Starlight

My name is Trevor Anthony Barnabas. I was born on Theta Boötis Colony, on 23 September in the year 2280 to Anthony Aaron Barnabas and Christine Marie Barnabas. Five years after I was born, my parents joined the Loyalist movement in the Theta Boo Insurrection. Two years later, the war ended and father was elected the first Governor of Theta Boo after the negotiated settlement that ended the war. At the age of 11, my parents sent me to Earth to attend Duke of York’s Royal Military School. I graduated in 2298, 223rd in my class of 400, and joined Britannia Royal Naval College at the age of 20, taking 2 years off to help father take care of mother during the illness that took her. After earning my commission and pilot wings, I joined the *HMS Victory* where I served as a helmsman for four years. I was then transferred to the *HMS Ark Royal* where I served first in Operations. I was then transferred to the Air Department as a Forward Air Control. In 2314 I was selected by the Captain of the *Ark Royal* to join Project Starlight and arrived on the ship 13 June of that year to aid Lieutenant Commander Jacqueline Coleman set up the Air Department on the ship. It was at the start of this deployment that my father passed away. I wasn’t able to return home to see him before he passed. Coleman was away from the vessel when the incident with Chronus occurred, and it was left to me to head up the department on my own – a difficult task with no trained MS pilots aboard. We did our best, however, with the few secondary pilots we had cobbled together. We lost Ensign Crocetti first, a young Italian man. He was as green a pilot as they come, but was holding his own when an EMP burst from a Type 3 took him out. Were never able to rehabilitate his nanomachines and he slowly deteriorated as they seemed to turn against him. Our next casualty was Engineer’s Mate Brock Stenson, a gifted mechanic who was caught off guard by a large reptilian beast. He was baked alive inside of his MS – I will never forget the sound of his screams. Our meeting with the strange cat-creatures known as Cydonians certainly could have gone better – the captain thought Senator Heinrich Autenburg would serve as good ambassadors to the strange creatures, but the xenophobic Senator just served to antagonize and them. Petty Officer 3rd Class Terry Kramer’s death, being ground to bits by that metallic worm creature – a drill of some sort I suspect – left Lieutenant Ahmad ibn Majid and myself as the only two pilots on board. I split my time between piloting the Starlight and an MS while Ahmad was kept in reserve… should anything happen to me, there should be one person who could pilot the Starlight. Unfortunately the losses weren’t restricted to only the pilots. Senior Chief Petty Officer Yarab Zakiri was killed when the Tyson was depressurized during an accident, and several more perished during the nano-machine outbreak when we brought one of the Type-1’s aboard. Senator Autenburg’s failed mutiny resulted in the death of several more, on both sides of the mutiny, including our Executive Office, Captain Helene Langer at the Senator’s hand. We are now down to a crew of 80 and I have resigned that it our fate to die out here alone, with no idea or clear path home. I will carry this book with me and chronicle the remainder of my life here. Perhaps this will serve record of the human race to anyone who finds it… and now another alert. Until next time.

Lieutenant Trevor Barnabas, *UES Starlight* 15 July 2315