

Stardate: 2445.09.20

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 – Bridge – Operations Ensign Dieter Gregory – 13:55)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 – Bridge – ACSO Lieutenant (jg) Jaton Alyl – 13:56)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 4- Transporter Room 1 - CO- Lieutenant Commander Sekal – 1831)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 4- Transporter Room 1 – Security PO3 Hercules Devers – 1832)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 4- Transporter Room 1 – Security Office Keung Lee – 1835)

(USS Illuminar - Turbolift - CO- Lieutenant Commander Sekal – 1836)

(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay -- Deck 5 -- CMO Lt. J.G. Quinn Solice – 18:40)

(USS Illuminar – Deck 5 - Sickbay PO3 Hercules Devers – 1841)

(USS Illuminar – Deck 5 – Security Offier Keung Lee – 1845)

Stardate 2445.09.21

(USS Hillary Flight Deck – Pilot Vic ‘Raid’ Montero 0630)

(USS Hillary Flight Deck – Pilot Vic ‘Raid’ Montero 0650)

(USS Illuminar- Deck 1- Bridge - CO- Lt. Commander Sekal- 0700)

(USS Hillary Flight Deck – Pilot Vic ‘Raid’ Montero 0701)

(USS Illuminar – Deck 1 – Bridge – Operations Ensign Dieter Gregory – 0702)

(USS Hillary Flight Deck – Pilot Vic ‘Raid’ Montero 0730)

(USS Hillary -- Crew Cabin -- CMO Lt. J.G. Quinn Solice – 0800)

(USS Hillary – Flight Deck – Pilot Vic ‘Raid’ Montero -- 0805)

(USS Illuminar - Holodeck 1 - ACOUNS ACMO ENS SG Ariel Trei - 09.00)

(USS Hillary – Flight Deck – Pilot Vic ‘Raid’ Montero – 0930)

(USS Hillary – Flight Deck – Pilot Vic ‘Raid’ Montero – 0940)

(USS Illuminar – Isolation Room 5 – Deck 5 -Sec Ens. Penny Mc Taggard - 09:41)

(USS Hillary – Flight Deck – Pilot Vic ‘Raid’ Montero – 0945)

(USS Hillary - Flight Deck - ACSO Lieutenant (jg) Jaton Alyl and the Prophets – 0949)

(USS Hillary - Flight Deck – Pilot Ensign Vic Montero and ACSO Lieutenant (JG) Jaton Alyl – 0950)

(USS Hillary – Flight Deck – Pilot Ensign Vic Montero and ACSO Lieutenant (JG) Jaton Alyl - 1025)

(USS Hillary – Flight Deck Pilot Ensign Vic Montero and ACSO Lieutenant (JG) Jaton Alyl – 1027)

(USS Illuminar- Deck 1- Bridge - CO- Lt. Commander Sekal- 1028)

Stardate: 2445.09.24

(USS Illuminar – Deck 1 – Bridge – CO– Lieutenant Commander Sekal- 13:00)

Stardate: 2445.09.27

(Utopia Planitia-- Mars Base Grounds -- Federation Ambassadors at Large-- Dr. Riven Mias and Michaela Kirien-Mias-- 0735)

(USS Illuminar- Deck 1- Conference Room- CO- Lieutenant Commander Sekal- 1900)

(USS Illuminar - Conference Room - ACOUNC ACMO LT JG Ariel Trei – 19.05)

(USS Illuminar- Deck 1- Conference Room- FO- Lieutenant Sienna Williams-Verin - 1910)

(USS Illuminar- Deck 14 – Assistant Chief of Security office ACS Keung Lee – 1920)

Begin Compile

Stardate: 2445.09.20

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 – Bridge – Operations Ensign Dieter Gregory – 13:55)

"I'm no theoretical scientist, but from an engineering stand point we should be able to modify a class four probe to detect and map their location. If we can make the modifications to several probes we could launch them in sequence along the projected formation. Perhaps three or so might give the location you're looking for." The engineer said.

Gregory ran the calculations, "That should work Matrix. Good thought," Gregory replied. "I can provide the frequencies we need to identify."

"We have several in inventory...with another engineer I could get them configured and ready in about an hour." continued Scott.

Gregory ran the assignment list again, "I can spare Engineering Intern Cadet Pria Valar to assist you. "

Gregory turned to the Captain, "Sir, Ensign Matrix has recommended we launch three class IV probes to help extend our sensor range and try to triangulate the source and give us more information. I concur. It will require Bajor clearance, if you would like me to work securing that."

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 – Bridge – ACSO Lieutenant (jg) Jaton Alyl – 13:56)

"Sir, Ensign Matrix has recommended we launch three class IV probes to help extend our sensor range and try to triangulate the source and give us more information. I concur. It will require Bajor clearance, if you would like me to work securing that."

Jaton nodded. "As do I. I would also recommend that we ask permission to send a drone into the reliquary to see what effects the energy field is having on the orbs and vice versa."

(USS Illuminar - Deck 4- Transporter Room 1 - CO- Lieutenant Commander Sekal — 1831)

There had been ample time to procure a new uniform shirt and change out of the one with a half sleeve and spotted with blood... fortunately. No self-respecting officer would be caught dead in such an abomination and that included a Vulcan. Not only would it have been a grisly sight but disrespectful as well to a higher ranking officer so his entire uniform had required changing.

The wait had not been long though before word came from the transporter chief. "The Republic is signaling ready."

Sekal looked to him, nodded then turned toward the pads as one began to hum and the pillar of energy formed. It quickly began to take shape and solidified into the form of Commodore Remae.

"Permission to come aboard."

Sekal saluted then stepped forward to greet him. "Welcome aboard the Illuminar Commodore, permission granted. You mentioned wishing to see Kai Hetel?"

(Reply: Ktell)

He tapped his combadge. "Medical please inform Kai Hetel that Commodore Remae wishes to speak with her."

(Reply: Medical)

"Follow me please." As they began exiting the transporter room the two security officers fell into step closely behind them. Sekal slowed so that he and Ktell were walking abreast. "The security detail was necessary. The ship has been placed on lockdown due to recent events."

(Reply: Ktell, Lee, Devers)

They came to the security checkpoint which was manned. Sekal nodded at the man as they passed.

"Low level exposure to the omicron particles has caused abnormal reactions in two of my crew so far including psychosis and aggressive behavior. I was attacked after arriving at deck four by a crewman wielding a knife. You will therefore have an escort while aboard to insure your safety."

(USS Illuminar - Deck 4- Transporter Room 1 – Security PO3 Hercules Devers – 1832)

Devers didn't like the idea of anyone coming onboard during a lockdown. Since no one knew why the crewman attacked the Captain, it was a dangerous breach of protocol.

As the figure materialized, Devers read his rank. He came to attention as the Captain saluted the Commodore.

Leaving the transporter room, Devers feel in step with Ensign Lee. Nothing much to do but keep eyes open and alert. Head on a swivel.

"Low level exposure to the omicron particles has caused abnormal reactions in two of my crew so far including psychosis and aggressive behavior. I was attacked after arriving at deck four by a crewman wielding a knife. You will therefore have an escort while aboard to insure your safety," the Captain said

Devers whispered to Lee, "Sir, do you want to escort the commodore and I'll keep on with the captain?"

(USS Illuminar - Deck 4- Transporter Room 1 – Security Office Keung Lee – 1835)

Keung watched the Captain talking to the Commodore as he and Devers left the transporter Room behind the two officers.

"Low level exposure to the omicron particles has caused abnormal reactions in two of my crew so far including psychosis and aggressive behavior. I was attacked after arriving at deck four by a crewman wielding a knife. You will therefore have an escort while aboard to insure your safety," the Captain said

This piece of information was something new to Keung as he was still trying to catch up with recent events!

Devers whispered to Lee, "Sir, do you want to escort the commodore and I'll keep on with the captain?"

"Affirmative. I will escort the commodore" whispered back Keung and discretely a couple of feet behind the commodore.

(USS Illuminar - Turbolift - CO- Lieutenant Commander Sekal – 1836)

"Sickbay." He spoke after they had settled into the lift and it began moving quickly. He then turned back to the Commodore.

"Patient recovery from long term exposure to the radiation has been remarkably fast, no more than twenty four hours in all but a few of the cases. It would appear that it was blocking certain biochemical and neural processes rather than breaking down living tissue and the poison that was introduced into the Kai's system was insufficient to cause lasting damage. She was alert and talking coherently soon after waking. The field strength has been increasing quickly however and all would have expired had they not been removed from the temple. A fact that suspected conspirators to her death appear to have been counting on due to the Edict against her removal."

(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay -- Deck 5 -- CMO Lt. J.G. Quinna Solice -- 18:40)

Quinna took a deep breath. It had been a long day and it was not over yet. Picking up a PADD she wandered to the isolation rooms to check on her most prolific patient, Kai Hetel. Quinna rang the chime as she did not want to disrespect her privacy.

Upon approval to enter the room, Quinna slid into the room. "Good Evening, your Eminence. You look much stronger."

(Reply Kai)

"I came to check on my favorite patient. I want to check and see if I can release you from my care, soon." Quinna explained her visit. Before anyone can say anymore, Quinna's commbadge went off.

"Medical please inform Kai Hetel that Commodore Remae wishes to speak with her."

Quinna looked at the Kai, There seemed to be an unspoken agreement, "Yes, sir. She is able to see you now." Quinna then closed the Comm. "I am not sure why the Commodore is here. Today has been so busy I have not checked my memos."

(Reply Kai, any)

Quinna pulled out her medical device, Quinna began to scan the Kai. She figured she would get the evaluation done.

"Have you always been a fast healer?" Quinna asked.

(USS Illuminar – Deck 5 - Sickbay PO3 Hercules Devers – 1841)

The quartet entered sickbay. "Patient recovery from long term exposure to the radiation has been remarkably fast, no more than twenty four hours in all but a few of the cases. It would appear that it was blocking certain biochemical and neural processes rather than breaking down living tissue and the poison that was introduced into the Kai's system was insufficient to cause lasting damage. She was alert and talking coherently soon after waking. The field strength has been increasing quickly however and all would have expired had they not been removed from the temple. A fact that suspected conspirators to her death appear to have been counting on due to the Edict against her removal."

Devers noted the enhanced security in the area, and the guard around the Kai had been doubled.

(USS Illuminar – Deck 5 – Security Officer Keung Lee – 1845)

Keung walked first into sick bay noticing the medical staff mingling around. He decided that there was no threat here especially with the presence of armed security officers around the Kai. He was joined by the Captain and the Commodore with Devers taking the rear.

The two officers were listening to the doctor about the condition of the patient.

"Patient recovery from long term exposure to the radiation has been remarkably fast, no more than twenty four hours in all but a few of the cases. It would appear that it was blocking certain biochemical and neural processes rather than breaking down living tissue and the poison that was introduced into the Kai's system was insufficient to cause lasting damage. She was alert and talking coherently soon after waking. The field strength has been increasing quickly however and all would have expired had they not been removed from the temple. A fact that suspected conspirators to her death appear to have been counting on due to the Edict against her removal."

Stardate 2445.09.21

(USS Hillary Flight Deck – Pilot Vic 'Raid' Montero 0630)

The mission briefing was short. Fly the Hillary to open the wormhole and transport the cargo so that it's momentum would let it enter the wormhole. Ease enough, in theory. Golf, with an orb of the Prophets. It was the easy ones that gave Montero concern.

Walking onto the flight deck, he flashed a smile at Sheridan, his copilot. She had the makings of a good pilot, and she was doing a great job in the number two seat.

“This is Vic Montero, I have command of the Hillary.”

[Acknowledged] came the computers voice.

“Begin preflight check,” he said as he took the pilot seat.

[Preflight check initiated]

The pilot and copilot began running through their checks. If Science was right, the balance of Bajor and this region of space lay in balance on the success of this mission.

(USS Hillary Flight Deck – Pilot Vic ‘Raid’ Montero 0650)

=^= Cargo is loaded =^=

Vic looked down at the controls, “Confirmed, cargo is aboard,” before turning back to his checklists.

Minutes later, “Preflight checks complete,” Vic said.

“I concur. All systems are nominal” Bebe said.

Vic turned his chair and faced his copilot.

“Once last check of our cargo Gunsmoke,” Vic said. “We want to make sure it stays nice and calm. I know we have science back there, but color me extra cautious.”

“Copy that,” Bebe said as she finished her latest checks.

“Cargo is nominal Raid. We are good to go.”

(USS Illuminar- Deck 1- Bridge - CO- Lt. Commander Sekal- 0700)

Illuminar was remaining at Bajor to monitor the omicron radiation flow. If their theory held merit then the upcoming operation would shut it down.

The alter-universe orb formerly in Commodore Remae's possession was loaded on the Edmund Hillary awaiting its final destination, the Bajoran wormhole. Orders for the flight crew of the shuttle was to trigger the wormhole then transport the orb close enough that its angular momentum would insert it.

The flight crew was ready and standing by awaiting orders. It was time.

"Lieutenant Grey Wolf launch the shuttle."

"Aye sir." She keyed the closed channel.

"Edmund Hillary you are cleared for launch."

(Reply: Montero, any)

The Aeroshuttle slipped from its berth and angled away from the ship as its drive came online then changed course and accelerated away.

Video and sensor data was linked between the shuttle and ship so that Illuminar had a birds eye view of the operation from start to finish and was being entered into the ship's memory banks.

When the Hillary entered the Denorios belt it would have an extremely interested audience.

He looked toward the science station, they would notify him if there was any change in the field. Operations would be monitoring the shuttle as would Lieutenant Grey Wolf.

He open a ship wide comm. "The Aeroshuttle is away. Estimated time until operation conclusion three hours and twenty five minutes."

He then closed the comm. Now the waiting began.

(USS Hillary Flight Deck – Pilot Vic 'Raid' Montero 0701)

Vic flicked the comm switch. "Illuminar, this is Hillary. We are go for mission. Repeat we are go."

Lieutenant Grey Wolf's voice came over the comm. "Edmund Hillary, you are cleared for launch."

"Aye, Ma'am," Vic replied. Pausing, he began quoting the ship's namesake "I am a lucky man. I have had a dream and it has come true, and that is not a thing that happens often to men."

Vic's fingers moved over the controls as he completed the launch sequence. "We are free from Illuminar. Course laid in," he said. "Drive online. Powering up engines."

"Engines at full power," Bebe replied.

"Illuminar, Hillary is away, course laid in for Bajoran Wormhole. Save some drinks for us please,"

(Reply Illuminar, IYW)

The course was a bit circuitous, as they needed to avoid the omicron particles, which would make it interesting. "Did you get access to those probes from Deep Space Nine?"

"Copy that Vic, they are online and I'm reading them five by five."

"Good, let's have a smooth flight," Vic said.

"Never knew you to be an optimist," Bebe replied.

"I got a nephew on the way, kiddo. Got to change my way of thinking."

"Everyone settled in back. Enjoy the ride, nothing major till the end," he called out. "Our ETA is 3 hours and 20 minutes. Just a walk in the park."

(USS Illuminar – Deck 1 – Bridge – Operations Ensign Dieter Gregory – 0702)

What a whirlwind few days all coming down to this. Who knew that an alternate universe Orb. However, the data was consistent with what the Illuminar teams had discovered.

So it was time for to return the Orb. The efforts were counting on the Prophets on taking the Orb and returning it to the correct time and space. The Aerowing was going to make that journey. His private calculations were not encouraging, but if it didn't

work, there would be little time for the Illuminar to get clear of the formation of a wormhole. And it would be disastrous for Bajor.

His fingers kept moving over the controls, focusing the scanners on the particle field, as well as the location the probes from yesterday had pinpointed.

“Operations reports all systems nominal,” he called out to no one in particular. All attention was focused on the launch of the Hillary.

Gregory listened to the chatter, or absence of it as Hillary was launched. An economical use of commands, nothing extraneous spoken. A team of professionals brought together only a few short weeks ago moving in harmony to ensure the safety of Bajor. If … When this succeeded, there would be stories and papers and new standing orders. The role of the ship and it’s officers would be lost to the history books.

He continued to monitor channels, while making sure that the sensors were working while keeping an active eye on the Hillary. “Good luck and Godspeed,” he said softly as the ship departed the confines of the Illuminar.

(USS Hillary Flight Deck – Pilot Vic ‘Raid’ Montero 0730)

“Gunsmoke, you take the controls. I want to check on our guests and make sure the cargo is secure,”

“Sure think Raid. Computer, transfer controls to Copilot station.”

[Affirmative]

Montero unbuckled and stood up. Moving to the crew cabin he looked around briefly. “Thank you for choosing to fly with Montero Air today. Our ETA to the Wormhole is a bit under three hours,”

Walking over to the replicator, “Two coffees, pilot mugs,” he said as he looked around.

“Hello Doctor, I trust our small sickbay will be sufficient. Not that I expect us to have anything but a smooth flight.”

(Reply Solice)

“We’re all still getting used to the Hillary. She’s a great solution for missions like this. Handles like a charm. Why Gunsmoke and I were doing some atmosphere skipping the other day. If there is anything I can do, let me know. If you want a better seat, come up to the flight deck, we have a great view.”

(Reply Solice)

Vic took the coffee cups out of the replicator, and turned to the science station, "Hello Lieutenant, how is our cargo holding out?"

(Reply Alyl)

"Lets keep a tight eye on it. In fact, if you wouldn't mind Lieutenant, we could use your help manning the scanners. That will let Gunsmoke get some practice flying the Hillary and give us a second set of eyes. Not that I'm expecting anything, but the Denorios belt can be tricky, with those ion eddies that pop up."

(Reply Alyl)

"Thanks Lieutenant."

Vic returned to the flight deck, handing Bebe a cup of coffee. "Here ya go," he said. "Some liquid energy."

Bebe turned her chair to look at Vic, "I got a question for you. How are we supposed to transport the cargo and use the angular momentum to pitch it into the wormhole."

Vic sat down and leaned back in his chair. "That's where I get balled up. Hate for this to come to a cropper."

"This is serious Raid," Bebe replied. "Cut the lingo"

"Ok. I was waiting to cover that, but the Engineer is a bit busy at the moment. I'm not sure, based on what I understand about transporters, if they can cut off the angular confinement, but that's about all I know."

"So, let's model a couple other plans. I'm thinking we transport the object ahead of us and capture it with a tractor beam, so we can give it a push."

"Sounds good, I'll keep flying while you work your simulation magic there Raid."

"Agreed," Vic replied as he turned his chair around and started working on a simulation.

(USS Hillary -- Crew Cabin -- CMO Lt. J.G. Quinna Solice -- 0800)

Quinna awoke early. Late in the evening, she received a message to report to the USS Hillary. Quinna found herself in the crew cabin. She brought a trashy romance novel to read. The paper was

rough but the romance in the story was rougher. She was not entirely into the story. It had a poor plot, but she never quit reading the book.

“Hello Doctor, I trust our small sickbay will be sufficient. Not that I expect us to have anything but a smooth flight.”

“Ahh, but never rely on expectations.” Quinna quipped. “Sickbay is small but well capable of handling what is thrown at it.” She added.

“We’re all still getting used to the Hillary. She’s a great solution for missions like this. Handles like a charm. Why Gunsmoke and I were doing some atmosphere skipping the other day. If there is anything I can do, let me know. If you want a better seat, come up to the flight deck, we have a great view.”

“Now that is an offer I cannot refuse.” As Vic moved to talk with Alya, Quinna stood and placed her empty cup in the replicator. She then stashed her book between her arm and her side and headed to the flight deck.

Quinna entered the flight deck and stood there. She was not sure where she would sit as she found herself standing by the door, memorized by the viewscreen.

(USS Hillary – Flight Deck – Pilot Vic ‘Raid’ Montero -- 0805)

Vic was engaged in conversation with Bebe when the doctor entered the flight deck.

Quinna entered the flight deck and stood there. She was not sure where she would sit as she found herself standing by the door, memorized by the viewscreen.

“Come on in Doc, and grab a seat,” he said, pointing to one behind Bebe. “You can monitor medical from there, as well as pull up other sensors as needed. Glad you decided to join us.”

He noticed her looking at the viewscreen, “It never gets Doctor. That is the view of freedom. That’s my copilot, Gunsmoke Sheridan,” he said pointing to Bebe.

(Reply Solice)

"Ensign Bebe Sheridan, Ma'am," she replied with a wave over her shoulder, "Sorry, got the controls, and if Raid there will take 'em back if I turn around."

(Reply Solice)

"We're just making contingency plans Doctor. If plan A fails, and plan A always fails. We have 25 other contingents to kick ass. Biggest issue is angular momentum. Hoping that Lieutenant Alyl comes up here once he's squared away."

(USS Illuminar - Holodeck 1 - ACOUNS ACMO ENS SG Ariel Trei - 09.00)

Ariel went to the panel and told the computer to construct the Rite of Ascension scene. It was time for her to explain the Rite to Luma. The program was ready so she entered the scene. She walked over to check out the gauntlet structure. It looked pretty authentic. She took a seat near the structure and called to Luma.

"Luma this is the Rite of Ascension. I will most likely be going through this on Mars but the concept of the Rite is to walk the gauntlet to prove you are a Klingon Warrior and death has no hold on your spirit when it is completed. I will answer your questions now before I take a simulated run."

(USS Hillary – Flight Deck – Pilot Vic 'Raid' Montero -- 0930)

So far the ride had been uneventful. Gunsmoke had a handle on the controls and they had worked out a few contingencies depending on what happened when they tried to get rid of the orb.

The Doctor seemed to be enjoying the ride from the flight deck and Lieutenant Alyl was busy working on the 'scienc-y' stuff that was going to be the endgame of the mission.

Vic looked at the star charts. They were approaching the edge of the Dennorios belt. Once they penetrated the belt, they still had about 30 minutes to approach the Wormhole. The sensors were showing higher than normal levels of tachyons along their course.

As he started plotting an alternative course, the computer comm beeped open.

=^= Illuminar to Hillary, Operations here. We are reading a surge in tachyon eddies along the trajectory you are following. They are showing up at 120 mark 280. Adjust your scanners to a frequency of 117 to better image them. =^=

=+=Copy that Illuminar. We see them. Plotting alternative course to the Wormhole. Estimates it will add about 10 minutes to the mission completion. =^=

=^= Hillary, I will inform the Captain. Good hunting. Operations out. =^=

Vic swirled his chair around. "It might get a bit rough folks. I'd keep your belts on for the moment. We'll try to navigate through the worst of it."

(Reply Alyl, Solice, IYW)

Vic let Bebe continue to pilot the new course while he confirmed the path was free of ion currents.

(USS Hillary – Flight Deck – Pilot Vic 'Raid' Montero -- 0940)

The shuttle started moving oddly. "Gunsmoke?" he asked as he looked at his screens.

"She's getting sluggish, responding slowly Raid."

"No tachyon's around. Starting scan," he replied.

The two pilots worked to get control of the ship, as it continued to respond slowly.

Suddenly there was an explosion on the co-pilots panel. Sparks and shards of glass flew everywhere. Bebe's head snapped back from the force of the explosion.

"Damnit," Vic said, "Pilot has control." He said as he started fighting the ship and space. Trying to gain control.

Seconds passed by, "Gunsmoke, you ok? Gunsmoke can you hear me?" Vic called out, as a second alarm started going off. [Neutrino particle field ahead] the computer said as it added it to the display.

"Hold on everyone," he called out as he started banking the Hillary to the left to avoid the field. Following by a sudden descent to clear the field. Knuckles white. Eyes focused. "Just about ..." he called out as he increased power to the thrusters, and jerked the shuttle to the right. "There." He called out, lowering power.

"Computer run diagnostics," he called out. "Doc, I can't go to autopilot, not after that last encounter. No idea what happened but Gunsmoke's hurt bad."

(Reply Solice)

"Lieutenant, can you check our cargo? Make sure it's not damaged."

(Reply Alyl)

[Diagnostics complete. Damage to Transporter and Copilots station. Hull integrity at 99 percent. Impulse engines are fully operational. Shields down to 80%. Warp core integrity at 95%.]

“Well shit.”

(USS Illuminar – Isolation Room 5 – Deck 5 -Sec Ens. Penny Mc Taggard - 09:41)

Very slowly Penny opened one eye. Then she opened the other. Mc Taggard had no idea where she was. Slowly lifting her hand. She tried to get someone's attention. But all the medical staff seemed busy. Giving a small sigh she looked up at the ceiling.

~ They all look cross something must be going on? I wonder were this is? Looks like the Isolation ward. Why would I be there? Maybe there was something around what Tara was tied to? I went looking for her Antenna.....maybe I trod in something?~ Penny thought

Penny lifted herself up. So she was sitting up on the bio bed. Which started to bleep out a warning. McTaggard looked around as people rushed towards her.

“ Hey. It's me. What's going on? ” She asked

USS Hillary – Flight Deck – Pilot Vic 'Raid' Montero -- 0945)

Vic opened a comm channel. “Illuminar, this is Hillary. We encountered a rogue neutrino field. It just materialized in our path. Ensign Bebe Sheridan is down, the Doctor is treating her at the moment. We have sustained some damage to the transporter and copilots' station. Other systems are operational. We are continuing our journey to the wormhole. ETA is twenty minutes.”

(Reply Illuminar)

“Negative Illuminar, we are mission capable. If I have to go on an EVA and throw the damned thing into the Wormhole, we'll get the job done.”

(Reply Illuminar)

“Copy that, Hillary out.”

“Computer plot new trajectory to Bajoran Wormhole. Set scanners to maximum for tachyon and neutrino detection. Automatically initiate evasive pattern Raid Alpha if particles are detected.”

[Acknowledged]

Vic adjusted the viewscreen to include overlay the concentration of tachyons and neutrio particles. That being setup. "Attention, Hillary is resuming course for the wormhole. All hands be prepared for anything. It seems we may still have a bumpy ride ahead of us."

"Science. Lieutenant Alyl, any thoughts on our situation. How bad is the transporter?"

(Reply Alyl)

Vic looked at his screens and the course that the computer has plotted. He made another check and started down the highway to the danger zone.

(USS Hillary - Flight Deck - ACSO Lieutenant (jg) Jaton Alyl and the Prophets - 0949)

Jaton found himself once again in nothingness. Yet despite the fact that he was surrounded by nothing but light, he felt something familiar. Like he'd been to this void before. He looked around, taking stock of what was around him, which wasn't much. He lifted his arm, and saw that it still responded and he could see it. Wherever he was, he was at least still somewhat corporeal. Then out from the light some figures began to resolve themselves. He spoke.

"Am I with the Prophets again?"

"Your pah is troubled. The walls are thin, you have found your way back to us, child."

"But you carry the roots of destruction with you," the figure of Jaton's father Ajur said as he stepped from the shadows.

Captain Eva Straton of the Paladin stepped forward "One misstep and all shall be destroyed... all shall be forgotten. Like you almost were. But there will be no redemption if you fail."

Jaton hesitated. "I don't understand. Do you mean in returning the orb? Are we in danger?"

"The danger is all around, a cone pulling all matter inside. The singularity will destroy all matter around it. Opening a new portal to a new realm," the figure of Kasian said.

"You must return it to the sky castle from where it was stolen." came the voice of David, his Academy boyfriend, from behind him.

"Yes it is your task," Captain Straton "You must be strong, decisive."

"Return the orb to the wormhole. That's what we're trying to do. But what is it that stands in our way? Something from this other realm? How can we overcome this threat?" Jaton asked his son.

"You must enter the wormhole. Trust your instinct to guide the ship. The pilot will know. Tell him to find the bulldog," Stratton replied.

The image of the Emissary came into focus "Save Bjorn. Save the Federation."

And just as soon as the vision had begun it faded once again. Once again he found himself back in the cockpit of the Hillary.

He turned towards the pilot. "I know what we have to do. Set a course. We're going into the wormhole."

(USS Hillary - Flight Deck – Pilot Ensign Vic Montero and ACSO Lieutenant (JG) Jaton Alyl - 0950)

Vic kept his eyes on the controls, watching and waiting to react to whatever the Dennorios belt would throw at them next. Glancing over, he noticed that Lieutenant Alyl was in some sort of trance. His eyes were fixed on the display screen.

Just as he was about to call the doctor, he 'woke up'. Eyes alert as he looked at Vic, "I know what we must do. Set a course. We're going into the wormhole."

Looks like we are jumping to plan D or E. "Aye sir," he said as he tweaked the course every so slightly.

"You mind explaining your logic, Sir?" Vic asked.

"Bulldog. You must find the bulldog." Alyl replied urgently. "The fate of the Federation rests on that. That is what the Emissary said"

~Emissary~, Vic thought. ~If he's got an in with the Emissary... Well we do have an orb on board. Who knows what other freaky stuff may happen.~

(USS Hillary – Flight Deck – Pilot Ensign Vic Montero and ACSO Lieutenant (JG) Jaton Alyl - 1025)

The rest of the flight to the wormhole was uneventful. Vic kept wondering about the bulldog. What the reference meant. It's not like some Science officer would have seen his personnel jacket.

“We are approaching the wormhole entrance,” he said. “Scanners at maximum.”

As the Hillary reached the edge of the event horizon, there was a sharp uptick of neutron particles. The event horizon flashed open. The whirlpool of color, of light fascinated Vic. In the background, he would swear he was hearing some humming.

“Hillary is entering the wormhole,” Vic said as the Hillary began to move forward. The swirling patterns, the cascade continued, and the hum increased.

Alyl called out, “The orb is pulsating. Radiation levels are increasing. We must hurry.”

Glancing up, the scientist looked at the navigational chart. “The Ring Singularity. We must stop in the Ring Singularity,” he called.

Vic quickly pulled up some calculations, “We will reach that section in 2.3 seconds. I’ll have to do a hard reverse to try to stop the ship.

“Set the reverse to 0.56 standard,” Alyl said. “That will keep us there.”

Vic quickly entered the information that the Lieutenant provided. Not the time to question him. He didn’t know the science behind it, but the ship slowed to a standstill. The computer confirmed that they were at the event horizon of the Singularity.

“Now what?” Vic said out loud.

Suddenly on the screen was a shuttle. No idea where it came from. He magnified the name on the shuttle and sucked in his breath. It couldn’t be. Clearly, he was going mad.

But Alyl said to follow the bulldog. He tried to get a lock on the shuttle, but the radiation prevented him from establishing a lock. The ship started to move, so Vic slowly increased engine power to follow. The shuttle continued to move in an irregular pattern, which Vic quickly adopted to. It was a test pattern he and Sheridan made up to test the aerodynamics of a shuttle. The two shuttles flew in unison within the event horizon.

Suddenly, the first shuttle stopped. The humming increased.

“We are here,” Alyl said. “Setting coordinates for transport.”

Alyl worked over the transporter controls and the familiar hum of dematerialization filled the shuttle.

The orb became particles and disappeared from the Hillary. The computer suddenly started sounding multiple alarms.

[Warning neutro particle flux increasing.]

[Warning, Ring gravitational pressure increasing above shuttle rating.]

[Warning shields at 75%]

(USS Hillary – Flight Deck Pilot Ensign Vic Montero and ACSO Lieutenant (JG) Jaton Alyl – 1027)

“Time to get out of Dodge City,” Vic called out. “Buckle up, it’s going to be a bumpy ride I think.”

He flipped the shuttle about, and increased power and quickly brought the shuttle back into the positive CTL region. The ship was vibrating hard as Vic tried to outrun the pressure wave coming after them.”

[Warning Hull temperature approaching limits.]

“Computer, shut up.”

[Unable to comply. Warning neutro field increasing.]

Alyl looked up, “Must go faster. Must go faster. Must go faster. GO! GO! GO!”

Suddenly the swirling lights appeared as the Hillary exited the cone of the wormhole, shooting out into normal space. “Elvis has left the building,” Vic shouted out.

Vic set a course to the Illuminar and began accelerating to home as the wormhole collapsed and disappeared from view.

“Well that was anticlimactic,” Vic said. “Thanks Lieutenant, you’re Ace-high in my book.”

[Warning subspace disturbance] The computer called out

“I’m getting damned sick of all these warn....” Vic said as the effects of the wave hit the Hillary.

Time slowed down... distances all seemed impossibly long. Vic tried to reach the controls, mere centimeters from his fingers, yet they were meters away... W.....H.....A....T.....T....H...E..” he begin. Each letter hanging in the air in front of him...

After what seemed like hours Space returned to normal. Vic’s fingers punched the panel hard. “Damn.”

=^= Hillary to Illuminar. Cargo delivered and we are are RTB. Over. =^=

(USS Illuminar- Deck 1- Bridge - CO- Lt. Commander Sekal- 1028)

The command officers were all present, Lt. Verin seated at his right and Lt. Peters on his left.

Pilot Vic Montero had been dispatched in the Aeroshuttle along with Lieutenants Solice and Alyl and the alter-universe orb. The orb was not emitting Omicron radiation, its shielding was intact. It was theorized that this orb had acted as a catalyst in their "prime" universe and its presence was causing the degradation of the protective fields of the orbs here.

Perhaps it was destabilizing the barrier between alternate realities as well, the interest of Q and the words of Captain Sisko would appear to suggest this. As of yet they had only theories but once the duty was complete they would know for certain.

Commodore Remae was on the left side of the main viewer. The right half consisted of the picture of the Edmund Hillary as it neared the location of the wormhole. The command crews of both ships had been watching the unfolding tableau silently.

"Captain it's entering the wormhole." Came from one of the stations, the Vulcan was intent on the swirling vortex in space and on his feet.

"Acknowledged."

There were no explosions, no fireworks. The wormhole did not disrupt or stop. It did however collapse as the Edmund Hillary turned away and accelerated back to the ship. That's when it happened.

"There's a shockwave coming from the wormhole."

His head snapped toward the voice. "What kind of shockwave?"

"I don't know sir, the readings are all over the place, they don't make sense!"

"Yellow al...." Was all he got out just before it hit.

The ship didn't lurch or pitch, there was no crashing wave. People were not thrown to the deck. Instead the ship and everyone in it seemed to stretch and groan in protest as the wave passed.

Time seemed to slow until it almost stopped. Distances of a few meters elongated to hundreds. The sound of shouts and screams seemed to continue for hours in excruciating slowness.

Sekal felt his heart beat in exacting detail as it seemed to contract over eons before reversing.

Movement was out of question though he tried, was he frozen in time or moving so slowly it was imperceptible?

Then like a rubber band it snapped back. That's when the ship lurched and the engines strained. When all those including Sekal who weren't strapped down were thrown to the deck.

And then as suddenly as it started everything went calm.

Sekal stood to his feet and turned to see others doing the same.

"Captain we are holding our position." Came from Lieutenant Grey Wolf.

"And the Edmund Hillary?"

"Resuming course to dock with the ship."

He was turned away from the viewscreen when he saw his command team's eyes light up in alarm.

There was the sound of exaggerated clapping behind him.

"Well, well. You figured it out. I was wondering when you'd get around to it."

He turned to see Q standing before the viewscreen dressed in the simalicrum of a command uniform. The look on his face was one of utter satisfaction mixed with delight.

"Q." Sekal crossed his arms as he stood before the arrogant being. "Your cryptic clues were hardly informative."

Q shook the index finger of his right hand. "Ah, ah, ah mon capitán. Nothing in the universe is free, and one can't be properly tested if given the answers to the questions."

Sekal advanced on him. "What was the shockwave?"

Q gave a gloating smile. "One thing less on my list of duties which frees up time for more... interesting pursuits. For your limited frame of reference however you might say things have reverted to normal which is spreading across the universe at a speed which your feeble minds cannot possibly comprehend."

Q lifted his hands as he inhaled with relish then dropped them. "And now it's time for a holiday. Until we meet again. Au revoir."

There was a flash of light and the mercurial being was gone.

Sekal turned and looked out across the bridge then quirked an eyebrow. "I find his absence curiously refreshing."

Stardate: 2445.09.24

(USS Illuminar – Deck 1 – Bridge – CO– Lieutenant Commander Sekal- 13:00)

Illuminar had left Bajor and was nearing the edge of the system. The ship was currently at warp three and accelerating.

Sekal tapped a button on the chair arm and began speaking.

"Stardate twenty four, forty five, zero nine, twenty four.

Recommendations have been sent to the Minister of Security based on findings into the investigation of the poisoning of Kai Hetel Krevi. She was medically released from the ship in the company of planetary security forces who have been ordered to see to her safety.

The disposal of the alter-universe orb has sealed the rift that had been developing around the release of omicron radiation from the Bajoran orbs and it is believed the temple will be reopened after a short quarantine to verify there are no residual effects. Where the wormhole denizens disposed of it is an unknown however their assistance was invaluable. With the reinstatement of the protective fields the orbs are now safe for Bajoran use.

Illuminar has taken on and installed an upgraded flux capacitor in lieu of the series she had been outfitted with that proved faulty during our maximum warp sustainability test. We will be proving the design during the return to sector 001 where the ship will be undergoing upgrades.

The officers and crew of the ship performed admirably during the mission and my recommendations have been forwarded to StarFleet Command.

Lieutenant Commander Sekal, commanding officer, USS Illuminar."

He ended the log and spoke.

"Current location Lieutenant."

"Leaving the Bajoran system now sir and on course for Mars."

"Increase speed to maximum warp."

The ship accelerated quickly and smoothly until the call from Navigation came back.

"Warp nine point eight five Captain. At maximum warp and still climbing."

"Continue Lieutenant."

Mere seconds later a "tunnel" through subspace opened before the ship. Sekal's hands were set loosely on the chair arms as he peered at it with interest.

"Warp ten."

With a slight shudder Illuminar entered the transwarp tunnel and leapt ahead, navigating the tube of rippling energy with dizzying speed.

"Recalculating our time of arrival at sector 001."

He crossed his legs as he awaited the report .

"Our new ETA to Sol sector is estimated to be three days, four hours and twenty minutes sir." There was awe in Grey Wolf's voice as she made the report.

"Continue at speed while closely monitoring the drive systems."

(Reply: OPS, Engineering)

"Aye sir maintaining speed."

The jump to the transwarp tunnel had been negotiated without specialized components such as were present on Republic and Exeter and the CO's theory was that it was due to the tie of the new crystals to subspace which anchored them in space/time unlike the older dilithium crystal drive. If the system was proven to be stable during the trip back to base Illuminar would now be able to traverse the quadrant and beyond at a greatly increased rate.

The journey to Bajor had taken eighteen days, the return would be a reduction of eighty three point three percent.

He settled back in the chair, there would be opportunities in the future for senior members of the bridge crew to take watch, at this time his presence was required if there was a component failure which he did not anticipate. Once the technology was proven they would be called upon. Next stop Mars.

Stardate: 2445.09.27

(Utopia Planitia-- Mars Base Grounds -- Federation Ambassadors at Large-- Dr. Riven Mias and Michaela Kirien-Mias-- 0735)

The man who was strolling from the shuttle pad nexus was not tall, standing exactly halfway between five and six feet. He wasn't thin but had a slight pot belly. He wasn't a particularly fast walker since he had slowed some over the years and was now well into his sixties but then again he had seldom needed speed. While he had certainly slowed a bit it wasn't by a lot and he was perfectly capable of switching gears if needed.

He was brandishing a gnarled cane which he seldom used, it was more of an affectation than a needed tool most of the time. He had used it for a while after limping angrily away from the Spectre and against all reason had taken a liking to the image he cut with it.

He was wearing a pristine white robe today that seemed to repel the red martian dust that was in the air despite all odds. But that was its intended purpose, the fabric had been created to be resistant to such things, why else would he be wearing it in such a climate? The cloth belt about his waist was a nutty brown in color.

His hair was long and white, trailing down behind him to the small of his back and braided with silver charms which tinkled merrily in the gusts of wind. The silver chimes tied to the tassels of his sandals likewise announced every movement of his feet.

His beloved wife was upon his left arm as he looked about at the hustle and bustle of the base with a pleased smile.

Michaela stood beside her husband. She had been offered a Starfleet uniform but had declined, choosing to be clad in ambassadorial robes. Her dark hair was twisted upwards and confined with tiny pins that added sparkle against the inky dark.

"Alaya left Betazed for THIS?" Michaela Kirien-Mias gazed around in slight confusion. Michaela tended towards being a bit judgemental in her increased years. Nearing 60 herself, she was still beautiful and accomplished. "Is the ship here we are to meet? I never got the chance to meet Nessa's alien that wrecked her career." Michaela had always been slightly jealous of Vanyssa Winters. Her tone was slightly cutting. The biggest reason they were here was to assist the young First Officer of the Illuminar. The Betazoid government was curious about Luma'lenai and wanted her studied, and some of her vast history recorded. That was to be Michaela's job.

She turned to her husband as the yeoman attached to them trailed with their baggage. The young woman could have beamed them directly but she insisted that if the ambassadors were walking, so would she.

Riven turned his head to her, his smile never faltering. His irrepressible good humor had not waned despite his disagreements with the ruling enclave within the temple of the goddess on Betazed over his repeated forays aboard Starfleet vessels. He had served on four in various capacities, primarily as Counselor, the Nimitz, Mystique, Hades and Spectre. The last had been infuriating, he had offered his services after happening into their mission and been soundly rebuffed by it's Captain who had arrogantly offered to take him aboard at a reduced rank. Riven had refused being demoted from Lieutenant Commander to Lieutenant and limped away with a sore knee for his trouble. That had been a fitting departure from such a sad ship. He would have stayed aboard just to be of service to it's crew and no other reason had they only been willing.

"Now, now my sweet. Her former First Officer would hardly have demanded oversight of the entity had he not seen something of worth in her. Vulcans after all do not let emotions rule their thought processes and Nessa herself never blamed Luma'Lenai for what transpired. Luma aided them as best she could, it was the energy Vanyssa was conducting telepathically that burned her out. You know that as well as I."

His eyes crinkled merrily at his wife. He knew she didn't like the environs she currently found herself in.

"The Illuminar is scheduled to arrive this afternoon so I requested we be assigned quarters on the base." He had looked over a map of Utopia Planitia and knew where they were. To their left off of the concourse was the oval structure containing general living quarters and closest to them on the right was medical. Beyond it was the security offices.

The ten story tall administrative complex was next and in the center of the base, before it was a paved oval walkway with the seal of the Federation gleaming at its center. Since engineering took up part of the far side of the administrative building the next was their storage and vehicle bay.

The last building was the science and R&D annex.

"I was told that the best quarters available were in the science annex so that is our first destination."

He sensed the suppressed groan from the yoeman following them and turned to her. "Young lady I would be happy to take a bag or two."

"Thank you sir but I've got this." Her reply was crisp and resigned.

"Kiella, you can beam directly there. We really do not mind." Michaella's voice was kind and gentle.

"No Ma'am. I'm fine. In Ambassadorial Etiquette Class, they tell us it is frowned on to do so. If our charges walk, we have to as well. And the VIPs are not allowed to carry their own bags." Michaella wanted to laugh at the silly rules but chose not to. Poor yeoman. At least the young woman was honest about things. She seemed to understand that the two wanted honesty and that both being telepaths did not put up with attempted deception. Even for politeness' sake.

It was a long, long walk to where they were going, but it was not terrible. Soon enough they were passing through a large park filled with animals. A small grey and white female cat came bounding over to them and rubbed herself against Riven's feet. Michaella looked around curiously. "This park is beautiful. A true labor of love for someone. I would enjoy picnicking here with you before we leave, my dearest Heart." It was truly a large park and Michaella was overjoyed at the happiness that she sensed from the animals around her.

He gazed down with mirth at the kitten that had begun by brushing his ankle with her body. Quickly enough she grazed the chimes and started a merry tinkle. The display of affection was quickly forgotten as she discovered the new toys and began to play with them, batting at them with her paw.

He laughed and scooped her up after bending down then straightened quickly with her in his arms. "I do believe I've found a new friend." The kitten struggled momentarily.

::Calm down little one, you've gotten old enough to find a home where you can be properly adored.::

She relaxed into his arms and he scratched under her chin which started a contented purr. His mental communication hadn't been understood but the soothing projection had been successful.

New prize in hand he then sent to Michaella. ::Perhaps you should make yourself available my sweet. These animals are starved for affection.::

Michaella smiled in return, ::That is why I want to return here and spend some time. There are many animals here that desire attention. You and a cat.:: She seemed amused.

As they finished passing through to the housing section, she turned towards Riven ::Do we need to report in to anyone? I'm not exactly sure what the protocol is for visiting ambassadors.:: Riven had been an ambassador for much longer than she had. She remembered one of the first times that she had met him, when they were disguised as Cardassians and she had danced with him in a bar, not knowing who he was, only that he was the most intriguing person she had ever met. Later she had found out that he was the person that they were supposed to be meeting and ultimately extracting from the planet.

::After dropping off our things we are going to visit an old friend who should have more information for us. As I understand it he has his fingers on the pulse of things that are developing and not just on nerve ganglia clusters.:: His eyes sparkled mischievously as he gave her a sideways glance and he winked.

It was the moment her life had truly changed for the better and that the grief that had plagued her with the death of her daughters' sire years before. When they had left the Spectre, her daughters had joined the Academy. Gabriella was a Commander on a starbase as the first officer, Elizabeth was a Lt and enjoyed flying anything that had wings. Their Father had been a pilot, and while Gabby took after her, Liz took after James Wilson. And Liz had no desire to advance in rank if it meant that she would get stuck behind a desk. She missed her girls, it had been almost five years since she had seen Gabby, longer since Liz had been home. Her twins while identical were anything but in personality and skill.

"Will we be seeing Admiral Winters while we are here?" Michaella asked her Imzadi with a soft smile. While she was slightly jealous, and might always be, but it would be good to see her.

"We will have more than enough time. Word came to me that the Illuminar will have shore leave here." The change from telepathy to speech was made with the idea not to completely exclude the yoeman from their discourse. Her duty was onerous enough without feeling as though she was being shunned or excluded.

A nod as they reached the quarters assigned to them. Michaella waited for the yeoman to enter, then she and Riven entered as well. The kitten wanted down to explore. "I'm surprised there are so many animals here. There are not just cats but dogs and squirrels and birds, hamsters and...other..things." She had sensed things that she did not approve of.

"But that park was truly lovely." Michaella stopped and opened her larger duffel, to take the time to change from her creased and travel worn clothing. Ducking into the bathing room, she exclaimed ::They have a real water shower?:: She was shocked and pleased by this development. It would take her forever to get her hair dry again but it would be worth it. ::Care to join me, Imzadi?:: Michaella had long ago learned to take the days as they came, to enjoy the pleasures of the moment.

::Of course.:: He laid out a robe of midnight blue and gold and small clothes to put on beneath it before removing what he had been wearing. His feet did not have the benefit of protection so were dusty. His hair likewise would take time to dry. He removed the charms and shook out the braids, grabbed soap from the small travel bag and joined her. ::Easy on the temperature now, you know I don't like it too hot. I prefer to steep rather than boil.:: His laughter echoed through the apartment as he entered the shower and gave her fanny a light slap.

(USS Illuminar- Deck 1- Conference Room- CO- Lieutenant Commander Sekal- 1900)

They had arrived at Utopia Planitia space dock and would be disembarking for Mars shortly. Illuminar had been scheduled for upgrades and would receive them before the next mission. The UP engineering/dock operations crew was scheduled to board at 0800 tomorrow.

Their first mission had been hard fought and draining but successful. Sekal's commendations and promotion recommendations had been approved and he had gathered the officers for one last meeting before leaving the ship.

He was standing at the head of the table with four small black boxes there before him. He looked about at those assembled before speaking.

"StarFleet Command has set a preliminary target for our next mission but before the orders come through the officers and crew have received commendations for a successful mission to Bajor and been granted a five day leave of absence while the ship is being upgraded. I have also received permission for the following promotions. This is both a duty and an honor."

He picked up the first box on the right and opened it.

"Ensign Ariel Trei is hereby promoted to Lieutenant junior grade. Lieutenant Trei please step forward."

(Reply: Trei)

As she stepped before him he pinned the black 'empty' pip below the solid 'full' one adding what was known as the 'Lieutenant's row' then shook her hand. "Congratulations Lieutenant."

(Reply: Trei)

He placed the box to the side and picked up the next in line.

"Ensign Keung Lee is hereby promoted to full Ensign and Assistant Chief of Security. Ensign Lee please step forward."

(Reply: Lee)

He removed the empty pip from his collar and pinned a full one in its place then shook his hand.
"Congratulations Ensign."

(Reply: Lee)

He dropped the empty pip in the box and placed it with the other then picked up the third.

"Lieutenant Quinnna Solice is hereby promoted to full Lieutenant. Lieutenant Solice please step forward."

(Reply: Quinnna)

He removed the empty pip and replaced it with the full one then shook her hand. "Congratulations Lieutenant."

(Reply: Quinnna)

He placed the empty pip in the box and set it to the side then picked up the last box and exposed the full pip that lay within.

"Ensign Dieter Gregory is hereby promoted to Lieutenant Junior Grade and Assistant Chief of Operations. Lieutenant Gregory please step forward."

(Reply: Gregory)

He pinned the full pip above the empty one creating the Lieutenant's row then shook his hand.
"Congratulations Lieutenant."

(Reply: Gregory)

After the officer had resumed his seat Sekal continued. "You are now officially on leave. Quarters have been set aside for all at Utopia Planitia base. Those who wish to depart Mars for leave are to return no later than 0800 on the 2nd. Dismissed."

(Reply: Any)

As they began filing out he caught Sienna's attention.

"Lieutenant Verin I have received a communication that your presence is required at the medical center. Doctor Riven Mias will be expecting you."

(USS Illuminar - Conference Room - ACOUNC ACMO LT JG Ariel Trei - 19.05)

Ariel stepped forward to receive her promotion. The black pip signified that she was a Lieutenant Junior Grade. She was proud of the work she contributed to earn the promotion. She shook Captain Sekal's hand firmly and returned to a standing rest position while the others were promoted. She gave an extra smile to Quinna for her well deserved promotion. When the order for leave was issued, she walked over to Quinna and asked her if she wanted to do some dress shopping.

"So Quinna. Are you up for some dress shopping for the wedding?"

(USS Illuminar- Deck 1- Conference Room- FO- Lieutenant Sienna Williams-Verin - 1910)

Sienna sat in her normal seat. The last week was relaxing. Not difficult. Sure she had spent two days with her twin and his wife, both on the Exeter and on DS9, and talked a lot of things out with him, needed things. She had experienced a nightmare that left her screaming for help, and no help arrived. And she had expected that when they arrived in Sol's system, Sector 001 that Q's 'gifted' powers would go away.

Alas, that had absolutely not been the case. They were all gathered in the conference room, and had received promotions. But several people that she had recommended had not. Perhaps it was just that those had not had time to go through. If anyone deserved a promotion during this fiasco, it was Vex. Vex was exhausted. Alaya had worked hard as well. There were alternative ways to reward service, Sy just was not used to them yet. She would need to dig into the annals and see about ribbons and commendations.

The Bajor mission had helped forge a bond with the crew, and further missions would absolutely do so as well. Missions that were not a crucible, a forced forging by fire.

Sy smiled happily as several people that she counted friends received their promotions. Especially Ensign Lee who had worked so hard in such a short period. He truly deserved it.

When the crew were dismissed for leave, she had stayed sitting there, thinking. She was unsurprised that Sekal spoke to her. She didn't think that she would get out of some sort of psych eval this trip home. The lack of sleep was showing.

"Lieutenant Verin I have received a communication that your presence is required at the medical center. Doctor Riven Mias will be expecting you."

"Ah, Yes, Sir. I will report in later tonight. I have a few things that I still need to take care of before I can leave the ship." She waited for the Vulcan to dismiss her before heading back to her quarters to pack. She needed to send a message to her parents, indicating that she would not be arriving at the ranch on Earth tonight like she had originally planned. What would her Father think or say when Duke Williams found out his little girl was being remanded to psychiatric custody.

That did not bear thinking about. Maybe he already knew. Certainly no one could keep secrets around her Mother.

(USS Illuminar- Deck !4 – Assistant Chief of Security office ACS Keung Lee – 1920)

The Assistant Chief of Security Office located on Deck 14 was as far as Keung was concerned it designed to be functional. The environment felt clinical but he was impressed by the window view of the Utopia Planitia space dock. Keung walked over to the desk by the window and sat on the swivel high backed chair. Unfortunately he had his back to the window and he thought about the re-positioning his desk so he can have a view but he realised that he was facing the door. At one end of the room was a round conference table with room for six people to sit around the table. A monitor was attached to the bulkhead nearby. Keung was pleased to see a replicator by the door. He placed his feet on the desk and thought about his promotion as the Assistant Chief of Security. You done well for yourself, boyo...promoted in such a short time, thought Keung. But what a role that he has taken on. It was his job to interpret the Chief of Security policies and implement the security measures on a day to day basis. That include thinks like organising the rotas for security officers and allocating duty positions. Goodness me..how many were there serving aboard the Illuminar? He had to find out!! Perhaps after he would return from leave, he would set up a 'get to know you session'. He would have to organise the security detail for Away missions which meant also providing close protection for senior officers including the Captain. After what happened on Bajor, Keung considered setting up a training programme for the crew including his security officers. The armoury was next door to the office and he also realised that his role include

looking after the administration of the armoury. He must have a good look in there but that too can wait after he returned from leave. What else he has to do? He wondered if there was any paper in the drawer of the desk only to find there wasn't any paper nor a pen!! But there was a PADD and he took that out, and switched it on. he jotted down his thoughts about his job and some ideas that could be put into place . There wasn't anything physically he could do whilst the ship was in refit. However that didn't stop him from doing any research whilst he was on Mars..do a bit of networking! Half an hour later he finished. It was too late to inspect the armoury and the firing range. He decided to find his new quarters on desk 3.

End Compile