

Mission: Guess Who's Coming to Dinner

Day: 2

Stardate: 2446.09.19

[illegible][illegible]

(Starbase Freedom -Medical Department- CMO - Lt. Commander Dryliandrin - 1003)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13 - Security Chief's Office - CSec - Lt. Hank Samuels- 1004)

(Starbase Freedom - Medical Department- CMO - Lt. Commander Dryliandrin - 1005)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 6 - Authorized Diplomatic Level - Conference Room - CO - Captain Casian Dahr - 1005)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13 - Security Chief's Office - CSec - Lt. Hank Samuels- 1006)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 6 - Authorized Diplomatic Level - Conference Room LT Raven Green - 1007)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 6 - Authorized Diplomatic Level - Corridor - Captain Casian Dahr, Commander Quinna Solice- 1010)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 6 - Authorized Diplomatic Level - Romulan Office - Senator Kasic - 1012)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 6 - Authorized Diplomatic Level LT Raven Green - 1013)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 2 - Turbo Lift - CSec - Lt. Hank Samuels - 1015)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 2 - Main Ops - Operations Officer - Ensign Greg Parsons - 1016)

(Starbase Freedom -medical Department- CMO - Lt. Commander Dryliandrin - 1017)

(Starbase Freedom - Medical Department- CMO - Lt. Commander Dryliandrin - 1018)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 6 - Authorized Diplomatic Level LT Raven Green - 1020)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 2 - Conference Room - - Captain Casian Dahr, Commander Quinna Solice, Tixen Toks, Lt. Hank Samuels and Dr. Gailus Penn - 1022)

(Starbase Freedom – Command Center – XO Quinna Solice – 1024)

Starbase Freedom - Level 2- Operations- Tixen Toks - 1027)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 12 - Science Lab 1- Civilian Scientist - Dr. Gailus Penn - 1030)

(Starbase Freedom – Level 6 – Authorized Diplomatic Level – Romulan Senate Chamber – XO Quinna Solice – 1031 hours)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 6 - Authorized Diplomatic Level - Romulan Senator's Office - Captain Casian Dahr, and Dr. Gailus Penn - 1035)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 2- Medical Level- Tixen Toks- 1037)

Starbase Freedom - Level 6- Diplomatic Quarters - Tixen Toks- 1039)

Starbase Freedom - Level 6- restricted Diplomatic Quarters- Tixen Toks- 1042)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 6 - Authorized Diplomatic Level - Romulan Senator's Office - Captain Casian Dahr and Dr. Gailus Penn- 1044)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 2- Medical Level- Tixen Toks- 1045)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13 - Brig LT Raven Green - 1050)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 6 - Authorized Diplomatic Level - Conference Room - Senator Kasic, Ambassador A'Auton, Ambassador Zandrea Reed- 1052)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 6 - Authorized Diplomatic Level- Romulan Office - Captain Casian Dahr, T'xen Toks, Dr. Gailus Penn, Commande Quinna Solice - 1053)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13 - Brig - LT Raven Green - 1054)

[illegible]

Stardate: 2446.09.20)

[illegible][illegible]

Drylandrian pushed his terminal away and picked up a padd and reviewed the most serious cases and the upcoming issues.

He used it and ipdsted his report and sent it off to Starfleet medical and Captain Dahr.

That was when he noticed it. A strange humming. Then a cloud that seemed to rise from the floor and then vanish into the ventilation system.

(Reply any)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13 - Security Chief's Office - CSec - Lt. Hank Samuels- 1004)

Hank had been looking at the security sensors throughout the station, looking for some indication of ... what? He had no idea what he was looking for. But he kept looking. Suddenly his comm beeped, =^=Doctor Drylandrian to security and Ops. I just had an unusual experience.=^=

He tapped his badge, “This is security. Could you define ‘unusual experience?’”

He knew that a new medical officer had arrived in station but hadn't had time to meet him. His file sat on his desk for security clearances.

(reply Drylindrian)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Medical Department- CMO - Lt. Commander Dryliandrin - 1005)

=^=This is security. Could you define 'unusual experience'?=^=

Dryliandrin grabbed his medical tricorder with the medical probe and pointed it at the cloud as the last portions of it moved up toward the vent.

“I can. At first I thought it was an environmental issue like a gaseous compound, but it sparkles like dust particles fetching sunlight in wind. It also phased out of the deck plating and hovered seems to love through the vent system..... well 1/8 of a meter from the vent system actually and has just left through the floor. Scanning it now.....”

(Reply Hank, any)

"It registers as mostly unidentified mass with traces of antimatter. There must be a mistake with my scanner. The particles would have exploded in contact with the decking or the air."

(Reply Hank, any)

"No it's left my office. Should I clear the deck?"

Dryliandrin asked. “Also, I just forwarded the tricorder readings.”

(Reply any)

Dryliandrin slid the sensor probe back in the medical tricorder without looking at it. The ease of practiced maneuvers and he rounded his desk and examined the decking. “Not a tell tale sign of movement through matter, oh wait.

Computer, activate monitor and play back visuals of the last minute or two with sensors reading overlay. Share this with security.”

(Posted by tinmanjayc)

Dahr watched as everyone left the room. They had been together for a little more than an hour but he felt as though they'd been at it for days. And strangely enough, things seemed to be going well. Too well.

He got up and left the conference room to find Raven Green still standing guard. He looked at the security officer and nodded.

(reply Green)

However, his “feelings” kept him and his crew alive during the war. He’d learned to trust them implicitly.

(posted by Al Muir)

=^=I can. At first I thought it was an environmental issue like a gaseous compound, but it sparkles like dust particles fetching sunlight in wind. It also phased out of the deck plating and hovered seems to leave through the vent system..... well 1/8 of a meter from the vent system actually and has just left through the floor. Scanning it now.....=^=

“Through the floor?” Hank asked. “Was it alive?”

=^=It registers as mostly unidentified mass with traces of antimatter. There must be a mistake with my scanner. The particles would have exploded in contact with the decking or the air.=^=

"Perhaps," Samuels replied, "unless it was

A more stable substance with non-coalescent properties. Is it still there?"

=^=No, it left my office. Should I clear the deck? Also, I just forwarded the tricorder readings.=^=
“No,” the security replied, “if it was going to do something dangerous there it should have already done it. But I will send a team to check it out.”

He looked down at his own tricorder to see the readings coming through. In over five hundred years he hadn't seen anything like it.

=^=Not a tell tale sign of movement through matter, oh wait. Computer, activate monitor and play back visual of the last minute or two with sensors reading overlay. Share this with security.=^=

"Thank you Doctor," Hank said. I'll take this under advisement. Samuels out."

A call came in right after from T'xen Toks to meet with the team in the conference room. He downloaded the readings to his PADD and headed out.

(reply none)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 6 - Authorized Diplomatic Level - Conference Room LT Raven Green - 1007)

She saw Senator Kasik leave the conference room. Captain Dahr then approached her to follow him close but not draw attention. She took that to mean use her unique morphing abilities to get the job done. She was game for that. She followed him by doing a transparent fluid slide along the wall as she followed him while making sure to blend into the wall if he turns around to see if anyone is following him. She didn't do this often so it was a learning experience. She was having a good time doing while it lasted.

(Reply Any)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 6 - Authorized Diplomatic Level - Corridor - Captain Casian Dahr, Commander Quinna Solice- 1010)

As the changeling left Dahr had to wonder if the girl really understood what the word discreet meant. He had to hope. But he also knew that she was probably the best bet on keeping the Romulan safe.

He moved to the turbo lift and tapped his comm badge. "Dahr to Solice, status report."

“Station is secure. I have not found anything on internal sensors. Not sure what I am looking for.”

“I have the rest of the day off,” he told her. “Gather your team and let’s see where we’re at.”

"Yes, Sir. I will have Dr. Penn and Mr. Toks meet us in the conference room."

Dahr nodded, realizing that he was alone and said, "Excllent. Meet you in 10 minutes."

He closed the channel and headed towards the turbo lift.

(reply none)

(posted by Al and Kris)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 6 - Authorized Diplomatic Level - Romulan Office - Senator Kasic - 1012)

Kasic led his small entourage of Romulan guards to the offices that he'd been assigned. He had to admit that he was impressed by Dahr's demeanor and how his protocol officer moved so swiftly to adorn the outside of his office with pennants and flags of the Republic.

He entered the office, leaving the guard outside, to find that it also had trappings of his station, including a large desk. He took a moment to familiarize himself with the desk before he opened his bag and removed his personal computer. The Federation and Romulan governments had come a long way over the past decades, but old divinations still created needs for security procedures, including having your own computer system linked to your ship.

He began to compose a communique to the Republican Senate on the progress of the negotiations. He was feeling a little more comfortable with the deal moving forward. Part of that was the comfort he was having with this human ambassador, Reed. Unlike the reported reputation of her predecessor, which painted the Federation in a very poor light, she seemed very straight forward and perhaps even impartial.

Unlike most of the new senate Kasic had earned his way to his position. He attained and retained his role through hard work and trusting his instincts. His initial instincts on Reed were very positive. However those same instincts suddenly made him realize that something was wrong.

Kasic looked up from his work only to see a late, middle aged Trill suddenly appear, as though he walked through a wall.

“What is this?” he managed to say before he noted the weapon coming out off his belt.

Before he had time to call out the weapon fired. Kasic threw himself to the floor, but was a little slow. The energy blast struck the outside of his left shoulder and threw him against the wall... hard. The wall knocked what little air he had left out and he could see black circles begin to close in as he started to lose consciousness.

His last sight was a pair of work boots walking towards him.

(reply Green?)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 6 - Authorized Diplomatic Level LT Raven Green - 1013)

Raven saw a trill phase through a wall and fire an energy weapon on Senator Kasic. She didn't know who it was but the blast hit Kasic in the shoulder, sending him against the wall knocking the wind out of him and rendering him unconscious. She saw the trill close in on Kasic. She had to move fast. She assumed her chosen form and moved to get in between Kasic and the trill. When she did this she recognized the trill was Dolan Gahns. She did not know what Dolan Gahns was doing with this and why but she had to contain him. She thought it better to contain Dolan from behind as to not get hit from an energy weapon. It would hurt her some but also it would take some generation to heal the blast from the energy weapon. She slid in behind Dolan and wrapped her arms around him in the gelatinous form effectively holding him against her body. She used a gelatinous finger to tap the COMM badge then go back to contain mode.

"Green to Samuels. I have Dolan Gahns contained at the Diplomatic Level Quarters where Senator Kasic is assigned. There has been an attempt to assassinate him. Come quickly. Green out."

She would be able to hear the response on the COMM and talk into it easily enough until told to break containment. She waited.

(Reply Samuels, Any)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 2 - Turbo Lift - CSec - Lt. Hank Samuels - 1015)

The doors to the turbo lift had just closed when Samuels' comm badge chirped.

=^=Green to Samuels. I have Dolan Gahns contained at the Diplomatic Level Quarters where Senator Kasic is assigned. There has been an attempt to assassinate him. Come quickly. Green out.=^=

Hank sighed. It was a good thing that Captain Dahr had asked her to watch over the senator. He tapped his comm badge.

“Roger that, Lieutenant,” he replied. “I’m on my way.”

He tapped the panel for the turbo lift and said, “Level six, security priority.”

Suddenly his comm badge chirped again, ^=Dahr to security.=^=

Hank tapped his badge again. “Samuels here. You must be psychic Captain, I was about to contact you. There’s been an... incident in the Romulan Senator’s office.”

The CO’s reply was stern but he did not sound surprised. ^=Secure the scene, I’m en route.=^=

“Roger that,” he said as the turbo lift stopped and opened its doors.

(Starbase Freedom - Level 6 - Authorized Diplomatic Level - Romulan Senate Chamber - CSec Lt. Hank Samuels - 1018)

Hank made his way to the Romulan’s suite to find the Romulan security men pointing their disruptors at Green, who was sitting looking the picture of innocence.

“At easy, gentlemen,” Hank said as he stepped around the two Romulans between him and Green. They relaxed their stance, slightly, but did not holster their weapons.

He surveyed the scene noting Kasic, laying on the floor, unconscious, and Gahns sitting in a corner in a near fetal position, staring at Green in horror.

He moved to check on the unconscious Romulan then tapped his comm badge.

“Samuels to Main Medical I have a Romulan on level six who requires immediate medical attention.”

(reply Dryliandrin)

“Report, Lieutenant,” he barked at Green.

(reply Green, Dahr, Solice, Dryliandrin)
(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

The holographic display on the Ops station flashed red catching Parsons' attention. He began to tap on the interface to analyze the readings. Parsons was human but his reaction was almost Vulcan. He raised an eyebrow and whispered, "Fascinating."

He smiled and realized that the time he spent with the Vulcan science academy may have had a more lasting effect than he realized. But it was fascinating. He tapped his comm badge.

“Ops to Captain Dahr,” he called out.

=^=Dahr here.=^=

"Sir, something... odd has happened," Parsons reported.

Dahr entered main ops and headed over to Parsons' station "Report, Mr. Parsons."

“Sir, I’ve picked up a series of gravimetric distortions on level 19,” the Ops officer said.

"Level 19? That's a civilian level," Dahr noted.

"Indeed," Parsons replied. "What's even more interesting is that going through the sensor logs I've noted several similar incidents throughout the base, but mostly on level 19."

“Can you lock down the location?” Dahr asked.

“Already have,” Parsons grinned. “Right...,” he pulled up a map of the level, “here. The computer has it as quarters assigned to a civilian engineer named Dolan Gahns. Wait a minute.”

The display flashed again, “There’s been another incursion. Level 6, authorized diplomatic floor.”

Dahr tapped his comm badge, “Dahr to security.”

=^=Samuels here. You must be psychic Captain, I was about to contact you. There's been an... incident in the Romulan Senator's office.=^=

“Secure the scene,” Dahr ordered, “I’m en route.” He closed the channel and turned to his os officer. “Lock out access to both diplomatic levels except for the command officers, and get a security team to Gahns’ quarters.”

"Aye sir," Parsons said as the captain turned and headed out of main operations.

(Reply Raven)

He nodded and gave her a second look picking up no emotion or telepathy from the ‘woman’
“Minor cell damage from a badly designed phaser on stun. Minor contusion to the head.
Bruising where he fell.”

He administered a hypo spray and looked toward the EMT assisting him. "He can be moved let's get him on the couch so he can be more comfortable."

The diplomat was already stirring from the stimulant and Drin administered a second hypo for the headache he'd certainly have from the neurological blitz the phaser would have caused. "Sir, you are alright. We have you safe and you are in your quarters. How do you feel?"

(Reply any)

(Posted by tinmanjayc)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Medical Department- CMO - Lt. Commander Dryliandrin - 1018)

=^= level 6 who needs immediate medical attention, ^= Samuels voice came over the comm.

Dryliandrin smirked and rounded the nurses station where he'd been going over reports with the floor lead. He nodded to them as he grabbed his bag and put it cross over his right shoulder to rest on this left hip.

The team assembled in the center of the room.

Drin tapped his comm badge. “Acknowledging medical alert, en route.”

He looked up. “Computer, three for site to site transport to medical alert location on level 6.”

The station's AI, ever present and quirky said, "Help is on the way," in a somewhat clipped British accent causing Drin's eyebrow to shoot up curiously. The transport beam took them at that moment and through the beam he watched the image of the medical deck.

(Starbase Freedom - Level 6 - Authorized Diplomatic Level LT Raven Green - 1019)

Samuels called for Raven to report on what happened. Raven maintained control over Gahns until told not to.

"I saw a man phase through a wall of Senator Kasic's quarters. Since I don't have the same ability I slid under the door in a gel or slime then assumed my chosen form to find the man firing an energy weapon upon Kasic. the result of the blast hit him in the shoulder knocking him against the wall rendering him unconscious. I could not prevent to energy blast but was able to contain the man as you see in the corner. It appears the man is Dolan Gahns. What he is up to I don't know sir."

Quinna entered the conference room, a touch of frustration flickering beneath her composed expression—she'd made it a goal to be the first, but the Captain and Chief of Security had already beaten her there. She was raised to believe that if you weren't first, you were late. She took a steadying breath and nodded. "Captain. Lieutenant." Then she moved efficiently to her seat, eyes already scanning the table.

Dahr nodded and smiled weakly. The dull ache behind his eyes still drummed lightly away. "Commander, help yourself to a refreshment. I'm kind of regretting my decision to give up coffee."

"I'll manage," Quinna replied evenly, though she noted the tension in his face. She didn't say anything more, but she tucked the observation away for later. Commanders didn't diagnose—at least not officially.

Toks entered the room examining holographic information just above his pads. He nodded at the others and took a seat.

Moments later Penn stepped inside. He looked around tentatively and smiled broadly at Quinna. "Ah, there you are, Doctor Quinna. And Captain Dahr. I'm not sure who these gentlemen are, but this one looks like a security officer. I will assume the chief of security?"

"Lt. Hank Samuels," the chief introduced himself. "A pleasure," Penn replied as he moved to the table. He placed a large PADD on the table and set a device beside it. His other hand placed a small flask on the table. He opened the flask and a few sparks and smoke escaped from the opening. Placing the flask to his lips he took a drink. His eyes widened briefly then his face relaxed.

"Ahhh, yes," the Benzite sighed, "that's much better." He shrugged as he looked around the table. "Sorry, a leftover from my partner, Dr. Teller. A little something he called the Tamarian Tornado. It'll wake you up in the morning."

Dahr sat back and looked around the table expectantly. He pursed his lips then began. "Okay people, where do we start?"

"Marai confirms a temporal transport has occurred. She is attempting to triangulate where and the when. She knows that it occurred somewhere between medical and the social habitat section," Toks reported first, figuring he may as well get his part out of the way.

Hank put his PADD on the table and activated the holoprojector function. The scene of the phosphorescent substance phasing through the flooring of the medical offices displayed.

"I think we can confirm the where," he said. "And it was in Medical as early as 1005, base time. Is that what I think it is?"

"Programmable antimatter!" Toks' eyes widened. "This is consistent with the images of the station destruction. Those particles would be able to disperse across a wide area of the station."

Quinna leaned forward slightly, her tone cool and commanding. "If that programmable antimatter was active near Medical at 1005, we need to prioritize immediate triage protocols and

bioscans for all personnel in that area. Even low-level exposure could cause neurological or psychological symptoms that might not be immediately obvious.”

She tapped her PADD thoughtfully. “I also recommend we begin monitoring crew behavior closely. Stress and trauma from exposure could lead to operational risks if not addressed early.”

She glanced around the table. “But we do this quietly. No alerts, no announcements. We frame it as routine diagnostics—readiness checks, something tied to annual training compliance.”

Looking at Captain Dahr, she added, “Security should tighten perimeter control in Medical. If this is deliberate sabotage, the timing and placement could target our ability to respond to emergencies.”

“I already have a team in Medical right now,” Samuels said. “I can send patrols to Module 3, since it appeared to be moving in that direction.”

Dahr looked around the table thoughtfully. He nodded, “Do it. We’ve been trying to keep a lid on this, for the meantime. I think monitoring the crew and residents could start a panic... so let’s tread carefully.”

Quinna nodded firmly. “I’ll coordinate with Counseling and Nurse D’Sev to develop screening questions that don’t raise red flags. I’ll stagger the diagnostics by division so there’s minimal disruption. If anyone asks, we’re prepping for readiness reviews tied to the fleet’s audit schedule.”

Casian knew that he was also dealing with a skilled and knowledgeable doctor. He knew he should simply defer to his XO’s request.

“Very well, Commander,” he said. “You’re in charge of that. Let me know if anything comes from it and if we need to quarantine areas of the station. That being said, our main objective should be to find this... programmable antimatter and contain it. Any ideas on that?”

“If we can isolate it, Marai can be positioned to send a magnetic containment beam. Then the station’s transporters could beam it into empty space,” Toks suggested. “The other suggestion is that Engineering replicates handheld versions as well to contain any separated concentrations.”

Toks looked at the assembled people. These were some skilled officers, and their deaths would alter the timeline. What was happening on the station would alter the timeline.

“Perhaps I might be of service,” Penn said, quoting a line from one of Teller’s more recent favorite movies, *Zoolander*. “I took the liberty of doing some research on time travel and possible methods of delivering an explosive using it. Right now all the information on programmable antimatter is just theoretical, give me a moment here.”

He began to tap equations into his PADD, humming a tune to himself as he did. A minute later he hit the device with a tap of finality and smiled.

“Well, there you go,” he said, as if the answer was obvious. When he realized that everyone was looking at him with expectation, he took a breath. “Sorry. Since this programmable antimatter is from the future, it had to be transported to the past. Those kinds of movements in the time-space continuum have a significant gravitational displacement. That displacement should be traceable along its trajectory of movement. Especially if it is still receiving instructions—otherwise, why would it be moving?”

“I like your thinking,” Toks said. “Generally it is placed in one area, hidden from the target by being placed slightly out of time-phase, and program-detonated. The fact that it’s moving is...” Toks looked at Samuels, then the Captain. “Desperation. Time terrorists trying to figure it out as they go.”

=^=Excuse me, ^= Marai’s AI avatar appeared in holographic form from Toks’ collar pin.
 ^=Thank you for your permission to be a part of the meetings, Captain Dahr. I have microprobes that I can release into the station and give you access to the readings. Now that we know what we are looking for, the temporal risk is worth release of the tech. ^=

Her image was replaced by a projection of incredibly small insect-sized probes that could travel throughout the station unnoticed.

A second image of a flat-plated handheld device also appeared. ^=These are the specs for easily replicable handheld devices for capture and transport. Would you like any of these suggestions carried out, Captain Dahr? ^= the AI asked, clearly acknowledging his authority.

Quinna studied the microprobe schematic silently. She didn’t interrupt, but her mind was already working through the implications for crew safety and engineering workload. She would need to ensure the probes weren’t triggering secondary systems—some departments had automated defenses against foreign tech.

Toks looked at the people around the room, then at the captain, “Dr. Penn, would that be effective enough in your professional opinion? I am an agent, not a scientist. Captain, you seem in pain—are you alright?”

Dahr shook his head, “No, my brain’s just trying to keep up with the science. Time travel tends to give me a headache, and the idea of using technology that hasn’t even been thought of yet is a bit unnerving. Do what you have to do to contain this ... antimatter, before it becomes a real problem.”

Quinna didn’t comment, but she noted the admission. This wasn’t the first time he’d referenced the pain. Noted.

Toks nodded, “Marai, transport the microprobes.”

“As for me,” Penn interjected, “the probes should be very helpful as long as I can adjust them to harmonics of the gravitational displacement.”

Marai's voice responded, "=^I can do that for you, Doctor Penn.=^="

Penn smiled and looked up as though he were speaking to an angel. “I would most certainly like to see what you can do for me.” Teller was the more lecherous of the two, but some of the Tamaritan had rubbed off on the usually more reserved Penn. “Can we tie my PADD into your programming?”

=^=Already done, Doctor.=^=

Dahr looked at the trio across from him, holding onto his mirth. "Okay, then let's get this done. I'm pretty sure we're on the clock and time is short."

Quinna spoke one last time, her voice calm but firm. “I’ll begin coordination immediately. And Captain—if this team is being targeted through Medical, time, and command—it’s not random. This is precision. We’ll need to be ready for whatever else they’ve planned.”

Dahr nodded, "Agreed. Good advice."

Toks added, “I find it odd that they chose medical as the target point. They usually make sure that....”

“Wait,” he said. “Marai, are there any devices that would mask the temporal signatures of transport in a medical lab.”

Marai was silent for a moment: ^=Yes, the advanced pathogenic shielding and sanitizer for advanced infectious disease. It is currently active.=^=

“That gave them an access point secretly and why the station's records showed no sign of the temporal incursion bringing the particles in,” Toks stated.

“Then I suggest, Mr. Toks,” Dahr said, “that you start your investigation there. First, make sure that’s how the particles were brought on board. If it is, then perhaps it could lead us to who brought them and why.”

(reply none)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom – Command Center – XO Quinna Solice – 1024)

Hank thought about it for a moment then moved over and put a pair of hand restraints on the Trill. "Take him to security. You can treat him in the brig."

"You got it," the medic said, half dragging the near incoherent Trill from the chamber.

Captain Dahr made his way into the chamber as Gahns was being hauled out. He moved over to the security chief. "Status, Lieutenant."

Hank acknowledged the CO with a glance then reported, "As you saw, Mr. Gahns is on his way to a cell in a security hold. He appears to be relatively unharmed. I'm not exactly sure how Lt. Green subdued him, but I can imagine. It's left him rather shaken."

Dahr chuckled, "And the Lieutenant?"

"She appeared to be fine," Hank said, motioning over to the changeling.

"And the senator?" Dahr asked.

Samuels shrugged, "Not sure, yet. Waiting for the doctor to finish."

AS if on cue the Romulan moaned and sat up. "How do I feel?" he said loudly. "I can tell you that I most assuredly do NOT feel safe. This is outrageous that I am attacked in my own, supposedly, secure office on a level that is supposed to be inaccessible to anyone."

"I am as confused as anyone by that as well," Dahr said.

"I might have an answer, Captain, Senator," Hank said, stepping behind Dahr. He was holding an item in his hands. "I found this in a corner over there." He pointed to a side of the room. "My initial scans were most... unusual." He scanned it again. "If I didn't know any better I would say it is some kind of gravometric displacement generator. In essence, a miniature phasing device. Look..."

He showed the readings to the others, "These are fushigi-no-umi crystals, if I'm not mistaken. They've known to be used for manipulating nadions involved in phase technology. But this... this is something else. Something more. And most certainly not from our time."

Dahr looked at the El Aurian with raised eyebrows. "Really? Let's get that to Dr. Penn and Mr. Toks, see what they can make off it. I believe you may find them in main medical."

Hank nodded and turned to leave. He tapped his comm badge, "Samuels to Toks, just to confirm that you are in main medical. I have something to show you."

(reply Toks)

Dahr returned his attention to Kasic, “I cannot apologize enough. It might be a good idea to have your guards inside your office and I will more men posted outside.”

“Sounds like you got more problems than just the Tholians, Captain,” the Romulan stated.

“Truer words have not been spoken, Senator.,” Dahr replied. “Hopefully we can conclude our talks tomorrow, after the doctor has finished treating you and you’ve fully recovered from this experience.”

"I will see then, Captain Dahr," Kasic said. "I hope."

~You and me both,~ Casian said to himself as he left them.

(reply Toks, Drin)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

Tix sniffed the air as he walked around the chief medical officers office. The faint smell of Deltan pheromones were heavy in the air.

“Talk about falling for your doctor!” He blinked several times at the heated feeling.

=^= I am your doctor, partner, and condidant!=^= Marai commented in the implant in his auditory area.

Her tone was hard and louder than usual and Tix winced with the his sensitive hearing. -love hurts- he thought.

“I was commenting on the doctor’s very potent and lingering pheromones my love not my response to them.

=^= Remond me to synthesize Deltan pheromones of my own when you are alone in the ship.=^=

Toks laughed, “You’ve never needed pheromones to win my loyalty and love Marai. Except maybe to make a mobile emitter so that part of you can join me in person of the ship.”

"I'm not supposed to do that in this timeline. Well the doctor is active in this timeline. Well photonic beings do exist in other parts of the galaxy. Well....Those Deltan's have an unfair advantage..."

"True," he commented." Honestly though, It didn't matter that he had Deltan dna and memories of an architect foreparents. Funny when you were a chameloid with hereditary memory. The fact

that he was more Takaran because of his mother and half Vulcan by father, he has enough of the others that hereditary memory activated in an atypical fashion. He has many lives inside of him much like a joined tril.

The doctors report had been that they phased into the ceiling near the ventilation access. So he summoned his innate ability to control his body at the cellular level and stretched reaching up to peer in the vent. It confirmed what his tricorder readings did. Nothing.

"Where are you!" He grunted trying to suppress his frustration.

=^=Samuels to Toks, just to confirm that you are in main medical. I have something to show you.^=

Toks interested peeked as he pinched the clip on his collar.

"Indeed I am Lieutenant. Should I wait or meet you somewhere?"

(Reply Samuel's)

=^=I think I found an ethical protocol to create the mobile emitter.=^= Marai sounded triumphant.

"That's wonderful honey. Will it help us keep this station? From being low. Apart?"

“You!” A very memorable Andorian voice said.

Toke turned,

“Captain Fitany, I mean Lieutenant. You are so stealthy.”

(Posted by tinmanjayc)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 12 - Science Lab 1- Civilian Scientist - Dr. Gailus Penn - 1030)

Penn sat back and looked at the holographic display of the data he'd compiled. He looked intently at the equations for magnetic flux variances then reached a hand up and began to manipulate them. On a corner of the display were calculations for the creation and sustaining of programmable matter.

The existence of programmable antimatter had not yet been proven to exist so the math was still in its infancy. But that was what he really liked about. The challenge. He looked between the two sets of equations until the thought struck him.

Reaching out he began to intermingle the two sets of equations until he was satisfied. When he hit the run program the Benzite watched. There it was. And again.

He stood up and tapped his comm badge as he left the lab, PADD in hand.

“Penn to T’xen Toks and Marai, I need you at the diplomatic level, now. No time to explain.”

(reply Toks)

Then he opened another channel, “Penn to Captain Dahr and Dr. Quinna, you need to come to the diplomatic level immediately.”

=^=We're already there Doctor. I'll give you clearance to get to us.=^=

"Thank you sir," he said as he stepped onto the turbo lift.

(reply Toks, Dahr and Solice)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom – Level 6 – Authorized Diplomatic Level – Romulan Senate Chamber – XO Quinna Solice – 1031 hours)

Quinna had been observing the schene in the diplomatic quarters. She remained silent but observant.

=^=Penn to Captain Dahr and Dr. Quinna, you need to come to the diplomatic level immediately.=^=

Quinna looked over at Captain Dahr.

"We're already there, Doctor. I'll give you clearance to get to us."

=^=Thank you sir, ^=^=

Quinna on cue followed Captain Dahr. She gave a quick smile to Penn when he arrived. She was anxiously awaiting what Penn had to say.

(reply Toks, Dahr, and Penn)

(posted by Kris B)

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(reply Toks, Dahr, and Penn)

(posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 6 - Authorized Diplomatic Level - Romulan Senator's Office - Captain Casian Dahr, and Dr. Gailus Penn - 1035)

=^=Penn to Captain Dahr and Dr. Quinna, you need to come to the diplomatic level, immediately.=^=

Casian looked over at his XO with curiosity.

Reply

"We're already there Doctor," he replied. "I'll give you clearance to get to us."

=^=Thank you, sir.^=

Dahr continued to lock eyes with Solice, “Computer, authorize Dr. Gailus Penn temporary access to the authorized diplomatic level.”

[Voice print recognized. Permission granted.]

"That sounded urgent," he said. "I hope he's got good news."

Moments later the tall Benzite ran into the room. He looked around to see the captain, Quinna and the Romulan still being treated by a doctor he did not recognize.

He returned Solice's smile and held out the PADD in his hand. "I think I've got it," he said with a big smile.

“Congratulations?” Dahr said, confused. “Got what?”

“The programmable anti-matter,” Penn said, almost exasperated. Then he realized that his brain was moving faster than theirs and he slowed down. “I know where it is. Or more precisely, I know where it is and where it is going. Look.”

He activated the PADD and a three dimensional image of the starbase popped up. There were several zones that were highlighted in red, blue and green.

“The green zones are where the PAM has been,” he explained. “The blue is where it is right now. And the red, of course, is where it’s going.”

Tix turned to the operations staff, "Release the Marai from his hangar and clear space for her to maneuver about the station,"

The Officer of the deck checked the authorization in the computer records. “Acknowledged,” she said with the same thrill of a teenager being told to clean her room.

=^=Launching probes also enroute and detecting the same readings Dr. Penn has.^=

Tix nodded, “computer energize.”

Starbase Freedom - Level 6- Diplomatic Quarters - Tixen Toks- 1039)

Tixen materialized in the room with a doctor and Emt administering to a doctor, the captain and commander.

"Magnetic containment T emitters are on their way Captain" he reported.

(Reply any)

(Posted by tinmanjayc)

[illegible]

Starbase Freedom - Level 6- restricted Diplomatic Quarters- Tixen Toks- 1042)

As Penn explained Tiffany and an engineering team entered with cases. She looked at her Security Chief and Captain.

"Agent Toks requested we gather these devices you ordered fabricated from replication department sir."

Toks nodded, "Thank you Ensign, may I?" He asked the captain and security chief.

(Reply)

The Takaran chameleons took off of the flat paneled devices with an angled handle and controls over the hand and showed the method of holding it.

“Simple design. Point at the particles. Pull the trigger. Tap the button on the top and Marai will transport them away hopefully before they are triggered to explode.”

(Reply any)

(Posted by timmanjayc)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 6 - Authorized Diplomatic Level - Romulan Senator's Office - Captain Casian Dahr and Dr. Gailus Penn- 1044)

Dahr watched as Toks entered the office with a small entourage of engineers. He wondered about how easy it was for people to enter a secure area.

He turned to Samuels and said, We need to look at the security protocols on this level, Lieutenant. I'm getting the impression that almost anyone can get in here."

Samuels glared at Toks and his squad and replied, "Yes, sir. I'll get on it today."

One of the engineers stepped over to the group with a case in her hands and offered them to him. "Agent Toks requested we gather these devices you ordered fabricated from the replication department, sir."

"Thank you Ensign," Toks told the young woman, then he turned to the team and added "May I?"

Dahr shrugged and opened his arms, "Be my guest."

The Takaran picked up the controller and began to explain. "Simple design. Point at the particles. Pull the trigger. Tap the button on the top and Marai will transport them away hopefully before they are triggered to explode."

Dahr nodded in approval and then looked at Penn. The Benzite gave a big smile and announced, "I suppose that is my cue."

He tapped and a secondary display showed next to holographic image of the station and the current location of the particles. Then he began to make adjustments to some settings.

"I am creating a gravimetric resonance pulse, thanks to the device that Mr Toks has provided," he explained. "Set to the right frequency we should be able to..." he paused as if his computations were putting a physical strain on his body, "there... adjust the direction flow of the programmable anti-matter, to a more convenient location for containment."

"Should?" Dahr questioned. Then he saw the direction of the matter change and head towards module 2. "Perhaps we should also define convenient."

Penn looked at the captains and replied, "Yes, well I probably should have said that they'd come straight for us. But we should have the particles contained before they are scheduled to coalesce." His brow furrowed as Penn looked at the data relay. "Unless..."

"Unless?" Casian prompted.

There was a moment of deafening silence as Penn indicated the decay rate of the matter.

"Unless the pulse also affects the decay rate timer," Penn said, "which it apparently did."

He measured the distance with his fingers, did a quick calculation then looked at Toks.
 “According to my calculations the anti-matter should be within range of your device in about 30 seconds. According to the timer it should coalesce in 40 seconds. Be ready.”

(reply Toks)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 2- Medical Level- Tixen Toks- 1045)

The engineering team took the devices and also passed extras to the command team of the station.

“Marai, are you ready?” Toks asked.

=^=In position, transporters ready. They are increasing speed to your location. Please be ready..... and Tix, be careful!=^=

Toks nodded even though the Ai wasn't really looking at him. "You too. Fitany you showed them? Everyone spread out to the perimeter of the room."

They all began moving when a glittering color changing particles, seeming almost like a cloud, began phasing through the ceiling of the quarters.

"Captain? On your command," Toks reported.

(Reply any)

(Posted by tinmanjayc)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13 - Brig LT Raven Green - 1050)

Raven walked into the brig to find Dolan Gahns sitting on a bed in one of the brig cells. Raven approached the cell Gahns was in and took a seat facing the force field. She wore her usual gold Security dress. She had on some lack boots to add a little intimidation. She gave him a stern stare for a moment before she spoke to him. This was not going to be easy. If Gahns knew what was best for him he will talk to her. The experience will not be fun when the Romulans get to him. This she will use as persuasion. She held a PADD out to record the interview but made sure the computer recorded in real time so they had a backup record. She had no idea why Gahns would try to assassinate a Romulan Senator. Perhaps she will understand that at the end of the interview but most likely she will not. She pressed the button to record.

"Mr. Gahns I am LT Rave Green. I am here to interview you for the record. Lets start by stating your name and why you were in the Diplomatic Area of the station. Let me remind you it is better you talk to me than the Romulans."

She didn't tell him why it was the better option. That will be used later in the interview. The Tal Shiar will not be nice.

(Reply Gahns, Any)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 6 - Authorized Diplomatic Level - Conference Room - Senator Kasic, Ambassador A'Auton, Ambassador Zandrea Reed- 1052)

Kasic sat back in his seat and rubbed his chest. There had been little residual damage from the attack by the Trill, but there was still this ghost sensation of pressure at the point of the particle weapon he had used. It was a good thing that he always wore his armour under his robes, otherwise the outcome could have been far more... dire.

He looked at the proposal on the holo-display, but didn't really read the words. He had already memorized the facts and the data. He had sent the information back to the Senate and had received their response. Their cultural distrust of the Tholians had been examined and considered.

However, the territory that the Tholians were looking at was rare in the universe, and perfect for their anatomy. Romulans could not habitat such conditions so the loss to Romulan territory was negligible. Giving the Tholians a foothold in Romulan territory was the true danger. But the conditions laid out on this charter, and backed up by the Federation was enough for the Senate.

“By signing this,” Kasic said, indicating to the document floating in front of him, “we enter a new, and here before, unheard of era for Romulan and the Tholians. Perhaps we can even learn to trust one another.”

Once the data was displayed A'Auton uploaded it into his suit and ran his own translation program, ensuring that the body of the script hadn't been tampered with and to ensure there were no differences between the translations. [Your change in political structure makes your people more...predictable.] Then the Ambassador clarified. [In previous decades we loathed working with Romulans because they would say something and act a different way. It seems your new Republic has made you more... dependable.]

Zane inclined her head with deliberate respect. “Then I believe the foundation has been laid.” Her tone remained calm, but her words carried quiet gravity. “The Federation is here not to steer, but to support. Senator Kasic, your people have taken a bold step forward. And Ambassador A’Auton, your Assembly has shown pragmatism in a time when it matters most.”

She rose slightly from her chair, the movement smooth. “When you are both ready, the Federation stands ready to ratify the terms—and assist in establishing the joint oversight protocols as outlined.” Then she added, lightly, “After all, history doesn’t write itself.”

[The terms are acceptable. The Assembly is ready to certify and sign now.]

Dahr looked at Zane and nodded, “Then I suggest that we complete these proceedings get down to the work of actually implementing these accords.”

Kasic looked at the Captain. He was an impressive figure and it was clear why Starfleet brought him back to command this station. Even more so, he was impressed with this Zane Reed. She was definition to the task of leading these proceedings.

With a deft move he put his hand to the document and certified it for ratification. The rest, as Reed might have said, was yet to be written.

A'Auton commanded the suit to move the upper appendage hanging slightly over the input device. Then placed their actual hand over a sensor inside the suit which sent a signal to the document affixing an electronic signature cementing the Assembly's agreement to the treaty.

Zane gave a single nod, her eyes moving between the two signatories. “Then let this be remembered as the moment where possibility triumphed over precedent.”

(reply none)

(posted by Al, Kris and Todd)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 6 - Authorized Diplomatic Level- Romulan Office - Captain Casian Dahr, T'xen Toks, Dr. Gailus Penn, Commande Quinna Solice - 1053)

Dahr watched the action with a sense of impending foreboding. If Toks had been right, this would be the moment they all died, and it was the first time that Casian was glad that Roxie wasn't there with him.

The teams encircled the growing mass and activated their electromagnetic field generators. The antimatter seemed dragged into a spinning cloud like a tornado or rhythmic insect pattern,

Particles attempted to alter their new course and created feedback sparks of light along the electromagnetic barrier.

Penn began to make adjustments to his harmonics to try and slow down the decay and monitor the status of the drones' containment.

=^= All are contained. Transporting! ^= Maria's voice could be heard over the electric whining sound that seemed to be growing in volume.

The color pattern began blinking in the swarm just as the transporter beam caught them.

"The decay loop is speeding up," Penn called out. He tapped into Maria's feed and made a small change to the angular confinement beam. Suddenly the color pattern disappeared.

Maria's voice, this time a hail to all craft in the area. ^= Emergency Starfleet messsge shields up on station and all orbiting vessels and craft immediately. Priority: Emergency ^=

Dahr tapped his comm badge, "Ops, raise shields."

=^=We've been monitoring. Already up, sir.=^=

Dahr looked at Hank and half smiled, "Remind me that that man needs a raise." Hank stifled a chuckle. The moment was brought back to its serious disposition with an announcement.

=^=All hands, brace for impact.=^=

Across the entire view of the room windows an immense explosion seered across space. The station shuddered then rocked. Claxons cried out, as the group caught their balance. After several seconds, it settled and the space away from the station darkened again.

Dahr tapped his badge, "Ops report."

=^=Shields holding but drained to 18%. Minor damage reports coming in but structural integrity of the station is holding up.=^=

Toks signed leaning against the wall holding his chest. "You can deactivate the hand helds. Thank you everyone. You just saved thousands of people. Marai, are you ok"

=^= Shields are in repair mode. Radiation levels are high, temporal radiation present. You are being affected my love.=^=

Toks nodded. "I know. I feel it." He looked at the others and said. "I recommend shields stay up til radiation subsides."

Samantha Target had been a medic through many tough years and had learned to keep her awareness about her surroundings up. She was the first to notice the Takaran acting strangely. Pulling out her tricorder probe she moved over to him and began to scan.

She looked up from the readings and looked at him questioning. "Your cells are in some kind of flux. If I didn't know any better I'd say you're going through some kind of radiation sickness."

Grimacing at the sensitivity of his temporal radiation poisoning, he said, "It's an after effect of so much time travel. A type of temporal radiation poisoning. I'll be okay, as long as I stay away from gravimetric or temporal anomalies for a while."

She can see that Gahns was going to be a tough nut to crack. He was not going to give up information that easy. She supposed it to be that Gahns felt he should be dead so he had no pressure to do anything. She had some ideas to make him talk. According to what she read on her PADD, the computer said Trills carry an epi pen all the time for if they get bit by an insect they can die. She will try this first then go for the fear of what his handlers will do to him.

"You may think I have nothing to make you talk. You would be wrong. I get it that you feel you should be dead if you succeeded but there are fates worse than death. A constant and relentless fear attacking your conscious and sub conscious. I understand you have an epi pen. It would be a shame if you had to use it."

(Reply Gahns)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13 - Brig - Dolan Gahns- 1055)

Gahns scowled at the girl talking to him. How would she know what was going through his head? She was Changeling. A damn shapeshifter, not a telepath. However, he saved that thought and focused on the threat.

“EpiPen?” he scoffed. “Shows what you know, Changeling. What next? You going to lock me in here with some venomous flying insect? Is that what Starfleet is now, resorting to torture to get information? Torture has never been a reliable method of extractin information. People will say or admit to anything to make it stop. So put away your Tal Shiar bag of tricks. You don’t even know what it is that you don’t know. And you have no idea what real fear is.”

He sat back with his head against the wall and closed his eyes, trying to ignore her very presence. But then the image of his daughter would dissolve into his mind, with a look of disappointment on her face.

What had he done?

(reply Green)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13 - Brig LT Raven Green - 1056)

Gahns stated that She did not know what fear is. He may be right on that but she got him thinking of the consequences of not talking to her. That was maybe what she needed to get something out of him. Gahns was right about torture not being very effective to get real information from anyone. The line about releasing an insect into his cell was not meant to be to torture him. According to the PADD records of Gahns he was not a joined trill which would make the tactic ineffective. There was one thing she could use to get something from him. She can use the psychological tactic that by even talking to her he has already betrayed the trust his

handlers have in him. His handlers will not be nice to him when he reports back to them. She can use this to make him tell what he knows.

"You may have already betrayed your handlers by talking to me at all. They will not be nice to you when you report back to them. I can make the experience of telling what you know much better than what they will do to you. Make it easier on yourself.."

That should make him think

(Reply Gahns, Any)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13 - Brig - Dolan Gahns- 1057)

Green's voice brought Dolan's mind back into focus. He shook his head at the girl's warning.

“Make it easier on myself?” he said in disbelief. “How easy do you think I can make this? Trust me when I say that they already know you have me. But they also know I have little to tell you. If they wanted me dead, I would already be so. If my capture were a threat to their plan they could make it that I had never even been born.”

He suddenly realized that he'd said too much. If he'd never been born then neither would his daughter. He'd never had met his wife. What a blessing that would be. But apparently he was destined to be a tortured soul.

His big regret is that his failure may have only solidified the union between the Tholians and the Romulans, bring both species closer to having representation in the Federation. He still had no idea what that meant to his... benefactor.

(reply Green)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13 - Brig LT Raven Green - 1058)

Gahns was being a most difficult man to get through to. He mentioned that it would be better if he was ever born. This gave her a possible line of questions to try. She watched really old movies on the PADD sometimes. One came to mind Its a wonderful life. A good part of the movie dealt with the main character wishing he was never born and he got a chance to see what it would be like if he was never born. She wondered if the computer could help her with a theoretical quest like that. She requested a life record of Dolan Gahns as much as the computer can tell her. A trip to the holodeck might be required to experience this the best unless it could be projected here for both of them to see it together. She tapped some buttons on the PADD and made the request. The computer pinged when the life review was ready. She watched the review before asking for the holo projection.

(Posted by Edward)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13 - Brig - Station AI- 1100)

So who was this Dolan Gahns? As the AI came across the information it sent it to the PADD of Green.

Family- married, wife deceased, suicide. Daughter. Deceased. Joined Tril, Dora Pakh.
Assigned to USS Banshee. Died on mission at Delta Rana IV. Cause... information restricted.

Further investigation requires authorization from Captain Casian Dahr. Isn't he a cutie.]

(posted by Al Muir)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13 - Brig LT Raven Green - 1101)

"What would your daughter feel about your recent actions on the station. The disappointment in her eyes must eat at you. The unconditional love is greatly strained at your dishonorable actions. Look at her disapproving face and tell me if you deserve mercy. Do the right thing and tell us what you know. Then you might see the loving look in her eyes.

(Posted by Edward)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13 - Brig - Dolan Gahns- 1102)

Dolan looked up in anger as this creatures dared to invoke Tessa's memory to move home. His memory of her was what fueled his rage. But before he could speak he looked into the woman's eyes. What starred back was not the bright green eyes that he'd seen before. Now it was the soft brown eyes of Tessa.

The sight of those eyes looking back at him jarred him. He stared into those brown, accusing, disappointed eyes and suddenly he couldn't speak. The bubble containing his anger had been popped by those eyes.

Without really knowing why, a tear formed in the corner of his own eye. The look of disappointment from the eyes of his own daughter was more than he could bare. He'd been filled with rage for since her death and he had come to believe that was all his heart could hold. Now he realized that it was not true.

He couldn't look into those eyes another second, but he couldn't bear the thought of looking away. She was there in those eyes. His reason for being. For living. But how could it be? When she died the grief in both parents had been so great that it drove them apart.

Now, seeing his daughter's eyes again, he realized how wrong that had been. How wrong he'd been. She'd only aspired to what every young, bright Trill had aspired for. To be joined. And she had been successful. But there was a loss that was involved for the parents. A loss that had been filled with blame.

The. The loss of her life. It had been too much to lose Tessa twice. No parent should go through that.

And now those soft, loving eyes, looked at him from a face they didn't belong to. But they were her eyes, and the look they gave him...

Finally he turned away and huddled into a corner of his cell.

"No!" he suddenly cried out, but more to himself than anyone else. "No, no, no. What have I done."

The realization that he had nearly cost thousands of others their lives overwhelmed him. He turned to look at the young woman looking back with her usual green eyes and tears began to flow.

"I'm so sorry," he wailed. "Goddess Tessa, I *am* sorry. I was so convinced. Jarek had me convinced that I could get my Tessa back... my life back... if I helped him. He said one small change in history now could make a difference for the future, and the past."

He sat with his elbow in his lap and his face pressed into the palms of his hands. “I just wanted my baby back.”

(reply Green)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13 - Brig LT Raven Green - 1103)

Raven couldn't help but feel for Dolan like a mother would for her son. She wanted to comfort him in some way to ease his pain while getting the information they needed from him. She was not an empath like a Betazoid so she couldn't do it that way. She could talk to him in soothing tones like a mother would. Even though her chosen form didn't reflect her true age she was old enough to be his Grandmother. She tried to comfort him.

"Its ok now. Release your pain by telling us what you know. Who is Jarek? What is his involvement? I can't promise your case will be looked at with leniency but it will make you feel better to tell what you know. I think your daughter Tessa will look at you kindly in your memory of her now."

She left it at that and listened to Dolan tell all of what he knew.

(Reply Gahns, Any)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13 - Brig - Dolan Gahns- 1106)

It was a little odd having this young girl talk to him like she was his grandmother. He wasn't sure if he felt soothed by it or disturbed. But she invoked Tessa's name and that focused him.

Although the damn of rage had broken there was still a modicum of anger stores and he had to push past the fact that a Fedder was speaking of her, but what she was saying made sense. Yes, Tessa would want him to help. Even before her joining that was who she was.

He pulled himself together and looked at this girl who was trying to connect with him. Then he shook his head.

“I’m not sure what I can tell you,” Dolan began. “I never really got a good look at him. I was only in his presence, maybe a half dozen times. He came at night and stayed in the shadows. But what I do remember were his eyes. Those bright red, glowing eyes, boring into my head from the dark.”

Gahns shuddered at the memory. “He told me he was trying to repair a mistake in time caused by the Federation, and allowing this union between the Tholians and the Romulans. He was adamant that it was not to happen.”

Finally he took a deep breath and pressing record key on his terminal display. "Computer, record report."

[Recording, honey.]

He sighed heavily. There was going to be a conversation with Ms Adams.

"Let's start with the good stuff. Negotiations between the Tholians and the Romulans were successful. The Tholians now have new territory that has the right astronomical makeup for their people to live in, while the Tomukans now have a new neighbor between them. And the Klingons. That's a partnership well worth the price."

He tapped the holographic display of the areas of space being affected and attached it to the message.

"Apparently the Tholians have discovered a natural occurring transwarp conduit that leads them through a subspace river through Klingon space. It's not a wormhole, but is technically, not in Klingon space. The ends of this conduit are, conveniently, in Tholian space and at the star cluster the Tholians just acquired."

He paused then said, "Computer, encode this next section and earmark it for Temporal Affairs."

[Of course, sweetie.]

Casian rolled his eyes. "The arrival of T'xen Toks was fortuitous. With his support we were able to prevent a most unfortunate set of circumstances that would have assuredly destroyed the base, killing all on board. It could have set back our relations with both the Romulans and the Tholians decades or longer. I'm sure you'll hear more from him on the matter."

Casian looked at Lt Green's report of her conversation with Gahns.

"As for Dolan Gahns," Dahr continued, "it appears he was being , shall we say, led astray by another. The description he gave of this being was oddly familiar. Something from a historical review from centuries ago. But I'll need to check into that more. I'm certain that we have not seen the last of him, or who he represents."

"Fortunately Mr. T'xen Toks arrival was fortuitous. Apparently a plot to destroy Freedom was thwarted thanks to combined efforts of himself and Dr. Penn, who's joined us from the Illuminar. So we are still here, at least in this timeline. Not sure what we did that was different from the other timelines that were not as successful. Or even if those timelines still exist."

"I cannot begin to express how time travel and quantum entanglement gives me a headache and a knot in the pit of my stomach. I'm not even sure I want it all explained to me."

“But thank the gods that be that President Zon was here to take credit for it all. He managed to emerge at the finalization of the treaty to get his video op with Ambassador A’Auton and Senator Kasic. He did promise me to keep me out of politics.”

“On a personal note,” Casian concluded, “I am looking forward to the return of my beloved Roxanne from her medical conference. It was odd how it came about and her departure didn’t have the usual rituals that we typically have when we know we’ll be apart for a while. She said it was something that just came up. Still, I’ll be happier when she’s home and we’re back together.”

“Computer, end recording and send to command.”

[Im always here for you, my love.]

Casian sighed and tapped his comm badge. "Dahr to Ensign Adams, I need to see you in my office immediately to discuss the changes made to our AI."

(reply none)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible][illegible]

End Compile