

Dr. Sarah Carroll

“Nothing is sufficient for the person who finds sufficiency too little.”
-Epicurus

God damn that Dave. If he hadn't left you, everything would be fine. Things would be so much easier, and you wouldn't have to worry so much. But he's gone, and Timmy's growing up, and you worry so much....

Things were so much better then. Your family had scrimped and saved to send you, their only child, through college. It was tough being female and trying to earn a degree in the hard sciences; everyone said you should stop the foolishness and go off and be a secretary or whatnot. But you knew you could do so much more. You were the valedictorian of your high school, and you knew you had the brains and the drive to get where ever you wanted to be. And your parents were always behind you, helping you to achieve your ambitions.

You had always wanted to be an astronomer. Growing up in New Mexico, you could lay on your back at night near the mesas and look out into the vast expanse of space, the countless stars and galaxies, swirling together in the dance of the cosmos. You could feel yourself being pulled there, being drawn to explore them for yourself. The heavens were beautiful and clear, but still held mysteries undreamed of. You knew that out there, somewhere, were the answers to the questions that had plagued man from the beginning. And you wanted to be out there, exploring. That was your dream.

So you went to CalTech to learn astronomy. You had the occasional problem with the older teachers or chauvinistic students, but nothing you couldn't handle. Nothing you couldn't ignore and put behind you in your drive to learn about the stars. But it was while you were working on your bachelor's degree that you met someone you couldn't ignore. David Carroll.

He was a mathematics student, and the two programs intersected enough that you saw each other in several classes over the years. He was your exact opposite. You were driven by a need to achieve, a desire to achieve what you felt you deserved. Sometimes, in your desire, you lost your view of the real world. Your sense of humor (well developed, if you do say so yourself) would submerge, for example. Dave, on the other hand, never seemed to care about much. He seemed to be drifting through life, taking the path of least resistance, but never letting his lack of achievement damper his personality. He was wild, you were conventional. He was apathetic, you were driven to succeed. He was down to earth and clownish, you were high-minded and serious.

Needless to say, the two of you fell in love. He saw in you someone that could be his Rock of Gibraltar, someone who would always be there to help him when life made too many wave for him. For you, he was the man who could wash your cares away with a

smile. Someone who would remind you that life was something to sit back and enjoy, not simply rush through on your way to greater and greater things.

The two of you went steady for four years, and got married a few weeks after you received your master's degree. Timmy was born a year later ('43), and the next few years were picture perfect. You took care of Timmy while working on your doctorate in Astronomy, while Dave worked in cryptology for the OSS in order to support the two of you. By the time you got your doctorate, you were sure that life was going to be wonderful. Sure, Dave and you had fights every once in a while, but every couple did. But you knew that you loved each other.

On March 15th, 1951 (you remember that day; you remember every little thing about it from what was playing on the radio to little Timmy's new haircut and the clothes he was wearing to how much you had just paid for groceries to how quiet in was when you went into the house, as if the entire building was waiting in breathless anticipation for you to find the note, the note that would destroy everything) you came home from shopping to find a note on the kitchen table. "I have to leave. I'm sorry. -Dave." You never saw him again.

With that, your life imploded. You could get a job as an astronomer with too much of a problem, but no one was willing to pay a woman with no experience enough to support a child and a house. Every night you could see the money drifting away. It felt like your lifeblood slowly leaking out of you, draining you of everything you held dear.

You finally realized that you had to live within your means, and your means no longer meant a nice Southern California house with a nice new car. You sold the car and bought a clunker, and then drove back to your parents' house in New Mexico. You lived there for two years, letting Mom take care of Timmy while you made the three hour commute to the Ft. Lucas Rita Research Labs in San Inguon, Arizona. They needed people to work in the astronomy department, and the money enough to keep you going. It was hardest on Timmy. He had to move to a new neighborhood, and you only saw him for a little while each day. You worried about him. Would he ever make friends? Would he be able to adjust to living with less money that he had when Dave (*the bastard*) had been around? Would he ever forgive you for not being around as much as you should have been? You worried about him a lot.

But things sort of worked out. Timmy grew up into a kind and caring young man, seriously interested in the sciences. He made friends, and seemed to be happy. You were soon promoted to Assistant Head Researcher, Astronomy Division, and had a large enough paycheck to move to a small house in San Inguon. You managed to get Timmy a job working as a general assistant for the Labs. It would get him some experience, help him learn about the sciences, and add a little extra money into a household that was always just a step away from bankruptcy. Your divorce from Dave on grounds of abandonment went through. Things seemed like they would go on just fine.

But then everything changed. It started two weeks ago Friday. Timmy had saved enough money to buy a small, ready-to-fall apart car so that he could get where he wanted without any problems. But that Friday he somehow lost control of the car and managed to hit a telephone pole. He was fine, not a scratch on him, but the car was totaled. You were furious. You couldn't afford to buy a new car for him, you were so worried about him driving now, he gave you such a scare, why wasn't he paying attention to the road? You grounded him for two weeks and took away his wallet and driver's license to make sure that he didn't drive again until he was ready.

You lay in bed that night, worrying yourself into a serious frenzy and ending up with a serious headache. Timmy had been able to work more hours at the Labs because he had a car. Now he was going to have to depend upon friends or you to get him to work, and that meant he would have to cut down on hours which meant less money. *Money. That's what it always comes down to, isn't it? If only you had enough, you could move out of this crappy little house that barely fits two people and into a house like the one you left in California... no, an even bigger house. A better house. With two nice cars, one for you and one for Timmy. And Timmy could go to any college he wanted, not whichever one will give him enough of a scholarship to get him through six years. And if Dave ever shows his God Damned face back here, you'd show him that he didn't matter to you, that you got on just fine without him. If only you had the money.*

You didn't sleep until very late night. Tossing and turning, alternately wishing that you had the money you needed and that the headache would just go away, you couldn't just let go of it all and fall asleep until five o'clock in the morning. You woke up around noon, the headache gone but the worries still there. You spent most of the afternoon just puttering around, watching T.V., anything to get your mind away from the financial wreck that is your life. Timmy had gone off to hang out with friends. You worry about him and his friends. He hangs out with James Daniels, the son of Col. Fred Daniels (chief of military ops at Ft. Rita), and if James is half the egotistical bastard that his father is, well, Timmy deserves better people than that. And his other pal, Tony Turrelli. I mean, you're not prejudiced or anything, but why should Timmy hang out with a greasy little Italian boy who will only lead him to trouble? *Timmy should get to know Mark Sturvin. There's a nice kid. His father's the richest man in town. Timmy should get to know Mark. Maybe a little of that money will rub off on him. That would help. That would help a lot.*

It was after ten o'clock at night when you realized you needed to drop by the Labs. You had left early on Friday after you heard about Timmy's accident, and you still had a little work to do. General Cork, who oversees the entire base, has this strange idea about doing some sort of presentation to the town (oh, Jesus, that's going to be tonight) about what sort of things the Labs are doing. A Science Fair for the clueless. As stupid as it is, General Cork is the guy in charge, and you need to make a good impression if you're going to get a raise. So you went in to the Labs to work on your presentation. And you found Dr. Kyle Berry looking through your files.

You were absolutely shocked to see that. Dr. Berry may have been the head of the Astronomy Department, but that gave him no right to snoop through your projects. He looked at you and just froze, an expression of utter terror across his face. He stuttered a little, gave a pathetic smile and tried to explain, then stopped. He then started a different explanation, then stopped. Finally, he gave up and told you the truth.

His father had been an ardent Communist. When Dr. Berry went through the security checks for his current position, he lied about not having any contacts with any Communists. His father had passed on, so who was to know the difference? But a few months ago, someone sent him a carbon copy of his father's Party membership card with clear instructions. Either bring secrets to us or we'll let General Cork know where your real affiliations lie. So Dr. Berry began coming to the Labs late every Saturday, snooping through records and files, looking for information to send them. He had become a spy.

Your heart told you that you should turn him in. You knew that he was committing treason, that he was compromising the projects that everyone was working upon. But something in the back of your head said *money. This can be your E-ticket. This can be what you really need.*

So you told Dr. Berry that you would keep mum on two conditions. First, he would have to find somewhere else to work. Secondly, he would have to get his blackmailer in contact with you. He agreed happily, painfully aware that you could have sent him to the electric chair if you told the FBI or CIA.

The next few days were like a dream. On Sunday, you met the blackmailer. Irving Thorton, town drunk. You could have been knocked over with a feather- harmless, loopy old Irving, who wanders the town talking about aliens and looking for handouts is actually Ivan Sonavich, KGB. The two of you talked for the day about what you could offer him and what he could offer you. He agreed to pay you in cash for any information you could provide on any subject. The more interesting, detailed, and pertinent the information, the more you would be paid. In return, you were a willing traitor, eager to serve, as opposed to Dr. Berry, who sent Irving as little information as he could to keep out of trouble. *And you would have the money rolling in. So you're selling secrets? Who cares? You'll be making money. You'll be making the kind of money you need to be making in order to have the life you deserve. You'll be rolling in the riches soon, my dear. Everything you ever wanted.*

On Monday, the Labs were shocked by Dr. Berry's sudden resignation. General Cork was nearly apoplectic. Immediately, you started jockeying for the post of Head Scientist, Astronomy Division. You had help in Dr. Bates, head of the Physics Department. He saw you as a bright and determined person, and the fact that you were a woman didn't change anything in his mind. General Cork tried to resist; he's an absolute chauvinist and probably wouldn't have hired you in the first place if he hadn't been desperate for qualified scientists. But Dr. Bates is Lead Scientist at the Labs, and Dr. Forbes (head of Biology) and Dr. Fields (head of Chemistry) were too wrapped up in their

projects to suggest anyone else, so General Cork begrudgingly gave you the position. *All the better to make more money with. Now your paycheck will go up, and as head of a department, few people will question you if you appear at the Labs at strange hours, or go to other people's offices. Easy money. Easy money. From here on out, you'll be living like a queen.*

Your only problem right now is getting some secrets to sell off. You broke into Dr. Fields' office Tuesday night and found some of his notes about- of all things- a growth formula. He had written that, when mixed with a certain kind of feed, caused his subject iguanas to grow to tremendous size. You stole some of his formula and copied word for word his experiment. Over the next few nights you tried it out upon your own test iguanas, but nothing happened. You followed the experiment rigorously and even broke into his lab a second time to double check your notes. Still nothing. And here it is, the day you need to give something to Irving/Ivan, and you've got nothing. Not an auspicious start.

Stock Quote: "It's nothing that can't be solved by hard work and good thinking."

Mannerisms: Sarah comes across as a nice and kind woman. Of course, if you're in her way, she can become ruthless and mean in a heartbeat.

People You Know:

James Daniels: One of Timmy's friends. You worry that he's just using Timmy. You don't know how or why, but he certainly seems the type. At least if he's anything like his father.

Timmy Carroll: Your son. You worry about him a lot. He's not hanging out with the right crowd, in your opinion. Still, he's a wonderful son, hard-working and conscientious. You hope he grows up to be a famous scientist some day.

Tony Turrelli: One of your son's other friends. Honestly, you don't know why he chooses such low-class friends.

Mark Sturvin: Now there's a good boy. That's the kind of person who Timmy should hang out with.

General Hiram Cork: The old bastard in charge of Ft. Rita. If he wasn't your boss, you'd tell him off about his mean, chauvinistic ways. But he is your boss, so you'd better stay quiet about it.

Colonel Fred Daniels: Military commander for Ft. Rita. Egotistical and overbearing. On the other hand, that's better than chauvinism. You could at least deal with Col. Daniels running Ft. Rita because you wouldn't be singled out for criticism.

Dr. Marshall Fields: Head of the Chemistry Department for the Labs. You don't really know much about him. He's extremely quiet and spends most of his time in the labs.

Dr. Lawrence Bates: Head of the Physics Department, and Head Scientist for the Labs. A nice old man, albeit a bit absent-minded. Still, he helped you get the position you're in today, and you owe him one. *Wonder what sort of projects he's working on- and how much Ivan would pay for them?*

Dr. Gerald Forbes: A bit of a loner. His wife died just before you met him a few weeks ago, and everyone says he was much more outgoing and happy then. *Better check on his projects, too.*

Harold Sturvin: The richest man in town. *Maybe you should get to know him better.*

Irving Thorton: Actually Ivan Sonavich, top KGB agent, and your contact for selling secrets. Stay away from him until you're ready to act.

Harold & Bess Smith: Your next-door neighbors. They make you sick. Harold's the perfect father, decent, caring, and makes more than enough to support his family. Bess is the perfect housewife, never anywhere without an apron on, always smiling. She makes you sick.

Dr. Angela Bailey: Esteemed archaeologist, in town to examine some artifacts found near the mesas outside of town. Maybe you could get together with her and commiserate about being strong women in a male-dominated world.

Goals:

1. Make lots of money. Any way you can. Right now, you're selling secrets to the Communists. To do this, you must search the Labs (preferably when no one is around), find things of interest, take them, and deliver them to Irving Thorton. He'll pay you based on how important and complete it is. Feel free to haggle with him. It might help to talk to the other scientists and see if they'll talk about their own projects.

2. Keep an eye on Timmy. Make sure he doesn't get into any trouble, and try to make sure he doesn't hang out with a bad crowd, like that James and Tony.

3. Keep your job secure. Not much of a big deal, actually. The only project the Astronomy staff is working upon is following a comet that just entered the solar system. They'll keep you informed about any changes. Meanwhile, act nice to General Cork and try to find information that makes him or any of the other scientists look bad.