

## Chapter Seven

### Unlikely Allies

"What are friends for? They are never here when you really need them!"

- famous last words.

Harry Napp anxiously watched his monitor screens as the big ship decelerated on its final approach to the planet. Clearly the orbit was going to pass close to the moon, worse still it appeared to be timed to pass right over the base at periselenion. Who was in the ship?

He had been informed by Galileo of the halt near where his capsule had been caught. Thanks to the sensor kits recently scattered to the four corners of the moon, he had also just been able to detect the shadow sliding off to the Avian system. If the big ship was Navy, why the shadow? Surely it should have been noticed and dealt with. If the big ship was not a Navy ship, and consequently less disciplined in thinking and acting, they might well have missed it. Then the question was: how in heavens name could anyone else have a ship that big and powerful?

Harry was getting seriously worried. He double-checked all his systems, rechecked the air seals and various life support units. They should all be able to survive independently for a reasonable time. He hoped.

He did not have to wait long before the intentions of the Revenge were made crystal clear.

As the ship came within range, her combat shields snapped on. Harry's cameras now showed simply a large shining globe, enclosing what had formerly been just discernable as a bulky battle-cruiser bristling with weapons.

Harry tensed up and braced himself for the worst, strapped in his flight harness as the ship flashed past. His base rocked, the cameras failed on the first flash of weapons. The whole moon rang like a giant