

(USS Illuminar - Deck 15 - Brig - 1630 SO PO3 Hercules Devers)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Sickbay - CMO Lt. Quinna Solice -- 1802)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 4 - ACOUNS ACOMO LT JG Ariel Trei - 18.05)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 4 - ACOUNS ACOMO LT JG Ariel Trei - 18.10)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 4 - SFI - Michael Weston – 1815)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 15 - Security Monitoring Centre – Chief of Security Lt jn Keung Lee - 1815)
 (USS Illuminar - Sickbay -- Deck 5 -- CMO Lt. Quinna Solice -- 2345)

DAY 3

(USS Illuminar - Sickbay -- Deck 5 -- CMO Lt. Quinna Solice and ME Mason Quincy-- 0030)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Sickbay - Counselor Ensign Jg Reea - 0040)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Sickbay - Counselor Ensign Jg Reea - 0045)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Sickbay - Counselor Ensign Jg Reea - 0047)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 4 - Officers Quarters - COPs/3rdO Lieutenant Dieter Gregory - 0745)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5- ICU Isolation Ward- CO- Captain Sekal -0800)

(USS

Illuminar - Deck 5 -Sickbay - FO commander Sienna Williams-Verin/ CTO Ensign T'Mur/CMO Lt. Quinna Solice- 0805)

(USS Illuminar Deck 1 - Bridge - FO Commander Sienna Williams-Verin/CTO Ensign T'Mur - 0850)

(USS Illuminar - Bridge-- Deck 1 - FO Commander Sienna Williams-Verin - 1007)

(USS Illuminar - Ready Room - Deck 1 - FO Commander Sienna Williams-Verin/CTO Ensign T'Mur?
CMO Dr. Quinna Solice- 1012)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Sickbay - Quiet Corner - Counselor Ensign jg Reea - 1101)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 7 - High energy particle physics lab - SciO - Ensign (sg) Skashe (Sky) Winters 1245)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5- ICU Isolation Ward- CO- Captain Sekal -1305)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay -- Deck 5 -- CMO Lt. Quinna Solice and CSO Lieutenant (jg) Jatón Ayl -- 1240)

She turned and looked to see a body on her biobed, covered in her blood. After Quinna rushed to McTaggard's side. It was clear that there was nothing to be done. "There is nothing I can do." Jatón turned away, all sorts of emotions bubbling to the surface. Anger, guilt, but more than anything, shock.

Quinna turned to send orders to Mason Quincy. After all, he was the medical examiner. She ended up tripping and hitting her head on the biobed. Looking at what happened, she saw something hairy. "OH MY...., Is that a tribble? Someone get it out of here."

"It's a dog, doctor," Jatón said. I found it near the body, snarling. It nearly got me too but I shot it before it could pounce."

“That is a dog?” Quinna found it hard to believe what she just heard, “That (pointing to the dog) did that? (pointing to the body)” Quinna struggled to her feet and appreciated it when she got help to get her to her feet.

“It seems that way, but I didn’t actually see it happen.”

“That is just disgusting. Eww. Here I thought I would have been a python getting up close and personal that you would have to worry about.”

“I don’t know what to tell you,” Jatón said, sitting down in a chair near the biobed. “I just felt like I needed to get her here as soon as possible.” He bent over, cradling his head in his hands. “How could this happen? I was just in the other room.”

Quinna moved a chair over by Jatón. She did not have any answers, “Who knows why this happens. Mason and determine what happened.” With a pause, “And I am sure surveillance will be more enlightening. I wish I knew her more. What can you tell me?”

“I had been talking to her about 20 minutes beforehand,” Jatón began, taking a deep breath and trying to calm down. “Something seemed to be bothering her, but I don’t know what. Now I suppose I never will.”

“What happened next?”

“I heard a disturbance in the lab from my office, and dashed over to find out what happened. By the time I got there, she was lying in a pool of her own blood. The dog was in the corner, snarling at me. I pulled my phaser on it, and shot, fearful for my life. Then I immediately beamed us all here.”

Quinna put a reassuring hand on Alyl. “you did the right thing. Starfleet prepares us for many things but not this.”

Jatón put his hand on hers. “Thank you. But I just can’t help but think...”

“What can I do for you?” Quinna asked.

Jatón shook his head. “I don’t know if there’s anything you can do. Unless you can turn back time and get me there in time to save her. It’s too soon for me to have had two people die under my command.”

Quinna shook her head. She felt just as bad. “No one is old enough to handle death like this. I do not care who you are.” Quinna had seen her fair share of death.

“But only in a few months, two crew members have died under my watch. How can I function like this?”

“All I say is it gets better but you will never forget. You could not have stopped what happened.”

“Are you certain?” Jatón asked, looking up at her. “I was just in the next room as she was being disemboweled.”

"You needn't give the project your total attention nor should you." The Vulcan shifted slightly in his chair. "Continue your duties as normal, you can have the requisite searches running as you work. The one thing that Roanoke cannot contaminate with impunity is the computer. That is Luma's domain and she would be aware of any tampering with its programming or attempts to assert control."

(Reply: Matrix)

(Reply: Matrix)

(Reply: Matrix)

[illegible]

Jaton was tossing and turning. Unable to settle. The vision of Penny's mangled corpse haunted his mind, defying him to sleep. No matter what he tried to concentrate on, his mind kept coming back to that same grisly sight. The sight of someone who reported to him, and depended on him, dead in his own department.

He sat up, frustrated. Over in the corner, his eye caught on Gunayu curled up in the corner. Indifferent to the world, the cat was fast asleep. But Jatón decided that maybe the cat could comfort him. He stood up, walked over, and carefully picked up Gunayu, laying the groggy cat next to his shoulder, stroking him gently. He walked back to the bed, and sat down. While petting Gunayu seemed to help, he was still on edge.

“Luma, are you there?”

It took a few moments for the Lenai's focus to zero in on Jatón but that sense of her filled his Quarters. Even the non-empaths could tell when she was around, but the psi nulls could not. =^= The Jatón is not entertaining his Dieter? =^= Luma asked curiously, the largest gossip mongerer on the ship. =^= Why is the Jatón not resting? =^= She asked the expected question.

Jatón smiled wistfully at the idea. His Dieter. It sounded nice. But the smile faded quickly. He put the cat down in his lap, scratching the scruff as the cat curled up once again.

“I needed to be alone tonight. At least so I thought,” he said after a minute. “I take it you heard what happened to Penny?”

=^= Luma dislikes when one of her small ones embraces entropy, even if it was that Penny. It would be best for that Penny to have been transferred away. That Penny disliked Luma. =^= Luma paused for a few moments, =^= Why does the Jatón feel badly about that Penny? =^=

“Because she was my subordinate. And I should've been there to protect her. And I wasn't.”

Luma paused a moment to replay the sensor logs, and the internal recordings. =^= Why was the angry canine with that Penny while she was at work? Our Sienna does not take her cat to work. The Jatón does not. Our Sekal does not. So why did she? Why did that Penny not use proper restraints on the angry canine? It is not the Jatón's fault. =^= Another pause. =^= It is like when our Sienna felt bad because that Taya was harmed while she was in charge? This guilt is a mortal small one thing? =^=

“I think that's a fair assessment. I just can't help but think that if I had been there a few moments sooner, I could've saved her.” Jatón sighed. “Every time I close my eyes I see her body lying in that lab, covered in blood. I have no explanation for her choices, but even still. I should've been there for her. I had been speaking to her only 20 minutes before.”

=^= It is uncommon to bring the angry canine with her? ^= Luma asked curiously. ^= Luma did not see it either, but she was concerned with other things? Luma is supposed to see all things but there are things she does not see. ^=

"It is rather uncommon, but I thought nothing of it. Maybe I should have. Maybe if I'd told her to return it to her quarters she'd still be alive."

=^= The Jatón, Luma is not allowed to go back and fix this. Luma did not like that Penny. It is not worth your anguish. She was a small one, yes. But she was not a nice, or well liked small one. She should have been sent away from here when it was obvious she did not fit in. Perhaps when our Sekal awakens we can speak with him? Would that alleviate the guilt that the Jatón feels? ^=

Jatón nodded. "It might, but I don't know for certain." Jatón moved the blanket slightly, trying to pull it out from under Gunayu without disturbing him. "Can I give you a piece of advice, though? Among us small ones, it's considered bad form to speak ill of the dead."

=^= The Jatón will explain this strange custom? Why is it wrong to speak the truth? ^=

Jatón thought for a moment. "I'm not entirely sure. I suppose because it might offend the people who loved them."

=^= Did anyone love that Penny here? ^= Luma's voice was very curious as she asked. She trusted Jatón for some reason.

Jatón's fiddling with the blankets inevitably woke up Gunayu, who looked at Jatón, annoyed. He got up, and began pacing the bed, but after a moment he focused on one corner, his hackles rising. A low growl emanated from deep within the cat, followed by a mean hiss. Jatón looked at the cat, perplexed. "What's wrong?"

He then looked over towards the corner Gunayu was focused on, and immediately felt his heartbeat triple in pace. He screamed, scrambling out of the bed, and sinking into the opposite corner. His eyes

were fixed on the figure across from him: Penny was standing there, silently. Her face and her uniform were covered in blood.

Trying not to hyperventilate, Jatón called out desperately. “Luma, are you there? Please tell me, am I the only one in my quarters?”

Luma had grown quiet for a moment, thinking about what Jatón had said until he resummoned her attention, =^= Luma is here, the Jatón. There is nothing on sensors. May Luma use the holographic emitters to enter the quarters? =^= She sounded thoughtful, almost as if she didn’t trust her own sensors.

“Please. Then you might see what I’m seeing,” Jatón replied, his chest still heaving.

Luma appeared in his quarters, turning towards where Jatón was looking. Today she looked like her true form, just minaturized. She looked like a snowflake. A dancing one. =^= Luma senses on the high em frequency a slightly out of phase impression, but nothing that she can ‘see’ even with the proper eyes of the holographic construct. Luma senses the EM frequency as a ripple in the subspace strings. =^= Luma sounded pleased with herself. =^= What does the Jatón see with his mortal eyes? =^=

Jatón raised an arm, shaking, and pointed in the corner. “There, in the corner. Look!”

Luma continued to look but she did not see what he did. =^= The Jatón is being ... ‘haunted’? =^= Luma sounded confused but she continued to scan.

“It’s Penny. Penny’s standing there. Covered in her own blood!”

=^= The Jatón should pick up his tricorder and make notes about this? =^= Luma prompted. She continued to scan, the upper part of her snowflake body inclining towards the corner. =^= The Jatón’s feline senses it? =^=

“Jaton Alyl, why did this happen to me?” the thick Scottish brogue cut through the room.

Gunayu leapt off the bed and retreated into the corner with Jatón. He hissed again.

“Penny,” Jatón said, slowly feeling for his tricorder on his bedside table, “I’m so sorry. I got there as soon as I could.” He found the tricorder and began scanning. He glanced down at the readings, and his eyes went wide.

“Luma, there’s something there. I’m not imagining this. A definite energy pattern.”

=^= Yes, the Jatón but Luma can not SEE it. ^= A moment passed. ^= Or hear it. Other than loud, annoying screeches ^=

Penny took a step towards Allyl pointing with an accusing finger.

“You,” she said stabbing at him with her words, “you were no there in ma uur of need. And ma Wee Beastie. I’ve been betrayed I tell ye. Betrayed. Was I really that bad a woman?”

“Not at all. If I could have gotten there faster I would have. How can I help you? What do you need?”

“What do I need,” she screeched. “I need peace. I need to understand. Why did nae one ye love me? What was so horrible about me?”

Luma turned towards Jatón, ^= The screeching is louder, yet not in a language or words that Luma can comprehend. Perhaps Luma should summon one of the small ones to assist the Jatón, like The Bohb. ^= Luma was interested but she couldn’t understand the spoken words, which was probably a good thing.

Jatón whispered back to Luma. “Please do.”

He then turned back to Penny. "I cannot begin to tell you how sorry I am that this happened to you. But I don't have those answers for you. I wish I did. I wish I'd known you better. Maybe I could've helped you more."

Luma bowed her head part of the snowflake and summoned Bohb via ship to ship transport. Since they were both male, clothing was optional. =^= The Bohb will look with his mortal yet different eyes and help the Jatón figure out what is occurring because Luma can neither see nor hear what is occurring and these blind spots are ANNOYING. =^= The Lenai spoke through the speakers before returning to her analysis.

"Could you have loved me?" she asked, hope in her voice.

There was a chime at the door and a pounding. A muffled voice shouted into the room. Suddenly the door opened. Standing in the doorway was a large primate wearing plaid pajamas.

"What in the world is going on ..." Bohb's voice trailed off. "Ummm... I'm assuming you're seeing what I'm seeing?"

=^= The Bohb. Luma can not see or hear. =^= The Lenai was definitely a bit grumpy about the situation.

"Yes. It's Penny. She just appeared in my quarters. Scared me half to death. I don't know how to help her," Jatón said, slowly standing.

=^= Luma can most assuredly tell the Jatón that Penny is NOT here. That Penny has properly embraced entropy and the psychic stench of her is not present. =^= Luma was not feeling kind currently, =^= The only psychic scent present is that of the Jatón.=^=

Bohb pulled out his tricorder from a pocket of his pajamas and began to scan.

"Luma, darlin'," Bohb called out, "you are reading the electromagnetic spectrum emanating from that corner?"

=^= Yes. The higher frequencies. But not much more than that.=^=

"Jatón," Penny called out, "will you love me?" She stepped closer.

Penny should be pleased that Luma couldn't hear her.

"Penny," Jatón said, trying to sink further into the corner, "I regret not being kinder to you in life. But you've gone beyond something that I can handle. I'm sure you were more than worthy of love in life. And I wish you had experienced that. And for that I'm truly sorry."

Suddenly Penny shrieked. "You son of a ..., nane o' ye loved me. Nary a one. Yer all horrible people using poor Penny fer yer pleasure and then casting her aside. I'll show ye sorry laddie."

Penny continued to move forward menacingly. Suddenly Bohb stood between her and Alyl. He held up his tricorder and tapped on it. The tricorder began to emit its own whining sound. Penny stopped and backed up a step. Then started forward again.

"I'll show ye all about love ... and hate."

Bohb continued to make adjustments to his tricorder until the sound disappeared and all they could feel was the electromagnetic vibrations being emitted. Suddenly Penny stopped in her tracks. She glowed momentarily then shimmered into non existence.

Jaton stepped out of the corner again, and breathed a sigh of relief. "Thank you, ensign," he said, turning to Bohb. "So what do you think that was?"

Bohb shrugged his shoulders and patted Jayton on the the shoulder. "She was a total bi***. Beyond that I can only think that the accumulation of so many conflicting emotions created an electromagnetic facsimile of the woman at the time of her death and it was looking for someone who was feeling something about her to latch onto. Congratulations, that was you L T."

=^= Luma could not see or hear that Penny but is not pleased that the Jaton was her chosen prey. ^=

Jaton hung his head. "The poor woman. Life didn't deal her an easy hand, did it? If only she'd known some more kindness maybe things would've been different."

=^= Luma has known many species of the small ones and all of them have people like that Penny. The Bohb may make changes to the shields if needed to keep the bad EM energy out so that the small one Jaton may rest. ^= Luma was trying to be kind and understanding.

Jaton nodded. "That might be for the best. In the meantime, I should try and get some sleep. Though after that I don't know how well that will go."

=^= Luma desires to point out that the feline has ceased acting aggressively. Perhaps that energy is what made that Penny's canine react badly. The beast was already quite fouled tempered. ^= The Lenai bowed her head again and brought a small, very real, very valuable bottle of terran whisky from the storage pantry and gently placed it on the bed via site to site transporters. ^= Does The Bohb desire a 'lift' back to his quarters? ^= Luma obviously respected Bohb, you could hear her capital letters as she spoke of him. Fondly.

"Ummm, I think I'll walk thanks," Bohb said, "it will help me relax to get back to sleep."

He looked at Allyl and nodded. "Looks like you got some serious drinking to do Lieutenant. I'll leave you to it." He headed to the door then turned back. "By the way, nice PJs." Noting that he appeared to be wearing nothing but what appeared to be tight underpants. Jaton blushed.

At that he left the room.

With that, Jaton climbed back into bed. He took the bottle of whisky and took a slug of it.

=^= The Jatons will go speak to one of the counselors tomorrow. If Our Riven were here, the Jatons would not be resting. The smell here is not correct but perhaps after rest it will resolve.=^= Luma dissolved in a glittery show of prismatic light that faded as she went off to tend to other tasks.

"Wait, Luma, please." Jatón said. "Will you stay with me until I fall asleep?"

Luma coalesced again into her crystalline form then tilted the top half of the snowflake. =^= The Jaton would like to see Luma's project? =^=

“Your project?” Jatón asked curiously.

Luma did that head bowing thing, then a rather voluptuous 50s era pinup body but with vulcan ears, bright pink hair, purple eyes and light green skin. The clothing was equally as bright and form-fitting. =^= It was suggested that Luma learn how to interact better with the confused small ones by appearing like them. Luma has been combining the traits of many small ones. =^= A tail swished around her legs, banded in pink and purple. =^= Luma did well? =^=

Jaton's eyes went wide. "Well my my. You certainly look unique."

=^= Luma is pleased the Jatons approve. But Luma is not sure how to fit any more species on this form. ^= Caitian ears appeared to match the tail, but the other vulcan ears were still there as well.

“There is an old saying. Less is more. I think if you try to add more species, it will be overwhelming,” Jatón said haltingly, trying to find the appropriate words. “Then again, I’m a scientist. I think you look best in your true form. I find it most important to always be true to yourself.”

=^= The Ayl has wise concepts.=^= Luma quickly became herself again,

Jaton curled up into bed, pulling the blankets up over himself, feeling sleep begin to take him. “And that, Luma, is why we don’t speak ill of the dead.”

=^= If'n the Jatón says so. Luma does not see how one has to do with the other. The Jatón likes the music of the flute? ^=

Luma modulated the piped music from the speakers until it was at a low level, sweet little lullabies played by flute that had the hand of Sienna all over the music.

(reply none)

(posted by Spencer, Melinda, and Al)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Transporter Room 2 - Medical Officer - Ensign (jg) Hezuela - 0730)

"Energy."

Hezuela stood on the transporter platform in the transporter room, looking firmly into the eyes of the transporter chief as she punctuated the words with a gesture. By the time the hand had reached its peak, her molecules were no longer completely where they once were.

The light had a completely different effect on the Orion woman than she had ever experienced. Its special warmth and ethereal glow sent gentle waves of color across the platform she was now on. She almost enjoyed it. Nodding, she walked past the transporter chief of this ship, but let the door close right behind her with a hiss, and made her way to the quartermaster, who still had to assign her a place to stay.

Arriving at a small table about 2 corridors away, Hezuela pressed the small bell button and soon looked into the face of a Bolian.

"What can I do for you?" asked the little chatterbox, sitting down in her chair in the best of moods.

"I'm looking for my quarters. Ensign Junior Grade Hezuela, new on board, Deputy Chief Medical Officer here on board" she introduced herself and grinned as she shouldered her small handbag, which of course had the Starfleet symbol on it.

The Bolian ran his blue hand once in a circle over his plump bald head as he stared at the computer. "Ah - hehe. Yes. Right here," a good-natured look surveyed the Orion woman who had fixed him. "Right, left, three times right again, straight ahead, right, left, right, right, right. And when you see a gigantic aquarium, it's not far away," he cackled in high spirits.

Hezuela just nodded. "And then I'll probably have to lock myself in?" she asked, less amused, but still trying to have fun.

The Bolian shrugged. "If you're not on duty, I'm afraid so. But your belongings will be beamed to your quarters anyway, don't worry about that"

"Great." Her dry tone made the Bolian raise her head. She noticed the look, pushed the strap of her bag up to her shoulder with her thumb, and unbent her palm. Her smile tasted sleepless. "No, really. Thank you."

Illuminar. Hezuela wondered who had brought that name down. She walked the corridors with her head down, pulling a small padd from her pocket. On it flashed the outline of the ship, as it was to be fished out in the database. She seemed to pay no attention to the technicians she encountered. Between corridors and air that one would rather expect to find in a laboratory, she made her way to the turbolift. Her gaze met the hunched back of a young woman who was in the process of tampering with the turbolift that was supposed to take her to the level of her quarters.

"I'm lucky too," groaned Hezuela.

"It'll only take five more minutes, I promise," promised the person whose face she still hadn't seen, and the Orion woman frowned. "Ten if you like," she muttered,

"I'm going another way, you'd better do it properly before we're both stuck to the ceiling." After all, it couldn't hurt to see something of the ship.

The sounds of people apparently still on duty made their way through Hezuela's translation matrix, making her feel the vibrations to her core. Whispering left an increasingly sullen tug on the doctor's green features, forcing her to turn the world down a little. The static, however, remained. She followed the flashing orange arrow on the padd as she passed a few crew members here and there who raised more questions than they provided answers. She was curious about the reports. And also to see what the sickbay would look like. After a short while she reached the alternative turbolift. The panel lit up.

"Deck 3, please," she murmured, and the order elicited a pleasant pulsing sound as the lift slid through its channels and took her deeper into the belly of the Illuminar. The deck plan would eventually lead her to the crew quarters so she could be alone. Why, she did not yet know.

(U.S.S Illuminar - Deck 3 - Personal Cabin - Medical Officer - Ensign (jg) Hezuela - 0730)

When she reached her cabin, she pressed the button with her fingertips and the doors opened.

She hung her handbag on a small hook in the quarters, which was embedded in the door. She took the Communicator off her chest and tapped it a few times for fun, just to hear the sound. A smile played around her lips and the Orion ran her fingertips over the small communicator. The tip shapes. The corners and edges. And of course the technology that, despite so many individual systems, still fitted into the little thing.

Finally, she placed the communicator gently on the table and, stepping on the heel of her other shoe, pulled the untoward shoe off her foot. This infernal piece could well have been two sizes bigger. Hezuela left her shoes like that and did not think it necessary to put them in a corner. Finally, she sat down on the bed and waited for her clothes to come up.

(Reply: None)

(Posted by Bogdana)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Conference Room – EO Ensign Bohb – 0902)

The meeting had been going fairly well, as far as Bohb was concerned, until he heard the orders of the third officer, as looked at the device he had reported on.

"Mr. Alyl, please take this item and have your teams look it over. I want to know everything there is about it. Mr. Bohb, please make sure Mr. Alyl has your data. If this is some new energy source, I want to know everything that we can about it. Most importantly, how can we detect it? "

Bohb frowned and pursed his lips together. He did not like having a pet project of his taken from him. He shook his head a little and then looked at the Lieutenant through narrowed eyes.

“Forgive me Lieutenant,” he couldn’t stop the words from coming, “but nobody on this ship, with the exception of the person who brought it to us, knows more about this device than I do. It would be wasteful to have Lt. Alyl’s team to run the exact same tests that I already have, and for me to write a report on what I’ve found so far, albeit it is not a great deal, is equally wasteful. I should be allowed to continue my work on the device. I just needed permission to ...” there was no easy way to say this.

"pull it apart. If you want to know what it is and what it does, beyond what I've already reported then all I need is a green light." He turned to the Trill, "No offense Lieutenant Ayl, to you or your team."

He paused for a moment then continued, “Besides, if this is a security issue, the fewer hands involved the better. Perhaps the Lieutenant and I can work together on this?”

(reply Alyl, Gregory)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Conference Room - COps/3rdO Lieutenant Dieter Gregory - 0905)

Gregory listed to the new engineering officer, "I appreciate your concerns Mr. Bohb. You are correct that having started working on understanding the object in question, you have the most experience. However, we cannot spare an engineer to work on a problem that the Science teams can handle. There are other, pressing issues that we need engineers working on." Gregory replied.

"As for writing a report, documentation of this device is critical. It is not a waste of time, and if you were to pull it apart as you said, without documentation we may never fully appreciate or understand the item in question. Even a bulleted list of the important results will be sufficient. "

"Your natural curiosity and instinct are perfect for a separate project that needs to get completed, and the sooner have an understanding the better. It is ship critical, and based on your records, will fit right in your alley."

(Reply Bohb, IYW)

"After this meeting is over, we can discuss this assignment," Gregory said.

(Reply Bohb, anyone in the meeting)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Conference Room - EO Ensign Bohb
- 0907)

Bohb listened to what Gregory had to say with an unhappy look. He did tend to wear his heart on his sleeve. He did not really agree with his scenario, especially that he had more pressing duties, his duties weren't that pressing, or taxing, got that matter.

Although having a recorded account of his work was important, he could have Luma produce a report almost immediately, in triplicate. There had to be something else.

“Even a bulleted list of the important results will be sufficient,” Gregory suggested. Then he went on.

"Your natural curiosity and instinct are perfect for a separate project that needs to get completed, and the sooner have an understanding the better. It is ship critical, and based on your records, will fit right in your alley."

Now he had Bohb's interest. He wished that Gregory would have led with that statement. It would make the rest make sense.

"A project?" Bohb asked. "What kind of a project."

"After this meeting is over, we can discuss this assignment," Gregory said.

Bohb dropped a hand on the table and saw some of the others jump. "I look forward to that meeting Lieutenant."

With that he sat back and listened as the meeting came to conclusion. He left wondering what Gregory wanted for him to do.

(Reply none)

(Posted by Al Muir)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Conference Room -FO Commander Sienna Williams-Verin
- 0909)

Sienna sat comfortably as the other officers spoke. The meeting was wrapping up and several of the department heads were needed in other places and not sitting around talking. Truthfully she expected that for many of them getting back to work was the important part, too much time on their hands meant that they would be over thinking and worrying. Much as she was doing. Once most everyone had left, Sienna spoke quietly, "Mr. Gregory, something is wrong with Ensign T'Mur and I may need to take the next 24 hours off if what I believe is occurring is indeed. I will keep you informed as best I can, and I will make sure to keep up on reports. But, between us," And she glanced towards Bohb, "I may not be available. I hope it does not come to that."

She quietly exited the conference room to head back onto the bridge and continuing her catch up on the ship's business and tried not to think about earlier in the day.

(reply any)

(posted by Mel)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Sickbay -- Deck 5 - CMO Lt. Quinna Solice - 0915)

After the Command and T'Mur left, Quinna sank to the ground. She felt that the Commander and Ensign lack confidence in her. She felt ganged up and pressured. She wondered why they even came to her. Quinna then regretted her behavior. She had become comfortable in her surroundings to let her emotions out. She now knew that she should never be that comfortable again. What did she know about Vulcan Physiology anyway?

Quinna dried her tears, “No more” she said to herself as she stood from the floor. She then picked up the medical equipment off the floor and headed back into sickbay.

Quinna restocked the supplies. Afterwards, she found Gregory again. The tests she was running were now complete and he was due to wake very soon as she administered a short-term anesthetic. Looking over the results, Quinna was convinced there were not any overriding personalities within

Dieter's brain. Was she ready to go to Sienna yet? After all, Quinna believed she herself was to blame for the incident. She also had doubts that she was going to be believed. After all, they did not trust her judgment of the Captain, surely they do not trust her in this matter.

Quinna put her feelings aside and went to a stirring Dieter.

“Hey, wakey, wakey eggs, and bakey,” Quinna said and thought who unprofessional it sounded. “How do you feel?”

(Reply Dieter)

“Good news. The test has you all clear of any overlaying personalities.” Quinna said.

(Reply Dieter)

"You are welcome to stay here or go to your quarters to rest. There is also a couch in my office in case you need it." Quinna offered.

(Reply Dieter)

(Posted by Kris)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar Deck 1 - Conference Room - COps/3rdO Lieutenant Dieter Gregory - 0915)

Once the meeting had finished, Gregory motioned Bohb to stay.

"I believe you have met the ships sentient being that lives in the computer system already, Luma? Well she can travel outside of the ship, but only if her essence, as it were, is contained within a special Anelurian crystal. During the last reintegration, after the wedding of our councilor and one of the security team, the crystal cracked."

Gregory paused, "Unfortunately, our last mission was very busy, an all crew on deck kind of thing, so the analysis of why the crystal cracked was put off. However, until we understand why the crystal cracked and make sure we have another one, there is a potential issue with Luma, should we need to abandon ship. What I would like you to do is solve that problem and make sure we have a proper home away from home for her. I will provide you access to the data recorded by myself and the engineering team that was helping the process. There is a separate recording of data gathered by SPOTS. Briefly, during the reintegration process, there were alpha waves at 13 hertz and Delta waves at 5 hertz. Before the crystal cracked there was a frequency spike at 750 hertz, with a phase modulation increase to $\sin(\theta)$ with a phase shift of -90° . Finally there was a second spike at 600 hertz and crack."

"The crystal fragments are in locked storage and I will get you access." Gregory said. "So, thoughts?"

(Reply Bohb)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar Deck 1 - Conference Room - EO Ensign Bohb – 0917)

Bohb listened to Gregory's tale of the Luma's crystal. Remembering Luma's recanting of the story reignited his ire at the fact that the crystal had been broken in the first place. He was always amazed at how some species felt that their superiority over others was paramount. The one thing he had appreciated living Vulcan for the last ten years was the ideology that the needs of the many outweighed the needs of the few, or the needs of the one. But in cases like this... he would have to disagree. And the idea of what we could do if the ship had to be abandoned had already dawned on him.

When the conversation had turned to more technical information he perked up.

"What I would like you to do is solve that problem and make sure we have a proper home away from home for her. I will provide you access to the data recorded by myself and the engineering team that was helping the process. There is a separate recording of data gathered by SPOTS. Briefly, during the reintegration process, there were alpha waves at 13 hertz and Delta waves at 5 hertz. Before the crystal cracked there was a frequency spike at 750 hertz, with a phase modulation increase to $\sin(\theta)$ with a phase shift of -90° . Finally there was a second spike at 600 hertz and crack."

"The crystal fragments are in locked storage and I will get you access." Gregory said. "So, thoughts?"

Bohb leaned against the wall and thought for a minute. He let the numbers run through his head. His excitement grew exponentially as he ruminated. After all this saved him a great deal of time of searching anyone out to ask permission to work on something that he had already begun to research. He had already learned so much about the Lenai, and the Illuminari.

Suddenly he stood up tall, looking at the ceiling in contemplation and said, "I've actually given this a bit of thought since our meeting yesterday. I was thinking that since piezoelectricity is the production of mechanical energy through crystals, that perhaps some of the similar traits can be applied to the anelurian crystal shards for Luma. It is similar to the properties of liquid crystals. There has to be some form of symmetrical harmonic signature that could restructure the crystal."

Bohb was now pacing around the table. He seemed to have completely forgotten that Gregory was even in the room. "Perhaps a switch between the transparent planar state to an opaque focal conic state of a polymer free bistable cholesterol light shutter without a homogenous polyamide layer might provide a harmonic balance needed?"

Then he slammed his palm on the table. "That's it. I'll do it."

He went over to Gregory and grabbed him by the shoulders, lifting him out of his chair. He wanted to hug him, but knew that it was not appropriate. But his smile said everything.

"Thank you Lieutenant, thank you," Bohb said full of excitement. He turned to leave the room, suddenly realizing he hadn't been dismissed. "Oh I am sorry Lieutenant. Is there anything else? And when can I get the data... and the shards?"

(reply Gregory)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

Gregory watched a bit bemused as Bohb started working on the problem as if noone was there. A trait he embraced and admired as well.

The right person for the right job, it seemed he had read the fellow correctly.

What he was not prepared for was the Ensign lifting him out of the chair. Damn he is strong. Grinning from ear to ear.

Thank you Lieutenant, thank you," the excitement was plain in his voice.

"You are welcome, Ensign. I clearly have chosen the right engineer for the job."

As Bohb turned to leave, “Oh I am sorry Lieutenant. Is there anything else? And when can I get the data... and the shards?”

"No, Mr. Bohb, that is all. You can find the shard and a data chip with the information from SPOTS in locker Beta-7, science lab 1. The access code is "eundum quo nemo ante iit"

Gregory looked at his PADD, and typed a few commands. "There, you should have access to the records made by the rest of the sensors."

"Good engineering Mr. Bohb. Dismissed," Gregory said. "Oh, and I'd like daily reports on your progress, thank you. Nothing fancy, just for inclusion in the ships log."

(reply Bohb, IYQ)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

“Hey, wakey, wakey eggs, and bakey. How do you feel?”

Gregory cracked his neck before sitting up slowly, "Doctor, where I come from bacon is taken very seriously. One does not joke about bacon. So either I have lost my sense of smell, or there is no bacon here to wake up to." Gregory chuckled, "Of course, not quite ready to face bacon right now, so they may revoke my membership."

“Good news. The test has you all clear of any overlaying personalities.” Quinna said.

"Thank you Doctor. I appreciate your efforts in this matter. Hopefully it resolves the Commanders concerns."

“You are welcome to stay here or go to your quarters to rest. There is also a couch in my office in case you need it.” Quinna offered.

"I appreciate the offer, but I have to be back on shift at noon, so any sleep I can get in my quarters will be welcome. Besides, I would hate to intrude, as you have more important matters to attend to."

(Solice, IYW)

[illegible]

He swept into medical like a gale before a storm with his eyes on swivels looking for his quarry. He saw Counselor Trei in the midst of the chaos moving about from one station to another verifying that all was in order, calming where necessary and answering in a low soothing voice when asked a question. The Captain it seemed was in surgery and his life hung in the balance, she made it seem like another day at the office.

Hammons didn't have time to think about what this portends going forward. The CO had already been attacked once before during the mission to Kal'Shar but had dispatched the deranged crewman with such ease it had made him seem invincible according to one witness. That someone who was so well versed in combat could be taken down with ease was chilling. Not that the attacker had gotten away unscathed if Hammons was correct but still ... all evidence pointed to a swift, savage attack. He could only conclude that Sekal had been caught unawares, perhaps while turning back toward the gym.

Would the Captain and Commander of his ship require a bodyguard at all times in the future? On a Federation starship? This wasn't the Klingon Empire where upward mobility depended on ones ability to kill your commanding officer. Mutinuous crews were nearly unheard of and in almost every instance were caused by some outside and unforeseen factor like the radiation emitted by the Sharlayans damaged nuclear reactor.

And if Hammons knew the Captain he wouldn't be buying into any such bodyguard. The decision to present it to him wasn't in his pay grade and Steven wished Lieutenant Lee luck in trying to sell it to him.

His eyes found one of the security men posted inside Sickbay and he stomped toward him. "Lincoln what are you doing out in the general population? I thought Lieutenant Gregory ordered you to watch Sanchez. What room is he in by the way?"

The hatchet faced man gave him a guarded look. "Sanchez was released."

"Released? What the... Why did you release him and where is he now?"

Lincoln looked offended. "We took his statement after he woke up as ordered and he was escorted back to his bunk with a guard placed outside to make sure no one tried to take out a potential witness."

"Potential witness? What did he see?"

"Nothing. He saw no one else in the hallway."

"No one? He saw no one in the hallway with him and the Captain when he was attacked? And this didn't set off any alarm bells? Did he see the attack take place?"

"He didn't see anything."

Hammons face had gone beet red. "And you didn't find this strange? Am I supposed to believe the boogeyman knocked him out while he stuck a knife in the Captain? Were you born yesterday crewman? Did your mama drop you on your head? Do you have to listen to audio reminding you to breathe while you sleep?" Hammons voice was a roar by the time his tirade was complete and everyone in general population heard it. Hammons didn't care and by this point he had advanced on the green numbskull until his back was flat to the wall.

"You were there when medical arrived. You saw his proximity to the Captain. And then you released a guy who was too stupid to even lie and say he tried to stop the attack. What does that say about your intelligence Lincoln?"

He was shouting into Lincoln's face by the end, so close the guy could smell his minty fresh breath.

(Reply: Trey iyw)

"I apologize Counselor. I have a low tolerance for stupidity." Hammons voice was a growl. He turned and stomped out of medical at full speed then broke into a run for the turbolift.

"Luma." His voice was a shout. "What deck and room for crewman Sanchez?"

(Reply: Luma)

Hammons slid sideways into the lift as the door slid open.

(Reply: Luma, Trei iyw)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

He stepped out of the lift at a more sedate pace as he tapped his combadge. While his tirade at Lincoln had been warranted in his estimation he also needed to get clearance for what he was about to do.

"Chief Lee this is Hammons. I've been over the scene of the attack sir and reconstructed events to the best of my ability. In my estimation sir Sanchez was the one who tried to murder the CO and he was sent back to his room after giving the lousiest possible statement. With your permission I'd like to bring him to Security for an interrogation."

(Reply: Lee, room for as much as you want)

If his suspicions were correct then Sanchez was a flight risk. Not that he could go far on a shielded ship running at warp but for the imaginative there were places to attempt to hide until Illuminar was forced to drop those shields.

He spoke aloud knowing the Lenai could hear him as he walked briskly down the hallway. "Luma can you confirm that Sanchez is in his quarters? Combadge and life signs please."

Her voice came through the speakers. ^= Luma will do so. Luma reads the combadge signal but there is no one in the room. But someone is in the Jeffries tube adjacent to the room. ^= There was a pause. ^= They are moving away. Luma does not know this Maxwell Smart. ^=

Steven swore. "He's trying to flee the area. Lock onto that other combadge signal and follow him wherever he goes. Please report it to both Chief Lee and myself. What direction is he going? Up or down?"

^= He is making the down. ^=

Another tap. "Ensign Galk are you available?"

^= This is Galk. I was just leaving the security office. What do you need? ^=

"Our suspect has been located. Most probable destination at this time is the shuttlebay. Could you please watch that area to see if Ensign Sanchez shows up please? Suggest you watch only and don't try to intercept. He may lead us to something of value."

^= I am going there now. Out. ^=

"Chief Lee, Hammons again. Sanchez is bugging out using a Jeffries tube. Probable targets are the shuttlebay or the emergency transporters on the engineering deck. I've already asked Ensign Galk to station himself at the shuttlebay to observe only at this time. Recommend caution, he may be monitoring the general security channel."

(Reply: Lee)

The emergency transporters weren't the likeliest target though they could be used for intraship beaming. Hammons was convinced the shuttlebay was his target so had put one of their best men there. He left it to the chief to allocate other resources. "One other favor Luma. Seal the emergency transporters off with a force field would you?"

^= Luma can seal the malignant small one in the Jeffries tube so that her Hammons can fetch him and make him pay for hurting our Sekal. Luma can also beam him into space. ^=

The Lenai's voice was full of fury and he knew she was considering it. The attack had debilitated her for a while emotionally and she was on a roller coaster. "No Luma. If he has a destination he most likely

has a good reason for it. We want to find out what it is. I'm fed up with Roanoke and their secrets and I'd like to get some more intel."

=^= Very well. Luma has sealed off the emergency transporters. When the Hammons is done with the small bad one Luma wishes to dispose of him. ^=^=

"I'd love it but it's not my call Luma."

Steven then headed for the turbolift at full stride. Luma would keep him updated. In the meantime he was headed for deck ten.

(Reply: Lee, any)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

Quinna started to feel the weight of the last few days weighing down on her body. She had one more task to do and she would do what she would tell her patients to do. Get some rest. Since the ship was still on lockdown, she could not move about freely. She found her now cleaned commbadge and attached it to the red surgical scrubs that she still had on since after surgery the previous day.

"Lt. Solice to Commander Verin " Quinna had sent out. She kept herself calm and collected so that any emotional outbursts could not be ready by anyone regardless if they were trying or not.

(Reply Verin)

“Ma’am I have been asked to speak to you about the Medical results of a patient in sickbay.” Quinna replied. “ can do this over a private channel if you like.” though Quinna prefers face-to-face conversations.

(Reply Verin)

(Posted by Kris)

[illegible]

The valve to the flight deck opened and Steven ducked inside. To his left he saw Galk step out from behind a work bee, the Klingon holding a phaser motioned him over with his left hand. Hammons scooted in that direction to join him behind cover. Once he was situated the huge Klingon growled.

"The crewman you are looking for arrived less than ten minutes ago and entered the Leif Erikson. He has not stirred from it."

Hammons peeked around the curve of the craft they were hiding behind. "You're certain he didn't spot you?"

"Yes." Galk gave a grimace of disgust. "I was here because it gave a good view of the doorway without exposing myself." He growled. "I do not like cowering behind cover like a naQ'ur."

Steven grinned. "Understood but we needed to know where he was fleeing to and the chief should be sending backup."

"Why were you so long in getting here?"

The growling voice held no accusation and Steven was aware of the Klingons distaste for the assignment. As a true warrior having ascended to stand as equal with his peers the Klingon was accustomed to meeting his enemies head-on rather than skulking about in the shadows. How Galk had come to be in Starfleet Hammons had no idea except for the term "blood debt" which had been growled in answer at one time. Eventually Steven hoped to learn the why of it.

"I stayed back so he wouldn't see me which was easy, Luma had been tracking him almost the entire time."

"Almost?"

Steven turned his head to look at him. "He switched combadges so she had to find him which wasn't far fortunately or he might have vanished on us."

The bay doors opened again and the security team the chief had summoned entered with phasers drawn. Galk was motioning them over as Hammons activated his combadge.

"Luma is Sanchez still inside the Leif Erikson?"

=^= Yes. This one is happy the Gregory fixed her eyes. Luma can see the bad little one clearly. He is moving about in one of her times out skins but very little. ^=

"If you see a change in energy reading or he tries to send out a signal notify me."

=^= Luma will do'es. ^=

The Klingon had ordered the team to flank the shuttle so they moved off to get into position on the other side of it.

"We have about two minutes before they get into position. What is your plan?"

"I'm waiting to see what he intends. At some point he will try something. He didn't come down here for nothing and a shuttle is not a long term hiding place."

The Klingon gave a growl of impatience.

Hammons was getting fidgety as well, he knew his reasoning was solid but that didn't mean he liked it. Still, he went with his gut instinct.

Lee had decided that he had enough of walking back and forth from the sickbay. At least that what it felt like as he sat at his desk in his office! The lockdown procedures continued to be maintained at a high level. He halted the cadets training as they had assigned to patrol the decks..nothing like a bit of practical experience. Build up their alert senses as well as coping with possible mundane boredom! He had noticed that the Klingon security contingent were somewhat over enthusiastic in handling crew members who were not following lockdown rules! Lee was concerned about the whereabouts of Weston who had gone walkabout from the sickbay. It should be a matter of elimination from identifying

All manners of high jinks going on. A yellow alert at 0800, and not a drill as security locked everything down. He was on some downtime anyway, so he could wait in his quarters reading about the latest fighter tactics and more of the thoughts on upgrading shuttle ordinance. After those articles, he started delving into the nuances of flying a ship with a displacement of 7.1×10^5 metric tons. A far cry from the displacement of a shuttlecraft, or a fighter. Turning on a dime, they did not. Care had to be taken how to fly the ships of the line, and a good helm officer had to have an extra instinct that was different from flying smaller craft.

Well, if he was released today, he had time in the holodeck to continue practicing the simulations. He didn't want to approach Lieutenant Gray Wolf till he felt more confidence in his abilities, and if the rumor mill on her was true, he had to make sure he brought his A game. He'd read about her actions during the 2443.01.11. She saw some serious action too. Damn, he wish he could have flown with her squadron that day.

He shook his head, refusing to forget their loss. Their names still haunted him, but those cadets did what they had to do, and did it well. He was proud of them, choosing to fight against the odds. Giving their last full measure of devotion to the ideals of Star Fleet and the Federation. Hero's all.

Montero sighed, it was his weight to bear. If he never got another promotion, he knew he had done his duty at every station he'd been at.

Turning back to the material, he started reading about how to factor in warp and weight for calculating vectors of larger ships.

[illegible]

=^= Montero ^= his comm badge chimed, ^= Security wants you down in the shuttle bay on the double. ^=

He tapped his badge, "Whats this about Rager? I'm on stand down today."

=^= They didn't say, but there is a very angry looking Klingon from security standing in my doorway demanding a pilot =^=

"Well, if that is the case, I'm on my way. Montero out."

He paused, before tapping his com badge again, "Gunsmoke, want to join me on a walkabout. Seems there are some Afterclaps down in the shuttle bay. Security has a bee in their bonnet and need some pilots to do some real thinking for them."

=^= Thought this was your stand down there Raid? ^=^=

"Well you know duty calls. And I was getting bored anyway."

=^= Copy that. See you down there soonest. ^=^=

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 10 - Main Shuttle Bay - Pilot Ensign(sg) Vic "Raid" Montero and Ensign(jg) Bebe 'Gunsmoke' Sheridan- 1100)

The pilot and copilot walked into the shuttlebay, after passing an unusual number of security checks, ever for a yellow alert. They heard the scuttlebutt that the Captain had been stabbed and the culprit tried to escape in a shuttle. Sure enough, the shuttle bay was crawling with Security and Engineers. He noticed that they were concentrated over in Suttlebay 2, where most of the maintenance went on.

Making their way over to the Flight Control Office, they were met by a large angry Klingon and their FCO. "What's up there Ensign Rager?" Vic asked, ignoring the security officer for the moment.

"I believe Ensign Galk has a job for you. He's had a rough day, so play nice Raid."

Vic turned to the security officer, "Morning there Mr. Galk. What's got you all Buffaloeed that you needed to get me out of my bed roll to come callin' on you this fine day."

"You will run a level one diagnostic check on the shuttle craft Lief Erikson, now," the Klingon barked.

"Why sir, you got you bevvvy of fine lookin' engineering types around here, what do you need a couple of littl' ol' pilots for?"

Clearly this didn't sit well with the Klingon, "That is not your concern. You will do your job and report the findings to me," he growled. "This is of the upmost importance, and you will comply."

"Sure, we can keep that dry for ya', Mr. Galk." Vic looked at Gunsmoke, "Seems we got us a hair in the butter right now. Best stop Jawin' and get our rag proper on and go the whole hog for our new Amigo a favor."

Vic punched the Klingon in the arm, all friendly like, "You got the best, we'll get yer hard row to hoe done in no time flat."

Galk growled, a low and feral noise. His teeth showing, "Translate! Now." he demanded.

"We will get this job done for you," Vic replied, "That clear enough for you."

Galk "batlhchaj ylpoSmoHchugh, vaj batlh ylpummeH blghoSchugh."

Vic threw him a salute. "Come Gunsmoke, daylights burning."

With that the two pilots headed over to grab the necessary equipment and entered the Lief Erickson.

(Reply - Anyone wanting some action - hit me up for a JP)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Sickbay - COps/3rdO Lieutenant Dieter Gregory - 1155)

After leaving sickbay, Gregory went back to his quarters. A dreamless sleep came over him, and he woke to the sounds of his alarm. Sitting up, he grabbed some tea before getting ready for shift.

As he walked onto the bridge, he checked the Master System Display noting everything was green. So far so good.

He nodded to Lieutenant Menzi at operations before taking the first officers seat. "Hello Commander Verin, anything important going on?"

(Reply Sienna)

Gregory nodded. "Are there any orders?"

(reply Sienna)

"Aye, Ma'am. Have a good rest, I'll see you in a few hours," Gregory said.

(Reply Solice, Verin)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - COps/3rdO Lieutenant Dieter Gregory - 1230)

After the Commander left the bridge, Gregory started reviewing status reports and information that had accumulated over the 6 hours he was off shift. He noted that there was not an update from Science on the strange power cell, for lack of better term, that one Michael Weston had brought on board. He had reviewed what information had been gleaned from him, and it was quite sparse. Probably because he wanted to speak to the Captain, who was lying in sickbay.

Gregory touched the comm button. "Mr. Alyl, can you please report to the bridge."

(reply Alyl)

Touching the comm button again, "Mr. Bohb, can you please report to the bridge."

(Reply Bohb)

That done, Gregory pulled up the report on what Bohb had discovered with his scans. He was hoping science had more details about this device, and better yet ways to identify it. If Bohb's speculation was correct, and the device was able to pass through a transporter without setting off alarms, things could get real ugly, real soon.

(Reply, Ayl, Bohb)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 4 – Holodeck 2 – EO Bohb – 1235)

Bohb had managed to stay busy today, even without his new pet project. He had been working on the problem of repairing Luma's broken crystal using harmonics to bring the pieces together with resonance vibrations. He had reproduced a series of energy crystals and had been experimenting with the harmonic stabilizers in the holodeck to reproduce a frequency that would cause the crystal shards to merge.

Ok, Luma, how you doing sweetie?" Bohb asked.

=^=I am doing fine, the Bohb. But you know that my name is not sweetie and I do not have a flavor.. ^=

Bohb chuckled, "Just an expression babe," Bohb continued. "I want to try the harmonica frequencies that I input earlier, but this time let's rotate the harmonics and decrease the wavelength by 0.3%."

=^=Understood.^=

Bohb stepped back and said, "Hit it."

=^= I am not going to...=^=

“Luma, start the harmonic modulation,” Bohb changed his words so that Luma understood. He swore that he was going to get her used to some form of colloquial language to at least match his.

The holodeck began to hum. After a few moments the humming changed slightly. The pitch became higher and louder. Eight seconds later the crystal shards began to glow. Then they exploded.

The holodeck went back to its original grid leaving Bohb, in a light coat of soot. Even though the crystals were replicated, they explosion was real enough.

=^=I do not believe that was the desired affect.^=

Bohb took a deep breath. “No, I don’t think so either.”

Suddenly his comm badge beeped. =^=Mr. Bohb, can you please report to the bridge? ^=^=

Bohb tapped his badge reply, "Yes Lieutenant, I am quite capable of reporting to the bridge. Would you like me to do so now."

(reply Gregory)

"I'm on my way," bomb said. "Okay Luma, save the data and send it to my PADD. We'll keep working on this. I know I'm just missing something. Next time, maybe I'll bring my drums."

=^=I would like that very much.=^=

With that Bohb left the holodeck.

[illegible]

By the time Bohb had made it to the bridge he had managed to reorder himself and get as much of the soot off him as possible. Still brushing at his uniform he stepped over to Lt. Gregory in the command chair.

[illegible]

When she finished, "Thank you, Ensign. I hope you find your time aboard the Illuminar most illuminating. But we're all not just work and no play. There are two holodecks that can be reserved. I know that the Security NCOs have a morning workout at 0600. They've let me join, so must be open to everyone, that or they like beating up on the command staff," he chuckled. "There are several places to relax on the ship as well, we have the Explorers Lounge, the Aft lounge on deck 11 is a bit more relaxed. And of course is the Prancing Pony Karaoke Bar. In general we work hard and we relax hard. We've just come off some interesting mission, and have been patrolling this area for the last couple of months. If you have any issues, or concerns, all of the command staff's doors are open to you, at any time. I am usually on gamma watch, 2200 to 0600. My team has a nightly before shift meal and you are welcome to join us if you want. Good way to learn the crew in a less formal way."

"So then, any questions?"

(Reply Hezuela)

(posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(U.S.S Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - Ensign (jg) Hezuela - 1313)

Hezuela nodded, and ran behind the officer into the ready room.

Inside, she walked to the replicator and slid her fingers across the digital menu bar before pressing the button for her favorite beverage, and the replicator spat out a glass of orange-colored liquid moments later. Risan mai-tai. Finally, she sat down in the chair opposite the lieutenant, and set the drink down in front of her.

"Thank you, I am glad to be aboard" she replied, smiling slightly. Until she heard the captain being attacked. Her facial features automatically raised her right eyebrow a bit, and suddenly everything became a bit clearer. That's why all those who were not on duty were asked to go to their quarters. "I'll take a look around the infirmary later," she promised, sighing inwardly.

When she was asked to tell something about herself she took a deep breath as if she was starting a novel. "Well, I came to the Federation when I was a little kid. An Orion freighter captain docked a ship at a starbase, and the cargo was seized with me in it. It was...not legal, to say the least. That's how I came to the Federation and was adopted". She stopped for a moment and sipped her drink before setting it back down in front of her and running her fingertips over the rim of the glass. Finally, she continued. "I went to school normally until the virus that was in the Orioner's cargo made itself known. I lost my hearing. Then, a few years later, a translation matrix was established that allowed me to hear as if I had normal hearing. I went back to the school I was at before, entered the study program on Risa a few years later, and then applied to Starfleet Academy. I studied there for four years, annoyed the instructors, and now I'm here." With that, her life story was finished, and Hezuela downed the rest of the drink down her gullet before standing up and putting the glass back in the replicator, though before doing so, she pulled out the fruit skewer and stuck it between her teeth. Then she had the glass fed back as raw material, and the skewer - without the orange - right after it. Finally, she sat down again.

At the comment with the command staff, she laughed, and wondered if she could also picture an instructor up there to smack him afterwards. She would certainly think of one or two.

"I didn't know Starfleet could be a hotel," she replied, grinning. Yes, Hezuela had questions. But Hezuela always had questions, but they usually cleared up later. Therefore, she shook her head. "No more questions"

(Reply Dieter Gregory)

(Posted by Bogdana)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge/Ready Room - COps/3rdO Lieutenant Dieter Gregory - 1320)

"Thank you for sharing Dr. Hezuela. While you may have annoyed your instructors at the Academy, and lets face it, all good cadets do, they spoke very highly of you. We are fortunate to have you aboard."

"I am curious, and forgive me if this is an intrusive question, but does your translation matrix only work in the normal hearing range, or does it pick up telepathic emissions as well? I am an engineer and physicist by training, so don't keep up with all the medical trends, but waves and particles interest me. Mostly in the area of warp technology, string theory and such."

(reply Hezuela)

After he finished his spiel about the ship and the invite to learn more about gamma shift, he turned it back over to Hezuela.

"So then, any questions?"

"I didn't know Starfleet could be a hotel," she replied, grinning.

Gregory noticed her way of setting people at ease. A good trait in a doctor. "Well, on these long-range exploration ships, we do need some down time. The Captain, and the engineering design teams, in their infinite wisdom gave us places to see to that." Gregory paused, starting to babble on.

Hezuela shook her head, "No more questions."

"Very well, Doctor. Again, welcome aboard. I'm sure we'll keep you busy. But if you find yourself with downtime, and are interested in research, the biologic labs are on deck 2."

Gregory stood up, "Dismissed."

(Reply Herzuela, IYW)

(Posted by Bogdana)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 14 - Security Office - 1615 SO PO3 Hercules Devers)

Devers was reading the after-action report that Hammons had quickly submitted. Finding the assassin Sanchez or Maxwell Smart or whatever his real name, was a stroke of luck. The commander ordering the ship away from the starbase and activating shields too away his most obvious escape route.

He noted that Ensign Galk was overseeing the teardown of the shuttle as they wanted to make sure he didn't do any more damage that he already had done.

Devers switched on the viewer to check the brig and look in on the prisoner. It was Hammons take-down and the Chief wanted Hammons to take the lead on the interrogation, but as usual in security, got called off to another crisis or something. Story of the life of an NCO. Not really a problem, as he wasn't going anywhere.

Something was odd about the prisoner. It didn't look like he was moving. Well, that was to be expected, what was there to be gained by stomping and protesting. Scanning the room, he noticed that

[illegible]

(Posted by Edward)

.....

[illegible]

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible][illegible]

(c) $\frac{1}{\sqrt{2}} \begin{pmatrix} 0 & -1 \\ 1 & 0 \end{pmatrix}$

ceiling. As he lay there he could feel something in the small of his back. He sat back up, roll off and then knelt by the bed. Reaching under the mattress he found something hard and metallic. He pulled it out. With a look of fearful recognition he wondered how Sanchez had gotten this particular weapon. Officially, it did not exist. There was more to this situation than met the eye.

The weapon was small enough that he could slip into a pocket of his uniform but he wanted to be careful not to accidentally discharge it. The results could be messy. Then he knew he only had one way to go. Follow Sanchez down the rabbit hole.

“Ok Alice,” he said to himself, “time to get small.”

He went back to the open panel and began to work his way down the tube. How head continued to throb, giving him a periodic sense of nausea that he was able to fight. He came to a junction in the tube and decided to rest. He looked up to see that there was a small sign at the conjunction. He smiled when he read it.

“Conjunction junction?” he read and then he thought to himself. ~What’s your function?~

His stomach was beginning to settle when he heard a sound following him down the tube. He was actually relieved to hear it. Surely it was someone who had come to capture him. When the person came into view he smiled again. At least she was cute. It was the strange looking Betazoid/Klingon counselor. Counselor. They have counselors doing security work. Is the shift short staffed. He had to wonder what the security people were doing. Probably sitting behind a monitor and watching others doing their jobs.

“Mr. Weston,” the woman called to him, “I am ordering you back to sickbay. We can do this the easy way by you coming with me quietly or, we can do this the hard way. If you don’t respond you will find out what the hard way means.”

Weston almost laughed but he knew she was serious. However, the pink outfit didn’t quite fit the moment. Suddenly he thrust his hands in the air.

“Don’t shoot sheriff,” he said whimsically, “you got me dead to rights. I’ll come a peaceable.”

He saw a look of satisfaction come across her face. “Which way do you suggest we go? Up or down?” He asked.

(reply Trei)

He followed Trei's directions and managed to pull himself out of the tube. He looked at the woman in front of him, who looked very serious, and smiled. "Nice tracking suit."

Suddenly a wave of pain and nausea ran through his body, and Weston fell to the floor. The last thing he saw was a pink blur leaning over him, then he decided it was probably a pretty good time for a nap.

(reply Trei)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 4 ACOUNS ACMO LT JG Ariel Trei - 18.20)

She crawled in the tune after Weston. He saw her and made strange comments that she was a sheriff here to take her in. She did not understand this concept of a sheriff. She noticed the neuro jammer was not on his head anymore. He displayed a high level of pain. She sensed the pain and a level of nausea coming from him. Before she could apprehend him, he dropped to the deck as if to sleep. She did not trust him so she made sure he was sleeping before taking him to sickbay. She stuck him with a prepared trunk dart to make sure he would wake up in sickbay and not on transport.

"Computer. Site to site transport direct to Sickbay. Two to Transport Authorization Trei Alpha Phi Omega 1969. Engage."

They materialized in sickbay in front of Quinna. She waited for her orders.

(Reply Quinna)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Sickbay -- Deck 5 -- CMO Lt. Quinna Solice -- 2345)

Quinna sat in the horrid chair in sickbay. It seemed to attribute to all hospitals everywhere that the chairs were uncomfortable. They never anticipated visitors spending the night. Quinna was exhausted and frustrated. She thought now maybe she should have helped T'Mur after all. She could have released pent up stress.

The sounds of the equipment monitoring the captain started to have a pattern that Quinna identified in a song. Even though the beeping was a normal beat, it was funny what a tired brain would conjure up.

Quinna softly sang to herself in a hushed tone. “At first I was afraid, I was petrified
Kept thinking I could never live without you by my side.”

Mason sat at his desk. The turn of events seems to put a damper on the brightness of the ship. The Illuminar right now felt like ‘the ship of the damned.’ He started to worry about Quinna. He wondered if she had the support she needed at this point. He knew she had a great staff but...

Mason entered sickbay and saw Quinna in the ICU. He walked in, "Hey, Bro Sis, how are you doing?" He called her Bro Sis because he was not quite her brother and she was not quite his sister. They wanted to call each other something. It is hard since they were family but by the same token, they were not. When looking at it, his sister was married to her brother. They shared a niece.

“Oh, hi,” Quinna said. “Look like you are not going to have the Captain on your table anytime soon,” Quinna answered.

"I am glad to hear that, but I asked about you," Mason replied back. "You know your brother will kill me if anything happened to you."

Quinna shook her head. "You are the civilian, he would kill me."

“Oh good. I am so jiggy with that thought.” Mason said with a bit of a laugh. “You look exhausted. Why don’t you go and get some rest.”

“I can’t. It has been a whirlwind day. I relieved the staff for rest. So I am the only doctor on duty.” Quinna said.

“Well, that was Nobel yet stupid,” Mason said but there was nothing he could do.

Quinna gave Mason a look like she was totally annoyed by him. “I am the Chief Medical Officer here. I must put the health of my staff first.”

“Fine, but just remember one thing, Bro Sis, you cannot take care of your staff if you work yourself on one of my tables.” Mason walked out and headed to his room in the civilian area.

(Replies none)

(Posted by Kris B and Kris B)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Sickbay - Counselor Ensign Jg Reea - 0040)

Reea had stepped into sickbay to see if there was anything she could do. After the captain had been attacked, a security lockdown had been ordered, so many of the crew were confined to quarters. Reea felt that could cause some resentment, as people would feel they were unjustly not allowed out, or not trusted.

Reea could see both sides, so in order to help ease any misgivings, she had visited people, mostly enlisted personnel, to assure them things would be okay. There were mixed reactions, but it helped her as much as it did them, as she was at least doing something.

It was after midnight, ship time, and sickbay had quieted. Nurses were tending Captain Sekal, so Reea looked for Doctor Solice.

(reply Solice, any)
(posted by Renee Bishop)

[illegible]

After her visit with Mason, Quinna had walked to the replicator for a cup of coffee and some beef broth. She was surprised to see Reea in sickbay.”

"You've had a very long and stressful day," said Reea. "I slept for a few hours, so if you want to rest, I can keep an eye on things here. I'm a certified medic, you know, but if something major happens, I can call you. I'd even activate the EMH, to cover until you arrived. What do you say?"

"I appreciate it but I want to be around. He has been out of surgery for less than 12 hours. I want to be available just in case."

(Reply Reea)

“I used to pull all nighters during Medical school.” Quinna said. “I feel like a coed again.” Quinna giggled a bit.

(Reply Reea)

"You are welcome to stay and chat, but fair warning, I am going to put you to full use very soon."

(Reply Reea)

“So things have been a bit crazy since you came aboard.” Quinna stated

(Reply Reea)

(posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Sickbay - Counselor Ensign Jg Reea - 0047)

"I appreciate it," said Solice, "but I want to be around. He has been out of surgery for less than 12 hours. I want to be available, just in case."

Reea understood. They were all worried about the captain, but there was no way to know when he would waken. Solice needed time to rest, to get away and clear her mind.

"I used to pull all-nighters during medical school. I feel like a coed again." Solice laughed.

"Oh, I remember the all-nighters, too. Especially during finals," said Reea. There were also all-night parties, but Solice may not have been referring to those.

"You are welcome to stay and chat, but fair warning, I am going to put you to full use, very soon," said Solice.

Reea looked forward to it. She wanted to be busy. She wanted to learn. Skills and experience would make her more valuable. They could also lead to profit, but there was no need to talk about that.

"So things have been a bit crazy since you came aboard," said Solice.

"There's an old Hewmon saying I heard when I was on Earth that I've always liked," said Reea. "May you live in interesting times. It's thought to originally mean a bad thing, but I've found that interesting times make for better opportunities and adventures. Life would be dull otherwise."

Of course, Reea didn't want people, or even annoying little dogs, to suffer or die, but she figured Solice understood her meaning.

"I still have paperwork to do, so I'll find a quiet corner and get to it. Call if you need me to do something." Reea would also watch Solice. If the CMO became too stressed or fatigued, Reea might need to step in, though she hoped it wouldn't come to that.

(reply Solice, any)

(posted by Renee Bishop)

[illegible]

There's an old Hewmon saying I heard when I was on Earth that I've always liked," said Reea. "May you live in interesting times. It's thought to originally mean a bad thing, but I've found that interesting times make for better opportunities and adventures. Life would be dull otherwise."

"You are absolutely right," Quinna said.

"I still have paperwork to do, so I'll find a quiet corner and get to it. Call if you need me to do something." Reea would also watch Solice. If the CMO became too stressed or fatigued, Reea might need to step in, though she hoped it wouldn't come to that.

"I am glad you are onboard. I have a feeling you are going to bring many positive insights to our loves. If you have a paperwork question, then just ask."

(reply iyw)

(posted by Kris)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 4 - Officers Quarters - COPs/3rdO Lieutenant Dieter Gregory - 0745)

There had to be an alternative that would satisfy the Commander and her quest for implicit trust. Clearly a cultural difference between humans and Betazoids, or other telepathic species for that matter. If everyone can read everyone, no one can lie or have secrets. There goes poker, he thought sardonically.

This was way out of his field, his comfort zone. This was medical. Time to ask the expert.

“Well that depends.” Quinna started. “How were the personalities implanted? It is easier to see if a device was implanted, which would be quicker if someone wanted to make a sleeper agent in a hurry. Another method is mind melding or a telepathic race. That requires altering the mind path and could be picked up in a neuro scan. Rather lengthy exam as it goes though the brain in layers. The last way

and the harder way is through hypnosis. A telepath could find that. Perhaps maybe a neuro scan, but hypnosis has not been used in a very long time as it takes a long time to suggest implanting a second personality.” Quinna paused. “What to elaborate on these hypotheticals?”

Gregory sighed. “As I understand it, there is a chance that a rogue agency within Star Fleet has been able to infiltrate the fleet with people containing these sleeper personalities. In fact, the person who attacked the Captain may be such an individual.”

He paused. “Commander Verin asked me yesterday to be scanned by a telepath to assure her that I did not have such a personality. Since she feels she can’t trust me implicitly unless I submit to such an intimate invasion. To me, it is akin to her asking me to let someone rape me. I refused under the seventh guarantee under the Federation Charter. “

“However, if there was a way, a non-invasive way, to determine this to the Commanders satisfaction, I would undergo that. Scanning brain waves is very different from having someone poke around in my mind.” Gregory concluded.

“Well, If that is the case then we can put you under a neuro scanner. It will take an hour.” Quinna suggested.

“That would be acceptable,” Gregory said.

“And if you are jiggy with it, I would want to sedate you.” Quinna added.

“As long as no one tries to read my mind, that is acceptable as well.”

Quinna sighed, “If there is something then I do not want to trigger something.” Quinna felt the heaviness in the room.

“I understand. I would ask that you tell Commander Verin your results when you complete them. I do not need to know, as I am confident I am who I say I am, and there are no other people inside my head,” Gregory replied with certainty.

“Ok then, would you prefer to do this in an isolation room or is sickbay ok?” Quinna asked.

“Wherever you feel is best, Doctor. I have no preference,” he replied.

“Now are you sure it is ok to sedate you? I could just take your pants and no one will wander off.” Quinna suggested and thought about implementing that policy in sickbay.

“Definitely unique treatment options. I have no shame or issues with modesty, so could easily wander off in the nude anyway,” Gregory chuckles. “Unless...” he lets the thought tail off.

“To sickbay we go then.” Quinna started to move back into the large room. She looked over at the clear view of the captain. He was still good. Quinna showed Gregory a biobed and she started up the diagnostics. “Just lay down and relax, I will be right back.”

Gregory laid on the biobed. Of course they were not comfortable. Clearly designed to get the patients up and out as fast as possible. At least he'd get an hour of sleep, which he needed as he had 4 hours till his next shift.

Quinna returned with a PADD, a small device, and a hypospray. “Any last words?” Quinna asked as she was about to administer the sedative.

"Is this an execution?" he joked. "No Doctor, I am in your capable hands."

Quinna gently administered the sedative and waited for his eyes to close. Quinna put the device on his head and began the test.

(Reply none)

(Posted by Kris and Tim)

[illegible]

The vascular tissue was now complete and whole, the sutures would eventually be absorbed into his body. They contained no nutritional value, if they did he would use it for his purposes, the injuries had been critical and required a great deal of nutrients and fuel. The lung was also knitting efficiently. He considered the need to begin external repairs with his available nutritional reserves and incoming supply. The risk was minimal considering he could slow the repairs before the fuel was exhausted and allow it to continue at the reduced natural rate while he bode his time to once again begin stockpiling a reserve.

Having made the decision he routed the increased oxygen and nutrients that had formerly been earmarked for the artery to the muscular tissue in his chest wall. The muscles would take a great deal longer to rebuild and strengthen while the skin tissue could be easily sealed with one of the dermal regenerators omnipresent in medical. Estimated time for the completion of that task? Twenty four to thirty six hours. To finish sealing the lung five.

He and the teacher were walking through the training ground which had been covered with a layer of dust by a heavy wind that had blown through the complex during the night. The daytime temperature was five degrees below normal due to a partial overcast. As they moved toward the hall where the noon meal would be served a light rain began to fall, little more than a sprinkle it presaged possible flooding. No precipitation on a desert world is a common misconception as the amount of moisture over a prolonged period is averaged and rains are not unknown there though they are few and far between. Here on the mountain such flooding would not be seen but dry gullies could see flash floods at low elevations.

"How will I know when the repairs to my body are sufficient Master?"

The old monk in his dusty orange robe stopped and turned toward the student. "You will feel the increased function and sense of wholeness in your Katra as the repairs are completed young Sekal. When your Katra is one you will know it is the time to end the healing trance."

"And how will I know my Katra is whole?"

"You have touched it in these past weeks have you not?"

Sekal the student nodded. "Yes."

The wise master gave a sharp dip of his chin to indicate satisfaction. "At the end of my instruction you will place yourself into a healing trance and remain there for one full day. During that time you will experience your Katra in its wholeness. Having seen this when the trance is needed you will know."

The Master turned back to their destination but before continuing spoke over his shoulder. "When you have left the trance your time here will be over."

Sekal knew his time for leaving the trance was still at least a day away. Not in terms of the time sense but logically. Such a repair was extensive and his Katra was still incomplete.

(Reply: None, any)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

The

trip to sickbay was complicated. Periodically Sienna would brush up against T'Mur send rivulets of emotion down their connection. T'Mur spent the walk bringing her mental defenses back up, leaving a telepathic back door for Sienna to access if she needed.

But for now she needed to be her old self.

She

led the way into sickbay and scanned the room with her eyes, making certain that everything was clear. She immediately noted that Gregory was laying on a bio-bed with Quinna standing over him. She raised an eyebrow and sent a message to Sienna.

::Look

at the table.::

Sienna

looked over and her eyes widened. She was concerned, but the Lt. and the CMO seemed busy.

A

young, freshface man in a medical uniform moved over to the pair. He smiled at them and then addressed Sienna.

“Commander

Verin," he said, "MedTech Anson Williams, ma'am. Can I help you?"

“I’m

here for two reasons. Ensign T'Mur needs a sign off to be on the bridge due to her medical issues. The second is that Luma'lenai is unhappy and wishes me to check on the Captain. When Dr. Solace has a chance, I need to speak with her about my conversation with Vice Admiral Saleke." Sienna glanced curiously again towards her not quite trusted current FO. "Is now a good time to do these? I need the Ensign on the bridge."

"Give just a moment, Commander," the technician gushed excited to help someone from command that wasn't actually injured. He stepped away and moved over to the table with Solice and Gregory.

::I need you with me:: Sy sent along their bond. :: I don't want to be parted from you::

::I am here:: T'Mur sent back. ::I am always here. You are safe:: She sent an image of a hug to her. A protective hug.

There was a brief conversation between Williams and Solice. He pointed over to the waiting couple. Quinna looked over and nodded. Then she turned back to him and spoke softly. T'Mur's ears could not pick up what was being said.

Quinna handed the PADD to Anson, "Look I need you to monitor, but say nothing and do nothing. I will owe you big time."

"Doc," he said, "I'd do it for free."

Sienna waited calmly, her fingers itching to twine with T'Mur's but they were on duty and her entire life had taught her that appearances were far too important to be needlessly squandered in the heat of the moment.

::Luma, I am in sickbay with T'Mur. As promised:: Sienna kept the polite, non-expression on her face as she waited.

::When the telepaths bonded on Luma's ship, it would take many days for the bond to settle and their health levels would fluctuate wildly. So it would not be bad for our Sienna to be checked out quickly::

Quinna moved quickly to Sienna and T'Mur. "Good Morning, Ladies. What is happening this morning?"

"Can

we talk in your office please, Doctor?" Sienna would normally have called her Quinna but this was formal, so she had to be as well. Sienna's command style was usually very laid back.

Quinna

worried that now she was in trouble. "Of course, Commander." Quinna ushered them to the door. She waited for the women to enter before she entered herself. "May I ask what this is about, Ma'am?"

Sy

smiled once they were inside, "Several things, relax though, Doctor. The first is that T'Mur and I have bonded. We both need a scan, on Luma's advice for myself. Luma says that sometimes health levels can fluctuate among the telepaths on her ship and I want

to make sure. For Ensign T'Mur, I need her cleared for duty and on the bridge. And Luma has been panicking about the Captain and I promised to come and check on him." Sienna looked down for a moment, "I called Admiral Saleke last night when I knew that the

Captain was out of surgery and doing well. The Captain is in a vulcan healing trance and to leave the trance, well." Sienna glanced over at T'Mur, "Someone needs to slap his face with forceful blows. It was suggested that Ensign T'Mur do so. Is Lt. Gregory

all right?" Sienna was worried for many reasons, there were an insufficient number of command officers aboard for them to lose another.

"Ok

hold it. Lets stop for a moment." Quinna was having trouble keeping up. "Ok, Congrats on the bonding. I'm happy for you both and yes Luma is right. I will check you both out. But let's talk about the Captain. Before you go and wake him up out of his trance,

it is important to know that he died on the operating table. We were able to revive him. He is strong. I will be ok with him being brought out of the trance, but I will be there with him. I prefer to wait until 1400 hours though. That will be 24 hours

since surgery ended. Give him time. Will that be ok?"

T'Mur

shook her head, "Do not concern yourself with the Captain's... dying. A Vulcan's heart can stop for several minutes before any permanent damage is done. And as for waking him on a timeline... well that also is not up to us. The captain will begin to rouse on

his own. It is almost as you would call sleepwalking. In order to bring him to full consciousness he will require some dramatic physical stimulation. Has there been any sign of him regaining consciousness yet?"

"No,

there is evidence of REM sleep. I still want to wait until he has been out for 24 hours. This is my decision," Quinna insisted.

"With

all due respect," T'Mur cut in, "it is not. It is actually Captain Sekal's body's decision. He will arouse when his body is sufficiently healed. No sooner, no later. If you attempt to keep him unconscious at the time of his awakening the shock on his system may kill him."

Sienna

nodded, "That was what his Father told me. I'm sorry I was not very clear. I'm not getting enough sleep the last few days. Not that I ever get the amount of sleep you Doctors think that I should." She took a deep breath, "And I'm not challenging you. I promise."

"You

may not be challenging me but I feel ganged up on right now. It seems I am going to lose this battle. So basically I am being told this will happen and not being asked about it." Quinna felt like she was losing. "So it has been noted that this will happen."

T'Mur

frowned, there was this human compunction for being in control of all things. It was a strength in them... and a weakness. "It is not our intention to "gang up" on you doctor. If anyone is ganging up on you it is Vulcan biology. And yes, in that matter, his body will tell you what will happen and when. It is, what it is."

"If

it helps, the Admiral thinks he is going to be in the trance for several days." Sienna tried to make it sound helpful and useful. "But the Captain is calling the shots here."

"And

Quinna," T'mur added, "do not think that we do not know that the captain owes you his life. This in no ways diminishes your accomplishment here."

Quinna

wanted to say much more. She was agitated, and nothing right now would calm her. She then went with the rational response, the response she could only give. "If it is something you must do then do it." Taking a deep breath, "As for Lt. Dieter, I am sorry I cannot discuss him at this time. Let me go and get some scanning devices and I can check you both out in here." Quinna turned and left the office to retrieve the required devices.

::She

seems upset:: T'Mur sent. ::I do not understand why::

::She

is upset. Feel through my empathy. And she's unhappy with me personally I think. It isn't something that I can deal with. I wanted to suggest bringing aboard a vulcan healer or having her attend a symposium but now is obviously not the time::

Sienna

waited patiently for Quinna to return.

Quinna

re-enter the room, with her supplies, "Alright, Ladies, Who is first?"

"

It doesn't matter, but Quinna, can you tell me why you are so upset? Did I do something wrong to offend you? If I did, I am sorry." Sy was very worried. Quinna was her friend, at least she thought so.

"I am fine, just tired. I have been up all night, that is all. Probably a little achy from sitting in the chair." But Quinna was also very protective of her patients. She felt more like a mother hen and someone was going in to take care of one of her chicks.

"Sy, why don't I scan you first. Have you felt any different since the bonding?"

"Between us, I have felt more emotional. I've been afraid, and worries from my past have come back up, rearing their head. I feel safe with T'Mur." Sy slipped off her uniform jacket and stood in her dark tank top. There were scratches visible, and nail marks as well as a rather spectacular bite mark. Sienna blushed, deeply. In this area, she was private.

"Here, I can take care of those if you wish. But I can leave the scars if you like. A symbol." Quinna pulled out the tricorder and read no negative effects to the bonding. "Physically, you seem better than before."

"She has been receiving a fair amount of vigorous cardiovascular activity lately," T'Mur offered.

Sienna's blushes deepened as she tried to find words.

Quinna smiled, "I bet."

"If you could fix the scratches so that they are not infected, but leave the bite? If anything is going to scar, I'd prefer that." She was not exactly a prude, just private about sexual matters and relationships.

Quinna pulled the dermal regenerator out and started to run it along the wounds. It acted as both healing of the skin along with cleaning of the area.

T'Mur raised an eyebrow at the word "infected" but decided she would let that pass. She was very careful about such matters.

::This is for her, not a question of your hygiene. I don't expect them to ever get infected. This way, you can make them all over again.::

"Ok, how do you feel now?" Quinna asked Sienna.

Sienna

stretched and there was no pain, "Right as rain, Doctor. Thank you." Sienna reached for her uniform jacket and slid it back on, her fingers finding the claiming bite mark and reassuring herself that it was still there.

Quinna

nodded, She then turned to T'Mur, "And you, T'Mur. How are you feeling?"

T'Mur

looked at her thoughtfully, "I am myself again. More myself than I have been for a long time." She paused for a moment and then looked into Quinna's eyes. "I want to apologize for ... the other day. I hope I did not injure you. I am ... embarrassed by my behavior."

"No

need to apologize. Honestly it is the best offer I had ever in my lifetime." Quinna manages to squeak out a smile. "Now let me check you out." Quinna stood and moved over to T'Mur. She pulled out the medical palm probe and scanned T'Mur.

::See,

now she's less annoyed with me. You don't have to show her the few I left on you.:: Oh that blush. Talking telepathically with T'Mur was as easy as breathing, that natural.

T'Mur

looked at Sy and almost smiled. She stood up and removed her jacket to reveal a greenish blue bruise on her shoulder and a similar bite mark.

Quinna

took a look at the bite. "Would you like to keep your bite mark as well?"

"Absolutely,"

she replied with what could pass for no less than pride. "These are..." she looked at Sienna with a questioning look, "love marks. Signs of belonging."

"Marks

of a mutual claiming." Sienna said at almost the same moment.

Quinna

turned her tricorder around to show T'Mur, "Look, your levels are back to normal." Pausing a moment, "I declare you fit for duty." And if Quinna had a magic wand, she would wave it right now.

"We

are having a traditional Betazoid wedding on Earth, on my family's ranch. We'd like you to be a bridesmaid." Sienna blinked as the words came tumbling out but it felt right.

"It

would be an honor." Quinna answered.

"There

will be a difficult question for you to answer, doctor," T'Mur added as she put her jacket back on, "as I understand it."

"Are

you a friend of the bride, or of the groom?"

Sy

swatted T'Mur's arm lightly, "There will be no groom." Sienna said firmly. "Boys are icky." She wrinkled her nose in distaste.

nose.

"Now,

now, I am quite partial to the male gender." Quinna added. "And to answer your question, I will sit in the middle of the aisle so I will be on both sides."

"I

am still getting used to the concept of humor," T'Mur admitted. "It is something I picked up on our bonding. It will require a little work."

"With

Sienna by your side, you will do just fine," Quinna said.

"Can

we check up on the Captain? So Luma can be reassured. The Admiral tried to explain what is going on and why she has no sense of him, but with Vex gone, the Captain was also a bondmate and she has been moody and frightened. I assigned Alaya to help her but I really think the only thing that will help is having him wake up."

Quinna's

face had fallen again. It was clear to her that she no longer had a say with the captain. It made Quinna even sadder that Luma had not talked to her. "Go do what you need to do. That is all I am going to say." Quinna was tugging at a string on her red scrubs that she was still wearing. "I need to get back into sickbay. I have a couple of patients to take care of." Quinna gathered her medical tools to take back with her.

"What

did I say wrong?" Sienna's eyes showed the hurt she felt. "She can't see into sickbay beyond basic sensors, and wants me to look at him so she can see. When we were working on her integration we had blind spots installed." Sienna sighed. Worried, frightened and now somehow messing things up with one of her few friends. Sienna wanted to find a corner and cry.

"I

can still hear you. I am still in the room. You did nothing wrong. It is me, ok? I thought we had finished the conversation over the captain and then it was brought up again. It is a sore subject for me at this point. That is it. I understand but you

have to understand, I just cannot let things go as fast as I used to. I had my feelings hurt. Nothing to do with you."

"Because

I might be running this ship at the moment, but it is your sickbay. I need your Permission to do so. I thought... lets just not argue over this?" Her voice was breathless as she tried to cover her own hurt.

"One

final matter. Q visited myself and T'Mur last evening and mentioned the possibility the Captain might be attacked again. But it is Q so take that with a grain of salt. He was mocking us at the time and insulting me." This was close to the last thing she wanted to say to Quinna.

"Then

you must do what is best to protect yourself and the captain. I will sign off on whatever you need me to." Quinna said hoping the unpleasant would end. She was tired of this exchange.

T'Mur

interrupted, "Thank you Doctor Solice. We just want to see the captain and then we will be out of your way. Commander Verin has a ship to run."

The

last part was as much for Sienna as it was for Quinna. Both of them were too raw for this emotional exchange and needed some distance and time. It was time for Sienna to take command of the ship, and it was T'Mur's place to make sure she was up to the task.

"Could

you please keep us informed on Lieutenant Gregory," she added, "if he is ready for duty or not."

Sienna

wanted to placate Quinna, but kept her mouth shut for the moment. Her heart hurt and a lot of the good that had been done with those two calls was unraveling.

::I

didn't do something right and I have no idea where I went so wrong with her. :: Sy nodded slightly to T'Mur's words.

::No,::

T'mur sent back,::it is not your fault. But this is not going to be resolved now. Quinna does not understand. She will. Trust me. Time to leave.::

Sienna

left the room, troubled still but not saying anything out loud.

Before

T'Mur followed she turned to Quinna and patted her hand. "Thank you Quinna."

She

left the doctor to her thoughts and headed to the ICU unit to check on Captain Sekal.

Sienna

did nothing but stand at the side of the Captain, and did not attempt to touch him. She only watched for a long moment before closing her eyes to calm and reassure Luma. T'Mur walked up behind her and put a hand on her shoulder. The contact ignited their

connection. She could sense Sienna's connection with Luma. ::He's making excellent progress::

Then

Sienna reopened her eyes and quietly left. Sienna's face was impassive, the look she often had because of the pain that existed in her for so long. Sienna quietly exited sickbay, T'Mur by her side.

(reply none)

(posted by Al, Mel, and Kris-the dream team)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar Deck 1 - Bridge - FO Commander Sienna Williams-Verin/CTO Ensign T'Mur - 0850)

The ride up the turbolift to the bridge was a little tense. It was the first time that T'Mur and Sienna had a moment of conflict. But it wasn't really a conflict. T'Mur had nudged Sienna from the sickbay, away from the circular and mutually destructive conversation with the doctor. T'Mur could feel Sienna's conflict inside herself, and the fact that the doctor, for what ever reason, was not able to see the logic of the request to see the captain, and to let him acknowledge the time of his awakening, was beyond her.

Sienna wanted to resolve the issue and T'Mur had arrived at the conclusion that it would not happen. She knew Sienna was angry with her, and it hurt. But T'Mur also knew that she had to get her to the bridge. She needed to get her to take command of the ship. And she could only do that on the bridge.

The walk to the turbolift was silent. The ride up to the bridge even quieter. Sy wouldn't even touch her.

Sienna stood locked in an internal battle over her own emotions which seemed to be closer to the surface than they usually were. She reached out one hand and wrapped her fingers around T'Mur's wrist, her fingers finding the other woman's pulse and just holding her fingers there. Sienna was shaking, something that wasn't noticeable until that moment.

“Luma, love, stop the turbolift please. Don’t sound an alarm, don’t tell anyone. I need a minute.” Sienna moved closer to T’Mur and laid her head on the other woman’s shoulder. “You are right. Were right. I don’t know what the heck is going on with Quinna, or why she acted that way. But I was mixing my friend role with my commander hat and it wasn’t working. Quinna’s a counselor as well, she joined us at Mars as one. I’m confused and it’s bothering me. And I need to let it go. But if she hadn’t reacted the way she had, I would have gone over and touched my friend. To reassure both myself and Luma.”

::We have a few moments before this thing has to move again.::

T'Mur closed her eyes at the contact and sucked in her breath. She fell through the contact to face Sienna's feelings. It was a stark contrast to the silence moments earlier. She soaked in the sensations, allowing Sienna's words to enter her ears, and her feelings to enter her essence. And she could feel the love still there. Why was there any doubt? Whose doubt was it?

::There is so much we could do in a few moments.::

She stood up on the balls of her feet and placed a loving kiss on her lips.

::You have only to reach out to me, and I am there for you.::

::I doubt. I keep thinking you will come to your rather gorgeous senses and run away. It's going to take me a little bit to realize that it isn't going to change. Mostly because of my past haunting me.:: Sienna returned the kiss with interest then stepped back, ::We ready to get to the bridge and get this over with?:: She smiled lightly as she kissed T'Mur just once more. Well. Maybe twice.

T'Mur's eyes twinkled, almost a smile. ::You're the commander, Commander.::

=^= Luma is afraid for the Captain.=^= Luma's voice came from the speakers.

T'Mur touched the wall of the turbolift. ::Do not be afraid, Luma. Sekal is healing. You will be able to hear his thoughts again soon.:: She paused for a moment then spoke, "We miss him too."

"We do. For many reasons, the least of which is that he is my mentor, my teacher and in many ways I think of him as an older brother. He is my friend. We ready to get back to work, Luma?"

::Luma does not want to obey the rules.:: The Lenai grumped.

::Neither do I. I want to be in my quarters celebrating my bonding privately, not running on little more than caffeine and not enough sleep.:: The two could feel the turbolift resuming its way to the bridge.

Before the turbo lift slowed T'Mur brushed the back of her hand across Siennas. ::There will be plenty of time for that later.:: She sent an image of what Sy had to look forward to. The contact broke and the turbo lift doors opened.

As the two exited onto the bridge, Sienna found her eyes sweeping the deck as she always did when walking onto the bridge. She stood for a moment by the turbolift door as she watched and analyzed. It was like something in her had flipped a switch and her commander persona slid into place. She stayed there until the person at the security station noticed her and spoke, "Commander on the Bridge." Sienna caught the frown before it touched her lips.

"At ease. Thank you for handling the bridge, Lt. Collins." She spoke, moving over to the Captain's chair and waited for the woman to get out of the seat. It didn't help that Lt. Collins was ten years older and about six inches taller than Sienna was. It took a slight staring contest, but Sienna got her seat back and sat down.

"Report, Lt. Collins." Sienna found herself enjoying the moment. She really didn't understand why emotional beings always were so darned competitive. She had to admit that she certainly was competitive, if only with herself...and occasionally her twin.

"It's been quiet, Ma'am. No one has tried to get off the ship, and no one has tried to get on." Under the words were, 'Why are we running like a rabbit'. And Sienna found herself blinking as she picked up the unspoken words, more easily than she had in the past.

"Excellent. Continue onwards on our current navigational setting." She leaned back in the chair and pulled up her foldable screen to begin reading the night's reports, while the bridge hummed around her. "I know we're nearing the endurance for the shield emitters. I spoke with Vice Admiral Williams this morning and have some work arounds for that. Luma is implementing the changes he suggested."

T'Mur made her way to the tactical station manned by CPO Falcon. She could feel the man tense at her approach. He stepped back from the station.

"As you were Chief," T'Mur said. "You have it all well in hand. I expect that your work on the lateral array was able to be completed?"

Falcon looked a little stunned, but instantly relaxed. "They were ma'am."

"Excellent," T'Mur ran a visual check around the bridge to identify each person and their relative risk to Sienna. There was none. "Tactical report"

Sienna continued to read the reports from the previous shifts, nearly growling under her breath that so much was still in disarray.

"All right, this is utterly ridiculous. We are a small ship, there really are not that many people aboard. Luma? How many people are aboard?" The Lenai quoted the proper amount on the manifest. "And Luma, can you tell me are there more resources being used than there should be?" ~Why hadn't operations looked into that?~ Luma was too quiet for a long moment then replied through the speakers, =^= Yes. By two beings.=^=

Sienna's surprise rippled through the bond between T'Mur and she. "Well now that's interesting. Can you tell where, Luma? Narrow down the area of the ship?"

=^= Not quickly.=^= Luma replied.

"That's fine, take your time." Sienna wanted the threat to her Captain contained before he woke up from the trance. Just because Hammons had found Sanchez didn't mean that there were not others aboard. Sienna wanted to make sure every single person aboard was verified and to figure out who these other people were that Luma sensed.

T'Mur moved over to the internal sensors and began to check life signs deck by deck. She correlated the data with the crew manifest and the duty roster. There would, of course, be some anomalies of people being in places that would be unexpected, such as each other's quarters, or at either of the

lounges. She was certain that Luma would find something before she would. Still, she was able to go quickly through the upper decks.

Sienna finished initialing the reports and leaned back, closing her eyes for a moment. A touch on T'Mur's thoughts for a moment, ::Watch over me?: She was going to try something and hope that it worked out. She centered herself in her body, felt her behind in the seat, her feet on the deck plates. And she swept her psychic abilities through the ship, fast. It was something she had learned while trapped in Q's little holonovela.

And came back to herself, confused by the impressions she had received. None of them felt anything like the feel of the mind that she had been given by Admiral Winters.

::Huh. I didn't expect it to be that easy but worth a try now that I'm thinking straight. Thing is T.... I don't get what the end-game is here.::

::Endgame?: She did not quite get the reference but believed she understood the thought. ::You wonder why the attempt on the captain happened at all? What was the purpose? I would infer that the purpose may be simply to cause some kind of confusion. But why at that moment? Revenge? Was someone angry enough at the captain to try to kill him? Can you sense anger?:

::I could if it was in the moment. I could if I still had my Q abilities to read the past in objects. If I had them I could have knelt on the deckplates and taken off the silk gloves and read the very flooring. I need to call Vice Admiral Winters and have a little chat with her about her orders. And I don't particularly like her, T'Mur. She's... spooky. I don't know how else to describe her. Intense maybe?: Sienna let the frown cross her features for a moment as she stared at the running view-screen at the center front of the Bridge, showing the stars going by at warp speed.

T'Mur knew that Sienna had experience with a wide variety of the admiralty but she could sense her ... eerie sensations with regards to Vice Admiral Winters and got a picture of a stern and serious looking woman.

::There's a reason you chose not to keep those powers. There is no point to lamenting that decision. It was the right thing to do. I'm not sure how I would associate with omnipotence. We will keep looking... the old fashioned way. ::

::Maybe there isn't anything there to find. Maybe we will find out that Sanchez snapped mentally and got upset with the Captain for some silly reason and none of this stupid stuff is touching the ship. But T, I don't believe that. I get these flashes of intuition I guess and something is going to happen soon. I don't know what or how soon but it's going to.::

She leaned back, trying to get comfortable. The vast majority of her time on the bridge was doing paperwork, reviewing reports from the ship and being bored as she stared at the viewscreen, occasionally helping out as necessary with the other officers on the bridge, sometimes mentoring, sometimes teaching. She knew this ship as well as the Captain did. She had done the space trials after all.

It didn't take long for both Sienna and T'Mur to fall into the regular shift routine. T'Mur carefully monitored Sienna, while going through the tactical scans of the region they were in. A few days ago this routine was all that she had cared about and enjoyed the fine tuning of it. It was astounding how much could change in a few days.

Sienna turned for a moment as if stretching a kink out of her spine, but instead looked up at T'Mur with a soft smile before resuming her paperwork and the quiet routine of the bridge.

(reply any)

(posted by Mel [Sienna & Luma] and Al [T'Mur])

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Bridge-- Deck 1 - FO Commander Sienna Williams-Verin - 1007)

=^=Lt. Solice to Commander Verin ^= Quinna's voice came over the comm badge. But the Bridge was so quiet that everyone could hear.

"One moment, Doctor. I am on the Bridge." Sienna moved towards the ready room and entered, then hit the comm badge again, "I'm alone in the Ready Room. Is everything well, Doctor?"

Sienna's heart began to accelerate. Was Quinna calling to continue the earlier argument? Was the Captain all right? What was going on? And here Sienna had just beginning to relax.

=^=Ma'am I have been asked to speak to you about the Medical results of a patient in sickbay.=^=
Quinna replied. ^=^=Can do this over a private channel if you like.=^= Sienna's heart caught in her throat and her pulse thundered, worry shooting through her bond.

"No, please come to the Ready Room. Ensign T'Mur is on body guard duty so she will be present as well. But we will be as private as we can be. I'll be waiting for you."

Sienna waited for the connection to close, but some things should be done the old fashioned way. =^=
Commander Verin to Lt. Collins, Dr. Solice will be coming to the bridge shortly, please have Ensign
T'Mur escort her into the Ready Room. =^=

Not waiting for a reply, Sienna went over to the replicator and summoned a pot of honeyed black tea, cups and small pastries. She was hungry, but she wanted the tea more. She poured herself a cup and waited.

(reply Quinna, any)

(posted by Mel)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Bridge - Deck 1 - CTO Ensign T'Mur/CMO Doctor Quinna Solice- 1011)

Sienna's sudden departure to the Ready Room took T'Mur by surprise and left a strange empty sensation. It wasn't that she could no longer sense her mate, but it was the first time she was not in her physical presence since their bonding. Logically this was a necessity but as her body guard you can't protect what you can't see.

Still she knew that she was waiting for Quinna to arrive on the bridge and there would be line of sight again. It was a little troubling that there was almost a physical dependence on being together. Perhaps it was the last vestiges of the bonding event.

Suddenly the door to the turbo lift opened.

Quinna stood in the open doorway of the turbolift. She hoped that the previous meeting would not be regurgitated this time. Quinna had given herself time to calm herself down.

Quinna finally took that step on the bridge.

T'Mur acknowledged the doctor's arrival with a nod and went to greet her.

“Doctor Solice,” she said looking at her concerned face, “I believe this is the first time I’ve seen you on the bridge.”

“May have been here once or twice, however, there really has not been a need for me to be here.” Quinna replied as she took in the viewscreen. The clarity was amazing. She felt in awe of the moment.

"Please follow me," she said.

"Of course" Quinna replied. She then turned to follow T'Mur.

T'Mur led Quinna to the Ready Room and touched the door chime.

(USS Illuminar - Ready Room - Deck 1 - FO Commander Sienna Williams-Verin/CTO Ensign T'Mur/
 CMO Dr. Quinna Solice- 1012)

Sienna sat back on the black leather couch of the Captain's Ready Room with a mug of hot honeyed tea in her hand. Her eyes were on the hades plaque with the rotating anelurian crystal in it. Something about the display caught the eye and mind and allowed them to rest. She knew the plaque was a gift from his father, and the crystal had been what allowed Luma to move easily from the ship, until the fragment had shattered. One finger reached out to trace the air above the curve of the chunk that had been removed. Had this been the piece it originally had come from? Her eyes watched the slow rotation of the crystal as she pondered the dream from the night before and awaited T'Mur and Quinna's arrivals.

The door opened and T'Mur led Quinna into the room. She took a step to the side and allowed the doctor to move past her then positioned herself on the wall, postured for action if needed. She pulled out a tricorder and quickly scanned the doctor for weapons. She liked the doctor but at this moment she trusted nobody.

“Dr. Solace, please come have a seat and some tea. And fill me in please because I have been rather worried since our conversation. Has something happened with the Captain?” Of course that was where her first thoughts went.

"You do not have to worry. He is holding steady." Quinna started as she sat in a seat opposite of Sienna. "I am actually here for another matter. So..." Quinna was not sure how to broach the subject. She took a sip of tea. Not exactly her coffee but but the tea hit the spot, "Lt. Dieter came to me. He wanted me to run some tests to see if he was a sleeper agent, for lack of a better term. Imagine my confusion."

::Tread carefully Sienna. I ... sense her apprehension.: T'Mur warned her mate. It was a strange sensation as she was apparently piggy backing on Sienna's abilities.

"I performed a full Neuro workup on him. Just in case, I had sedated him. I was not sure what I was dealing with. Any implanted personalities would show some neuro change unless it was done with technology far beyond our. Anyway, all the results are clear. There are no traces of any implanted personalities." Quinna reported.

"That is very reassuring. There has been information from Starfleet Intelligence that the group that attacked Earth a few years ago has several sleeper agents aboard ships. There is some thought that in order to circumvent Luma that the personality would have been implanted. I have a ... feel... for the kind of telepathic impression that would leave. I was ordered by Starfleet Admiralty to read the entire ship if necessary. With the Captain's attack, I needed to know that I could trust Lt. Gregory. He was not with us on Mars, but spent several years on DS9, which is not the most secure facility. Do you have any questions, is there anything that I can do to expand upon this?" Sienna refilled her mug then went to pour more for Quinna, but waited to find out if the other woman wanted a refresh of her cup.

Quinna put a hand on her cup, "No thank you on the tea. I think I am going to try and take a nap after I go back to sickbay." Quinna politely declined, "As for the other, You were pretty clear. I understand what is going on. If you feel like you need to read people telepathically, you might have a hard time with some of the crew. You can send them to me and I can test them in sickbay so no one feel invaded, and you won't have to face backlash amongst the suspected people." Quinna suggested.

"I appreciate that." Sienna spoke carefully, feeling her way gently. "I apologize for making you feel like I invaded your territory. You are one of the few true friends I can count on this ship, and since you came aboard at Mars, I feel like I can trust you." There was something that Sienna wasn't quite saying.

"Are you sure you want to get into this right now?" Quinna asked because she was willing to talk and not argue.

"Not wanting to argue, just wanting to apologize and when all this is over, in a few days, I will requisition a bottle of tequila and we can talk?"

"You do not need to apologize because I got Butt-Hurt over what happened. You see I was more upset because I felt you went around me and talked about medical issues, over the Captain before you even talked to me. Then I realized it was your job to seek out that advice." Quinna said, "So, I apologize to challenging your authority over the situation." But Quinna was still hurt over the matter.

"I am sorry. I am learning command on the job and I make mistakes as I'm doing it. Usually the Captain can smooth them out."

"As a friend, I am going to tell you the same thing I would say to my grammy. When something goes wrong, it is not always your fault. You need to cut yourself some slack. And let others own up to being the problem." Quinna

::A gigantic bottle of tequila. She deserves it:: Sienna added mentally. Luma took one from the quarter master's pantry and it landed in Quinna's lap via transporter with a soft plop.

=^= The Quinna needs sleepings. The tequila helps to make the sleepings. Luma had observed this for many millennia. ^=

T'Mur had relaxed her vigil a little when the gift arrived and talk of trust occurred.

"I have noticed that alcohol has many uses for humans, including sleep, but also in pre-mating rituals," she noted. "Also to seal agreements. Are we agreeing to all be friends?"

"I thought we were friends." Quinna said. "As for Pre-Mating rituals... well I will tell you if I ever have a pre-mating relationship. But for now, I think I will save this bottle for when this is all over. I can throw a party in my quarters."

"An excellent idea," T'Mur said. "But I will say this. I highly recommend the pre-mating ritual. I would suggest you attempt one when you get the opportunity."

She sent a smile to Sienna while keeping her face passive.

Quinna tried hard to stifle a yawn, "Well if someone is ever interested, I will try it, but for now a couch in my office has my name on it. If I don't go now, then I may end up sleeping in front of the viewscreen on the bridge." Quinna stood to her feet. She felt like she weighed a thousand pounds as she stood.

"I did that before the ship was officially launched at least five times. I don't recommend it. It feels plush to walk on but the ground hurts after about an hour. Sleep well Quinna." Sienna smiled lightly.

T'Mur stood by the door and waited for Quinna to exit.

And just like that, Quinna was gone.

"That was interesting." Sienna spoke quietly.

"Indeed," T'Mur nodded. "But at least we have an answer to Lt. Gregory. Although I am uncertain why he would chose an invasive medical scan over a telepathic scan. However, it is his right."

"My twin would too, I would think. He thinks and feels more human than I do. But at least we know we can trust him...mostly. Although I'll be honest, T, after Q's visit, I'm not sure that I -can- trust him." Sienna poured herself another cup of tea and raised the pot towards T's unused mug.

T'Mur nodded and watched Sienna pour the tea. "Are you saying you trust Q? I believe his motives are more duplicitous."

“There is always an element of truth with that being,” Sienna shrugged lightly.

“Perhaps,” T’Mur replied, “but I would trust Dieter Gregory over Q given the preponderance of the evidence I have observed.”

"I'll still keep an eye on him. It's likely the attack on the Captain will happen and that is the truth from Q's message. We should get back onto the bridge soon, or the moment our bonding is public any time we're alone it'll be suspected we are making out while on duty. Not that I do not want to make out with you on the Captain's desk." Sienna teased lightly, picking up the tray and returning it to the replicator.

“Then I also will “keep an eye on him,””T’Mur added, “and the other eye I will keep on you.”

She looked around to ensure nobody was watching in a room they were in alone and gave Sienna a quick peck on the lips. Then turned and strode out of the room. Sienna sat back down with a soft smile as she wrote a quick report, then headed back onto the bridge.

(reply any)

(posted by Mel, Kris & Al)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay -- Deck 5 -- CMO Lt. Quinna Solice -- 1100)

After her meeting with Sienna Quinna looked around sickbay. She noticed that Reea was still in her quiet corner. She approached the Ferengi. "I see you are still working hard. Quinna said not to startle her.

(Reply Reea)

"Is it too late to take you up on your offer? I think I want to go and take a nap in the office now." Quinna said. Her eyes told the story of the self-induced stress.

(Reply Reea)

“Thank you for trying to take care of my needs,” Quinna said.

(Reply IYW Reea)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Sickbay - Quiet Corner - Counselor Ensign jg Reea - 1101)

Reea took another sip of grek, a hot, Ferengi brew made from the excretions of the gray beetle. It had a slightly bitter taste, like hexel mold, but it had the same affect as coffee. Since she had spent the night in sickbay, it was a welcomed pleasure.

Though working all night, Reea's primary purpose was to monitor Quinna. The CMO had done her medical duties without fault, but the fact she hadn't changed out of the scrubs she had worn when she performed surgery on the captain, was a concern. She even had them on when she left to meet with the FO.

Reea didn't know why Commander Verin wanted to see Quinna, though it was most likely for an update on Captain Sekal, though that could have been done with a simple call through the comms. Reea's instincts were telling her there was something more.

The door to sickbay opened and Quinna stepped inside, signs of fatigue and stress clearly on her face.

"I see you are still working hard," said Quinna.

"Or hardly working." Reea chuckled.

"Is it too late to take you up on your offer?" said Quinna. "I think I want to go and take a nap in the office now."

"Yes. Yes, of course." Reea looked at Quinna's sleep-deprived eyes. They were red and puffy.

"Thank you for trying to take care of my needs," Quinna said.

"We're all here for each other," said Reea.

As she walked to her office, it was obvious in Quinna's body language, that she desperately needed sleep. There were others that could handle sickbay, but it was true that doctors were the worst patients.

If the situation didn't improve, Reea would need to find the best way to approach Quinna.

(reply any)

(posted by Renee Bishop)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- CMO Office -- CMO LT. Quinna Solice -- 1105)

Quinna sat at her desk. She had messages that needed to be taken care of. Before she began, she wiped her weary eyes. Several messages were diagnostic reports on various patients in sickbay. One message stood out. A new Doctor has come aboard. Her arrival came just in time.

“Computer, send message to Ensign Hezuela.” Quinna let out a yawn, then started her message, “Ensign Welcome Aboard. I am happy you are here and you are needed. Can you please check in with me sometime today? I would like to put you on the duty roster rotation. Thank you and welcome aboard” Quinna finished her message and closed with, “Computer, send a message.”

With the pull of the bottom cushion, the couch folded into a small bed. Quinna laid down and shut her eyes only after she called for the computer to dim the lights.

(Replies Welcomed)

(posted by Kris)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 7 - High energy particle physics lab - SciO - Ensign (sg) Skashe (Sky) Winters 1245)

The hexagonal, hockey puck sized device has been recreated using a computer driven model based on the scans Sky had brought up on the monitor. Some of the readings had been nonsensical when considered in a vacuum which was the reason he had fabricated another for study. The materials were a bit exotic but not beyond their capability to reproduce. This was certainly the product of an alien technology beyond those they knew of in the quadrant. Where it's materials and the object came from originally was nearly impossible to determine.

The one thing he knew was it could hold a charge. He had bombarded it with a variety of subatomic particles during spectroscopy and it was the delta radiation that brought it to life. The objective now was to see how much of a charge it could hold which would give them a base threshold for working life if they could ever determine what it was intended to power.

He was introducing a "trickle charge" by bombarding it with a minimal delta radiation stream within the shielded containment unit in order to insure it didn't go into a sudden overload which could release a catastrophic burst of delta rays and explosive force.

While it was charging he picked up a couple of flasks out of a cabinet and began juggling them in order to take his mind from the tedious wait. He was doing an excellent job at it as well, and had them in the air for almost two minutes when the unit gave off an unexpected ping.

"Dang it!" He clawed at the flask as it tumbled lazily just out of his reach, he had jumped reflexively at the ping and it had gone astray. The tips of his fingers bumped it twice on the way down and he watched helplessly as it shattered on the floor. He glanced at the one in his left hand, shook his head and set it down carefully. As he walked off to get something to clean up the glass he started singing a lively tune he had learned while young.

"When washing dishes if I drop a cup,
Why does everything fall down instead of up?
Riding up a hill I spill and hit the ground,
Wish I could fall up instead of falling down,
I'm a victim of gravity,
Everything keeps falling down on me..."

(Reply: Any)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5- ICU Isolation Ward- CO- Captain Sekal -1305)

The left lung joined the artery among the ranks of the fully repaired leaving the muscles of his chest wall as the area of greatest need. He cast about his mind and noted no sign of infection. Any bacteria that may have gotten past the sterile field of sickbay had been annihilated by his natural defenses which had been heightened by the healing trance. At some point additional nutrients had been added to the iv drip and the repairs were going on expeditiously.

The peace of the trance was due to his utter concentration on once again making his body and katra whole. Both were separate yet one in the trance.

The shouts rang out through the courtyard as Sekal watched. The training pairs were engaged in honing their skills. The duo before him were a diametrically opposed set.

The younger was a practitioner of Ponn-ifla, his opponent Karil-ifla. The older Vulcan swept in using a savage straight left-legged kick to the chest which was swept aside, it had only been a feint as he used the spin for a backfist blow with his right hand to the younger Vulcans cheek. The blow was pulled but still staggered his younger opponent who fell to his knees.

One of the masters stepped forward and the one stepped back as the other got slowly to his feet. Both bowed to him as he neared.

The teacher turned to the younger who was now sporting a greenish tinged welt on his right cheek. "What was your error?"

"I failed to anticipate the follow-up attack."

"No."

The student looked at him in confusion. "I do not understand."

The master gestured to the older student. "Your opponent is merely an obstacle which you have been trained to overcome. Your fight is not external but internal."

The young Vulcan shook his head in bewilderment. "Again I do not see Master."

"Your katra holds the knowledge which unlocks the secrets of your opponents attacks. To defeat him you must be one. When you learn to fight as one, katra, mind and body no opponent will be able to overpower you. None will touch you with violence. Go now and meditate on this."

As the younger walked away Sekal noticed that the ancient monk was standing near to and slightly behind him. He turned and bowed to him. "Master?"

His instructor inclined his head. "Your katra is the key to more than healing young Sekal. With it we become whole and without it we are vulnerable."

Sekal straightened up. "I believe I understand master."

The monk gave a slight upturn of the corners of his lips in satisfaction. "That is good. Come, we have more work to do."

Alone on the biobed the corners of Sekal's lips turned up slightly. His katra was strengthening and would soon be whole again.

(Reply: None)

(Posted by Charles G)

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