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The Divine Vessel sailed on peacefully through Thursday. The cull of crew on the previous days seemed to have eliminated any resistance. The Martian crew worked tirelessly through the nights inside hold number three. The human vessels had all been prepared now, each one having had most of its brain removed and a cockpit and control panel fitted. They hung from pegs in neat rows inside the refrigerated containers, kept unconscious by nightly injections of a powerful tranquilliser. The containers of rabbits had been sorted, with neat rows of flop eared, Dutch, miniature, and exotics, ready to take their alien hosts. Each bunny suit had been carefully measured and categorised to ensure that it would perfectly fit the body type of the Martian who would wear it. Now that this work was over the Martian crew concentrated on the construction of the highly technically advanced catcher module for the galactic catapult. They required a great variety of raw materials to make the module, and during the nights they scavenged about the ship and through the other containers finding the parts that they required. As dawn began to break each morning the bunny suited Martians would climb back into their seamen vessels ready to perform the day to day tasks of running a ship.

It was on Friday that Sudirman Sopardi, the Indonesian boson of the Divine Vessel, began to have suspicions about his crew. Sudir was an intelligent and hard working man. His position required him to take his orders from the chief officer and carry them out through his team of deckhands and able bodied seamen. It was often commented on between the officers of the ships he served on that he was the one who actually told the chief officers what they should be doing. Now, on the Divine

Vessel, Sudir had been left, without him realizing it, in the middle of the chain of command between a Martian chief and a now completely Martian crew.

When originally formulating their plans for the Divine Vessel the Martians had intended to customize the ship's boson with a cockpit and controls and give him a Martian driver, as this would have made their work around the holds of the ship much less open to discovery. Unfortunately for them, and fortunately for Sudir, he hadn't left the ship for the past two years, as he was saving money to put his six children through school. This had meant that the Martians had not been able to get to him and perform the modifications like they had with the rest of the crew. However, up to now, Sudir had presented absolutely no problems for them. He had actually been extremely impressed by how hard his new Chinese deckhands worked, and with the skills of his two Filipino able bodied seamen. In the last few days however they had been reporting to duty looking tired, as if they had not had a moments rest all night. Today they were worse than ever, lethargic, and hardly bothering to perform the tasks he set them. He had noticed that a few of them had developed a blotchy puffiness around their eyes with a smelly custard discharge. One of the Filipino's even had some really raw looking scabbing on his cheeks and around the back of his ears. Sudir wondered whether there was something that the lot of them was getting up to at night that made them so tired and that had transmitted this nasty rash around the group.

That morning he had decided to have a word with his superior, Oddbjorn the chief officer, about his concerns. He had just finished explaining the problem to him when he noticed, on the chief's neck just inside his open necked shirt, an angry red lump, the size of a wren, that oozed small amounts of that similar custard. It was very similar to some of the symptoms he had spotted on his deck hands. The moment Oddbjorn saw Sudir looking at his swelling, was the moment that Sudir was done for. Oddbjorn couldn't risk Sudir getting suspicious. After his meeting with the chief, as Sudir walked back along the walkway of the maindeck towards the boson's

locker, Sudir heard Captain Pimento call his name right behind him. As he turn and replied "Yes Captain" he got a fist in his face, followed by a heavy boot in his head as he fell to the deck.