

# PERSONAL MEMO

FROM THE ENGINEERING TEAM



1 January 2208

First entry of the year. Wonder how much I'll write this year? I filled 3 books in 2207, and half of one in 2206. Some years are more interesting than others, and some years I have more time to write than others.

This is volume 42 in my personal library, but marks the first time I've started my journal knowing that by year's end, I'll be a civilian again. My tour on the Flame is ending, and with the rank I've achieved, if I don't retire, they're going to try to make me a ride a desk.

Last week before the Flame left Minerva, I met Luis Sanders for lunch. He was looking for ways to keep me on shipboard duty and ways to leverage his new post at the helm of one of the Lincolns. There's some politically-driven shakeup of staff assignments on all the Lincolns, so things are in flux there.

I wasn't really listening to why, and Luis knew it. He's known me long enough to know when and why I'm going to tune him out. Before he lost me, he switched to the point - he floated the idea of lobbying for a promotion for me so I could be his Master Chief. He doesn't have anyone assigned to that role for his new Lincoln and wants me to do it.

I didn't laugh at him. I did point out that if I had to take on a role where my job was to "provide input in the formulation, implementation, and execution of policies concerning morale, welfare, job satisfaction, discipline, utilization, family support, and training of enlisted personnel", respectfully, Luis, sir, you moron, I'd go fucking insane in a week.

Besides, the Lincolns are boring. There's no artistry to them, just brute force and an overwhelming size. Someone let the battle pros design those, and it shows. I don't want to end my career with memories of advising Sanders on how to write policies for the Chiefs who will train people to follow rules on a flying battering ram. I'd rather end my "meritorious service" on a Roosevelt, the last beautiful ship the USSC designed...

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