

"Sir?"

"Yes? What is it?"

"We've come across a vessel" The voice soft, feminine, a woman's. She approaches a big chair from behind. A man in an old tattered uniform sits alert and upright upon it, his eyes keen and alert. He glances briefly at a display screen in front of him and then turns his attention to the woman speaking.

She was unlike most of her fellow crew members. Her clothing was minimal, merely a tattered pair of old shorts around her waist, and to cover her remaining modesty, if only barely, a rather worn and stained bra. It was of a simple design and almost see through.

Along with the tattered clothing she also wore a thick leather collar around her neck. It stood out with its simplicity and the fact that it, unlike the rest of her clothing was intact and showed no signs of age or damage. Her most eye catching feature however in complete contrast to all others present in the room was her thick, bushy and very eye catching tail which presently lay in her grasp, whilst partially wrapped around her waist.

"Well!?" there was an expectant pause and then, "hurry up with it and bring it up on screen then you stupid mutt!" The man, a human like all other occupants in the room save for the woman spat the words out harshly.

Very few words could describe this man. Vile would get tossed around a lot. There was not much in the way of a distinguishing feature about him either save his short military styled haircut. The only other feature on top of that was a scar upon the top of his upper lip. The only other information one could get at a first glance about this man would be that he was obviously the one in charge.

The canine woman stepped forth remote in hand and a slight snarl on her face. Her tail was now down and thrashing about angrily behind her. She leaned over; deliberate in her motion and pressed a button on the arm of the man's chair, the reaction then, a screen coming down from the ceiling. She then proceeded to press another button, the screen then coming to life after a moment to display an image.

Shown on the screen was a small vessel. It was a cargo or transport ship of an older make and model. It appeared obnoxiously derelict and was most likely abandoned.

The captain, a hand upon his chin in thought looks at the screen a long moment and then grins to himself. "Finally, after months of searching this dead and forgotten sector we finally score a pay check!" A voice of protest sounds somewhere behind him from a crew member but he cuts them off. "This thing may not look like much but it's exactly why it's so interesting. Think about it. It's a common tactic of smugglers or anyone looking to be inconspicuous." He pauses a moment. He reaches out then and snatches up a remote from the canine beside him also intended to operate the screen. He presses a button and the image on the screen zooms in to a shot of the hull near the bridge of the derelict vessel. In gold print is one discernable word; 'Vigil'.

"Run a scan." There comes a quick confirmation and a crew member at their terminal off to the side starts tapping away and putting in commands. "SIR!" a shocked reply soon comes. "The readings show signs of life. One passenger at the most but the signature is strong." He paused a moment,

looking to the captain, a quizzical look upon his face. "But on such a beat up craft how is that even possible? There aren't even any power readings coming from the vessel."

"My, this is interesting." The captain's voice was calm. "It appears gentlemen, that we have stumbled across an xc-1f class transport or as it is more commonly known, the 'fridge'. It has been known and documented that in extreme cases power can be completely diverted to one room, all life support routed and sustained there in the process. Also documented is that one can live in the ship like that, even one so derelict for upwards of two or more years provided they have enough food to live off."

The captain taps his fingers upon the arm rest and ponders for a moment. "Helmsman bring us closer, I wish to claim that ship and all its contents. Black market buyers love craft like this, even one in such a state. Not to mention there's likely plenty of loot left behind, it looks like the occupants left in a hurry."

The captain made a vague gesture with his hand and the canine woman to his side then pressed a button. The image on the screen disappeared and then the screen receded back into the ceiling. "Dog, get a message out. Have all crew to their stations in preparation for boarding." The canine bowed obediently and then dashes off, moments later a message goes off over the P.A on repeat along with warning lights.