

A Creation Story – Chapter 1

Tak and Nova met for the first time in nearly a millenium in the first class lounge of the *Hulvarotian Kilagnerod Troalgiorveck*, one of the last of the old Rimships still circling the galaxy. He found her sitting alone in one of the observation domes, sipping a glass of something bubbly and translucent.

Nova had downloaded into an elegant humanoid body, with long, blue hair and golden skin flecked with light brown spots. As always, the 'whites' of her eyes were a dark green, bordering on black, with gold irises and slitted pupils.

She was clad from chin to toe in a form fitting black bodysuit, made of a material that absorbed light. The suit covered everything except her head and hands, yet somehow managed to leave nothing to the imagination.

Tak, on the other hand, was neither elegant nor humanoid at the moment. His current body was cylindrical, with multi-jointed limbs at each end. The eleven top limbs each ended in a hand with six slender fingers, two opposable thumbs, and a red eye bulging from its back. The five on the bottom ended in prehensile feet. The unit was designed for function, not appearance.

-Nova, he sent. Most of the *Troalgiorveck's* volunteer crew preferred communicating via the subspace transmitters installed in their speech centers. It was faster, more reliable, and didn't require that the recipient actually be in auditory range. -Good to see you again.

"Tak," Nova said out loud. She took another sip, and smiled. "Like the new form. Very sonic." The slang term was thousands of years out of fashion. Long ago, Tak had teased her about launching a one-woman campaign to bring it back into use.

"So, what brings you to this old relic?" he asked. Before she could reply, he raised a finger and added, "And if you say, 'a converter,' I will not be responsible for what I do."