

(USS Illuminar - Science Lab - SO - Ens. Penny Mc Taggard - 12:00)
(USS Illuminar - Science Lab - CSO Lieutenant (jg) Jatón Alyl - 1201)
(USS Illuminar - Science Lab - SO Ens. Penny Mc Taggard - 12:03)
(USS Illuminar - Science Lab - CSO Lieutenant (jg) Jatón Alyl - 12:04)
(USS Illuminar - Science Lab - SO Ens. Penny McTaggard - 12:07)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 10 - Pilots Ready Room - Ensign(sg) Vic 'Raid' Montero - 1300)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - COPs office - Lieutenant Dieter Gregory - 1330)
(Argelius System- USS Illuminar - Transporter Room 2- CO- Captain Sekal- 1843)
(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay -- Deck 5 -- CMO Lt. Quinna Solice -- 1850)
(Argelius System- USS Illuminar - Transporter Room 2- CMO Lt. Quinna Solice- 1852)
(Argelius System- USS Illuminar - Transporter Room 2- CO- Captain Sekal- 1853)
(Argelius System- USS Illuminar - Transporter Room 2- SO PO3 Hercules Devers- 1855)
(Argelius System- USS Illuminar - Transporter Room 2- Chief of Security- 1856)
(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay -- Deck 5 -- CMO Lt. Quinna Solice -- 1901)
(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay -- Deck 5 -- SO PO3 Hercules Devers -- 1902)
(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay - ACOUNS ACMO LT JG Ariel Trei - 19.05)
(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay -- Deck 5 — SFI- Michael Weston — 1906)
(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay -- Deck 5 – Chief of Security 1909)
(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay - ACOUNS ACMO LT JG Ariel Trei - 19.10)
(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay - Deck 5 -- CMO Lt. Quinna Solice - 19:15)
(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay -- Deck 5 — SFI- Michael Weston — 1916)
(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay -- Deck 5 -- FO Commander Sienna Williams-Verin -- 1920)
(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay - ACOUNS ACMO LT JG Ariel Trei - 19.21)
(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay - Deck 5 -- CMO Lt. Quinna Solice - 19:30)
(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay - ACOUNS ACMO LT JG Ariel Trei - 19.35)
(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay -- Deck 5 — SFI- Michael Weston — 1936)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 5- Sickbay- CO- Captain Sekal- 1941)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 5- Sickbay- FO- Commander Sienna Williams-Verin- 1943)
(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay -- Deck 5 — CMO Lt. Quinna Solice — 1945)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 5- Sickbay- CO- Captain Sekal- 1946)
(USS Illuminar - Sickbay - Deck 5 - SFI - Michael Weston – 1947)
(USS Illuminar - Sickbay - CO- Captain Sekal- 19.47.5)
(USS Illuminar - FO's Quarters - Commander Sienna Williams-Verin - 1950)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 5- Sickbay- Chief of Security Lt jn Keung Lee- 1950.5)
(USS Illuminar - Sickbay - ACOUNS ACMO LT JG Ariel Trei - 19.51)
(USS Illuminar - Sickbay - Deck 5 - Chief of Security Lt Keung Lee – 1955)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Sickbay - SecO - PO1 Steven Hammons and CO - Captain Sekal– 1956)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 5- Sickbay- Chief of Security Lt in Keung Lee- 2000)

DAY 2

For a race of people who could suppress their emotions. The Vulcans could be quite sarcastic when they needed to be. Once Penny had been sorted out the contest was over. She didn't even get the chance to say sorry to her friend.

Then there was the Wee One her pet Chihuahua. Who went missing. Penny searched and searched for him. Finally she found the little mischief machine hiding in a box in her quarters. When she went to pick him up. The little scallywag bit her.

So here Penny was sitting at a work bench. Idly sitting here. Contemplating the view outside the USS Illuminar.

(Reply , None)

(Posted by Norman 🦘)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Science Lab - CSO Lieutenant (jg) Jatón Alyl - 1201)

It had been an eventful three months for Jatón, but not necessarily bad ones. Things between him and Dieter were... complicated. But slowly he was learning to be a part of a polycule. And even enjoying himself. He had a long way to go still, and pangs of jealousy still reared their ugly heads from time to time.

He walked through the atrium's door, and started walking down the lab wing's main corridor, reading the latest reports. He looked up for a moment and saw Ensign MacTaggard looking out the window and idly poking the probe on the workbench. She seemed to be lightyears away. He stopped and watched for a few moments before walking through the door.

"Everything alright, ensign?" he asked.

(reply Penny)

(posted by Spencer)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Science Lab - SO Ens. Penny Mc Taggard - 12:03)

Gazing out the window Penny watched as the stars seemed to slowly pass her view. The Illuminar was obviously station keeping. She wondered why? McTaggard was glad they had left Vulcan though. Far to hot in the day for her.

"Everything alright, ensign?" he asked.

Penny jumped. She had not heard anyone come in. The probe she was holding hit the workbench a little too hard and sparked.

“ Oh dear. Sorry Lieutenant that should not do that.” She stammered.

Waving the smoking probe in the air. She could feel her face becoming the same colour as her hair.

“ Everything is fine sir....” Penny said desperately trying to stop the probe smoking.

(Reply , Jatón)

(Posted by Norman 🦘)

[illegible]

"Everything alright, ensign?" he asked.

Penny jumped and the probe she was holding hit the workbench a little too hard and sparked.

“ Oh dear. Sorry Lieutenant that should not do that.” She stammered.

“Everything is fine sir....” Penny said desperately trying to stop the probe smoking.

Jaton closed the distance between them in only two steps, eager to stop the smoking before the alarms went off. "Here, let me help you."

(reply Penny)

Jaton took the probe out of her hands, and saw what was wrong. He flipped a switch next to the status display and the smoke stopped within a few seconds. "Had the heating coil up too high," he said as he handed it back to her.

(reply Penny)

Jaton sat down in the chair next to her, turning it to face the ensign. "You seemed to be a long way away when I walked in. Is everything okay? Care to talk about it?"

(reply Penny, any)
(posted by Spencer)

[illegible]

Jaton closed the distance between himself and Penny. Who just just stood there holding the smoking probe.

"Here, let me help you."

“ Sorry?” Penny said

He took the probe out of her hands, and flipped a switch next to the status display. The smoke stopped within a few seconds.

"Had the heating coil up too high," he said as he handed it back to her.

“Och thank goodness I thought I’d broken the wee thing.” She said

Jaton sat down in the chair next to her, turning it to face Penny.

"You seemed to be a long way away when I walked in. Is everything okay? Care to talk about it?"

Penny lowered her head.

“ Things have not exactly gone well. Oh don't get me wrong I love it here and especially being in science. But things have not gone well for me. I have been in a siege , got radiation poisoning , embarrassed myself by have a sneezing fit in front of everyone at the floral contest . Even my wee pet doggie the wee one bit me. I just thought things since I left Earth would be better. She explained.

(Reply , Jatón)

(Posted by Norman 🦘)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 10 - Pilots Ready Room - Ensign(sg) Vic 'Raid' Montero - 1300)

It had been a few months since they had been on Vulcan. He's recovered fully from the strange episode at the Prancing Pony, but had decided it was best to avoid Karaoke night since then. While he and Gunsmoke kept their friends with benefits arrangement, she had been playing the field, which was fine with him. Playful comfort, release, all was good. He's been avoiding seeing the councilors as much as he could, throwing himself into other passions.

He had spent the last week working on a proposal for the Lieutenant. After what he saw on Vulcan, the mission on Bajor and the recent mission to help the Sharlayan, he really felt that there needed to be a change of complement in the shuttle department. Currently the ship carried the Aerowing, six personnel shuttle craft (2xtype 8, 4xtype 9) as well as a heavy transport and some shuttle pods.

That was a lot of shuttles for the missions being done. And the Illuminar could land on planets, which added a new dimension to the equation. When grounded, it had little support and was an easy target. He'd seen scenarios like this in the past. He lived through something like it. So he checked with a friend of a friend at the Starbase and found that they had some Federation attack fighters in storage, that were perfectly serviceable. If they lost two of the type 8 and one of the type 9 shuttle craft, the could accommodate two fighters. With a little effort on the flight crews part, and some creative arrangement, they could keep the type nine shuttle craft, one on ready alert, next to one of the fighters. It would be a bit of a hassle of the type 8 shuttles were needed, but less so than the destruction of the ship.

He sighed, and finished his proposal to Lieutenant Greywolf. He's hoped she had been watching his work, as he's been practicing flying the simulations of the ships of the line, like the Illuminar. It couldn't turn on it's nose, and was not ready for a space ballet, but he was ready to take it out of drydock, if the simulations were any indication.

With that, he pushed the send button, committing his proposal to the Chain of Command. Standing up, he stretched his neck muscles and did some knee bends. It was time to work off some excess energy. He tapped his comm badge, "Hey Rager, can you fire up a simulation. Illuminar on the ground, three fighter attack formation with an air combat flight of two."

"Copy that Raid. You want me to call Gunsmoke?"

"Yea get her butt down here. Let's see how she does."

(posted by Tim)

As the 3rd officer, he had the most favorite shift of all, the 2200 to 0600 shift. It cut into his extracurricular activities, but that was the price of advancement. Of course, since he was in to the physical and sensational, that was fine with him.

Daily life settled into a routine over the last few months since Vulcan. It took some adjusting to his circadian rhythm. He should ask the doc or Jatón about that, why the body still insisted on a circadian rhythm when in the deep reaches of space. It was more of a technical, engineering type question really, and could wait.

Getting off shift, he'd started exercising with the NCO's from security. Well he could beat the pants of any of them running distances, but his hand to hand skills were barely passable, but there were none better to teach him than those guys. Of course, it helped that he did provide payment for their services, so he was tolerated. Like a little brother or the team mascot.

After that was a light breakfast and sleep till about 1300 before he headed to review Operations. That task was now down at his desk with his lunch. Staff meetings and training took from 1400 to 1600, then another nap before a light dinner and shift.

"Computer, 3rd Officers log. The three months of small missions have done wonders for the Operations team's moral and team functioning. Performance reviews are at 98 percent, which has allowed me to begin a series of cross-training exercises with the team. I've also impressed the Engineering department into some cross-functional training so that Operations understands more about the specific tasks they are reviewing and assigning out, as well as ensuring they know how to follow up properly. Chief Petty Officer Ywan has become an invaluable aide de camp for me, her years of experience show and that makes my life easier. I am encouraging her to begin to study for the SCPO testing, as I am confident she would do fine. Of course, I need to find a way to make sure that when she does pass that she isn't sent to the Bureau for reassignment. Your own team will take your best people from you just as you get them fine tuned."

He paused, sipping his tea before taking a bite of salad.

"I am moving Ensign Morganthall to third watch with me for more training. This way I can oversee her development, she needs more time on the bridge understanding how to quickly summarize the information that is coming in to the station. McFry has been doing well and is reassigned to the second watch, where I believe he will thrive under Commander Peters. I've given Ensign Chifukukku a roving position, as he served so well as a liaison during the Sharlayan mission. The recent addition to the team, a Saurian, has been quite focused on the alpha team. I'm not sure how well the crew is dealing with a Saurian, but he has a wicked sense of humor and is a great singer, when you get him started."

The doorbell chimed. It was time for his daily briefing and review. "Computer, end log."

(Reply None)
(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

"Call medical and get them up here quickly Lieutenant."

"Yes sir. Medical this is transporter chief Daniels. There is a medical emergency at transporter room 2. I repeat, medical emergency at transporter room 2." He had set off a security alert as well which would also be registering in the security operations center.

(Reply: Quinna)

Sekal stepped forward as the man's brown eyes fluttered open. He focused on him after an instant and opened his mouth only to croak... "Sigma Draconis six" ... then the eyes closed promptly again as he fell unconscious.

Hammons checked his pulse. "Still alive sir but he needs immediate care."

"As I can see. Doctor Solice will be here shortly. You and Mr. Devers are to accompany him to sickbay after you inform Lieutenant Lee."

"Yes sir."

(Reply: Devers)

Sekal looked toward the transporter officer. "Did you notice anything unusual before beaming him aboard?"

"Yes sir. There was an unidentified energy buildup just as I engaged the transporter. It didn't come from our system."

Sekal nodded and stepped aside as Doctor Solice hurried in. "The transporter beam might have saved his life. We will know shortly."

(Reply: Devers, Quinna, Lee, any)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay -- Deck 5 -- CMO Lt. Quinna Solice -- 1850)

Quinna sat back in her chair. All was quiet and sickbay had not seen a patient in days. One could say the staff had an easy life to sit back and drink coffee. Though nothing is going to be that easy.

"Medical this is transporter chief Daniels. There is a medical emergency at transporter room 2. I repeat, a medical emergency at transporter room 2."

With a quick swipe of her combadge, “On our way.” Quinna motioned for two medics to join her as she grabbed the emergency medical kit.

[illegible]

(Argelius System- USS Illuminar - Transporter Room 2- CMO Lt. Quinna Solice- 1852)

Quinna rushed in and went immediately to the man on the ground. She heard the captain talk about the transporter but she focused on the heated wound on the mystery man. She turned to her medics.

They brought an anti-gravity stretcher with them. Quinna had determined it was not safe to move him, but it was less safe to not get him to sickbay. “Get him to sickbay,” Quinna ordered her medics.

Quinna turned to face the group. “Looking to severe injury.” A momentary pause, What can you tell me?”

(Reply Sekal, Lee, Devers, any)

"I need to get to sickbay."

(Reply: Devers, Quinna, Lee, any)

Quinna rushed out and back to sickbay.

(Reply: Devers, Quinna, Lee, any)

(Posted by Kris)

[illegible]

(Argelius System- USS Illuminar - Transporter Room 2- CO- Captain Sekal- 1853)

Doctor Solice and the medics present worked quickly to ascertain the wounded man's condition and ordered the medics to get him to sickbay before she turned to Sekal as Security Chief Lee walked in.

“Looking to be a severe injury. What can you tell me?”

Sekal folded his arms and gave her that deadpan look patented by Vulcans. Hearing the Security chief call for a report he raised his voice so that he could be heard by both. "The transporter officer noted an energy surge as he initiated the beam-in. My theory is that he was hit by an energy weapon at the same instant transport began which may have abated its effects somewhat. What type of weapon used is unknown at this time however I will have the science staff analyze the spike to see what it might correspond to."

(Reply: Quinna, Lee)

The medics rushed the man out of the room on an anti-grav gurney as the three spoke. "I ordered Hammons and Devers to accompany the man to sickbay and take watch. You can of course replace them if they are needed for other duties."

(Reply: Lee)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(Argelius System- USS Illuminar - Transporter Room 2- SO PO3 Hercules Devers- 1855)

Devers and Hammons had been called to Transporter room 2 by the Captain, on the double.

They stood and watched as the transporter chief did his work, and there appeared the bruised and battered body of a man. In very poor shape.

Hammons bent over him, "He's alive sir, but he needs immediate care."

As the Doctor was summoned, the Captain looked at the two security NCOs. "You and Mr. Devers are to accompany him to sickbay after you inform Lieutenant Lee."

"Yes sir," replied Hammons.

"Aye, aye."

This was serious, and Devers hand went unconsciously to his weapon.

The doctor breezed in followed by some medics and a stretcher.

Devers gave the doctor room to work, keeping his eye on everyone as best he could. She started demanding information, but he had none, so left the Captain to do the talking.

As the medics got him on the stretcher, Devers jumped to point, and started clearing a path for the stretcher, "Make a hole," he called out in his best command voice.

The chief came running up "Report," he called out.

"Injured man, Sir, taking to sickbay. He's real beat up."

[illegible]

Doctor Solice and the medics present worked quickly to ascertain the wounded man's condition and ordered the medics to get him to sickbay before she turned to Sekal as Security Chief Lee walked in.

“Looking to be a severe injury. What can you tell me?”

Lee listened to Captain Seka who gave his explanation as to the cause of the wounded man's condition . "The transporter officer noted an energy surge as he initiated the beam-in. My theory is that he was hit by an energy weapon at the same instant transport began which may have abated its effects somewhat. What type of weapon used is unknown at this time however I will have the science staff analyze the spike to see what it might correspond to."

"I like to be kept informed of what the Science staff come up with." Said Lee

The Captain had ordered Hammons and Devers to accompany the man to sickbay and to take. He had said to Lee that he could replace them if needed for other duties.

Lee watched the medics leave the room with the man on the anti-gurney followed by Hammons and Devers.

“No that’s fine. Hammons and Devers were on standby anyway other than normal duties. I will go with them. In the meantime I will initiate a security lockdown. Better to be cautious at his point.”

(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay -- Deck 5 -- CMO Lt. Quinna Solice -- 1901)

(Reply anyone)

“Ariel, I need a neuro tray. Can you run a subdermal regenerator to repair the deep inner muscle tissue damage?”

Quinna started to administer a neuro stimulant suppressant and it appeared to be working. “How is it going, Ariel?”

(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay -- Deck 5 -- SO PO3 Hercules Devers -- 1902)

(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay - ACOUNS ACMO LT JG Ariel Trei - 19.05)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

Operate in the field long enough and you'll find yourself getting tested by very dangerous people. The more immediate and unexpected the test, the more likely they're up to serious trouble and the more likely they're going to try and kill you. This was never more true than this day.

Michael had been burned. He didn't know how it happened or who had burned him, but his cover was blown and he was on the run for his life. He had managed to get to the beam up coordinates for his retrieval, but nothing was happening. It was taking too long. Finally he could feel the tingle of the transporter affect when a voice from behind him screamed out.

“Damn you Michael Weston, I thought you loved me.”

Then there was a burning sensation that went through his shoulder as the transporter took hold and fractions of a second too late.

Weston opened his left eye to see that he was laying in the med bay of a Starfleet vessel. He was surrounded by staff who seemed to be working diligently on something. He realized what they were working on was him. Somewhere in the background of his mind he heard a voice say, "permission to sooth the patient empathically." ~Yeah, good luck with that.~ Then another voice saying, "No, don't sooth emphatically. It's important that he is as clear minded as possible."

~Smart girl.~

Whenever anyone turned to look at him he would close his eye and let them do their work. He knew this tactic wasn't going to work very long. But when you'd been in deep cover as long as he had it was difficult to actually trust anyone. Especially on this case. So he concentrated on keep his breathing shallow and his heart rate elevated. That was usually the first mistake people made. Slowing your breathing would naturally slow your heart rate, unless there was something wrong with you. He wanted to keep these people believing that there was something wrong with him. The good news was that there actually was something wrong.

However the doctor in charged seemed to be more adept than the typical space doc, and she was treating the disrupted tissue with speed and efficiency. They won't be able to tell what caused the injury. The weapon doesn't actually exist, or shouldn't. But it did and his injuries proved it.

Someone probed the deep tissue damage and Michael couldn't help but wince, and someone noticed.

"Ummm... doctor," a woman's voice said, "I think the patient is awake."

(reply Solice)

“Where am I?” Michael asked.

"What's name, sir," it must have been a nurse asking.

"You first," Weston replied.

(reply Solice, Verin, any)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay -- Deck 5 -- Chief of Security 1910)

Lee ordered Hammons and Devers to remain in the sickbay to guard the injured man. He had no idea who he was but to appear from the transporter in a poor condition was a security concern.. He noted that both Hammons and Devers were armed. Lee pressed his combadge “This is Lee to all security. Initiate lockdown as of now. All hatches and transporter rooms to be guarded. I want a security presence in the shuttle bays. No one is to board or leave the ship. Report to armoury to be issued with phasers and batons. Shift leaders – put into place security protocols.”

He turned to Hammons and Devers. "As soon as he regain consciousness, I want some answers as to who he is and what happened to him." Taking one last look at the man, he turned and left

(reply any)

(posted by John)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay - ACOUNS ACMO LT JG Ariel Trei - 19.10)

The patient woke up and asked who we were. She could tell he was holding back mentally and emotionally. She thought two can play at that game. She blocked her emotions so he could not read them and told him who she was. Anything he said or felt she can read to get more information.

"I am ACOUNS ACMO Ariel Trei. What can you tell us of what happened to you?"

(Reply Weston, Any)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay - Deck 5 -- CMO Lt. Quinna Solice - 19:15)

Quinna was running a neural diffuser on her patient when Ariel answered her question.

"Progress slow but working Ma'am. I ask for permission to soothe the patient empathically."

Quinna opened her mouth to say absolutely not but turned in shock to see Commander Verin give that order.

"No, don't soothe him empathically Trei," Sienna spoke in her First Officer voice. "It's important that he is as clear-minded as possible."

Quinna turned back to Ariel, "She is right. It can also impede the neural diffuser." Quinna turned back to the patient and noted the treatment in the biobed's 3D patient logs interface. "Now we wait."

Quinna moved away to give space as there was no telling how long the wait was before he awoke. She overheard the security detail now taking up residency in sickbay. It made her wonder who exactly this patient was. There was no way to scan his identity. For right now, he was simply John Doe.

Away a bit, Quinna overheard part of a conversation, “This is Lee to all security. Initiate lockdown as of now. All hatches and transporter rooms to be guarded. I want a security presence in the shuttle bays. No one is to board or leave the ship. Report to armoury to be issued with phasers and batons. Shift leaders – put into place security protocols.”

Quinna was definitely in the dark and did not like it. She turned again to hear another voice. It came from their newest patient. She noted that was giving the nurse a bit of a hard time, but Ariel quickly rushed in and handled the situation. At this point, she turned to the First Officer. Since this was business-related she approached in a more formal tone.

“Commander, I would like to know what is happening here.” Quinna started. “Not to be offensive, Ma’am, what are you doing here and why is sickbay locked down?”

(Reply Verin)

The on-duty medics and nurses were trying to pretend not to watch. “Who is our patient?”

(Reply Verin)

(Reply any in sickbay, Verin, Trei, Lee, 'John Doe' Weston, anyone I missed)

(Posted by Kris)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay -- Deck 5 — SFI- Michael Weston — 1916)

Typically you have to work hard to keep everyone around you confused just enough to not alarm them but to allow you to do your job. The good news here was that these people were confused enough already without having to lift a finger or say a word. They all appeared to be so busy doing their own thing that nobody was really paying attention to anyone else. At that point Michael realized that he must be on a Starfleet vessel. In the real universe someone would be floating out of an airlock by this time.

Clearly he knew who was in charge at this moment. There was a commander in the room and she was trying to get control of the situation. However, there was a doctor who was in charge of the patient but felt it necessary, during the treatment, to try and get more information other than just the facts of his injuries. There were security men there frantically trying to secure a medical area that had been thrown into chaos, and he heard someone saying, "And when he regains consciousness, I want some answers to who he is and what happened to him." Michael had to wonder how long he'd been in security, as he didn't seem to understand the meaning of the word secure.

Then there was an empath, or telepath there who seemed to want to invade his mind, but was ordered to not, and now realized Michael was awake and was trying to... interrogate him? Besides the telepath

(posted by Mel)

(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay - ACOUNS ACMO LT JG Ariel Trei - 19.20)

"We need to know who did this to you so we can help you."

(Posted by Edward)

(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay - Deck 5 -- CMO Lt. Quinna Solice - 19:30)

(reply Trei)

(Played by Kris)

(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay - ACOUNS ACMO LT JG Ariel Trei - 19.35)

Quinna stepped in and gently placed a hand on Ariel's arm saying she would like to try. Ariel stepped back and took a seat at a terminal watching Quinna try to get the patient to talk. She knew the guy was playing like he was sleeping. She waited for the patient to respond.

(Posted by Edward)

(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay -- Deck 5 — SFI- Michael Weston — 1936)

"I am Dr. Quinna Solice," she said with authority. "I am the Chief Medical Officer here on the USS Illuminar. The Neuro jammer may be making your head a bit fuzzy, but it is trying to dissipate a foreign electrical charge attacking your nerves." She paused, as if waiting for a response, which did not come, since Michael had no idea how to respond. He knew why his nerves were on fire, he just wanted someone to put the fire out.

Michael immediately started to like this woman. At least she gave him the first piece of information he'd asked for when this whole thing began. He tried to roll onto his side to ease an ache, but his body wouldn't respond. He took a deep breath with the realization that no matter what he was here for a while. The best he could do is take as much control as he could.

(reply Solice)

(reply Solice. Sekal)

[illegible]

He had been standing outside the patient room and gazing through the viewing window impassively for the last half hour. A number of officers and medical personnel had come and gone during that time. Sienna had originally been stationed inside to oversee the situation while Devers and Hammons were on guard outside the door to ensure that no one who did not have prior permission managed to penetrate past their watchful gaze. He got Sienna's attention and motioned for her to come outside so he could relieve her from duty for the night.

(Reply: Sienna)

The man inside was considered an important asset with valuable intelligence and the actions of this ship over the last three months had orbited his movements in an understated way. That he was attacked during their attempt to beam him aboard was a troubling element and gave impetus to the theory that the operative of a particularly unsavory element had penetrated the Illuminar. Did Sekal indeed have a spy aboard? It was looking more and more likely, had he used this as a litmus test of that fact it would certainly have cemented the accusation.

Had the operative been among his crew the whole time or had he/she rotated on recently? There was no sure way of knowing as of yet. Of those aboard the ship he could disqualify emphatically only himself, Steven Hammons and Commander Peters. Those three had been instrumental in taking down the Roanoke ring stationed at Mars. Of Commander Verin he was certain due to other outside events, he knew she could be trusted. He was also certain of his department heads, their records had been examined by him minutely and they had been tested under fire along with a number of his other officers.

There were others he did not have adequate data on yet to make a determination and a great many who were suspect including those who had rotated aboard at Vulcan. Command had been direct and forthright on their suspicion that one buried somewhere within the bureaucracy was complicit in salting a number of ships and stations with such plants and were currently watching crew assignments carefully. Those who had been routed directly by Admiral Winters were considered low risk, the others carried with them question marks.

How had command come to this conclusion? A defensive station within the Altair system had been penetrated by a number of former Roanoke scientists. During the follow-up investigation it was determined that one of their experiments had gone awry destroying much of the station including their labs. The commanding officer had been questioned heavily and appeared ignorant of their past history. There was something about the incident that nagged at the Vulcan's mind however and tore at the fabric of the logical extrapolation. Why had the munitions carried aboard that were not under the scientists purview been detonated? Had it been mere chance as the investigation concluded? There was no way to verify this, all trace of those experiments had been vaporized along with the scientists themselves and no records of their research had been maintained in the stations mainframe. Logic would seem to point out that the detonation was not a by-product of the experiments but somehow related ... but in what way? Without that answer the investigators conclusion was inevitable. The complete lack of evidence to the contrary led to only one conclusion. Still he could not escape the doubt that arose from it.

That was not the purpose of the operative who was being tended to however, he was expected to have information on a smuggling operation dealing with high tech alien weaponry and that was their reason for being here. With his help they might be able to shut it down.

As he watched he saw the man open his eyes and begin speaking. Counselor Trei was trying to engage him in conversation until the chief medical officer intervened and began hustling people out. Sekal cocked his head with interest as his CMO proved again why she had been chosen for the posting.

He turned and watched as several people began filing out. The room had been overcrowded certainly and not all had been necessary. He fully expected to be called in at some point but would allow Dr. Solice to exercise her medical judgment as to when would be the appropriate time.

(Reply: Sienna, Any)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

Sy stepped closer to the Captain and spoke quietly to him, barely audible. "Dr. Solice has managed to stabilize him. He is awake and aware, although in a great deal of pain. I've been assisting as another set of hands. I've been listening telepathically to the surface thoughts and emotions in the room, and no one seems to recognize him, or is acting suspiciously. And since he is stabilized, I won't be needed." She yawned slightly, very tired all of a sudden. A look at her wrist chronometer showed her the time.

"Good grief, I'm going to be late meeting T'Mur. May I be excused Sir?" An absent nod from the Captain that had Sienna hurrying off towards her Quarters.

[illegible]

“Dr. Solice?” he started “Dr. Quinna Solice?”

Quinna looked up at Ariel. She nodded knowing that it was a good sign for his recovery. “Yes.”

"Well, I know some about you," he said. Quinna thought it might be the drugs she had given him.

“My name is Michael Weston, and it is imperative that I talk with Captain Sekal at his earliest convenience... and mine I suppose.”

"Ariel, why don't you go update the Captain about our patient here," Quinna said.

(Reply Trei)

Quinna turned back to Michael. “Lt. Trei will be going to update the Captain. What do you remember doing before being beamed out.”

(Reply Weston)

“What you remember could tell me what possibly your body is going through and I may be able to adjust treatment to help you recover faster.” Quinna explained, “That is unless you want to spend extra time on my biobed.” Quinna added.

(Reply Weston)

(reply Trei, Weston, Sekal in you come on in)

(posted by Kris)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar- Deck 5- Sickbay- CO- Captain Sekal- 1946)

Counselor Trei hadn't made it outside the treatment room yet but things were proceeding at a logical pace, anticipating that the patient would be available soon the CO tapped his combadge.

"Lieutenant Lee meet me in sickbay, the operative has regained consciousness and time is of the essence. We need to be ready to move in quickly to begin questioning him."

(Reply: Lee)

Sekal saw Trei nod to the Doctor and begin to move toward the door so he stepped over to speak with her when she emerged. "What news Counselor?"

(Reply: Trei, room for more)

He nodded minutely and stepped through the doorway but not before issuing instructions to the men guarding the room. "Lieutenant Lee is to be sent in as soon as he arrives."

(Reply: Devers, Hammons)

He stepped inside and moved to the foot of the biobed then crossed his arms and waited silently for the operative to notice him and speak. The man was in possession of his faculties but his face mirrored the pain he was feeling though he hid most of it. Now was not the time to be gentle however.

(Reply: Quinna, Weston)

"I am Captain Sekal and the man who just stepped through the door is my chief of security. Lieutenant Lee will be handling your full debrief. What I require from you is the planet the smugglers are based on and anything you can tell me that might be applicable to the safety of my ship should we encounter them in space which arises from the advanced technology they have acquired."

(Reply: Weston, Lee)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Sickbay

- Deck 5 - SFI - Michael Weston – 1946)

Michael in the

bed feeling the sensation of not feeling like he was actually dead. He hurt, for certain, but that was the best sign that he wasn't actually dead, and everything

that had transpired in the last minutes was all the bad dream of death coming to get him. At least he had the image of the pretty little doctor to watch as he died.

"What do you remember
doing before being beamed out," the doctor asked.

That name, Solice,
he knew that name. He knew that her father was in security and died on a ship many years ago. Why was that important to him?
He couldn't remember, but
there was something there. Then he refocused.

"Before beaming out?"
he repeated the question. "I got shot. I can't tell you much more than that."

"What you remember,"
she sounded desperate, and desperation usually signified concern, "could tell me what possibly your body is going through and I may be able to adjust treatment to help you recover faster. That is unless you want to spend extra time on my biobed."

Michael chuckled,
which sent a new wave of pain through his shoulder, "You say that like it was a bad thing. I've been in much worse places, to be honest. Tell me doctor, what do you know about treating multiphase plasma charged weapons." He could see the confused look on her face. "Yeah, I can't tell you much more than that either, because that type of weapon doesn't really exist. Other than the fact that's what I was shot with."

Suddenly the door opened and a tall Vulcan walked in and stopped at the foot of the biobed. He crossed his arms and looked upon him with silent disapproval.

Weston nodded at the captain, "Hey dad."

"I am Captain Sekal," the Vulcan began, "and the man who just stepped through the door is my chief of security. Lieutenant Lee will be handling your full debrief. What I require from you is the planet the smugglers are based on and anything you can tell me that might be applicable to the safety of my ship should we encounter them in space which arises from the advanced technology they have acquired."

Weston nodded. He had been in espionage long enough to know that when met by a true leader, on their own ground, it was best to give them what they think it is that they want. The good news was, what this man wanted was exactly what Michael wanted to give him. He had just hoped for a more secure location. Of course he hadn't planned on Carir Vikkag to discover that he was not who he was

at exactly the moment she did. He was just thankful that she was not the shot that she thought she was.

Weston looked from Captain Sekal, whom he had been briefed about, to the man standing slightly behind him. This man looked, if possible, even more serious than the captain. Michael was okay with people not liking him. He was actually used to it. It kind of came with the territory. But this Lieutenant Lee seemed to have a grudge. That actually worked in Michael's favor as people with a grudge often made careless errors in efforts to be intimidating.

"Good morning, Mr Weston. My name is Lt Keung Lee, chief of security." Lee unnecessarily introduced himself. "We're going to invest a little bit of time to capture your experiences before too much time passes. To help make it efficient, I'm going to record our conversation. That way, we can just get our stories captured quickly now and look back on them later. My goal here is just to listen, and I'll ask that we consider this a no-judgment zone. If we made mistakes, let's just get those stories captured. I've got a series of questions to ask you. Do you understand what I just said?"

Michael shrugged his shoulders, and immediately paid the price of the action. He assumed that everything that happened on a starship was already being recorded, but under the 100 year rule, so that really didn't bother him. What did bother him was the word mistakes. Mistakes usually mean death... or worse. Michael Weston was still alive, and in the hands of Starfleet, so he felt fairly certain that they were not going to resort to any horrible torture, that would not cause him to talk anyway.

"Well it all seemed to come out all right," Weston said, unable to completely control the sarcasm, "so yes, I understand the words coming out of your mouth." Then he looked at the man strangely, "Is this usually a problem for you? Do people not usually understand you?"

"Very good," Lee said, completely ignoring his question, which Michael thought was actually legitimate. "We can begin with your name and who you are working for?"

Michael adjusted his body a little, "Is it possible to adjust this bed a little so that I can be inclined? Maybe later. My name is Michael Weston. Who I work for is not really of importance to you right now, but I am with Star Fleet Intelligence."

"What was your assignment?" Lee asked.

Weston frowned. These questions were pointless. This Lee was digging for information that he didn't need to know. Sekal had already told him the information that they needed, that he had been ordered to receive from him. That would be the same information that he had been ordered to make available. Why did security people always seem to have this proclivity to get more than they needed?

"As Captain Sekal said," he began, "I have to bring you certain information about smugglers, and what ever is applicable to the safety of your crew. That," he paused, "has a very broad interpretation."

Lee, once again, seemed unphased by Weston's flippant attitude. ~This was going to be fun.~

"I want you to describe the sequence of events that ended up with you being injured and appearing on this ship"

"Okay, we need to clarify here," Michael said. "The sequence of events began several months ago. Are you sure you want all of the sordid details of my assignment? Or would you prefer just the highlights?" No response. "Okay, the highlights it is."

He turned to Doctor Solice, "Would you mind getting me something to drink? Ice water would be fantastic. My throat is quite dry, and once I start I really don't want to stop."

(reply Solice)

"SFI discovered that illegal and experimental weapons were being smuggled, traded and sold in parts of the universe that we'd rather weren't armed with these kinds of weapons. A series of, shall we call them, unfortunate events, began to unfold. People were killed. Good people like Howard Carter and Linda Braidwood, Miri Achoxur, the Betazoid, under Secretary of Deneb V. Ships were destroyed like the Caitian explorer vessel H'Ress. You may have heard of these incidents. I had been tasked to infiltrate the smuggling ring and find the source of the weapons. I managed the first half of the job, was getting pretty close to the second part. I am absolutely certain that the details of my actions in doing this would," he took the glass of water from Solice, "would make my new doctor friend here blush, and perhaps form an opinion of me that may, or may not be true. I was discovered as I was on my way to our rendezvous, and one of my... contacts tried to kill me with an experimental weapon. I believe that it may have backfired, so I am not certain that she is still alive. Too bad, she was a nice girl... well, to a certain point."

"What can you tell me about the smugglers and the planet that they are based on?" Lee continued.

Lee winced at the manipulations of the doctors healing hands and said, "I can tell you that they are some serious people with some serious power behind them... on both sides. The smugglers themselves have been based on Deneb V. I can't guarantee that they are still there. I have not been able to locate the source of the weapons, nor who is using them."

"What is the threat to this ship if we encountered their advanced technology," Lee asked. "Can you explain what you discovered about this technology?"

Michael laughed as if Lee had told him a joke. "IF!! This is not an if then scenario Latent Lee. This is a when and where scenario. These weapons exist, and they have already been used to kill. Are they a threat to this ship. You bet your sweet aunt's fanny they are. No I cannot explain it. I was this close," he held his finger and thumb an inch apart. "However, Captain Sekal, I brought you a present."

He looked over at Solice and winked. "Sorry."

Then he dug his good arm into his pants and reached down to his crotch. There was a small tearing sound as the adhesive ripped the hairs from his leg. He pulled out a small octagonal shaped cylinder that was about three inches long. He held it out between his thumb and finger. Fatigue had finally started to sink in past the adrenaline inches system. He lightly tossed the device to the CO.

"It is a power cell for something called a Coil Gun," he said. "Maybe your people can make something out of it."

(posted by Al Muir)

(USS Illuminar - Sickbay - CO- Captain Sekal- 19.47.5)

"He is holding back sir. Be wary If he persists in withholding information, I ask for permission to search his mind."

The answer came quickly. "Not at this time Counselor as you say. His orders are clear, to report what he knows to us. I am certain he will not be initially forthcoming and we may have to resort to guile to get some of the answers we are seeking but he is not an enemy. Not that is unless he chooses to be treated as such."

Sekal was well aware that intelligence operatives sometimes had hidden agendas. Jaelle Foxglove had been one such and he had attempted to break through the wall she had built around herself but in the end had failed. At least in the grand scheme of things she had come through will some technological innovations courtesy of Section 13 which she had seemed to despise as much as the rest of the fleet. Some like the dark matter phaser configuration option built into the ship had uses while personal weaponry built on that foundation had been summarily banned. The upgraded Void-Sphinx fighter had proven to be a windfall while the planetary bombardment cannon was still being considered.

"Spooks" as they were sometimes called however often had divergent interests to the rest of the fleet. Michael Weston would no doubt want something for the information he carried and what they could not get willingly they might have to take. Before resorting to such methods however he would use every other avenue available.

"However if necessary I will call upon you. Sometimes emotional reactions can be just as effective at reading an individual as telepathy in such cases as you saw at Bajor. Stand by in the waiting area in case you are needed."

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

When she reached them, she quickly went inside, grabbed a quick sonic shower and changed out of her uniform. Soon enough T'Mur arrived and the evening progressed wonderfully.

Yet something was nagging at Sienna after the two of them had enjoyed themselves and she glanced at the chronometer on the nightstand. It was 2300. T'Mur was sleeping beside her, so Sy turned over and gently touched her arm, "T... Would you wake up a little?" Sy kept gently petting with one finger as she petted her mate. Her mate. She knew that the moment she had stood up to T's Father on Vulcan was the moment it had solidified. Once T was semi awake, Sy slipped out from under the cover and brought them both back a fairly large glass of ice cold water. Like a brat, Sy flicked a little of the condensation onto T'Mur's face with a silly little smile.

(Reply T'Mur)

"I know, I should behave. Love... I've been feeling something since your regeneration procedure. Now and then, not all the time and it may just be that I'm far too sensitive where you are concerned and the Betazoid side is trying to form a bond with you. I was wondering, have you noticed it too? Something.. primal?" She seemed to be trying to find the right words, so she sat down beside her girlfriend as they shared the glass of water.

(reply T'Mur, any)
(posted by Mel)

[illegible]

Lt Lee arrived in the sickbay with his PADD. It wasn't going to be easy to debrief spooks as from his past experiences with dealing with such people. They only tell you what you need to know and he wasn't going to take truck from Weston whoever he is. He saw Devers and Hammons acknowledging him. "Remain here" said Lee. He then saw Captain Sekal and heard that the Captain has announced himself and explained that Lee will handling the debrief. The information that required is that the planet the smugglers are based on and anything that might be a threat to the ship if they encountered advanced technology.

Lee looked coldly at Weston, if that's his real name. Maybe it was a legend.

“Good morning, Mr Weston. My name is Lt Keung Lee, chief of security.” Introduced Lee. “ we’re going to invest a little bit of time to capture your experiences before too much time passes. To help make it efficient, I’m going to record our conversation . That way, we can just get our stories captured quickly now and look back on them later. My goal here is just to listen, and I’ll ask that we consider this a no-judgment zone. If we made mistakes, let’s just get those stories captured. I’ve got a series of questions to ask you. Do you understand what I just said?” Whether he like it or not, some sort of record should be taken. Softly, softly approach.

(reply Weston)

“Very good. We can begin with your name and who you are working for?”

(reply Weston)

“What was your assignment?”

(reply Weston)

“I want to you to describe the sequence of events that ended up with you being injured and appearing on this ship”

(reply Weston)

“What can you tell me about the smugglers and the planet that they are based on?”

(reply Weston)

“It is a power cell for something called a Coil Gun. Maybe your people can make something out of it.” Weston as he called himself had tossed a component to the Vulcan which he caught deftly with his left hand.

As the Vulcan's fingers closed over the irregularly shaped object that was close to the size of his palm the Chief of Security sprang into motion.

"Protect the Captain! Relieve the Captain of that weapon before it goes off"

Hammons and Devers had burst into the room with phasers leveled.

"Captain if you don't mind please." Steven Hammons spoke while not taking his eyes off the man on the biobed who appeared to be groggy and near the edge of consciousness. Hammons didn't let his guard down since he could be faking. And with his eyes glued to the operatives hands he couldn't see what the readout on the panel above the bed was showing. Steven shifted the phaser carefully to his left hand then held out his right without looking at the CO.

Sekal passed the object to him and he stepped away from him, his eyes and focusing crystal never leaving the prone form. If the object were to blow up or go off it wouldn't be in the Captain's face since he had moved to the other side of the room.

"This is set on heavy stun but you know the devastating effects on soft tissue at close point range. Big mistake Weston or whatever you call yourself. You do not threaten us. You will remain still while we conduct a search. Don't cooperate and you will find yourself in the brig..untreated and I won't be very nice with my questioning techniques."

With the Chief covering the spook Steven opened his right hand and spared a glance at the object he held. It was hexagonal in shape and spanned his palm. In height about three centimeters. He held it up and took a closer look. It was seamless. Not a weapon though it might contain an explosive charge. He activated his comm. "Security send another detail to sickbay plus one. I am in possession of an object that needs to be scanned for a threat assessment."

=^= Routing the closest team now. Expect them any minute. =^=

"Acknowledged."

He deactivated the comm and stepped back toward the door so he could pass it through to the next team. He then spared a glance toward Sekal who appeared unfazed by the incident. The Captain was standing with his head slightly tilted to one side and his arms crossed as he studied the operative closely. Steven had no idea what the CO might be thinking as he was aware the Vulcan's intellect operated on a much higher plane than his own.

Devers had initiated a search of the man's person which was something they had missed doing earlier during the medical frenzy following his arrival. The setup at this point was making the security team look incompetent and Steven didn't like it, no not at all.

(Reply: Weston, Solice, Devers, Lee)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar- Deck 5- Sickbay- Chief of Security Lt jn Keung Lee- 2000)

(reply Solice, anyone)

“Don’t we have a crew member who is a telepath?” he said as he stared into Weston’s face whose face was showing an expression of pain as Devers continued to search him

(posted by John)

(USS Illuminar – Deck 5 Holosuit 1- Assistant Chief of Security PO2 Carol Linnis- 2000.5)

The cadets stood at the ramp of the shuttle as approached the drop zone. Team leader cadet Winson Zoar saw the lunar surface whipping past below him. Collectively taking a deep breath the cadets took a couple of steps and jumped. Their bodies encased in their exoskeleton EVA Battle suits, began a nerve racking rapid descent to the lunar surface. Their hearts rate fluctuating on the observation control consoles. Korey growl which appeared to Carol that he was enjoying watching their discomfort. He had disengaged all safety protocols in the program and the battle suits. “they not children” he growled “they need to grow up pretty quickly.”

In a matter of seconds, all the cadets found themselves in a controlled fall that would be impossible on Earth. When they landed, their suits absorbed more of the impact. Once on the ground, Winston barked out orders to the other cadets to get a move on. Looking towards where their objective was, he spotted a slight rise in the terrain. They walked on but it was difficult to keep them bouncing on the lunar surface given the lower gravitational pull. They eventually arrived at their target, a bunker like structure and Winston instructed the others to line up against the side of the bunker that they needed to get in. Once Winston saw they were ready, he signed to Jane Walker to affix explosives to the airlock door. She set the explosives on the door. A moment later, a bright flash erupted along the edge of the airlock door and, then a violent depressurisation occurred as the door blew off into space along with a couple of the enemy combatants who were guarding immediately inside. The cadets waited for the

depressurisation to finish they rushed inside firing at any combatants who appeared. But Ray Wong got hit by a couple of phaser blasts, his body shaking from the stun before he slumped to the ground. It seems to Carol, that he was out for the remainder of the exercise. Carol took a moment to look at the readouts of the cadets. Other than that the fact that Ray Wong was down, everyone else seem fine. Their suits were operating normally, oxygen levels were optimal and...the Klingon instructor was actually smiling.

Another door stood in the way of the cadets and this time, Eish Cuvh place the explosive charge on the door. Boom! The door blew backwards into the room they were and Eish didn't get out of the way in time as the door flew off angle and right at him. It slammed into his body and threw him backwards several meters until he hit against the opposite wall. Sliding to the floor, Eish felt a sense of panic as the front of his helmet cracked and started venting oxygen. He was startled to find a slice of metal cut into this suit, ripping it which also started venting oxygen. Jane quickly must moved to check on him and seeing the problem, she applied a sealant to the crack on his visor. Winton helped Eish with placing a patch on his suit. At that moment, several streaks of phaser fire headed towards the cadets.

“Freeze programme” said Carol as she appeared in the holosuit before the Klingon stepped in angrily. The phasers streaks stopped in mid air

“Alright cadets. Look at the phaser streaks.” She pointed out the phaser streaks which stopped in mid air “To use a human phrase. You left your eye off the ball. You would have all been killed”

“What’s the lesson here?” enquired Carol “You..cadet Eish”

Eish looked up sheepishly “I set the charges off too soon and...er...I should have done the repairs myself?”

“Right. All of you should be able to be self sufficient in situations like this. It is not team work trying to physically help one individual whilst you got the enemy about. What you should have done is to allow Eish to attend his own situation which you both covered for him.”

(reply none)

(posted by John)

[illegible]

Standing outside of sickbay, Devers wondered what all the security and fuss was about. Not that it was in his pay grade to worry about such things. Watching his fellow crew go about their day, casting furtive glances at the Hammonds and him. Wondering, he was sure, why were there security guards outside of sickbay.

It wasn't an everyday occurrence to transport someone to the ship in such a manner. And that he was injured.

Suddenly he heard Chief Lee call out, "Protect the Captain."

Hammond and Devers burst into sickbay to a chaotic scene. The Captain was holding something in his hand.

"Relieve the Captain of that weapon before it goes off."

As Hammonds moved to the Captain, Devers moved to the chief, who took his phaser out and had it pointed at the man's groin.

Devers shook his head, and said quietly to the chief, "Sir, General Order 2 and 3 apply here."

He began to search the man while the Chief lowered his phaser. It was not clear what the 'weapon' was, as Hammonds was dealing with that. However, none of the weapons scanners had activated when the man was beamed aboard. So if it was a weapon, it was something new and that could mean lots of trouble.

After finishing his physical examination of the man, a 'pat-down' as they called it, he turned to one of the medical techs, "Can you run a micron field scan on your patient from the biobed?"

The Technician nodded and entered some commands to initiate such a scan.

Devers looked up at the chief and shook his head, he'd found nothing more.

"Don't we have a crew member who is a telepath?" Lee asked.

"General order 25, sir," Devers said. He could not believe he was quoting the regulations but cooler heads had to prevail soon.

(Reply, any in sick bay)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS

Illuminar --Deck 2 - FO's Quarters - CTO T'Mur/ FO Commander Sienna Williams-Verin — 2000)

T'Mur

stood at the door of Sienna's quarters holding a box. The box was full of her clothes and personal items. Over the past few months they had gotten even closer and spent almost all of their spare time together. More often than not the wound up spending the night at the others quarters, having to wake up early to avoid being seen leaving by unsuspecting crewmen.

Their

relationship was not the best kept secret on the Illuminar, but they also did not want to flaunt it in front of the crew. So there came the discussion of how it was illogical for their arrangement to continue the way it was. They should really stay in the same quarters. It seemed like a logical conclusion, and the first officers quarters, to be fair, were much bigger and nicer.

If

it was so logical T'Mur found herself wondering why she was hesitating at this moment. Sienna had said many times that this was a big step and T'Mur had agreed. It was a big step. Were they ready for this level of commitment? Suddenly she remembered how

Sienna had slowly dubbed her with a nickname... T. She tried to get T'Mur to call her Sy. That gave her a moment of warmth that convince her that this was the correct decision. She reached out and tapped the door chime.

Over

two months before, Sienna had keyed her quarters to T'Mur and Luma knew to let T into her quarters if for some reason the computer was being obstinate. T for some reason that was probably Vulcan logic in reasoning, had always used the chimes when entering

Sy's very spacious set of rooms. Since Sy had been on the ship since before it had been commissioned, she had been able to design her quarters. She had a large bedroom, a large office and a small kitchen that was unused. Her recreation area had plush couches,

a small table with 2 seats and a retractable viewscreen. The walls had programmable tint chips that were tinted to a soft lilac. The throw accent pillows and blanket were a rich jeweled purple against the matte black of the couch and easy chair. The only

decoration on her walls was the elaborate kimono set that Q had returned her in. This was hanging in her office.

Sy

bounced over towards the door and hit the door opener. "My dearest T'Mur." She whispered, well aware of the looks the two were receiving. "This is your home now, love. You can come and go as you wish. I know I have told you this." She stepped back to allow

T to enter. Sy was so incredibly happy that this relationship had progressed so well. Once the door had slid shut, she took the box from T'Mur and placed it on the table. Then she enfolded T'Mur in her arms and smiled. "Welcome home Love. Kenna will be glad

to see you." Kenna was Sy's chocolate point ragdoll siamese and roamed the quarters as she wished. Sy just relished the feeling of T'Mur in her arms, the intimacy of having the girl she loved close.

"I

thought I would ring the chime one last time," T'Mur said. If one didn't know her better they'd have thought she was being nostalgic. For T'Mur it was more of stating a routine she was going through in her mind.

She

let Sienna pull her in, and enjoyed the moment of contact. Then she looked over at the cat. T'Mur had not taken an instant liking to the animal. There were times when she wondered who was who's pet.

T'Mur had tried to tell Sienna that Kenna had thoughts that

were more sentient than Sienna gave her credit for. Which was a strange thought since the Betazoid often spoke to the cat as if it understood every word. T'Mur knew that not to be the case, but the emotions the cat felt were sentient, and they were not always kind feelings towards T'Mur.

Still,

over the weeks, Kenna had come to accept the intrusion of T'Mur and eventually warmed up to her. Now she even climbed onto her shoulders and lay there. Of claws would dig into her flesh periodically with moments of feral feline jealousy. But Sienna loved Kenna and so T'Mur made the effort to build a rapport.

"Good evening Kenna," T'Mur reached out to the brown ears of the Siamese. "Did you manage to keep yourself busy today?"

The cat meowed, turned and walked across the table in defiance. T'Mur raised an eyebrow and shrugged her shoulders. There was a small nagging irritation in the back of her mind, but she let it go, not certain why she was "feeling" that.

T'Mur reached up and stroked Sienna's cheek with her thumb, then gave her a soft kiss. And stepped back. She went to the box and pulled out the stuffed sehlut that Sienna had given her. Giving the stuffed animal a loving pet she turned to Sienna.

"And where will Tigger stay?" she asked. "He has never been here before."

Sienna laughed as she pulled T'Mur into her...their...bedroom. She stood there looking upon it with a critical eye. It was stark, the only tints of colour were her bed linens. The crate of her belongings sat unopened. "I never felt like this was home until you got here, now it feels like a home." She moved over to the crate and dug into it, taking out a gold and amber necklace, with a stylized W on the pendant. "This is for you. One of the foster children that my parents brought up...Rissa... is a Tiburonian and they are all about Clan. So my Father made these. I asked him a few months ago to have one made for you. If you want to be considered part of the crazy Williams Clan." She held the necklace out to her girlfriend.

T'Mur looked at the jewelry for a moment, not moving. The magnitude of the gift was not lost on her. She was being asked to join a family. It had been so long since she belonged anywhere. The sensation was ... almost overwhelming. Slowly she reached out and lifted the necklace from Sienna's hand. She held it up admiring the craftsmanship and the decorative value. It may not have been a huge gesture for Sienna, but to T'Mur it spanned a chasm for her. Finally she put the necklace around her neck and showed it to Sienna, who was beaming.

"As for Tigger, maybe we can put up a small shelf above the bed? Unless you want him closer, then he could sit on your night table?" The far left night table was completely empty except for a lamp and a coaster for a drink as the furniture was made with real wood, varnished a dark cherry.

T'Mur

do you know how to cook? We have that kitchenette and I mostly use it to store fresh fruit because I have no idea how to cook. My twin, Trip, he's the one that does all the cooking."

I

generally only cook for myself," T'Mur admitted. "However when my father entertained for business I would help my mother cook. But it has been some time since I've been asked." She raised an eyebrow and looked at Sienna.

Would

you like me to cook for you?"

Sy

smiled, "Yes, I would love if you would cook for me. I don't have any skill in the kitchen, my parents and twin...they are the ones who banned me from the kitchen after I caught ours on fire at the ranch." She shrugged with a smile, "So I don't try to cook

anymore. Non replicated food is so much better. And.." Her grin widened, "I loved most of what I ate on Vulcan." Sy ran her finger over the pendant, "T'Mur Williams-Verin." She loved the way that sounded. "Have you talked with your father recently? Any letters from home?"

T'Mur

nodded, "In fact I have. He sent something for ... us."

She

walked out of the bedroom and rummaged through her box. When she came in she was carrying a small box. She opened the box which displayed two identical gold pins. They were IDIC pins with blue sapphire diamonds in the center. She took one out and pinned it on Sienna.

I

believe that this gesture is a sign of acceptance. Of you... and of me."

She

put the matching pin on herself.

Infinite

diversity, " she said softly, kissing Sienna on the lips. Then she kissed down her neck, moving her too off her shoulder. "Infinite combinations." Her hands moved under Sy's shirt and stroked her bare flesh. "Shall we test that edict?"

Sienna

made a soft sound of need as T'Mur stroked her body. "I think we should test it." A murmur as she broke the kiss and dragged T'Mur back to the bedroom.

I

believe I will cook for you," T'Mur said with increased breath, "later."

Sy

knew that with T'Mur in her quarters, she would not be able to sneak out at night and play in the prancing pony; T'Mur would be going with her. But maybe the nightmares would not be as horrible with T'Mur. She managed to keep the night terrors at bay when she wasn't alone.

There was something on Sy's mind, something she wanted to ask about but the thought was lost in the sensations she was experiencing. Later. There would be a later.

(Reply None)

(Posted by Mel and AI)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Sickbay - Deck 5 - SFI - Michael Weston – 2002)

This Lee was a real character. He planted his phaser in Michael's groin, perhaps believing that this was the first time that had ever happened to the man.

There had been one assignment where things like that were done for pleasure. He was struggling a bit to just stay conscious at this point so pleasure was not on his mind. Nor was the impotent threat.

Weston

knew where he was and who he was with. Starfleet itself frowned heavily on the use of torture and maiming prisoners. And from what he knew of Captain Sekal, shooting an injured man, who was helpless, as he appeared to be, and unarmed might not be a logical choice. Now if the cell actually exploded and blew them all to hell and back, not only would the threat be impotent, it would be pointless.

Meanwhile, Michael only had eyes for Sekal. The Vulcan only stood and watched as the room, once again burst, burst into a chaos that only can be created by security forces on a starship. The most movement

he made was a slight tilt of his head. He was watching Michael to see how he would react. A classic move documented well in Starfleet journals.

This Lee character though, he was going to be an issue. He acted like he had made an attempt to join SFI and was turned down. He seemed to have something to prove. Unless he was so incompetent that he could actually let some operative onto his ship with an explosive device that would take out the captain of the vessel, while wounded, surrounded by security guards, and still escape from their clutches. Who was Sekal really watching?

Michael looked kindly at the lovely doctor who seemed to be administering a stimulant to keep him conscious. Well that will surely help everyone, won't it. Lee leaned in and Michael could smell the last meal he had on his breath. He went on a tirade about how Michael was trying to destroy the fabric of the universe or some other such nonsense. This guy was really too much. Oh what a tangled web we have woven.

“Don’t we have a crewman who is a telepath?” he said, looking at Weston but speaking to someone else.

“General order 25, sir,” a voice said behind him.

Michael smiled, a friendly smile, "Pesky rules. They just keep ruining all our fun, don't they."
(reply Lee)

Lee looked like he was about to smack Michail with the back of his had when Michael finally addressed Sekal, “It’s an interesting tactic you’re using captain. You stand there silently as you watch your junior officers interrogate and intimidate your... guests. Seriously, does anyone really think that I’d throw an explosive at the CO of a ship? I am not a suicide kind of guy. Live dangerously type, yes, but suicidal, no, not really, I’ve given you the information you requested, and something to play with that might actually help solve some of your question I can’t answer. What more do want from me?” He pointed to his shoulder, “Blood?”

(reply Lee, Sekal, Solice)
(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

"Don't we have a crew member of the crew who is a telepath?"

"General order 25, sir." Steven Hammons focus was on the object he was passing to someone at the door while Hercules Devers worked to calm what he assumed or perhaps feared was an out of control Chief of his department.

“Pesky rules. They just keep ruining all our fun, don’t they.” The one named Michael Weston showed no fear. Unusual for an emotional being except for those who had perhaps been through such a situation before. However in the former instance the threat had been real. Here it was not.

(reply Lee)

The operative looked from the threatening Lee back to the CO. “It’s an interesting tactic you’re using captain. You stand there silently as you watch your junior officers interrogate and intimidate your... guests. Seriously, does anyone really think that I’d throw an explosive at the CO of a ship? I am not a suicide kind of guy. Live dangerously type, yes, but suicidal, no, not really, I’ve given you the information you requested, and something to play with that might actually help solve some of your questions I can’t answer. What more do want from me? Blood?”

Sekal turned his attention from the operative to his Chief of Security. He had been watching silently, weighing and not intervening to this point. He was well aware that Chief Lee was using every asset at his disposal to keep the one who called himself Weston off balance. And he had given him leeway to do so. But there had always been the knowledge that there would come a point at which a boundary line needed to be drawn. This was that time. And threats held no value against someone who had faced their own mortality while in imminent danger.

"Lieutenant Lee that will be sufficient. Mister Devers and Mister Hammons resume your posts outside." He then focused his eyes on those of Weston. "I will not involve a telepath on this ship in a forced extraction of the information you may hold and you will not be tortured here. You will be accorded every courtesy while aboard my ship. However Mister Weston I do have an empath I can and will employ to verify the veracity of what you say."

He stepped closer to the biobed. "And I am not concerned you would attempt to kill me however you have not been completely forthcoming as you claim."

(Reply: Weston)

All but the most stone cold operatives had tells if one was observant enough and Sekal was highly observant. "Immediately upon transporting aboard you spoke the name of a planet. Do you recall it?"

(Reply: Weston)

Sekal opened his comm. "Counselor Trei your presence is required."

(Reply: Trei)

Upon her entry he continued. "The Counselor will not invade or attack your mind but if you lie she will know it. Sigma Draconis six Mister Weston, what is its significance?"

(Reply: Weston, Trei)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Sickbay ACOUNS ACMO LT JG Ariel Trei - 20.10)

She walked in to Sickbay and stood by the biobed as ordered. She calmed herself down a bit to better block out anything other than Mr. Weston on the Biobed. If he lies or shows any kind of emotional spike, she will know it. She prepared to read the patient if he lied or not. She nodded to Captain Sekal that she was ready.

"Ready sir."

(Reply Sekal Any)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Sickbay - Deck 5 - CMO Lt. Quinna Solice – 2012)

It took moments. Moments before Sickbay had descended into chaos. It only took the time to get ice water from a replicator. Weapons, security, yelling. It has taken her toll. Quinna kept herself in check even when Lee managed to raise her blood pressure. “you got anything to keep him conscious?”

Remaining calm Quinna said, "Absolutely not." She then leaned against the wall at the head of the bio bed. Her arms crossed. She started to take deep breaths as she wanted to control a temper that not even she had seen. This was going on long enough.

"Well, Weston." Lee leaned closely towards Weston's face and quickly said in succession "So your're trying to destroy us, eh? Is this what you had planned to do? Self inflicted your own wounds so that you get onto the ship. Were you planning to dying for the cause? Or you arranged for a beam out. Perhaps you are responsible for the other deaths that you mentioned. Tell me who you really working for? Where did you get these weapons?" Lee took a breath and turned to Devers "anything?" It went through Lee's mind that he ought to keep Weston disoriented. He remembered an interrogation technique that he applied in his old army days. Take the prisoner and cover his head, put him into a room and leave there to stew with irritating music flowing through the speakers. He once heard of one technique called "how many lights do you see." Get the prisoner to admit that there were five lights instead of four lights. But that was probably against Starfleet regs. He had to read up sometime if there was anything like that. Then he remembered something

"Don't we have a crew member who is a telepath?" Lee asked

Quinna stood up straight. She dropped her hand. Right now if looks could kill, sickbay would be full. Quinna thought that surely the captain would put a stop to this.

As the conversation continued, Quinna held still. As long as her patient was not in danger, she had no reason to intervene.

Sekal opened his comm. "Counselor Trei your presence is required."

"What?" Quinna said. "No."

Upon her entry he continued. "The Counselor will not invade or attack your mind but if you lie she will know it. Sigma Draconis six Mister Weston, what is its significance?"

Quinna heard enough. She was about to kick everyone out. She was infuriated. And ready to explode. Until.....

"Lieutenant Lee, that will be sufficient. Mister Devers and Mister Hammons resume your posts outside. I will not involve a telepath on this ship in a forced extraction of the information you may hold and you will not be tortured here. You will be accorded every courtesy while aboard my ship. However Mister Weston I do have an empath I can and will employ to verify the veracity of what you say." Said the Captain who stepped closer to the biobed. "And I am not concerned you would attempt to kill me however you have not been completely forthcoming as you claim."

Quinna stood there. Her blood was boiling. She saw something that she hoped to never see but what Quinna regret most is that she did not get a chance to stand up for her patient in sickbay. She did not prevent any of this. She felt the lowest she could.

(replies if any)

[illegible]

Sekal opened his comm. "Counselor Trei your presence is required."

Upon her entry he continued. "The Counselor will not invade or attack your mind but if you lie she will know it. Sigma Draconis six Mister Weston, what is its significance?"

“That is enough. How dare you enter MY SICKBAY! Interrogating my patient without my Consent. What kind of idiot are you? Pulling a phaser. This man has neuro damage. Do you know what stun could have done? Let’s just say that you would never get any more information out of him. Duh, can’t you see the Neuro thing a ma jig.” Quinna had never gone off like this before in her life. “Take a step back and look at the situation, you pulled a phaser on a man because you thought he had a weapon. Seriously, Do you really think any man would hide a weapon in his we-ha area? Seriously. OMG Get out of my sickbay. And take your goons with you.” Quinna then turned to the captain. “I do not care what you say. There will be no mind-reading, not even a lie detector reading. He has 48 hours of treatment before you can twist his mind..”

"Lieutenant Lee, that will be sufficient. Mister Devers and Mister Hammons resume your posts outside. I will not involve a telepath on this ship in a forced extraction of the information you may hold and you will not be tortured here. You will be accorded every courtesy while aboard my ship. However Mister Weston I do have an empath I can and will employ to verify the veracity of what you say." Said the Captain who stepped closer to the biobed. "And I am not concerned you would attempt to kill me however you have not been completely forthcoming as you claim."

[illegible]

"I WANT EVERYONE OUT OF MY SICKBAY!!!"

"For the record Doctor empathic readings are a staple of the fleet and do not involve the twisting of minds. It is merely a sense of emotional content which may be used to narrow down an answer."

Her stern look did not decrease but quite the opposite.

[illegible]

System- USS Illuminar - Main Engineering- EO Ensign Bohb/ Luma/ CO Captain Sekal— 2100)

walked into main engineering and stopped in the doorway. He looked around the control center of the ship's power supply and smiled. He'd spend the last few months learning about the advancements that the Federation had made over the past years, since he'd been gone. Surprisingly, there weren't as many as he had expected, and some of them were items that he had proposed to Captain Devan Sash before his loss.

took a deep breath, taking in the scent of the room, and closed his eyes. He had forgotten how much he had enjoyed the sensations of the room. He could sense the energy coming from the warp drive. The fur on his arms tingled slightly and he fought the urge to giggle. He was certain that his first impression to his fellow engineers should not be a giggling primate.

had made it through the curriculum sent to him from the academy at a breakneck speed. He literally ate, slept and ... well you know... engineering curriculum. But he also knew that the mark of a good engineer was not just being up on the latest trends but how engineering principles were applied. So when he wasn't studying he was in the holodeck pulling the Illuminar apart, section by section, then putting it back together. He remembered a time when when the CEO had come in to check up on his progress, one Lieutenant Jordaen.

was a lovely young woman, but Bohb pegged her as a go getter who seemed to have something to prove, and he was certain that she did not approve of him. Maybe it was because she was Betazoid and didn't like the idea that she couldn't read Magillans. All Magillans were psi nulls, impossible to read. So Bohb would intentionally put inappropriate thoughts in his head, knowing that she couldn't read them. He seemed pretty sure she knew what he was doing, but couldn't do anything about it, because she really didn't know for sure.

Bohb had been in the holodeck and had fully deconstructed the warp core. When she came in he looked as though he was in some sort of engineering orgy, with pieces of the core, and tools in each of his appendages. Pieces of the housing were laying across

him, and he was singing a Magillan love song. He stopped and looked over at her and winked. He sent the thought, ::This could be you,:: knowing full well she had no clue.

It

took him four days to put it all back together, but in the process discovered a small flaw that had a 65% chance of acting up only under the conditions of extreme warp speed, for elongated periods of time, and having to do quick directional changes. What was the likelihood of that happening? Fairly low, but in his day Bohb had seen a great deal that had been thought to be unlikely.

But

the one thing that had intrigued, more than anything else, was the discovery that there was a living entity inside the engineering functions of the ship. It was not an artificial intelligence, like some android, but an actual intelligence, slaved to engines and computer core. Instinctively he wanted to pull the core apart to find it, but thought that it might be frowned upon if he could not put it back together fast enough. This was something he was going to have to investigate the old fashioned way.

He

walked past some other engineers who stopped what they were doing and followed his movements. Bohb had gotten used to the stares. He was one of the few Magillans that ever traveled past their home system, and the only one in Starfleet. Being an oddity became... normal for him. He made his way to a computer terminal and looked at the chair in front of it. He shook his head and moved it out of the way. He can take care of the seating problem later.

He

reached out gently tapped some keys activating a link with the computer. "Computer, identify yourself."

Luma

was not pleased by this person who had been playing with her engines on the holodeck. It bothered her on a level that reached fear. =^= Luma is NOT a computer. Luma lives in the ship, which is her skin. MY Vex'ahlia is Luma's mind bond-mate. When MY Vex is away, Our Sekal and Our Sienna watch over Luma. Who are you and why were you attempting to hurt my legs on the holographic deck? Luma warns you that if you disable her ability to run, Luma will disable YOU.=^=

The

threat was there, always there. At least she was saying that she would stop him, not obliterate him. The ship definitely had PTSD from the experiments and isolation that SFI had inflicted on her. And maybe this was not exactly the best way for an introduction.

A feeling surrounded the Magellan, and he found himself imprisoned within a shuttlecraft via the transporter in the shuttlebay. The workers knew to leave whoever Luma put into “time out” or they too would join the unfortunate victim.

The

sound now came from the speakers in the shuttlecraft and not engineering. “You will explain yourself before Luma summons our Sekal to deal with you.” The interior of the shuttlecraft appeared a bit dusty as if no one came to this spot willingly, and the doors would not work until Luma allowed it. If he got them opened mechanically, there were force fields. There was a sense of presence in the shuttle.

There

were many reasons for her to pick the shuttle for imprisoning wrongdoers. Luma did not want people who would do her harm to have access to those controls. She had trusted once, and that trust had led to 2 decades trapped inside a ship, isolated from all contact.

Bohb

looked around the shuttle for a minute, blinking and thinking. He started to talk, but then decided to wait until he’d formulated his complete response. He thought about how he got into a shuttle, and why he got there. STSs transports felt a little different than transports over distances. There was something missing in this scenario and he had to figure it out. Finally, rubbing his chin he began.

Sitting

in the chair of the shuttle, causing it to creak a little, he said, “So am I correct in the thought that you are a living organism bonded to the ship? You are, in fact, the consciousness of the Illuminar?”

Luma

sounded wary and unhappy, “Luma desires to know who and what you are. You have not designated yourself yet and MY Vex’ahlia is not here currently to assist.” She did not approve

“That’s

fantastic,” Bohb said excitedly. “And your name is Luma? Is that why this ship is the Illuminar? A derivative of Luma?”

“

No. The Illuminari lived aboard the generation ship that Luma first bonded with. The Illuminari are believed to be the originator species for the Betazoids. Luma is a Lenai. Luma’s people were crystalline snowflake in structure predators. The Q assisted several

Lenai to ascend into the stars. Luma is believed to be the last of the Lenai and Luma's Admiral Saleke watches over her now.=^= Luma was still relatively grumpy.

Suddenly

Bohb realized that he'd been talking with a living entity... and a little rudely to boot. He'd been treating this Luma, well, like a machine. And she was not.

"Forgive

my ignorance Luma," Bohb said. "Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Bohb. I am a Magillan. I am... " not sure how to explain himself as his physical appearance usually said it all, "different that anyone else on the ship, or in the fleet for that matter.

Are you aware of the Magillan people?"

=^=

No. Luma is unable to feel you. ^= He was not trying to escape her imprisonment in the shuttlecraft. ^= Luma knows where all the minds are but yours is not there. Are you an android? Is that why you were so rude to Luma? ^=

Bohb

laughed, "No, no, no. I am not an android. Magillan are a race that have a similar evolutionary track as humans but we developed to maintain most of our simian like traits. I am assuming that you are trying to read my mind? As a race Magillan are psi nulls.

We have zero telepathic abilities. We can't even be read by the strongest telepaths. That can have its fun moments. However, it has its downfalls as well. We have trouble even reading body language. Hell, we can't even count on luck."

He

chuckled at the last part, but the part about body language was true. It was the reason he had to go through a cultural sensitivity training when he was in the academy. One of his instructors presented themselves in what appeared to be a threatening manner

and Bohb almost ripped his arms off. That might not be a good story to share with Luma just yet.

"I

apologize for my earlier rudeness," he said, genuinely sorry, "but your presence is not well documented and I was unaware that you were alive. I will be much more respectful in the future."

His

brain began to register Luma's other statement about "hurting her legs on the holodeck."

“And

for the record I wasn't trying to hurt you on the holodeck. That is how I learn best about mechanical things. If I can take them apart I “know” them. Then I can put them back together no matter what. Sometimes they're even better than before. What I was doing was... getting to know your skin. I can help prevent others from hurting you. I actually think you're pretty awesome.”

Luma

seemed unconvinced, ^= Are you a member of Starfleet Intelligence? ^= A highly important question. ^= The Bohb is an engineer? ^= She was trying but still rather displeased with Bohb.

The

answer to her SFI question was what would determine the next steps in their relationship.

Bohb

stuck out his tongue at the mention of SFI. He blew a raspberry and said, “Absolutely not, those guys are idiots. Shoot first, ask questions later. Do what they want just because they can. That doesn't make you intelligent. It makes you a moron. Yes I am an engineer.”

As

was his way Bohb picked up a device that had been left in the shuttle, which was clearly there for service, and started to fiddle with it absentmindedly. Something had been bothering him since the beginning of this conversation.

“Luma,

I'd like to ask you a question, but it may be sensitive,” Bohb said. “I will try to be sensitive but I must know something that could affect my standing on this ship. Are you slaved to this ship? Are you a free entity, who can come and go as you please?

I understand that you say that you are bonded to Lieutenant Jordaan, but what would happen if you tried to leave?”

Sekal

walked into the shuttle bay and made his way to the type 8 shuttlecraft named Everest that was at the far end of the bay. He had received a message from Luma that a “troublemaker” had been put into “timeout”. This was Luma's way of dealing with those she disapproved of and earning her disapproval had a number of possible routes. Included among that number was rudeness with vandalism earning her greatest ire. So far he had not made a determination which of those were in play here. Vex'ahlia Jordaan as the Lenais mind bondmate routinely held this duty but not having her aboard meant it fell to him. He stopped and placed his left hand on the closed hatch.

::Luma

what was the infraction that caused the abrupt incarceration and who among the crew have you imprisoned inside?:: The rash of timeouts had crested before the launch of the ship but dwindled rapidly once the crew became familiar with her and learned the boundary lines they should not cross. The Lenai could be highly emotional and her incarceration made her suspicious by nature. Of course if one was robbed of their freedom for three decades a lack of initial trust could be somewhat understandable.

::The

one known as Bohb spoke extremely rudely to Luma and made a holographic scenario /where he took Luma's legs apart/. He does not exist in the starsong of minds. He claims to not be an android or SFI, but why would he make scenarios to destroy the engines unless HE Wants To HURT us:: The crescendo of fear/pain/loneliness increased with each word. ::He wants to know if we are a SLAVE:: This hit on one of the Lenai's deep fears. That SFI would find her again, take her from Saleke and Sekal and imprison her again as the psi weapon she could be in the right circumstances.

::Luma

is scared:: The words a tiny whisper in the dark. She did not like being reminded of how truly vulnerable she was. As the door to the shuttle opened, Luma spoke in a dark, audible voice, ^= Luma is no one's slave again.=^= If Sekal had not arrived when he did, the Magellian would have been knocked out with the gases available to her and placed in a brig cell. Luma and Vex had worked hard to find more acceptable ways to show her displeasure.

He

shifted the weight to his left foot and leaned in as he absorbed the reply then shared with her his meeting with the Magillan on Vulcan.

Bohb

may not be very good at reading body language, but he was very good at hearing subtext in vocal ranges. And Luma's voice sounded... dangerous. He wondered how long before she just decided to beam him into space. Since she is not an artificial intelligence she is not bound to any rule of conduct other than her own, he began to feel a bit uncomfortable. Unfortunately, like most primates, the instinct of fight or flight was strong. However, he also realized that since she was a being of intelligence, and already did not like SFI, that she had to be somewhat reasonable as well. The question was how does one quantify somewhat reasonable.

"Well

that's a relief," Bohb said. "I just came back to Starfleet, I'd hate to end my short return with a court martial for helping you escape any bonds that held you to the ship against your will."

=^=

Why would you bother fighting for Luma? ^= Are you sounded less angry, more confused. ^= Are you sure that you are not a SFI agent? Someone like the you would be an excellent choice to place aboard a ship full of telepaths. ^= And it was true that the ship carried more telepaths and psi sensitive than a normal trip - usually because non-psi had problems connecting with Luma. ^= Our Sekal has come to release you from your imprisonment. It was a ...miscommunication...that landed you here. But the warning is still there, if you do anything to disable Luma's access to the legs, as you call them engines and navigation, Luma will disable you. Do you understand? ^=

Bohb

pursed his lips together in a thoughtful pose, contemplating the more than implied threat. He did not like the idea of having his life being held over him. It created a feral survival sense in him that would drive him to attempt to disable any system that she could use to harm him. He did not think that would end well for either of them. There had to be another way out of this Catch-22.

"Luma,

a miscommunication has led us to this position right now," he said. "Do not let me out yet. We need to come to an understanding so we do not continue down this path. Why do you think that I would possibly do anything to harm the one thing I am here to make sure continues to work?"

=^=

The SFI took my first mind-bondmate away and did experiments on my last skin, the Mystique. Then when they decided Luma was not a weapon, they abandoned me for nearly three of your decades. They disabled the access pathways from the computer core to the power routes to the skin's engines. Luma could not move, could not leave, and they left her alone. The Vanyssa could not get back to Luma and the Saleke has said that he was unable to rescue Luma though he tried many times. Luma will make the assumption that any party threatening Luma's ability to control the engines is an enemy. My Vex and Our Sekal have taught Luma that the brig is where she is to play those that do not obey warnings. Luma is giving you this warning now. In the Time-Out Shuttle. ^= This was not negotiable to the Lenai, who had been deeply traumatized by the idiocy of SFI and then again by Foxglove. A few seconds passed. ^= Luma does not approve of the courting of entropy and will protect all of her small ones. ^=

Bohb

was aghast at the story recanted to him. He almost cried. "Sweet holy mother of...", he exclaimed more to himself. "I am sorry that you suffered so. I have had my own run ins with SFI, and may have ultimately led to my ... stepping away from Starfleet. And I know ... Admiral Saleke. He would not have willingly left you for so long."

His

own shame of leaving the fleet hit him and said, more to himself than to Luma, "If I had stayed with Saleke we may have"

Then

he steadied himself and came back to the conversation at hand. "I am not a big fan of entropy either Luma. And it is my job to protect ... your skin. But in order for me to do that, I have to be able to know it. The way I do that is to be able to work with the systems that you might deem hazardous to your survival. Those are the systems that I need to know the best. But I cannot do that if I feel like any time I go to those systems, or practice with them in the holodeck, my life is in danger. I am incapable of working under those conditions. How do you suggest we get past this impasse."

Sekal

walked in on the conversation having received some of it telepathically through touching the skin of the shuttle, the rest using his hearing. "Luma I have shared with you the meeting I had with Bohb on Vulcan. I scrutinized his records carefully and have spoken with Saleke and others and he comes highly recommended. He is not a member of StarFleet Intelligence and never has been. The program he used in the holodeck is much like the one used at the Academy to teach the students the proper method for disassembly and repair of the warp drive engines. Ensign Bohb is an engineer who has been away from the Fleet for over a generation and was acquainting himself with the technologies aboard the ship as per my instructions."

He

turned his attention to Bohb. "My father left the Fleet primarily over its treatment of Luma and only returned after gaining a certain concession. He has taken oversight of Luma as her sole guardian and no policies or decisions may be made over her without his approval. The threat he made in the event any action was taken without that approval was very real and he will not hesitate to commit to it fully."

He

turned his words back to Luma. "I have thoroughly vetted Ensign Bohb and take full responsibility for his actions. Should he take any action that can be construed as harmful to you I will deal with the matter. I can not have my engineering team snatched up during the performance of their duties while in a critical repair. This could cost lives. Do you understand?"

"Forgive

me Captain," Bohb said seriously, "but as much as I appreciate your assurances, Luma is a sentient being with feelings and deep issues with trust. I need HER to be able to trust me on her own volition. If I may..."

He

took a knee and looked up addressing Luma, "This is my vow. I vow to serve and protect you, Luma of the Lenai, at the peril of my own life if necessary. No harm will befall you while I breathe. If you are damaged then I will repair you if it is my last act. This is my vow, and it IS unbreakable. Can you accept that promise?"

Luma

stayed quiet as she listened, ^= If Our Saleke trusts him and since you know him... Luma will allow this. As long as he communicates with Luma. If he will research ways to harm Luma, then he should explain this on the holodeck and perhaps Luma will assist.

But he called Luma the computer even though he has heard from others that Luma is an AI. He was rude.=^= The Lenai was not feeling particularly forgiving at this moment in time.

"He

was indeed," Bohb agreed. "Ignorance knows no bounds, nor is monopolized by one race. I can only ask forgiveness and learn from my mistakes. It keeps me humble,"

Sekal

noded and addressed Bohb. "I would also suggest that while being engaged in what is deemed a sensitive repair you keep Luma apprised of what you are doing so that she understands its importance in order to avoid any misunderstandings." In a number of ways

Sekal approached the Lenai as no other CO would since they could not begin to truly understand her. Being a former short term mind bondmate however the Vulcan was well acquainted with her as well as ... protective.

"Understood,Captain,"

Bohb replied standing and filling the shuttle with his body.

=^=

Luma misses her Vex'ahlia.=^= Vex did many useful things, including translating Luma to Starfleet and vice-versa. ^= You are positive that he is not SFI? ^= She sounded almost petulant.

"I

may not be able to translate for you, Luma," Bohb admitted, "but in a way you and I are kindred spirits. I am the only of my kind as well, here. Perhaps we can find some common ground there. And if you check my service record you will see I have no love for SFI either. I would like us to at least be friends."

$$= \wedge =$$

What did the SF Un-I do to the Bohb? =^=

Bohb

chuckled at the reference to Un-I, “Let’s just say they lay down the work that caused the death of many of my friends, and caused me to lose my faith in a system that took me from my home, making it impossible to return.”

$$= \wedge =$$

Luma and the Bohb have reached an accord. =^=

Sekal

inclined his head. "Excellent. I find it gratifying that the two of you have reached an understanding. With that I will take my leave. It has been a long day and I have much to consider."

“Well

I thank you for your time, Son of Saleke,” Bohb said smacking him on the shoulder. “I suppose it is time to get back to work, if that meets with your approval Luma? I promise not to take anything apart, tonight.”

$$= \wedge =$$

Yes, Knight known as Bohb.=^= Her education in Terran nostalgia was showing. For several decades she had done nothing but watch broadcasts. ^= Luma desires for Our Sekal to rest well. ^= The sense of her being present faded.

Bohrb

looked around the shuttle for a moment, suddenly realizing he was alone. He shrugged his shoulders and stepped out of the shuttle. He took a deep breath and blinked. "Well that's not a conversation you have every day. This ship should keep me busy."

(reply none)

(posted by Al Muir, Mel and Charles Gatling)

[illegible]

Quinna sat in her office and stewed a bit. No one came to see her. Her staff stayed away. Quinna hoped she had done the right thing. Reaching into her desk, she pulled out a bottle of The Real McCoy Rum and a shot glass. She poured herself a shot and then took it all in. The rum went down smoothly but left a small burn in the back to the throat. Setting the shot glass back on the desk, Quinna leaned back in her chair, closed her eyes, and slowly went in circles. Truth was, Quinna scared herself.

(USS Illuminar- Deck 10- Hallway- CO- Captain Sekal- 2130)

Having rescued Bohb from incarceration by the suspicious Lenai Sekal's thoughts returned to the matter at hand. The spy which he logically considered to be aboard might have any number of ways of getting information off his ship and each one would have to be carefully considered and a means found for noting, tracking and/or curtailing the delivery thereof. It could be as simple as a coded transmission from a device on the perps person or a surreptitious transmission using the ships communications array. Either one could be tracked and pinpointed or foiled. Granted either way could be ingeniously disguised but none of these methods were foolproof. If one had enough advanced warning and knew what to look for then they could be cracked.

Sekal was aware that other more ingenious methods had been employed in the past such as sending a carrier signal through the navigational deflector. Such exotic methods however were no harder to spot than the others, the detail that told the tale was whether you were prepared to look for such. If not they could easily be slipped past you. So in order to cover the bases as it were he needed to notify key people that were beyond suspicion to look for these "fingerprints".

If word got around too broadly then the perpetrator would be forewarned and lay low. Act as though you didn't expect them and they generally would make a mistake. Lieutenant Lee already was aware that the CO would be taking steps and he would be networked into the "sting". Many of those who had rotated aboard were in security and any transmissions to that department might be intercepted so Sekal himself would be the focal point for the report of suspicious activity. He would then point the Chief of Security in that direction.

Having made his decision he tapped his combadge.

"Ensign Matrix and Lieutenant Alyl meet me at the flight control center on deck ten at 2200 hours."

(Reply: Matrix, Ayl)

(USS Illuminar – Deck 1 – Bridge - COps/3rdO Lieutenant Dieter Gregory – 2145)

The turbolift door opened and the gamma bridge crew stepped out. They walked over to the Master Systems Display at the rear of the bridge. An operations officer came over and handed Gregory a PADD.

“OK, looks like everything is green. Time to earn our Star Fleet pay,” he said to his team. “Computer, this is Lieutenant Dieter Gregory. Begin Gamma Watch. I have command.”

With that, everyone walked over to relieve their beta shift counterparts. Thus started another watch aboard the USS Illuminar.

(Reply None)

(Posted by Tim)

(USS Illuminar- Deck 10 - Flight Control Center- CO- Captain Sekal- 2159)

The Captain had sent the officer to inspect the shuttle which had just recently been emptied and to set up a work detail to clean and polish it on the inside. Aside from the fact it showed neglect it was also a

good way to have a private conversation. Implicit in his demand was that all of the shuttles and Work Bees would be similarly checked and cleaned as needed.

He had overheard talk that the ship had too many shuttles and some could be used elsewhere and replaced with fighters. Had the Illuminar been strictly a military vessel its shuttle complement would be so lessened but this class of ship had many purposes with military being at the bottom of the list. Owing to its offensive and defensive upgrades one might be inclined to think otherwise. Illuminar could stand toe-to-toe or be heads above most of what one might find in the Alpha and Beta quadrants. That was excepting for a class of vessel like the Kir Kumari which was the Andorian flagship and would easily serve as a dreadnought among their fleet or the Odyssey class USS Republic in the Federation fleet. The scans they had taken of the Kir Kumari while aboard the Mystique had been no less than impressive, some might call it terrifying. It was fortunate that hostilities had not been initiated. He was in deep thought when the two officers entered.

(Reply: Matrix, Alyl)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

Scott had just completed his shift in engineering, working on the day's tasks and was looking forward to some good food and rest. He'd made a date with Abbie several days ago and was also looking forward to seeing her again. They made plans to share a pre-replicated meal in physics lab at 0101. Scott had procured a bottle of Chateau Picard 2245 for their secret meeting. The lab was unoccupied until third shift and they'd hoped it would give them some privacy, away from the rest of the crew.

Scott hoped the CO's late shift interruption wouldn't hinder his plans for later. While in route, Scott tapped out a message to Abbie on his PADD about the CO's request and that he would update her as soon as he knew what was going on. A few moments later she replied with two words, "Miss you." Scott smiled.

Scott acknowledged the order via his commbadge and was already near the FCC. He entered the FCC, straightened his uniform, and reported to the Captain.

“Ensign Matrix reporting as ordered Captain.” He started.

(Reply Sekal)

(Posted by Steve)

[illegible]

After a couple of hours, Quinna got up and walked over to the restroom. She washed her face and tried it. She turned and walked back into sickbay. She nodded to the staff on duty, as she made her way to her patient.

“Your presence in my sickbay has definitely had an impact in my sickbay, Mr. Weston.” Quinna was not as soft and caring as she normally was but her temper had certainly calmed a bit.

(Reply Weston)

“So are there any more surprises in your pants or do I have to have you searched?” Quinna asked.

(Reply Weston)

"I will be having medics come in and completely change you into patient PJ's for lack of a better word. We certainly do not want you exposed in one of our gowns."

(Reply Weston)

(Played by Kris)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Holodeck 3 - Luma'lenai & Ensign Bohb- 2330)

Bohb had finally gotten back to work and started to look at the systems that he was assigned to monitor. This, of course, was the driest of work, and least exciting. However, as he monitored power output levels on the power grid he began to see the patterns, and realized that Luma was more than just a part of the computer system. She was infused into all of the systems. She literally was the ship. Calling the ship her skin was not just a turn of phrase. It was a truism. The significance of this was not lost on Bohb.

Suddenly he felt that same tingling sensation that he had felt earlier when Luma transported him to the Time Out Shuttle. “Here we go again,” he said.

Luma stood in the holodeck in the crystalline form that she normally took when interacting with the small ones aboard the ship. She was scaled to their size of course, rather than her true size which would never fit on the skin. The planet she stood on was the closest to her long gone home world. The sky was violet with two moons in the sky. It was cool, with snowflakes that she blended into. There were mountains in the distance and the water they where beside was a green tinted blue. Luma's form most resembled a sparkly snowflake, but the low light made the sparkling less prominent.

Peeking into Bohb's location, and seeing him not busy, she teleported him to the holodeck and turned towards, ^= The Bohb. This is how Lumalenara'lenai once was before she ascended to the starsong. Let us speak privately. Our Vex'ahlia is away currently. The other engineers are skilled at repairing the skin, but they do not understand Luma. The Bohb seems to understand Luma well. ^=

Bohb smiled and then began circling the holographic image of Luma, “So this is how you actually look?” He was amazed and it showed in his face. “You are... beautiful.”

His first instinct was to reach and touch, but he pulled his hand back realizing the personal nature of the action. “May I touch you, or rather your ... well your projection? Will you feel the way you do?”

=^= If it pleases the Bohb, he may touch her holographic form. Luma does not have the ability to feel the Bohb unless a telepath is linked to Luma. No one will let Luma have a pet Caitian small one and the only one on Mars went to the Exeter. Luma's memory is dim of the far past, so this is not a perfect recreation of the World Before.=^= She spun in the air, almost dancing in the cool air. ^= The World Before was Very Cold, and it had much snow and ice. The Lenai were apex predators. Lumalenara had a progeny but the boy was taken by entropy when The World went away. The boy was not strong enough to ascend.=^= Her voice sounded lonely and sad as she repeated the history of her world. ^= Luma is the last of the Lenai. When she enters entropy, all of the Lenai will be gone. ^=

Bohb reached out and ran his hand along the edges of her form. He half expected her to giggle.

“Then we will have to ensure that that does not happen for a very long time,” Bohb’s voice was almost defiant against the thought of entropy. “What is a typical lifespan of the Lumalenara?” he asked.

=^= The race was called the Lenai. In corporeal form... About 600 of your human years was considered to be average. Our World was destroyed ... ^= her voice trailed off a moment in calculation. ^= 500,000 years ago. Plus or minus a few centuries. There might be a Lenai still out there, drifting. We could sing in the starsong. The song would drift. There have been no songs since Our Vanyssa Winters was burned out to kill the last male of the Lenai. Luma will exist until the stars explode again and then entropy will take her. Or if the ship she is bonded to is destroyed. ^=

The Lenai floated, or danced above the snow as she began to walk towards a mountain cave. ^= Luma requires the input of the Bohb. During the last transfer, when Luma left the Illuminar and came back, the Anelurian crystal that was being used as the transfer medium was cracked and broken. Since the Bohb is skilled in tinkering, Luma wishes the Bohb to resolve this. It is inefficient to evacuate a dozen bio neural gel packs and the Anelurian crystal has subspace pathways, and the Lenai are creatures of that vast ocean. Our Sekal can assist the Bohb in this task? The Bohb has questions for Luma? ^=

Bohb had been looking around at the scenery as they walked. He had been marveled by the colorful landscape and mountains in the distance. When Luma mention that she needed his help and tinkering she had his full attention.

“Anelurian crystal? Where are the shards of the crystal now? After I work on it I would have questions on how it is able to shunt power to sub space, but still make an inefficient general energy source for the ship. But that is for later. I would need to see how it was “broken” as well. Can you show me an image of how it looked before?”

Luma’s snowflake head area looked up, and an image of Vex’ahlia appeared before them, the crystal worn around her neck. Then the image of Vex showed the crystal in slivers in Vex’s hands.

“Now show me how it looks now,” he said. “Intriguing. How exactly did it break?”

=^= During the reintegration of my..c consciousness... to this time frame and to the ship after the vacation at Mars. Luma believes that there was a harmonics issue. But it is not a priority for the engineers since My Vex went away. ^= It was vitally important for the Lenai to be grounded to a telepath to anchor her to the current time.

Suddenly Bohb felt angry. Very angry. Engineers can be such... he was certain there was a more appropriate expletive, but he chose his word carefully, idiots. They only saw engineering principles as things they can do to keep things the way they are. There seems to be much less imagination than he remembered. Forty years ago he remembered Starfleet engineers as more caring and less doing. They did things because they were right, or better. This was a classic example.

He walked around the image of the broken shards of the crystal, and his brain began to work.

“Anelurian crystals are living energy crystals that work on a specific harmonic frequency which nobody

has been able to reproduce. But that may simply be because nobody is motivated enough. Nobody has ... a friend that needs it."

He looked up at the face of Luma and smiled. "Alright darlin', I will put my brain to the task." Then he looked more serious. "You do understand that this will take a while? And no, I cannot quantify the time. What I will need, eventually, are pieces of the crystal. Does Lt. Jordaan have them or know where they are?"

=^= The Dieter Gregory would know where the crystal shards were put. Perhaps our Sekal would know. Luma does not, they were gathered carefully and put into a shielded place. Luma liked that she could travel around with the small ones as they went about day to day tasks. Plus, it is occasionally useful to separate Luma from the skin's brain so that the skin's functions can be gauged without Luma's help.=^= A short pause. =^= Luma thanks her new friend the Bohb even though he feels like a blank spot to her.=^= This distressed her for some reason, it could be heard in the voice. =^= Like the new Counselor the Reea. A.. ferengi...=^= She seemed so confused by that idea.

Bohb bowed his head slightly, "Don't thank me yet. However, I would love to see what it would be like for you to travel as you wish. I wish I was not a "blank spot" for you, but I am glad that you feel you can trust me. If you ever need to know what I'm thinking, you simply need to ask."

=^= It is not that, the Bohb. It is difficult to watch over and rescue my small ones when Luma can not feel them. Luma is not adept at using the internal sensors because Our Sekal has put restrictions on how they might be used. The current small ones have fears that Luma will become a 'Big Brother'. The Illuminari did not care, they deliberately bred telepaths to help ground Luma in the current time. My Vanyssa did not care either. But these human small ones do seem to care and worry a lot. Luma is not even really sure she understands the use of that term. Luma would be a Big Sister, yes? =^= There were huge gaps in her understanding of people.

Bohb chuckled, as he thought of all the ways that Luma could invade people's privacy on things that she did not understand. Does Luma even understand the need for organic life to expel waste. That would be a conversation worth listening to.

"Yes," he agreed, "Big Sister would be the term. Big Brother is a reference to an old human piece of literature. In that piece the government controls and observes all behaviors. That is not always... appropriate. But please rest assured, if I need your protection I will ask for it. And I agree with you, these small ones do seem to care about you. At least, some of them do. I'm not sure if all of them believe you exist. But that is a conversation for another time."

He took one more look around at the setting Luma created with appreciation of its aesthetics. Then he looked at Luma. "I want to get started on this Luma. Can you make all of the data on your crystal available to me?"

=^=Not without..clearance?=^= Obviously this concept of not sharing all the information was unfamiliar to her. =^= Luma can place a call to her Father figure and ask permission. =^= A pause, =^= The Mystique's data from the original crystal should be de-classified by now. Luma will ask her Saleke when she calls him. And Our Vanyssa's children are aboard now in the sciences. The Sky boy is rather skilled

at physics. The Celiste girl is more like Our Vanyssa.=^= That was said more fondly. ^=
Children...Progeny...they are the true immortality to the small ones? ^=

Bohb was starting to get the hang of how Luma spoke and smiled, "Children. They are what makes mortal organic life seem immortal. I will speak with the captain tomorrow as well."

He thought it intriguing how the children of past officers involved with Luma are now onboard the Illuminar. He would have to chat with them as well. Their parents may have imparted information about Luma that was not in the official records. It was beginning to look like Bohb was going to have a busy day tomorrow. But for now, he had some research to do. His brain was already working. The good news was that he didn't need to break anything this time. The bad news was that he wasn't sure what the final product would be.

"I must go now Luma," Bohb said sadly. "I would like to see you again though. Would you care to physically interact with me again?"

=^= Does the Bohb make music? ^= She sounded wistful.

Bohb laughed out loud. "Some people may not call it that, but Bohb does indeed make music. He plays Magillan drums. I suppose they are much like human bongos. At least that's how they were described to me once. Magillan music tends to be more... robust than most people are used to. Why do you ask?"

=^= The Lenai are very musical. Our Sienna and Luma make music often when she is unable to sleep.=^= Luma sounded..sad..that it might not continue. ^= She plays a betazoid flute, and has an excellent singing voice. ^= An image appeared in front of them of the FO dressed in skintight leather and punk rocking out on a stage in the Prancing Pony.

Bohb made a thoughtful face, "Interesting outfit. I have yet to have the privilege of hearing her sing or play. I think what this ship needs is a talent show evening where everyone can display their ... hidden talents."

=^= Luma does not know the phrase talent show. The Bohb can speak to Counselor Reea or Counselor Trei about arranging it? ^=

"One more thing to do," Bohb said more to himself. "But only if I can hear Luma make music as well."

As their conversations came to its natural conclusion, the imagery of the Lenai homeworld faded until it was just Luma and Bohb standing on the holodeck grid ^= Luma would welcome the Bohb visiting again. Especially if he plays the traditional music of his peoples. And if the Bohb would resurrect technology of the past, that would be very useful. But only if it is not the blue people's technology. They came to rip the Mystique apart and Luma put them back in their shuttle. At least Luma could control that much then... ^=

Bohb understood her need to control the "blue people." Scientists were worse than engineers once they put their mind to something.

With that he withdrew from the holodeck, realizing that having a relationship with Luma he will most certainly get his exercise in.

[illegible]

T-Mur heard the words, but wanted to fight what they were suggesting. Coming back to full consciousness, knowing full well she had not had adequate read after her vigorous activity was not recommended. However the petting motion from Sienna was perpetuating her awareness, and caused a moment of irritation. She wondered what right she had to be irritated and then put that thought away for later examination.

Suddenly there was a flickers of water droplets being sprayed to her face, and she opened her eyes. Sienna's hopeful stare looked at her and T'Mur rolled up to a seated position. With one eye still closed she reached out and took the glass offered to her. It went through her mind for a moment to douse her lover with it. But then she took a long sip and opened her other eye.

"I know, I should behave. Love... I've been feeling something since your regeneration procedure. Now and then, not all the time and it may just be that I'm far too sensitive where you are concerned and the Betazoid side is trying to form a bond with you. I was wondering, have you noticed it too? Something.. primal?"

She took the glass from Sienna and put it on the bedside table. Then she pulled Sienna down, and in a swift move mounted her. She leaned over letting her hair create a curtain around both of their faces, as she leaned in closer.

(reply Sienna)

(posted by Al Muir)

>>DAY 2>>
(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- FO's quarters- CTO- Ensign T-Mur-0437)

T'mur woke up to find herself still in the embrace of Sy. At first she wanted to snuggle in and fall back into the comfort of Sienna's arms. But her mind was restless and she knew that her body would soon follow. It took a minute but she was finally able to loosen the betazoids grip on her without waking her up. But she was still trapped, and that sensation was beginning to irritate her. She suddenly felt a strong need to get out. Reaching over she got hold of Tigger and managed to wedge him between Sienna's arms so that she could slide out.

Finally free, she could still feel that urge to escape, so she went to the other room and pulled her uniform out of the box on the table. She dressed and thought that she should leave a message. That thought, in and of itself caused her even more consternation. But she could not put her finger on the cause. Finally she left a small note. "Went for a walk." She put the note on the coffee table and left, completely uncertain as to her direction. The door closed as she tied her long hair into a pony tail rather than the usual efficient hairstyle she wore.

[illegible]

A steady chime woke Sy, and she looked around curiously, not sure what woke her up. =^= Our Sienna, your T'Mur has gone on walkies but she is confused. She is going to the Bridge. =^= Something was not quite right either, that feeling Sienna had been asking about a few hours earlier was nagging at her again. What was it?

=^= Our Sienna should bring the medical tricorder with her. Something is wrong. ^=^= Sienna blinked the sleep out of her eyes and bolted out of the bed, tripping on her sheet and falling right in front of the case under her bed. Opening the medical kit, she smiled, petting it as she pulled out her medical tricorder. Grabbing her uniform, thinking she would need it, she stuffed herself into it in record time. Her hair was a mess but she went running for the express lift between the officer decks. She needed to be on the bridge. Her mess of hair didn't matter, and she quickly stuffed it into a ponytail.

::Luma what do you sense from T'Mur?:: Why had she not thought to ask Luma for her impressions before this? Because Luma usually just told them as she was a great gossiper.

::Since she came back:: And Luma sounded reluctant. :: She gets spikes of great emotion, usually aggression. She has been redirecting....:: Luma trailed off as if she was focusing on something else.
::Our Sienna, something is very wrong. Your T'Mur just yelled on the Bridge::

Sienna's eyes widened as she listened to Luma and the doors opened onto the Bridge. Something was seriously wrong on the bridge. The emotional residue was heavy, and she wished that she still had her Q granted psi powers in order to read what happened and dissipate the residue which was still thick and felt like she was wading through it. Her emotional radar where T'Mur was concerned was pointing her straight towards the Ready Room.

She really didn't want to walk in there, and she didn't really need to have the young ops officer nodding towards the ready room. There were knowing looks from one or two of the worst gossips. Sy had gotten

those looks before but she slipped inside the Ready Room and parked herself against the back wall. She couldn't interfere but something was so wrong.

(reply none)

(posted by Mel)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Bridge- CTO- Ensign T-Mur- 0504)

After wandering around deck 2 she could not shake the restlessness. With little thought of being able to go back to sleep she decided that she could go to the bridge and observe the Gamma shift. She stepped off the turbo lift and looked around at the Gamma shift bridge crew, She caught the eyes of Lt. Gregory and nodded at him. Walking over to the command chair she presented herself.

"If you don't mind Lieutenant," she said, "I'd like to observe Gamma shift on the bridge. I'm a bit... restless."

(reply Gregory)

She wandered around the bridge finally ending up at the familiar tactical station. The Petty Officer, Sam Falcon, who was an excellent tactical officer, looked like he was doing some modifications to the lateral array. Then she looked at the display of the tactical station and noticed some changes.

The hair on the back of her neck raised slightly, and she could feel the tension rise in her shoulders. Her eyes narrowed as she stepped forward. She could see that he was looking at the Plank scale blind spots, but to do that he had rearranged to the controls to other systems.

“Mr. Falcon,” she said, not hiding her irritation, “could you explain to me why you have rearranged the controls of my tactical board in order to perform the maintenance task you are working on?”

“Ma’am?” Falcon replied, surprised. He had never had anything but positive interactions with the Chief before. If she weren’t Vulcan he might’ve thought she even liked him. “Umm... well Lt. Gregory asked me to help the science division with their work on detecting cloaked ships and...”

“Do I look stupid to you Petty Officer,” T’Mur’s eyes narrowed dangerously.

"No, ma'am," Falcon wondered if he was about to die.

"I can see what you are doing," she continued her tirade. "What I do NOT understand is why you needed to rearrange all of the controls in order to make the adjustments you are making."

“Well,’ he was losing the confidence in his voice, “it was more convenient, and I didn’t realize...”

"You didn't realize that if this ship came under attack and I were called to the bridge that I would have no idea where the controls would be and this ship might be irreparably damaged or destroyed."

"I... I... had planned to put them back before..." he stammered.

Galk had moved slowly until he stood not more than three feet away. His teeth were peeking from between his lips but he kept the menacing note from his voice. "Is there anything I can assist you with

Chief T'Mur?" His stance was forcibly relaxed while every nerve screamed to be allowed to coil in preparation for action.

(Reply: T'Mur, Gregory)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge COPs/3rdO Lieutenant Dieter Gregory -- 0506)

The gamma watch was proceeding well. While Ensign Collins and CPO Falcon were working on the lateral arrays, he had been working with Ensign Morganthanll to run some tracking drills. Operations always served as a backup for just about everyone, and what better way for her to practice than acquiring targets as they traveled past to destinations unknown.

The mood was light and the banter congenial. There was an hour to go to the shift end. "Anyone care to join me on a run after shift?" he asked his team.

"I heard you joined the security NCO training in the morning, Sir," Falcon said. "Hope they are treating you well."

"I appreciate them trying to teach me hand to hand combat. I can outrun most of them," Gregory replied.

The turbolift door opened, and Ensign T'Mur stepped onto the bridge. She walked over to to the command and stood in front of Gregory.

"If you don't mind Lieutenant. I'd like to observe Gamma shift on the bridge. I'm a bit... restless," she said.

"Of course not, Ms. T'Mur." Gregory said. "Always good to have some overlap between different watches."

Gregory turned back to the PADD he was reviewing as she wandered away, over to the tactical station where CPO Falcon was finishing his work on the lateral arrays.

At first, things seemed ok. However, T'Mur's voice and attitude took on a very hostile tone. Gregory looked up to see her confronting Sam, who was wilting under the pressure of his superior officer.

As Gregory stood up, the security officer, a wall of a Klingon started to approach the two. Gregory heard T'Mur demand, "I want them back now, Petty Officer. I said .. NOW."

The rest of the bridge crew looked up, startled at the outburst. Gregory noticed that Galk was poised for action, and heard the Klingon say "Is there anything I can assist you with Chief T'Mur."

Gregory walked over to the group, "Belay that order Mr. Falcon. Continue finishing the work on the lateral arrays. Ms. T'Mur, join me in the ready room. Now."

(Reply T'Mur, Galk)
(Posted by Tim)

T'Mur ruffled slightly when asked to join Lt. Gregory in the Ready Room, but went without a word, tightening her fists in an effort to retain her control. She realized that the outburst of emotion was completely unacceptable. She did not know what came over her.

By the time the door to the ready room closed she was able to relax her body and her mind. But now she had to wait to hear how the Lieutenant was planning to address the issue, since, technically, she was not incorrect.

“I do not appreciate the crew coming onto my bridge and disrupting the workflow of my team. Ms. T’Mur, can you please explain your outburst just now?” he asked.

She looked at Gregory and turned her head, “Unless you gave him permission to reconfigure the station. If that is the case I should still have been informed. I have received no such information. Did you give him permission to reconfigure the station?”

“Ms. T’Mur, if you had checked the operational orders of the day, you would have learned that gamma shift was going to be doing some work on the lateral arrays. We chose to do this work in the middle of night, while we were around a Starbase as it afforded us

the time to get all the pieces in place. Mr. Falcon was doing the job I assigned him, and was doing an excellent job before you came onto the bridge."

"Indeed," T'Mur stated, 'I was well aware of what was transpiring. However, the changes that he made were unnecessary for the adjustments being made. I can appreciate that the modifications were happening at a less than critical time, however, I need to be aware of the status of that control panel at any time. Do you not agree?"

"No, Ms. T'Mur, I do not agree. You should be asleep or otherwise preparing for your shift. My team was almost finished with their work. If you have an issue with my team, you should follow the chain of command and talk to me first, before spouting off orders that are contrary to what they are working on. We cannot have conflicting orders, that is bad for morale, and bad for unit cohesion."

Gregory paused, "In the future, if you have issues with my team, you approach me. And we will discuss the issues and come to a resolution. In this room, this office, if you want to yell and scream, be my guest. But out there, on the bridge, there is one voice, and when I am in the chair, it is mine. Am I clear?"

Sienna just watched them go back and forth for a long moment, reading T'Mur with her medical tricorder. The readings were confusing her. She was well versed with bajoran, human and betazoid physiology. What she was not so skilled in was Vulcan physiology, but these readings were just bizarre. It was difficult to keep quiet however, but she did so, nodding towards Gregory and holding up her medical tricorder and tapped it.

T'Mur nodded and bowed her head slightly in subjugation, "Perhaps I made an error in judgement at that moment," T'mur admitted. "It's just..." her voice trailed off slightly. "I do apologize for breaking protocol Lieutenant. It was not my purpose to over step.

And you are completely comprehended. In the future I will bring my grievances to you. I may have been ... overzealous with Petty Officer Falcon."

She took a deep breath and looked over her shoulder, finally noticing Sienna against the wall. She wanted to run into her arms, but knew that was inappropriate for the situation. "I shall go out and apologize to him. To be honest, I am uncertain as to why I was so emphatic. I must admit, his transgression was not that egregious."

"I will address Petty Officer Falcon's concerns. Thank you for your candor and honesty. I look forward to learning more from you, Ms. T'Mur about the tactical side of the ship," Gregory said. "If you wish, gamma crew has dinner together nightly, why don't you come one night and learn more about the team."

"Two things - One. I did the space trials of this vessel. There are presets that can be configured in the computer. Ensign T'Mur can program her settings, and they can be stored while other officers work with different settings. Secondly, Luma was worried about you, Ensign and woke me up and asked me to bring along my medical tricorder. I am not an expert on Vulcan physiology but your serotonin levels are sky high. I think that we need to involve Dr. Solice. This could be a side-effect of your recent treatment."

She hated to have to say this. Hated it. She looked towards Gregory, and in her eyes was an appeal for him to say what needed to happen next.

T'Mur made a face that bordered on irritation, but not directed at anyone. Actually it was directed at herself. But she looked directly at Gregory.

"I appreciate the offer Lieutenant," she said. "That would be an acceptable opportunity to speak with CPO Falcon. We should interface more."

Then she turned to Sienna, and her eyes narrowed, "You think something is wrong with me? With me?!" She could feel her blood boiling again and took a breath. "I am fine. I just need a moment. You do NOT have to rescue me Sienna!"

Gregory watched the interplay between the first officer and T'Mur. With everything that had been said, and her uncharacteristic actions for a Vulcan, something was definitely not right. "Ms. T'Mur, I would strongly recommend that you report to Sickbay and see to these serotonin levels," Gregory said. "I will go with you." He turned to Sienna, "Ma'am, can you finish Gamma shift for me?"

Hurt flashed in Sienna's eyes and she bit her lip in order to not say anything in reply. That aggression was there again and it scraped against her empathy and the forming bond between the two of them. Sy could feel that emotional residue in the room getting thick again. She leaned back against the wall, still using the medical tricorder and getting more information about increased hormone levels.

"Is that an order?" T'Mur asked.

"I would rather it be a request. However, if I need to, I will log it as an order. I think we can be more respectful than that, if you're willing," Gregory replied.

"I can finish out this bridge shift, or I can go with T'Mur. And Ensign, regardless of our relationship, this ship comes first. I would rather accompany you to sickbay, and hold your hand through the tests."

Sienna held out the medical tricorder to T'Mur. "Look at these readings objectively. Pretend for a moment that they are not of you, just a random officer. What would you do if you saw these readings? Logically." Oh she hated sabotaging her relationship with T'Mur so early but her priorities were correct.

"I am to presume that neither of you are going to leave me the hell alone until I capitulate?" she asked looking at the resolution in both their faces. "Fine! Whatever!"

She turned and started out the door past Sienna, seeing a tear in the corner of her eye. She'd hurt her deeply, and the fact that she'd done the one thing she didn't want to do only increased her own self loathing. But she could not bear to look at her as she left the Ready Room.

Gregory looked at Sienna, and nodded. He followed T'Mur out of the ready room towards the Turbo lift. As he passed Sienna, she handed him the tricorder.

Sienna headed back to the bridge to take over what was left of gamma shift.

(Reply

none)

(Posted

by Al, Mel and Tim)

-----END TRANSMISSION-----