

Story Notes:

This round robin was originally started on Mea's board until it disappeared. It will now live on here. *Characters can be added provided when the plot allows it. Please keep the content within TU or less mature.*

The bridge of the ISS Explorer is quiet, almost too quiet. Ensign Sparks is trying his hardest to keep awake but the boredom has him nodding off every five minutes. Finally the boredom had gotten so mundane that it got the best of Ensign Sparks and he just drifted off quietly to sleep. Slumped over the communications console, he snores quietly. Commander Hawkins enters the bridge with a clipboard in his hands. He notices Ensign Sparks fast asleep at his station and wonders if he should wake him up or not. Taking a quick look at his clipboard, he goes over to the ensign and bops him with the clipboard.

"Wake up, Ensign!" the Commander shouted.

"BUH!" Sparks exclaimed unintelligibly as he was scared out of his wits. "Commander! I,... I'm,.... I,...."

"Caught you asleep on the job." the Commander grumbled.

"I'm sorry, it won't happen again. I promise." Sparks whimpered. The Commander just looked at him and then chuckled a bit.

"That's okay, Ensign." The Commander laughed. "We have just been put on a well deserved vacation."

"We have?" Sparks exclaimed excitedly.

"Well, Yeah, we have been on the job for about a ten months. I think it's time we got a break don't you?" Hawkins said in a logical tone.

"I'm not arguing." Sparks replied.

"Good." Hawkins said, "Professor Page is working on something to help us pass the boredom by. Newley is with him. Why don't you go down and tell him that I need him to verify the last of this month's reports to send back to the garrison."

"No problem, sir." Sparks said and was quickly out the door.

- Professor Page's Lab -

"I think we can find a place to use these." Captain Newley affirmed with a smirk as he held a large cannon-like gun across his shoulder. The barrel pointing upward to the ceiling. "We could use these on planet Zifor, that snowy planet."

Professor Page's face lightened as he put his hand to his chin and took on a thoughtful pose. "Ah, yes! I remember that one. It was the one where the Voltron Force involved themselves in a huge snowball fight until the Drules came and ruined their fun."

Captain Newley brought down the weapon and aimed it at the entrance to the lab

looking through the sight as if to gauge it. "How far can they shoot?"

"Only about fifteen meters." Professor Page replied with a shrug.

"Why so weak?" Captain Newley inquired lowering the weapon then looking it over.

"Could you imagine how it would sting if you were shot at five meters or less if it were any stronger?" The Professor answered.

Just then, the lab door whooshed open as Ensign Sparks entered. Even though Newley had the weapon lowered, for some reason that only Newley would know, the weapon fired filling the room with a loud "Fwooph" followed closely with a "splat." A scream followed those sounds as Ensign Sparks had been covered in snow.