina was before she was magically transported to the Bronx for the first game ever at Yankee Stadium.

As the Yankees Game got underway, Sarina and Soldier Sam began to discuss LA and explore the opportunities Soldier Sam would have there if they decided to go back to LA together after checking out the Bronx in 2050.

Soldier Sam began to realize that he could only truly understand Sarina's Heart by understanding how She talks when she is in LA, finding a way of talking that warms her heart..

Soldier Sam was hardly a language guru, but he decided that not learning Sarina's LA language sounded like a wasted opportunity.

No matter what the reason is, Soldier Sam figured that chances were pretty good that he would eventually tackle Sarina's LA language.

"Now, Soldier Sam" Sarina responded, "You might think that learning how LA talks in 2021 is going to be a piece of cake, wouldn't you?"

"I know, Sarina. You explained LA well. I'm convinced seeing LA in the year 2021 would be fascinating and fun. Soldier Sam decided "Of course, I'd want to have lunch with you there, anything else you would like to do, of course.

"We'll see, we'll see. I'll speak to Cupid."

As the baseball game was in full swing, Sarina called Cupid.

Then Sarina just remembered she had a meeting with Rams Mascot in less than 10 minutes. "Please excuse me I must make a call, Soldier Sam. This is called a Smart Phone. "But don't worry, it won't take long."

"Take your time, Sarina" Soldier Sam wasn't in any Hurry.

"O.K., Cupid! I got to talk to Rams Mascot.." Sarina got on the phone.

The phone rang a few times and suddenly Sarina was back in contact with LA, just

like she had never left.

"So? Did I lie?" Cupid asked triumphantly.

"Look, Cupid, I'm right now late to meet with Rams Mascot to go over all those Stats, but I am having a great time in the Bronx" Sarina was still in amazement. "Who could have ever imagined this is what the Bronx was like 100 years ago!"

"My pleasure, Sarina." Cupid was glad his time machine did what it was supposed to do.. Just don't mention this to anybody."

"Of course Cupid. I won't even tell Rams Mascot that I am not in LA when I talk to him momentarily," Sarina promised.

Rams Mascot was on the phone with Sarina now, discussing the upcoming season, incredibly, as last season had wrapped up just a moment ago.

"Where've you been?" Rams Mascot snapped. You are late for our important meeting."

"I got held up in traffic," Sarina said.

Then Sarina brought up the idea of having Soldier Sam come back with her that afternoon to check out LA. Valentines Day was just getting Started!"

"Let me think about it," Cupid said. "Maybe I could work it. Stranger things have happened." Of course, neither of them could think of one.

"Where the hell have you been all the time?" Rams Mascot barked at Sarina. We've got work to do here. Are you trying to skirt your duties as Rams Team Reporter?

"Well, you're acting pretty strange," Rams Mascot said. "Distant. Just don't forget about all the exit interviews you have to do with the Rams Players. The NFL doesn't just stop on Valentines Day.

"Oh, sure, sure," Sarina said, heading for the Nachos Stand at Yankee Stadium. The

Game was going beautifully and Soldier Sam was even more fun than she thought he would be.

"Right, Rams Football," Sarina said, having got Nachos for herself and Soldier Sam and heading back to their seats. Sarina was trying to shut out the sound of his Rams Mascots voice.

Sarina sat down in her seat and took a deep breath. In a few hours, she told Soldier Sam, we will be back in LA to check out the city and if there was time, Soldier Sam would be able to see what a brand new stadium is like in 2021.

"OK, Soldier Sam, Let's have a look at some of the things that can make or break your LA learning adventure" Sarina began.

"Learning LA language I speak gives you a solid, lasting reason to stay in LA", Sarina explained.

"As long as you're interested in in LA in the culture that accompanies it and mystery, you'll have a reason to keep learning the language' Sarina continued.

"When you're just getting started, you'll be all pumped up about your new project, Soldier Sam" Sarina predicted.

You buy a notebook to collect new vocabulary, schedule time for your learning sessions, download tons of apps, and dictionaries on your phone.

As the weeks go by, though, you'll start to realize that it's not so easy to keep up. You're busy with work, tired when you go back home.

The Yankees had won their inaugural game. What magic would the Bronx Bombers conjure up in the next 100 years? Soldier Sam could only imagine, but Sarina knew the answer to that question.

Right when the first ever game at Yankee Stadium concluded, before they even

made it to the end of the aisle, Cupid worked his wizardry again. Soldier Sam and Sarina smiling and eager were ready to go back to 2021 LA.

Following Cupid's Instructions, they held each other's hand tightly, closed their eyes, and counted to ten. When they opened them, they were in a Taxi Speeding down the LA Expressway and just drawing up at the side door of the best taco joint in California, where Sarina had optimistically reserved a table earlier in the day.

"I Love it!" Soldier Sam said with excitement. It's everything I dreamed it would be," as he entered the Taco Stand surveying the city from their window.

"I've never been so happy!" Soldier Sam continued as he and Sarina finished up their Taco Lunch. "Let's go out on the town to see more!"

Sarina and Soldier Sam passed an exciting Valentines Day afternoon in LA. Sarina had told Rams Mascot she would be away from Rams Stadium on official Team business.

"That expedition was wonderful,' Sarina said to Soldier Sam as they entered the cab taking them to Cupid's Office. It was hectic, but worth it.

"LA in 2021 is such a charming contrast to what the Bronx was in 1923, even though that is a great scene too. Sarina agreed.

At Cupid's Sarina and Soldier Sam climbed into the time machine and got hyped for the Yankees Game Double Header, but now they weren't going back 100 years in the past, they were going to the future, the year 2050!

Cupid hit the activate transport button, but nothing happened.

"Hmm," Cupid said, scratching his head. He hit the button again, but still no magic.

"Something must be wrong," Cupid mumbled.

"Cupid, you're joking!" Sarina said with disbelief. "How can it not work?"

"Relax, relax. Are you still in the box, Soldier Sam?" asked Cupid.

"Yes, I'm still here Cupid. Is this a big problem? Sarina and I are so excited to go to another Yankees Game tonight on Valentines Day. Who could ever imagine an opportunity like this?"

Cupid pushed the button a couple of times hoping that would work. "I'm still here too Cupid" said Sarina. "Soldier Sam and I don't want to spend Valentines Night here in LA. We want to go to a place in time neither of us have been to."

"I'm still here, Cupid."

"I know, Sarina. Sit tight." Instructed Cupid.

"

"I can't understand it," Cupid was starting to show some concern "It's such a reliable little trick."

But he could do nothing. "It's going to take a little while," Cupid said to Sarina. "I'm going to have to strip it down and check to see if the spare parts are still there. I'll call you later."

Since they had some extra time in LA, Sarina decided to take Soldier Sam to see Rams Stadium, in all of it's glory.

"How was the conference?" Rams Mascot asked Sarina when she got back to Rams Stadium.

"Fine, fine," Sarina said, lighting the end of Soldier Sam's cigarette passing it to him. Soldier Sam didn't have a lighter on him and it was very windy.

"What's wrong? You're seen stressed. It's not often that I see you smoking" asked Sarina..

"Me? Ha, that's a laugh. I'm as calm as a summer night. I'm just going to take a walk." Sarina eased out the door and met with Soldier Sam, who had stayed in the

parking lot to check out how far automobiles had advanced. It was thrilling activity for Soldier Sam.

"Bear with me, Soldier Sam," Sarina said. She picked up her phone and got Cupid on the line.

A couple of hours went by like that.

Sarina told Rams Mascot she was leaving for another conference she had to catch, this one in Syracuse.

Then Sarina and Soldier Sam showed up at Cupid's Office after having a few drinks of bourbon. They thought it would calm their nerves, but they were still stressed about their plans for Valentines Night.

"Relax," Cupid told Sarina.

"O.K., O.K. We know there's a problem." Cupid crawled under the time machine and started banging on something with a large wrench.

"So what should I do? This is the world of time travel," Cupid said. "It's all some work, even though everyone else thinks it's magic."

Take a walk down Hollywood Boulevard to burn some time. I promise I will get you to 2050 in time for dinner and the Yankees Game". But Cupid was a bit unsure if he could swing it.

"OK, Cupid", Sarina said quickly. "But Hollywood Boulevard can only hold our interest for so long."

"What do you want me to say? Cupid asked. I've been working on this thing the whole time. As far as your personal interests goes, that I can't help you with. I'm a magician, not a secretary.."

The phone rang. Sarine answered and lifted it to her ear mechanically.

"Bring yourself and Soldier Sam over," Cupid said. "I think I got the bugs out of it."

Sarina's heart leaped. "You're serious?" she said. "You got it licked?"

"It was something in the transmission. Go figure." Answered Cupid.

"Cupid you are truly a Magic Man." Sarina was so relieved they would have dinner in the future and attend a Yankees Game after that. "We'll be there in a minute. Less than a minute."

Again Sarina and Soldier Sam hurried to Cupid's Time Travel Station and again they climbed into the box with their tickets to see the Bronx Bombers in action—this time in 2050.

Cupid shut the doors, took a deep breath, and hit the Activate Button There was the reassuring popping noise, and when Cupid peered inside, the box was empty.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were a few decades into the future and Sarina breathed a great sigh of relief. Valentines Day night in the Bronx was going to happen!

This is going be a Great Valentines night, Soldier Sam". Sarina promised. She still had lots of questions for the interview with Soldier Sam that she was getting more and more excited to piece together the next day.

"I can't believe this!! " Soldier Sam exclaimed. He was resolved to thank Cupid for the chance to experience such Greatness at Yankee Stadium that night, and was just as curious as Sarina to see what the Bronx had become in the year 2050!!

## PART 2

It's was a beautiful night in the Bronx. The trains were speeding by right on schedule. Sarina would never get lost in the Bronx. While Soldier Sam was having a drink with Cupid before dinner, Sarina knew she was on a mission. A mission to get

rid of a box of Spiders.

A truck full of Sarina's friends rolled by her with pleasant greetings. When they were both at the stop light, the truck revved up and said they wanted to race Sarina to see who could get to the Bodega first.

"Oh, thanks guys. Thanks for making my night checking out the Bronx so much fun. On the way to the Bodega, speeding through the streets a squad car was tailing them. When they got to the Bodega, Sarina purchased some bourbon for the night and her motivations turned back to her mission, to ditch that box of spiders.

Get rid of it she must. Sarina did not like the business at all. She would much rather be at dinner right at the moment, but it was pretty fun just to witness what had become of the Bronx in 2050.

Then she thought of Soldier Sam. What were he and Cupid up to having drinks at the bar. Sarina figured they were just burning time until she arrived for dinner and they were all excited about the Yankees Game they would see that night.

But the mission was tough. Sarina flew by her old stomping grounds. Kids were still playing baseball on the fields under the lights just like she had done so many years ago. It warmed her heart to see that kind of activity.

Night was fast descending. Sarina had never seen it come down so fast. Soon, it would be back to the bar, back to the wild scene outside Yankees Stadium. Some things had changed in the Bronx, to be sure, but the love for the Yankees is something that will probably never change.

Approaching the water of Pelham Bay, Sarina drove up a paint-box corridor gifting its last pastel shades to the day. And reached a certain security at a bend overlooking the water.

Here there could be no complication. As she threw each Box of Spiders over the cliff it would be as far removed from her as if she were in a distant state of the Union.

Sarina had grown up in the Bronx. She had wanted very much to come to LA and be part of the Rams, part of a football team, but sometimes she missed the Bronx. Who wouldn't? There were so many great things about calling it home.

On with the job though--she must part with her cargo--as soon as this next car passed the bend, Sarina would complete her mission of ditching that box of spiders once and for all. Sarina was not happy with spiders and it felt great to throw them into the water where they wouldn't cause her trouble any more.

Meanwhile, Soldier Sam had arrived at the bar for a pre-game drink.

Cupid saw Soldier Sam alone at the bar and joined him by simply sliding into a chair opposite.

Cupid had some wisdom to impart to Soldier Sam. "Sometimes they just keep you under contract till until you aren't useful any more, maybe because you can't do what the Stars do or else someone younger than you can do what you are doing."

"Oh no," Soldier Sam said starting to feel the stress of his job.

"Oh yes!" Cupid assured him. "I'm telling you. Why don't you go to another company and get borrowed until neither of those things are true? Have you thought of that idea?"

"I think it's a great idea," responded Soldier Sam.

The prospect of a job did something to Soldier Sam. It countered all the struggle and filled him with an easygoing confidence. The set speeches and attitudes of success returned to him.

His manner had changed as he spoke to the bartender and stopped to chat with other patrons. He appeared just as he was engaged with momentous tasks in other parts of the globe.

By saluting Cupid with a friendly "Hello Captain!" he behaved almost as an equal, a trusted lieutenant who had never really been away.

"Soldier Sam, Sarina is... well she is " Cupid said. "It'll probably be in the papers tomorrow morning.

Soldier Sam started. "Sarina? " he said. "You mean the Sarina who will be joining be for dinner? And then we will go to the game to see the 2050 Yankees? Is that still on?" inquired Solder Sam.

"Sarina is just on a mission to get rid of a box of spiders that had been bothering her for some time. You know she doesn't like spiders at all" explained Cupid.

"She's clearly the best Valentines Date you ever had," said Cupid. You better treat her well, you know, put on your A Game. None of your typical nonsense."

"I know--she's only been here in the Bronx since this morning. Well, there was the brief part of the afternoon in LA, you know, having lunch at the Taco Stand and then we had a run of hard luck when you couldn't fix that time machine of yours. Thankfully, that all got straightened out. Thanks for that, Cupid." Soldier Sam was indeed grateful.

"Anyhow Sarina will show up here in just a few minutes, "Cupid reassured him. "-- and she was the best baseball player ever witnessed in the Bronx, Yes, ever with all those successful Yankees through the years.

Everyone at Yankee Stadium wants her to show up tonight so she can throw out the first pitch. The crowd will love it.

Once inside the restaurant where Soldier Sam and Sarina would have dinner that night, Cupid promised that will be all the time they need to check out all the pre-game hype on your smart phones. Well, if they still work—Technology had advanced a lot in 30 years. You will be lucky if the satellites still reach your ancient phones.

Why, Sarina was here in the Bronx before this restaurant even existed. When Sarina was in the Bronx all that time ago, it was just a newspaper stand next to the train stop. And look at it now!

'Sorry mister, you waiting for your dinner party to show up?', asked the staff member stationed in the entrance to the restaurant door.

'I'm in a hurry, tonight' responded Soldier Sam. "But I think there is time to grab a quick bite to eat with my Valentines Date. And then we have to get our hands on Yankees Tickets for the big game.

Sure enough, Sarina showed up at the restaurant, her mission complete and joined Soldier Sam. They both decided they would shoot some dice outside the kitchen until their dinner meal was ready to be served.

"Between Yankees Games tonight guys?" the waitress asked. The first part to the double header earlier was an exciting contest. The Yankees really socked it to them. All the patrons were glad the Yankees won the game."

"Actually, we were at the first game of a Yankee Stadium Double Header earlier this afternoon. But it was in 1923. The Yankees had a different line up and this restaurant wasn't here at that time." Sarina explained.

The waitress was a bit alarmed when Soldier Sam continued the story. "Are you sure you guys haven't had too much to drink today? That isn't the typical conversation I get when I serve dinners here."

"Well really" responded Soldier Sam, "We really did but you don't have to worry about it. I'm sure you've heard crazy stories before. Everyone in the Bronx has always loved a tall tale. It makes things more interesting."

Sarina and Soldier Sam had a wonderful dinner and their emotions were at a fever pitch as they began to think about how much fun the game would be, but were still without tickets. Maybe someone at the Bar could point them in the right direction.

As the bartender served Sarina and Soldier Sam some drinks, Sarina inquired about the potential to find Yankees tickets at this bar, or if they would have to scavenge somewhere else to get hooked up with that.

.Sure enough, the bartender had them ready in an envelope, he handed them to Sarina and said the tickets were on the house. Really, thought Soldier Sam? What a great break for him and Sarina. They wouldn't have to pay for the Tickets. Or even have to leave the bar and go somewhere else to find what they were looking for.

'We had trouble about these, Sarina" the Bartender started to explain.

'Trouble? Why? Can't a couple of Yankees Fans get Tickets without any trouble?'. Soldier Sam protested. Why, Sarina is slated to throw out the first pitch. You mean we can't stay for the game when it is basically Sarina's showtime?

'It's not that" the bartender said. 'This game has been talked about so much, every seat is already spoken for.:

Unreconciled, Sarina complained, 'And they just didn't think of me? They didn't think I would want to stay for the game after throwing out the first pitch? I can hardly believe that! We would even sit in the outfield bleacher section. We just want to see the game tonight, that's all.'

'I'm sorry.' the Bartender hesitated. 'These are really Cupid's tickets. He was so upset about something that he said he wouldn't go to the Game Tonight--and threw them on my desk. Something about a machine going out of order. I shouldn't be telling you this.'

'These are Cupid's seats? Sarina was shocked

'Yes, Sarina' the bartender replied. "He can always get his hands on a tough ticket. He is always doing that Match Maker thing on Valentines Day. He can always find his way into Yankee Stadium without tickets. You know, because so many fans that night are on a date"

"What's with all this attention" complained Soldier Sam as they walked through the crowd of packed Yankees Fans.

'They're looking at you,' Sarina explained 'They look at that Camouflage Get Up and wonder why anyone looks like that. They retired that pattern after you left the

Service.

Sarina opened the envelope and handed the tickets to the Security Guy at the Turnstile.

'Hey Buddy, these aren't tickets for here.' He looked suspiciously at Sarina and Soldier Sam.

'I'm Sarina. I'm throwing out the First Pitch Tonight in Celebration of Valentines Day!

'Buddy, you're drunk, the guard looked at Sarina. These are tickets to another game. The only thing you are going to see on Valentines Day is the Mets play, who are they playing... Oh, Who Cares?'

'Go inside and ask Cupid,' Soldier Sam said. 'He'll tell you.'

'Now listen,' said the guard, 'like I said, these are tickets for a Minor League Baseball Game. Otherwise known as a New York Mets Game.' He was steadily edging Soldier Sam to the side. 'You go to your Little League Baseball Game, you and your friend. And be happy.'

'You don't understand," protested Sarina, "I'm throwing out the first pitch,. Everyone is here to see ME tonight.

'Sure. In a pipe dream.' The Guard responded.

'Look at the programme. My name's on it. I'm Sarina.'

'Can you prove it? Let's see your Passport.'

'This doesn't say Sarina,' announced the doorman. 'And this says you are from Wisconsin and not a single country in the world has been stamped. Why on earth would someone from Wisconsin be throwing out the First Pitch at a Yankees Game?'

For once in her life Sarina could think of nothing to say.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were obviously gate-crashers, and the Yankees Security Officers had thwarted their effort to get in- to the Game. Little jeering jests from the crowd that had gathered were audible.

Suddenly, there was a flurry of activity at the Gate. Cupid walked toward the Yankee Stadium Security Guards until he saw Sarina and Soldier Sam..

'There you are!' Cupid shouted.

Sarina recognized Cupid.

.

'Go in and throw the First Pitch Sarina. You're the Star of Valentines Day!' Cupid Announced.

Cupid threw his hands up like he ran the street and strode off into the curious crowd.

The conversation between Sarina and Soldier Sam during the Yankees Game that night moved too fast to describe in words. There would be plenty of time to recount the action when Sarina and Soldier Sam would return to 2021 LA.

“Soldier Sam, if you want to return to LA with me, you will need to test and try, to improve the way you communicate with me in LA. Learning each other’s language and the words we use to express ourselves, is going to help you with that.

Then, of course, there is the fun part: celebrating holidays that didn’t exist for you, or discovering media sources that you would have never discovered, if you didn’t meet someone in 2021 LA.

Learning LA language is going to put you to the test more than you’d think. It’s also a sign of respect for them and their life before they met you.

It’s a way to show me you care and you’re interested in my experiences, even the words we learned as kids.

It will reinforce your bond and teach you things about me that you'd never understand otherwise.

"It's a big challenge, that's for sure, but it's one that is worth all of your efforts," Sarina concluded.

After the Yankees Game, Sarina and Soldier Sam made their way to Club Cupid where the pair got locked in an argument about just how they each think Cupids Time Machine got broke when they were in LA earlier that afternoon- and most importantly could it happen again? What if another Valentines Day Activity ran into the same problems?

Sarina and Soldier Sam spent several hours at Club Cupid after the Yankees Game. None of their explanations of the time machine breaking down seemed to figure the mystery out.

Sarina and Soldier Sam agreed that it must have been a faulty motor that put the time machine out of commission. But each of them had their own ideas as to the cause that had delayed them earlier that afternoon.

Soldier Sam began to pace around. He came to the table next to the bar. "Sarina, I think the cause of the motor malfunction was probably motor overload, which causes the motor to draw more current. This, in turn, produces more heat than the motor was designed for, which reduces the life of the motor. Motor overloads usually result from improperly sizing the motor or a change in the driven load, including plugging of the system, a broken gear or frozen bearings.

On the table was a Time Machine Maintenance Manual. Would that provide the answer to the mystery? Sarina reached for it and almost knocked over their drinks. Books Marks spilled out of it and it fell to the floor with a Thud.

"But Soldier Sam," Sarina responded, "are you sure about that? I think it is more likely that the problem was vibration. That can lead to many issues with the motor, and can eventually cause the motor to fail prematurely. Vibration is often caused by the motor being positioned on an uneven or unstable surface. However,

vibration can also be a result of an underlying issue with the motor, such as loose bearings, misalignment, or corrosion.

Soldier Sam gave a strange laugh. Picking up the maintenance manual, he started to page through it. There seem to be a lot of potential causes for Time Machine Motor failure. Maybe we will never know.

With the conversation about LA having been had, Sarina and Soldier Sam started to focus on what kind of experience simple things like having a drink together at Club Cupid would be like. And sure enough, they found out.

The back and forth between Sarina and Soldier Sam at Club Cupid following the Yankees Win was a shouting match any great couple would be proud of.

When Sarina reappeared with fresh drinks, Soldier Sam, standing there with the maintenance manual became acutely conscious of how important the task ahead of them would be.

Cigarettes in his pocket, a drink prepared for him--it was all too impossible a mystery for he and Sarina to figure out.. Somewhere in the back of his brain an idea stirred.

Soldier Sam began to explain his new idea. "Sarina, Motor Winding failures are some of the most common electric motor repair causes. Stressful mechanical, environmental, and electrical operating conditions can all cause electric motor failure. Electrical failures are winding failures caused by an open contactor, bad connection, blown fuse, excessive heat, electrical overload, or broken power lines."

The Valentines Day activity began to take shape, strange and wonderful. Sarina put the glasses on the bar in front of them and took a seat.

"Come over here, Soldier Sam," Sarina said so Soldier Sam went over and sat beside her. It was difficult getting a cigarette out of the pack, but he managed it. Sarina held a match for him, laughing. "

"Well," Sarina said, handing him his drink, "this is some perfectly marvellous mystery. You with a drink and a cigarette."

Soldier Sam took a puff and sampled the Bourbon. "I drink and smoke all the time," he said. He clinked his glass against hers. "Here's nuts to Cupid" he said, and started downing the Bourbon drink in earnest. The stuff was strong, but he made no grimace.

"Really, Solider Sam," Sarina said, her voice and posture changing, "you are insulting our Matchmaker." Sarina was now all special adviser to Cupid "

"You aren't the only one here tonight with an opinion on Time Machine Motor Function. I'm starting to suspect the time machine motor got overheated, and that caused a number of performance issues. Overheating may occur when an electric motor is forced to operate in a high-temperature environment and the rate at which heat can be conducted to reduce at a significant rate. A proper cooling and ventilation system must be in areas where the motors are operated to act as a backup if the cooling system stops working.

Sarina looked at Soldier Sam in shock. He had only had a little of the drink,. That couldn't have been too difficult of an explanation for him to get".

"Did you down a whole bottle of bourbon while I was at the bar something?" Sarina asked.

"I'm a Mechanic Virtuoso" said Soldier Sam. "I'm always right.. about everything!."

"Soldier Sam!" Sarina shouted, getting to her feet. "That will be all of that. You must go at once and play some R&B Classics on the Juke Box. Maybe we will never know what caused that time machine to fail"

Soldier Sam took another stab at his drink. He tapped his cigarette out in the ashtray and put the pack in his pocket. Then he got up. Sarina stood glaring at him. He walked over and loaded up the Juke Box.

Then Cupid entered the bar.. "I'm here to talk about time machine mechanical failure with you two."

Soldier Sam returned to the table. "Cupid, Sarina and I have been having a high-level discussion of the reasons why your time machine failed earlier this afternoon.

"Ah, Yes," said Cupid. He was silent for a moment, searching for the proper words to say.. "Soldier Sam" he said finally, "Sarina has worked hard on this motor problem, Soldier Sam, very hard"

"Yes she has" responded Soldier Sam. "But we still don't know why the time machine motor went out of commission.. that's your problem really, I mean with you promising the Valentines Day Time Travel and everything so..."

Cupid raised his hand to silence Soldier Sam's outburst "It is the nature of these time machine failures to be complex," Cupid said.

"These matters are not for the simple amateurs like you to grasp, Soldier Sam. I've just had the best mechanic in the world on the phone.

"He would not, of course, commit himself, but he made enough generalizations to substantiate my suspicions that you are both wrong." Cupid said.

"The cause of the time machine motor breakdown wasn't getting over heated, or due to motor winding errors as you suggest. Sarina is also mistaken with her proposal that the problem was a result of vibration." Cupid explained.

"It was..." Cupid paused. "It was just Dirt!"

"But Cupid" Sarina protested. "How could something as simple as Dirt impact travel in space and time?"

"Well, Sarina and Soldier Sam" Cupid continued "Contamination from dust, dirt and chemicals is one of the leading causes of motor failure. Foreign Object Debris that find their way inside the motor can dent bearing raceways and balls, leading to high levels of vibration, like you suggested Sarina."

But the real cause of the Time Machine failure was Dirt that blocked the cooling fan, limiting the motor's ability to regulate its temperature, and increasing the

likelihood of overheating as Soldier Sam proposed, but he never in a million years would have figured out that the problem was as simple as Dirt.

So you were both on the right track, but as always, I am the final authority because.. well, because I am Cupid, and you two are just a pair of Simple Valentines.”

“You may not know, Soldier Sam, but Sarina had proposed a reorganization of our entire Time Machine Directorate--subject to my approval, of course, subject to my approval.” Cupid repeated for emphasis. “This brought you, rather than anyone else, to her attention--but again that is for me to decide, not you. Cupid explained.

You drank and smoked all day," Sarina started shouting at Soldier Sam, "and you know it! You called Cupid a fool and said you were going to sock it to him”

Sarina stopped yelling to catch her breath and a new glint came into her eyes. "If you weren't such an ordinary, simple man," she said, "I'd think you'd planned it all, Soldier Sam!”

Saying you had the Time Machine Trouble all figured out-- because you thought Cupid wouldn't show up to correct you and put you in your place! My God, it's really too perfect!"

Sarina looked at Cupid. "Can't you see how he has tricked us? Can't you see his little game?"

"I regret that this happened with the Time Machine earlier this afternoon" said Cupid. "I'm asking you both to dismiss it from your discourse. The time machine is working again and it's about time you two got in it again so we can end this Valentines Day the right way!!:

"Yes, Sir," said Soldier Sam, anticipating his chief's "That will be all". We won't give it another thought, we are ready to finish our Valentines Day off in LA, where we both can be the best we can be.

“Get in the time machine and be off to LA 2021, Soldier Sam and Sarina”, instructed Cupid. I'll meet up with you guys on Valentines Day Next Year. I still have some

business to do in 3000 tonight.

“Sarina Gets Soldier Sam Tickets!”

### A Valentine's Day Short Story

It was Valentine’s Week in the Rams Stadium Studio. By Monday morning, Cupid had his Target all scoped out after scanning the huge population of Rams Staff considering what Love really is.

There were Valentine’s gifts from producers to stars, and from agents to producers, all of them arriving at offices and studio locations: On every stage the workers heard of the gifts of players to directors or directors to players; champagne had gone out from publicity office to the press.

And loads of Rams Tickets for all the workers friends and family, dozens from producers, directors and writers fell like hearts during a Rose Storm.

In this sort of transaction there were exceptions. Sarina, for example, who knew the game from much experience covering the wide world of sports, had the idea of getting a new business partner. The Rams Brass were sending over a new one any minute--but Sarina would scarcely expect a present the first day.

Waiting for her new partner, Sarina walked the corridor, glancing into open offices for signs of life. She stopped to chat with the Rams Mascot.

'Not like the old days,' Sarina complained, 'Then there was a bottle on every desk.'

'There're a few around., replied the Rams Mascot.

'Not many.' Sarina was disappointed . 'And afterwards we'd run a tape of the football game--made up out of all the camera shot angles.'

'I've heard. All the best scoring plays stuff,' said the Rams Mascot.

Sarina nodded, her eyes glistening. "Oh, it was juicy. You damn near ripped your guts with excitement--'

Sarina broke off as the sight of Solider Sam, Smart Phone in hand, entering the studio recalled her to the reality of time present.

'Cupid has me working over the holiday,' Sarina complained bitterly.

'I wouldn't do it.' said the Rams Mascot.

'I wouldn't either except my contract is up after Valentines Day, and if I bucked

Cupid he wouldn't extend me.'

As Sarina turned away the Rams Mascot she knew there was a lot of work ahead of her at the Rams Studio. Sarina's assignment was to script a Recap of the Rams run through the Playoffs the year they played in the Super Bowl and the staff who were 'writing behind her'--that is working over her stuff--said that some of it didn't make sense.

'I'm Soldier Sam,' said Sarina's new business partner.

Soldier Sam looked excited, tired, efficient all at the same time. He went to the typewriter, examined it, sat down and took a flask of Bourbon from his pocket.

Sarina's sensibilities kicked in. Self-control was the rule around here. Wasn't it bad enough to be working during Valentines Day Week? Well--less bad than being broke not working at all.

Sarina walked over and shut the door--someone might suspect her of ordering Soldier Sam around before even an hour had passed.

'Cheer up,' Sarina advised Soldier Sam. 'This is Valentine's Week.'

Soldier Sam's burst of Bourbon Shots had subsided. He sat upright now, but clearly in no position to be productive.

'Nothing's as bad as it seems,' Sarina assured Solider Sam unconvincingly. 'What's it, anyhow? Are they going to give you the business if you don't shape up?'

Solider Sam took one more drink and opened his note book.

'Who you been working for?' asked Sarina.

"Cupid" Soldier Sam answered.

Sarina widened her eyes. Now she remembered she had seen Solider Sam in Cupid's office.

"I've worked for the Rams and Cupid for quite some time and yesterday he sent me back to Human Resources Department for reassignment.. He said I was always coming into work and putting a bottle of Bourbon under my desk. Which is True.

'I should have done some work there when I had the chance.' admitted Soldier Sam.

Sarina felt righteous stirrings. "Breach of Substance Abuse Policy in Cupid's Office? That's not grounds for reassignment!"

'But I had something to clinch it. Something bigger. I still have too. Soldier Sam started to explain.

But then, you see, I thought I was the best employee he had' Soldier Sam paused for a moment. 'Do you want to dictate something now?'

Sarina remembered her job responsibility and opened a script recapping some of the Rams Action.

'It's an insert,' Sarina began, 'The game we played in London'

Sarina paced the Studio.

"A quick rundown of touchdowns, starting from the Pick 6 that I predicted before the game even started,' Sarina decreed. "The whole defense doing a dance in the end zone."

"The whole team dancing in the end zone even though they were on the opposite side of the field when the cornerback crossed the goal line?' Soldier Sam asked.

Soldier Sam's disapproval was evident. "It never used to be that way. Now, I have actually seen NFL players celebrate in the end zone after interceptions that weren't even returned for touchdowns."

'Takin it to the House!!!' Sarina looked at Solider Sam reproachfully, "that will be the Headline, not a bad attitude like you just displayed."

Solider Sam looked up, startled. You want me to write that down?'

'Sure.' said Sarina.

“You wouldn’t be controversial even if you wanted to.” Solider Sam challenged her.”

'I'm writing this“ replied Sarina “Of course, it wouldn’t get by the editors But if I put your description of the play on a group message outside our studio, now that might ruffle some feathers.”

Sarina glared at him--She didn't want to change partners every week. Especially during Valentines Celebrations.

“Cupid can worry about that.' Sarina figured.

'Are you working for Cupid?' Solider Sam asked in alarm.

'I shouldn't have said that. You deserve better--'“ Soldier Sam tried to apologise for disrespecting the Players, even though someone needed to criticise them.

'Don't worry,' Sairna assured Soldier Sam. 'He's no favorite of mine anymore. Not that I don’t even get many Game Tickets to hand out as I used to. But I’ll look out for you with Season Tickets at the 50 yard line, if now we are going to be working

together.

“Now. . . Where was I?” Sarina tried to regain her footing.

Sarina paced the floor again, repeating her last line aloud with relish. But now it seemed to apply not just to the game, but Cupid too.

Suddenly Sarina stood still, lost in thought. 'Say, what is it you got on Cupid? You know where his Arrows are hidden?'

'That's too true to be funny.' Soldier Sam warned.

'He knock somebody off due to their disinterests in being Completely in Love?'

“Miss Sarina I'm sorry I ever opened my mouth.' Soldier Sam was in disaster control mode.

'Just call me Sarina “What's your first name?’ she asked.

“Sam” he replied.

“Are you in Love, Soldier Sam?” Sarina was curious.

'Not now.' Soldier Sam was just waiting for Cupid to Strike him with an Arrow. Then he was planning on stuffing dozens of Roses in an Orange Bucket.

'Well, listen Soldier Sam: What do you say we go and grab some dinner?' asked Sarina. "There's a Burger King right on the other side of the Rams Stadium Parking Lot."

"Rams Mascot Puts in Official Two Cents Endorsement!"

### A Valentine's Day Short Story

Sarina could always get into Rams Stadium. She had been working there for a couple of seasons now--and most of the national guard troops patrolling the gates knew her. If Sarina ran into any tough customers on watch asking to see her Valentines Pass studio card she could get in by paging the Rams Mascot.

Sarina wanted to be in Love on Valentines day. She was Hotter than Fuego but had never really been interested in Valentines Day much, not even really celebrate the other holidays that dotted the calendar because they made her head spin.

'I've got a heart second to none,' Sarina told Cupid. 'All I need is to experience a Valentines Day scenario and to work with somebody who isn't all like all the Football players.'

Sarina had cornered Cupid outside the production office as Cupid was going to lunch and they walked together in the direction of Burger King.

'You bring me an Valentines Day scenario,' said Cupid. 'Things are tight. We can't just spend a Love Arrow unless she's got a viable Valentines Day scenario where she could fall In Love'

'How can you fall in Love without a Cupids Arrow?' Sarina demanded--then she added hastily: 'Anyhow I got the beginning of a Valentines Day scenario that I could be telling you all about at lunch.'

'I'm already having lunch with the Rams Mascot, Sarina. Write it out and see if anyone thinks you Valentines Day scenario is viable.

Cupid felt bad because he knew Sarina couldn't write anything out but he was having Arrow Target trouble himself. The war had just broken out and every potential target in LA wanted to end Valentines Day with the hero going to war. And Cupid felt he had thought of that first for his production.

'So write it out, Sarina!' Cupid suggested.

When Sarina didn't answer, Cupid looked at her- he could see it in her eyes how much Sarina wanted to have a Great Valentines Day.

'Scout around and talk to some of the troops on the lot,' Cupid said. 'If you can get one of them that thinks your Valentines Day Scenario is a good one, have them call me'

'I don't want to Tell you my Dream Valentines Day scenario without one of Cupids Arrows on the line,' Sarina admitted.

They had reached the Burger King door.

'Good luck, Sarina. Anyhow, we're not in the Bronx.'

--Good Luck for you You're not in the Bronx Sarina said under her breath.

Now what to do? Sarina went up to Studio Row and wandered along the cell block of writers. Almost everyone had gone to lunch and those who were in Sarina didn't know. Always there were more and more unfamiliar faces. And she had so much Rams work experience from all her player interviews.

The last door in the line belonged to a woman Sarina didn't like. But she wanted a place to sit a minute so with a knock she pushed it open. The woman wasn't there--only Soldier Sam who was seated reading a book.

'I think she doesn't work from the Rams any more, he said in answer to Sarina's question. 'They gave me her office but they forgot to put up my name.'

'You a Solider?' Sarina asked in surprise.

"I like to think I contribute to the National Defense Strategy in one Shape or Form"  
answered Soldier Sam.

'You ought to get 'em to give you some action, like Heroes are recognised for at the Rams Games.' Sarina wanted Soldier Sam to like her Instantly.

'No--I like writing.' replied Solider Sam.

'What's that you're reading?' Sarina inquired.

Solider Sam showed Sarina his Red, Heart Shaped Book.

'Let me give you a tip,' Sarina said. 'That's not the way to get the guts out of a book.'

'Oh.' Soldier Sam seemed distracted.

'I've been here at Rams Stadium for some time now-- I'm Sarina and I know what flies in the Media World. Give the book to a dozen troops hanging around at the Rams Stadium Gate to read it. Get them to tell you what stuck with them. Write it down and you've got a picture--see?'

Soldier Sam smiled.

'Well, that's very--very original advice, Sarina.':

Sarina wanted to ask.. 'Can I wait here a minute? The Rams Mascot is at lunch.'

Soldier Sam sat down across from Sarina and picked up a limited edition copy of "Valentine's Day Production Scenarios."

'Oh, just let me mark that,' Soldier Sam said quickly.

Sarina looked at the page Soldier Sam checked. It showed Aircraft, Ships, Tanks and Missiles being boxed and carted away to the Theatre of Operations.

'How will you use it?' Sarina asked

'Well, I thought it would be dramatic if there was an Maintenance Guy around while they were packing the weapons systems. Just a regular Guy, trying to get a job helping them. But they can't use him--he's in the way--not even good cannon fodder. They want strong young Troops in the world. And it turns out he's the Guy who wrote up all the manuals they would need to keep their weapons systems operational.

Sarina considered.

'It's good but I don't get it,' Sarina said.

'Oh, it's nothing, a potential Valentine's Day Scenario maybe.' Soldier Sam brushed it off.

'Got any good Valentines Day Scenarios ideas? I'm in with Cupid but he isn't convinced I can find a Target with Real Potential for True Love for his limited number of Arrows.'" Sarina asked.

Soldier Sam's phone rang.

'Yes, this is Soldier Sam,' he answered the phone.

After a minute Soldier Sam turned to Sarina.

'Will you excuse me? This is a private call.'

Sarina got it and walked out, and along the corridor. Finding an office with no name on it she went in and fell asleep on the couch.

Later that afternoon Sarina returned to Cupid's office waiting rooms. Sarina had an idea about a woman who meets a man in an office and she thinks he's a Football Player but he turns out to be a Maintenance Manual Writer also interested in

Valentines Day scenarios..

Sarina engages him as a Football Player though, and they head for the 50 Yard Line on the Rams Stadium Field . It was a beginning, it was something to tell Cupid, Sarina thought--and, picturing Soldier Sam, she started to get excited.

Sarina became quite excited about it--felt like a woman for a moment and walked up and down Cupids Office waiting room rehearsing the first Valentines Day scenario sequence. 'So here we have a situation like it would be a Great Valentines Day. It involves Orange Roses and Real Love..

Oh, Sarina knew she could convince Cupid that She would be a Great Target for his Arrow on Valentines Day if she could just come up with something to say.

Cupid still busy?' Sarina asked for the tenth time

'Oh, Yes, Sarina, the Rams Mascot is in there with Cupid at the moment” the receptionist answered.

Sarina thought quickly. She could just bust right in there and sell Cupid on her Valentines Day Scenario, an idea good for a an Arrow because it was just the moment when Cupid and the Rams Mascot were planning out their Holiday Schedule.

Sarina walked innocently out and to another door in the hall. She knew it led right

in to Cupid's office. Drawing a quick breath she plunged . . .

' . . . So that's the notion,' Sarina concluded after a full hour. 'It's just a flash-- nothing really worked out, but you could give me Soldier Sam's phone number and I could have something on paper for you by Valentine's Day!!'

Cupid and the Rams Mascot did not even have to look at each other. Cupid spoke for them both as he said firmly and gently:

'That's no idea, Sarina. I can't shoot one of my arrows on you for that.'

'Why don't you work it out further by yourself,' suggested the Rams Mascot. 'And then let's see it. We're looking for ideas--especially about the war.'

'A Girl can plan better if she knows that she will be in Love,' said Sarina.

There was silence. The Rams Mascot had downed Gatorade with Sarina, played Poker during all the downtime with her and always kept her company on the Sidelines during the Rams Games The Rams Mascot would honestly be glad to see Sarina put on Cupids Valentines Day Arrow Shooting Schedule..

About the war?" asked Sarina. 'Everything is war now, no matter how many football interviews a reporter like me has. Do you know what it makes me think of? It makes me think of a Maintenance Guy in the discard. It's war time and he's useless--just a man in the way.'

Sarina warmed to this conception, '--but all the time they're carting away the very weapons systems that he was responsible for writing all the equipment sustainment specs that would keep their operations running at full tempo, really a quite essential task. And they won't even let him help. It kinda even reminds me on myself on Valentines Day, actually, Sarina admitted.

There was again silence for a moment.

'That isn't actually that a bad idea,' said the Rams Mascot thoughtfully. He turned to Cupid. 'You know? In itself?'

Cupid nodded in agreement, checking his Valentines Day Arrow Shooting Schedule for final confirmation.

'Not bad at all. And I know where we could spot it. Right at Lunch Time outside the Burger King.

Presently they talked more about how something like this could turn into True Love.

'I'll give you one chance for True Love, Sarina" said Cupid. 'Sorry. Best we can do now.'

'You make me feel like that Maintenance Guy, complained Sarina--'

'Don't oversell it,' said Cupid, rising and smiling. 'You're on the Valentines Day Arrow Shooting Schedule.'

Sarina went out with a quick step and confidence in her eyes. Striking Soldier Sam with Cupids Arrow right in his Heart would really take the pressure off. Sarina left the studio proudly through the front entrance, stopping at the liquor store for a bottle of Bourbon to take back to her House.

By the time the Los Angeles Sunset came about, now with a bottle of Bourbon things were looking better than ever for Sarina...Valentines Day on Friday, if she could just get Soldier Sam to show up at Burger King for Lunch.

With a sudden rush of confidence, Sarina picked up her phone, called 1-800-USA-VDAY and asked for Soldier Sam's number. Sarina's Heart was pounding.

Soldier Sam was agreeable when Sarina spoke into the phone. After all, Sarina considered, how difficult can it possibly be to get a guy like that to show up for a Whopper with Cheese, Onion Rings and an Orange Soda right at Lunch Time.

'I'm hoping for a Date on Valentines Day too', Soldier Sam was crystal clear about his intentions for Real Love and promised Sarina he would be outside Burger King waiting to open the Restaurant Door For her.

Sarina was pleased.. "If only Soldier Sam know there was going to be an Arrow through His Heart right at Lunch Time on Valentines Day. If Cupid remembers to

show up. I hope he doesn't forget since his Matchmaking Holiday Schedule is so busy. "Oh, no.. what if he doesn't know what Soldier Sam looks like.

As Soldier Sam hung up, Cupid was just opening a bottle of Bourbon for him and Solider Sam to share at the Bar.

'Who was it?'

'Oh, some woman who came in the office,' Solider Sam laughed, 'and told me never to read the story I was working on.' Trying to act cool, as if he didn't want to see Sarina on Valentines Day even more than she wanted.

"Should I believe you, Soldier Sam?" asked Cupid.

'You certainly will believe the True Intention of My Heart. I'll even think of her name in a minute. But first I want to tell you about a Valentines Day Scenario concept I had this morning. I was looking at a photo in a magazine where the Troops were packing up some weapons system to use somewhere overseas. And I thought, What if there was this Maintenance Guy who was looking for someone to do--'

"Cupid Puts On Magic Show At Rams Stadium!"

A Valentine's Day Short Story

As Valentines Day got closer, Sarina was still trying to get Solider Sam to spill the beans about Cupids Secret. They had the studio almost to themselves--only a skeleton staff of technical workers dotted the walks of Rams Stadium.

The Rams Highlights script was progressing at a snail's pace but the friendship between Sarina and Solider Sam was developing by the hour.

Soldier Sam's secret, Sarina considered, was a very valuable asset, and she wondered how many careers had turned on just such an asset. Some, Sairna felt sure, had their careers jumpstarted by leverage like that.

Why, it was almost as good as being in Cupid's inner circle, and Sarina pictured an imaginary conversation with Cupid.

'Cupid, it's this way. I don't think my extensive sports experience is being made use of here at Rams Stadium, Sarina was planning on saying. It's the new staff who ought to do the highlight scripts--I ought to be doing more supervising.'

'Or--?' Sarina figured that would be the response from Cupid

'Or else,' said Sarina to herself

Sarina was in the midst of her day dream when Cupid unexpectedly walked in!

"Happy Valentines Day, Sarina" Cupid said cheerfully.

Cupids smile was less robust when he saw Solider Sam, 'Oh, hello Solider Sam-- didn't know you and Sarina had teamed up.. I sent you a greeting over to the Rams Highlights Pit'

'You didn't have to do that.' Soldier Sam replied

Cupid turned swiftly to Sarina.

"My Boss is really putting the pressure on me," Cupid said. 'I've got to have a Finished Love Story by Valentines Day.'

'Well, here I am,' said Sarina. 'You'll have it. Did I ever fail you?'

'Usually,' said Cupid 'Usually.'

Cupid seemed about to add more when the Rams Mascot entered with an envelope and handed it to Solider Sam--whereupon Cupid turned and hurried out.

'He'd better get out!' burst forth Soldier Sam after opening the envelope. There's not even Rams Tickets in here. I have half a mind to complain to Cupid. A Valentines Gift should be more considerable than just a card.

It was Sarina's chance. Sitting on Soldier Sam's desk she told him her plan.

'Once we call Cupid out on this secret, It's the best kind of work scenario for you and me,' Sarina said. 'You the head of a Highlights script department, and me a Senior Rams Executive.'

"We're on the gravy train for life--no more writing--no more pounding the keys. We might even--we might even--if things go good you and me could be a permanent team, Soldier Sam.

Soldier Sam hesitated a long time. When he put a fresh sheet in the typewriter Sarina feared her new plan would not come to fruition.

"Cupid's Secret, 'I can write it from memory,' Soldier Sam said. 'This was a letter Cupid Typed himself on Super Bowl Sunday, on the Rams Big Day.'

Cupid sealed it and gave it to me to mail, Soldier Sam continued "and I wondered why he should be so secret about a letter.'

Soldier Sam had been typing as he talked, and now he handed Sarina a note.

To: Super Bowl Headquarters

Dear Super Bowl HQ Executive:

I shot my arrow at the NFL MVP. We should have cracked down on him sooner. So why not shut up.

Sincerely, Cupid

'Get it?' Soldier Sam said. 'On Super Bowl Sunday, Cupid shot his Arrow and knocked off the NFL MVP. And no one ever found out about it'

Ever since the Super Bowl, Solider Sam had kept the original note, envelope and all. Soldier Sam had sent only a copy to the Rams Mascot, tracing Cupid's signature.

'We're set, Soldier Sam!' said Sarina. 'I always thought there was something suspicious about that Super Bowl Sunday.

Sarina was so elated she opened a drawer and brought forth a flask full of Bourbon.. Then, with an afterthought, she demanded:

'Is it in a safe place?' Sarina wanted to make sure.

'You bet it is. He'd never guess where.' replied Soldier Sam!

'We've got him, Soldier Sam!'

A party, my big day, an enduring spectacle in a glittering vision before Sarina's eye.

Sarina folded the note, put it in her pocket, took another drink and reached for her jacket with the pocket square, what she always wore for interviews.

'You going to see him now?' Solider Sam registered some alarm. 'Hey, wait till I get off of the Rams Stadium Campus "I don't want to get hit with one of his arrows indiscriminately. I mean, I could end up with a girl I don't like'

'Don't worry! Listen I'll meet you inside Burger King--soon.. Sarina reassured him "You can just go there, Order a Whopper with Cheese and Onion Rings. Then if I'm not there right away, you can burn some time on Orange Soda Refills.'

As Sarina walked to Cupids office she decided to mention no facts or names within the walls of the studio..

Back in the brief period when she had headed the Touchdown Playbook Scenario Department, Sarina had conceived a plan to put an audio antenna bug in every writer's office so their loyalty to the Rams Executives could be checked several times a day.

Sarina's idea had been squashed. But later, when she had been put back on Concession Stand Duty, she often wondered if her plan was secretly followed.

Perhaps some indiscreet remark of her own was responsible for the doghouse where he had been interred since the Super Bowl.

So it was with the idea of concealed audio antenna bugs in mind, receivers which could be turned on with the touch of a button, that Sarina entered Cupid's office.

'Cupid--' Sarina chose her words carefully, 'do you remember the night of Super Bowl Sunday?'

Somewhat surprised, Cupid leaned back in his swivel chair.

"What"!! where did that come from, Sarina? Cupid was going to stonewall her.

'Try and think.' Sarina went on.. " It's something very important to you.'

Sarina's expression as she watched Cupid was patient.

'Super Bowl Sunday.' Cupid mused. 'No. How could I remember? You think I keep a diary? I don't even know where I was then.'

'You were at the Super Bowl, Cupid. Don't try to play me.' Sarina replied.

'Probably. If you know, tell me.' Cupid didn't like where this was going.

'You'll remember.' Sarina was going to wait this one out.

'Let's see. I came out to LA around that time. Cupid was trying to come up with an alibi.

“ Was I making some Contracts for some of the Rams Players? That's it. I was swinging plans for off season Trades, right here in LA.” Cupid thought that would get him out of this mess.

'You weren't always on location in LA. You were at the Super Bowl.' Sarina was laying out her Case.

'What is this?' Cupid demanded. 'The third degree?'

'No--but I've got some information about your doings on Super Bowl Sunday.' Sarina wasn't going to give up now.

Cupid face said it all; for a moment it looked as if he were going to throw Sarina out of the room--then suddenly he finished his lunch from the Rams Cafeteria, licked his lips and stared at his desk.

'Oh, I guess I remember being at the Super Bowl' Cupid said after a minute: 'But I don't see what business it is of yours.'

'It's the business of every diligent worker in the Rams Organisation.'

'Since when have you been diligent?' Cupid smirked.

'All my life,' said Sarina. 'And, even if I haven't, I never did anything like that at the Super Bowl. . '

You have some nerve, Sarina” said Cupid contemptuously. ““You showing up here in my office with a Halo! Anyhow, what's the evidence? You'd think you had a written confession. It's all forgotten long ago.'

'Not in the memory of the Rams Organisation,' said Sarina. 'And as for a written confession--I've got it.'

'I doubt you,” countered Cupid And I doubt if it would stand in any Love Court. You've been taken in.'

'I've seen it,' said Sarina with growing confidence. 'And it's enough to land you in Love Court.'

'Well, by God, if there's any publicity I'll run you out of town.' Cupid was starting to get angry.

'I don't want any publicity.' .continued Cupid “ I still have some matchmaking to do before Valentine’s Day. I have half a mind to use my Arrows on you and Solider Sam”

'Then I think you'd better come along with me. Without talking to anybody.'  
decided Sarina.

'Where are we going?', Cupid wanted to know what he was getting into.

'I know a Restaurant where we can talk.' Sarina offered.

Burger King was in fact deserted, save for the Staff and Soldier Sam who sat at a table, finishing his Orange Soda with sudden alarm. Seeing Soldier Sam, Cupid’s expression changed to one of infinite reproach.

'This is a hell of a Valentines Say, Cupid said, 'My Boss is expecting me to do some serious Matchmaking. I want to know what you think you have. You say you've got something in my writing.'

Sarina took out the letter. 'This is just a copy, so don't try and snatch it.'

Sarina knew the technique of such scenes as this.

'Dear Super Bowl Headquarters: We shot our Arrows at the NFL MVP. We should

have cracked down on him sooner. So why not shut up. Yours, Cupid.'

Sarina paused. 'You wrote this on Super Bowl Sunday

Silence. Cupid turned to Soldier Sam

'Did you do this, Soldier Sam? Did I dictate that to you?' Cupid wanted control of this situation now.

'No,' Soldier Sam responded in a confident voice. 'You wrote it yourself. I opened the letter.'

'I see. Well, what do you want with me then? Cupid wanted this situation to be over.

'Plenty,' said Sarina, and found herself pleased with her firm stance.

'What exactly?' Cupid inquired.

Sarina launched into the description of a Love Life suitable to a woman like her. A Glowing Relationship. It expanded rapidly in beauty and power during the time it took Soldier Sam to run to the Fountain for another Orange Soda.

But one demand Sarina returned to again and again.

Sarina wanted to be quite in Love by Valentine's Day.

'Why so soon?' demanded Cupid. 'Can't it wait?'

There were sudden tears in Sarina's eyes--real tears.

'This is Valentine's Day,' Sarina said. 'It's my Valentine's Day wish. To be in Love. I've had a hell of a time. I've waited so long.'

Cupid got to his feet suddenly.

'Nope,' Cupid responded. 'I won't make you the perfect relationship. I couldn't do it in fairness to the Rams Organisation. Your productivity would fall off the Map, I'd rather stand trial in Love Court.'

Sarina felt her dreams sink into a dark hole. 'What? You won't?'

'Not a chance. I'd rather have my day in Love Court. Cupid was standing firm on this point.'

Cupid turned away, his face set, and started toward the door.

'All right!' Sarina called after him. 'It's your last chance.'

Suddenly Sarina was amazed to see Soldier Sam spring up and run after Cupid, with the intention of Tackling him to the ground, just like he had seen so many Rams Players do over and over.

'Don't worry!' Soldier Sam was getting emotional. 'I'll tear it up, Cupid" promised Soldier Sam. It was just a Trick to get you to Shoot your Arrow at Me and Sarina!!'

Soldier Sams voice trailed off rather abruptly. Cupid was shaking with laughter.

'What's the joke?' Soldier Sam demanded, considering getting even more physical with Cupid again. 'Do you think I haven't got it?'

'Oh, you've got it all right,' Cupid responded. 'You've got it--but it isn't what you think it is.'

He came back to the table, sat down and addressed Sarina.

'Do you know what actually happened on Super Bowl Sunday? It was the date I first met Soldier Sam. He wanted me to do it. To use the NFL MVP as Target Practise for You in the Future .

That's what happened, Sarina. admitted Cupid. "Soldier Sam was so insistent. I

thought he was nuts. Now you are saying you want to have a Love Target by Valentines Day. It doesn't take Sherlock Holmes to figure out what the solution is here.

Well that explains the note to Super Bowl HQ,' said Sarina sternly but also with a growing feeling of unbridled excitement 'So You admit you shot your Arrow at the NFL MVP, don't you? As Target Practice?'

Cupid nodded. "The Love Court just wanted more work so everything would so smoothly when it matters most. We tried to get the NFL MVP so we would all be prepared for the Main Event coming up this week on Valentines Day

Cupid stood up and headed for the Burger King Exit.

'Like Love Court is SO ready to put the Smackdown on You, Sarina. Now that you have made your wish clear to me. I'm Cupid. That's my Job."

"Get ready for Valentines Day, Sarina!" Cupid was so happy he could be of Service to Sarina.

When Cupid had gone, Soldier Sam and Sarina sat in silence for a moment. Presently Sarina took out the note again and looked it over. "Just Target Practise, Huh. "

"Well finish your Orange Soda, Soldier Sam and let's get back to Rams Stadium. We have a lot of Preparations to make", promised Sarina.

"A Love Kite, A Bodega Celebration and A Yankees Game"

"Sarina, Sarina! I saw it in the air, a Love Kite flying with wings. Soldier Sam said excitedly. " I heard a Voice call out of the sky, and when I looked up, there it was, a Love Kite flying in the wind, in the heavens with with Strength and Resolve, Painted in Yankees Pinstripes!"

The Love Kite looked proudly at Sarina, in a glorious fashion.

"What have you done?" asked Sarina.

"I have flown in the Bronx Sky," replied the Love Kite. I have been a Symbol of all that is Great About You!"

"Is it not beautiful, Sarina?" asked Soldier Sam "Yes, too beautiful." "It is the only one in the world!" smiled Soldier Sam. "And I am proud to represent it with belief."

"The only one in the world? Sarina asked. "Who else knows of this Splendor?"

This fantastic adventure would see Sarina and Soldier Sam escort the Love Kite to the Bronx for dinner

When they arrived in the Bronx, the Roses surrounding Yankees Stadium were refreshing. Sarina, Soldier Sam and the Love Kite arrived at the Bodega next to the Stadium and could not believe their eyes!!

But first, Let's catch up on the events earlier that day. It started out in a Land far away from the Bronx.

Sarina addressed this letter to the Bodega Owner, and put it in her pocket.

As Sarina was about to start, the Love Kite came up to Sarina and said:

“Aw, Sarina, you said I could play the Bronx Scout while you was gone.”

“Play it, of course,” said Sarina. “Soldier Sam will play with you. What kind of a game is it?”

“I’m the Bronx Scout,” said the Love Kite “and I have to fly to the Bronx to tell everyone about the Yankees Game. I’m tired of just playing Love Kite myself. I want to be the Bronx Scout.”

“All right,” said Sarina. “It sounds harmless to me. I guess Soldier Sam will help you with your Scout Operations.”

“What am I to do?” asks Soldier Sam, looking at the Love Kite suspiciously.

“You are have to man the ground and keep me flying,” says the Bronx Scout. “Get ready to fly me!”

“You’d better keep the Love Kite interested,” said Sarina, “till we get the scheme going. Loosen up.”

“How far is it to the Bronx, Love Kite?” Soldier Sam asked the Scout, in a curious voice.

“Quite far” said the Bronx Scout. “And you have to really move yourself to get there on time. Get Ready!”

The Bronx Scout jumped into the air and Soldier Sam steadied the flight.

“For God Sake, Sarina” said Solider Sam, “hurry back as soon as you can. I wish we hadn’t made the Liquor Ransom so high.

Sarina walked over to the nearest town and sat around the post-office and store, talking with all the patrons. One of the folks says people have been saying the Bronx is all upset on account of the Love Kite having been lost or stolen.

That was all Sarina wanted to know. She bought some supplies for the trip, posted the letter surreptitiously and caught up with Soldier Sam and the Love Kite. The postmaster said the mail-carrier would come by soon to take the mail on to the Bronx.

When Sarina got back to the spot, Soldier Sam and the Love Kite were not to be found. Sarina explored the vicinity and concluded they had disappeared.

So Sarina sat down on a Picnic Bench, and opened a bottle of Bourbon to await developments.

Soon Sarina head a rustle, and Soldier Sam ran out into the little glade in front of the picnic bench Behind him was the Love Kite, flying high with a broad grin on his face. Soldier Sam stopped, took off his hat and wiped his face with a bandanna. The Love Kite hovered in the air behind him.

“Sarina,” said Soldier Sam, “I suppose you’ll think I’m a renegade, but I couldn’t help it. I’m a grown person with tough proclivities and habits of self-defense, but there is a time when all systems of predominance fail.

“We have to send the Love Kite home. The Liquor Deal is all off.,” Soldier Sam decided

“What’s the trouble, Soldier Sam?” Sarina asked him.

“I was rode,” says Soldier Sam “for hours with the Love Kite not barring an inch. I tell you, Sarina, a human can only stand so much. I took the Love Kite as high as can dragged it down the mountain. On the way it won’t shut up about my Love for Liquor and for You of course, Sarina!”

“But the Love Kite is gone”—continued Soldier Sam—“gone to the Bronx I showed it the road to the Bronx and kicked it down there.. I’m sorry we lost the Liquor Ransom; but it was either that or my well being.

“Soldier Sam,” said Sarina, “We both know you have problems, but you haven’t gone completely crazy, yet anyway?”

“No,” says Soldier Sam “nothing except chronic stress and accidents. Why?”

“Then you might turn around,” said Sarina, “and have a look behind you.”

Soldier Sam turned and saw the Love Kite, and could not contain his shock. For a minute, Sarina was a bit concerned about him.

Sarina told Soldier Sam her scheme was to put the whole job through immediately and get the Liquor Ransom and be off with it if the Bodega Owner fell in with our proposition.

So Solider Sam braced up enough to give the Love Kite a wary smile and a promise to play Bronx Scout games with him as soon as he felt a little better.

Sarina had a scheme for collecting that Liquor Ransom without danger of being caught by counterplots that ought to commend itself to professional kidnapers. The tree under which the Bodega Owner’s response was to be left—and the money later on—was close to Sarina’s childhood playground, a Bronx Historical Site, now named in her honor.

If a gang of New York’s Finest should be watching for any one to come for the Liquor they would be able to see a long way off crossing the fields or in the road. But no, sirree! But when it would all go down, Sarina had plans to be up in that tree as well hidden as a tree toad, waiting for the messenger to arrive.

The suddenly, a messenger in the sky flew over and slipped a folded piece of paper into the Love Kite and turned back headed toward the Bronx.

Sarina considered what had just happened, concluded the thing was square and instructed the Love Kite to send the note to the ground.

Sarina opened the note, got near to Soldier Sam and read him the substance of the thing. It was written with a pen in hand, and the sum and substance of it was this:

Sarina and Soldier Sam,

I received your letter by post, in regard to the Liquor Ransom you ask for the return of my Love Kite. I think you are a little high in your demands, and I hereby make you a counter-proposition, which I am inclined to believe you will accept. You bring the Love Kite back to the Bodega and how about you pay ME quite a greater sum of Liquor, and I agree to take the Love Kite off your hands, so it can get back to it's Bronx Scouting. You had better come at night, for the neighbours believe the Bronx Scout is lost, and I couldn't be responsible for what they would do to anybody they saw bringing him back.

Very respectfully,

Your Bodega Shop Owner

.

“Great pirates of Penzance!” said Sarina “of all the impudent—”

Sarina glanced at Soldier Sam, and hesitated. He had the best look in his eyes she ever saw on the face of a simple talking brute.

“Sarina,” said Soldier Sam, “what’s a bottle of liquor that size, after all?”

We were just demanding the Drop Site because we didn’t want to go through the trouble of going to the Bodega. We’ve got the resources to do that, right?

“Tell you the truth, Soldier Sam” said Sarina “this Love Kite has somewhat got in my head too. We’ll take it back to the Bronx, drop the Liquor off to the Bodega Owner and make our get-away.”

Sarina and Soldier Sam took to Love Kite back to the Bronx that night. We made a convincing argument that the Bodega Shop Owner rescently acquired a new high-tech infra-red scanning device, an operational capability long desired by the Bronx Scout.

“A Love Kite, A Bodega Celebration and A Yankees Game”

## PART 2

It was just about dinner time when Sarina and Soldier Sam knocked at the Bodega front door. Just at the moment when Sarina should have been abstracting the Bag of Liquor from the box under the tree at her Bronx Playground, according to the original proposition, Soldier Sam was all ready, holding an even bigger bag of Liquor.

When the Love Kite found out Sarina and Solider Sam were going to leave him in the Bronx it didn't know what to think.

"How long will the Bodega Owner be able to hold the Love Kite, Sarina?" asked Solider Sam.

It would serve to be a formidable encounter that night for Soldier Sam.

Bronx Peoples were cool, everybody knew that. They were tough, for sure but their affection for a night could be bought with enough Liquor.

And such a night it would be for Soldier Sam. This meant even more Liquor for him, didn't it?

The door to the Bodega opened and Soldier Sam braced himself.

Soldier Sam stood up straight and readied himself. Representing the Strength of America outside the Bronx, or almost representing it, he must not let the even greater strength of the Bronx stare him down.

Soldier Sam was not without an inside view of the Bronx-in his early youth he had once been a grateful resident, it was a great experience. And with encouragement from Sarina he assured himself that this Bronx Experience would be so Grand, if he could just hold it together.

The door opened, and the Bodega Owner stood calmly in the doorway.

'All right, Soldier Sam,' he said "What do you got in the bag?"

Nothing to be scared of. Memories of the Bronx continued to flood over Soldier Sam as he walked in. And instantaneously, as the juice of confidence flowed through his system, he had his chance.

“The bag is full of Liquor, as you requested, Sir” Soldier Sam was going to try to get the delivery right for what he would say next.

“The Bag also contains a Box just for Sarina. It contains a representation of My Heart. The materials only cost One Dollar, and I made it myself!!

Soldier Sam continued, “I have long been awaiting the opportunity when I could present it to her on a day when Her Bronx Friends would be able to see it.”

The Bodega Owner, seemed to understand--if not exactly to approve. Soldier Sam was prepared to hammer in his point again that night.

Everyone in the Bodega exchanged glances, but no one interrupted.

'There you are,' went on Soldier Sam, triumphantly. "'Here is your Love Kite, Sir, what you have wanted to get back to the Bronx so urgently.

Soldier Sam paused, trying to think of everything.

There was an unquiet pause. The Bodega Owner came to his rescue.

'Not a bad idea,' he suggested.

'It's an appalling idea,' broke out the Bodega Owners Wife. 'It's--'

The Bodega Owner's face tightened slowly.

'Just a minute, ,' she said. The Shop Owner's Wife turned to all the others in the Grand Hall. All of Sarina's Friends.

At his nod the Bodega Owner's Wife offered that Soldier Sam and Sarina could walk around the store.

As Sarina entered, followed shortly by a big ringing bell at the back of the Bodega, Soldier Sam thought once more of the Places he had frequented in the Bronx, especially Yankee Stadium.

Soldier Sam wished that he could fit into the Bronx this night. He wished it more than anything in the world.

'There you are!' Sarina cried gratefully. 'Oh, Soldier Sam--Thank God! I am so happy to be with my Bronx Friends, I haven't seen them in so long--and now we show up with tons of Liquor. "And a Love Kite!!"

'So what else did you say you have in the sack besides Liquor" asked the Bodega Owner. "What?'

The seconds were long before the Bodega Owner had picked up the sack and looked inside, he thought the Liquor was great, but there was also a Tool Box decorated with Yankees Insignia with, not Tools, but a Symbol of how much Soldier Sam Loved Sarina.

Soldier Sam could have easily named every type of Liquor in the bag. There was Bourbon, Scotch, Whiskey, anything else you could imagine-- that could be conveniently parceled out to Sarina's Friends--pints, half-pints, quarts--the evidence of countless trips to the Liquor Store.

But the description of what was in the Yankees Tool Box would have to wait until Sarina opened it.

'I'll take it,' Sarina said rising.

This is the most incredible thing from the Dollar Store I have ever witnessed", exclaimed Sarina. "Whoa, What a Find!!"

"Pretty Bold, Soldier Sam," said the Bodega Owner's Wife. 'Soldier Sam with such amazing things in that sack! Well, I never...."

"Were going to make Soldier Sam carve a ship in every one of those bottles-- before he can eat dinner!!" shouted Sarina's Friends.

Everyone in the Bodega Hall had long been very much excited on account of Sarina returning to the Bronx with a Love Kite and Bag full of Fun.

Because it had been such a great year, the Bodega Owner was going to keep a Grand Party for Sarina.

All the Bronx Faithful remembered everything that had been told them about the Bodega Kitchen.

Scores of Taco Chefs and helpful delivery volunteers were going to be kept very busy that night.

The fires always glowed to roast the Meat Chops that turned on the spits. The cake bowls and the soup pots were never empty. Spices and herbs from far countries, strawberries when the ground was covered with snow, ices of all the rainbow colors, and Cake Frosting-- all these were to be found in the Bodega Kitchen.

There were dishes of gold and silver upon which to serve the fine foods, and a hothouse of rare flowers with which to deck the table, and linen as fine and beautiful in pattern as snowflakes to cover it.

Oh, a Sarina Party in the Bodega would be very wonderful indeed, All of Sarina friends were excited to be there.

The excitement about Sarina's party was really building at a Fever's Pitch that night.

There would be an arrival of homemade pie in one hand and a pound cake in the other. The Shop Owner was poking around in a cabinet, searching for Taco Hot Sauce as Hot as Sarina!!

The Chefs in the kitchen were tapping the pots with a spoon and preparing the Condiment Platters. Mountains of Cheese, Lettuce, Tomato, Sour Cream, anything else the Guests would want.

The Shop Owner's Wife stretched a new, white tablecloth over the dining table. She put Great Displays of Flowers and colorful leaves from the finest fields in the Bronx, and she set the table with real china and real silverware. Then she looked up, smiling. "Help me carry in the food," she said.

By this time, all the recruits went racing into the kitchen. "I'll get it! I'll get it!" they screamed. The rest of Sarina's Friends piled in behind them, for the Feast was so bountiful there was a need for everyone to grab a pan or a dish. Into the dining room came the Tacos!!!!.

Everyone placed the pans and dishes on the sideboard and looked up to watch the Shop Owner carry in the biggest, MOST ULTIMATE TACO anyone had ever seen for Sarina and Soldier Sam to share with many hands under the platter, just in case. Together they lowered the Taco to its place at the head of the table.

It was the tradition of all of Sarina's Friends to think of something for which we were most thankful before they would dive into the feast and knew the Bodega Owner wouldn't let anyone eat until we had done it.

Everyone ran to the table yelling something like "I'm thankful for the Clinton High School Governors " or "I'm thankful for the Bronx Zoo" and of course "I'm thankful for Yankee Stadium!" All eyes were on those enormous Tacos as everyone took seats at the table.

Yes, everything was perfect. But there was one thing that made this Sarina Party Extra Special. Every other dinner, the Shop Owner's Wife would signal the start of dinner, but not on this Sarina Day.

This was the one time when the Bodega Shop Owner was the Star. It was an honor that he had eagerly anticipated for many years in advance, as he discussed the Beauty of Everything About Sarina.

"Simply Beautiful" the Shop Owner's Wife was really happy too. "What a Wonderful Sarina Party!"

But the Shop Owner's Wife had a Surprise of her own. She stood up and highlighted the chandelier directly above Sarina and Solider Sam.

Everyone looked upward. There, balanced on the top of the chandelier, was the Love Kite, with the Best Yankees Tickets for the Big Game that night. It was like a Gift from God to Soldier Sam and Sarina!

"A Love Kite, A Bodega Celebration and A Yankees Game"

-A Short Story Part 3

The Bodega Celebration had just ended, and only Sarina and Solider Sam remained at the table, looking thankfully at the Yankees Tickets that now they were so excited about.

When the plates had been removed and taken to the kitchen and placed carefully until the next Sarina Party, Sarina and Soldier Sam couldn't wait to rise from their chairs and arrive at Yankees Stadium.

They seemed lost in Excitement, until Sarina finally thought of the Love Kite hanging from the chandelier.

"Come on now, Soldier Sam," Sarina said, "let's grab that Love Kite and take it with us to the Big Game at Yankee Stadium.

"All right," replied Soldier Sam, quickly unwrapping the draperies of the Confetti and Ticker Tape Streamers from about him,

"Let's do it now." So he held up one end of the Love Kite, and Sarina took hold of the other end of it with a beautiful laugh.

"Here, we both must carry it equally, because I have a fine wish to make, and want to get the biggest wish if possible." suggested Sarina.

"So have I a nice wish to make," replied Soldier Sam.

And so they argued for a few minutes, until the Shop Owner entered the room and told them that if they couldn't agree how to transport the Love Kite to the Stadium, he would take it there for them.

So Soldier Sam lost no time in making sure Sarina would be given full control of the Love Kite.

"I have one more surprise for you two," added the Shop Owner.

"He continued."I have reached an exclusive agreement with the Yankees to, for tonight only, let your Love Kite Fly High Above Yankees Stadium, providing the play-by-pay audio for all of the Bronx."

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Sarina, observing Soldier Sam's expression of shock.

"I've got the Love Kite Control now" decided Sarina. It will perform a more Grand Duty than has been seen in all of baseball, since the beginning of time. Except My Childhood Debut on the Bronx Playgrounds, of Course!"

"Your wish will most certainly come true Sarina, if I have anything to do about it, it will."

And then Sarina and Soldier Sam decided to make the short trek across the street right away, so they would be sure to have the capacity to launch the Love Kite from their Seats as soon as possible.

When Sarina and Soldier Sam entered the Ballpark, it was just growing dusk, and Sarina launched the Love Kite high into the air.

To Sarina's great surprise the Love Kite Started booming audio almost instantly.

"I thought we already transported you across the State today said Soldier Sam.

"You did," replied the Love Kite, "and I still have a lot to say to you two."

"Yes," said Sarina, "you made for a splendid day, and you ought to be pleased to think you made us all so happy. Your entire effort today is commendable."

"And you didn't mind carrying me to Yankees Stadium, did you?." asked the Love Kite.

"Not at all. We didn't at all." Sarina reassured the Love Kite.

"And what did you wish at dinner tonight?" asked the Love Kite.

"You mustn't ask me that," replied Sarina, "because, you know, if I tell you the wish I made it might not come true."

"But I have inside information on the both of you. We have spent a lot of time together," persisted the Love Kite, "and I think I ought to know something about it."

"You your argument is not without force," replied Sarina.

The Love Kite was puzzled at such a reply, and not understanding it, said:

"I am only the spirit of this game tonight, but still I remember how you fell in Love with Sarina, Soldier Sam! Now, come along!"

"Where?" asked Sarina.

"To the Concession Stand of Course, I know you two have had enough to eat, but no one has ever had enough to drink with the Yankees Game hasn't even started yet!"

It was now almost time for the first pitch, and Sarina didn't like the idea of going to such a place. What an effort! When there will be vendors in our Aisle in just a moments time."

"I can't go there right now, My Dear Love Kite," Sarina said, "because I have lots of Twitter to Check and of course Tweet that I am here for the Big Game. Wait until after the game, and I will gladly go with you anywhere you want."

"Come along," replied the Love Kite with a provoked air, "and let your Twitter go until tomorrow when you will have plenty of memories to look back on from today, for sure."

Thereupon the Love Kite began the introductions of the baseball players and played some 70s R&B Classics from his Perch above them in the Moonlit Bronx Night.

It was fast shaping up to be a wonderful experience, certainly so for Solider Sam, still trying to get his vendor orders for the game straight, distracting himself from Sarina's conversation with the Love Kite which of course the entire Stadium could hear.

So the Love Kite kindly and considerately slackened his pace with Sarina, letting Sarina and Solider Sam start to get Hyped for the Big Game.

The moon was now quite bright and the Stadium was silvered by its light. The air was crisp.

"This," the Love Kite announced" is Yankee Stadium. And these are your New York Yankees!"

The full capacity crowd started their noise.

Soldier Sam was now listening and, sure enough, there were still wishes to make.

“Sarina and I sure have been Lucky Tonight” Soldier Sam considered. But he made no comments to the Love Kite, for his Love for Sarina did not need to be broadcast to the World.

Well, Sometimes it did, of course.

This turned Soldier Sam’s attention to thinking about what wishes Sarina was making that night.

The Love Kite shouted loudly that the Game had begun, an announcement that seemed to cut the air. As he did so, the crowds of Yankees Fans popped out of their seats with a great cheer and calls of “Let’s Go Yankees, Lets Go Yankees!”

Soldier Sam’s eyes tuned to Sarina, beside himself with a Beauty Greater than all other Beauties on the Planet combined.

"What shall we do with all this Beer, Sarina?" asked Soldier Sam, scarcely able to contain himself, considering the fun he and Sarina had already had that day. And the night was just beginning!!

"I cannot think of anything more wonderful than this, Sarina," said Soldier Sam "It almost makes my ship boil when I think of the way we have amused ourselves today,

We’re sitting ducks targets for the Love Kite now. I hope he goes easy on us.”

Often when I was busy today flying him around back to the Bronx to again assume his post as the Bronx Scout it would fetch me one on the side of the head that would give me a headache for a week

Here the Bronx Faithful broke into a wild chorus of approval.

Sarina could hear pitches whistling past her ears, but could not see them to dodge. Fortunately none struck her, and when the crowd felt that they had had fun at Soldier Sam’s expense they turned their attention back to the game.

"Now, then," said the Love Kite, "Soldier Sam once...”

"What shall we do to our Love Kite for that?" asked Soldier Sam.

"Make him eat dirt when he want's to be in the air on his Bronx Scout Missions" answered Sarina.

Sometimes the whole Love Kite dynamic would throw Sarina into such a fit of laughter it was plain to see Her Beauty.

But Soldier Sam stuck his wish into the ground, and took defensive positions on it to take a needed rest, for he was greatly exhausted.

"Thank you," said Soldier Sam gratefully.

There was then a great whistling from the crowd and the Love Kite grew silent if only for a moment before the big 7th Inning Stretch Raffle.

"Hurrah!" shouted Sarina. "The Love Kite has sent me a nice ACV to ride around the beach in! Wasn't it good of him?"

"Didn't you wish for a bicycle today, when you got the chance to wish?, Soldier Sam asked.

"What makes you think so?" asked Sarina with a laugh. "I wished many things for the future, Soldier Sam. "We can work them out together."

"And what did you wish for the future Solider Sam?"asked Sarina.

"My wish just came true today, Sarina." answered Solider Sam "Because of You."

**Halloween Trick-Or-Treat Story Preview—You will just have to wait until the big day arrives to get the Full Story!**

"Get Ready for a Spooktacular Day!"

"What kind of a Halloween Treat Surprise should I get for Sarina?" Soldier Sam asked. "I bet Angels Mascot will have the perfect advice for me to get in on Sarina's Halloween Surprise."

Soldier Sam made his way to Angels Stadium, transferred at Grand Concourse Station and got off at 161st Street because he really wanted some Great Burgers at the King of all Restaurants, of course Burger King!

But before Soldier Sam got to the restaurant he ran into the Angels Mascot. Angels Mascot was selling lots of stuff he had ripped off some unfortunate sucker and the Halloween Treats lined inside of his Jacket like grand Gold Watches, and even some other types of Diamonds like Soldier Sam had seen at the Shops Downtown.

Soldier Sam wondered aloud if Angels Mascot had anything other than Diamonds on him, because he had already ditched that idea until he could afford to. Angels Mascot pulled out an Orange box he said was very different from his standard merchandise.

Soldier Sam was curious and said he would be interested to see what was in the Orange Box.

"So what do you Got there?" Soldier Sam asked, pointing to the Orange Box that seemed more and more interesting as the moment unfolded.

Angels Mascot smiled.

"Inside this Orange Box are Tickets to the greatest Outer Space Adventure history has ever known," Angels Mascot said. "The other guys prepare for Halloween by hiding in their Pumpkins tickets to fancy plays, operas & expensive 5-Star restaurants, but look"—he held up the Tickets, and Soldier Sam saw they were plans to Surf Saturn's Rings!!

"They are for the greatest Adventure ever that two friends could experience, and if Sarina will be brave enough to go on the Journey there is a Special Item to be found on Saturn, one that will alter the course of your lives forever." Angels Mascot said.

"Will you sell me those?," Soldier Sam asked, "to give as a Halloween Present to Sarina?"

"Oh, I will give them to you," Angels Mascot said. "Very few explorers like you and Sarina have the guts to go on such a journey."

“And I have an idea for you that will be sure to surprise Sarina and fill here with Halloween Spookiness that will last a lifetime.” continued Angels Mascot.

“What would that be?” asked Solider Sam “Will Sarina really get the surprise of a lifetime on Halloween this year?”

“It’s a great idea,” Angels Mascot started to explain.

“Sarina will be shocked because the Halloween tickets will at first appear to be ordinary Candy Bars. Angels Mascot wall selling this pitch hard.

“It will only be when Sarina unwraps her Candy Bar that she will see the Tickets to give her an Adventure of a Lifetime Surfing Saturn’s Rings.

Soldier Sam knew Sarina would be excited beyond any surprise she had ever encountered in her lifetime. Would be sure to Go on this adventure with me!!” Soldier Sam couldn’t believe Angels Mascot had come up with such a great idea.

Angels Mascot was excited to be the source of inspiration for Sarina’s Halloween Surprise. He and Soldier Sam would both be in the know about this plan.

“Sarina will love these Tickets to Surf Saturn’s Rings better than any of the other Treats she will find at any other Haunted House on Halloween!” Soldier Sam exclaimed.

“Well Soldier Sam,” Angels Mascot was all in on this Halloween Project. “We had better get started with this Surprise right away. “Building a Haunted House to Spook Sarina is no small task.”

“And I will get to work on designing the Candy Wrappers with the Hologram that will be sure to surprise Sarina once she realizes that it’s not just the Candy Bars she will be expecting on Halloween Night.” Soldier Sam promised.

“And the adventure is with ME!!” exclaimed Soldier Sam. “Constructing this Haunted House for Sarina will be a labor of Love that I will put at the top of my project list. The Very Top!!”

Angels Mascot was all in on this Project. “Let’s surprise Sarina with the Halloween Treat of a Lifetime!!”

“Home is where the Haunt Is”

Soldier Sam had a plan to surprise Sarina on Halloween with a Special Pair of Tickets. Tickets for an Adventure they would experience together.

As Halloween approached. Sarina and Soldier Sam were excited to go Trick-or-Treating even while Los Angeles was distracted by Hollywood Movies, Surfing and of Course, Angels Baseball.

But Sarina and Soldier Sam were doing everything possible to be entertained by something more important and Halloween offered a great opportunity.

As Sarina was strolling along Hollywood Boulevard one chilly day, her hands in her pockets she suddenly came face to face with her friend, Angels Mascot at the Train Stop.

Sarina had a long history with Angels Mascot—It all started many Halloweens ago and this is that Story!

Once upon a time, there lived a great big pumpkin. Sarina could remember walking down the LA Streets and seeing that poor old pumpkin just sitting in the bodega window.

Nobody else wanted him because he was just too big and it would have been too much work to clean and carve him. But Oh, Angels Mascot. He sure was a useful

and friendly pumpkin.

Over the years, Sarina had always bought bags and bags of candy for Halloween. But No-one ever came trick-or-treating at her door. Sarina was sad to see all that candy go to waste, but more than anything else, she just wanted to see some happy faces on Halloween.

Sarina had all but given up on Halloween that year and had decided she wasn't going to to carve a pumpkin! Or buy any candy. Sarina was bound and determined she wasn't going to celebrate Halloween that year.

That was until she had spotted Angels Mascot in that little pumpkin patch at the Bodega.

Sarina couldn't believe no one had picked that huge pumpkin from the patch in the window right on her street. As soon as she had spotted Angels Mascot, Sarina knew that this Halloween was going to be the best ever.

Sarina decided right then and there, she just had to have that pumpkin. Sarina picked up that pumpkin and carried him all the way home, all by herself

Angels Mascot was a very heavy pumpkin and Sarina almost took a spill on the sidewalk just getting him home but she and Jack made it back the house in one piece.

Sarina carved Angels Mascot out with care. He turned out perfectly. His toothy smile radiated a special glow when she set him outside on her front porch and lit his candle.

Sarina had no sooner lit the candle and there, right on her front doorstep were all kinds of happy faces around her.

Sarina was so happy she was jumping up and down as she shelled out the candy to her visitors.

Angels Mascot saved Sarina's Halloween that year. She kept the pumpkin seeds and the following spring planted them in her garden.

And the next year Big Angels Mascot came to Life and became Sarina's best friend!

Now Sarina and Angels Mascot only stick around the House to hand out candy for a little bit, because now Sarina had a Partner to go trick-or-treating with for hours and hours every single year.

Angels Mascot was the best Jack-o-Lantern ever and Sarina has never had a boring Halloween since!

"Boo From The Crew!"

"Aren't you going out for trick or treat?" Soldier Sam asked Sarina. "If you want me to make a costume for you, we'd better get started."

"I don't think so," Sarina said. "Maybe I'll skip it this year."

Soldier Sam seemed surprised. "Are you sure? I thought you loved to go out?"

Sarina nodded. "I'm pretty sure." She'd been thinking about it ever since last year -- ever since that tough group of Midnight Marauders had stolen her candy and chased her down the street. As much as she loved Halloween, it just wasn't worth the risk. Monster scary was fun. Real scary wasn't.

"There's still time for me to make you a costume," Soldier Sam said a week before Halloween.

"Thanks," Sarina told him, "but I think I'll just stay home and hand out candy." That might even be nice, she thought. She liked the little kids in their cute costumes.

But Sarina's enthusiasm faded as she realised the older kids would come to her door, too -- the ones who didn't even bother with real costumes. The ones who were just out to get as much candy as they could.

"Last chance," Soldier Sam said the day before Halloween. "I can still put something together."

Sarina shook her head. She looked out the window at the leaf-covered streets that would soon be awash with costumed kids. "No thanks," Sarina said.

But on Halloween, as the day fell dark and the smallest trick-or-treaters emerged from their houses, Sarina knew she had to join them. And Soldier Sam should not be going out all by himself with his Pirate outfit.

Costume, Sarina thought, rummaging through her closet. Nothing. Sure, she could throw together some sort of clown thing with makeup, but that wasn't good enough.

Sarina tried the basement. Upstairs, she heard the doorbell ring. The first trick or treaters had arrived. As she scanned the piles of boxes stacked along a wall, a flash of a gold latch caught her eye.

One of Soldier Sam's trunks was in a corner, beneath boxes of baseball gear and a stack of camping items. Sarina vaguely remembered looking in the trunk when she had first moved into the Haunted House.

Sarina uncovered the trunk and opened it. She sorted through the contents. Just some of Soldier Sam tools. Useful for everyday around the garage stuff, but not really the beginning of the costume she wanted.

Sarina found nothing else. But, as she started to close the lid, she realised that something was wrong. The outside of the trunk seemed deeper than the inside. She emptied the trunk and knocked her fist against the bottom. It sounded hollow. She pushed and pressed until she stumbled across the right spot. The false bottom slipped up.

Sarina held her breath as she lifted the wood panel, wondering what treasures she might find. A slip of paper next to it said, "Special outfit for a special night."

The doorbell rang again. Sarina heard a chorus of young voices shouting "Trick or Treat!" as Soldier Sam answered the door. Halloween was slipping past her like hourglass sand.

Sarina hopped into the Costume. It fit perfectly. "Going as an Orange Bombshell would have to do." Decided Sarina.

Sarina ran through the Haunted House and grabbed her Halloween Candy Bag.

Now the Halloween Trick or Treat Adventure was about to begin!!

"Goblins on the Loose"

"Let's go Soldier Sam, you big, bad Pirate. We're going out Trick-or-Treating!" Sarina called. Then they dashed out the door into the crisp air of the last night in October.

As Sarina got her first piece of candy next door, Sarina knew she hadn't missed Halloween. She crossed the familiar Bronx streets, following a pattern she'd worked out several years ago.

At most houses, Sarina heard the same familiar question. "What an interesting costume. What are you?"

"Just an Orange Bombshell," Sarina told them.

Sarina and Soldier Sam reached the train station. He mentioned to Sarina that just a couple of train stops away was a Haunted House that gives away the biggest Chocolate Bars in the Bronx.

"No way, Sarina said. "That can't be true."

"I'm being totally Serious," Soldier Sam said. "They give out huge chocolate bars. My friend told me."

Sarina peered down the tracks to see if the Train was about to arrive. It was! The

house was just a few stops away. Literally a matter of minutes. So much quicker than if She and Soldier Sam would have walked.

"You sure about this?", Sarina asked.

Soldier Sam nodded in the affirmative.

"Okay. If it's true, it'll be worth the trip." Sarina boarded the Train excitedly. Sarina's costume was great, but it was not the best for sitting down on a train seat.

The train didn't even make any other stops along the way -- just empty stations. Sarina hoped she wasn't wasting her time.

"Dare you." Laughed Soldier Sam.

"I'll go if you go." Sarina replied.

"There's Mischief Brewing"

Even before Sarina was interested in the Angels, she had been in the habit, every Halloween, of setting forth with a Spooky Costume and a Trick-or-Treat Bag over her shoulder.

Sarina and Solider Sam took the train, got out a few miles from Angels Stadium, and walked, with plans to Trick-or-Treat at every single house in between the Train Stop and Angels Stadium setting out as soon as nightfall.

Soldier Sam was also a Big Trick-or-Treating Enthusiast. They spent the evening side by side, a big bag in hands and feet hitting the pavement. They were starting to like each other.

In between some of the Haunted Houses they did not speak; at other times they chatted; but they understood each other perfectly without the help of words, having similar tastes in candy and sharing the excitement of Halloween Night.

Soldier Sam would occasionally remark to Sarina:

"My, but it's pleasant here."

To which Sarina would reply:

"I can't imagine anything better!"

And these few words sufficed to make them understand and appreciate each other.

That night, once it started getting dark, when the setting sun shed a blood-red glow over the western sky.

The reflection of the crimson clouds tinged the whole city with red, brought a glow to the faces of the partners in crime, and gilded the trees, whose leaves were already turning at the first chill touch of November.

Sarina would sometimes smile at Soldier Sam, and say:

"What a glorious spectacle!"

And Soldier Sam would answer, without taking his eyes of the next Haunted House on the Horizon would say:

"This is much better than asking for stuff on any other day along Hollywood Boulevard, isn't it?"

"Witch Way to the Candy?"

As soon as Sarina and Soldier Sam started Trick or Treating that Halloween Night, they were both Super Excited about all the activity on the street.

Soldier Sam with a sigh, complained

"It's so difficult at work for me.. Like all the time!"

Sarina was sympathetic.

"But just look at the weather, Solider Sam! This is just about the finest on Halloween I can remember."

The Moon was bright.

They walked along, side by side, reflective of what an Amazing Halloween Night was to come.

"And to think of all the candy goodies we are going to get tonight!" said Soldier Sam. "That makes me feel a lot better about work!"

"When shall we be able to drink again?" asked Sarina.

"Why not now? Soldier Sam suggested. "We're passing a Liquor Store right now. Still open at this Halloween Night Hour.

They entered the Liquor Store and got a big case of Bourbon, concealed it in Sarina's Candy Bag, then resumed their walk along the pavement.

Sarina stopped suddenly.

"Shall we just have a few on this picnic bench before we start hitting the really Big Haunted Houses?" Sarina inquired.

"If you like," agreed Soldier Sam

And they sat down on the Picnic Bench together

They were quite unsteady when they started walking again, owing to the effect of the booze on their empty stomachs. It was a fine night, and a gentle breeze fanned their faces.

The fresh air completed the effect of the booze on Sarina. She stopped suddenly, saying:

"Suppose we go to that Haunted House? I can see it from miles away?"

"Where?" Soldier Sam asked.

"Why, to Angels Stadium" replied Sarina. I know the Ticket Guy, and we shall easily get leave to pass."

Soldier Sam was enthusiastic.

"Very well. I agree."

After hitting up a few houses nearby the Picnic Bench they were still walking side by side on the Street. Sarina texted ahead to Angels Stadium.

The Angels Stadium Ticket Guy smiled at their request, and granted it. They resumed their walk, furnished with a password.

Soon they left the busy city streets behind them, made their way through the deserted parking lot, and found themselves on the outskirts of the Stadium. The night was getting late and their Trick-or-Treat Bags were pretty much full.

Before them sat Angels Stadium, in all of its Glory.. The heights of the lamps dominated the landscape. The great parking lot plain, extending as far as the Gate, was empty, quite empty.

"Oh, Soldier Sam!" exclaimed Sarina. "I just got a text alert. The Ticket Guy said the Team Construction Crew built a Haunted House on the Field, just for us. And there is a Fireworks Show right at Home Plate.

"Monsters on Parade"

On Halloween Night, Sarina and Soldier Sam got off the train and walked to the path just a small distance from the station that led to the Haunted House.

All the Halloween Trick or Treaters walking by were talking about how great and scary the Haunted House was.

Sarina looked at the piece of wood leaning against the tree in the front yard. A big sign, painted in Orange letters on a black background, proclaimed, "HAUNTED HOUSE."

"I'm not scared of anything," Sarina said. And she thought she wasn't. She'd yet to meet something she couldn't handle. Movies, books, even Halloween themed rollercoaster rides last year -- none of it fazed Sarina.

Sarina led the way to the Haunted House Porch. Not bad, she thought as she studied the scarecrow in the front yard. It looked like it was rigged to move. Sure enough, as she walked past, the arm swung out and a tape-recorded voice went, "Boooo hhhooooohoooohooooo!"

Soldier Sam wasn't scared. But Sarina jumped half a mile, nearly leaving her shoes behind. "Scared?" Soldier Sam asked Sarina when she came back down.

"Nah," Sarina said, with just the faintest tremble in her voice. "Just startled."

Soldier Sam smiled. The scarecrow was a good sign. They never put the scariest stuff by the entrance. They always saved the good stuff for inside. So, if the

entrance was this scary, the rest of the haunted house should be great.

"My turn to ring," Sarina said when they reached the house. She rushed to the porch.

Soldier Sam followed Sarina up the creaking steps and waited for the door to open. The place was pretty big, and it didn't seem to be in very good condition. Sarina wondered how anyone who lived here could afford to give away big bars of chocolate to everyone.

So they walked up to the porch. A couple other visitors were standing there, as if trying to build up the courage to ring the bell. "What were you waiting for?" Sarina asked as she rang the bell.

The door swung open. "Enter," a deep, booming voice said. Sarina paused, bracing herself for anything that might jump at her. Nothing popped up, so she stepped inside. The walls were draped with sheets, leaving a corridor for them to walk through. Opposite where she stood, a sign said, "ENTRANCE." Below the word, there was an arrow pointing to the right.

"Awesome" Sarina said, turning toward the right. "Maybe we'll go through the whole house."

"Chills and Thrills"

Now there was no turning back from the Haunted House.

Soldier Sam wasn't scared. "Lots of Trick or Treaters have been here. There's nothing to worry about."

Sarina headed down the hall, feeling pleased to hear the shuffling of Soldier Sam's boots following after her.

Sarina hadn't gone more than ten steps when the Vampire jumped out from

behind a sheet.

"Mwwwwaahhaaaahhaahhaaa!" the Vampire screamed. Then he vanished behind the walls.

Sarina wasn't scared. But she had to admit the vampire makeup was pretty good.

Soldier Sam flinched, but he stayed next to Sarina, just in case she encountered something she couldn't handle without Freaking Out.

Sarina went deeper into the Haunted House.

The headless man popped out of nowhere and swung an ax at Soldier Sam. Even in the gloom of the narrow corridor, he could see the blade was rubber.

Sure enough, it bounced off right off him.

Sarina glanced back and yelled. "Soldier Sam, hold on," she called. They still had their wits about them, that is until the skull came flying at them, hissing like a snake, sparks flying from its eyes.

Sarina still wasn't even scared, not even when the bats dropped from above. Not even when the man with the chainsaw leaped out of the darkness or when the grasping hands burst through the walls on either side of her, their nails dark with fresh-turned earth.

Sarina and Soldier Sam came, at last, to the end of the Haunted House Tour.

"Well done," Angels Mascot said. Sarina figured this was the creator of the Haunted house. Angels Mascot pointed to a door.

"Nobody else has been this brave." Behind Angels Mascot an Orange Panther peered at Sarina, its tail forming question marks in the air.

But Sarina wasn't scared of something like that.

"C'mon, Soldier Sam" Sarina directed. "Let's check it out!!"

“Ghostbusters!!”

Sarina and Soldier Sam were all ready with their plan to Trick or Treat and get candy from Angels Mascot at Angels Stadium on Halloween Night.

Angels Mascot set up many doors at the Haunted House and magically was able to answer each of them as Sarina and Solider knocked.

Sarina and Soldier Sam knocked on the door and Angels Mascot answered. Sarina and Soldier Sam shouted in unison: “Trick or Treat, Angels Mascot!!”

“Now don’t lie to me.” Angels Mascot responded. “I bet you two don’t even have a trick planned.”

“Would I lie to you about something like that?” asked Sarina knowing full well the answer to that question.

*There have been other trick or treaters stopping by.* Trick or Treaters are in awe of how I designed this Haunted House,” Angels Mascot explained.

“Can I try on your costume, Soldier Sam?” Angels Mascot inquired.

“You could eat all the candy, right, Sarina?” Angels Mascot had a question for her too,

“You bet you certainly could., Angels Mascot!” Soldier Sam answered to Angels Mascot. “You would make a fine pirate, Angels Mascot.”

“Hey, Sarina Want a caramel apple? They are delicious!” offered Angels Mascot.

“No, thanks.” Replied Sarina. “I was expecting candy bars. Lots of them!!”

Then Angels started looking around the Haunted House for his vending machine.

“You give out many candy bars?” Soldier Sam asked. “Are there many of these here?”

“I don’t know.” Replied Angels Mascot. Let me check.”

“You fill up the thing yourself?” asked Sarina. “That is a pretty convenient way to service trick or treaters.”

“No, a guy comes around. Responded Angels Mascot.”

“Do you two have your Trick or Treat bags ready?” asked Angels Mascot.

“We sure do,” Sarina replied.

“Have all the other trick or treaters been dressing up in great costumes like we are?” asked Soldier Sam.

“Only if they want too,” Angels Mascot responded “No one is forced to do anything here.

Angels Mascot added “In other words, we have a very permissive effort here. All we really ask is for trick or treaters to have a mask on.”

My candy bar vending machine is only visible from the inside, just like all the other doors you have knocked on in this Haunted House.” Explained Angels Mascot.

Nearly all of the Vending Machines were wiped out by us," Sarina said

"Those that only just made it through this Haunted House were scared off to other stations, where they have remained. You two are brave enough to get all the Loot" Angels Mascot complimented Sarina and Soldier Sam.

Those Trick or Treaters didn't try to come back here in another mask, or anything like that." Angels Mascot said.

"What a Feat For Just a Treat!"

"Trick or --" Sarina started to say. But the words cut off as she saw what was on the table in the hallway. Two huge candy bars, one for her and one for Soldier Sam.

Maybe Soldier Sam was right. The bars looked like they weighed at much as the weights at Sarina's Gym.

"This wasn't so bad, seeing how huge the candy bars were," Sarina put on a Brave Face added as Angels Mascot opened the door "It wasn't scary, but I wasn't expecting all that much from someone's homemade haunted house."

"Oh, this is just the entrance," Angels Mascot said. "The haunted house is on the other side." He closed the door.

Sarina turned around and looked. The walls around her were old and falling apart. The floor was thick with dust. In the darkness ahead, something shuffled and stirred, waiting for her.

Sarina listened.

Chains rattled. Bits of dry flesh fell from bones and hit the floor with muffled thumps. Fangs smacked together in anticipation. Creatures howled.

Sarina froze for an instant when she heard the roar. "What was that?" she reacted

"Just some kids fooling around," Soldier Sam said, although he didn't sound very sure.

Sarina walked faster up some steps in front of them. Another roar ripped the air, closer this time. Sarina looked back and screamed as an Orange Panther leaped up the stairs sprinting toward them on four legs and growling, its sharp white teeth glistening like ivory daggers.

As Sarina heard the footsteps and roars behind her, she skipped up the steps as quickly as she could.

The Orange Panther followed, bounding right up the steps after her. Playing with them the way a cat plays with a mouse. Sarina and Soldier Sam were trapped.

"Frightfully Delightful"

It was a night of Fright for Sarina and Soldier Sam. But they would persevere and get out with a Sweet Treat on Halloween Night!

Sarina gripped her bag with her hands, feeling the handle against her through the thin material of her orange gloves.

I'm just going to keep going, she told Soldier Sam. Soon everything would be fine.

Sarina and Soldier Sam had accumulated a Large Stash of Candy for their efforts that night.

"Gonna share?" the Orange Panther asked.

Soldier Sam avoided the Orange Panther's eyes he was so scared

Orange Panther stepped closer and reached toward Sarina's bag.

Sarina froze and Soldier Sam's screams punctured the night.

Claws, Orange as a beautiful sunset and sharp as needles, sprouted from Orange Panther's fingertips.

"Just give me the bag!" Orange Panther roared.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were just about to turn away and run as fast as they possibly could.

But then Orange Panther's claws retracted.

At that same moment the sleek, orange panther changed his tune and gently placed the two huge chocolate bars right in front of Sarina and Soldier Sam, with his waving tail made question marks in the air.

Orange Panther reached into a plastic pumpkin on a table next to him containing additional candy bars. "Oh, take two more. I've got plenty." He handed Sarina a second one.

Sarina felt her arm jolt as the weight hit. "Thank you so much," she exclaimed. She could already imagine how delicious the Candy would be.

"And here you go, big guy" Orange Panther said, giving the other bar to Soldier Sam.

"Lucky Us!" Sarina exclaimed, so excited she and Soldier Sam had gotten such a wonderful candy Treat.

"That's very generous of you Orange Panther" Sarina said.

"Thanks again," Sarina and Soldier Sam said as they left the Haunted House.

"Come back next year!!" Orange Panther called.

"Halloween Is a Real Treat!"

At Angels Stadium on Halloween Night, Soldier Sam knew the wrappers of the chocolate candy bars contained a special secret that would be a surprise for Sarina.

There were so many different kinds of Halloween candy to choose from on Trick or Treat Adventures and on every one of the wrappers it was written in orange that Sarina and Soldier Sam had just punched their tickets to surf Saturn's Rings.

"Sarina, **Chocolate Morenita Bars** are a Halloween Superfood! Affordable and Portable. These delicious Treats are a Great Snack to Keep You Productive at all Angels Stadium Games." Explained Soldier Sam.

"Would you like some peanuts, as well, Sarina? "There Special Chocolate Bars are packed with Peanuts", Soldier Sam said offering the Chocolate Bar to Sarina.

“Go ahead, Sarina, Soldier Sam instructed. Open the Wrapper!!”

Sarina tore off the Halloween Candy Bar Wrapper. excitedly. Sarina knew peanuts, roasted or boiled with a pinch of salt is deliciously healthy snack. And the chocolate bars were packed with them!

Look Soldier Sam!” Sarina exclaimed. There is something written on the inside of the Wrapper!. It glows in the dark with an Orange inscription!”

“What does it say, Sarina?” Soldier Sam already knew the answer to that question.

“Why, Soldier Sam, the words written on the inside of the Chocolate Bar are an invitation!” Sarina discovered.

“And.. to what?” Sarina? Some kind of event?” asked Soldier Sam.

“YES!! Sarina shouted. It says we are invited on an Incredible Adventure to Surf Saturn’s Rings!!”

Sarina carried the Candy Bars to her office at Angels Stadium to get a closer look.

This is a Magical Surprise, Sarina. One that will challenge all of your talents. Explained Soldier Sam.

But it is not just a Ticket to Surf Saturn's Rings!" said Solider Sam. "You can fill up at lunch and give sufficient nutrients and energy to your brain and body for the rest of the day." Soldier Sam laughed.

Sarina did not hesitate to share The Chocolate Bar with Soldier Sam. "You are a great fan of peanut Chocolate Bars, aren't you Sarina!.", commented Soldier Sam as he clutched the candy bar from the Box.

.

"Yeah," Sarina said "It's a quick make snack, and can be shared with many." Over the time as the days in Angels Stadium office surged into the late evenings and then into nights, Sarina's chocolate peanut bars became more and more important. After-all, everyone around her work place enjoyed them.

Sarina was seated next to Soldier Sam. “You are a fan of peanuts too Soldier Sam, aren’t you? Sarina’s excitement over the Peanuts left Soldier Sam pleased at all the progress they made on the Halloween night.

Then came the Big Moment at the Office. Sarina and Solider Sam finally grasped the importance of the Tickets on the inside of the Candy Wrapper!

“”You are certainly the Lucky One this Halloween Night, Sarina!” Soldier Sam exclaimed. You get a double surprise. It’s going to be shared with ME. I will be your companion on the Unimaginable Trip into the far reaches of the Galaxy!”

“But . . . Soldier Sam . . .”, Sarina tried to speak and gauged her emotion. “How is that possible, Solider Sam? I had suspected all of our Adventures are over. I thought Angels Stadium on Halloween Night was the Finale of our Journey.

Soldier Sam smiled and explained to Sarina that the Trip to Surf Saturn’s Rings was the Ultimate Finale. “We will do what no one in the Universe has been able to do. Surfing Saturn’s Rings has always been considered to be an impossible task.

“When is our adventure going to Start?” asked Sarina.

“Enter the Twilight Zone”

“Our Magical Trip to Surf Saturn’s Rings will begin not too far off in the future at all, Sarina.” Soldier Sam promised.

“But we are not finished with our business here at Angels Stadium this Halloween Night.” Soldier Sam added. “There is much more to come with this Halloween Adventure!”

Sarina anticipated that the world would want to know her reaction to finding Tickets to the Ultimate Destination.

“Why Soldier Sam. There is the Press Now!!” Sarina noted with shock. I can’t wait to tell the world about the Shock I felt when I opened that Candy Bar and saw the Orange Message in the inside of it.

Describing the emotions Sarina felt in finding such a treasures on Halloween Night, Sarina says: 'It was a mixture of shock and just pure amazement.'

Soldier Sam added 'Words cannot describe the way the heart beats, feeling on the edge of your seat.'

Candy Bar fever is at an all-time high on Halloween Night, but the risks are real, and the brutal, rugged trek through Angels Mascot's Haunted House was as unforgiving as ever — filled with Fright that I will never in a million years be able to convey.

'So you're not just dealing with super-harsh elements, but some of the most dangerous species of Monsters in the entire world. There was an Orange Panther in the Haunted House that was the most Scary and Spooky creature I have ever encountered. Not even at the Zoo!" Sarina explained.

But none of the other Trick or Treaters were matched in intensity when compared to Sarina and Soldier Sam. That is why they found their treasure!

Sarina and Soldier Sam had found a Candy Stash worth an incredible fortune. Tickets to Surf Saturn's Rings!

Sarina and Soldier Sam had struck it rich on their brave attempt at navigating the Angels Stadium Haunted House!

It was the ultimate in Halloween Luck," explained Sarina.

In addition to the Prize Candy Bars we discovered our Trick or Treat Bags were filled with literally every single Halloween Candy you can imagine to hold within your hand.'

To their astonishment, in all the places Sarina and Soldier Sam went searching, an actual rainbow of Candy Treasure appeared on Halloween Night.

Sarina and Soldier Sam's Trick or Treat Bag was filled with a huge variety of Treats. The Halloween stash included Twix and Snickers Bars, Rainbows of colorful Skittles, Mounds and Almond Joy Candy by handfuls and, of course Sarina and Soldier Sam's favorite Treat, M&Ms, in both peanut and original varieties.

Some Trick or Treaters have spent year after Halloween Year searching for Candy Treasure that would amaze the world, but have never found anything as fabulous as this.

"M&Ms are among the most diverse Halloween Treats found anywhere on the planet. The colors can range from Yellow, Red, Brown, Blue and Orange, And YES!! They all have their own Spokescandy that appear in advertisements, delighting the world!

On this particular Halloween Trip, Sarina and Soldier Sam's attempt at mining for Candy at Angels Stadium, Sarina struck gold

In this case, the Treasure was Tickets to the Incredible Adventure of Surfing Saturn's Rings on an adventure no one in the world could only imagine in a Fantasy Dream, but Sarina and Soldier Sam would live out that adventure in Reality!!

Sarina and Soldier Sam's incredible discovery is life-changing, Sarina says. They can make their Space Ship Launch yet again, this time not to ordinary planets, but to the Grand Prize of all, Of course, Saturn!!

Most Trick or Treaters are excited by the prospect of striking it rich on Halloween and gaining instant celebrity, But this was never the goal of Sarina and Soldier Sam. Their Ultimate Fantasy was that of Adventure. Traversing the Galaxy to go where no one had ever gone before!!

Sarina and Soldier Sam's discovery will be told to the World for as long as Trick or Treaters set out for treasure on Halloween Night.

None of the discoveries in the previous Halloweens in any part of any planet have come close in value to what Sarina and Soldier Sam discovered on that Halloween Night of All Nights!!

“Hallo-Scream Field of Dreams”

And so it was Sarina and Soldier Sam had successfully passed through the gauntlet of Angels Mascot’s Haunted House on Halloween Night.

The beautiful sight of Angels Stadium playing field glowed in front of Sarina and Soldier Sam. What surprise might be ahead of them now? Would it be a fireworks show as Angels Mascot had scheduled?

Later that night, Sarina would be wondering—you can guess what and how, perhaps, but Angels Mascot won't detail, for what was promised was only the essentials, remember—and then came back to Angels Stadium here today, Sarina and Soldier Sam were about to unlock the Door to Angels Stadium Playing Field.

Right now as Sarina and Soldier Sam stood at the Door to the Green Grass and dirt infield of Angels Stadium, Sarina dared Soldier Sam not to turn back. There was Spooky Fright in that Haunted House Where Angels Mascot waited for Sarina and Soldier Sam that Halloween Night-- and there always will be.

That will be here as long as this Angels Stadium is a Party on every Game Day. For so long as Fans go though daily life without a care in the world.

Soldier Sam agreed: “With my heart beating countless miles per minute, fast I held by Sarina’s Side as I step into that awesome playing surface in Angels Stadium, with the Monster Outfield Fences riding in the distance.

Sarina and Soldier Sam showed the world that night how it passed by, and the spot where they stood, and where the door to the playing field seemed to open. What would they see next?

As they entered the gates, Sarina excitedly pointed to the Angels Scoreboard that greets all the Fans for every baseball game at the park.

"It says that there are 2 Extra Large Morenita Chocolate Bars at each Concession Stand! Shouted Sarina

And the sight of the deserted Angels Stadium made them realise all the Chocolate Bars were theirs!!

And the Haunted House on the Field was even more extravagant than the one inside Angels Mascot had set up! Sarina and Solider Sam had never seen one so Spooky!!

"Suppose we were to meet any Monsters inside?" said Solider Sam.

"We'd offer them some of our Candy," replied Sarina with that Beautiful light-heartedness which nothing can wholly compare.

Still, they hesitated to show themselves at the door to the magnificent playing field, overawed by the utter silence which reigned around them.

At last Sarina said boldly: "Come on Soldier Sam, we'll make a start; only let us be careful!"

And they made their way with excitement to the field entrance.

Sarina and Soldier Sam had to walk down the stairs in the aisle that Fans walked every game day and leap the fence before they could gain access.

Sarina took a running start, and, as soon as they were at the point where the stands met the field, they took a deep breath and vaulted over it.

Soldier Sam stole a glance at the Scoreboard and it said, "Happy Halloween, Sarina and Solider Sam!"

Their confidence was restored, and they began to walk onto the field.

Angels Mascot had designed the door to the Haunted House Finale on the field to look as if it had been deserted for years.

Sarina and Solider Sam were filled with Angels Stadium excitement at that moment-- excitement of once more getting to say.. "Trick-or-Treat!"

"Freakin' Fa-BOO-Lous Fireworks!"

Angels Stadium Haunted House stood magnificent on that Halloween Night— Sarina and Soldier Sam felt fortunate to just be a part of the sensational spookiness.

The Moon poured its light on Sarina and Soldier Sam, they no longer heard anything or thought of anything. They ignored the rest of the world; they were Trick-or-Treating at Angels Stadium!

But then for Sarina and Soldier Sam, they suddenly a loud rumbling sound, which seemed to come from deep inside the earth, shook the ground beneath them: like cannons were starting to thunder.

Sarina and Solider Sam turned their heads up to the Sky and could see, far above the Spooky Angels Stadium.

Then a few moments later a fresh detonation made the earth tremble.

Others followed, and minute by minute the Angels Stadium Field Haunted House Finale gave forth a Scary Halloween Fireworks show that lasted for hours and hours, high into the Sky, floating above Angels Stadium.

Sarina shrugged her shoulders.

"Angels Mascot is at it again! Happy Halloween, Solider Sam! Let's eat our Morenita Chocolate Bars."

And Soldier Sam and Sarina just stopped and took in the Beautiful Fireworks shooting into the Los Angeles Night Sky for the Rest of the Successful Trick-or-Treating Adventure.

But the adventure at Angels Stadium was not quite over for Sarina and Solider Sam. They had their Tickets to Surf Saturn's Rings, but there was yet another Treat for Sarina to discover.

There was a Glass Display Case in the Very Middle of Angels Stadium at Home Plate, suspended in a state of animation and displayed the famous World Series Ring that no one in history had been able to find.

But there it was. A magnificent display on Halloween Night. There exclusively for Sarina and Soldier Sam.

"Ha!" said Sarina with a Smile in her Heart, "This looks like our Friend World Series Ring!"

"Sarina grabbed the Angels Baseball Bat out of Solider Sam's hand and hammered the Glass Display Case with one swing, and pulled the door out of the Angels Stadium surprise wide open.

"But there was another baseball bat resistant protection defender inside, much stronger than the first, but the Lock had temporarily been deactivated by Angels

Mascot, and when Sarina and Soldier Sam said the magic password it opened easy as 1-2-3.

Sarina and Soldier Sam snatched the Ring and Ran with it out to the Outfield Fence and the Angels Stadium Scoreboard signaled the dramatic importance of Sarina's discovery.

There Sarina was recognised as the Halloween Star of the Angels Forever, The Star of Sports History and Star of the New Life Experienced by World Series Ring!!.

## PART 1

Sarina and Soldier Sam were Glowing following the 'Cuse Hockey Championship Win at Orange Stadium.

It was the conclusion of the first Season of Hockey at the Magical New Orange Stadium.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were walking down the Syracuse Streets discussing what lay in store for them in the days ahead.

“Oh, Soldier Sam let’s stop at this Bodega to do some shopping. There are just a few things I want to pick up before this next Syracuse Snow Storm comes in,” Sarina suggested.

“Good Idea Sarina!!” exclaimed Soldier Sam. “What are you thinking? Some Stuff for dinner? What about some Taco Supplies and a bottle of bourbon?”

“Sounds Great, Soldier Sam!!” Sarina agreed about the shopping expedition plan. “This snow storm is supposed to be the most intense of the winter season so far.”

“Yeah, Sarina. I heard that it might even reach Blizzard Status.” Soldier Sam was concerned that the entire City of Syracuse might be overcome by the impending Blizzard.

Sarina and Soldier Sam opened the front door to the Bodega.

“Here’s the plan, Sarina! You pick up the Taco Supplies and I’ll make the decisions in the Liquor Aisle” Soldier Sam instructed.

“But get the Cheapest Bourbon, Soldier Sam. We are a little short on money right now. We should have just enough cash for the Taco Supplies and Bourbon. Don’t get anything else, okay.” Sarina was the responsible one.

Sarina and Solider Sam completed their Bodega Missions successfully and met at the cash register.

“Oh, Solider Sam! They always have these Impulse Buys Displayed at the checkout.” Observed Sarina. “ I Spy a Chocolate Morenita Bar. I haven’t had one of those in Years. Well with all of our money problems..”

“Guess what Sarina? The Bourbon was on Sale for once. We have just enough cash for your Chocolate Morenita Bar!” Soldier Sam discovered.

The bill was paid so Sarina and Soldier Sam went out the Bodega Door and onto the Street.

Sarina and Soldier Sam had worked up quite an effort supporting the ‘Cuse Hockey Team at the Big Game tonight. Unknown at all the screaming Fans

at the Championship was that Soldier Sam was the driving force behind the Creation of the 'Cuse Hockey Team.

As Sarina and Soldier Sam started crossing the Syracuse Streets, Sarina decided to open up her Morenita Chocolate Bar.

Look Soldier Sam!” Sarina exclaimed. There is something written on the inside of the Wrapper!. It glows in the dark with an Orange inscription!”

“What does it say, Sarina?” Soldier Sam already knew the answer to that question.

“Why, Soldier Sam, the words written on the inside of the Chocolate Bar are an invitation!” Sarina discovered.

“And.. to what?” Sarina? Some kind of event?” asked Soldier Sam.

“YES!! Sarina shouted. It says we are invited on an Incredible Adventure to Surf Saturn’s Rings!!”

Sarina started running back to Orange Stadium to read the message on the Candy Bars at her office at Orange Stadium to get a closer look.

This is a Magical Surprise, Sarina. One that will challenge all of your talents. Explained Soldier Sam.

But it is not just a Ticket to Surf Saturn's Rings!" said Solider Sam. "You can fill up on the tasty treat and give sufficient nutrients and energy to your brain and body for the rest of this night.' Soldier Sam laughed.

With their Tickets for Surfing Saturn's Rings in hand, and just having witnessed the most Magical Hockey Game Displays of Excitement in Syracuse History, Sarina and Soldier Sam set out for the Launch Pad,

Sarina and Soldier Sam were arriving at the most majestic Launch Pad of any of the Launch Pads they had utilized in their Trip through Intergalactic Space.

It was time now to get ready to Surf Saturn's Rings! At last Sarina and Soldier Sam would reach the Most Ultimate Destination!!

"Wow, that was worth the trip." Sarina started the walk back to the Train Station on their way to the Launch Pad that would start a journey unlike Sarina and Soldier Sam had experienced so far in their Story.

"And even worth the trip back," Soldier Sam agreed. "The whole night from beginning to end was well worth the Time.

"This is the Best Chocolate Bar Ever!" Sarina said in Amazement. She lifted the candy bar from her bag. I've never experienced a Trip quite like this, Soldier Sam."

"Yeah." Soldier Sam reached into the Shopping Bad "It must cost Orange Mascot a fortune to buy that new Stadium for the Orange. But I guess he really wants

people like us to like him. I know I'm going to tell everyone how Great of an Experience this trip to Orange Stadium was!"

"Run! We're going to miss the Train to the Launch Pad" Sarina shouted.

Sarina and Soldier Sam rushed out of the door shooting adversaries with their ray guns left and right as they ran up to the Control Center Door.

They opened the first door they could find and there, sitting on the landing pod was Orange Mascot. He smiled his biggest smile and ran up to greet them both.

"I didn't think you guys were going to get here on time" Orange Mascot said.

"Of course we would, Orange Mascot!" Sarina and Soldier Sam replied.

When they got to the Mission Prep Simulator, Sarina paused and looked back. "We made it, Soldier Sam trying to catch her breath after all that adventure.

"What was the deal with that Mascot anyway? I've never seen a Mascot like that in any Stadium before!!"

Soldier Sam agreed. "Me, either. But we got away, at least. And we still have our Taco Supplies for the Journey.

Sarina was beginning to wonder if it had been her imagination. There couldn't really have been such Excitement during the whole 'Cuse Hockey Game Experience-- like that chasing them through Space on their way to Syracuse.

And if you have been paying attention this had all been one big chase..

But Sarina knew one thing for certain. "This sure is an experience I will remember for the rest of my Life, Soldier Sam."

"Yes, Sarina!" Soldier Sam agreed. "Me Too!"

Sarina saw a group of Security Guards walk past, heading towards the Launch Pad. Sarina started to consider warning them about all the danger that lay ahead of them all on the Trip to Surfing Saturn's Rings, but then decided not say anything.

No one other than you would believe me about all these adventures we have shared together, Soldier Sam," Sarina expressed.

And, to tell the truth, Sarina had begun to doubt the experience herself. There couldn't really have been such an adventure, with Mascots leading the way and adventures on many planets, and being chased throughout their journey in the Stars.

"Come on," Soldier Sam said. "Let's do this! We are almost at the Launch Pad and we still got a few more minutes. They Boarded the Starship. The newest in the Fleet. Certainly more high tech than any Starship Sarina and Soldier Sam had traveled in up to this point.

"Good idea." Sarina followed Soldier Sam.

Sarina's Taco Shopping Bag was nearly full. Normally, that was when she would have stopped shopping after the Big 'Cuse Hockey Game. But there was so much left to see. Sarina and Soldier Sam had completed their Training for the mission to Saturn.

Finally, they arrived at the Launch Pad that would be the start to a mission to Surf Saturn's Rings!!

"Did you have a good time at the 'Cuse Hockey Game, Sarina?" Soldier Sam asked.

Sarina nodded in the affirmative. She had checked out her Orange and Blue Game

Day outfit in the window of the Bodega and it looked good. But hardly the right attire for a Magical Trip to Saturn.

You had better find your Space Suit, Sarina. I don't think we will get past Launch Pad Security if you don't trade that Game Day 'Cuse Gear in for a Space Suit, "Soldier Sam recommended.

"Yeah. I think this was the best 'Cuse Game ever. I can't wait until we will go on an even bigger adventure. "Sarina said Happily.

"Well, just let me know if you are Happy with your new Space Suit. It is still 'Cuse Orange Colors but it has been designed with all the protection you will need for the Tough Starship Scenes ahead" Soldier Sam told Sarina.

"I think I'll stick with this one, Soldier Sam" Sarina said viewing the selection in the Starship Mirror.

"It's kind of fun being such a Great Explorer with you, Solider Sam. And this Space Suit fits me perfect. Very suitable for any Statement to the Stars" Sarina decided.

"Yes, Sarina. I agree" Soldier Sam responded. I think I might get one for myself so we can match anything that might come our way at this next Special Event Surfing Saturn's Rings!!

"Buckle Up for a Fantastic Ride Surfing Saturn's Rings!"

Sarina and Soldier Sam had a plan to Surf on Saturn's Rings on her Birthday with an incredible Starship. Saturn's Moon Titan was the best option within the solar system. Sarina

commanded one of the last Starships leaving Earth. But Sarina and Soldier Sam end up nowhere near Titan. In fact, they are light-years away from the targeted solar system.

Sarina didn't know how she got there, but going anywhere from here will require everything this Starship has got. It's an extended voyage in search of a distant planet. Sarina and Soldier Sam have survived because of an advanced tractor beam contained on the Starship. Some wings of the massive Starship are essentially battle zones.

Soldier Sam and I were having the time of our lives at the Starship controls. We just didn't want to screw it up." Sarina would later explain after the journey.

Sarina put into words later in the Space Mission summaries—" it was like 'Okay, let me go and try it. It might change my life."

But although they shared a workspace, it wasn't until Sarina and Soldier Sam ended up at the Starship controls that they got speaking about the future.

"Everything Soldier Sam talks about is about Starships," says Sarina, laughing as she was interviewed after the journey.

Mission Command sealed off an entire team and opened the airlock, leaving them all in space. Sarina was trained for moments like this, and when you discover the 6<sup>th</sup> Air Wing is planning to engage its targets, to take supplies with them, and to make a triumphant sprint to Saturn's Rings, saving the Solar System is all in the hands of Sarina and Soldier Sam.

Sarina and Soldier Sam will be the first to see Planet Saturn and Surf its Rings.. Despite having lived your entire life on board and training for this very purpose, the thundering excitement you feel nearly give you a heart attack the moment you break the atmosphere.

Sarina accelerates though space, and for a long hour all members of the crew simply sit and stare out the windows, speechless and awestruck. Monitor readings and everything else seem fine.

Finally—with a broken transmission communication line back to Earth and no way of knowing what you are facing—Sarina took Soldier Sam's hand and opened the airlock.

"For me, that was where I was like "Yeah, Soldier Sam might be the guy," Sarina says now.

But in the aftermath of the gunbattle action Sarina and Soldier Sam were wanting to continue getting to know one another.

"I think these little conversations, they kept us always a little more lovely about the other one", Sarina shared after that incredible adventure.

"When you're on the takeoff field, and you have a Spaceship like this, it's a fantastic time for an incredible trip on the Starship-- after work, what you're going to do when it's nice weather, you're going to go out and fly" Soldier Sam would later explain.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were in the Starship and ready to go, both seated at the controls.

Sarina was excited about arriving at Saturn on her Birthday but there are some crew members who would rather stay within the confines of the Starship than to settle a harsh world. From their perspective, abandoning a Starship that provides everything that they need is not in their best interests.

Home is not some faraway planet for the crew. Home is making the mechanics of this Starship work to function, plain and simple. Sarina and Soldier Sam will have to convince them that the entire future of the universe is in their hands before mutiny becomes an option.

On a Starship like this, multiple shifts have lived without ever setting foot on the ground. Saturn is almost a legend, with some believing it was nothing more than a myth. However, Scouts have returned claiming that Saturn still has its Rings.

The few crew members who know what Saturn has to offer are excited to return, while Soldier Sam is harboring some concern that it might not be technically possible to "Surf" Saturn's Rings.

Starship command realizes it needs a way to parcel out the power or run the same risk that had led to much destruction in the past.

“Soldier Sam and I were so eager to get to Saturn and see what all the stories are about” Sarina told the Press over due course of the interviews.

But some of their competitors have a different plan and intend to abandon the group on the planet's surface and take the Starship up into orbit. With its vast supplies and advanced technology, the Starship was poised to allow Sarina’s battlegroup to easily dominate those undermining the effort to Surf Saturn’s Rings.

Sarina knew full well what the plan was and if word got out, it may immediately lead to conflict.

Soldier Sam was confident in Sarina’s abilities to make a successful mission out of it. “There's ordinary, and then there's you, Sarina” Soldier Sam admired Sarina. “You're really something special.”

Soldier Sam admired how Sarina deals with difficult situations. “I wish I was as poised and level-headed as you” Soldier Sam added.

It was going to be a difficult hike through the Universe for Sarina, Soldier Sam and the crew aboard the Starship.

Sarina was getting worked up, but she stayed in position until Soldier Sam joined her to take the helm of the Starship Command Video Communications Control Board. Sarina had piloted the Starship for a considerable time, so the post-flight check and shutdown had been her responsibility.

Do you know what happened to me recently? asked Sarina. “ I never considered before that first training day I would go into Saturn’s Orbit.. It was unbelievable. First they showed me a huge and very shiny Rocket Trainer. Then I got inside the rocket. Then, I pressed a button and I heard a loud noise. Pretty much instantly, the training simulator was far away in another Galaxy light years from Saturn. It was very quick. Wow!”

“This is a long way to go for an Intergalactic Training Exercise, isn't it Sarina?” Soldier Sam agreed with her.

“And you should have seen the post-flight check and shutdown they made me do after that!” Sarina was still upset about it.

“Yeah, Continuing education is a big pain, even for someone as talented as you, Sarina” agreed Soldier Sam. “I don’t like group projects. Sometimes it gets frustrating working with other people—to their schedule and to their standards.”

Neither Sarina or Soldier Sam got the training assignment they expected. That’s how it works sometimes, but at least they were together on this Surfing Saturn’s Rings Expedition.

Soldier Sam would always consider to himself, “Sarina is just as beautiful on the inside as she is on the outside. And that is very much a lot!”

Parts of Training were worth it. The best memory Sarina and Soldier Sam had of training was the project to communicate with all 100 Billion planets in the universe.

Sarina and Soldier Sam remembered the Training exercise like it was yesterday.

Sarina ceremoniously blasted into place the final intergalactic connection with a Diamond Torch.

The eyes of 100 television cameras watched her and the network transmitted throughout the universe 100 pictures of what she was doing.

Sarina straightened and nodded to Solider Sam, and moved to a position beside the switch that would complete the intergalactic contact when he threw it.

It was the switch that would connect, all at once, all of the monster computing machines of all the populated planets in the universe-- 100 billion planets-- into the supercircuit that would connect them all into one Super Calculator, one digital machine that would combine all the knowledge of all the galaxies.

Sarina spoke briefly to the watching and listening trillions. Then after a moment's

silence she said, "Now, Solider Sam!"

Soldier Sam threw the switch. There was a mighty hum, the surge of power from 100 billion planets. Lights flashed and quieted along the miles-long control panel.

Sarina stepped back and drew a deep breath. "The honor of asking the first question is yours, Soldier Sam."

"Thank you," said Soldier Sam. "It will be a question which no single high tech machine has been able to answer."

Soldier Sam turned to face the machine. "Is there a woman so Beautiful in the Universe of Galaxies she could redefine the definition of Beautiful on all the 100 Billion Planets?"

The mighty voice answered without hesitation, without the clicking of a single relay.

"Yes NOW there is, Sarina!"

Much time had passed since that successful training exercise but it had prepared them well for the Saturn Mission. Sarina was back on the controls as the Starship accelerated through the universe in search of the Ultimate destination, Saturn's Rings!!

Sarina was curious, "Don't you think somebody should be here to meet us somewhere in this universe so we have a competent wingman? It's not like we don't have any adversaries out here. Don't they understand that back at Mission Control?"

"The briefing did not tell us where to go once we arrived," Soldier Sam said. "You would think there would be a message waiting.

Sarina rapped on the controls. "Maybe figuring out where we're supposed to be is a part of the training schedule."

"That would be a suspect curriculum." responded Soldier Sam. "Have I mentioned how much I dislike group projects?"

“And what would be a good one?” responded Sarina.

Soldier Sam hadn't meant to start an argument with the Command System, but the response he always got from Leadership was Tough.

Still, Soldier Sam had his opinions. “Something focused on the Titanic Business, maybe?” suggested Soldier Sam.

Sarina held up her hand as if expecting something from Soldier Sam. “Don't get me started again. I don't need us to spend the entire time we're here talking about transportation disasters.” Sarina responded. *But Sarina was more helpful to Soldier Sam than she might think.*

“Hello, Earth to Soldier Sam” Sarina continued. She got more of the same every time Soldier Sam opened his mouth to speak.

*Your perspective is pretty much spot on and on time. Soldier Sam could never stop the compliments he had been dishing out to Sarina for the last several .years.*

“I'm a pilot engineer, Sarina reminded Soldier Sam. “Also I didn't bring up the Titanic this time. You did.”

Soldier Sam was still being critical of the system, “Some Disasters are caused by human error and, especially bad design. We can prevent those things.”

Soldier Sam was right as far as it went, but there were other factors: career motives, for example. Or small problems that caused unpredicted consequences and multiplied difficult failures too big to engineer against.

But Sarina didn't want to give Soldier Sam any more ammunition, about seeming distracted from the Mission to Surf Saturn's Rings. So she decided to redirect the conversation.

. “I don't think much of their protocols if they're going to allow clueless recruits wander around. Anyways, let's start to focus on our mission.” Sarina suggested. “We are, after all, at the controls of a massive Starship speeding through space.”

” I'm not clueless about our mission to Surf Saturn's Rings at all, Sarina,” Soldier Sam responded. “I'm all in. “ Succeeding at this mission will set out our course for the future. It will be great for both of us!”

Soon Sarina and Soldier Sam were soaring over planets and shooting through Space.

Mid-air, Sarina asked Soldier Sam if he would like to see a magic trick and, tentatively, Soldier Sam agreed. He wasn't scared of heights or flying, but this was an experience like none he had before, and he was still suspect of Sarina's intentions.

Sarina momentarily descended the Starship, before ascending it again, creating a kind of 'zero gravity' feeling.

"If you want you can hold on to me," Soldier Sam remembered Sarina saying.

"That was a monster moment for me," Soldier Sam would later recall.

Soldier Sam still had butterflies, but now it was for a different reason. Sarina had invited Soldier Sam to share a bottle of Bourbon, against his greater instincts.

"It was too late, because I was already starting to like Soldier Sam," Sarina says now. "For me, there was no going back."

Soldier Sam had considered the situation at the end of that battle "It's probably just a scheduling error. Let's take some advice from the crew and see if we can find Ops."

"Right. I agree. Let's make that communication to someone with more perspective than us. Being at the controls of a Starship like this does distract us from the big picture.. you know, what is happening between other planets" Sarina had a clearer view than Soldier Sam did

"Your talents and potential seem virtually limitless, Sarina." Soldier Sam declared. "I'm lucky to have a Starship partner like you."

Sarina went back to working the controls, made a move inside and then called Mission Control. "We will get back to you" was the answer. They needed time to consider the options.

"We only have enough fuel for one more run," Solider Sam reminded Sarina. "Yeah, we will really need to conserve it." They sat down in their seats and waited for Mission Control. No reply.

Finally there was some crackling from the radio.

Soldier Sam was grateful for the outside help. "We've been stuck up together a long time, Sarina. That would stress anyone out."

"I don't know why I try," said Sarina.. "Sarina understood Soldier Sam's situation, dealing with all of his limitations. Sarina decided to issue Solider Sam a compliment for once. "Soldier Sam, If you were a box of crayons, you'd be the giant name-brand one with the built-in sharpener."

"Station engineering often involves working with a lot of people in close quarters, so I just have a problem doing that. It's nothing intentional" responded Soldier Sam. "I just prefer to deal with you."

"Sure it's a good career choice for you, Solider Sam?" asked Sarina.

"What else am I supposed to do?" responded Soldier Sam. "It's not like I care about anything except for you. You're a great example to myself and all the others, Sarina."

As the latest barrage of gunfire drew to a close, Sarina explained later it was at that point she remembered her motives to walk Soldier Sam back to the engine room.

It was Sarina who suggested she and Soldier Sam go on their first big date and she recalled as such in the ensuing report.

Sarina found Soldier Sam in the engine room one day -- she'd become familiar with the engine he was working on, and always found him in or around the mechanics station when she stopped to chat.

After a fierce gun battle, Sarina and Soldier Sam tackled the task of eating burgers together. "Those burgers were so delicious" Soldier Sam mentioned in the post flight interview

"Most jobs aren't as big as this one. Plenty of contracts on outposts where Station Ops is the only function," Sarina said. "And the nearest support squadron might be light-minutes away. Or hours, sometimes, depending on the orbits."

"You've pretty on the Mark, Sarina." Soldier Sam found that date with the burgers really hit close to home.

Solider Sam studied Sarina's face to look for some clues..

"I'm pretty sure that it didn't suggest I was being anything else but honest" Sarina was being straight with Solider Sam.

But who could ever know for sure what Soldier Sam was doing? He never had a plan for anything when he woke up in the morning. But it always turned into some kind of power grab.

Sarina remembered recalling up a reserve of boldness when she asked Soldier Sam if he wanted to go take a break from shooting space objects and enjoy some time at the cinema outside the engine room for an hour or two and he agreed.

Soon, the two were heading out on various dates in different parts of the Starship.

"It was just a very exciting time for both of us," said Soldier Sam later. "Sarina having moved to another part of the galaxy, not really knowing anyone, and still trying to find her place. But also for me, because up to that point, all I had really had in my mind were Starship missions.

"I think right from the beginning, both of us had this feeling like, I have found the greatest partner," says Sarina, who remembers telling the rest of the crew she met someone special.

"You're going to request a drone service depot at Saturn?" asked Soldier Sam.

"Maybe," Sarina responded. "Maybe before we go Surfing on the Rings. This wasn't the training rotation I asked for, but I guess we will make do with what is available to us there."

"Takes all kinds of people to screw something like this," said Solider Sam. "No one else other than you would be able to pilot this Starship under these conditions."

"You should be proud of your efforts and success, Sarina." Soldier Sam added.

Sarina wasn't the first person in the world to consider Soldier Sam as he was. But she was more tolerant than the rest.

"But I just don't like pointless disasters. The ones where nobody could do anything. Those are just terrible. Sarina was starting to talk. " I like the ones where things happen slowly enough for people to respond. To mitigate. To avert the worst, or some of the worst.

"Or the ones where something terrible went wrong because somebody was in a hurry, not paying attention. Taking shortcuts." said Soldier Sam.

"Like isn't the right word, anyway. I don't like disasters, I assess and react to them. You learn from the mistakes, and then hopefully you make different mistakes." Sarina said accurately. That was one of the many reasons she was in charge of this mission.

“You are making a difference in the world and for me” Soldier Sam was grateful for Sarina.

“Well, I try to just focus on the interesting, useful disasters. And sometimes only those in an exclusive area.” There were some things Soldier Sam just didn’t care about. Pretty much anything that wasn’t named Sarina, anyways.

Lots of disasters are useful too.” Soldier Sam added. “ What’s amazing about some incidents is not so much the terrible parts everyone talks about. What’s amazing about many operations the press characterizes as disasters is all the times they all get completed without a hitch. You just never hear about that stuff.” Soldier Sam had figured that out.

All this time, Sarina had been taking photos of her and Soldier Sam, just hanging out at the Starship Cinema outings. She figured anyone who sees them would probably guess Soldier Sam was important to her, but she didn't want to spill the news just yet.

Sarina and Soldier Sam enjoyed many an evening dinner together, with Sarina encouraging Soldier Sam to slow the gas pedal away from his reliance on bourbon and bacon cheeseburgers teaching Soldier Sam recipes she'd grown up with.

Taking a journey to Surf Saturn’s Rings was an easy adjustment for Soldier Sam, he affirmed in the post flight interviews.

"We didn't have a lot of arguments. We were just happy to be there for each other and with each other," Soldier Sam would say later.

"We were really starting to make it as Starship Partners, and we were so sure of what we wanted down the line," Sarina recalled the groundbreaking news in a broadcast interview afterwards..

The Docking Pad at their next pit stop was deserted. Sarina hustled a few steps to catch up with what she was seeing on the Dashboard Monitor. "Does this seem right to you, Soldier Sam?"

"You will figure out where we should be. If anyone can figure it out the current position of our Starship in relation to Saturn's Rings, it would be you, Sarina" On that point, Soldier Sam was sure.

Sarina was considering the course ahead of the Starship consulting her handheld Action Tracker Device. She looked distracted but not concerned. "There will be plenty of disasters for you to Love, Soldier Sam. You don't have to rush it."

"It's not—" Soldier Sam started to defend himself.

"You don't have to explain yourself to me." Sarina showed understanding that Soldier Sam was just pretty much fucked up, that's all. "Anyway, you really don't like when people just sit around talking about people"

"As long as I don't have to be involved, I guess other people are fine. Someone's got to do some jobs" Soldier Sam responded.

"OK," Sarina said.

"Sarina!" Soldier Sam exclaimed. "You are just what the universe needs. Your kindness is like a spark of light and someone's reason to smile."

Soldier Sam turned his attention to their surroundings and lowered his voice. "But there are hundreds of people on this Starship in addition to us. Where the fuck is everybody? What are they doing? See, that's my point about people sometimes"

"We didn't regret not having anyone with us," Sarina would later state. "We were just enjoying each other's company."

After all the Adventures Sarina and Soldier Sam had, Sarina affirmed the plan she and Soldier Sam had developed-- continue to have fun, work together as a team, and put their mission first.

"We have always trusted our gut, " explained Sarina after the events. "We always say if everything falls down, the most important thing, we still have it -- and that's us."

A pulse ran through the deck. It didn't feel like an impact. It felt as if Ops was using an attitude jet to adjust the station's trim.

Sarina was surprised the Starship had encountered some resistance in this airspace. Things had been quiet for a while, so she grabbed one of the Side Guns and got some of the crew to see to that.

But there was no response. Something wasn't working right.

Soldier Sam opened the battery compartment and took out a dozen large batteries. "I think we can tape these together and make one big battery that will start powering the guns," said Soldier Sam. "Hand me that Duct Tape from the Tool Kit."

"Sounds like a good idea to me," said Sarina. Soldier Sam lined up the batteries in three rows of four and taped them together in a bundle. He took a piece of tape and connected a wire to the batteries on each end. He hooked one up to the starter. He took the other wire and ran it back up into the front.

Soldier Sam told Sarina to ready the Starship for Action.

"If I touch the wire to the metal on the dashboard, the starter should work and we can blast those fuckers off." Soldier Sam hoped that he was right.

"Are you ready?" Soldier Sam asked Sarina without waiting for an answer. "Here goes!" As he touched the wire to the dashboard, they could hear the roar of the rocket guns.

Before they knew it, they were zooming back through space towards Saturn's Rings. "Yes!!" it was clear they both wanted that to happen with the artillery systems.

The Starship blasted forward towards the Landing Pad. Then Sarina saw Saturn's Rings. She turned the controls to Titan Station.

"Mission control to Sarina," came over the headsets. "Sarina here." "You will need to prepare for landing," said the voice on the radio. "Roger that, we'll be ready," said Sarina.

"The curves of the Rings loomed over our Starship" Sarina had observed and it was one of the first things she wanted to talk about when the mission was all over with. We came up on the inside to dock, our Starship matching velocity to slide between the cables that kept the station in trim.

"It was a very special moment Soldier Sam and I shared," Sarina would recall further down the line.

"Here we go, Soldier Sam!! Hold on, it looks like it might be a rough landing." The Starship came in very rough. So rough that both Sarina's and Soldier Sam's airbags deployed. Finally, they came to rest.

"Soldier Sam, are you O.K.?" asked Sarina. "Yes, I'm O.K." responded Soldier Sam. " But that airbag hit me in the face like a rock-hard punch. I think my face would be broken if I didn't have this helmet on.

From the moment Sarina and Soldier Sam docked, Soldier Sam couldn't shut down his concerns that everything could go wrong. Sarina was the first one out of the Starship. She dropped off the ladder above the deck and landed lightly in the partial gravity.

Pushing out a few steps from the Starship Sarina looked up at the whirl of space above her. From here Sarina had a new perspective of the Starship, with its towering hub, the web of cables, and some of the shuttle's hull all seemingly "above" her, because with spin gravity everything is different.

After Soldier Sam stepped out of the Starship next, both of them turned their attention to the Rings in the Sky above them.

"Soldier Sam and I could not have imagined a more incredible sight. There we saw the Giant Rings, in all of their Glory." Sarina would later report to the media.

And the Rings were the brightest and colourful thing Soldier Sam had ever seen. The scene was so beautiful because the Sun's rays reflected all of the magnificent colours of the Rings. There were also millions of shining stars and other planets.

The view of the Rings inspired Soldier Sam. "Sarina, Everything would be better if our galaxy was like you!"

I hope all your wishes come true, Soldier Sam— except for the illegal ones. Sarina laughed.

Even Jokes were more delightful to Soldier Sam when Sarina tells them.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were amazed, "Finally we are on Saturn!" Sarina saw lots of craters and all different shaped stars.

Let's take a look around and see if those Dune Buggies are still in the Trunk." suggested Sarina.

"Good idea," said Soldier Sam.

Sarina and Soldier Sam put on their Space Walk Suits.

Soldier Sam found lots of rocks and saw lots of dust. Sarina decided to get on the Dune Buggy and drive to the other side of the planet to explore it. While she was exploring she saw a dust storm approaching so Sarina quickly ran to the Dune Buggy and drove very fast back to the Starship.

But this Birthday Mission to Surf Saturn's Rings was too important to Sarina and Soldier Sam to stay on the ground.

"We just couldn't just stop on the planet without setting coordinates to Surf the Rings. There was no time to take any chances. That much was sure." Sarina recalled the monumental decision.

Sarina and Soldier Sam climbed into the Starship and prepared to start the engines

Soldier Sam called out to Sarina, "Navigator ready?" Sarina called back in the headset, "Yes, navigator ready."

"Mission control ready?" Soldier Sam asked into the headset. "Mission control ready. We will begin countdown in T minus ten seconds, nine seconds, eight seconds" . . . Sarina's Heart began to race . . . "two seconds, one . . . BLASTOFF!"

Sarina and Soldier Sam clung on tightly as they had never felt a power like this before. They soon zoomed out towards the Rings!

Sarina turned to Soldier Sam excitedly, "We're going on a Ring Hunt, we're going to Surf some Rings, we're not scared! Bring It On!!"

As the Starship took off for the Rings, Sarina and Soldier Sam were thrown back into their seats. The Starship zoomed up into the sky so fast everything out the window was just a blur. It seemed like just a couple of seconds had gone by when everything got really smooth and quiet.

Sarina and Soldier Sam were Surfing Saturn's Rings on Sarina's Birthday!

## EPILOGUE

### PART 1

Now, addressing this business of Orange Stadium. Where does Sarina stand on Orange Mascot? Lots of people say she makes much more of him than he deserves.

Well, to that Sarina says. Why not? He is the face that is all and all good as far as Sports Mascots. Some might even say he stands alone. Sarina gave up trying to watch other sports teams as soon as she met Orange Mascot.

The story really begins when Sarina got back to town after visiting Orange Stadium some months ago. She was spending a week or so there, as she generally did during Hoops Season, but had to break short the visit to come back to get a new Valet.

They sent Soldier Sam.

Sarina will always remember the morning he came. It so happened that the night before she had been present at a rather cheery little supper, and was feeling pretty rocky. On top of this she was trying to read a book Orange Mascot had given her.

You see, Orange Mascot was particularly interested on boosting Sarina up a bit nearer his own plane of Hoops event making. She was a girl with a wonderful profile, but also steeped in serious purpose.

Sarina can't give you a better idea of the way things stood than by telling you that the book Orange Mascot had given her given her read was called "Orange you Glad You are a Cuse Fan?" and that when Sarina opened it at random she struck a page beginning:--

Orange Mascot was so Exhausted after executing the Hoops Mission he decided to run over to eat at his favourite restaurant that served Orange Soda, as well as Orange Gluten-Free Pizza.

Perfectly understandable no doubt; but not the sort of thing to spring on Sarina the morning after such a party..

Sarina was doing her best to skim through this bright little volume when the bell rang. Sarina crawled off the sofa and opened the door. A kind of tragic sort of respectful Soldier Sam was standing on the porch.

"I was sent by the Orange Agency, Sarina," Soldier Sam said. "I was given to understand that you required a valet."

Sarina would have preferred someone completely opposite of Solider Sam; but she told him to stagger in, and he floated noiselessly through the doorway. That impressed Sarina from the start. Solider Sam didn't seem to have any trouble walking at all. He just streamed in. He had a sympathetic face, as if he, too, knew what it was to party so hard the night before.

"Excuse me, Sarina," Soldier Sam said kindly.

Then he seemed to flicker, and wasn't there any longer. Sarina heard him moving about in the kitchen, and presently he came back with a glass of Orange Juice on a tray.

"If you would drink this, Sarina," Soldier Sam said. "It is a little preparation of my own invention. A lot of people have told me they have found it extremely invigorating after a late evening."

Sarina would have clutched at anything that looked like a life-line that morning and tried it out. For a moment Sarina felt as if the drink was running through her mouth with a lighted torch, and then everything seemed suddenly to get all right. The sun shone in through the window; birds twittered in the tree-tops; and, generally speaking, hope dawned once more.

"You're the Best!" Sarina said, as soon as she could say anything.

Sarina perceived clearly that Orange Stadium was one of the world's wonders, the sort no world should be without.

"Thank you, Sarina. My name is Solider Sam."

"You can start in at once?" asked Sarina.

"Immediately, Sarina" Solder Sam replied.

"Because I'm due over at Orange Stadium soon."

"Very good, Sarina." Solider Sam looked past her at the mantelpiece. "That is an excellent likeness of Orange Mascot, Sarina."

Solider Sam couldn't tell Sarina anything she didn't know about Orange Mascot.

Sarina had known Orange Mascot ever since she was a kid, and at this point

in the proceedings there was another ring at the front door. Soldier Sam shimmered out and came back with a telegram. Sarina opened it. It ran:

*Return immediately. Extremely urgent. Catch first train.*

*Always Yours,*

*Orange Mascot*

Orange Mascot knew Sarina was going to visit Orange Stadium later in the week anyway; so why the hurry call?

Something must have happened, of course; but Sarina couldn't see what on earth it could be.

"Soldier Sam," Sarina said, "We will be going down to the Orange Stadium to visit Orange Mascot presently. Can you manage it?"

"Certainly, Sarina." assured Soldier Sam.

"You can get your packing done and all that?" asked Sarina.

"Without any difficulty, Sarina". Soldier Sam sounded confident.

"All right, then," Sarina said.

"Yes, you can be sure of that Solider Sam said."

And then Soldier Sam went away to collect his kit, while Sarina started in again on "Why Orange Mascot exercises to Stay in Shape" and took a stab at a chapter headed "Using the Orange Express Lane to Prep for Orange Hoop Games is a State of Mind onto Itself."

Most of the way down in the train that afternoon, Sarina was wondering what could be up at the other end. Sarina simply couldn't guess what happened.

Was Orange Mascot in Trouble? He wouldn't have let anything crazy go on in his house. He wasn't a real Party Animal He was just finishing writing a History of Orange Hoops or something, which he had been working on for several years, and didn't stir much from the library.

He was rather a good instance of the sort to in the past, throw caution to the wind and not have a care in the world. You would never have thought it to look at him now.

"Sarina, you remember asking me, when you left, to make myself pleasant to the Orange Mascot? Solider Sam asked Sarina.

"Yes, of course. Sarina replied."

The idea being, of course, that at the time Sarina was more or less dependent on Orange Mascot so her choice of Valet Services probably wouldn't happen without his approval. And though Sarina knew he wouldn't have any objection to Soldier Sam, Sarina didn't want to take any chances; so she told Solider Sam to make an effort to fascinate Orange Mascot.

"You told me it would please him particularly if I would read some of his History of Orange Hoops." Soldier Sam confirmed.

"Wasn't he pleased?" asked Sarina

"He was delighted. He just finished writing the thing I read nearly all of it right away. I have never had such a shock in my life, Soldier Sam commented. The book is an outrage. It is impossible. It is horrible!"

"C'mon, it couldn't have been as bad as all that." Sarina responded.

"It is not a History of Orange Hoops at all. Orange Mascot has written his personal perspective! He calls them 'Recollections of a Too Busy Life!'"

Sarina began to understand. As Sarina knew, Orange Mascot had been somewhat on the rough side at times, and it began to look as if he might have turned out something that would grab the headlines if he had started recollecting his long life.

"If half of what he has written is true," said Soldier Sam, "Orange Mascot's time he spent year-round in years past must have been perfectly appalling. The moment I began to read he plunged straight into a most scandalous story of how he was thrown out of a music hall.

"Why?" asked Sarina

"I decline to tell you why." replied Solider Sam

It must have been something pretty bad. It must have taken a lot to make them chuck people out of music halls, said Sarina.

"Orange Mascot specifically states he had drank a full 1.75L of Bourbon before beginning the evening," Solider Sam went on. "The book is full of stories like that.

"Oh, well, I shouldn't worry, Sarina said No publisher will print the book if it's as bad as all that."

"On the contrary, Sarina. Orange Mascot told me that all negotiations are settled and they have agreed to send a copy out with every single Orange Hoops Ticket this year. It will be an immediate publication. They make a special thing of that sort of book. They published Santa's North Pole Memories the minute he finished it.

"Well when I tell you that Santa's North Pole Memories are simply not to be

compared with Orange Mascot's Recollections, you will understand what I am saying. The many exploits of his best friend appear in nearly every story in the book! I am horrified at the things he did!"

"What's to be done?" asked Sarina.

"The manuscript must be intercepted before it reaches the Orange Stadium Distribution Center, and destroyed!"

Sarina thought this sounded rather sporting.

"How are you going to do it?" Sarina inquired.

"How can I do it, replied Solider Sam ? Didn't I tell you the parcel goes off the day before the Orange Game? I have a pre-arranged social obligation and won't be back until later on. You must do it. "

"What!" Sarina reacted with shock.

Solider Sam gave Sarina a look.

"Do you mean to say you refuse to help me, Sarina?"

"No; but--I say!" Sarina couldn't find the right words.

"It's quite simple, Sarina" Soldier Sam was insistent.

"But even if I--What I mean is--Of course, anything I can do--but--if you know what I mean----" said Sarina

"You say you want to me to be your Valet, Sarina?"

"Yes, of course; but still----" said Sarina

"I will never be your valet if those Recollections are published."

"But, Soldier Sam!" said Sarina

"I mean it. You may look on it as a test, Sarina. If you have the resource and courage to carry this thing through, I will take it as evidence that you are the real deal. If you don't do it, I will know that the agency was right when they advised me strongly not to be your valet.

It will be perfectly simple for you to intercept the manuscript, Sarina. It only requires a little resolution."

"But suppose Orange Mascot catches me at it? He'd cut me off!" Sarina replied.

"If you care more for Orange Mascot than for me, Sarina----"

"No, no! Rather not!" said Sarina

"Very well, then. The parcel containing the manuscript will, of course, be placed on the hall table for the delivery guy to take to the Orange Stadium Distribution Center. All you have to do is to take it away and destroy it. Then Orange Mascot will think it has been lost in the post."

It sounded like a questionable plan to Sarina.

"Hasn't he got a copy of it?" Sarina asked.

"No; it has not been typed, said Solider Sam. "He is sending the manuscript just as he wrote it."

"But he could write it over again." Sarina responded.

"As if he would have the energy!" Soldier Sam said.

"But----" Sarina hesitated.

"If you are going to do nothing but make ridiculous objections, Sarina----"

"I was only pointing things out." Sarina said

"Well, don't! Once and for all, will you do me this quite simple act of kindness?" asked Soldier Sam.

The way he put it gave Sarina an idea.

"Why don't you do it, Solider Sam? Keep it a Valet type of thing, kind of, don't you know."

The idea didn't seem to strike Soldier Sam.

"I will do nothing of the kind, Sarina. I wonder you can't appreciate the compliment I am paying you--trusting you like this."

"Oh, I see that all right, but what I mean is, You would do it so much better than I would, Solider Sam. It's clear by now that you are up to all sorts of dodges, good at taking cover and what not.

"Sarina, will you or will you not do this perfectly simple thing for me? If not, say so now, and let us end this business of pretending that you give a flying fuck about me."

"Oh, all right," Sarina said. "All right! All right! All right!"

Sarina had agreed to Stop Orange Mascot's Insubordination. Would she be successful?

We will find out the answer to that question at the next Orange Hoops Game!

**“The EXCLUSIVE Live Interview with Orange Mascot!!”**

Sarina stood in the recording booth, took a deep breath and looked down at the Orange legal pad with her handwritten notes on it. Sarina was getting ready to record the introduction to a program entitled: “The Truth Behind Orange Mascot Legend”

It had been Sarina’s idea. The show would feature her interviewing Orange Mascot just before the Big Game, getting to know the real character behind the myth.

Television stations seemed interested in Sarina’s pitch at first. However, when she told them who she would like to have as her first guest, Orange Mascot, she was out of luck at station after station.

None of them believed it could be possible since no reporter had ever interviewed Orange Mascot, so how could Sarina? But Sarina never stopped believing in her project.

There was an audience for this, Sarina knew it. But, the more she got rejected, the more uncertain she became. Eventually, a local Orange television station, Orange Stadium Broadcasting Company, or OSBC, had just started broadcasting, and were looking for program ideas. Sarina went along fully expecting to be disappointed, again, but the idea caught their interest.

“Soldier Sam!” Sarina shouted, bringing him back to the recording booth. “Earth to Soldier Sam! Are we recording this or would you rather do it live?”

“It’s for sure going to be LIVE, Sarina!” Let's do a pre-record to play before you go on stage to meet Orange Mascot.” Soldier Sam decided.

Sarina replied “OK, this is going to be called “Orange Mascot’s Reality: The Truth Behind The Legend”, introduction, take one.” Sarina was really unsure how this would go but once she started to speak, the doubts evaporated.

“Every Game, a mythical creature delivers prizes and jumps from the Free Throw Line for a spectacular Slam Dunk for the pleasure of everyone at the Game. I am talking, of course, about Orange Mascot.” Sarina began.

But, is the excitement felt by Orange Fans shared by Orange Mascot? Or is this only a job to him? Find out this, and more, tonight on “Orange Mascot: The Truth Behind The Legend.”

“Great, says Sarina, that's a wrap for now. Thank you Soldier Sam we’ll see you tonight for the live show.”

Sarina left the station feeling excited, she grabbed something to eat at a local pizzeria, took a walk to clear her head and tried not to think about the fact that in a few hours she would be hosting an unprecedented live television programme interviewing Orange Mascot!

“What if I mess this opportunity up?” Sarina said to herself. “OSBC had taken a big chance, allowing me to make this pilot. Sarina did not want to let the entire world down.

Sarina arrived at Orange Stadium still trying to believe this was actually happening. “What if Orange Mascot wasn't the nice guy everybody thought he was?” Orange Mascot had seemed a bit surprised at first, avoiding Sarina’s phone calls.

Only when she offered him an exclusive interview for the entire world to get to know the real Orange Mascot did he somewhat reluctantly agree.

But there was no time for Sarina to worry about these things now. Sarina went backstage while her pre-recorded introduction played through the speakers. A microphone was pinned to her lapel and then Sarina was hurried out on stage.

“3...2...1... And we’re live!”

“Good evening and welcome to Orange Mascot LIVE: The Truth Behind The Legend. I'm your host, Sarina, my guest for my first ever show, as you might have guessed from my introduction, is the one and only Orange Mascot, and we are LIVE from Orange Stadium!”

The Orange Fans Audience begins to applaud.

“Welcome to the Real Deal behind the legends. This is my first show, so just stick with me here” As Sarina said this she walked over to a swirled Orange and Blue swivel chair and sat down.

And there he was. Orange Mascot was there watching all the Orange Fans in the audience, Orange Mascot was always helping them out at Games, running to the concession stand for some nachos, or being there for a High-Five after a Slam Dunk, but he was still a mystery to many of them.

“Now I will believe in Orange Mascot for the rest of my life, Sarina decided. “As she remembered her first tour of Orange Stadium, she thought back to how his Orange Colour was so bright, to the moment she discovered she had Premium Courtside Seats and how she met all those Orange Fans.

“I hope all of the Orange Fans watching on the world-wide broadcast can feel like they are in this room experiencing this now too.” Sarina hoped.

"Go Cuse Go!" Orange Mascot said with authority. Sarina asked the audience if they see Orange Mascot. Soldier Sam was backstage and looked on too.

Sarina greeted Orange Mascot with a gift from Orange Nation and asked him to open his present. Orange Mascot did so and he loved his new Air Max 90s and thanked Sarina and Soldier Sam for braving all the elements to arrive here today.

Orange Mascot tells Sarina the producers should play a song for the audience. "Great!" Sarina said and cued Soldier Sam. Soldier Sam obliged and blasted the Cuse Fight Song through the speakers and let the entire world share that Joy.

Orange Mascot is larger than life with an Orange and Blue hat and a pair of Orange Sunglasses perched on the top of his head.

. Good evening Orange Mascot..." Sarina began the interview. "Do I call you Mr. Orange or Orange Mascot?"

"Just call me Orange Mascot." he replied.

"Ok, Orange Mascot"- Sarina says- "Now please tell me, have you been working at Orange Stadium Your entire life?"

"Well, you know, I do have a history before Orange Stadium," Orange Mascot explained.

Lots of work and not a lot of friends. The typical image of my, reality does not know my whole history. My few friends were quite the characters. Really Tough and down to earth. I still get a lot of my inspiration from them."

Not all Mascots start out as one. With time, Future Mascots start to learn more and more about their Love for Hoops and develop a marked acumen for the Stadium Experience. Mascots hear a calling and begin to believe they can do so much more for Fans. The best choose to do so!

During all that time I was a work manual reader and editor for a little known company, and not a very good one. And I was eating at Burger King every day. That was probably why I am quite chunky to this day.

The audience laughs and Sarina relaxed a little. This is going to work Sarina thought to herself.

“Did you have any one you respected during that job?” “Oh yes”- he replies- “I always wanted to live up to all the hard work everyone was doing in the field, out there in the elements.

All Sports Mascots have received the Ultimate Training at the Mascot Training Center this planet has to offer with Mock Game Day resumes and skills standing out above all the rest. Many got out in the field before I did. A Stadium assignment is a sure sign your career has hit the big time. That’s why the result is always an Ultimate Fan Experience!

Someone in the audience whoops “Yeah, Orange Mascot!” which makes the rest of the audience get even more excited.

“So Orange Mascot how do you go from a little known editor to a legendary famous Nice Guy who delivers Blockbuster Entertainment at every Cuse Game?!”

Well at the time, worldwide in fact, there was a television program called The Orange Factor, it's a talent competition. Every year I won the contest and got to be on the Big Cuse Stage every year for the Talent Competition.. Back then of course no one had ever heard of Orange Mascot. The role was undeveloped.

As the training center for Team Mascots, we all learn how to marshal our talents as a powerful way of moving The Orange Team towards desired goals, not just entertainment. Mascots demonstrate ability to illuminate and eliminate blind spots in Hoops behavior impacting decisions and results, delivering those insights to Fans.

“I believe in Magic of course” admitted Orange Mascot. You have to have that kind of mindset to run all the activities at Orange Hoops Games.

Mascots always say It’s just a bunch of dramatic theatre at these Orange Hoops games. A good performance really makes a difference in Fans existence. Mascots are prepared to joke around with the opposing players and about the other teams Fans, too—it’s all a crazy make-believe world!

“ Sarina nodded, feeling really excited at this revelation. This was exactly the sort of stuff she wanted to uncover.

“Really?! That is fascinating. Can you give us any insights into the process you have to go through every year?” Sarina asked.

“I don't think the corporate board at the Mascot Training Center would be happy with me telling you all those secrets.. We have to sign non-disclosure agreements.”

Sarina looked disappointed.

But Orange Mascot added, “I suppose I can just say that everything our Fans do at Orange Stadium just goes to show how worthwhile it was to develop the competitive edge we train to maintain every day of the year.. Even more magical

than the kind of work that other legends perform”

The audience cheers as it dawns on them what he is implying. While all the fans get out into the Orange Parking Lot after the Hoops Game, Orange Mascot is already returning to the Mascot Training Center immediately start preparing for the next big game.

“It’s a Year-long operation, Orange Mascot explained. Everyone thinks I just work on Game Day, but just imagine how much effort it takes to entertain all the fans at the Orange Community Center, the Fans in the Cuse Cafeteria and I have to practice constantly, to read the letters fans send and stay in shape to run on the court for game days.

Sarina continued her groundbreaking interview. “Does it take a lot of work to keep up with all the Community Action to every corner of the Cuse family neighborhood?”

“Oh, absolutely!”- Orange Mascot replies- “in fact Ms. Orange provides the Fans with all the Orange calories they need to stay productive throughout the entire year. Also, Ms. Orange sits on the Board of Directors for the Orange Stadium Maintenance Team to make the Orange Stadium Lights and Scoreboard function. As technology progresses, the Scoreboard Switches change constantly every year.”

“This happens every year?” – Sarina says in surprise- “Yes.”- he replies. It takes a lot of preparation to live up to the image that everybody has of Orange Mascot.

“Tell me more about Ms. Orange” Sarina asked. “How did she become your lifelong partner?”

“I met Ms. Orange at the New York State Fair decades ago,” Orange Mascot replied. Back then our names were simply Olivia and Otto the Oranges.

“We were standing next to each other in line for the Yankee Clipper Rollercoaster” Orange Mascot explained. Olivia dropped her Orange Cotton Candy and I was alert enough to grab it just before it hit the ground”

“Having performed such a heroic act, I got up the courage to ask her if I could ride the Yankee Clipper seated next to her” explained Orange Mascot.

“And.....” Sarina asked.

“She agreed, and it was the best Roller Coaster ride I could have imagined.” Orange Mascot recalled.

“The rest was history!” Orange Mascot smiled.

If you can believe it, I only then Started to see some success in life.” Orange Mascot revealed. “All my work took off skying like a Rocket with her as my inspiration.”

At this bombshell, the audience gives a collective gasp and the camera zooms in on their shocked faces.

“Does it concern you having to pretend that you have spent your entire life at Orange Stadium, even though you had an unspectacular life up until the point you met Ms. Orange? Just to live up to people's expectations?”

Orange Mascot considers this for a moment before saying: “No, I don’t think about it in terms of image really. When I am Orange Mascot I am loved by Cuse Fans around the world and if I can bring a little bit of joy and brighten their lives, it’s all worth it.”

“Really though, the greatest joy in the world comes to me from being in love with Ms. Orange. Everything I do would be impossible without her. I just want to keep Lovin’ Her.”

This answer earns Orange Mascot a huge round of applause and cheer from the audience.

“One last question, if I may, Orange Mascot. Sarina was glad this interview had gone so well. “How do you sleep every night knowing you have the biggest responsibility in the world every Cuse Hoops Game of the year?”

“Mascots have the responsibility to make sure everyone who Loves Hoops is provided for when they go to Games at the Stadium. Mascots decide what measure of entertainment is best for Fans and make sure the Hoops Court Order remains unbroken so everyone in attendance is delighted and enjoys the experience.” explained Orange Mascot.

Orange Mascot smiled “so to answer your question, I spend my time at The Orange Stadium official residence. Right center in the middle of all the action. I like to always be accessible to all the fans who make this their home. So to answer your question, I sleep well knowing all the Cuse Fans have my back..

“I see,” Sarina replied. “So being Orange Mascot is all in all a good deal?”

“Yes,” said Orange Mascot. “Again the most important reason that I can keep up my work is the Life Support Ms. Orange gives to me every day—every Meal, like I said every day all day. And I love her more than she even loves me. And that’s a lot!!”

“Any closing remarks, Orange Mascot?” Sarina asked. “Anything you would like to add to this Exciting Ground-breaking Interview for all the Fans?”

“Sure Sarina,” Orange Mascot responded.

“With Mascots, our goal is always that Hoops Teams don’t need to showcase Media Video Highlight Clips, chances to win Priceless Tickets, or the honor of being the Star at the Halftime Show. Even going home with a Big Prize is eclipsed. Everyone always tells me Mascots are what makes the Orange Stadium Hoops Experience the Best!!

“And that is why continue to show up for every game. The Fans are really the best part of the whole experience. Just having the honour of entertaining them every game. That is what works for me” Orange Mascot added.

“Well that’s about all the time we have for this evening.” concluded Sarina. “ I would like to thank my guest, Orange Mascot, for his honesty answering my questions.” Please give the Big Guy a final show of support with your applause.

The audience cheers, whooping and hollering for a great standing ovation.

Soldier Sam bursts out onto the stage and interrupts the end of the interview.

“Just before we go, Orange Mascot, I have a question for you and your audience.”  
Soldier Sam surprised everyone.

“Really? What is that?” Sarina asked with surprise.

Soldier Sam looked very seriously into the camera and then grins: “Who likes Cuse Orange Cotton Candy Balls?” With one quick motion, Soldier Sam threw bags of Orange Cotton Candy into the audience, who all try to grab some.

“Wow, what a treat!” Sarina exclaimed. “Thank you very much for watching and good night. Hope to see you all again soon.”

When we are off the air, Sarina took Orange Mascot’s hand and said: “You were great, thank you so much Orange Mascot.”

Orange Mascot replied: “ Thank you very much for the opportunity, Sarina. it was a load off my shoulders to set the record straight and tell my side of the story.

“Thank you, Sarina. Can you help me distribute all the Orange T-Shirts from my Bazooka at the Game Tonight?” asked Orange Mascot.

“Yes! Of course, Orange Mascot” replied Sarina.

What a Night for Hoops at Orange Stadium!!

