

Ok, Scott. This is going to be SO EASY for you!

COLLEGE OF SURVIVAL STUDIES
BASIC SURVIVAL SCHOOL
P.O. Box 135
Ester, AK 99725

Enclosed is your mission sheet for Entrance to the College of Survival Studies. When you pass the program, I will send your Certificate and an application for the next Degree. Each application must be accompanied by \$1 or 1 voucher. If you want your certificate sent by mail, enclose 2 first class stamps or a 55 cent stamp.

BASIC SURVIVAL ENTRANCE PROJECT THE MISSION

Your ship is docked at the McKinley Shipyards for routine repairs and upgrades. You are going (alone) on a week-long fishing trip to interior Alaska. It is Summer, night temperatures in the 50's and day temperatures in the 70's and 80's. There are several species of mosquitoes, and they are all looking for that blood meal!

You may bring along only a sleeping bag and what you can fit into a 24" x 12" duffel bag. You may beam down in any uninhabited area along any river, lake or stream. When you leave, there must be no evidence that you were there.

The purpose of this study is to familiarize you with the basic needs of the Human body and to get you thinking about how Humans fit into their environment. You should familiarize yourself with the ecosystem of Interior Alaska so you can draw on its resources.

Good reference books are encyclopedias, novels about Alaska, Alaskan travelogues (books and videotapes), and stories told by people who have been to Alaska.

You must write a detailed report stating what you would bring and why, what shelter you would use or make, what precautions you would take when building a campfire and storing your food, and how you would protect the environment.

Also, how was the fishing?

You have 3 months to submit your report.

Qapla!
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The Preparation.

Shelter & Clothing

1. Alice Pack
2. Bivouac Bag
3. 7 Changes of Socks
4. 7 Changes of Underclothes
5. Boots
6. BDU Trousers
7. BDU Shirt
8. Packteen
9. 50' Line
10. Bungee Assortment

Food & Food Preparation

11. Cleaning Kit
12. 7 MREs
13. Bag of Rice
14. Mess Kit
15. Water Purification Kit
16. Fishing Kit
17. Utensils,
18. Combat Knife
19. Selenium Battery Stove
20. Entrenching Shovel

Others

21. Seal. Plastic Bags
22. Mosquito Replt.
23. PADD
24. Sonic Pulser
25. Comm Badge
26. Flashlight
27. Phaser I
28. First Aid Kit
29. Toilet Paper
30. Bear Bag



1. 26x10x14 Shoulder Bag, carries all of the equipment internal, except for bivouac bag, slung below.



2. Rolls up to the same size as a conventional sleeping bag, but provides both the warmth of a -5 Celsius bag, as well as shelter from both rain and insects of a small tent. Enough room for one marine, and Alice Pack.



3. & 4. 7 Pairs so as to be able to change each day, if necessary, and have to stay longer, can wash in boiling soapy water, same with the undies. Cotton/Poly blends to allow breathing, and comfort.

(no, you are not getting skimpy briefs pics.)



5. Steel toed Leather Boot, again allows foot to breathe, while protecting the toes, sole, and the rest of the foot. Blousing straps worn, to dress BDU pants (see below to boot).



6. & 7. Ripstop Poly/Cotton BDU's trousers and blouse with multiple Velcro and/or button closures. Warm, breathable and strong.

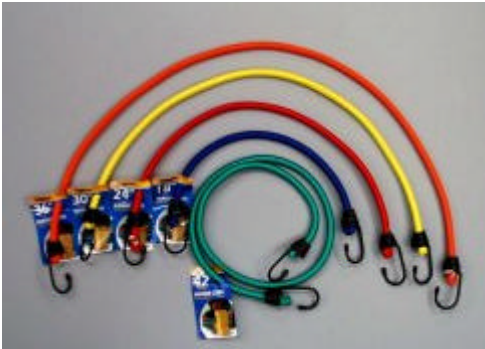


8. 1.5 liter Fluid container to store filtered water for those time fresh water is unavailable.



9. lashing needs that may arise.

50 foot of line, for whatever tie down, tie up,



10. needs.

Bungee Assortment, for any unforeseen strap down



11. Cleaning kit and utensils for cooking and cleaning up the cooking pot, utensils, and mess kit, and to filter the soap out of the cleaning water, before disposal.



12. 7 MREs, Light Weight Ready to eat Meals, cold or heated.

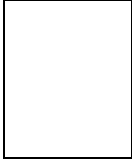


13. Bag of Rice, best light weight carb, can be cooked up with MRE's, Fish, or by itself. Can be used for any meal.



14. rice/fish/MRE needs.

Mess Kit, Allows cooking and serving of all of my



15. Water Purification Kit, used in conjunction with item #8 above to ensure healthy fresh water for drinking, cooking and cleaning.



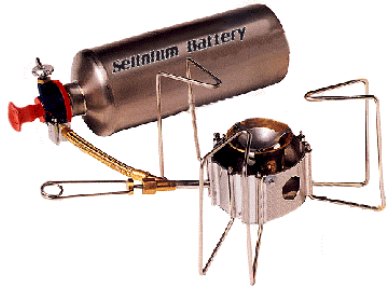
16. Fishing Kit, I can almost taste those Trout and Salmon now.



17. Utensils, better then using your fingers.



18. Combat Knife



19. Selenium Battery Stove, 1000 hours of use, with ports to recharge the Phaser, PADD, and any other Fleet regulation equipment.



20. Entrenching Shovel: tri-fold entrenching tool made of black tritanium alloy handle with steel spade folds in 3 sections and can be used as a shovel or hoe.

21. Self sealing Plastic Bags: Many uses from saving leftovers, caught fish, or trash that needs to be hauled out of the camp site.

22. Mosquito Repellent: Obvious necessity, marigold based cream, that will naturally repel the critters.



23. PADD: All the computing power I would possibly need on my vacation, plus I could download files I may need/want at night.



24. Sonic Pulser, strapped to my wrist with a 1000 hour battery, will keep all forms of insects, vermin, or even predators away for up to six weeks. Can be tuned via the padd to specific species, or families of animals.



25. Comm Badge, don't leave the Starship without it.



26. Flashlight; powered by a rechargeable selenium battery with 1000 hours of life.



27. Phaser I; A marine without his Phaser, come now, what were you thinking?



28. First Aid Kit, just in case, a good Marine is always prepared.

29. Toilet Paper: Nuff Said

30. Bear Bag: 3 gallon Mesh Bag to raise food stuffs off the ground by use of the rope, to keep it away from bears, raccoons, etc. when I am away from the camp site.

The Event

After I do my research and before I beam down, I contact the Alaskan Wildlife Refuge officials to get the proper permits for camping and fishing. I then visit the ship's doctor to get the proper shots for viral, bacterial and parasite borne diseases, as well as a wide spectrum allergy shot. I then visit the Marine Strike Group armory/replicator and check out: a Phaser I, a Sonic Pulsar, and a combat light survival kit, and have replicated the other equipment I need. I return to my quarters and change into Spring Taiga pattern BDUs. I also make sure I have my comm.-badge, and a PADD. As I check out with the Officer of Deck, I let them know where I will be and direct them to not contact me unless the ship is called back into Combat. From the transporter room, I do a last intensive scan of the area I plan on camping, I identify the presence of major predators: bears, cougars, wolves, and extrapolate territories for each. From this information, I am able to identify 7 different 127 meter circles that come in contact with the Kasilof River, where I wish to camp. These circles are outside of the different territorial zones for the indigenous predators, especially the local bears, and would provide sufficient camping area for up to 8 campers, much less one marine.

Selecting the circle that has apparently the best most level ground and clear access to the river, I give the transporter technician the coordinates and beam down. I am met by clear air, wildlife sounds, and the most beautiful view of nature, I have seen since Beta Galena IV. I look around the beam in site. The river flows southward at a steady but not too fast rate. The shoreline is about twenty feet of sand and pea gravel indicating the greater flow of water in the late spring; that had passed two months earlier. I move up to the tree line and find a small clearing underneath the canopy of a taller Western Red Cedar, and begin setting up my camp. First I use the shovel to clear an area about 3 meters in diameter from loose leaves, needles and other vegetation. I place the gathered humus in a pile opposite the base of the tree. Next to this pile I also place about ten liters worth of soil from the center of the cleared circle. I walked back down to the shore and get about 5 liters worth of a mixture of sand and gravel. This I place in the hole I dug and then set up my stove in the hole as a fire pit. I hang the packteens from one of the lower branches of the tree, and lay out my bivouac bag underneath and to the side of it, (don't need to have any dripping or condensing water falling on the bag), and then lean the alicepack up against the tree. Using some of the rope, I throw a loop over one of the higher branches, and placing the food in the bear bag, raise it about twenty feet up and then tie the line off to the trunk of the tree. I set the sonic repeller to discourage all the big game hunting animals, as well as mosquitoes and chiggers. I then walk about 50 feet downstream, and dig a latrine hole, about three feet down. Though I will be phasing my waste, there is no reason I should take a chance fouling the water I will myself be drinking. Unpacked, and with my base camp set up, I take the opportunity to lean back against the tree and read the latest Jake Sisko novel I had downloaded to my PADD.

After about an hour of reading, I decide its time to try my hand at fishing. I break out the Pole and some Faux Salmon Eggs and go over to the river proper, settling in a place on the sand bank to sit, I throw out my line, and lean back and enjoy the view. The lack of the background hum of the ship quickly becomes apparent, but then the noise of the insects (kept away by the repeller), birds, and just the gentle wind flowing through the trees and wildflowers relaxes me and allows

me to let go of the concerns of the last few months and the Slobadan conflict. Ahhh. This is what it is all about.

Soon I have a tug on the line, and as I reel it in, I see that I have a 12-15" Rainbow trout. Perfect. I remove the hook from the line, and quickly cut off its head, so it will die quickly and not ruin the meat. The head I toss in the Latrine hole as I quickly clean and gut the trout, hmmmm hmmmm non replicated fresh trout. I go back to the camp and start up the stove, setting up a few sticks to broil the fish over the pan. While this may take longer to cook, it will allow me to catch the juices/fat of the fish, to mix in with the rice, I will boil up shortly.

After a nice leisurely meal of fresh trout and rice, I clean the dishes, and do my evening toilet. After I clean up, I phaser the wastes and go back to the campsite. Pulling the PADD out again, I set it to play some of Hayden's concertos, as I lean back and read some more of Sisko's riveting novel. As the evening light begins to fade around 2100 (declination in the early spring doesn't affect the setting of the sun that much), I prepare to hit the rack, already quickly relaxing.

Day Two

Allowing myself to awaken to the sounds of nature, I looked up to see a crow sitting five meters away, eyeing me. I slowly sat up and greeted the bird, with a haughty shake of its head it opens its wings and flew away. I got up and went to the river and washed the sleep out of my eyes and fur. Scooping up a pot of water, I went back to the camp and put the water on to boil, after first running it through the filter. As the water began to boil, I picked out a MRE at random and got the Linguini and Turkey combo pack, opening it, I took the breakfast sub-pack out, and was happily surprised to find oatmeal and sausage links. Opening the package, I set up the frying pan for the sausage, and used part of the hot water for the Oatmeal. While my meal cooked, I looked around and began to identify many of the wild flowers and northern flora my studies had indicated would be around. Most abundant were the fireweed, Purple flowers on long stalks, the blooms had only just begun on the bottom of the stalks, for-telling a long beautiful summer.

The Alpine area I had beamed into, appeared to have both huckleberry and cranberry bushes, so I took a few minutes to pick some of the huckleberry's to put in my oatmeal for breakfast, and along with the sausage and a quick cup of instant coffee, enjoyed a beautiful breakfast.

After Breakfast I pulled out the PADD again, and the stylus, and began to doodle, drawing my rough impressionist sketches of the river, the berry-bushes and wild flowers. Across the river a female Elk walked across the clearing, looked at me, snorted and kept walking, a couple times I dozed off, the tranquility was absolute. By lunch time I was ready for a light meal, so I prepared the rest of the MRE, Turkey Linguini sounded good, and I topped it off with a glad of filtered but ice cold river water. After lunch I put my equipment away, and raised the Bear Bag. I then took a walk along the marked trail, and wandered around the trail slowly and aimlessly, just taking it all in. Five hours later I returned to the camp site, and decided that I better hurry, if wanted trout with my rice for dinner. A half hour later another large trout met the frying pan, and I mixed in the rice and a left over Kool Aid mix, Strawberry Glaze on Trout, hmmm hmmm good. After

dinner I sit back and read the non-military/political news from the PADD, its been years that I have had the opportunity to read Sentient-Interest stories, not worrying about gleaning the slightest hints of Dominion infiltration or Borg-based paranoia. A 12 year-old Ballerina from Russia wins a performance medal, a 92 year old great-great grandmother space dives from orbit, Archeologists find that pre-Vegan explorers had set up a facility out in the asteroid belt. As the sun starts to dip, and the darkness rapidly falls, I clean up camp and prepare for another night, this time I decide to stay up for awhile and watch the stars, Sirius should be up soon, and Venus and Mercury are scheduled to make an appearance with an hour of sunset. No moon tonight, so I should get quite the sky view being so far from the light pollution of the cities.

I wake up the next morning, with a huge crick in my back, I had fallen asleep watching the stars while leaning up against the tree. Ouch!!!!

For the next five and a half days it is the same glorious routine. Wake, morning hygiene, breakfast, clean dishes, dispose of trash and waste, some exploring, picking berries, or finding edible cones, or Licorice Root Fern, drawing, reading, then Lunch, clean dishes, dispose of trash and waste, then some more exploring, resting, some whittling, then some fishing, then supper, cleaning, evening hygiene and bed.

Too soon the last day comes, I pack up my gear, making sure I leave nothing but footprints. I go over to the latrine pit, and phaser its contents one last time, and then fill the pit back in with the piled up soil and rocks. Back to camp, I fill in the cooking pit as well, with soil and rocks, and then roughly rake the leaves and humus back over where the camp had been. Wrapped in some leave is a trout that I caught that afternoon, Captain Willits is going to love this, I also tuck in the carved wooden animals into my pack; a deer, an elk, a bear and a wolf that I watched from long distance.

I tap my communicator, “Jaguar – One to beam up”. Then the meadow was empty, and my vacation was over, as if I had never been there.