

(USS Illuminar - Deck 10 - Main Shuttle Bay - Pilot Ensign (sg) Vic 'Raid' Montero and Ensign(jg) Bebe "Gunsmoke" Sheridan - 1230)

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 (USS Illuminar - Deck 10 - Main Shuttle Bay - Pilot Ensign (sg) Vic 'Raid' Montero/Ensign(jg) Bebe "Gunsmoke" Sheridan/Transporter Chief Frank Martin - 1430)  
 (USS Illuminar - Deck2 - VIP Quarters – SFI Michael Weston/CMO Lt. Dr. Quinna Solice – 1606)  
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Sickbay – SFI Michael Weston/CO Captain Sekal – 1700)  
 (USS Illuminar-Deck 2- CMO Quarters- SFI Michael Weston/CMO Dr. Quinna Solice-1900)  
 (USS Illuminar-Deck 12- Jeffries Tube 17 B- SFI Michael Weston/CMO Dr. Quinna Solice-1915)  
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 12 - Counselor Ensign jg Reea - 1925)  
 (USS Illuminar- FO's Quarters - FO Commander Sienna Verin, CTO/ CTac- Ensign (sg)T'Mur -2200)  
 (USS Illuminar -- Isolation Room -- Deck 5 -- CMO Lt. Quinna Solice --2202 )  
 (USS Illuminar -- Iso Room -- Deck 5 -- CMO Quinna Solice -- 2359)

#### DAY 5

(USS Illuminar -- Iso Room -- Deck 5 -- Nurse Kathy Miller -- 0001)  
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Sickbay - Nurse Kathy Miller - 0010)  
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Sickbay - Ensign (jg) Dr. Hezuela - 0011)  
 (USS Illuminar -- IsoRoom -- Deck 5 -- CMO Lt. Dr. Quinna Solice -- 0010)  
 (US.S Illuminar -- IsoRoom -- Deck 5 -- CMO Lt. Dr. Quinna Solice -- 0012) Physical  
 (Sanchez's Head -- Conference Room -- CMO Lt. Dr. Quinna Solice -- unknown) Mental  
 (USS Illuminar -- Iso Room -- Sickbay -- Deck 5 -- Sanchez/CMO Lt. Dr. Quinna Solice -- 0052)  
 (USS Illuminar-- Sickbay --Deck 5 --CMO Lt. Dr. Quinna Solice --0053)  
 (USS Illuminar-- Sickbay --Deck 5 -- Nurse Kathy Miller --0054)  
 (USS Illuminar -- Sickbay -- Deck 5 -- CMO Lt. Dr. Quinna Solice -- 0054)  
 (US.S Illuminar - Deck 2 - Personal Quarters- CTO Ensign T'Mur/ FO Command Sienna Williams-Verrin - 0245)  
 (USS Protector - Deck 1 - Captain's Ready Room - Commander Jason Nesmith - 0900)  
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 4 - Transporter Room 1 - Commander Jason Nesmith - 0930)  
 (USS Illuminar- Deck 4 - Explorer's Lounge - CO - Captain Sekal, Commander Sienna Verin and Commander Jason Nesmith - 0940)  
 (USS Illuminar-- Deck 1 -- Ready Room -- CO -- Captain Sekal -- 1035)  
 (USS Illuminar-- Deck 1 -- Ready Room -- CO -- Captain Sekal and SO- Skashe (Sky) Winters-- 1100)  
 USS Illuminar - Deck 15 – Security briefing room 1 Chief of Security Lt jn Keung Lee – 1115  
 (USS Illuminar-- Deck 1 -- Ready Room -- CO -- Captain Sekal -- 1130)  
 (USS Illuminar-- Deck 1 -- Ready Room -- CO -- Captain Sekal -- 1145)  
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 4 - Personal Quarters - COps/3rdO Lieutenant Dieter Gregory - 1500)  
 (USS Illuminar-- Deck 1 -- Bridge -- CO -- Captain Sekal -- 1500)  
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 4 - Personal Quarters - COps/3rdO Lieutenant Dieter Gregory - 1615)  
 (USS Illuminar-- Deck 1 -- Ready Room -- CO -- Captain Sekal -- 1700)  
 (USS Illuminar-- Deck 1 -- Ready Room ESIO LT JG Ariel Trei - 17.05)  
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 4 - Officers Lounge - COps/3rdO Lieutenant Dieter Gregory - 1730)  
 (USS Illuminar-- Deck 1 -- Ready Room -- CO -- Captain Seka and Commander Sienna Verin -- 1800)  
 (USS Illuminar - deck 2 - Officers Mess - 2000)

(USS Illuminar -- Personal Quarters - Deck 6 -- EO Ensign Scott Matrix - 00451)  
(USS Illuminar - Main Engineering - Deck 11 - EO Ensign Matrix - 0521)  
(USS Illuminar -- Engineering Deck 11 -- Medics Klinger and Rizzo -- 0530)  
(USS Illuminar - Engineering Deck 11 -- Ensign Matrix - 0534)  
(USS Illuminar - Engineering Deck 11 -- Medics Maxwell Klinger and Luther Rizzo - 0536)

“But sir—”

“That’s an order, ensign. Now go!”

With that, Jatón went back in, stifling a cough as he looked around. The smoke stung his eyes and he couldn't see much more than three metres in front of him. He proceeded cautiously, but with purpose. That is until he heard a crack, and a sickening screech from above. He looked up just in time to watch the ceiling panel give way along with the support beam above it.

“Jek so’k—”

Thud.

(reply bridge, any)

(posted by Spencer)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Main Engineering - EO Ensign Bohb/ Luma of the Lenai –1824)

The warning lights on Bohb's instrument panel was lit up like a... well like a warning beacon. He was getting multiple damage reports of hull breaches and power conduit explosions throughout the starboard side of the ship. His hands worked at a blazing speed to transfer power to shielding and and put up forcefields around the breaches. The ship rocked again, and he noted that three engineers with less sure footing went flying across the room.

"Is everyone all right?" he called out.

There was a slow and less than reassuring affirmative responses. “Then get to work. Grab a team and head out for damage control duty.”

It was instinct to take over. He hadn't been on a starship in over twenty years, but old habits die hard, he supposed. Still, everyone did exactly what he asked.

He tapped his comm badge, "Luma, how you doing sweetie?"

=^= The burns hurt the skin and make Luma cry. The bad small ones have made Luma's small ones embrace entropy. Luma does not approve. ^=^ Sad,whimpering sounds at the pain from the phaser burns.

"You hang on tight sweetheart, Bohb is going to make it better," he said, as if he were reassuring a child, which he, in a manner, was.

He knew he couldn't do much about the crew, but he could do his best to stop anyone else from "embracing entropy." What he could do is shore up the shielding and prevent the "burns". The ship rocked again, but the shields held up. Then there was an explosion in the panel next to him. It was the sensor array.

~Damn it, sensors are down.~ He moved over to that station and began to pull apart the panel. It was a hot mess, literally. Everything he touched burned his finger tips. He began pulling out the isolinear chips, rediverting power around the panel.

Luma's voice continued to whimper, then it went offline for a long moment. Her voice comes back almost 20 seconds later, ^= The sensors that allow Luma to feel the aft portion of the skin are dead. Luma is not sure if this is better than the pain. Will the bad small ones go away soon? ^= Luma felt each death of her small ones with her telepathic abilities.

=^=The Bohb, Luma can not control the skin's legs any longer.^= Hysterical was a good word to describe the panic in Luma's voice.

"Easy now Luma," Bohb said assuringly, trying to sound confident. "One catastrophe at a time. He slid the last two isolinear chips into place, and the power hummed again in the sensor array monitors.

"There," he said with satisfaction, "sensors are back online. Now let's see what we can do about your legs."

He began to look at the panels and started talking absentmindedly. "I bet you're happy I practiced pulling these systems apart now, huh. It gives me a perspective I can't get any other way."

The monitors weren't doing him any good. He pulled out his personal PADD and began to work off that. He had tied it in to every system on the ship. He couldn't look at them all at the same time, of course, but it did give him a deeper look into each system individually. He pulled up propulsion. Looking at the readings he gave a heavy sigh.

"Sorry sweetie," he said to Luma, "this is going to take a little bit of time. And I can't do much from here. Can you find the exact point where the power to your legs stops?"

Luma ran her senses through the power systems and on Bohb's PADD a bunch of errors began to pop up. It was not just one problem, it was twelve that were preventing Luma from using the power systems. ^= The Bridge can talk to the legs. The Engineering can. Luma can not. ^= Oh she was not happy. ^= The Bohb will explain to Luma why these bad small ones are hurting other small ones. ^= The Lenai did not attack each other unless one went insane, as Luma had to execute the last of her race.

"Sorry Luma," Bohb replied, "I can't explain. I don't really understand it myself. But when I find out... there will be a reckoning, believe me."

=^= Good. Luma will assist. ^= Luma whimpered again, ^= There is no way to repair the skin without hurting Luma more is there? ^=

Bohb shook his head, "I'm afraid not. But if you are brave I will give you a reward."

=^= Reward? ^= She sounded interested in this concept. ^= Will you go find a catian and make one of the telepaths pet it? ^= This was the best of all rewards to Luma. She really liked the human sized kitties.

Although the image of Commander Verin petting a Caitian crewman also amused Bohb he shook his head. "No sweet one. I'm not sure Captain Sekal would approve. I was thinking more of a music session with my drums."

=^= Yes! Music! Luma loves the musics! Is it just us or will we invite the other small ones? ^=^= Luma was easily distracted but rather cheerful at the thought.

"I was thinking just us," Bohb admitted, hoping to get an idea of her music before playing with an ensemble. "But if you'd be more comfortable with others around I would understand. ". Music was

=^= A ... date? ^= Luma asked, intrigued.

Now Bohb realized he'd gotten himself into some deep water with this line. He wanted to be supportive but it was unclear where it would go and what might happen if it went badly.

"Let's just call it ... some time together," he said carefully. "For now. I'm not certain that I am prepared for a relationship at this junction in my life. But if I were, then we can have a date."

A soft sigh. =^= The idea was intriguing. Luma wants to go on a date one day. The Lenai do not have dates, as such and Luma likes watching the small ones who go on these dates. =^=

Bohb also wondered what it would be like to have a date with Luma. Do the Lenai eat? Do the make love? Can there be a physical union? "We will have to see Luma," Bohb said. "For now it will just be music."

Although Magillan music is quite moving, passionate and primitive. It often leads to other things with Magillans.

(Reply none)

(Posted by Mel and AI)

[illegible]

(USS

Illuminar - Deck 6 - Science Lab – EO Ensign Bohb –1838)

Luma had led Bohb to 2 of the areas that required his attention in order to get the power flow to her legs. Most of the repairs had been minor, there were just so many of them. There would be some structural work that would need to be done later, but for the most part the ship was holding together pretty well. Of course, he hadn't looked at the exterior view. Luma's skin was sure to be damaged.

His next stop was in the science labs. This area was a little more heavily damaged, but not all of it was from the weapons fire directly. Most of it was due to whatever they had been working on exploding. People were rushing through the corridors to get away from the power lines that were sparking, hanging from the ceiling and out of rifts in the walls.

As he walked down the hallway Bohb noticed that several of the doors had been left open. Some were jammed open by debris, and some just didn't have the power going through them to close automatically. It was through one of these open doors that noticed a smear of blood on the wall. On closer inspection he could see a body laying on the floor, covered in a ceiling beam.

He went inside the room and looked carefully to find the body to be that of Lieutenant Jaton Alyl, and he was trapped under that beam, which had fallen across his lower back. He looked around the area to see that there was no way to slide the scientist out. He was going to have to do this the hard way.

He did not like to display his strength in public. It was often a source of discomfort for others. It was bad enough to look like a large chimpanzee, but to have the matching strength just made others ... uneasy. However, now was not the time to dwell on possible comfort levels of others. He took a deep breath and squared by the beam. Putting his fingers under it, he prepared his body for the strain of the weight. The with a slow breath out he stood up, lifting the heavy beam off Alyl's body.

With a grunt he shoved the beam to the side and it fell to the deck plating with a thud and a clank. He stretched his back and groaned. "I really am getting to old for this."

Then Bohb gently picked up Alyl's blood coated body and headed for the turbo lift, and to sickbay.

"Hang on there body," Bohb said soothingly, "help is on the way."

(reply none)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay - ACOUNS ACMO LT JG Ariel Trei - 18.50)

She walked from her office to main Sickbay to help Quinna any way she could. She still had the counter attack action ready when ordered so she was aware of that too. She approached Quinna.

"How can I help Ma'am."

(Reply Quinna)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay - Deck 5 -- CMO Lt. Dr. Quinna Solice -- 1852)

"How can I help Ma'am."

Quinna seemed to jump out of her skin as Trei talked to her. “Oh my goodness, I am sorry, I am a bit jumpy,” Quinna took a moment to calm her heart down. “I am not sure why?”

(Reply Trei)

“Actually, I could use some help.” Quinna worked hard to stifle a yawn from revealing itself. I have our new doctor Hezeula working Triage in Cargo Bay 1. Counselor Reea is working in Holodeck 1 as a sick bay with EMH Biobeds. I have reserved this sick bay for the severely wounded. So...” Quinna then remembered, “Aren’t you supposed to be on the bridge?”

(Reply Trei)

"I would really appreciate it if you can have my back here in case we are needed elsewhere. "

(Reply Trei)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay - ACOUNS ACMO LT JG Ariel Trei - 18.55)

"I was ordered by CDR Verin to help out in Sickbay. I will help in any way I can Ma'am." She waited for her specific orders to help. She was concerned with Quinna's state of readiness at the moment. She was willing to take over the coordination and let Quinna get some sleep. She will offer that when she gets her specific instructions.

(Reply Quinna)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay - Deck 5 -- CMO Lt. Dr. Quinna Solice - 18.59)

"I was ordered by CDR Verin to help out in Sickbay. I will help in any way I can Ma'am."

Quinna looked at the Counselor. She wondered if Trei had anyone to talk to. “We are in a holding pattern until wounded. Let's talk.” Quinna suggested. “Have you met anyone you wanted just to be around for no reason whatsoever?”

(Reply Trei)

“Sorry, let me ask something else, What are your life goals? Anyone special in your life?” Quinna asked.

(Reply Trei)

Quinna opened her mouth to reply when a sudden beam of light came through and a scream of immense proportions deafened the area.

A few more patients came through. “Looks like it is time to work.” Quinna then pointed to a patient for Ariel to attend to while Quinna started on her own.

(NRPG: these are just generic patients so have fun writing up your patient)

(Reply Trei)

(posted by Kris

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Transporter Room 2 – Chief of Security Lt in Keung Lee – 1900)



Chief Lee stood by the transporter console as the Security officers who had been chosen as part of the boarding room were making their own checks. There was an air of excitement and anticipation among the Security officers. Lee had organised three armed teams. Four members in each team. Alpha 1 led by Lee with David Lennox, Jonathan Batterburgh, and Joy Chinlo. Beta 1 led by Hercules Devers with Steven Hammons, Pevn Shas and cadet Jane Walker. Charlie 1 led by Galk. Lee decided this particular Klingon needed some leadership experience. In his team, Jason Picard, Giisq Ao'Lik and Tony Cooper. All of them been issued with the Battlesuits. Lee felt comfortable in the suit. Even the cumbersome phaser rifle he kept on his back did not bother him.. In less than a second he could release the sling and brace the weapon.

(reply anyone who is checking their weapons, etc)

“Okay, settle down and listen up.” Lee called for attention who was holding his helmet in his hand and the other hand, his padd. “I want to remind you all that our mission is to secure the cargo bays, engineering, the bridge as well to recover the computer memory banks. I will lead Alpha 1 to the Bridge and obtain the computer records. Beta 1 to secure engineering and cargo bays. Charlie 1 to sweep the decks of any hostiles by..er..whatever means that is at your disposal. Each team will be beamed into the less populated areas of the ship near your targets.”

“What about the rules of engagement.” Enquired Joy

“ You are authorised to use all necessary means available and all appropriate actions to achieve the purpose of securing the ship. If you are able to.. detain their senior officers.” Confirmed Lee.

(reply)

“let’s move’ ordered Lee. Always wanted to say that, he thought. “Alpha 1 will be beamed first followed by Beta 1 and Charlie 1”

(reply)

Lee followed members of his team onto the transporter pad and gave the thumbs up to energise before putting his helmet on

(reply)

[illegible]

Devers listened to the Chief hand out assignments. ~Why the hell am i getting a cadet for a real boarding action~ he thought to himself. This isn't the time to train the kiddies.

He took the cadet to the side, "This is the real deal, Cadet. People die if you screw up. You stay with me, and stay behind me, understand?"

"I'm not a sir, I work for a living," Devers replied, "Lets suit up."

(U.S.S. Illuminar - Cargo bay - Medical Officer Ensign (jg) Hezuela - 1905)

“The Ensign took a blow to the head. He went down after evacuating Deck 10.” Max supplied the information.

"I have to figure everything out for myself. I'm a medical officer, not a private detective!" she said, and let her fingers dance over the medical tricorder again. A level 1 traumatic brain injury with a tendency to level 2, she considered for a moment whether to beam him to sickbay, but decided against it. Sickbay had the patients who really needed urgent surgery. She reached for the emergency kit and pulled out a hypospray. From the modest selection of drugs, she took Delactovin (a drug designed to stimulate the nervous system) and pumped the charge fully into the ensign's circulation. Even as she ejected the empty vial, she had the next medication at hand, slid it into the modern syringe, and placed it on the carotid artery. The hypospray hissed

"For once I want to work with experts, damn it!," the Orion woman said, kicking the Medkit aside and pushing the Ensign a little further onto the mat. Calmly, she brushed the strands behind her ears to have them out of the way. "You'll be fine, I'm just afraid when you wake up your head will explode from the headache" she murmured, even though she knew the Ensign couldn't hear her. "And you'll need bed rest for some days," she said afterwards, grinning slightly. She checked him again briefly with a tricorder. Blood pressure readings within normal parameters, oxygen saturation satisfactory, and neural activity slowly improving. But she couldn't afford to waste time here. "You're stabilized, and I'd love to chat more, but I'm sorry, I have work to do."

(Posted by Bogdana)

(Kenasu Viper - Deck2 – Chief of Security – 1905)

Alpha 1 materialised in some a large storage room which was empty. With weapons raised, Lee press the exit panel and the doors slide open. Cautiously Lee led the rest of the team into the deck passage way. There was extensive damage on that particular deck. He checked his tricorder to discover that they were two decks away from their objective. Jonathan Batterburgh had gone ahead. And looked back, made a V with his fingers and pointed at his own eyes, before making a pointing motion forward. He pointed to his ear and waved. Radio silence. The team stayed low and crept forward, their phasers braced and level.

Lee thought of the other teams who were beamed aboard in different parts of the ship. He knew that progress would be slow for everyone. The interior of the ship was a series of conduits and shadows, hidden nooks and darkened hatches, and scorched hulls. Every corner could hide a foe and there was no shortage of corners there. The lighting system was down and everyone will had had to rely on the visor of their tactical helmets as well as their skills. Not to mention the fact that the crew of the Kenasu Viper were on home ground!

(reply anyone relating to your individual boarding actions)

[illegible]

(Kenasu Viper – Deck 5 - SecO – Ensign (sg) Galk, Son of Jos of the House of Kor – 1912)

They materialized about halfway down the deck from what was the engineering space for the ship. The pirate vessel wasn't large, in the neighborhood of 120 meters from bow to stern, 80 rail to rail and 50 belly to back. The warp nacelles were slung low and close to the underside of the ship in a sort of inverted catamaran configuration which gave it a streamlined shape.

The lighting on this deck was subdued and there was the acrid whiff of smoke from electrical fires or shorting equipment though the air wasn't hazy. This made it evident that the pirates were operating on emergency power and life support above and beyond the scans that showed their main systems were offline. Given time they might have been able to repair the damage enough to limp away but that time was running out.

Galk was aware their thrust toward engineering would meet with resistance, there was no way it could not. Main power and command/control were the two primary objectives of any boarding action and everyone knew, if you were unaware you had no business claiming to be qualified to go into space. Hell even the Pakleds probably were aware and their space faring credentials were suspect. His team consisting of himself, Jared Boyles and David Peterson quickly scanned the room with their eyes before relaxing.

None of his group had the armored suits, Galk openly disdained fighting from within its constraints while the other two had not been qualified on them.

"Someone let out the magic smoke." The quip could have come from none other than ... you guessed it ... Petty Officer 3rd class Jared Boyles. Boyles was Steven Hammons long time partner in anti-crime and an equal quipster to the PO1. Their duty schedules had been offset so they didn't see each other as much but they were best buddies.

Galk gave him a scowl. "There is nothing magic about this smoke, it was caused by phaser fire setting off a disruptive overload to their power grid."

Boyles gave him a wink. "Klingons have no sense of humor, you're almost as bad as Vulcans."

At Galks snarl he chuckled. "But that's about the only place your cultures intersect. Nobody's perfect."

"Klingons are warriors and we are here to pacify a proven enemy. Your attention should be on that instead of finding humor in your surroundings."

"But that takes all the fun out of it. Don't you ever have any fun?"

"We celebrate after our victories, drink bloodwine and recount the tales of our exploits before our peers. Our joy is in the battle, foes fallen and the rewards at our journeys end in Sto'Vo'Kor." The Klingon had leaned toward Jared with a growl.

"Boyles don't need a superior officer, he might mistake you for an enemy in the chaos of combat if you know what I mean." Boyles eyes were twinkling as he turned his head to Peterson.

"But that wouldn't be honorable."

Galk made an explosive noise and turned toward the door. The phaser rifle looked like a toy in his massive hands attached to equally massive arms. Come to think of it the word pretty much described the entire Klingon who had seemingly not an ounce of fat on him.

"Ready yourselves, battle and glory await."

"And a hot shower afterward."

Galk ignored the remark from Boyles as he found the door wouldn't open so he flexed his fingers and dug them into the jamb. His muscles flexed as he began straining against the resistance. The door first groaned then began to move almost imperceptibly before giving way. He gave a final wrench which covered the last of the distance then readied the phaser rifle and stepped into the hall, his head on a swivel.

Jared and Peterson followed.

"The heck with engineering, I know who I'm calling for a stuck door." The quiet remark came from ... one guess is all you get.

(Reply: Any)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(Kenasu Viper – Deck 2 – Chief of Security Lt jn Keung Lee 1912)

Keung led the way down the passage and as they made their way deeper into the guts of the ship. The quartet covered about thirty meters of the corridor before they paused, and then moved forward again into the semi-lit gloom of the ship. Lee licked his dry lips and felt the anticipation rising in him. No confrontation yet but every person was alert.

They stopped again as they reached the first T-junction, automatically reconfiguring their formation. Lee paused long enough to shoulder his laser carbine and activated his scan on his hub . After scanning for ten seconds on silent mode, he wordlessly pointed down the new passageway with two fingers.

They came to an adjoining passage where there was a wide spiral metal staircase leading to deck 1. According to Lee's Hub scans, the bridge was on deck 1. He pointed to pointed at David and Jonathan and indicated they should go up first. As the two men took the stairs with their weapons aimed at the top. Keung own scans indicated there were three lifesigns on deck 1 approaching the stairs. David who was climbing the stairs obviously had the same reading on his hub. He had reached the top, took out a flash bang grenade from his utility belt and threw over into the corridor on deck 1. There was a flash of light and David then lifted his phaser rifle above his head and fired into the corridor. He cautiously climbed onto deck 1 to find unmoving three figures laying on the deck. David turned to see Jonathan head appearing from the stairs and motioned him to come forward. This was followed by the rest of the group.

[illegible]

Deck 1 was also badly damaged and dark with bodies. As before there were entry doors to rooms, but Lee motioned everyone to keep going...their objective was to secure the bridge. He felt the rooms could be explored later.

The bridge entrance was just ahead and Lee saw the entry panel beside the doors. He went over and cautiously press the buttons on the entry panel but the doors did not respond. Joy took out an explosive device and affixed it to the bridge doors.

She turned round, gave a thumbs up and joined the others crouching down. “fire in the hold” she muttered to herself and pressed the denotator in her hand. The doors blew open. Immediately Jonathan and David lopped flash bangs granades into the interior of the bridge.

They ran into the smoked filled bridge, firing rapidly at two figures holding weapons. The entire encounter, from first phaser blast to last, was over in less than two minutes. There six other people staggering around as a result of the flash bang efforts.

“Clear” shouted David.

“Secure these people.” Ordered Lee breaking radio silence. He looked around for the Captain of the vessel but he or she was not among the six who were being tied up by the rest of the group. He lifted the visor off his helmet and breathed the stale air on the bridge.

While the defenders were being tied up, Joy went over to one of the bridge consoles and accessed the computer system. Lee satisfied that there wasn't going to be any trouble from the tied up bridge crew, ordered David and Jonathan to watch the corridor. He wandered over to Joy who were was busy manipulating the panel controls. "Well?" said Lee

"I've retrieved the ship's official cargo manifest, logs and other data. Transferring the data to my scanners." Explained Joy. "Done!"

"Outstanding!" said Lee. "Beta 1 and Charlie 1. Status?"

(reply anyone)

(posted by John)

[illegible]

The team materialized on the third deck. Engineering was towards the aft of the ship, and best guess occupied multiple decks, much like on a Federation ship. With Galk's team beaming in on deck 5, they would have a two fork attack, that should let them neutralize any resistance.

Checking the map, Devers took point as they started down a corridor.

He held up his hand as they approached an intersection. Crouching down, he peered around the corner. Looking up and down, he didn't see anything, so motioned the team to cross.

Another 10 meters down the corridor and Devers put his hand up again. On the left side of the passageway was a heavily armored door. In the wall was a security panel.

He circled the team up. "Only two things are protected by a door like that. Computer cores and weapons," he said softly. "Both would be a prize. Shas, see if you can open the door. Cadet, you look down that way," he pointed the way they came, "and shoot anything that isn't Illuminar."

Shas moved to the pane, and quickly removed the cover. Pulling out a modified tricorder, he connected the output leads to the panel and started his program.

Time passed slowly. Shas shook his head, "Nothing. This has got some next level encryption on it. It'll take too long, if at all."

"OK, get back," Devers said, as he pulled out a tape. "Lets see if my lockpick will work."

Devers quickly applied the tape in a square pattern around the door. He added two extra pices across the middle for good measure. Next he placed a detonator on the tape. Motioning back, the team moved down the corridor.

"Fire in the hole. Fire in the hole. Fire in the hole," Devers said before pushing the button on the small device in his hand.

There was a loud explosion... and the sound of metal cracking. "Breach, breach," he said to the team as he started running down to inspect his handiwork

(Reply Any)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(Kenasu Viper - Deck 3 - SO - PO1 Steven Hammons - 1916)

Steven was having a blast in his "Dark Knight" suit, so named since he had broken it in because of the slight resemblance (in his mind) to the armored suit worn by the famous caped crusader himself. Well it *\*was\** black and armored though there were no bat decals, cool ridges at the wrists or tapered ears on the helmet. Still it was a nifty suit of powered armor modeled in his estimation on the lighter marine recon BDU. The low light filter of the HUD made the corridors of the pirate ship easily navigable and they had seen no sign of privateers yet. And they had been looking.

Why was Steven in this group? Chief Lee had pulled him aside and asked, ordered really him to allow Devers to lead this grouping. That had been fine with Hammons who had offered to join in on Galk's group since they had no one so outfitted. Besides Boyles was in that team and he was itching to have a little fun with his buddy and show off his equipment. The Chief's eyes had narrowed dangerously at that point. Was it because he thought their comic routine would distract from the mission? Maybe that was why he had separated their duty shifts, so they would keep their minds on their jobs.

Tell the truth maybe it went all the way back to Bajor when the two had cut up about the Bajoran Vedek Hammons had caught with a vial of poison planted on her by Horavei the mastermind. Maybe he had laid it on a little thick like the time Sarsgaard had appeared on the *Mystique*, boy had THAT started the two off on the wrong foot!

The crux of what the chief said after that (paraphrased for content) was that Galk was a big boy who could take care of himself and there was no telling what exotic weaponry the *Black Pearl* had aboard her. Due to that he wanted to make sure the team that hit the armory was as heavily armed and protected as possible. Hammons had kept his mouth shut after that and just nodded. He had already run afoul of one security chief and didn't want to add Lee to his list of ardent detractors. As an investigator Steven had few peers but outside of that he was a card-carrying crack up and free spirit. And he realized on a case like this he needed to keep his focus.

So Hammons had come along quietly ... for the most part though his pirate jokes seemed to have no end.

"Fire in the hole. Fire in the hole. Fire in the hole,"

Since he was far enough away Steven merely turned away from the explosion and was first in line, sprinting to the now yawning portal at the cry of "Breach, breach!"

The armory was not unattended though those inside were stunned for a moment. That moment ended a split second after he appeared through the door.

He had barely cleared it when three beams lanced out toward him. They didn't touch him because he had the forethought to activate the forcefield on his way in. One pirate hadn't the presence of mind to duck as Hammons brought the phaser rifle up and snapped off a heavy stun shot that took him out of the fight.

"Davey Jones has gone down!" Hammons shouted, chalking up the "kill". "Where's the Jolly Roger you guys are supposed to be flying? Presenting yourselves as normal ships is illegal and your man-o-war is hereby impounded."

Another pirate popped out and took a stun shot to the face. "Blackbeard your chin is on fire, put it out before you burn yourself."

That left the third who tossed out his weapon. "All right Mr. Christian get out here where I can see you."

(Reply: Devers, any)

[illegible][illegible][illegible]



(Freighter Edmund Fitzgerald- Bridge – SO Ensign Francois Picard –1920)

Picard and his team rematerialized on the bridge of the freighter. He was a little disappointed that he hadn't been selected for the teams that went to the pirate ships, but was surprised that he'd been selected to lead a team onto the freighter. The last few months, since the debacle on the Sharlayan ship, he had received an endless round of ribbing from the others in the department. He didn't really mind, although he still contends that getting lost was not his fault. However, it wouldn't be let go of. At one point somebody had accessed his PADD and had it dictate directions of everywhere he was going, including the mess hall, and even the head. And they had locked the volume on full so that everyone could hear him coming, literally.

However, eventually it all subsided and he was finally let out of the duties of maintain the weapons lockers and cleaning the photon torpedoes. He was even allowed to participate in training sessions, where he apparently had impressed someone enough to let him back onto full active duty, and in charge of this assault team.

Once he noted the position of his team Picard scanned the room, his phaser rifle ready. But it was too late. Everyone on the bridge was already dead. It didn't look like they had much of a chance, or gave much of a fight.

"Picard to Illuminar," he opened a comm channel on his suit, "we are in the bridge. The entire bridge crew is dead. We are preparing to make our way to the cargo holds."

=^=Affirmative. Be aware that the dampening field will prevent us from reading you while it is active and you are within its influence. ^=

"Roger that," Picard reply. "Disengagement of the dampening field will be a priority. Picard out."

Picard made a gesture to his team to move out and head to the cargo bays. Before long they would be on their own.

=^=Make sure you don't get lost Francois.=^=

Picard rolled his eyes and shot back, "Stow it Stubing."

=^=Sorry boss.^= came back, but Picard couldn't help but over hear a slight snicker.

~This is going to be a long mission,~ he thought to himself.

(Reply any who want in on the action)

(Posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 Sickbay - COps/3rdO Lieutenant Dieter Gregroy - 2000)

With the battle over and repairs underway, it was time for Gregory to get a few hours sleep before he went back on shift at midnight. However, he had one thing to do first.



Gregory chuckled, "Thank you Doctor, I appreciate the offer. Maybe later when things have settled down."

"I have rum in my desk," she offered.

"Sadly, I need to keep my wits about me. Commander Verin and I are pulling 6 on,6 off shifts, and my next shift starts in 4 hours. I was heading to my quarters to get some sleep, or try to. I'm fighting my urges to be on the repair parties, but I know my responsibility lies elsewhere, especially now. However, when we get back to a normal schedule, we can talk about a school in rum based drinks. Do you like Pina Colada's?"

(reply Solice)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay -- Deck 5 -- CMO Lt. Dr. Quinna Solice -- 2007)

"Sadly, I need to keep my wits about me. Commander Verin and I are pulling 6 on,6 off shifts, and my next shift starts in 4 hours. I was heading to my quarters to get some sleep or try to. I'm fighting my urges to be on the repair parties, but I know my responsibility lies elsewhere, especially now. However, when we get back to a normal schedule, we can talk about a school in rum-based drinks. Do you like Pina Colada's?"

"I also like getting caught in the rain," Quinna answered.

(Reply Dieter)

“Try drinking some tea before crawling into bed. Solice blend 247. It will help you relax to make your sleep more restful.” Quinna offered.

(Reply Dieter)

(Posted by Kris)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay -- Deck 5 -- COps/3rdO Lieutenant Dieter Gregory - 2009)

"Do you like Pina Colada's?" he has said. Why that corny line?

"I also like getting caught in the rain," the doctor replied.

~Well, at least she knew the song~ Gregory thought to himself. She was attractive, but now was not the time to start flirting. Too much at stake, and these events can bring out strong emotions. No, she was just being nice.

Dieter chuckled, "Come with me and escape," he replied. He just couldn't help himself.

“Try drinking some tea before crawling into bed. Solice blend 247. It will help you relax to make your sleep more restful.” Quinna offered.

"I will do that, thanks for the suggestion," Gregory replied. "Gamma shift has a nightly dinner together at 2000. Why don't you stop by when you have time. It would be good for them to meet you."

(Reply Solice, IYW)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible][illegible]

(U.S.S. Illuminar - Cargo bay - Medical Officer Ensign (jg) Hezuela - 0001)

Patients were lying everywhere. On the hastily erected cots, on blankets on the floor. The smell of iron and copper hung in the air; - metals that many species carry in their blood. Most were in shock. You don't have to be a counselor to see that. For nursing, however, someone from that field would be very helpful. But the psychologists had to make themselves useful elsewhere, because help was lacking in many places.

Hezuela spent the time loading hyposprays and deciding who went to the infirmary and who could be treated in the cargo hold. Most hadn't really been hit hard, and treatment in the cargo bay was acceptable. Still, it was hard for the Orion woman to make priorities. If ever she was afraid that control might slip away, it was today.

Gradually, she felt like she was in a beehive. People were coming and going again, bringing injured people and taking medikits. Some patients could be discharged after a few minutes, others would probably be confined to bed for a few more hours. Emergency operations were only performed in the infirmary and yet there was enough going on here. Some patients just wanted emergency treatment, however Hezuela couldn't reconcile that with her conscience, and so they all had to wait.

Hezuela was busy with a technician when a call came in from a certain Kathy, who did not give her last name on the communicator. This was certainly an option as well, but the Orion preferred the formal way, as long as she didn't know who her interlocutor was. She kicked the medikit rudely aside to make room for herself and ejected the vial full of hydrocortilene from the hypospray before putting the two parts where they belonged. The medication was neatly sorted, and the hypospray went into a designated stand. Medikits were for emergencies only, and there was now equipment in the cargo hold that would not interfere with the paramedics. Still, there were some components in these kits that were essential.

Finally, she accepted the call with a press of the communicator, and listened to the voice that spoke through it. "All right, what happened?" she asked quickly, picking up the medikit she had just pushed aside. "Someone will be right there, I promise," she said quietly to the technician, nodding to an orderly. The latter started moving, taking the Orion woman's work from her. She just pushed the medikit into his hand before getting one herself, even though she was ordered to the sickbay. There should be enough equipment there, but she didn't know if she would meet an injured person on the way.

(Reply Kathy Miller, any)

[illegible]

“What are they wanting to bring back?” Sienna gasped out, the pain in her side causing her to miss several of the words. As the Petty Officer spoke, that pain spiked again and she found herself hanging onto the control. “N-no. Send a shuttle to bring the missiles back.” The Petty Officer looked like he was going to argue, and Sy snapped, “No! Don’t argue just do it. Send Montero.” She tried to breathe through her pain, which was beginning to get better.

She tapped her comm badge, “T’Mur to Montero, status?”

Vic rolled his eyes. Retrieve a missile. Great. "Uh, yes Ma'am. I will get right on that."

T'Mur looked at Sienna and reached to support her, then stopped. Sienna needed to show the crew that she could stand on her own two feet. She turned to face the First Officer, so that the others could not observe her actions and she looked with concern, "Are you all right?"

"I'm all right. I ..." She knew the crew whispered about her and the strange things she did, "I felt something when we walked into the room and when the voice spoke to beam aboard, I knew that was the problem as the pain got much worse and continued to grow then it got better. Now it barely hurts. I guess I moved wrong and pulled something." That weird feeling had completely passed. Chief, how long until the repairs here are completed?" The Chief dithered a moment and Sienna nodded, "I understand, you can't really continue until the repairs to the power conduits below and above us are completed." She patted the PO on the arm before leaving, heading back to the turbolift, wanting to get away from this room that she could still smell a hint of acrid burning plastics in the air.

As they stepped away from the transporter room T'Mur sent telepathic encouragement to Sienna. She looked down at her own PADD and knew where they needed to go next, while Sy had the strength for it.

"We should probably go to the main cargo bay," she suggested. "Dr. Solice had set up a triage unit there."

“Then we shall head there. And then, we should go meet Montero when he gets back and see what he found.”

T'Mur nodded, "Agreed. Hopefully he will be able to get it into the bay without any issues."

The turbolift began to move and the two headed towards the main cargo bay.

[illegible]

Sienna stepped out of the way of the crew who were still triaging as crew continued to come in with minor injuries from the repairs, and occasionally they came across a worse injury.

“Commander Verin, how can we assist you?” Sienna’s eyes focused on the other nurse with a grin. “I had something happen when I was in the transporter room a few minutes ago. I had to turn and there was a pain in my side, right here.” She indicated where. “I just want to make sure that I don’t have an injury that I was not aware of.”

Sienna gave T a very pointed glance. T'Mur was sure to have something to say about this.

T'Mur watched as the nurse scanned her side. She could still sense the dull memory of the shooting pain. It was inexplicable since there had been no opportunity for her to have gotten an injury. However she hovered over the nurse making her a little nervous.

When the nurse had finished she put the tricorder away. "I'm sorry Commander, I don't see any evidence of the injury. May I have a look at the site?"

Sienna nodded and slid her uniform jacket off. She then lifted her tank top from the bottom. On her side where she indicated, the skin was red as if it had been sunburned.

T'Mur's eyes narrowed as she saw the injury. She looked from mark to Sienna's face and back to the mark. Although her eyes blazed her voice was calm and steady.

"I do not understand," the Vulcan said. "How is that possible. There has been no possible cause of that injury."

Sienna shrugged, "It still hurts a bit but nothing like it did in the transporter room. I'm sure it will heal fine on its own." She thought she knew what caused it, but didn't want to say anything out loud.

Inside she could feel her protective instincts boil. She was angry with herself. She had allowed Sienna to be injured. There was no way around that single certainty. Where had she made an error? What did she miss?

::I think something Q told me once happened in the transporter room. I think for a moment I was in another choice, another reality. For a microsecond and took the explosion on that side of my body. The moment I decided to not have it beamed aboard, stopped it, that possible event was no longer possible. :: She frowned as the nurse was prodding it and whimpered as the woman spread a soft white cream over the burn, "This doesn't look like a sunburn." The nurse spoke, "Not really. More like a radiation flash burn but we didn't pick up that on the tricorder, so we are going to be safe and treat it like it was a burn." The Nurse knew enough about Sienna, and her past history to know that the First Officer had not only bad luck but was odd as well.

::So this is a wound from a possible alternate reality? How is that possible? I have read theories that precognition is the ability to read your thoughts in the future. You are not really knowing something but telling yourself that something has happened and sending that message into the past. Is it like that?::

::I can't figure it out. Mostly these feelings have been less helpful and very vague. Not like this, so pointed and ... I never felt pain from one before. I had the ability to see the past too from the Q. But I paid for it all, I was covered in scars from being knifed by a crazed woman in the past and nothing anyone could do, including cutting off my skin, got rid of them. :: She sighed as the nurse eased the tank top back over her burn.

T'Mur stepped over and put a protective hand on Sienna's shoulder. ::I do not like this. I cannot protect you from this.::

"Thanks Nurse. Is it safe for me to see the other patients? I just want to reassure myself that everyone is ok." Sy reached up and patted T's hand gently. The nurse nodded, distracted. ::You'll share the feelings with me, that's protection enough. It's never happened before that I was injured from one. It may never happen again.:: She hated those vestiges of precognition.

T'Mur was not convinced by Sienna's assurances. But she had to accept her inability to do anything about it. And in her mind, it sounded as though the situation was getting worse. Her hand held onto Sienna a little harder for a moment and then she let her go. This was not the time to discuss the matter.

Sy quietly moved around the room, speaking encouragingly to each patient and then having a quiet word with the staff. She was beginning to get tired again and wanted her bed. ::I'm getting really tired, T. Think we can head back to our Quarters and bed?:: Sienna could tell that something was bothering her mate, but she didn't want to argue. What she wished was to have T and Q in one place and let T duke it out. While she watched and defended her mate.

As if out of thin air T'Mur appeared behind Sienna as she had been speaking with an engineering crewman who was recanting the tale of his injury. She put a hand on Sienna's back and looked down at the crewman.

"I apologize Mr. Burton but Commander Verin is required to be elsewhere. It is necessary for me to, I believe the phrase is "drag her away from you." It was neither an exaggeration nor a lie. She was required to rest, and to be hugged, which would not be appropriate in their current location.

"Come along, Commander," she said, supporting Sienna's weight. "It is time for our meeting."

Sienna smiled up at T'Mur and headed out. The two women headed back to their quarters. She was particularly pleased when Montero contacted her to let her know that the missiles were aboard safely and contained. She would deal with figuring out who authorized those missiles to be beamed aboard, which would have been a disaster. She covered a yawn and looked up at T'Mur, ::Are you unhappy?:: She was so insecure.

::I am not displeased with you, love.:: T'Mur phrased her next thoughts carefully. :: It is unacceptable that I cannot protect you from this form of harm. And being a moral support is inadequate. However, I am uncertain how to proceed. How to protect you from an attack within. And I cannot accept the rational that it may never happen again. Logic dictates that it will. I am displeased with my own inability to do what I want. What I promised.::

Sienna twined her fingers with T'Mur's and laid her tired head on the other woman's shoulder, ::But we'll face it all together?:. She asked hopefully. The lift let them off at their deck and Sienna stumbled down the hall towards their quarters. She was looking forward to their bed.

(Reply none)

(Posted by Al and Mel)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 10 - Shuttle bay - Pilot Ensign Vic "Raid" Montero - 0300)

After the orders of the Commander, Vic got into his uniform and made his way to the shuttle bay. Missiles to bring over. Lovely. Nothing like transporting live ordnance. Pouring himself an extra large cup of coffee, he worked on shaking the cobwebs out of his mind.

"So Heatherly, seems the Commander has picked me to bring some live ammo over from the raider. Guess she thinks it'll be safer when most of the crew is sleeping."

"You get all the plum assignments there Raid," the man replied. "This sounds like a job for a worker bee, or is that beneath you?"

Vic chuckled, "If I can fly it, it's a good day. We have any heavy duty cargo containers?"

"Sure enough, we do there Raid. We have everything at Heatherly's house of plenty. I'll get a crew on getting out for you. Take about 15 minutes or so."



"Perfect, more time to drink my coffee."

Vic watched the deck crew go to work while he went to work on his coffee.

[illegible]

(Worker Bee "John Henry" - Pilot Ensign Vic "Raid" Montero - 0330)

Vic gently picked up the cargo container, and headed out to space. There was something fun about the worker bee. It was like a kid car at the county fair. He navigated out and around the Illuminar, before turning to head over to the Kenasu Viper. The slow speed of the Bee let Vic look at the damage to the Illuminar. He was amazed that this missile he was picking up could do such damage. He was hoping that the information on the missile could get entered into some of the simulations he liked to run through.

He started to approach the rear of the Kenasu. The shuttle bay was open. "John Henry to Viper. Permission to land."

=^=Permission granted. ^=^

Vic maneuvered the Bee into position and slowly took her in. He set the cargo container down first, and landed.

Getting out of the Bee, he was met by Tony LeVier. The two shook hands. "What the hell has you out of bed at 3 in the morning?" Tony asked.

"Commander Verin has me retrieving the two missiles that were found here. She seemed most insistent."

"No appreciating for the working man, I tell ya," Tony replied.

The two went to the cargo container, "Hope this will hold 'em" Vic said.

"I'll call the ordnance team that's taking inventory and have 'em bring the missiles down. I figured out how to get these Orion replicators working and they make a passable cup."

"I'll take you up on that," Vic replied.

[illegible]

(Kenasu Viper - Shuttle bay - Pilot Ensign Vic "Raid" Montero - 0400)

Double and triple checking the cargo, Vic was comfortable that it would be stable for the journey back to the Illuminar. Climbing back into the John Henry, he powered up the systems and very gingerly picked up the cargo container.

Within minutes, he was heading back to the Illuminar.

"Illuminar, I'm RTB, make sure you have some ordnance guys ready for take this cargo off my hands."

=^= Copy that John Henry. We are at the ready. Just don't jostle the cargo too much. ^= Heatherly replied.

"Rodger." Vic said.

Twenty minutes later, Vic was back on the Illuminar. Cargo safe and sound. "Have a good shift Heatherly," Vic said. "I'm going to go finish my rack ops."

Vic tapped his comm badge, "Commander Verin, as per your orders, the cargo has been retrieved and it is being stowed as we speak. Montero out."

(Reply none)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - COps/3rdO Lieutenant Dieter Gregory - 0530)

Starfleet had to send Nesmith. The Captain would NOT be pleased. He wasn't sure how the Commander would feel either. However, it did feel nice not to be so alone out here, and with some extra fighter support. The Protector was a warship pure and simple.

He hit the comm. "Commander Verin, sorry to bother you, but the Protector is here. Commander Nesmith. He's on station and has a fighter wing out on patrol. He's offered support to our repair teams."

Sienna was happily asleep, her body wrapped around T'Mur. She blinked muzzily as Gregory's voice came out of the comm unit. She groaned and rolled over, feeling completely hung over from not enough sleep. "Wonderful. That's going to make the Captain so thrilled." She replied, not caring who heard her right this second as her brain tried to catch up to her mouth.

"He offered to come over at your convenience to better coordinate response." Gregory spoke through the comm.

“How frustrating. Get it going for 30 minutes from now and T’Mur and I will be on our way up.”

“Yes Ma’am. I’ll get that setup.”

Sienna closed the connection with a thump and leaned back, annoyed. "Did he have to get here so darned quick? T'Mur, love?" She whispered, hating having to wake up her mate.

The sensation of Sienna's breath on her ear brought T'Mur to fully alert. She searched her internal clock. "We have not had enough sleep." She said refusing to open her eyes.

"Yes, I know. Commander Nesmith of the Protector is here and he doesn't particularly like us much. The Captain got after him for that sensor trick I was going to use. We have... 26 minutes to get to the conference room. "

T'Mur rolled over and reached up for her mates face and searched for a memory. Once she found it she opened her eyes.

"We gave up that choice when we accepted the danged officer commission. Want to help scrub my back?"

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Conference Room - FO Sienna Williams-Verin, COps/3rdO Lieutenant Dieter Gregory, Commander Jason Nesmith- 0600)

“This is our Chief Tactical Officer, Ensign T’Mur. She is also my bodyguard currently. I have no idea what Lt. Gregory did with his and if I don’t know, I don’t have to reprimand him for not having his bodyguard in here. Thank you for coming.” Sienna took a seat before her knees gave out.

T'Mur took her position standing behind Sienna's chair. She looked over at Nesmith recalling their last encounter with the Protector. It was not Nesmith that she had an issue with. It was the other captain. The one that tagged Sekal, this Captain Louise Winn.

"Of course Commander," Gregory replied, looking down at the PADD. "The most pressing need is to finish the repairs to the Navigational Deflector. Ensign Matrix reports at least another 12 hours to have it up and tested. Aft shield emitters are estimated to take another 4 hours. Emergency life support has been running and we need teams to go from deck 6 to 10 to test and reactivate standard life support and identify minor breaks in the power distribution system. Our teams have been working straight through. I've been trying to rotate them through mandated breaks, but you know engineers Ma'am."

Nesmith made notes on his PADD. "I can dispatch my repair teams to help you. Give your crew a break. My chief of engineering, Commander Robson will take point and interface with your Chief. Anything we have is yours."

“Our CEO is currently back on Earth, which is part of the problem. We have young Ensign Matrix and Ensign Bohb, who just recently rejoined the fleet. He’s very skilled but...” She shrugged. Nesmith didn’t need to know about the growing pains with Luma.

"Defensively, I've got four fighters flying wide combat patrols and two more on ready five. So far, we've got nothing on the sensors suggesting the foes you fought are coming back," Nesmith said. "So what can you tell me about the weapons that hit you, and these attackers?"

Sienna glanced at T'Mur to answer that particular question. She was a biologist, not an engineer or tactical expert, "The other reason that Ensign T'Mur is here." She spoke calmly.

"We are still working on what exactly these missiles are," T'Mur said, pulling out a PADD and displaying a holographic video of the missile attack. She slowed the video down to one eighth speed. "As you can see the missiles penetrate the shielding slightly. The only thing that shows up on the sensors is a slight gravimetric pulse. Then the missile explodes releasing a series of magnetically charged smaller explosives that attach to the hull and then explode."

She paused the video and turned it off. "The first volley caught is by surprise, but I was able to modulate the shields to lessen the penetration and so lessen the damage to the ship."

She looked at the group in the room as if they expected more. "That is all the information I have at this time." She picked up the PADD and stepped back into place behind Sienna.

He paused, "And, while I know our last encounter was less pleasant, we are all Starfleet here, and I hope that we can put those issues in the past. Where is the Captain, by the way. Mr. Gregory there was enigmatic as to his whereabouts."

Sienna sighed, "It's being kept under wraps, but the Captain was attacked about 48 hours ago. He was stabbed and had emergency surgery. Sorry to disappoint you, but you get to deal with me. The Captain's not awake yet from his surgery." She was not mentioning the healing trance. Sienna did not even attempt to deal with the other part of that statement. She was dealing with this professionally. "We are glad that you got here so quickly. We're currently having some issues with our engines. Lu...the computer is reporting that there are issues with the power management system due to the damage on Deck 6 aft."

Nesmith frowned. "Attacked? By whom? It seems odd that your captain would be attacked and you have to deal with an attack by hostiles using this new tactic. Can you provide that video to my tactical team? If this is what we have to expect, it would be good to see if we can find a way to counteract it."

He paused, "You didn't, by any chance, recover a live one of these missiles?"

T'Mur shook her head, "Unfortunately not. Apparently they have a failsafe on them and explode within a certain time frame from being fired. I estimate around 90 seconds."

"Something was recovered by the boarding crew, but I'm not sure it was one of the hell-missiles. We haven't had time to examine it yet." Sienna smiled blandly, "And I can't release it to you until the Captain is awake." She spoke quietly. "As for the timing, I too am not exactly convinced that it was a coincidence, but time will tell."



"Having the USS Protector on station is fortunate. Estimates are 90 percent of the repairs should be done by 1900 today. We will need to make for a starbase to replenish the stocks we are using up. Once the full list is completed, that is. On another note, I finally got the updated code for SPOTS from Mars. Lieutenant Akimoto, Ishi was true to form. I look forward to loading the software updates and giving it a test."

He yawned. "Computer end recording. Lights," he said.

He put the PADD in the cubby by the bunk and was asleep as the lights turned off.

(Reply none)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

The Lief Erickson had been pushed to the main shuttle bay, to make it easier to access the systems. Engineering had been looking over the exterior of the shuttle, access ports were taken off and scans of all critical systems were being performed. The Lief was going to be out of commission till they convinced themselves everything was fine, and even then, it would be the cursed shuttle. Montero would have to take it out and prove them wrong when the time came.

The level 1 diagnostic had started its second automated pass. Montero had shooed the engineers out of the cockpit so he could think. Pilots liked things a certain way, call it superstitious, call it what you want, but a good pilot could tell when something wasn't right, by some sixth sense.

Sitting in the pilot's chair, his fingers lightly traced over the controls. Time to start pulling pieces apart, but where to start?

“Now why would an assassin run to the shuttle craft? Gunsmoke, see if you can find that grumpy Klingon and see what he knows about what they found?” Vic called to Bebe.

"Give me the hard job, or are you afraid of him," Gunsmoke teased.

"I think he likes you, at least better than me."

Gunsmoke stepped out of the shuttle to find Galk while Vic pulled out the PADD with the schematics of the shuttle.

He started at the control panel, looking at the connection modules between the different systems. What would attract their villain to the shuttle. To escape? How?

Lost in thought, he jumped when he felt a hand on his shoulder, “Here Raid,” Bebe said, handing him a cup of coffee. “Talked to Mr. Galk, he’s a pretty sweet fellow when you get to know him. He said that when they were waiting to apprehend the suspect, he started to use the transporter, even though we were at warp with the shields up.”

“Curiouser and curiouser.” Vic said as he sipped the hot elixir. “Well now we have a starting point.”

[illegible]

The two pilots had poured over the schematics of the shuttle. The transporter controls are hooked into the auxiliary computer system, which controls the small pattern buffer. The transporter could hold two people at a time, three in an emergency, but due to size limitations, the pattern buffer didn't have the storage or memory of a ship's transport buffer. To extend that power, it turned out there were some connections to the main computer, routed through the navigational systems. Probably to help connect the scanners and targeting systems. Why have two sets when there was a nice one already available. It made sense. "I've never noticed that before Bebe," Vic said.

"Yea, well they pay us to fly 'em, not fix 'em."

“And yet, if we crash, odds are we better do the fixing. Besides, this is better than being on stand down,” he replied.

“Hey, Gunsmoke, who do you know on the crew who has more than a passing knowledge of transporters? Might be good to get a semi-expert up here to help us out before we go digging away at the guts of this thing.”

“Why do you think I know someone?” Gunsmoke asked.

“Come on, you’re the friendly side of our team. People respond to you better than they respond to a twice demoted, old ensign with anger management issues. Notice how I didn’t get invited to any of the events when the diplomats are on the ship? Even how my last go round at the Prancing Pony crashed and burned, and then someone messed with my drink. Nah, I’m best in my flight lane, doing what I do and letting you do the politics.”

Gunsmoke smiled. That had to be the most Vic had said about things in a long while, especially since Mars and the visit with Commander “Viper” Metcalf. She remembered how those two pilots, Badger and Merlin were in awe of him when they realized that he was the one who took out Jester, a film still shown today for training.

“Well, I do know a guy. Frank Martin is his name. I’ll give him a call for you.”

“Aces, Gunsmoke. Aces,” Vic replied. “Going to mosey around the outside for a bit, see what the engineering boys had found.”

While Vic headed out of the shuttle with his coffee, Bebe tapped her comm badge.

“Chief Frank Martin please come to the shuttlebay. Chief Martin to the shuttlebay.” she called.

=^=You need something Bebe? ^=^ There was a little sound of exasperation on that question.

"Yea, got a little problem that is right up your alleyway and could use a consult if you have the time to break away," she replied.

=^= Really? Right up my alley? Last time you said that there happened to be a pair of Orion women involved. I am assuming that these are different circumstances.=^=

"I didn't hear you complaining too much there Chief. More on your technical expertise, you know the transporters, like you used to remove some clothing the time or three ago."

There was a laugh at the other end of the communication. ^= I can transport anything anywhere. No questions asked. My standard fee will be applied.=^=

"Cash, Latinum or Trade. Done. I'm in the main shuttlebay, by the Lief Erickson. I'll explain what I know when you're done here."

=^=I'm on my way.=^=

It took Frank about five minutes to dig his way out of the system he'd been immersed in and get down to the main shuttlebay. If he was getting a call from Bebe it should be something interesting. Pilots are not necessarily the best engineers, but they can work on their ships to keep them flying pretty well with general maintenance. However the mention that it was a transporter issue... well. After all, that was his main gig.

It was pretty easy to spot Bebe, or "Gunsmoke" as his call sign went. To be honest, he wasn't too keen on the call signs, but each their own, and Bebe was a great guy to hang out with, as pilots go. He was standing in front of a shuttle that had been fairly torn down. He was glad he wasn't on vehicle maintenance right now... or was he?

"Wow Bebe!" he exclaimed, "that's quite a... almost a ship you have there. What's going on?"

"Well, funny you should ask there Frank. Long story, so it seems You heard the Captain got stabbed this morning right? Well it seems said assassin made his way down here after the Commander took the ship to warp away from the starbase. According to the tall Klingon security guard, they tracked him down to the shuttle, not sure how long he was here, but when they moved in to apprehend him, he had started the transporter cycle."

"That begs the question what was he doing in the shuttle transporter, with no safe place to transport, and the shields up anyway. What else did he do to the shuttle. As you can see, the engineers are having a field day outside looking to see what he might have done. But Raid and I have been trying to see what he might have done inside, and that requires more ... finesse, hence my call to you."

Before Frank could say anything, he saw another pilot over by a nacelle, coffee cup in his hand yelling the crewman there, "No, no, it goes the other way. Check the specifications. It's my neck if you've reversed the polarity or crossed the streams, so do it right."

Frank shook his head, "Cross the streams. Everyone knows you never cross the streams. There should be a video showing what happens when you cross the streams. Cats and dogs living together."



Then he refocused on what he'd been told. "Well you called the right guy. Let's have a look."

They went into the shuttle and straight to the transporter controls. He tapped on the control panel and watched as it came to life. Then he looked at the reading. "Interesting," was all he said.

Now he was completely ignoring Bebe. He sat on the floor and opened the access panel and fingered the isolines chips. "Very interesting," he said cryptically then pulled out one of the chips. "Well this doesn't belong here."

Then he began to examine the chip. Pulling out his tricorder he began to scan the chip with some tsks sounds and grunts. Finally he hopped back to his feet.

"Well I know where he was going," Frank said, "at least via the transporter."

"OK, where?"

"He was going nowhere." Frank saw the strange look on Bebe's face. "He'd rigged the transporter to hold his pattern in the buffer. It seems that he was committed to his plan as he rigged the buffer to continuously draw energy to reduce pattern degradation. But what I don't understand is,,,". He paused thinking.

"Wait, what? How. I thought the pattern buffer on a shuttle was pretty minimal," Bebe replied.

He looked at the readings on the chip and his eyes widened. "Nooooo!" he said more to himself than to his friend. "No, no, no. If he did that then..."

Bebe raised an eyebrow.

"Look," Frank turned the tricorder so Bebe could look, "once activated there is a subroutine linked to the shuttle's sensor array. Under certain conditions the transporter would activate and rematerialize Sanchez... or should I say not rematerialize him, It is set to send him in wide dispersal out into space. This escape was a death trap, unless someone came in to counter the programing. If it all went automatically Mr. Sanchez would have... been no more."

While the two were talking about the transporter, Vic wandered back into the shuttle. "Those guys out there are making such a damned mess. What did you find?" Vic listened as the two discussed what they found.

"So, you're saying that the transporter is linked to the shuttle's scanners?"

"I am," Frank said. sounding impressed. "It's quite a piece of engineering. Something beyond what I believe is capable of being produced here on the Illuminar by anyone other than a well prepared engineer. Whoever produced this had a plan."

Vic knelt down, "If they patched it in, they'd have to replace the controls on the sensors. Here, hand me that spanner," he said.

Vic loosened the control cover, "Yea, here. Look at this," he said pointing to some isolar chips as he got up. "What do you make of those?"

Frank reached in and felt around inside the compartment. There were some connectors that he didn't recognize. Now these weren't attached to the transporters, but they did seem to be attached to the sensor array.

“That’s really strange,” Frank said, continuing in his self narrative, and not really explaining or clarifying to anyone around him. Then he looked at the faces of the others.

"Well," finally he said to Vic and Bebe, "I don't know what it does, but my instincts tell me it isn't something good. Whatever it is, it's connected to the propulsion system and the sensor array. I just can't be sure what it does. What was this mess you were talking about?"

“The engineers taking the shuttle apart from the outside. Leaving things for people to trip over. Not checking alignments of critical components. It’s going to take a month of Sundays to get this back in flying shape,” Montero grumbled. “It’s FODDed all to hell.”

Vic sat down in the pilots seat, lost in thought.

(Reply none)

(Posted by Al and Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 10 - Main Shuttle Bay - Pilot Ensign (sg) Vic 'Raid' Montero/Ensign(jg) Bebe "Gunsmoke" Sheridan/Transporter Chief Frank Martin - 1430)

Vic sat in the pilot's seat, staring at the controls. "So we have a transporter rigged to the sensors and who knows what else. We have some strange isolinear chips in the computer here, and some connections in the controls that don't make sense."

"We're going to need to pull these chips at some point, and try to figure out what makes them so special," he said. "Should I get one of the messy children outside to do that?"

Frank chuckled, in spite of the seriousness of the situation. He wasn't particularly enjoying what he was looking at. "Well you know it's easier to replace one of them than one of us. What about Cadet Tuttle, he's a qung ho hero type?"

"Sure, what could go wrong?" Vic asked.

“WeeeIIII,” Frank considered the question, “considering that that chip,” he pointed to one of the isolinear chips with his tricorder, “looks like some kind of fail safe switch, he could blow us out into the vacuum of space where we die a horrible and agonizing death. On the bright side, it wouldn’t last long.”

"I'm pretty sure the Captain might object," Vic replied dryly. "Do you think you can deactivate said switch? It does us no good to have a shuttle we can't fly, with who knows what issues lurking around the corner."

Frank got under the panel and looked at it upside down, while scanning with his tricorder. He shook his head.

"I don't know," he said finally. "It can be done but I'd have to remove the chips in a specific order not to set off the failsafe. If I make the wrong choice... well see this chip," he pointed to a green isolinear chip, "that connects to the power supply. You know... the warp core. That could get nasty. Pretty sure the CO wouldn't appreciate a warp core breach in his docking bay. But it would speed up the clean-up process."

"I see your point. So what do we do? Could those chips be isolated from the rest?"

Frank took a deep breath and let it out slowly, rubbing his face with his hand. "I just don't know. Power supply. Warp core. Can it be done? Yes. Should it be done? I don't know. Somebody really didn't like this Sanchez guy."

"That's all well and good. I need to get this shuttle back in service. Or at least make sure it is safe to use. And my choices are - have someone remove these new chips, keep the chips in place. One may cause us to blow up, the other to explode. Not very good choices."

Frank shook his head, "Makes me glad I'm only a lowly engineer. If I were a pilot I might think about getting the shuttle off the ship."

"You don't think I haven't thought of that?" Vic chuckled.

"Oh I'm certain you had," Frank nodded. "Will this bucket make it out of the bay?"

Vic thought for a moment. "Option 1 is that I grab another shuttle and tow this one out away from the ship. We could remote activate the controls from there and see if she powers up correctly. Option 2 is that we just try to fly her out. That will require us to power her up and roll some dice."

"Now, I'm a gambling man, but I like my bets in latinum, not my life. So what do you say Chief, to coming for a little magic carpet ride and see what that failsafe really does?"

Frank was quiet for a moment, looking at the set up in the chips, and calculating. "What the hell. You don't want to live forever do you. I'm in."

Vic tapped his comm badge, "Ensign Rager, we want to power the shuttle up with the intention of taking it out of the shuttle bay. Can you clear the bay?"

=^= You sure about that Raid? ^=

"Copy that, pretty sure. Fifty fifty shot the damned thing blows up, so make sure there is a transporter lock on us. And be ready to decompress the bay if things go sideways."

=^= Understood. Give it 5 minutes ok.=^=

In the shuttle bay, the warning klaxon came to life, telling everyone to get to safety or be in protective gear. Frank held his breath and closed his eyes as he prepared himself for the explosion that was most likely about to occur when Vic fired up the impulse engines. He relaxed, a little, when he heard the hum of energy, and felt the vibrations in the deck plating, and it was not followed by a loud boom.

He looked over at Vic, "So far, so good."

Vic nodded. "Everything looks nominal at the moment," he said as he launched a quick diagnostic.

"Lief Erickson requesting permission to depart." Vic called out over the comm.

=^= Lief Erickson, permission granted. ^=

"Here goes nothing," Vic said as he engaged the reaction control system (RCS) to give the shuttle some maneuvering power.

Frank began to run a continuous scan on the systems affected by the isolinear chips they'd uncovered, and gave Vic a thumbs up. "Well, we're not dead yet. Things look okay down here so far."

The shuttle started to move forward, slowly passing through the shuttle bay's shield. In short order, "We have cleared the field." Vic said.

"Well, it seems our concerns were...", Frank began and was interrupted by beeping from his tricorder. "Hold that thought."

He began to go through the readings then scanned the chips again. There! He saw power fluctuations that went through the conduits to the warp core.

"Ummm... this looks bad," Martin said his general humor gone. He was all business. He stuck his hand in the space and then felt a zap."

"Holy crap," he shouted, withdrawing his hand quickly. "Well that's didn't work out the way I expected. "

He looked over at Vic. "There's a continuous power feedback loop to the warp core. This could be a real problem for us."

Vic looked down at his controls. "Attempting to eject the warp core." he said, as he entered his command and clearance code into the system.

The buzzing of an illegal command was the response.

"Well that went well," he replied.

"Illuminar, this Lief Erickson. We may have a problem."

=^= State your problem ^= came the response.

"We are trying to figure that out."

=^= We are monitoring power fluxuations in the warp core. ^=

"Don't we know it." Vic said sarcastically.

"So Frank, think you can bypass or stop the loop?"

Frank's fingers were already flying over the controls. By the time he had shunted the loop through one avenue a new one cropped up, followed by another. It was all happening faster than he could make the necessary changes.

He shook his head, "Nope. This overload is going to happen. Whoever figured this out had way more time to set it up than we have to undo it. We're looking at a breach in about 30 seconds. If we jettison the core now.... we're too close to the Illuminar."

'What's the safe distance?" Vic asked.

"For a warp core overload? As far away as possible." Frank said, dripping with sarcasm. "I'd say punch in the warp drive into space away from the ship and we transport off as you engage the engines. The good news is that it won't make the situation worse."

"Illuminar this is the Lief Erickson. I am declaring an emergency. We have an imminent warp core breach. Request an emergency beam out on my command."

Vic turned to Frank, "Any chance we can pull those chips before we leave?" he asked.

Frank had already been on the task. He reached in and quickly pulled out the chips that he knew had caused the problem. He wanted that transporter chip, and the one that connected to the warp core. Then he pick out a the adjacent chips that held the sensor logs, and repair logs. He'd at least get a chance to see who was going to be credited for making the changes.

"Already got them," he said standing up. "I'm ready when you are. Time to get out of Dodge."

Vic nodded. He set the coordinates into the nav computer, and put a 30 second delay on them. "Illuminar, two to beam over."

Standing next to Frank, he waited. "Illuminar, anytime would be nice."

=^= There is some interference Sir. We are working on it ^=

Vic looked at Frank, "What was that you said? You only live once?"

Glancing at the controls, Vic watched the countdown... 15 ... 14 ... 13 ...

"Now would be good," he said as the countdown hit 10 ...

=^= Energizing ^= came the voice over the comm

The magic embrace of the transporter beam dematerialized them as the countdown hit 1 and the shuttle jumped to warp speed.

(Reply None)

(Posted by AI and Tim)

[illegible]

(USS

Illuminar - Deck2 - VIP Quarters – SFI Michael Weston/CMO Lt. Dr. Quinna Solice – 1606)

Michael came back into the room wearing sweatpants, and pulling on a t-shirt. He looked over at Quinna as she looked at him.

“I will not bother you about this situation anymore,” she said “but I have to know. What is it about Captain Sekal that you implicitly trust? What is his role in this?”

Michael laughed and sat on the sofa. Then he patted the spot beside him to invite her to sit.

“It’s not that I ... implicitly trust Sekal,” Weston said. “I was told that he was the one person in the sector that I could trust. There’s really only one person that I feel that I can trust on this ship.” He looked into Quinna’s eyes.

"Thank you for making me feel important," she replied, her face suddenly lost in thought.

Michael put a strong hand on top of Quinna's. "You should feel important Quinna," he assured her. "You're more important than you could possibly believe."

“For once, I saw myself beyond sickbay.” Pause, She turned her hand around and squeezed his hand in return, though it was a bit of a uncomfortable position, she did not care. “I know ...” Words failed her.

Michael shook his head and smiled, “I have been in this business so long that I know I’m making a huge mistake here. But it doesn’t feel like a mistake. You come from a line of very brave people. And I have... grown feelings towards you.”

He moved his hand to the side of Quinna's face and cradled her ear. Slowly he leaned forward and place a very soft and gentle kiss on her lips.

"I'm sorry" he said, "but I had to do that, just for me."

“Never be sorry with me. I have thought about doing that ever since you were brought into my sickbay.” Though the pit of her stomach just felt like it fell out.

"In that case," he added, bringing her face closer giving a more impassioned display.

Surrendering to her desires. Let the barrier disappear and melted into the first major kiss of her lifetime or was it technically the second.

They separated and Michael looked into Quinna's eyes. "I hope you enjoyed that as much as I did."

"I may have to do it again to be sure." Quinna said as she touched his cheek.

"Listen," Michael said, "after I speak with the captain I was wondering if we could have dinner together?"

“Now that is an offer I cannot refuse.” Quinna hated it that she had to go, but she needed to go back on duty. “I have to go.” She quickly got to her feet.

“And apparently,” Michael said, “I need to have a conversation with your captain. Is he good to see me now?”

“Yes” She said bluntly.

Michael walked Quinna to the door. It opened automatically and she stepped towards it.

"Oh, and Doctor," he said getting her to pause and turn around. He grabbed her arm pulled her into a hug and kissed her firmly, "don't forget about our date. I've killed people for less."

“Duly noted,” Quinna said as she lingered then pulled away. She moved down the opposite direction from sickbay as her plans took her elsewhere.

(Reply none)

(Posted by Kris and Al)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Sickbay – SFI Michael Weston/CO Captain Sekal – 1700)

In all his years in espionage Weston had taken pride in never compromising himself, or others, the way he just did with Quinna. He wasn't really sure why it happened. It probably had something to do with her parents' history. He had long held an admiration for the information on how the Aubejanois actually disappeared and her father's role.

When he saw Quinna across the room he knew that it didn't hurt that she was so damn cute. He put that thought in the back of his head and focused on the task at hand. It was time to have a conversation that should have happened three days earlier, when he first arrived. Before all hell broke loose.

Weston stepped into the doorway of Sekal's unit and nodded at the captain, "How are you feeling?"

Sekal looked to the door to his left, the tray that his requested meal had arrived on had been emptied and he had just taken a drink from the water glass. "Come in Mr. Weston, I had a chair sent in for your

use." He gestured to another of the comfortable, black cushioned chairs nearby with padded armrests. "I am quite recovered from the injury. And yourself?"

Michael sat down in the chair and swished his hips around to get the maximum comfort from the cushions then sat back.

"Who me?" he replied. "Almost dying is almost a requirement for one of my missions. But in all seriousness your Doctor Solice did a fantastic job, even if I wasn't always the model patient."

Sekal looked up slightly. "Luma seal the room and scan for any eavesdropping devices."

=^= Luma does not understand the reason for her brothers request but will do so. ^= The Lenai sounded a bit skeptical but spoke after a tense moment. ^= Luma has placed a forcefield at the door and detects no intruding ears. ^=

Michael smiled, "Safest I've felt in days. "

"Nothing spoken here is to be recorded."

Luma sounded even more confused. ^= This one will do as her Sekal asks. ^= then went quiet.

"Brother?" Michael looked amused.

The Captain quirked an eyebrow. "She sees my father as her father figure, the next logical step is to identify with me as a sibling."

"Strangely enough, that makes sense," Weston admitted.

Sekal then relaxed back into the chair. "I did mention to Doctor Solice that theater had been played out here but not the reason for it. It seems someone has been actively attempting to undermine your credentials Mister Weston."

"And doing a pretty good job of it," he admitted. "I've been burned pretty good. And unfortunately that means I literally have nowhere to go without putting myself, or others in danger. I'm going to need to find the source of that leak and put an end to it before this is over for me."

The Vulcan nodded. "Which is why I held back the information from the doctor. It was necessary to make it seem their plans are proceeding apace. If overconfident it will be to our advantage."

"Absolutely," Weston agreed. "I didn't want to involve her as much as I did, but considering my circumstances I had to be able to confide somewhat on somebody. I felt I could trust her to keep things to herself."

"My Chief Medical Officer is above reproach but what others do not know benefits you in the long run. She told me she had spoken with you." He didn't mention she had offered to help wheedle more information from the operative.



Weston appreciated the careful way Sekal worded his sentences. Never too much. In a different world they could be friends. If he'd been allowed to have friends.

"She comes from good stock," Michael said with a nod. "She'd make a good agent."

"I prefer her in her current capacity." He set down the water glass. "From the timeline of events it appears they logically inferred the presence of this ship in your vicinity on numerous occasions which resulted in your current predicament."

Michael chuckled, "You have a way of saying that that makes it sound so obvious. Perhaps it was. Some of that may have been intentional. I am used to not being trusted. Sometimes when you give people a reason to not trust you, they trust you even more. But if the balance of trust changes suddenly, well... bad things happen. Case in point." He gingerly touched his shoulder.

Sekal nodded. "This operation extends beyond the mere digging up and selling of contraband weaponry. Command believes that there are some in highly placed positions who were in a position to take notice of our close proximity. Word appears to have trickled down slowly through the ranks else you would not still be among the living."

"I had a similar thought," Weston said. "If the people I have been dealing with knew then what they know now, I would definitely have found myself not among the living."

He paused for a moment, then continued, "To be honest captain, I was very close to getting a step closer to the source of the problem. We know who is distributing the weapons. I was about to find out to whom. Which should have led me to the source."

Sekal stood up to stretch his legs and walked about a bit. It would take time for the sustenance to have a marked effect on his strength and stamina. "We have been going through the navigational logs for the pirate vessel captured to find its source location through repeated stops as well as its logs for information on cargo and equipment taken aboard and have found a probable location. While I haven't left this room I have secured access to the information I trust implicitly."

Michael smiled jealously, "Must be nice. And your conclusions?"

Sekal returned to the chair and re-seated himself then crossed his legs. "You must have had your own suspicions as you spoke it in the transporter room before passing out." He then waited for the operative to make the connection.

Now it was Michael's turn to stand. But his pacing was for thinking. He always thought better on his feet. Then he started talking to himself as much as to Sekal.

"I really hadn't thought much about it over the past few days. You lead an exciting ship. Things.. happen here. But yes it goes beyond what we discovered at the archeology site. If you look at who the victims, or test subjects were. Why a Caitian exploration ship? Why an agricultural minister? It wasn't random. It couldn't be. That would just be crazy."

He looked at Sekal, "I know you are aware of the group of ... dissidents that are not in alignment with the Federation's current philosophy of returning to exploration over conquest. Would you be surprised to know they were not alone?"

"Roanoke was thought to be disbanded and dismembered over a year ago. They made a very pointed argument for being on this ship recently and through silencing the one who attempted to kill me proved there are more. But they need funding certainly and the Orion syndicates are extremely interested in uncovering our classified technology. Their unearthing of it would have broad repercussions as some of the classified material is present in Orion space.. Conclusion: Roanoke is being manipulated."

"As are many other worlds that used to align themselves with the Federation," Michael put his hands on the back of the chair looking directly at Sekal. "And it has been long affirmed that weapon sales is a quick way of amazing a large amount of funding. Especially if you are selling weapons nobody has seen before, and are deadly. I'm sure you've gotten reports on those missiles the marauders used against your ship. How many worlds would purchase such weapons? At what price if they could bring down what was left of the Federation?"

"There are a number of reasons for the sale and purchase but the presence of Orion ships and crews points inescapably in their direction. And events are precipitated by other events Mister Weston. The attack on myself along with other events on this mission are not coincidence. Cause and effect. Logic does not embrace coincidence in such rapid succession."

Weston came back around the chair and sat down with a deep breath. "I'm not a fan of coincidence myself. I'm more of a fan of paranoia and conspiracy. They usually keep me alive."

He leaned forward putting his arms on his knees. "Have your people discovered anything about that power cell?"

Sekal nodded. "My science staff replicated one after scanning the originals component materials, though exotic they were simple to reproduce. He was able to charge it using delta radiation to a pre-fire charge of 3,000 kilojoules. It could theoretically sustain a hand phaser beam for 20 hours or a much more powerful weapon for over 200 discharges. The energy to mass ratio is far beyond what we have seen before. Where did you acquire it?"

"From the group I was working with," Michael said. "Specifically the woman I was working... closely with." He looked down and then up again. "It was supposed to be a prototype. Did you know that I found a weapon on your ship? A weapon that should not be here. I'm curious..." his voice trailed off.

"I was not informed you had found a weapon aboard, no." And there could only be one he would have told. It appeared the objectivity of his chief medical officer had already been compromised.

Michael smiled, seeing the look on the captain's face. "She's a good girl, your doctor. She knew that anyone with this information was in danger and she kept it a secret. I did NOT want to involve her. But it became complicated. I needed it to be kept safe. She provided me with a safe place. Do not doubt her loyalty, captain."

"I don't doubt her loyalty Mister Weston but know this. Should you at any point while here recklessly endanger the safety of one of my crew there will be repercussions."

Micheal nodded, "Fair enough. But you should know this, I would never endanger anyone recklessly. Especially Doctor Solice. I have, however, often been considered reckless with myself. But never with others. It's why I've never attached myself to any person for long. It's not really safe for them ... or for me."

"Back to the matter at hand. You believe all of the attacks have their origin at Sigma Draconis VI." It was not a question but a statement.

Michael nodded, "To borrow a phrase, it is the only logical conclusion. Believe it or not, I don't always operate on gut instinct."

"A logical determination, logically arrived at." From a Vulcan the highest of compliments. "Once the ship repairs are complete we will be making that our destination. But we will be making a short detour to allow you to disembark as well as offload the prisoners taken during the battle."

Michael frowned, "So quick to get rid of me, Captain?"

"What logical reason would I have for keeping you aboard?"

"You may be surprised at how useful I can be," he said without his traditional charming smile which would have been lost on the Vulcan. "As I said, I have nowhere to go until this situation comes to a conclusion. The only way back for me is to keep going forward. If not with you then on my own. You would see me at Sigma Draconis eventually. At least this way you can keep a watchful eye on me."

The Vulcan steepled his fingers as he considered. The conclusion to his train of thought was inescapable. "I would expect you to work for your ride, Mister Weston."

Weston stood up, "You should expect no less, Captain Sekal. You should expect no less."

Sekal nodded. "Find who poisoned the man who attacked me and any accomplices aboard. You should be uniquely suited for the task."

"I will do what I can, leaving no stone unturned." He was pretty sure the phrase would be lost on the Vulcan but he said it anyway for no other reason than to amuse himself.

"Then your presence here is extended. Is there anything else you have to add before we conclude?"

"Only this," Michael said, "things are going to get worse before they get better. But I believe we can minimize the worse working together. Thank you for your time and my ride. I suppose I have a spy to find."

The Captain refilled the water glass. There was no doubt things had yet come to a head and the closer they got to Sigma Draconis VI the greater potential for danger became. "As you said. Luma you may unseal the door and return to normal operations." He spoke again before lifting the glass to his lips.

"Thank you Mister Weston that will be all, once you are willing to part with the information I will be available, until then you will be remaining aboard. Dismissed."

It had been a long time since Weston had been dismissed. He wasn't quite sure how he felt about it. But somehow, it made him feel like he belonged. And that, in and of itself, was troubling.

He turned and left the room smiling at Quinna on his way out. He gave her a wink as he left sickbay.

(Reply: Quinna, any)

(Posted by Al Muir (Weston)  
and Charles G (Sekal)

[illegible]

Michael stood outside the door to Quinna's quarters wondering why he was so nervous. After all, he'd spent time in the company of many women over the course of his career. But this night was not in the course of his career. He rarely spent time in the company of someone he liked or cared about what happened to them. Just having a connection with another person was dangerous enough, forget any romantic entanglements. And was that what this was? A romantic entanglement? Was he even still capable of having one of those?

Finally, he took a deep breath and pressed the door chime, holding something behind his back. He felt silly, but it seemed appropriate.

Quinna had been looking at herself in the mirror. She had not really taken a good look at herself in days. “Come,” she called out as she stepped around the corner to see Michael standing there. She then searched him with her eyes to see if his body told a story about his meeting with the Captain. She wondered how long they would have before he ended up leaving. “Hi,” Quinna greeted.

Michael stood up and smiled down at the doctor. It was the first time he'd ever seen her in clothes that weren't part of a uniform, or surgical in nature. She seemed to be wearing a flowing gown that appeared to be Vulcan-like in origin. It made his own outfit look a little... underdressed. She looked dazzling.

"Hi back at you," he replied. "I love your outfit. Vulcan?"

“Just a treat a Vulcan helped me with. Will you help me with this? Quinna passes off a bracelet. She could not seem to get it latched. She had never seemed to have problems in the past. She moved closer to Michael and handed him the bracelet. Before he could do anything, Quinna put her hand on his cheek and leaned into a kiss.

Michael took the bracelet, and they kiss and returned it. But now his hands were full and he felt a little fumble. He brought his right hand from behind his back holding a single red rose.

"I discovered the ship had a rose garden," he said, holding the flower out. "I hope I don't get in trouble for picking one."

Michael had to admit that he was happy when they finally stopped. His shoulder was starting to ache from the weight of the basket, as he crawled through the tube. However, when he managed to catch his breath he had to admit that the view was spectacular, and he wasn't really looking at the stars.

"This is quite a little place you have here," he said admiringly. "Do you bring all your man friends here?"

"Actually I take them to another place, but you deserved your own special spot." Quinna teased. "I am sorry, you look like you are in agony. Do you have a pain killer with you?"

Michael shook his head, "No, I'm okay." He leaned his back against the wall of the tube. "I'm not used to this. I'm used to being fairly indestructible. It's already passing."

Then he reached around into the basket and pulled out a red, plaid blanket, and tossed it one-handed across the floor. He moved the basket to the middle of the blanket then scooted himself into the middle. All the time he kept talking.

"Really? Another place? I'd like to see that place. And find out who you took there, and what their intentions were. I don't do well with competition."

Quinna smiled, "You are leagues above your competition," Quinn moved close to Michael. "So what do you have here?" Quinna pointed to the basket.

Michael made a huge display of removing each item from the basket. First, he pulled out a large serving plate. Then he pulled out a long stick of meat, a variety of cheeses, and a round of sourdough bread.

"For the food tonight I present ... a Telarian salami, several forms of cheese, from a sharp cheddar to a more mellow Vulcan cheese, and San Francisco sourdough."

"You must have my number, I never can say no to a good cheese," Quinna replied. The smell of the food was intoxicating.

Then he pulled out the bottle again followed by a pair of large wine glasses. "Andorian wine is difficult to get hold of these days. But apparently, somebody on this ship knows somebody."

He opened the bottle and poured the blue liquid into the cups until they were half-filled. He handed one glass to Quinna. Then he swirled the wine in his glass and took a sip. He smiled approvingly at the sweet taste of the wine.

Quinna took a sip, it was some of the best wine she has had since Bajor. She was being spoiled by Michael. She wanted this moment to last because she knew that he would be leaving soon. "The bouquet of the wine is pleasing, I have not had anything like this. You certainly have connections onboard."

Michael gave a wicked smile, "I wish they were my connections. I just know where people tend to hide stuff. I'm pretty sure that when they find it gone they're not going to be happy."

He held his glass in the air between them, "Here's to ... discovery."

“To Discovery.” the glasses clanged. Quinna knew now that Michael had some answers that she was wanting, “So how was your meeting with the captain?”

And so the discovery began. “I think all in all it went well. I will need that weapon back when we get back to ... reality. But there was some bad news. You aren’t rid of me just yet. I’ve hitched a ride for a little while. At least until this mission is over.”

Quinna was shocked, “Wow that answered the question I did not want to ask. So we have some time together then.” Quinna reached over and touched Michael’s hand. “I think I can handle that bad news.”

"I'm glad you feel that way," Michael admitted. "But I should tell you that the longer I am here the more of a danger I present, to you and to the others on the ship."

"You know, some people are worth the danger. I know it has been just you for a long time." Quinna said, "You will realize that sticking around may not be a bad thing."

Smiling Michael looked into Quinna's eyes and softly says, "I kinda getting that idea."

He leaned over and gave her a gentle kiss on the lips. As he felt her return the kiss it became stronger and impassioned. When they separated they were both a little out of breath. Without moving his eyes from Quinna's he asked, "Are you still hungry?"

Quinna looked at the food and then back at Michael, “No, I am quite full right now”

“Good,” Michael said as he reached over and pulled Quinna to him. He rolled her onto her back and brought their lips together in a manner that meant they were not going to separate for a while.

(Reply none)

(Posted by Al Muir and Kris B)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 12 - Counselor Ensign jg Reea - 1925)

Reea had taken a break from her duties and went for a walk. Though she had the deck layout memorized, she hadn't visited every area on the ship yet. Today it was deck 12.

On the Illuminar, things were still tense. Captain Sekal survived the attempt on his life and was recovering. There was an ongoing search for possible spies and saboteurs. The medical staff was taking care of the people injured in the attack the previous day. As a result of all this, some were still in lockdown when not on duty. Reea had also noticed a general uneasiness spreading through the crew. People were becoming suspicious of each other. To a point, this could be justified, but for overall morale, it was beginning to affect trust and unity.

Reea had a lot of work ahead of her.

As she turned a corner, Reea halted when she heard an odd sound. Craning her neck, she listened. She couldn't tell what it was, but it was coming from behind her. Retracing her steps, she stopped in front of the entrance to a Jeffries tube.

The sound was slightly louder, so she turned her right ear to the tube.

What she was hearing was intermittent, but there was definitely something there. Holding her breath, she listened intently, concentrating on what it could be. Was something wrong? Would she need to report it to engineering?

It wasn't mechanical. The more she heard, the more she realized it was a person. It was soft moans. It was a female voice. It was familiar.

By the Blessed Exchequer, it was Quinna!

The CMO wasn't having a good time of things lately, so maybe some oo-mox was good for her. Some of the nurses talked about Quinna forming a rapport with Weston, the intelligence guy, so perhaps she was with him.

Reea chuckled. You go, girl!

Clasping her hands behind her back, Reea continued on her way.

(reply any)

(posted by Renee Bishop)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar- FO's Quarters - FO Commander Sienna Verin, CTO/ CTac- Ensign (sg)T'Mur -2200)

T'mur and Sienna barely made it back to their quarters before they attacked each other. T'Mur pressed Sienna against the wall and hastily removed her uniform, to give her body the attention that she so desperately wanted to give it.

After, they lay in bed, neither of them prepared to sleep. T'Mur rolled over on top of Sienna and kissed her gently.

"I want to do something," she said.

“Whatever you want my love. Anything, anything at all.” Sienna laughed as she wrapped both her arms and legs around T’Mur to hold their bodies together. “Have I told you today that you are the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen?” Yes, Sy was besotted.

"I want to tell my father," T'Mur said. "Now. While we have a moment. And before anything else happens."

“Are our long distance communications up and running? I know our power issues are mostly repaired. If we can make the call, then let us make it.” Sienna smiled at that. “Are you sure that your Father will be all right with me? I’m not exactly the ideal Vulcan mate.”



T'Mur kissed Sienna again and bounced off the bed. "But you are the ideal mate for me. And that... my love... should be enough."

She made her way over to the communication center in Sy's office and brought it to life with a tap.

::Luma, I want to speak with my father on Vulcan. Can you arrange that?:

::Easily:: Luma opened the connection and it eventually connected. Luma decided to stay quiet and just watch. She had long ago been given permission to hang out in Sienna's shared quarters and listen.

After a time a visual channel opened to show Davelahn. He looked... for lack of a better description, surprised.

=^=Daughter. I am gratified to see you well.=^=

"As am I you father," she replied stoically. "You remember Sienna Williams-Verin." It was a statement not a question.

Davelahn nodded to the commander. ^=^=Yes. How could I forget the young woman who offered to... how did you put it? Punch me in the face? ^=^=

Sienna laughed, "Hello, Davelahn. It's good to see you doing so well." Sienna spoke kindly, putting her arm around T'Mur's waist as she leaned over the woman's shoulder.

"Father," T'Mur began, "I have some news to deliver. The treatment I received on Vulcan did something to me that was most unexpected. Apparently it reset my mating instincts. I went into a transitional Pon Farr."

=^=Indeed.=^= Davelahn's right eyebrow raised higher than one might have believed possible. ^=^=You seem to have fared the transition well. Am I to assume that you have found a bond mate? ^=^=

T'Mur held Sienna's arm tightly. "You may make that assumption. I have been bonded to Sienna."

Davelahn was quiet for a moment. He looked down at something below the monitor. Then he looked up.

=^=Daughter, it is my impression that you have selected your mate wisely. Clearly she had bonded herself to you even before such an event as your Pon Farr. It is ... acceptable to make this connection. I am appreciative of the news.=^=

"Father, there is more," T'Mur continued.

Sienna stayed quiet while T'Mur and her Father spoke. But she kept her hand around T'Mur's body, needing the connection with her mate.

=^=More? Indeed? What more could there be? ^=^=

T'Mur looked into Sienna's dark, beautiful eye and gave a leased look that would have to pass for a smile. "Sienna has asked that we have a Betazoid wedding. On Earth. A ... traditional Betazoid wedding. You are, of course, invited."

Davelahn gave a scowl. ^=T'Mur, I would have words with Sienna Williams-Verin.^=

Now it was T'Mur's turn to look surprised. She looked up at Sienna.

"In Earth-speak that means we are about to have a disagreement." Sienna spoke with a smile. "If you have something to say, T'Mur's going to hear it regardless. Our bond is pretty new and deep." Sy opened her hand and placed it on T'Mur's wrist, needing the contact.

"I really hope we are not going to have a disagreement, Davelahn."

=^=It is an intriguing predilection of people to assume the worst possible scenario. I do not believe that a disagreement at this time would be logical. Besides, I do not think that I have any rights to make decisions for T'Mur. She is an adult and makes her own decisions. It would be preferable if we could speak alone. ^=

T'Mur nodded knowing that Sienna would never willingly separate herself from her mate. She stood up from the chair and offered it to Sienna.

"I believe I understand the gist of the conversation," T'Mur said amused. "I can wait in the bedroom. I will be right here, love."

She kissed Sienna's hand and walked out of the office to sit on the edge of the bed. She wasn't concerned about the conversation but she did wonder how the conversation would unfold.

Siennawas not thrilled to have T'Mur walk away, it felt like a part of her was gone. "Well?" She asked curiously, "Do you object to the Betazoid Priest, the ceremony in general or the fact it will take place on Earth? I would be more than happy to have another ceremony on Vulcan if you feel that is necessary, I don't know what the Vulcan ceremony would be. She is my world, and she makes me happy. It is a human thing to tell the world that she is mine."

=^=I have no issue with your ceremony. I would ask a favor. I have not been a very good father for T'Mur. I am attempting to be part of her world. The world she has chosen. And the people she has chosen to spend it with. I ask that you allow me to continue with those efforts. It is clear that you love her, and she you. The do anything to jeopardize that would only be illogical. I would like us... to be friends.^=

Sienna seemed surprised, "I don't know you well enough to say that I can be your friend, but I am willing to be open to a relationship forming if it will. I don't hate you, I just hate the way she was treated which is something that you allowed to happen. But I also understand that if her life had been different, I would not be blessed with her as my world. Is that sufficient?" She nodded, giving her word. She would be open minded.

=^=More than sufficient. I have one more boon to ask but we need T'Mur back in the room.^=

As if on cue T'Mur appeared behind Sienna and wrapped her arms around her waist, nuzzling her hair.  
"I am here father."

=^=It is my understanding that these affairs have active participants other than the bride and ... bride?  
Would it be permissible for me to... ^= he struggled slightly with the words, ^=to give the bride away.  
Well, my daughter. I believe that is the correct phrase.=^=

Sy glanced at T'Mur, "That is up to her, but I'm sure we can figure something out to make it work. I want the Betazoid Ambassador Dr. Riven Mias to perform the ceremony. He is a mind-healer and a priest and he helped me a great deal." Sienna kept her look on

T'Mur. "What do Vulcans have for a ceremony? I can't imagine huge parties like other species do to celebrate unions." Sienna knew that with her Admiral parents, grandparents and her twin being a Captain, her wedding would be extremely political for the renewed Starfleet.

=^=Vulcan ceremonies are a bit more ... functional. They are called kin-it-ka-li-fe. Translated it means marriage or challenge. It is an opportunity for one of the betrothed to challenge the marriage in a combat to the death. Ka-li-fe.=^=

T'Mur hugged Sy. "I would like to have the Vulcan ceremony. We can see who will challenge me for you. "

"And you would kill someone if they did?" Sienna was not sure if she was hoping Lynn would be stupid enough to challenge for Sienna. She doubted it. "I doubt anyone would be that stupid but I have to admit I would enjoy seeing her blood on the sand. No. I don't really mean that, it's a great fantasy but it would be a mess if it was true. She doesn't deserve death for hurting me."

T'Mur looked sternly in Sienna's eyes and kissed her. "Yes, she does." Then she looked up and winked. "And you. Would you kill for the honor of my hand?"

"As soon as you teach me how." Sienna replied, dazed after the kiss. "Right now I guarantee that the other person would win."

"You might just surprise yourself," T'Mur said. Then turned her attention back to her father. "We shall discuss the kin-it-ka-li-fe."

=^=Very well. You will send me the details of the ceremony on Earth.=^=. It was not a question.

"I will, father," T'Mur replied.

=^=Is there anything further you would care to discuss with me?-=^=

"Not at this time," T'Mur replied.

=^=Then I will take my leave of you. Live long and prosper daughter. Live lon and prosper Sienna Williams-Verin. ^=^=

“Good bye father. Live lone and prosper.”

=^=And daughter, I am pleased for you.=^=

The screen went blank. T'Mur stepped around the chair and sat herself in Sienna's lap, snuggling into her.

(Reply none)

(Posted by Al and Mel)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Isolation Room -- Deck 5 -- CMO Lt. Quinna Solice --2202 )

Quinna strolled into the Iso room where Sanches laid in the coma. His brain functions were still intact but degrading. If they were going to do something then the time would be soon.

Quinna had already replicated the parts of the system needed for the Bashir Mind device. Putting the pieces together would be next to nothing to do. She would have preferred Weston to be here, but now she knew she had to do this mission alone.

“Alright Mr. Sanchez, I can’t wait to find out what you need to tell me.” Quinna started to check Sanchez’s vitals. There was no change. “You were a bad boy Sanchez, but was it really you?” Quinna knew that she could encounter an overwriting personality.

Quinna finished with her checks, “Get comfortable Mr. Sanchez, we will have a date, real soon.”

Quinna exited the iso room and made sure the guards were under strict orders that only she was to enter the room.

(Reply none)

(Posted by Kris)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Iso Room -- Deck 5 -- CMO Quinna Solice -- 2359)

Sickbay had quieted down. Patients were resting with only one serious injury. Most were to be released in the morning. The Captain as well was to be released.

While in the iso room, an alarm started to go off. Checking the readings, it was clear that Sanchez's brain was starting to deteriorate faster as time went by. After disengaging the alarm Quinna decided that it was time to take Extreme Measures. She knew that both the Captain and Michael did not want her getting more involved, but this was the last chance to get the needed answers. With the device ready, Quinna sat on the floor next to the bed. With the device beside her, she applied the neuro device to her head.

Quinna stood one more time to make sure the device was secured and on. She sat back on the floor and made adjustments to ensure that the machine would shut down in an hour and a half.

Upon activation, Quinna's eyes closed and her body slumped on the corner between the wall and the biobed.

(Reply: Anyone, Sanchez, Medical Team)  
(Posted by Kris)

[illegible]

It was late, no scratch that it was early and Kathy had come in at midnight on a split. The last few days had left chaos far behind in the dust and made the transition into sheer, unadulterated insanity. The twists and turns had been extreme beginning with the CO entering with the hilt of a knife standing out from his chest like a bloody banner.

And his attacker had made the trip with him though somehow in a burst of brainlock no doubt brought on by the shock he had escaped suspicion until after being released. Then later that day he had come back in toes up.

And the battle... important officers like Matrix and Alyl becoming victims along with numerous injuries. It was too much to take in without mental overload. So you just pitched in, did your job and worked your shifts while praying that the deluge of cases would slow to a trickle then stop at some point. Afterward you could go to your room, shower and relax before falling into blissful unconsciousness. Their milk run missions had turned sour quickly and Kathy didn't like the taste. Something was going on here, something big; nothing else made any sense. The crew was going to need R&R after this was over if not counseling. And that didn't even include what might be coming down the road before it reached its conclusion.

She got a cup of coffee before beginning her rounds and checking on the patients in the general population. Some had been discharged early during the six hours she had been on stand down. Her route led past the room where the would-be assassin was in decline so she decided to duck in there first and do the hourly check. She didn't see the crumpled figure behind the biobed initially. She logged his reading then turned to her right and caught a flash of something out of the corner of her eye so investigated. Rounding the corner of the bed she pulled up short stunned.

Doctor Solice was lying on the floor where she had fallen.

"What the heck? Damn it!" Kathy dropped the padd near Sanchez's feet and sprang or rather lunged to the floor beside her to do the ABC's.

"Doctor Solice are you all right?" There was no answer. Kathy who was beside her on hands and knees first put two fingers to her carotid artery and got a strong pulse. She looked closely and could see the rise and fall of her chest. "Pulse strong, respiration normal."

She then gently shook the doctor using a hand on her shoulder. "Doctor Solice can you hear me? Are you all right,?" No answer. "Unconscious and not responsive."

What was the cause? Brain trauma from a fall being the primary possible culprit she began examining the skull without moving the head and discovered the contraption at her temples. "What the f\*\*\*?"

There was a small LED inset into the one on this side which was blinking rapidly. Her first instinct was to rip it off but she suppressed that. If it was the cause then stopping it could have unforeseen consequences due to a sudden neural interruption.

Kathy got to her feet and hurried to the head of the bed and gave Sanchez an actual look discovering a similar apparatus on his head. "What have you done Doctor?"

"Computer give me the EMH."

The figure seemed to materialize in the room as though from a transporter. "What is the nature of your emergency?" Kathy believed sounding more bored or disinterested was probably impossible.

"It's Doctor Solice, she's on the floor unresponsive. Pulse and respiration normal. It appears she might be linked neutrally with the patient."

The Mark 1 EMH (enhanced) quickly did his own cursory examination.

"Should I remove the device?"

"No!" The word was snapped. "This needs to be investigated thoroughly before taking any action. It could cause a synaptic overload if suddenly interrupted."

His head snapped toward her. "Is my record that there is another doctor available in error?"

"No I was just about to call her in but wanted a second opinion before I did anything."

"Well you have it. Summon doctor Hezuela and begin a thorough investigation before taking measures. Doctor Solice's vital signs are normal and stable. Hezuela will be able to make an informed decision. If you need further assistance you may call on me."

"Right." Kathy activated her comm. "Doctor Hezuela to medical, we have a possible emergency situation."

(Reply: Hezuela)

"It will be self explanatory when you see it doctor but I'll brief you when you get here. I'm in Sanchez's isolation room."

(Reply: Hezuela)

That done she summoned orderlies with a back board and gurney to get the doctor off the floor as the EMH vanished.

(Reply: Hezuela, Sanchez, Solice, any)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Sickbay - Nurse Kathy Miller - 0010)

"Kathy? I'm here, you were going to brief me when I got here. I'm Hezuela "

"Kathy Miller, nurse. I'm pleased to meet you doctor."

Kathy indicated the odd scene. Doctor Solice was still in Sanchez's ICU room but lying atop the anti-grav gurney. Legs had been folded down from its underside so that it was stable on the floor then the unit had been turned off. The precaution was done so that in case of a failure of the unit it would not spill its patient. There was space enough between the two beds to allow access to both from between them.

"I came in to find Doctor Solice on the floor unconscious. After checking her circulation and respiration I checked for head injuries and found this." She walked over and indicated the small unit still blinking serenely on her brow. "You will notice that Sanchez has one as well. The Doctors vital signs are strong and stable so she appears to be in no imminent physical danger but I'm concerned about what is going on with the device."

(Reply: Hezuela)

"Look at this." Kathy changed the bio readout on the screen above Sanchez's head to scan for neural activity. The pattern form then began to scroll across the screen. "And this." She used the tricorder in her hand to scan the doctor then handed it to Hezuela. "You will note that the neural patterns are identical. These devices have their brainwave patterns linked."

(Reply: Hezuela)

Kathy nodded. "There's more. Doctor Solice at times has adrenal reactions causing increased heart rate, muscular twitches and increased body temperature as though she is exerting herself which is not physical but mental. I think she is in his mind and I don't know what she is seeing. I'm scared of what might happen but I don't know what will result if we disconnect them. It might cause a synaptic backlash or neural disruption. There may be some way to power the device down gradually and bring her out of it but I know nothing about it."

(Reply: Hezuela)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- IsoRoom -- Deck 5 -- CMO Lt. Dr. Quinna Solice -- 0010) Physical

(Mental)

Suddenly a burst of light opened up, blinding Quinna. After a few minutes of adjustment to the light, she found herself in a conference room. She stood at one end of the conference table and a figure was at the other end of the table. Quinna started to move to the head of the table, but it seemed to get further and further. Quinna knew it was a way to keep her distance, so she stopped. And sat down in a chair.

(Replies From anyone who wants to be Sanchez or perhaps an alter ego)

(Physical)

Quinna laid on the biobed, her body started to react to the physical activity. When she went from dark to light, her eyes winced from the brightness. When she ran into the conference room, her pulse increased, and beads of sweat formed on her forehead. Her interlink with Sanchez was more in-depth than the original prototype a few decades ago.

(Replies)

(posted by Kris)

[illegible]

Hezuela accepted the introduction with a nod and returned it with a grin. "Pleased to meet you as well, so what's the problem?". Of course, she could have expressed herself in a much friendlier manner, however, they could settle such matters over a cup of tea on the Promenade instead of an emergency.

"I came in to find Doctor Solice on the floor unconscious. After checking her circulation and respiration I checked for head injuries and found this." She walked over and indicated the small unit still blinking serenely on her brow. "You will notice that Sanchez has one as well. The Doctors vital signs are strong and stable so she appears to be in no imminent physical danger but I'm concerned about what is going on with the device."

The Orion nodded at the explanation and routinely reached for the medical tricorder. One keystroke and the device began to work, scanning the officer's body and reflecting the readings in scales and tables



on the small screen. The doctor's vital signs were stable, as Kathy had said. Blood pressure readings, pulse rate, circulation.

"I think I understand the nature of her dilemma now," she murmured, a little absorbed in the readouts, then turned her gaze back to the doc. "What have you found out already?"

"Look at this." Kathy changed the bio readout on the screen above Sanchez's head to scan for neural activity. The pattern form then began to scroll across the screen. "And this." She used the tricorder in her hand to scan the doctor then handed it to Hezuela. "You will note that the neural patterns are identical. These devices have their brainwave patterns linked."

Interested, she accepted the tricorder from Kathy and looked at the readouts there. "Interesting," was all she said, and with a few key commands called up the readouts to look into it further.

Kathy nodded. "There's more. Doctor Solice at times has adrenal reactions causing increased heart rate, muscular twitches and increased body temperature as though she is exerting herself which is not physical but mental. I think she is in his mind and I don't know what she is seeing. I'm scared of what might happen but I don't know what will result if we disconnect them. It might cause a synaptic backlash or neural disruption. There may be some way to power the device down gradually and bring her out of it but I know nothing about it."

"Your concerns are definitely justified," Hezuela said thoughtfully, taking another careful look at the tricorder readouts, then glancing again at the screen above Sanchez's head. Then she grabbed the root of her nose and puffed. This was really what she needed to be happy now. "They're both Humans, right?"

(Reply Kathy Miller)

"Good," she replied to the information, thinking for a moment. Fortunately, since there was no immediate danger to the doctor, Hezuela didn't have to devil-may-care to find a way to interrupt the thing in the next few seconds. "We should attach a neurocortical monitor first, so we can keep an eye on her brainwave should anything change."

(Reply Kathy Miller)

(Posted by Bogdana)

[illegible]

(US.S Illuminar -- IsoRoom -- Deck 5 -- CMO Lt. Dr. Quinna Solice -- 0012) Physical

(Sanchez's Head -- Conference Room -- CMO Lt. Dr. Quinna Solice -- unknown) Mental

(Mental)



Quinna put a hand on Sanchez's shoulder. "You can talk to me."

"We are on deck 5. Near sickbay. How I got here, I don't know. I've been trapped, unable to speak, to move," he said.

"You, you have been nice to me," Sanchez continued. "But where am I now?"

Quinna treaded lightly, "Look, where can we go and sit, we need to talk." Quinna said, "And we do not have much time." Quinna took Sanchez's hand and started walking, "What is the last thing you remember?"

"I had some tea in the brig. My body became my prison. I was in sickbay. I woke up here." Sanchez replied.

"Why did you kill the Captain?" Quinna asked.

"Because he is a traitor. He betrayed the ideals of the Federation and Star Fleet," Sanchez replied "He is not worthy to be called Captain."

"Look where it got you," Quinna said. "Tell me all you know. I can take it to the proper people." Quinna offered. "What are Sekal's secrets?"

"You have been nice to me. You have to get the word to the Admirals. But only trust Admiral Haynes. He knows the truth. He is one of the patriots. Like me. Rooting out the evil in the Federation. Making the Federation great again, that is why the Captain had to die. He was a Vulcan, and they secretly control the Federation, manipulating those whom they deem less worthy than themselves."

Sanchez paused. "I will die to protect the Federation. Will you? Promise me."

"Mr. Sanchez," Quinna started, "I would do more than die to protect the federation, I will live for the federation. You have to tell me more." Quinna pled.

"I have to get to Altair six. They have the answers. It's all there, in my quarters. On my PADD. All the evidence. All the truth. Everything I know, pictures, recordings, everything. It shows Sekal is betraying the Federation. He met with Cardassians, selling them our secrets. And Ferengi too. He is no good. He had to be purged. Only those pure of heart can be part of the new Federation."

"Promise me you'll tell the Admiral I did my job."

"I promise you..." Quinna needed more answers... "What is the passcode for the information? What does Weston have to do with all this?"

"It's RinTinTin. That was my dog growing up. He was a good dog. He kept me safe, slept in my room every night. Till he got old," Sanchez replied, his voice heavy. "We had to put him down. I lost my friend. So I ran away and joined Star Fleet. That's where I learned the secrets. The Lasers. Mind

control. And Sekal knows all about it. He makes secret runs to deliver goods to those trying to overthrow the Federation. ”

“Stay with me Sanchez, Who are you working for?” Quinna knew this was higher up.

“East, west, home’s best,” he said. “West.. Weston... they rhyme, sorta. Weston, messing. Pressing. Destined. He beckons the piston,” Sanchez says with a giggle. “Funny name. Who is he? Do I know him? Does the Admiral? The Admiral would tell me if he was a good guy.”

“Who else on board knows what is going on?” Quinna continued to interrogate.

“All aboard. Choo-choo,” Sanchez says. “Everyone on board knows. It’s not a secret. We are all a little mad here. Are we going down the rabbit hole, Alice?”

Quinna took a deep breath she slapped Sanchez, “Focus for me. Who else is collecting evidence?”

Sanchez looked startled at the slap. “That wasn’t nice.”

“I am losing you, You have to focus, Please tell me, Who else is collecting evidence?”

“You make me talk. And you make me feel. And you make me show what I’m trying to conceal,” Sanchez says. “Conceal. I don’t know. The Admiral says it’s operational security. Can’t be too careful or we will be defeated. Not like before. Not like last time. The Admiral is smart. We are everywhere.”

“I have to know. I have to continue your work.” Quinna looked at Sanchez’s eyes. “I need to know.”

“Truth is a three-edged sword. I can’t give you what I don’t know. There are more of us, hidden away. But only the Admiral knows everyone. They recruit in the academy. That’s where I was approached. ‘Are you a patriot’, they asked. ‘Will you die for the Federation’, they asked. I got a special leave pass. I went somewhere. A starbase. There I was taught. The instructors were in the dark. I never saw their faces. They told the truth and when I was done, I was told to observe and do nothing.”

Sanchez frowned, “But I got a letter... from home. It was RinTinTin. He was there for me. And I knew I had to kill the Captain for his crimes against the Federation.”

Quinna knew that his brain was shutting down. It was happening faster than she had hoped. She felt this was easy, no one was trying to stop her, “Is there anything else I should know? I know RinTinTin is waiting for you to go home.”

“Home. Home... tell the Admiral I did my duty. I was loyal. I was true. I never flinched. I am tired. So tired...”

“Top honors to you. Sanchez. Look,” Quinna pointed to the brightest light coming from the far door. “There is where you need to go.” Quinna herself was attracted to the light but fought the urge to go to it.

“Thank you. I’m going home now,” he said as he slowly walked towards the door.

(Physical)

Sanchez's body flatlined. He was dead. Quinna's body did the same. Quinna willed herself awake. She heard the alarms of Sanchez's body. She jumped up not realizing that she was on a gurney so she fell to the floor.

“What happened?”

(Replies Any)

(Posted by Tim and Kris B)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar-- Sickbay --Deck 5 --CMO Lt. Dr. Quinna Solice --0053)

Quinna stood and made her way to Sanchez. She ignored those in the room with her. Quinna removed the neuro device and then shut off the equipment. She reached her own device and shut it off before removing it.

"He is gone." Quinna said as she turned to leave. Upon reaching the door, Quinna put hands in both sides of her head. Her bloodcurdling scream could be heard throughout sickbay and deck 5. Quinna felt as her head was about to explode all over sickbay and stain the ceiling with brain matter. Falling to her knees, Quinna's eyes rolled to the back of her head. She had fallen all the way to the ground as her body laid limp. Her heart had stopped and her lungs did not draw in any breathe.

NRPG: make it look good. CODE BLUE in sickbay.

(Reply: YES)

[illegible]

(Posted by Kris)

(USS Illuminar-- Sickbay --Deck 5 -- Nurse Kathy Miller --0054)

Kathy was so relieved to see the CMO pop off the biobed that she almost laughed at the pratfall, fortunately she stifled it and jumped forward to help her up but too late.

"He is gone."

Kathy stepped back to give her room as she headed straight for the door. Something strange happened on the way though, she stopped, staggered then collapsed.

Kathy was stunned for only an instant then leaped toward her and made a quick check. "No pulse and she's not breathing." Her voice rose in a scream that could be heard through general population. "Orderlies get Doctor Solice back on the biobed and get a crash cart and neuro stimulator in here!"

She was running for the med locker as Doctor Hezuela took charge of their new patient.

(Reply- Bogdana)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

## Physically

(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay -- Deck 5 -- CMO Lt. Dr. Quinna Solice -- 0054)

Quinna sat at the spaceport. She sat on a bench watching the shuttles coming and going, however, no one was coming or going. Each one of her senses was stimulated. The Air smelt like tropical flowers. She had the taste of a frozen rum runner in her mouth, her skin felt the sensation of a tropical breeze, and her eyes were treated to the white scenes of a spaceport. So why was she there?

“Hey Queenie,” Quinna turned to the voice. She had to do a double-take. Was she seeing who she thought she was seeing? She stood from the bench and ran to the figure. There before her was her grandmother. Tears ran down her eyes and Quinna hugged the older lady. “Oh, Baby, I am here.” Quinna’s grandmother, Also known as Grammy, started to stroke her hair as she kissed the top of Quinna’s head. “Shh, baby. Shh, I am here now.”

The two made their way to a bench and they sat. Quinna held her grandmother's hand. Quinna thought about how she left things with her grandmother. They were not in a good state. Quinna had gotten to a point that she refused to go and visit until she was able to find out the information about her missing parents. "Grammy? Oh Grammy, I am sorry. I defied you."

“Shh, none of that my dear. I am so proud of you.” Quinna looked at her grandmother with confused eyes. Grammy took a hankie and wiped the tears from Quinna’s eyes. “Oh, Queenie, you stuck to your heart and followed your desires. You always knew what you wanted and you went for it. I wanted to tell you that I was happy. Our family has a long strong tradition in the military. I was a stubborn old fool not to let you know.”

“No, you are not. You were right, and now I am dead. It is just what you thought would happen.” Quinna theorized. She certainly did not want to be dead. Life just started for her. She finally got her first kiss. And though she was not ready for anything more yet, she looked forward to that as well.

“Who says you are dead?” Grammy asked in a Matter-of-Fact tone.

Quinna wiped a few tears from her face and that hand formed again, “Well I assumed since you…”

“Yes dear, I am dead, but you do not have to be. Your family is fighting for you.” Grammy said to you. “If you listen carefully, can you hear them? You can hear them begging you to come back to them. They need you.” Grammy could see how torn Quinna was. She also wanted to see her granddaughter choose to live as well. “I have seen your life my dear, and it does not end here.”

Quinna grabbed her grandmother and held her tight. She whispered in her ear, "I miss you, Grammy. I want to stay with you. I have a feeling we have much time to make up for."

Grammy just patted Quinna's hair and replied, "We will see each other again, and this is only our first of many meetings. I will always be here for you, baby."

She pulled back and wiped her eyes one last time. “How do I get back to my life, Grammy?”

“My dear, take a shuttle. I am happy you will be going back. It is time I go back to Grampy.” Grammy stood. She held a hand out to Quinna. Quinna stayed seated and took her Grammy’s hand. “Oh you are going to have a wonderful life and you find what you seek. My Dear Queenie.” Grammy then started to walk away.

“Grammy,” Quinna stood and ran to her grandma. “What about Mom and Dad?”

With a serious look, she took Quinna's hands for the last time, "I don't know, dear. I have not seen them." Then she gave Quinna one last kiss on her forehead and left. Quinna turned to the shuttles that went back to her life. She took the shuttle and found her way back to the land of the living.

(Replies none)

(posted by Kris)

[illegible]

T'Mur felt so alone. She looked around to find that she was in an empty room, devoid of any artifacts or furniture of any kind. How she managed to be in this empty space was a question that had just started to form in her mind. She also could not quite place the source of her anxiety, other than the fact that she was alone. Where was Sienna? She reached out with her mind, and still no contact.

It took her another moment to realize that she was also without any clothing. It wasn't as disconcerting as being alone, but suddenly she was a little relieved. For the moment. The relief did not last very long, as the wave of loneliness crashed on her again, like a tidal wave of fear. Where was Sienna?

Suddenly a dark figure appeared. It's features were blurred so she couldn't make out the face. But she could sense the feeling of disapproval from it. Another appeared, and then another, all with the same sensation of disapproval.

The fog lifted from around their faces. One face was her father. No word was spoken but she could feel the accusation. "Why did you allow your mother to die."

The next face was Quinna. Her face equally accusatory and the similar sensation of blame. “Why did you let her die?”

The third face was Sekal, pointing a finger and giving off the same thought. “Why did you allow her to die?”

T'Mur was confused, as she knew that neither Sekal or Quinne knew her mother. But she also knew that they weren't thinking of her. She could not think. It was as if her brain were coated in a layer of

mud, bogging down her thought process. Where was Sienna? She almost screamed the words out loud, something prevented her.

A fourth figure appeared and joined in the circle around the naked vulcan woman. This one was not so silent. It voiced the question she felt from the others.

"Why, my beloved, why did you let it happen?" The haze around the last figure dissipated and the body fell to the ground. T'Mur raced over to see a woman in a white dress, covered in blood. She looked at the dead face of Sienna Williams-Verin. Suddenly the dead eyes looked up at her and cried out. "Why did you let me die."

T'Mur shot to a seated position. She was in their bed and she could hear the gentle breathing of Sienna, next to her. Her arm, still laying across Sy's hips. The combination of confusion, relief and profound terror swept through her. Without thinking she fell onto Sienna with a crushing embrace, searching for confirmation of her life, and not trusting what she was feeling through their connection. She needed the physical reminder.

She wasn't trying to rouse her, but she couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief and let the words out, "Thank you."

Sy began to stir during the actual nightmare, but did awaken when T was holding her so tightly. "Thank me for what love? What's wrong? I had the worst feeling just now, like I was going to be alone again. I don't want to ever be alone again. I'm glad it wasn't real." She yawned heavily, neither had been getting a sufficient amount of sleep. Sienna deliberately called up the memory of when T'Mur had broken through her telepathic defenses and initiated the bond between them. Her hand reached for T'Mur's and raised it to her face. That moment had changed her life, made her whole, had saved her. She had not considered that possibly it had done the same for T.

"Thank you for being alive," T'Mur buried her face into Sienna's hair, taking in the aroma. She was half upset with herself for waking Sienna, when she knew that neither of them had had much sleep recently, and half so relieved she wanted to make love for the rest of the night. But she could see the concern on Sy's face.

She felt the pressure of her hand on her face and began to initiate the meld. Her mind began to weave with Sienna's creating a bridge where they were in synchronous thought and feeling. It was a sensation of completeness that she had never felt before, and was happy to be in now.

The bridge went both ways. Now Sy was able to see, and feel, the dream that T'Mur had experienced. The loneliness. The blame. The loss. It was almost too much to experience it again. But they had bonded with the realization that there were no more secrets between them. There couldn't be. So she allowed Sienna to suffer through with her. But in suffering together the suffering seemed more manageable.

::I have never felt anything like this before.::

Sienna watched the dream sequence and reached her other hand out to caress T'Mur's face. It was the first time she had been able to move during a meld. Usually Sienna was caught by the power of T'Mur's



mind and submitted to the enchantment of it. But this time was quite different. Sy knew that she had been very clingy with T'Mur, needing this connection. ::T... Is this because I'm not a Vulcan?: She asked, feeling guilty and worried.

::No, I believe it has to do with deeper feelings in the discovery of the loss of my mother. I realize now that she was the source of my ... difficulties, as I was the source of hers. I am certain that my father believes that ultimately I am the cause of my mother's early death. Perhaps I am. And now... I have a similar responsibility with you. I will not... cannot... let anything happen to you.::

She drove the feelings of her love deeper into Sienna's mind, receiving the same feeling and wrapping her mind around it. ::I have never loved another the way I feel for you. I never realized it was possible.::

Sienna gasped aloud as the connection deepened. ::You won't allow anything to happen. You are my love, my mate. We take care of each other, that is the way of mates, is it not?: She asked, trying for logic over the swamp of emotion of love. It was wonderful. It was all encompassing and it was terrifying. ::Each meld it feels like we are going deeper into the bond, becoming more?: She asked again, her fingers stroking T's cheek gently.

::There is a limit to the depth of the meld. We have yet to meet that threshold.:: She felt that she was belaboring the point and need to ensure that it was not a judgement but a statement of fact, ::We have not had proper time to fully explore it. But when we do... I will be looking forward to it.::

She turned Sienna over and kissed her deeply, her hands going to now familiar places, that elicited the most pleasure from her mate. She smiled, sharing the sensations on top of her own pleasure.

Sienna sighed as T'Mur's hand drifted from her face to finding those specific spots on her body. The one right over her hip caused her to gasp in delight as she blinked up from the depth of the trance, ::That feeling, of us becoming one will never, ever grow old. It is better than the physical.:: She blushed quite a bit.

::No love, it will only grow stronger. It will be difficult to imagine a time without it, eventually.::

::Good. But for now.:: Her lips met T'Mur's as she returned the kisses, ::Let's get you back to sleep. You are everything.:: Her own hands had suddenly remembered how to move again and they began to stroke along T'Mur's back.

The words of assurance was all she needed. Pulling back from the connection, she allowed Sienna's mind to unwind and drift back to sleep. Her mind, stayed connected to a point that was near unrecognizable. Comforted with that T'Mur monitored her breathing, slowing it down, forcing her body to relax, until she too fell asleep, wrapped in Sienna's blanket of love.

As Sienna drifted back off, her hands and body entwined with T'Mur, quite as pleased with the world as she could be, after the last few days.

(reply none)

[illegible][illegible]

Jason patted the wooden box under his arm. "I was hoping to get a few minutes with the Captain

The door opened and a massive Klingon security officer entered the transporter room. He was wearing a full pip. He stopped and gave Nesmith a quick once over. "Commander if you will come with me please, the Captain and Commander Verin are waiting for you in the Captain's dining room. My name is Galk and I was asked to escort you."

Jason looked over the Klingon. If this was Sekal's way to intimidate him or put him off balance. It didn't seem logical but still. Putting a smile on his face, "Excellent!" he said, "Galk, is it. Well then, my good sir, please lead on. "

As they turned left and walked down the corridor Galk replied. "The Captain was released from sickbay one half hour ago and mentioned meeting you in less formal surroundings. And you can relax, I was sent to insure your protection. After the Captain was attacked things have been a bit...tense. All visiting VIP's will have a security retinue as a matter of course until we are sure there will not be a repeat."

“Most thoughtful. I too would like to avoid being attacked. It has to be difficult, walking around your own ship with a shadow.” Nesmith replied, “However, one cannot be too careful these days.”

Galk grunted as they came to the turbolift. "The Captain is not pleased by the idea but the chief of security made him see reason to an extent. Deck 4, Explorers Lounge." He said as the door closed and the lift hummed. Galk was relaxed until the lift stopped. As the door opened he exited first then blocked the entrance and looked both ways. There were two crewmen leaving the lounge ahead that turned and walked away from them, talking excitedly.

The Klingon nodded, moved away from the door and waved Nesmith out. "The Lounge is just ahead."  
 >>  
 (USS Illuminar- Deck 4 - Explorer's Lounge - CO - Captain Sekal, Commander Sienna Verin and  
 Commander Jason Nesmith - 0940)

Sekal was sitting easily in the chair at the head of the table sipping a glass of OJ. A pitcher of water and three glasses were on the table which itself was immaculately covered with a white tablecloth. The Vulcan was much stronger today thanks partially to 2 meals at dinner rather than just one and a hearty breakfast. The dish that resembled oatmeal sent in after the tray ordered by Sienna had been slowly added to his fuel reserves.

Sienna sat beside the Captain, missing her shadow in T'Mur. But she had gotten a sufficient amount of rest for the first time in a few days and smiled as Nesmith entered. The bruises under her eyes were fading and her colour looked better, not as pale.

“Commander, thank you for the assistance.” She spoke first, taking the initiative. “Would you like some refreshment? We have fresh squeezed orange juice from the small grove in the arboretum, one of the Captain’s favorites.” Sienna was being over protective of Sekal and she recognized that, but it would not be changing in the near future.

Nesmith took in the scene. Sekal didn't look bad off, a complement to his medical team for sure. Commander Verin's guard was nowhere to be seen. Either this was a trap or they trusted him enough. Still there was a Klingon nearby.

"Before we get started, a gift to you, Captain Sekal," he said. "Vulcan Brandy, from the master distiller V'Levuk. This is from his 2380 vintage."

Nesmith handed the box to Sekal who took it with an upraised eyebrow. "I regret that I have nothing to give in return Commander, either for this rare gift or the service you have rendered to my ship." He set the box down to his right and looked toward the door. "You may wait outside with the others Mister Galk."

The Klingon nodded, gave Nesmith a long look then walked through the door into the lounge where two others were standing at ease outside.

"I go where Star Fleet sends me. We were close and I am glad we could render service. Our last meeting was, shall we say, strained. I hope we can put that behind us."

Strained? A good word to use. While the Vulcan had not gotten inflamed emotionally about the incident he had also been very vocal about his concerns over what could be and was a dangerous maneuver with 3 ships in close proximity and engaged in warfare activities. Some had been court martialed in their respective services over less and consequently relieved of duty permanently. Some whose consideration of their ships and crews were less might have let the matter go uncontested. Sekal however placed a high value on both. They were not easily replaced or expendable. Most including Luma were sentient life forms. The ship could be replaced but the individuals could not ... ever. The Vulcan remained silent as Nesmith turned his attention to Sekal's first officer. He was being gracious and cordial but the only thing that concerned the Captain was whether the depth of his error had been learned and his outlook corrected.

Turning to Commander Verin, "You are most welcome, Commander." Taking a seat, "Fresh squeezed orange juice would be quite the treat," he added. "Replicators just never get it right."

She smiled and rose, moving to the sideboard to pour two fresh glasses of the tart treat. She then refilled Sekal's glass as well before sitting back down in her seat. "Your people have been amazing. With your help we got 4 days of repairs done in about 30 hours. Our... computer has stopped spitting error codes at us, much to the relief of our engineers. Were there any problems?" She figured that the compliments would make Nesmith feel more at ease.

Jason took the glass and tasted the juice. A smile came over his lips. "No problems at all. The two crews worked on the problems and with twice the supplies, made it easier to get the necessary parts for the repairs."

"You asked if any of the ordnance had survived, and Ensign T'Mur said no. While I knew vaguely that something had been found, we did not know exactly what. Now we do. There were two hell missiles recovered. One is fully armed, the other is in some state of repair." She pushed a PADD across to Nesmith, the images and rough schematics on it. "A copy of the recovered information archive is also on there."

Jason leaned forward and took the PADD. Opening the data, he glanced at it quickly. "This is a huge find, Commander. And your ship is ideally equipped to study these weapons. Have you notified

StarFleet about this yet?" he asked "I know a few folks in Tactical Engineering who will salivate for a live missile."

"As I have just been released from medical I have not had the opportunity to issue a full report." Sekal left the refilled glass on the table for now. "That will be rectified shortly. There is a lot of information on many levels they will wish to be apprised on of which the weapon is only a part." Sekal was content to remain an observer for the most part in this conversation, only adding what was necessary. Sienna had been coordinating with Nesmith since the arrival of the Protector while he sat on the sidelines.

"Indeed. I know Admiral Zh'am is very interested. I spoke to him before coming over. He gave me an overview of your mission as well. Not sure we can be of help, as I have orders to escort the freighter to Earth. Seems the cargo is important to the powers that be there," Jason said. "I wonder how these pirates knew about the freighter."

The phrase "an overview of the mission" left broad territory open to interpretation. Just how much he knew and the Vulcan could say about it was irreconcilable therefore he chose to say little. "As the exact details are classified I am not authorized to discuss them. Suffice it to say they will have much to ponder."

"Operational security and all. I understand," Nesmith replied.

It appeared the Commander had now turned his attention to him for better or for worse. "Indeed." Sekal raised the glass to his lips and drank.

Sienna looked up at the interchange between the two men, "It was my thought that we separate the hell missiles so that there is more chance that one of them gets back to Starfleet for study. It's up to the Captain, though." She knew that she would have given Nesmith the one that was armed and active while letting her people play with and dissect the remaining one. But she was not the Captain and after the last few days, she was so pleased by this.

"Well then," Nesmith replied, "What do you think of that idea Captain? Shall we take one of the missiles back to Earth, since we're heading that way?"

Sekal nodded. "I concur. While one is not completely in working order we can study it as well as complete it if necessary. The Protector can take the completed but unarmed missile back to command. Should this ship be lost it logically needs to be studied back at base."

His head tilted slightly as he gazed at Nesmith. "During the battle Commander Verin had a probe prepared for launch should it become necessary inspired by the one you launched against Illuminar."

Jason looked surprised. "Imitation, they say, is the highest form of flattery," he replied. "Sun Tzu, the military strategist from China once said, 'Know thy self, know thy enemy. A thousand battles, a thousand victories.'" he paused. "It is always good to have a surprise, an ace in the hole, as it were."

Sekal picked up the glass of juice again and took a contemplative sip. "I would concur when in an actual battle not a wargame where StarFleet personnel may lose their lives in the event of the press of an errant command or an error in communication." He set the glass back down. "Let me be frank

Commander. You have an excellent service record and are known for aggressive action. On the frontier highly desirable qualities that will stand your crew in good stead in the event of hostilities and those qualities should not be stifled. But every starship commander also has to learn restraint when warranted. I took no personal umbrage against the tactic and have no quarrel with you. I did however register my concern over the action. While your gift is appreciated it was not necessary. I am not your adversary."

Sienna wanted to put her head in her hands and hold it there, making sounds of sadness. What was Sekal thinking? Things had been going so well. A more emotional, tactful being would have realized that the matter was settled. Instead she leaned comfortably back and kept her frozen mask of politeness on her features. Sekal certainly was not the worst Vulcan about his ability to read the more emotional species. He really should have known better.

"Nor did I consider you an adversary, Captain Sekal. The gift is an exchange between colleagues. From the war game, my team gathered a great deal of information that is helping us formulate new attack strategies, because out on the frontier, we need to keep our powder dry, as they say. It also helped remind my crew of the maxim from Moltke the Elder that no plan survives contact with the enemy, it is how we react to the changes that are the difference between living to fight another day or not." Jason replied.

Sienna decided to intervene carefully, "I just received information that the last of your crew will be done in 75 minutes. I know that you are to escort the freighter and the captured pirate ship, but not to where?"

"The cargo on the freighter is critical for Earth, so that's where we are heading. Slowly, with the tugs if we make warp 5, it'll be a good day," Jason replied. "It will give my crew time to run some drills, and some downtime as well. This is really a milk run, but someone at StarFleet is really eager to get their hands on that freighter."

"I wonder why. If you hear who... clue me in?" She smiled kindly.

"I understand it is carrying needed supplies. I'm guessing metals and minerals, but ours is not to reason why," Nesmith replied.

"Scientific Research and Development on Mars will be expecting the missile and handle its study on that end. I am unfamiliar with those you mentioned but if they are interested in digging into it I would recommend contacting Admiral Saleke." He set the glass of juice aside and poured water from the pitcher into the 3 glasses. Picking up one of them he took a long drink to balance the natural sugars he had consumed.

"Has there been word on a proposed timetable for having the Protector upgraded? There have been a number of breakthroughs you would be interested in. While Utopia Planitia is in a building cycle one dock is kept clear for refits."

"I know that we are in line, but the orders have not been cut yet. Of course, my other concern for a refit is that personnel will take the opportunity to shuffle my crew around," Jason replied.

"A refit of the engines would require three months, two if I have the engineering schematics submitted beforehand with enough available preparation time. The new drive has been proven on Illuminar and the weak links in equipment identified and retrofitted. With the new drive as a base all of the upgrades would be available."

"I know a lot of the tech in the Illuminar is still being kept quiet, but a better engine output and some upgraded phasers would not be remiss," Jason replied.

Sienna simply smiled, a genuine, real smile. She looked down and let the Captain talk about his beloved ship. It was also true that those upgrades would give the Protector some badly needed teeth for these battles.

"A full refit including all upgrades would be 5 months with a margin plus or minus of 3 weeks depending on disposition of the dock engineering complement at UP."

“With the emphasis on rebuilding the fleet, I’d plan for half a year. Maybe they’d let me go teach at the academy for a semester,” Nesmith replied.

"Instructors with recent experience are always highly prized as I understand it." Sekal noted. "If you have the time an early lunch will be served shortly."

"That would be nice," Nesmith replied.

(Reply: None)

(Posted by Charles G (Sekal))

Tim Bushnell (Nesmith) and

Melinda Gatling (Sienna)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar-- Deck 1 -- Ready Room -- CO -- Captain Sekal -- 1035)

He had relieved Sienna after the meeting with Commander Nesmith so that she could go to her quarters for some much needed rest before returning to the bridge at 1800. She had been ordered not to appear before then. She would be taking a six hour shift to be relieved by Lieutenant Gregory at 2400. The schedule would then continue as normal the following day with Sekal relieving him at 0600 and the 8 hour shift routine returning.

He had been in a healing trance for the better part of 3 days during which time they had taken 12 hour rotations. This was not unusual nor was it burdensome under normal conditions. The battle with the marauder ships, tension from the attack on his person, casualties and repairs however were not normal conditions. The 2 needed rest badly and were under orders to take it even if he had to take Doctor Solice up on her offer.

As for himself, his strength was returning quickly and manning the bridge wasn't strenuous. He had left the meeting to make arrangements for the transfer of one of the captured missiles to the Protector where it was to be delivered to Mars Scientific R&D. Admiral Saleke would then take charge over its

dismantling and study. The selected missile would be departing for the Protector within the next 3 hours.

Lieutenant Grey Wolf was currently manning the center seat and would notify him if any irregularities arose. He would be spending time here overseeing the pace of repairs, reading reports that had accumulated over the last 3 days and making reports of his own. One in particular was pressing. "Luma open a channel to StarFleet Command, Admiral Saleke."

There was a squeal from the speakers. =^= Luma is happy! Her Sekal is back in his place and she can speak with her father figure as well. This one is also happy you listened to the Lee small one. =^= She was referring to the security guard standing at attention outside the Ready Room door over and beyond the normal bridge detail.

Sekal shrugged. He had capitulated after deciding that it was an illogical battle to fight. His security guard would be unobtrusive the balance of the time and until the ship was considered safe every command officer would have a shadow.

"Security level Alpha 3, Beta 5, Gamma 2."

The monitor lit up momentarily and the face of the Admiral assigned to research and development appeared.

"Admiral."

=^= Captain. Commander Verin notified me you had awakened from the healing trance. =^=

"20.45 hours ago. Doctor Solice insisted I remain overnight."

=^= Logical. The medical branch have their own decisions to make regarding discharge of a patient.  
=^=

"The crewman who attacked me expired overnight. He was poisoned." Saleke gave him a knowing nod and he continued. "The StarFleet Intelligence Agent will be remaining on the ship and we have a destination. He has personal reasons for seeing the matter through therefore I have given him the task of rooting out any remaining Roanoke operative or operatives aboard. Doctor Solice was able to enter the mind of Sanchez and gather intelligence that may be useful by using an experimental neural linking device. Apparently she had been secretly working on this since he was admitted to sickbay in a coma."

=^= This could have been done using one of the telepaths aboard at the time of death. =^=

"Granted however she did not make that information available and it was fortuitous she was there at the proper time to receive it. His death came on suddenly."

=^= And what was that intelligence? =^=



"A password locked box orbiting Altair IV which she believes holds incriminating evidence. He had no knowledge of who poisoned him or the identity of other operatives aboard. By logical extrapolation I would conclude Interdiction Platform 7."

=^= If the box still exists. It may have been destroyed by the explosion aboard. ^=

"But the station survived largely intact. Conducting a search would seem to be warranted."

=^= Agreed. ^=

"Illuminar recovered 2 missiles such as the one that damaged the ship aboard the disabled vessel. The Protector is bringing one back to Mars as well as towing the freighter. We will be studying the one remaining aboard the ship."

=^= A logical precaution. And your destination? ^=

"Sigma Draconis 6."

=^= I will liase with StarFleet Tactical to have support available if necessary. This is not the last time you will see those missiles. ^=

"Logical. The ship will be ready for departure by 1300 and my officers less the CSO will be ready." At Saleke's questioning look he added. "He was injured in the battle and may require more extensive medical facilities."

=^= Acknowledged. And your science department? ^=

"I have someone available who should be adequate to fill his place for the short term."

"Understood. We will be looking for able officers to add to that department."

"Acknowledged."

=^= Daddy! ^=

=^= Yes Luma. ^=

=^= Those missiles hurt! Luma doesn't like them or the bad little ones who fired them. Luma desires the father figure make the fixes so they will no hurt this one again. ^=

=^= We will be investigating ways of defending against them Luma. ^=

=^= Luma knows but she is not happies. She wants the bad little ones off and the ones who wish to hurt our Sekal. And our brother was bad. He argued with Luma about the Hammons making the protects.  
^=

Sekal shook his head at Saleke's quirked eyebrow. "I acquiesced and will allow a shadow until the danger has passed."

=^= Luma is glad. ^= And indeed she did sound very satisfied then pivoted to scolding. ^= Our Sekal's heart stopped. No wants our Sekal's heart to stop. ^=

"I thought we had gotten past this impediment Luma."

=^= Luma makes the reminds. No wants our Sekal to change his mind. ^=^=

An eyebrow climbed the CO's forehead. "No need Luma, I have given my word."

=^= Good. =^= And with that the Lenai went silent after scolding Sekal before his father.

He shook his head. "Eminently emotional."

=^= Of course, she cares for you. ^=^=

Sekal paused to absorb that. "That is not in question, her methods however can be ... trying."

=^= How well I know. Your daily reports will now go to Admiral Jericho Haynes at Tactical. ^=^=

"Understood and out."

(Reply: Any)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

Sky had been summoned to the Captain's ready room, he knew not what for. Whatever it was he was glad to have the Vulcan back on duty. Sky was far from a powerful empath/telepath but you didn't need to be to read the mood of the crew. It wasn't necessary for a Captain to be loved in order for concern to weigh the crew down and Vulcans were not near the top on the list of loveable races. He was respected however and that counted.

Sekal motioned him to a chair as he finished reading the latest engineering report. That done he turned his attention to the younger man who looked Vulcan in every way but temperament.

"Mr. Winters you are aware of the current status of your department head?"

"Yes sir." Sky shot back. "We are all worried about him and hope he pulls through. What are the plans for his treatment? Are we going to drop him off at a medical facility?"

"There is no medical facility adjacent to the route to our next objective that meets or exceeds the standards of our own medical department."

Sky's eyes narrowed. "You mean we aren't going to divert to a facility where he can get the best care?"

"Do you have such a facility in mind Ensign?"

Skashe didn't catch the change in title immediately, he had gone from concerned to indignant. "Well no sir but there has to be someplace better equipped to handle his case like the neural facility on Vulcan was for the tactical chief."

Sekal shook his head. "There is not one immediately available and the mission..."

"Damn the mission!" Sky stood to his feet, his face going from normal hue to scarlet. "The mission can't be more important than a life."

The CO's tone didn't change. "The mission impacts countless lives Mister Winters and I suggest you return to your seat while I inform you of your role in it."

It then hit Skashe like a ton of bricks that he had let his temper get out of control. He closed his eyes for an instant, took a deep breath then opened them as he sat down. "Yes sir." He didn't apologize though, the situation was galling.

The Vulcan placed his hands together and formed a "V" with his index fingers as he continued.

"Our medical department is well qualified to oversee the case until a more suitable facility is available. In the meanwhile you will be taking bridge duty in place of Lieutenant Alyl and reporting to me on developments within the department."

Skashe nodded his head slowly, he was thankful there had been no mention of a promotion, that would have been chilling. Instead he had been called into a temporary, expanded role. "Understood sir."

"Bridge duty on alpha shift begins at 0600 tomorrow. I will expect to see you then."

Sky almost groaned. He wasn't an extreme afternoon person like Commander Verin but he was no early riser either. "Yes sir."

"Are there any questions?"

"I don't have to use the CSO's office do I?"

"No, the CSRD office is on deck 7 where you typically use the labs. You may access the computer there to review operations and compile your reports."

Sky stifled another groan. Paperwork! "Yes sir."

"Any questions on your duties may be directed to me."

"Yes sir, thank you sir. Let's hope Lieutenant Alyl is back on his feet soon." The sooner he was rid of his new duties the better.

"Indeed. That is all."

Skashe got to his feet and left the office as Sekal returned to catching up on his own backlog of paperwork.

(Reply: Any)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

Lee had gathered together specifically the human security officers for what he described as his Situation Awareness talks or someone remarked 'How to avoid being a Red Shirt casualty!' However recent events showed the need for his Security Officers to develop an attitude of situation awareness in whatever circumstances. So he sent out an invitation to the cadets and the human security officers. It was a voluntary attendance but as far as most people were concerned, it really meant that you were expected to be present. He didn't bother with inviting the other species like the Klingons and the Andorians who had a general attitude of 'if there is a possible threat..attack with honour. To suggest that you retreat would be..what's the word..dishonourable. Humans were different!

“What are the fears that you fear most?” Lee looked around at his audience, hoping that someone would contribute. “Being in situations where escape might be difficult or that help wouldn't be available if things go wrong. The fear of flying a shuttle. The irrational fear of confined spaces like being in a Jeffries tube. Transporter phobia. Telling jokes in a comedy club consisting of an audience of Vulcans. Having the air in your environmental suit leaking out. Eating gagah for the first time in front of Klingons. Being challenge to a Vulcan's blood fever. Going out on a space walk for a repair.”

He looked around again. Anyone like to share any stories. Oh I want to make it clear..there is no comeback so you free to speak. Nothing is being recorded.”

(reply anyone)

“Thank you. You will experience at some time in your career exposures to a threat..whether physically or mentally. Everyone will have different reactions. Thee reactions are called our Fight, Flight or Freeze responses. I call it the F3 response. If it's a threat that you can overpower, you will go into fight mode. If it's a threat that you can outrun, its called going into flight mode. If it's a threat where you

think you do neither – you freeze. You may have a different response to the same stimuli. No matter what your particular response to fear may be, the most important thing is to know and understand it so you can control it. F3 is your body's way of arming to help protect you. You can be more aware and alert. The result is that it will help you to make a decision – to fight or shoot someone or run away - flight. The flight response occurs when you feel the threat is more than you can handle. I have to say, that the flight response is designed to protect you by getting you out of a dicy situation as quickly as possible. Freeze occurs when you are so overwhelmed by a perceived threat that you can't respond. Of course, it all depends on the situation that you find yourself in and how you probably want to respond.

“So how do we put F3 into action.” Said one of the cadets.

“For example. Well the next time you feel the need to flee, take a moment to consider if that’s the best way to handle it. Maybe getting away is indeed the best thing you can do, or maybe staying to assess the situation or fight is actually a safer or more practical option. I tell you the more control you’ll be able to deal with difficult situations and cope in the world. Again anyone want to share any examples of how you dealt with the situation Something that we can learn”

(reply anyone)

(posted by John)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar-- Deck 1 -- Ready Room -- CO -- Captain Sekal -- 1130)

"Captain's log stardate twenty four, forty six, zero two, zero five. The events of the preceding three days unfolded quickly after the murder attempt on my person by crewman Sanchez. While I was in the healing trance the ship received a distress call by the Freighter Edmund Fitzgerald.

Commander Verin who had assumed command due to my incapacitation responded to the distress call to find the ship beset by three pirate vessels of Orion origin and being manned by predominantly Orion crews.

Commander Verin made the correct call in engaging the enemy in order to save what remained of its crew. Four surviving crewmen were subsequently recovered. Lieutenant Gregory also performed admirably.

During the battle the enemy used missiles of unknown alien origin against the ship. One penetrated our shields and caused severe damage. One marauder ship was destroyed in the battle, one captured and the third fled the field. Two of those missiles were recovered from the captured ship and are being studied, one of which is being sent back to Mars for official study via the USS Protector which arrived later on the scene in support. The Protector will also be towing the freighter back to Mars for repairs and to deliver the materials earmarked for use in the Fleet expansion effort.

Lieutenant Ayl was injured during the battle and is in a coma. Crewmen Sanchez was poisoned after capture and has expired but not before our chief medical officer extracted possibly vital information from him.

Ship repairs are almost completed due to assistance from the Protector and Commander Nesmith. We will be enroute to Sigma Draconis six in approximately two point five hours where we expect to find the source of these new weapons and shut it down.

Roanoke is active amongst the crew and in the Fleet. It is to be hoped that the evidence we tentatively expect to find in orbit around Altair six will unmask those who are hiding amongst us. In the meanwhile the StarFleet Intelligence agent aboard will be attempting to uncover those in our immediate midst.

The new officers are settling in effectively and in the event of my loss I know Illuminar is in capable hands.

End log."

(Reply: None)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

Having completed the Captain's log Sekal turned his attention to other matters. The first was the consideration of an entry of Captain's final words should they be called for. Logically all things came to an end and he would be no exception. Whether in the near future at the hands of a Roanoke assassin or 150 years from now on Vulcan or some colony world his katra would be harvested, perhaps containing lessons for future generations but more likely to gather dust on some shelf like those containers in the Chamber of the Ancients beneath the monestary on Mount Sehlaya.

This brought the thought of the second item onto his itinerary. Reaching for the comm he activated it. "Counselor Reea to the Ready Room please."

(Reply: Reea)

While he waited he finalized some reports and forwarded them to command. The list was extensive but contained no sensitive materials. Those that dealt with the meat of the mission would be heavily encrypted.

He looked up when the door chimed. "Come."

(Reply: Reea)

"Please sit Counselor." He nodded to one of the chairs set opposite to him. When she was seated he continued. "Due to the events of the last 3 days I have a duty I would like for you to perform."

(Reply: Reea)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

The time for departure had been delayed due to the transfer of the missile to the Protector. The Work Bee had encountered a slight issue upon returning and was currently being repaired in bay 2. The loss of the shuttle Leif Erikson was not an issue at this time and it would be replaced upon the return to Mars. Should shuttle operations be called for they had ample shuttlecraft available for Sigma Draconis Six.

"Lieutenant Grey Wolf set course for the Antares Star Cluster, planet Regulus III. Warp factor 8."

"Aye sir." The flight ops/conn officer sounded pleased, of what he had no clue.

He opened a shipwide intercom as the warp drive powered up with a low pitched whine then the vessel entered warp and continued gaining speed.

"All hands this is the Captain. Illuminar is now on course for Regulus three, estimated time of arrival two days, three hours and twelve minutes. Once arrived we will be offloading the enemy combatants and survivors from the Edmund Fitzgerald. When that is accomplished we will be continuing to our primary objective. The missions and movements of this vessel over the preceding three months have not been coincidental but by design. Once we are close to our objective I will update you on our mission goals and objectives."

He turned off the comm.

"Ensign T'Mur report from Tactical."

(Reply: T'Mur)

"Lieutenant Grey Wolf report."

"All systems performing normally Captain. Course matched and we have reached cruising speed of warp eight. She's responding flawlessly."

"Ensign Winters report."

Sky had been called onto the bridge to monitor the science station for the send-off. This type of thing he didn't mind, it was exciting. "Long range sensors are clear, showing no signs of enemy activity. Short range sensors active as well. Space is clear, nothing to report at this time."

The Captain activated the comm. "Engineering report on the warp drive and auxiliary power status."

(Reply: Engineering)

The CO settled back into the command chair, his shadow not far away.

(Reply: All listed, any)

(Posted by Charles G)





Gregory nodded. "Very good SPOTS. How about we go for a walk?"

"That would be agreeable Master."

[illegible]

He had returned to his office to continue extricating himself from the backlog. Once again Lieutenant Grey Wolf was overseeing operations on the bridge. The updates on the personnel files were the next priority.

"Counselor Trei to the Ready Room." He then switched off the comm and made his way to the replicator. He had come through the physical ordeal well but was still burning through fluids and his mouth was dry. He took the pitcher of water and glass back to the desk and continued working.

He looked up at the sound of the chime. "Come".

He motioned Ariel to a chair. "Sit down please Lieutenant. I have something to discuss with you."

(Reply: Trei)

He clasped his hands on the desk with index fingers forming a "V".

"Lieutenant I have a special assignment for you that will entail working in security for the foreseeable future. Your duties will be as a profiler in essence. You will go exhaustively through personnel files and interview suspects to track down the infiltrators in our midst and assure no others come aboard. As you will be working with Security you will be under Chief Lee and give him every assistance. You will have the office of Extra-Sensory Investigations. Do you have any questions so far?"

(Reply: Trei)

"You will continue to be called upon by me in situations which require your talents as in the past. I believe your skill set will be more suited to this new role as you are uniquely qualified."

(Reply: Trei)

"One other thing. Mister Weston of whom you are aware will be remaining aboard the ship and attempting to root out Roanoke infiltrates aboard. He will no doubt be less than enthusiastic about your assistance however I expect you to lend yourself in support of his endeavor."

(Reply: Trei)

"Do not forget to replicate yourself new uniforms, you are no longer in Counseling but Security."

(Reply: Trei)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar-- Deck 1 -- Ready Room ESIO LT JG Ariel Trei - 17.05)

She walked in to the ready room and took a seat. She listened to what Captain Sekal had to say to her. The idea of her being a profiler was new to her. She really hasn't done this kind of thing before but she was very intrigued at the sound of it. She will look very different in a gold uniform dress. At least it wasn't dress whites. She has voiced the fact that she looked like a lit candle many times. She suspected that she would look like possibly a French fry dipped in Heinz ketchup or a red crayon with a gold wrapper. It was way better than the way she looked in dress whites. She had a few questions on her new assignment such as how she will be referred to.

"I have a few questions sir. Will I retain my rank and how will I be referred to? When do I report to Chief Lee?"

She imagined herself as a secret agent. Her code name Red Fins sounded cool but she probably looked more like the Ghost Rider with her red hair. Ghost Rider as of legend was the devil's messenger to reclaim fugitive souls back to hell. In a way, that was what she would be doing so she really liked the code name Ghost Rider. She will discuss this with Chief Lee. The part about working with Weston, that will take time to work out. She looked at Captain Sekal for answers to her questions.

(Reply Sekal)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible][illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 4 - Officers Lounge - COps/3rdO Lieutenant Dieter Gregory - 1730)

He was hungry, so off to the Officers lounge he went. The repairs were complete for the most part, but there was still a lot of cleanup to be done. As he walked down the hall, SPOTS followed. The robot dog began to walk on the wall next to Gregory. "Good your magnetic systems are working."

"Affirmative, Master. All systems are good. And Lieutenant Akimoto sends her regards, and hopes you will not be upset with the special features she has added."

Gregory looked concerned. "Indeed. Please describe these features."

"Please input access code."

Gregory shook his head as they entered the lounge. Reolra was on duty so he sat at the bar.

"Gregory, didn't you see the sign? No pets allowed."

"This is a working dog there Reolra, so has the run of the ship."

"Affirmative. I am in perfect working order," the dog said as it bounded up to the bar top. "Recognize Reolra Dosar," it said.

SPOTS sat down, and there was the distinct sound of a replicator. Moments later, SPOTS got up, and where he was sitting there was a heart shaped object, wrapped in shiny metal.

"And what, pray tell is that?" Gregory asked.

"A chocolate." the dog replied.

Reolra picked it up, and unwrapped it. She took a bite, "This is very good. You can come by anytime SPOTs."

(Reply, anyone in lounge)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible][illegible]

(USS Illuminar - deck 2 - Officers Mess - 2000)

Yes, the Captain had told him to rest. He'd done that. Eight full hours of sleep. He was not going to miss the gamma shift ritual. Especially now, it was critical to make sure his team was on their game. The stress of the last 48 hours would have a toll on everyone.

Tonight it would be replicator food, but it was the group dynamic that was important.

He sat at the head of the table, with SPOTS at his side. The team knew about his pet project, and it was time to test it out on bridge duty.

Everyone took their usual seats. Gregory looked around, "Ok, one word. One word only to describe how you feel right now," he said. "I'll start it off. I am aggravated."

CPO Eileen Collins, his helm officer shook her head, "I am worried," she said.

Ensign Morgenthall spoke next, "I am Dismayed"

"I feel Hostile," commented Sam Falcon, the tactical officer.

Ensign Collins, the science officer on duty added, "I'm hopeful."

Gregory smiled, trust Lily to be the upbeat one of the shift.

CPO Musk, the Bolian engineer, "I am thankful."

"Thank you. Tonight will be another shift. We go by the book, and do our job to the best of our ability. I want extra attention paid to our long-range scanners. We captured the warp signature of the third

marauder. Make sure that we have alerts out for that signature. Even if it's a false alarm, I'd like rather know than not."

The six started eating, trying to get to normal - not normal. The Illuminar had been in battle, and while she emerged victorious, it was not without a heavy cost. He had the least experienced group, which was common on gamma watch. He would have to organize some drills on the holodeck for the team. He'd have to get his holographic mentors to come and help them all improve as well as learn to get through this. There was no other way than through an event like this.

"Lieutenant... Illuminar to Lieutenant Gregory ," Morganthall said.

Shaking his head, "Sorry, was lost in thought. With the Captain back, we'll be able to get back to some normal shifts."

"That wasn't what we were asking, Sir. How did the programming from Mars work out."

Gregory nodded. "We will see tonight. It'll be his first shift on the bridge as well, so be nice to him."

The team started chatting like before. The tension might be broken for now. He hoped it would be a quiet shift, but that third raider was out there, and there was always a boom.

(reply those in the Officers Mess)

(posted by Tim)

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Personal Quarters - Deck 6 -- EO Ensign Scott Matrix - 00451)

Scott had been discharged from sickbay, on medication but otherwise none the worse for his ordeal. Others had suffered far worse. The CMO and duty nurse did a fine job with the knitter and so it was back to his quarters and some rest...though there was much to be done.

Still a bit groggy, Scott donned a fresh uniform, took his medications and managed to eat a standard TKL. Two of the PADDs he had nearby weren't working, nor were the comm panels, and general computer access. He opened his locker and pulled out another PADD, punched in his access code. The yellow PADD immediately connected to the ship's computer and accessed the damage report, a make-shift duty roster and the latest engineering communications. It wasn't pretty.

[illegible]

The ship was in pieces, but everyone was relatively organized and attending to their respective jobs. Entering engineering, Scott immediately assessed the situation and began to prioritize repairs and personnel.

"Matrix to bridge!"

(Posted by Steve)

(USS Illuminar -- Engineering Deck 11 -- Medics Klinger and Rizzo -- 0530)

“There he is, Rizzo,” Klinger said quietly as he scouted out engineering. The two medics stood behind Matrix.

(Reply Matrix)

(posted by Kris)

(USS Illuminar - Engineering Deck 11 – Ensign Matrix - 0534)

Scott propped himself up at the main console and had begun his clandestine work again. The algorithm he created had been terminated due to the attack and was a low priority routine. Something that wouldn't cause suspicion or alert the security board. He enabled it again, but this time in a deep subset of the main computer. There it could run uninterrupted, hopefully gathering the data the captain instructed.

“There he is, Rizzo, Mr. Matrix. We are Medics Kinger and Rizzo. We are under orders to have you return to sickbay.”

Startled, Scott was taken by surprise.

"What? I'm on duty..." Scott started.

“Why did you leave anyway?”

“The ship was under attack and there is work to be done...now please I have things to do.” He continued. Scott tapped execute on the input console. In an instant the algorithm began its work.

(Reply Klinger, Rizzo)

(Posted by Steve)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Engineering Deck 11 – Medics Maxwell Klinger and Luther Rizzo - 0536)

“The ship was under attack and there is work to be done...now please I have things to do.” He continued. Scott tapped execute on the input console. In an instant, the algorithm began its work.

Rizzo steps up with a Vulcan Vapor stick in his mouth and reveals a PADD. "It say right here on this here PADD you have not been released by the Doc. "

Klinger follows by including, "Yeah, we don't like runners."

(Reply Matrix)

"Are you saying that Ole Doc Solice released you, cuz she did not sign off this here release?" Rizzo replies.

(Reply Matrix)

"I think he still have some of that brain damage." Rizzo comment.

"I hope we do not have to do this the hard way, I may rip my skirt," Klinger replied.

(Reply Matrix)

(posted by Kris)

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