

## Transportation

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### Summary

Bones and Scotty debate the merits and drawbacks of transporters

### Notes

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"I don't get why you're so adverse to transporters," Scotty told Bones.

They were in a storage room just off the side of engineering, sharing a bottle of whisky that Scotty had smuggled aboard during their last shore leave.

"And *I* don't get how you all can just go and use them all willy-nilly without a care in the world!" Bones griped. "Setting aside any philosophical questions, do you know how many ways transporters can go wrong?"

"Aye, of course, I'm an engineer. I've seen them go wrong many times and in many ways. But that doesn't stop me from usin' them. And since other doctors probably know about the risks as well and *still* use 'em anyways, I don't see why you're getting so worked up about it."

"Well, just think about it!" Bones leaned forwards and wagged his finger. "Think about some of those things you've witnessed! You could get scrambled, or the signal could get lost, or any number of things!"

"And those accidents only happen, what, one in half a million beamings? With fatalities only one in two million?"

"Still! You're gambling your life every time you take one of these!"

"Aye, but it's a gamble with very good odds."

"Even so, I wouldn't make that bet if I didn't have to."

Scotty shrugged. "I suppose that's something we'll simply have to disagree on."

Bones scowled. "I guess so." He stood up and stretched. "I don't know about you, but I have an early day tomorrow. I need to get some sleep."

Scotty got up as well. "Alright, let's call it a night. Same time next week?"

"Of course."

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