

[illegible]

Mission: For Honor

Day: 1 to 4

Stardate 2446.04.25 - 2446.04.28

[illegible]

2446.04.25

(Mars, Utopia Colony, sublevel T – El Sleezo, Main Level – Barkeep Claudia – 0804)

(Mars, Utopia Colony, sublevel T – Street – Gunnery Sergeant Emile Schofield – 0806)

(Mars, Utopia Colony, Sublevel T – El Sleezo, Apartment – Gunnery Sergeant Emile Schofield – 0901)

(Mars, Utopia Colony, Sublevel T – Doctor McKinley's Apartment – Gunnery Sergeant Emile Schofield – 0930)

2446.04.26

(IKS Illuminar - Deck 1- Bridge- CSec/Tac - Lt. Commander T'Mur and Pe'tah -1100)

(IKS Skral - Deck 1- Bridge SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 11.02)

(IKS Skral - Deck 1- Bridge - Klingon Tactical Officer - Gordu - 1103)

(IKS Skral - Deck 1- Bridge - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 11.05)

(IKS Skral - Deck 1- Bridge - Klingon Tactical Officer - Gordu - 1106)

(IKS Skral - Deck 1- Bridge SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 11.08)

2446.04.27

(USS Illuminar - Dieter's Quarters - Dr. Agnes Vanderstein -- 1640)

(USS Illuminar - Dieters Quarters - a1/O CMDR Dieter Gregory - 1645)

2446.04.28

(SS Ocean Pioneer – Cabin 4 – Civilian Claudia – 0800)

(Farius Prime, Klingon Embassy – Staff Quarters – File Clerk K’Nera – 0853)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 2 - VIP Quarters - Ambassador Quentin McKenzie - 0910)

(Qo'nos - First City - Great Hall - aFO Commander Dieter Gregory, CSec/Tac Commander T'Muir, CPO P'Rah and Ensign Cal Dogan - 1000)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 4 - Transporter room 1 - SO P'Rah and Hercules Devers - 1155)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 4 - Transporter room 1 - Ambassador Quentin McKenzie- 1156)

(Qo'nos – Fach's Metal Processing, Office – Civilian Fach, son of I'n - 1241)

(Qo'nos – Fach's Metal Processing, Basement – Avor and Friends – 1255)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - ATAC- Ensign Andy Taylor - 1302)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - So/ATac - Ensign Andy Taylor - 1304)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - a1/O CMDR Dieter Gregory -1307)

(IKS D'aka - Bridge - Captain Hagh'ek -1308)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 11 - Chief Engineer's Office - CEO - Lieutenant Tegian Pex - 1308)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - So/ATac - Ensign Andy Taylor - 1309)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - CMO Office - CMO/3XO Commander Quinna Solice 1310)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Sickbay - CMO/3XO Commander Quinna Solice 1311)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Sickbay - MO - Dr. Kyllee Stev - 1312)
(USS Illuminar - Corridor - Leeza Pel - 1312)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - a1/O CMDR Dieter Gregory - 1313)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - a1/O CMDR Dieter Gregory - 1314)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 11 - Main Engineering - CEO - Lieutenant Tegian Pex - 1314)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - So/ATac - Ensign Andy Taylor - 1315)
(Qo'nos - Conference Room - Diplomat Setan - 1315)
(USS Illuminar - Shuttle Bay - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 13.15)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 12 – Environmental Control – OO Ensign Scott Matrix - 1316)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 9 -- CMO/3XO Commander Quinna Solice - 1317)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 Bridge - a1/O CMDR Dieter Gregory-1318)
(USS Illuminar – Deck 1, Bridge – ACONN Alex Dyson – 1319)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 10 - Shuttlebay - Flight Deck Officer Ensing Grafrig - 1320)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - SFI - Lt. Michael Weston - 1320)
(USS Illuminar -- Bridge -- Leeza Pel 1320)
(USS Illuminar - Montero's Quarters -Pilot Ensign Vic Montero -1320)
(USS Illuminar -- Bridge -- Leeza Pel 1320)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 10 – Shuttle Bay – OO Ensign Scott Matrix - 1324)
(USS Illuminar - Main Shuttlebay SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 13.24)
(Qo'nos - Conference Room - CSec/Tac Lt Commander T'Mur - 1325)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 11 - CRSD Office - CSRD - Lieutenant Bohb - 1325)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - a1/O CMDR Dieter Gregory - 1325)
(USS Illuminar - Main Shuttlebay - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 13.26)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 10 - Main Shuttlebay - CEO - Lieutenant Tegian Pex - 1326)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - SFI - Lt. Michael Weston - 1326)
(USS Illuminar - May Shuttlebay - Pilot Ensign Vic Montero - 13.27)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 10 - Shuttlebay - CSRD - Lieutenant Bohb - 1327)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge -- Leeza Pel - 1327)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - a1/O CMDR Dieter Gregory - 1328)
(USS Illuminar - May Shuttlebay - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 13.28)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - a1/O CMDR Dieter Gregory - 1328)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - SFI - Lt. Michael Weston - 1329)
(USS Illuminar -Deck 10 - Shuttlebay -pilot Ensign Vic Montero -1330)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 10 - Shuttlebay - CEO - Lieutenant Tegian Pex - 1330)
(USS Illuminar - Turbolift - Leeza Pel - 1330)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 11 - CRSD Office - CSRD - Lieutenant Bohb - 1331)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - SFI - Lt. Michael Weston - 1331)
(Qo'nos – Corridor – SO Kelly Long – 1332)
(Qo'nos – Fach's Metal Processing, Basement – Civilian Fach, Son of I'n - 1333)
(Qo'nos - Outside the Conference Room - SO CPO P'Rah and Hercules Devers - 1334)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - a1/O CMDR Dieter Gregory - 1335)
(Qo'nos - Main Hall Corridor - Klingon Security Officer - Kor'chek - 1335)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 11- Main Engineery - MO - Dr. Kyllee Stev - 1335)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 11 - Main Shuttlebay - CEO - Lieutenant Tegian Pex - 1335)
(Qo'nos – Main Hall, Corridor – SO Ensign Kelly Long – 1336)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - Ops Ensign Victoria Morganthall and a1/O CMDR Dieter Gregory -13:37)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - SFI - Lt. Michael Weston - 1337)

(Qo'nos - Main Hall Corridor - Klingon Security Officer - Kor'chek - 1337)

(Qo'nos - Main Hall Corridor - Security Officer - CPO Hercules Devers, CPO P'Rah - 1338)

(Qo'nos – Corridor – SO Ensign Kelly Long – 1339)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - a1/O CMDR Dieter Gregor - 1340)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 10 - Bridge --Civilian Doctor Agnes Vanderstein- 1340)

(Qo'nos - Corridor - SO CPO P'Rah and CPO Hercules Devers - 1340)

(Qo'nos - Corridor - SO Ensign Kelly Long - 1341)

(USS Illuminar - Sickbay -- Deck 5 -- CMO/3XO Commander Quinna Solice - 1342)

(USS Illuminar -- Surgical room -- Deck 5 -- CMO/3XO Commander Quinna Solice -- 1345)

(Qo'nos – Great Hall, Ventilation Tube – SO Kelly Long – 1346)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 10 - Shuttlebay - Pilot Ensign Vic Montero - 13.55)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 11 - CRSD Office - CSRD - Lieutenant Bohb - 1355)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 10 - Shuttlebay Floor - Pilot Lt. Arthur 'Snoopy' Corday - 1356)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge- a1/O CMDR Dieter Gregory - 14:05)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 11 - CRSD Office - CSRD - Lieutenant Bohb - 1436)

(Qo'nos - Conference Room - Klingon Minister- Pe'tah - 1415)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 10 - Main Shuttlebay - CEO - Lieutenant Tegian Pex - 1424)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - a1/O CMDR Dieter Gregory - 14:25)

(Qo'nos – Sewer – Civilian Fach, son of I'n - 1425)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge- ATAC- Lt. Andy Taylor - 1426)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Conference Room - a1/O CMDR Dieter Gregory - 14:30)

(Qo'nos - Ante Chamber - Ambassador Quentin McKenzie - 1430)

(Qo'nos – Sewer – Security Officer - Ja'nus Daughter of Kem'chuk - 1430)

(Qo'nos – Great Hall. Ventilation Tube – SO Kelly Long - 1430)

(Qo'nos - Ventilation System - SO CPO P'Rah - 1430)

(Qo'nos – Sewer – Civilian Fach, Son of I'n – 1431)

(Qo'nos – Imperial Orphanage 17, Office – Civilian B'll, son of S'kes – 1432)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Conference Room SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 14.32)

(Qo'nos - Ante Chamber - Dr. Riven Mias - 1433)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Conference Room - CEO - Lieutenant Tegian Pex - 1434)

(Qo'nos - Ante Chamber - Ambassador Setan - 1435)

(Qo'nos - Ventilation Tube - SO CPO P'Rah - 1435)

(Qo'nos - Ventilation Tube - SO Ensign Kelly Long – 1437)

(Qo'nos - Ventilation Tube - SO Ensign Kelly Long – 1438)

But mother natures had other plans. Because underneath sublevel S were several caves. And in order to do their studies, the scientists and engineers had dug tunnels to connect them.

Over the years, these caves and tunnels had slowly become home to people who need a place to live and couldn't afford anybody asking questions. The result was a lawless, dirty place, filled with buildings that wouldn't pass even the most basic safety inspection. When she had arrived, Had a Federation historian know about this place, they would have found that sublevel T was a mix between the Kowloon Walled City and Cairo's Garbage City district. Both places were from Earth in the 20th century.

As for the El Sleezo, it was located in the largest cave. The basement was home to a dentist – or what passed for a dentist down here – and a large still, which cranked out what the locals called T-Level Sunlight. The name was a pun on the fact that it was actually moonshine.

Above that was the main bar. This was the part of the El Sleezo where Claudia worked. But not in the role that most people would expect of an Orion female. She was the Chief Barkeep and one of the two people who kept the kitchen from descending into pure chaos. The other person was an Andorian who went by the name of Yorrick, who was the closest thing El Sleezo had to a chef. His job was cooking the few recipes he knew and yelling at the rest of the kitchen staff.

Continuing up, you found two floors of holosuites where shady people did shady things. The suites were kept operational by Yorricks twin brother Horatio. Claudia knew better then to ask who. Finally, at the top of the building were two floors of apartments, This was where there employees lived, including Claudia and her kids.

Six years ago, Claudia had been romantically involved with a human called Alex Dyson. He had been the pilot of the vessel that had gotten her to Federation space. Eventually, the ship had reached as deep into Federation space as it went. So she had left, starting a journey that had ended with her arrival here.

It was during her journey that she had discovered she was pregnant. Two days after arriving on sublevel T, she had given birth to Samantha and Hendrick. ~Henry and Sam.~ This had nearly gotten her kicked out of sublevel T. But John – the owner of El Sleezo – had been looking for a new barkeep and had offered her a job. She had quickly discovered that he was not doing this out of the kindness of his heart. ~Sexist big.~ Instead, he had been expecting certain....favors in return. Fortunately, John had lost El Sleezo in a game of high-stakes poker before he had been able to cash-in those favors.

The new owner – a man called Zachary – preferred male company. He had seen to it that John was thrown out of sublevel T. This had led to John – who had a rap-sheet longer than the average humanoid's arm – being arrested by Mars authorities and sentenced to twenty years in jail for a long list of charges.

Zachary had allowed Claudia to stay and had even turned the El Sleezo's roof into a public space. The place served as T-level's library, school and allotment garden. Because it didn't rain on sublevel T and because hot air rose, the temperatures on the roof were tropical. Right now, Claudia was in the bar and the children were at school. So she took orders and poured drinks.

[illegible]

Joker felt odd being in civilian clothes. ~How did I end up here ?~ After he had graduated the Civilian Freighter School, he had spent three years as an engineer aboard the SS Farragut. The Farragut was an independent freighter that didn't have a set route, but instead took jobs and commissions. That was, until she got a job to deliver a shipload of food to Kraus IV.

Farragut's pilot had been George McHale, who had still been a bully and an idiot. He had demonstrated the latter by messing up dropping out of warp. ~And boy, did he mess it up.~ The Farragut had collided with the SS New York, an automated cargo drone. New York and her cargo full of grain had gone up in a massive explosion, while the Farragut had ended up spiraling towards the planet.

Fortunately, Joker and the Captain had managed to level the ship out and crash it in a desert. The only casualties had been the Farragut and George McHale's face. Captain Kyra 'Volcano' Rodriguez had not been happy with losing her ship and had made her displeasure known by breaking McHale's jaw and nose. And because Joker had felt that McHale kind of had it coming, he had not felt any pity. But that was where the good news ended.

The bad news was that the local authorities had been very unhappy with them. Which would have resulted in all of them getting arrested. But Kraus IV was an independent world that was on friendly terms with the Federation. And the Federation ambassador had managed to calm things down. So it had been only McHale who had been thrown into jail. As for the rest of the crew, the ambassador had tried to get them transport off the planet. Alas, he had failed. So they had been forced to go to Plan B. Which had been to find jobs to get off Kraus IV.

That was when Emile had ended up in the office of a Starfleet recruiter, who had talked him into joining the Marines. His first response had been to laugh at the suggestion, thinking that his Vrolik Syndrome would render him unable to pass the medical exam. But then the recruiter had reminded him that they were on Kraus IV, where the Federations laws regarding genetic engineering did not apply. And so he had ended up in a local hospital, asking the doctors what his options were.

They had told him that there were several types of Vrolik Syndrome and that not all of them could be cured. Joker, however, had gotten lucky. The therapy had taken a month, but it had worked. There had been the issue of the bill. But Kyra Rodriguez had been salvaging and selling bits and pieces of the Farragut. She had used the proceeds to take care of it. With the bill paid and his condition cured, Joker had gone back to the recruiting office and had signed up.

He had ended up assigned to the Federation embassy on Sigma Zeta II. It was a backwater world, where the marine detachment had needed a technical man. After six months, things had taken a turn for the worse the brass had gotten wind of his therapy. They had wasted no time and dragged both Joker and the recruiter in front of a disciplinary board. It had looked like the two of them were headed straight for court martial. But then the Lieutenant-Colonel in charge of Maintenance Battalion Avalon had taken notice of the situation.

Avalon was a small unit that had travelled from post to post to troubleshoot and install upgrades. And the Lieutenant-Colonel did not allow people into his unit unless he was sure they were good. Like really good. So when he had spoken up on Joker's behalf, it had carried a lot of weight. In the end, the

recruiter had been send back to Kraus IV and Joker had been transferred to Avalon. So he his legal trial had been replaced by a trial-of-fire.

It was trial that Emile had not only survived, but that had seen him climb the enlisted ranks to Gunnery Sergeant. Then – last month – the Marine Corps leadership had decided to lighten Avalon's workload by creating Maintenance Battalion Excalibur. The problem had been that they only had unexperienced people to start the new unit with. So the CO – who had been promoted to full Colonel since Joker had joined Avalon – had been asked to make pick three people for reassignment to Excalibur.

~Which is how you ended up here.~ All of Avalon's current crop of officers – except for the Colonel – were way to green to lead the new unit. So the three slots had been filled by Joker and two corporals. And while the brass looked for officers to run Excalibur, he had been spending the last month trying to make them a little less green. Which was when he had heard about Alex Dyson putting on the uniform and joining Starfleet. ~Alex Dyson ? In Starfleet ? This is insane !~

Over the years, he had heard a lot of rumors about his former roommate. And today, those rumors had led him here. He reached the El Sleezo and stepped inside. ~Here we go.~ Joker spotted the woman he was looking for. ~Orion, female and pretty hard to miss.~ He approached her and took a deep breath.

“Claudia ?”

“Yes, what do you want ?”

"I'm Emile Schofield. I'm here to talk about Alex Dyson...." That was as far as he got before she slapped him. "What did I do ? It's not my fault..."

Before he could continue, two large Andorians grabbed him and threw him out of the bar. Then he hit a brick wall and the world went black.

(Reply any)

(Posted by Ruben)

[illegible]

(Mars, Utopia Colony, Sublevel T – El Sleezo, Apartment – Gunnery Sergeant Emile Schofield – 0901)

Emile woke up tied to what appeared to be a make-shift surgical bed. His entire body hurt, but his head was the worst. He began struggling against the straps keeping him down. ~This is bad.~ He didn't want to think about what they would do to him if he didn't get out of here fast. Fortunately, he was good in shape and the straps were not as strong as they appeared. His left arm came free first, allowing him to undo the other straps.

“Time to get out of here.”

He found the front door and opened it. Much to his surprise, he was still in the El Sleezo building. Spotting what passed for stairs around here, he headed out. Alas, he made it only halfway to the stairs before there was a hissing sound behind him, followed by a sting in the back of his neck. ~A dart.~ That was all he was able to think before the drug inside the dart did its job and he crumpled to the floor.

(Mars, Utopia Colony, Sublevel T – El Sleezo, Main Level – Barkeep Claudia – 0901)

Claudia was still cranky about the visit from this “Schofield” fellow. In fact, any mention of the twins’ father tended to have that effect on her. Right now, she was taking her frustration out on a table, which she was scrubbing harder than was good for it. She was about to move on to the next table when Doctor Archibald McKinley walked in. ~Oh, no.~

McKinley was a human in his sixties, with greying hair and sharp green eyes. Having arrived twenty years ago, he had become the closest thing sublevel T had to a mayor. Known as Doc to the locals, having him visit was never a good sign.

“Doc, can I get you a drink ?”

“No, what you can give me, is an explanation...” His tone made it clear that he was not happy. “...about Emile Schofield and what you were thinking, having the Andorian brothers throw him out like that.”

“He...” She gave him a look.

“He mentioned Alex, didn’t he ?” McKinley was still unhappy, but his tone was a bit less harsh. “Claudia, you can’t bury this forever. You’re going to have to deal with this sooner or later. This twins deserve to know the truth. And your little temper tantrum just endangered the entire level...” Claudia looked at him and was about to object, but McKinley continued his speech.

“...because Emile Schofield is a Starfleet Marine ! If he disappears, they'll send people to come find him. And if we let him go, he'll report us to his superiors. And The Pact of '04 is extremely clear about what the Abovers will do if things go south for the winter !”

The Abovers was what the locals called the people who lived on the sublevels above sublevel T. While the Abovers who lived on levels A through Q were blissfully unaware of sublevel T, the inhabitants of sublevel R and S knew about the existence of the place. So in 2304, the officials running those levels had made a deal with the people running sublevel T. The resulting document – known as the Pact of '04 – was one of the few things keeping sublevel T from descending into total anarchy. And it made it crystal clear that if the Ts got into major trouble with the authorities, they were on their own.

"Bloody..." She paused. "Wait, how do you know he's a Marine?"

“He has a tattoo on his arm. I noticed it while treating his injuries,” He paused. “You need to make this right, Claudia. No more hiding, no more running.”

And with that, McKinley walked out. Claudia sighed and followed him. ~Time to comfort you demons, C. Before everything goes to hell.~ This was not going to be fun. But as much as she hated to admit, Doc was right. About all of it. So off she went.

[illegible]

(Mars, Utopia Colony, Sublevel T – Doctor McKinley's Apartment – Gunnery Sergeant Emile Schofield – 0930)

Emile woke up to the hiss of a hypospray. This time, there was no pain and there were no straps holding him down. He sat up and put his legs over the edge of the bed. That was when he noticed the couch and the three people on it. On the left was a human in his sixties, in the middle was Claudia and on the right was...~ What in the world ?~ Before he could ask about it, the human spoke up.

"I'm glad to see that your feeling better, Mister Schofield. Let me introduce myself, I'm Doctor Archibald McKinley and I'm....well, the closest thing we have to a mayor around here. I saw your....," He paused. "...encounter with Miss Claudia. I patched you up and brought Miss Claudia here. I think you two should talk."

He gave Claudia a look that made it clear that this was not optional. Then he got up and left, taking the third person with him. ~I really need to ask him about that.~ But it would have to wait. Claudia moved over a bit, allowing him to leave the bed and sit down on the couch. He took a deep breath.

“So, Alexander Dyson, what did he do to make you so mad ?”

Claudia sighed and began telling the story of her romance with Alexander Dyson.

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

Breakfast had been an intriguing experience for T'Mur. She had become accustomed to her quiet and personal breakfasts without Sienna in their room. This was far from that. There was a great deal of noise, and as much conversation and laughing as eating was occurring. It did not do anything to appeal to her appetite, so she watched as the others ate. However nobody approached the table that Pe'tah and Trei were eating at, but T'Mur could see a great many sideways looks.

After breakfast, they followed Pe'tah to the bridge. There was a mixture of attitudes that were not well veiled as she looked around at the Klingons. Some were uncaring, some nodded with acceptance at Trei, and then there were those that looked at her with utter distaste. They did not appear to have any more favor for the Vulcan either.

"Lt. Trei." Pe'tah said, "I understand you have some experience in tactical. Why don't you take the tactical station."

(reply Trei)

Pe'tah kept an eye on T'Mur who nodded and stepped into the background. This was a test for Trei. The Klingon at the tactical station looked at Pe'tah with surprise and then understanding. He was being challenged for his place on the bridge by Minister.

"I am Gordu," he said. "Are you challenging me for this station?"

(reply Trei)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(IKS Skral - Deck 1- Bridge SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 11.02)

After breakfast she followed Pe'Tah to the bridge. He said to the officers on the Bridge that she had some tactical experience. He offered that she should take over the tactical station. A man named Gordu was occupying the station currently. She was prepared to challenge for the station if that was what she had to do. This apparently is her test to be a member of the house of Nogga. She approached the station with a stance ready to fight on the spot if she had to.

"You heard the directive Gordu. I am relieving you of duty at the tactical station. Step aside or fight me, otherwise I am taking the station."

She felt the tension rise but that was normal. She also felt a sense of understanding between Pe'Tah and Gordu like they had something they were hiding from her. If that was the case, it will end badly for Gordu. She can take care of herself.

(Reply Pe'Tah, Gordu)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(IKS Skral - Deck 1- Bridge - Klingon Tactical Officer - Gordu - 1103)

"You heard the directive Gordu," Trei said. "I am relieving you of duty at the tactical station. Step aside or fight me. Otherwise, I am taking the station."

Gordu stood up with a growl. his hand moved to the hilt of his knife. He looked over at Pe'tah, who nodded. Suddenly Gordu took a deep breath and stepped away.

"By all means, Lieutenant," the big Klingon said, his tone changing to a very pleasant tone. "The station is yours."

For the next hour, Gordu hovered around the woman and continually laid compliments on the quality of her work, even when she was doing nothing, at one point.

"You make that station work more efficiently, Lieutenant, even when there is nothing happening at it." Behind him, there were soft chuckles coming from the other Klingons on the bridge. "Let me know if you

tire of the responsibility and I will gladly relieve you. Although I am certain I would not do as good of a job."

He wondered how much more of the politeness this Ariel Trei was willing to take.

(reply Trei)
(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

She saw Gordu move his hand to the hilt of a dagger but didn't engage with it. That was a wise move because she would make him eat it. He stepped aside to allow her to take the station. Gordu hovered over her watching her movements at the station offering compliments at every action even though she was not doing much of anything. The act of killing with kindness was becoming quite grating but she continued to do the job. If Gordu thinks she will give him the satisfaction, he will be disappointed.

"I appreciate the good words but if you wanted to smell my perfume I would gladly spray some on your wrist."

Gordu was hovering so close that she was almost wearing him. She was subtle with the comment but won't be too much longer.

(Reply Gordu)
(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

"I appreciate the good words but if you wanted to smell my perfume I would gladly spray some on your wrist," Trei said.

Gordu gave a huff under his breath, "As nice as it is, it is not an approved Klingon scent. On Klingon ships the natural scent of someone is important, as perfumes might hide intent. However, for you, it is quite acceptable. You are doing a fine job."

He turned to the Klingon next to them who was manning the weapons station. His hand moved swiftly and struck him across the back of his head.

"Fool, do you want to blow us all up," Gordu growled. "Make sure that the weapons locks are secured. We do not want an incident."

Then he turned back to Trei and spoke in a soft, gentle voice , "You are doing an admirable job, Lieutenant Trei."

(reply Trei)
(posted by Al Muir)

(SS Ocean Pioneer – Cabin 4 – Civilian Claudia – 0800)

Claudia looked at the sleeping twins and smiled. ~You just turned their life upside down and they just see it all as a big adventure.~ It had all begun three days ago. After she had finished telling Joker about her time with Alex, he had told her about growing up in the orphanage. He had then dropped the bombshell that Alex had joined Starfleet. While she had been processing that impossible bit of information, Joker had been talking to Doctor McKinley.

McKinley had been worried about how Joker had managed to find sublevel T in the first place. It turned out that Joker had a talent for doing people favors. This had led to him hearing plenty of rumors from plenty of places. Which was how he learned about Dyson joining Starfleet. As for finding Claudia, he had not gotten any traction on that. So he had gone to his old CO and told him everything. The Colonel had given listened and then simply dismissed him. Not one to argue with the Colonel, Joker had simply left. Ten minutes later, the Colonel had told him to report to his office.

When he entered the office, the Colonel had handed him a PADD with directions to the El Sleezo. Joker had asked how the Colonel knew this, but all he had gotten in reply was a sly smile. And that was the only answer he and Doctor McKinley were ever getting. ~Not that doc was happy about it.~ But that was his problem, not Claudia's. Her mind was on what she should tell the twins. She had taken Joker back down to the bar, where they sat at a table and continued their conversation. By the time he had walked out, she had been left with plenty to think about.

For the rest of her shift, she had been doing just that. Until she had gotten advice from the most unexpected source. Of all the El Sleezo's customers, nobody was as silent as Norman "Norm" the letter carrier. He usually came in, said the word 'Cola' and thanked his server when the drink came, before drinking it in silence. But today, Norm had taken a seat next to her and spoken up.

"You need to think of what's best for Sam and Henry. And ask yourself this...was Alex really that bad or are looking at the past through the lenses of heartbreak and regret?" Her jaw had dropped at that point. "You're a good judge of character, C. You'd never date anybody that horrible."

He had kissed her on the cheek, before going back to his regular stool and drinking his cola in silence. As soon as the shock had worn off, she had realized that Norm was right. So at dinner – for the first time ever – she had told Sam and Henry about their dad. They had asked a million questions and she had answered them as best as she could. By the bed time, they had been exhausted. The next morning, it had been Sam who had asked the big question. ~Do we have half-brothers or sisters?~ She given told them the truth in reply. ~I don't know.~

And then she had send them on their way to school. While the children were doing sums and learning history, Claudia had gone to Zachary. Being the boss, he already had heard everything from Yorrick. He

had told her that her job and her apartment weren't going anywhere. Then he had handed her a PADD with five tickets. Two for children and three adults.

"The Colonel isn't the only one who knows people and things," He had said. "The Ocean Pioneer leaves for New Romulus at 1600 hours. Be on it."

She had thanked him and he had given her a smile. By the time school had been done, she had packed their bags and been ready to head out. But the extra tickets had puzzled her. Until she had headed for the ship, which turned out to be an Edmund Fitzgerald class freighter docked to a space station in orbit.

At the airlock, she had met Joker. Zachary had apparently spend the entire night doing research, making calls and cashing in favors. Her boss was also well aware that Claudia wasn't her real name. And that she was a stingless hiding from some very nasty people. So he had no intention of letting her leaving sublevel T without protection. Hence, the two extra tickets. That had been on the 26th. ~At warp 6.2, that's two lightyears ago.~

The twins had never been outside sublevel T, so the freighter had been one big adventure for them. Snapping back to the present, Claudia tiptoed out of the cabin and locked the door behind her. Then she went to Cabin 2, which was next to hers, and knocked on the door. There was a pause before the door opened. Joker was wearing the same civilian clothes he had worn during his visit to the El Sleezo.

"Good morning, Joker."

"Good morning, Claudia."

"Where's you roommate ?" Claudia said as she walked into the cabin.

"She's doing....stuff in the bathroom." He shook his head. "She's...."

"Yeah, she tends to freak out most people when they see her for the first time. But once you get to know her, you'll realize she's a kind soul."

Claudia went to the cabin's replicator and ordered her breakfast. As she ate it, Joker's roommate walked in. Her official name was SAH-M17, but everybody simply called her Sarah. It was Sarah who had shot Joker with a dart gun when he had tried to escape. She had also been third person on the couch when Joker had woken up. The reason she tended to freak people out, was because they thought she was a human who had been a horrible accident. And that this has left her as a cyborg. But that was not the case.

Back when he had arrived, Doctor McKinley had needed an assistant and nobody had wanted the job. So he had spent three years tinkering with prosthetics and a positronic matrix. The result had been Synthetic Automatic Helper, Mark One. Since then, he performed the yearly update on Sarah's "birthday" every year. This had included the introduction of mechanical and organic parts. The organic parts were grown from tissues samples donated by patients.

For example, he had once removed a tumor from a patient's liver. But this because he was working with primitive equipment, he had also removed some healthy tissue. He had then grown that slither of healthy tissue into a full grown organ that he had added to Sarah. Another year, he had put an artificial skull around the positronic matrix. After seventeen years of upgrades, she looked like a Human female from Asia.

~With a healthy amount of muscle. Not into bodybuilding, but like she goes to gym to stay in shape.~ To blend in, she was wearing civilian clothes. ~Only on sublevel T.~ Anywhere else, Sarah would probably have been dismantled for study, while McKinley would have been thrown into jail as a mad scientist. ~The Orion, the marine and the home-made cyborg. Travelling with two kids in tow.~ This was already turning out to quite the interesting trip. And they hadn't even gotten to New Romulus yet. Something told her that was when the real fun would begin.

(Reply any)

(Posted by Ruben)

[illegible]

(Farius Prime, Klingon Embassy – Staff Quarters – File Clerk K’Nera – 0853)

The connection seemed to take forever. But eventually, the image of the miserable piece of dishonor that father appeared on the screen. As usual, the old fart was drunk. ~The more things change, the more they stay the same.~

"nugneH?" Rox said.

"Greetings, father," K'Nera answered.

It had been ages since they had talked. ~Not since mother died.~ Her name had been Ma'guyh and she had been an assassin. Using the alias of "The Engineer", she had killed her victims using clever traps and devices.

But then one of her rivals – another assassin known only as “The Shadow” had sabotaged one of her devices and turned it against her. It had been a dishonorable death. Rox had attempted to track him down and kill him, but failed. It was this failure - and the knowledge that The Shadow was still out there - that had driven Rox into drinking.

(Reply Rox)

"I heard the IKS Skral was assigned to escort the USS Illuminar. And that Alexander Dyson is now a Starfleet Officer assigned to that vessel."

(Reply Rox iyw)

"Did you avenge my honor, father ?" If Rox had slaughtered Dyson, she could use that fact to force Mackenzie to come back to her. After all, with her father dead, she would have nowhere left to run.
~That'll teach you, you ungrateful little brat.~

(Reply Rox)

(Posted by Ruben)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 2 - VIP Quarters - Ambassador Quentin McKenzie - 0910)

McKenzie stormed into his quarters, frustrated with the rest of his party. They were all just unwilling to listen to reason. Didn't they realize that these Klingons couldn't be trusted? All they understood was brute force. Everything else was a sign of weakness to them.

He blew out a burst of air, speaking to himself, "Didn't suffer fools? They'll see who the fools are soon enough."

[illegible]

(Qo'nos - First City - Great Hall - aFO Commander Dieter Gregory, CSec/Tac Commander T'Muir, CPO P'Rah and Ensign Cal Dogan - 1000)

The group transported into the Great Hall of the Klingon High Council and it was surprisingly quiet and calm. That might have been because the only Klingons there to greet them were Pe'tah and his new assistant. He smiled at their arrival. He clearly had decided to meet them with a smaller show of force to forge some kind of trust.

“Ah, my friends,” he gushed, “welcome to The First City of Qo’nos, and the outer chambers of the High Council. Apparently, I am to be your liaison for your time here.”

Gregory replied, "I believe you know Commander T'Mur. This is Ensign Dogan and chief petty officer P'Rah. While the diplomats finish their preparations, we are here to review the security of the site, and perhaps sample some of the food that will be served for the delegates. I have been told that the pipius claw is exquisite."

"Of course," Pe'tah said as he perused the foursome. Then his eyes fell upon the huge Brikarian. He had been described as a walking pile of rocks, but that was inaccurate. He wasn't exactly made of rock. However, his hide was extremely tough, almost rocklike, to protect him from the extreme gravity of his homework. Those who had never met a Brikar before were often taken aback by the sight of one.

When Pe'tah finally found his voice again he said, "We can, of course, make it available, but as you were so kind as to prepare our food for us, we made a similar effort for your people. Please, follow me." He led them to a chamber not far from the main meeting hall.

"We are in your hands Minister Pe'tah," Gregory replied as they walked.

As they walked T'Mur gave silent signals to her team to watch for any suspicious activity. Then she focused on the tapestries on the wall. She had begun to familiarize herself with the Klingon language, but some of the morphology still escaped her. However, it seemed that they were all flags of the houses of the council.

"Minister," she asked, "how many houses are there involved with the High Council?"

"There are twenty-four houses to the High Council," Pe'tah replied. "These are the most powerful or most influential families in the empire." He pointed to a pennant. "That is the house of Nogga. We are not the largest house, but we do hold the ear to the Chancellor on many issues, including our relations with the Federation."

P'Rah walked behind the others, eyes scanning the area. His tail swished back and forth as he assessed the area. The smells were unfamiliar, so foreign to him that he had a hard time processing them. It was heavy odors.

Gregory walked next to the Minister, "I am sure you are aware, but our Ambassadors expect a certain level of, how shall you say, pomp and circumstances, to be recognized for what they are and what they represent. I must admit our databases don't highlight Klingon customs in this regard. What should we prepare them for?"

Pe'tah chuckled under his breath, "That is the problem with diplomats. They want a lot of show and... dog and pony... acts? Whatever that means. We are warriors. Even our diplomats are warriors.

Unless they are puj' biHunch. In which case, they would not be representing us long. What kind of... "pomp" do they require."

"Minister, I am but a simple engineer, I do not usually share the rarified air that the diplomatic corp breaths," Gregory replied. "They will expect people to be differential to them, especially those of lower status. They tend to want the finest, most expensive of food and drink, and to listen to their stories, laugh at the right places, and more."

He chuckled, "I am sure that is something covered in the Klingon hospitality manuals."

"As you say, that is not what we are known for. But be aware that these negotiations are not as welcome by all of our council."

"Indeed," T'Mur spoke up. "I would be interested in knowing your security protocols that you are planning on having in place."

Pe'tah's assistant spoke up, "We have a meeting scheduled with Colonel Jogust D'ghush in thirty standard minutes," he said. "She is a formidable force in our local security. You can be sure that she will, 'ach patlh chuH reH patlh, 'ach chuH," he smiled.

P'Rah paused, something didn't feel right. He looked around, trying to place what he was sensing. "Ensign," he called, "A word please."

It is always difficult for a Brikar to be inconspicuous about anything. However, Dagon managed to move to the side of the corridor and looked down at the Caitian.

"Speak your word," Dagon said in his gravelly voice. "However, I believe that you mean to have more than one."

"Sir, I can't place it, but something is wrong here."

Dagon breathed deeply and smelled the air. As a warrior race, the Brikarian was always ready for battle. However, he did not possess the insight outside of battle that many others did. In essence, he often wound up reacting, rather than being proactive. He had come to respect P'Rahs instincts. If one looked close enough that might have seen Cal's lips form a frown.

He nodded, which seemed more like a bow, "In that case stay aware, my friend. I too have an odd sensation, or perhaps a foreboding. Stay close to Commander Gregory."

With that, he stepped closer to T'Mur than he had been before. The Klingon was speaking.

He stepped onto the transporter pad and waited for the others to join him. Once they were all on Sekal ordered the transport. McKenzie could feel his tension finally start to ease.

(posted by Al Muir)

(Qo'nos – Fach's Metal Processing, Office – Civilian Fach, son of I'n - 1241)

Of course, the profit margins were small. So he needed to find a way to costs. And he had found one, namely his workers. His factory was located on at the very edge of the old quarter, with the other side of the street being the alien quarter. It was not an official quarters, but it was a fact that this chunk of the city was where most of the non-Klingons lived. And part of that quarter was Imperial Orphanage 17. Run by B'll, son on of S'kes, it was where all non-Klingon orphans were housed.

After that, the law required that they leave the orphanage. At first, Fach had planned to arrange for them to have ‘accidents’ so that they could not blow the cover of his little operation. But B’Il had found another solution. He had known people, who had known people. And those people had offered good money for the children who ‘left’. Fach and B’Il were in his office, talking.

“What about getting replacements ?”

B'll grinned, while Fach filled two mugs. They drank and smiled, these stupid brats had no way to resist....

(Qo'nos – Fach's Metal Processing, Basement – Avor and Friends – 1255)

...or so B'll and Fach thought. But Fach was a cheapskate. His way to keep his workers inside, was to lock all the doors, leaving only two ways in and out. The first was the tunnel that connected the basements and the second was in his office. He didn't want to waste money on guards, so he had installed security cameras to keep an eye on the brats.

But the children had been patient. They had charted the cameras and their blind spots. Five of them, led by a Cardassian boy named Avor, had managed to sneak away from the factory floor. The door to the tunnel was secured with a heavy duty lock. And the door itself was heavy as well. So Fach – being the cheapskate that he was he – had not bothered to install cameras down here.

“Are you sure this is going to work ?” An Andorian girl called Gessa asked.

"All we have to do is get outside," Avor said. "Then we'll have options."

Beyond them, the group consisted of Zara – a human girl – and Gessa's twin brother Axel. Finally, there was a Vulcan boy named Symor. Avor was eighteen and one of the children who would soon be sold. Gessa and Axel were fourteen, while Zara was seventeen and Symor was eleven.

As for their plan, it was simple. Underneath the basement was a sewer pipe. They had managed to create a hole in that pipe and cover it up. The plan was to crawl through the pipe, then to get out and get help. Avor and Symor carefully lifted the cover and the group made their way into the pipe. It smelled horribly, but they had to crawl through the pipe. There simply wasn't enough room to stand.

“Finally,” Zara said. “Fach’s cheapness works for us.”

"Yep." Axel said.

The Old Quarter had been built long before replicators had been invented, which was why there was a sewer underneath the building. It also kept the rent nice and low. But the five were not complaining, because it allowed them to begin their crawl to freedom.

[illegible]

=^=Minister Pe'tah sends gifts to honor his federation friends, 20 barrels of blood wine from his private stock.=^=

Gregory cut the audio feed and turned to look at Taylor. "Mr. Taylor, discretely scan the ship please."

At first Taylor looked at him with an expression that asked ~You want me to be discrete?~ Then he shrugged and said, with a hint of sarcasm, “Discretion is my new middle name, Commander.”

He made adjustments to the sensors so that they were more direct, rather than a wide sweep. "The hold is full of a highly flammable liquid that appears to have a high alcoholic content. Looks like 190 proof. That'll put some hair on your chest." He looked over at the Deltan at the science station, "No offense Ensign Cara."

"None taken," the Deltan male said with a smile.

Then he turned his attention back to Gregory, "Looks like they're bringing the libations that they claim."

(reply Gregory)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

"Keep an eye on them Mr. Taylor," Gregory said.

“Aye,sir,” Andy replied as he continued the narrow beam sweep as the cargo shuttle approached. On a whim he scan forward red dot appeared on his monitor. Adjusting the sensors he widened his beam and saw it.

“Damn it,” he said under his breath. “Commander, reading some form of explosive device in the forward section of the ship. If I didn’t know better I’d say it was on the Klingon’s person.”

His fingers flew across the his controls as he tried to activate the tractor beams to push the shuttle back out of the shuttlebay. He began to explain as he worked.

“The shuttle has just crossed the threshold of the bay,” he said,. “I’m adjusting the transport tractors to push the ship back out of the bay.”

The sensors said the rest. There was a build up energy in the shuttle that moved forward to aft. By the time the explosion happened it was clear that the explosive device was sitting on top of the accelerant in the hold.

The ship rocked from the explosion and the red alert klaxons rang out.

“Sir, initial damage report shows damage to the shuttle bay port on deck 10,” Taylor reported. “Damage reports are also coming in from deck 9, cargo bays and deck 11, engineering. Emergency security fields have been activated.”

He opened a channel, “Medical emergency on decks 9, 10 and 11. If it weren’t obvious, engineering repair crews to decks 9, 10 and 11 as well.”

(reply Pex, Bohb, Vermyx, any in Medical)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

Gregory took the information in stride. He knew he couldn't contact Pe'Tah, as the discussions had already started in the great hall.

"Thank you Mr. Taylor," he said to the security officer. Tapping the com, "Shuttle bay, prepare to receive Klingon shuttle D'aka, and make sure you have some people on hand to receive the barrels of blood wine it is transporting."

Turning back to the main viewscreen, "Open a channel to the D'aka," he said.

Morgenthau nodded and opened the channel, "Captain Hagh'ek sir," she said as the image of the Klingon filled the viewscreen.

"D'aka, you are cleared for landing. Set coordinates to 174 by 228 and take control from the shuttle control."

"yaj'a" came the reply.

The screen went blank. "Keep an eye on them Mr. Taylor,"

(reply Taylor)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(IKS D'aka - Bridge - Captain Hagh'ek -1308)

Hagh'ek had been cleared to deliver his "gift". These Federation were so easily deceived. It was as if they wanted to be tricked, and believe everything that was said to them. He had to smile at how easy this was going to be.

He even registered the narrow band sensor sweep that went through the cargo bay. That was the worst of this plan. All of that bloodwine that was going to waste. But sacrifices had to be made.

He brought his ship around and headed to the entrance of the Illuminar's shuttlebay. As his ship crossed the threshold of the bay his alerts were set off by a broader sensor sweep. Moments later the ship rocked by the grip of tractor beams that were trying to push him out of the bay.

"Va!" he cried out. He knew this was going to be an option. To die on behalf of the empire was to make himself a hero to the cause. He pressed the button to activate the device strapped to his chest and ran back to his cargo.

H high tone came from the device and by the time it hit its crescendo he was diving onto of the first containers. He didn't see the bright light that followed.

(reply none)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

Tegian was sitting in his office, still trying to get used to being the Chief Officer. He had now met with all three shifts to explain the change in the leadership. He felt like an imposter. Most of the team had been onboard the Illuminar longer than he had. Many had been in Starfleet longer than he had. While he couldn't argue that he'd brought some new technology to Starfleet, he hadn't done it to be rewarded.

At least Lieutenant Bohb had been organized. While Tegian would likely move things around, he didn't have to spend time cleaning the office. Instead, he started reading Bohb's most recent reports. Trying to get a sense of what he thought was most important. He really needed to talk to the Lieutenant.

That's when the ship rocked and the red alert klaxon began blaring. He had been just getting up and was knocked out of his chair and to his knees. He heard shipwide, "Medical emergency on decks 9, 10 and 11. If it weren't obvious, engineering repair crews to decks 9, 10 and 11 as well."

Tegian hit his combadge.

=^=Engineering acknowledges. Where was the source of the explosion? ^=^=

(Reply Taylor)

He got to his feet and headed out of his office to find his engineering alpha team already pulling out toolkits from the cabinets. "Ensign zh'Firre, you'll lead the team on this deck. Assess the damage, prioritize and start making repairs. Ensign Waffles, take a team down to deck nine and do the same. I'll lead the team on deck ten. Cadet Ocano and Ensign Zowi, you're with me, please."

(reply Taylor)

(posted by Keith)

[illegible]

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(reply Pex, Bohb, Vermyx, any in Medical)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

Quinna finished the last of the paperwork and felt equally accomplished when she also finished reorganizing sickbay to her liking. Now she was enjoying a nice slice of cheesecake at her desk. The sound of soft jazz played in the background as she relaxed for a few minutes.

“Medical emergency on decks 9, 10 and 11. If it weren’t obvious, engineering repair crews to decks 9, 10 and 11 as well.”

“Crap,” Quinna moaned as she dropped her fork and bolted into sickbay.

[illegible]

“Ok, Condition red. With three decks, we should expect many patients.” Quinna looked around.

“Kyllee, I want to go to Deck 11 for Triage. Vanderstein, Deck 10. I will go to deck 9. Let's get Holodeck 1 for emergency medical overflow and get EMH Program 1 and 2 just in case.”

(Reply Kyllee, Vanserstein)

(Replies any)

[illegible]

“No, we have to get back to your Quarters,” Nanny insisted, so Leeza turned on her full blown tantrum.

[illegible]

(Reply Taylor, Gregory, any)

Alex scratched his beard. "Commander, what are your orders regarding the support craft ? They're not just a risk for secondary explosions, but they take up space that the medical staff might need for triage."

(Reply Gregory)

(Posted by Ruben)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Sickbay - MO - Dr. Kyllee Stev - 1312)

Stev had been working on restocking the supplies at the medical stations. The sound of jazz music flowed from Quinna's office. He had never really been a fan of jazz, but the selections she played were actually quite pleasant. They reminded him of his wife. Perhaps that was what caused his distaste for the music. He wondered if the the fact that he had started to enjoy them was a sign that he was ready to move on.

Suddenly the ship rocked and there was call over the comm system.

=^=Medical emergency on decks 9, 10 and 11. If it weren't obvious, engineering repair crews to decks 9, 10 and 11 as well.=^=

He reached over to a counter and grabbed his medical bag. Quinna came out of her office calling out orders.

"Kyllee, I want to go to Deck 11 for Triage," she said. "Vanderstein, Deck 10. I will go to deck 9. Let's get Holodeck 1 for emergency medical overflow and get EMH Program 1 and 2 just in case."

He knew that last part was for the staff staying behind. “Miju, you’re with me he said to the Bajoran nurse.”

She nodded and followed him out the door.

(reply none)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - a1/O CMDR Dieter Gregory - 1313)

The ship rocked with the explosion. Klaxon's started sounding on the bridge. He listened as the reports came in from different stations.

He'd have to wait till there was a better damage assessment. Turning to Taylor, "Mr. Taylor, how the heck did that explosive get missed by the scanners?"

(Reply Taylor)

"Well, get with Science and see what we can do to make sure we don't have that issue again. Clearly they avoided transporters which would have detected the explosive. It seems there are those in the Klingon Empire that do not look favorably on this negotiation."

Tapping his com badge, "Michael, get up to the bridge asap, I need your special skills,"

(Reply Weston)

"Mr. Taylor, can you get a signal to Commander T'Mur and the security detail? Let them know what is going on."

(Reply Taylor)

Tapping his com badge again, "Lieutenant Trei, get down to the shuttle bay and take charge of the investigation of the explosion that just happened. I want a preliminary report in the next 2 hours. Interface with Mr. Taylor on the bridge for his scanner logs. I want to know everything we can about this Captain Hagh'ek."

(reply Trei)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - a1/O CMDR Dieter Gregory - 1314)

"Our orbit is stable," came the call from the helm.

"Very good Mr. Dyson, keep us away from any traffic," Gregory replied.

"Sir," Ensign Morgenthall called, "Rerouting power around the damaged systems," she said.

"Excellent," he replied.

"Commander, what are your orders regarding the support craft ? They're not just a risk for secondary explosions, but they take up space that the medical staff might need for triage," the helmsman asked.

Gregory sat down and looked at his PADD. "We are in early stages Mr. Dyson. This data suggests that Mr. Taylors actions helped prevent more damage to the Illuminar," he said. "And with the shuttle opening compromised, we don't have many options with the secondary craft. I am sure Dr. Solice will let me know if she needs more space," he said.

"Ms. Morganthall, make sure medical transporters ahve priority access," he added to his operations officer.

"Aye, Sir" she replied.

Tapping his com badge, "Ensign Matrix, get down to the shuttlebay, I want you to be my eyes and ears," he said.

(Reply Matrix)

Looking around, "OK People, keep an eye on your sensors. Route all reports through operations. Emergency protocols are working as expected," he said. "Open a shipwide channel please Ensign," he said.

"Channel open, Sir."

"This is Commander Gregory," he began, "There has been an explosion in the shuttle bay, and teams are responding. Please be prepared to offer assistance as needed. Once we know more, I will let everyone know."

The channel was closed and he looked around, "Now we wait," he said softly.

(reply Bridge, Matrix)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 11 - Main Engineering - CEO - Lieutenant Tegian Pex - 1314)

Tegian was organizing the teams and still awaiting a reply from Taylor when he heard Commander Dieter's voice come across all shipwide speakers, =^=This is Commander Gregory. There has been an explosion in the shuttle bay, and teams are responding. Please be prepared to offer assistance as needed. Once we know more, I will let everyone know. =^=

Tegian looked at the Engineering teams as they paused and nodded at them. He'd guessed, based on the reported damage to decks 9, 10 and 11 that the damage was centered on Deck 10 which is why he was leading that team. "Okay, you have your assignments. Do your damage assessments and contact me if you need help of any kind. And don't be heroes, any of you. We will have the support of everyone on the ship, so don't be afraid to ask for help. We can also pull in the Beta and Gamma shifts, if need be," he added as an afterthought. "Ensign Waffles, I suggest using the Jeffrey tubes like we will be doing. The turbolifts will likely be busy."

Tegian headed for the Jeffrey tubes with Ocano and Zowi in tow. He quickly opened the hatch and scurried into the tubes, heading for the nearest access to shuttle bay. A few minutes later, the three of them had reached the access and Tegian was checking to make sure they had atmosphere on the other side before opening the hatch. Ensign Waffles had already led his team in another direction.

[illegible]

(Qo'nos - Conference Room - Diplomat Setan - 1315)

The opening statements were completed, the forms of diplomacy followed. It puzzled the Vulcan why the Klingons would play the strange Earth music as he and his fellows entered the room. One could

never truly understand the Klingons and their games. On the one hand, they are a very straightforward race, focused on the honor of the family first, and the individual second. He wondered if a figure like Surak could have nudged them along to path of logic and peace. His studies of their culture showed their origin mythos centered around Kortar and his mate. They revered the one called Kahless, who remained a cornerstone in their religion, such as it was.

Setan stood, his robes swirling around him. He raised his hand in the traditional salute, "Peace and long life," he said. "On behalf of the Federation, we are pleased to sit with our Klingons and discuss the security and peace of the Beta quadrant and issues related to the ongoing peace between the Klingon Empire and the Federation," he began, launching into a history lesson of the past, highlighting major events where the Federation and Klingons found ways to work together. He danced around the issues of the Romulans and the Klingon conquest of the Cardassian Union.

[illegible]

She got down to the shuttle bay and hit the ground running. She checked in with Taylor to get the scanner records sent directly to her PADD. She had to make a preliminary report in two hours. She will read the records as she runs the investigation. Right now she needed answers. She walked up to the ones present.

"Ok. What do we know?"

She could tell that they were as unsettled as she was but any information from them will be helpful.

(Reply Any)
(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

"Mr. Taylor," Gregory turned to Andy, "how the heck did that explosive get missed by the scanners?"

Taylor shook his head, “I’ve been trying to figure that out myself. The only thing I can figure is that with the narrow band scan I was doing that I didn’t see it until the explosive was active.”

"Well, get with Science and see what we can do to make sure we don't have that issue again. Clearly they avoided transporters which would have detected the explosive. It seems there are those in the Klingon Empire that do not look favorably on this negotiation."

"Already on it," Taylor replied as he forwarded his scans to the science station.

Gregory then tapped his comm badge, "Michael, get up to the bridge asap, I need your special skills,"

=^=On my way.^=

"Mr. Taylor, can you get a signal to Commander T'Mur and the security detail? Let them know what is going on."

"Yes, sir," Andy replied and began to send a signal to T'Mur's comm.

(reply Lannista, T'Mur)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 12 – Environmental Control – OO Ensign Scott Matrix - 1316)

Scott was working in environmental control when the commlink chirped. =^=Ensign Matrix, get down to the shuttlebay, I want you to be my eyes and ears.=^=

Scott tapped his badge, "Aye sir. Heading there now. Matrix out."

It took Scott nearly 10 minutes to pack up his equipment and get to the shuttle bay.

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 9 -- CMO/3XO Commander Quinna Solice - 1317)

Quinna made it to deck nine. The air smelt odd as she moved to the area. Medic Klinger and Rizzo accompanied her. They were attuned to Quinna's abilities.

They came to the first patient. Mostly scratches and bruises seemed to be the worst of they injuries. Scan confirmed it. “Lets take her to Holodeck 1. Let the EMH tend to her.”

Rizzo helped the injured to be transported to holodeck 1 and sent the orders to the EMH. Most were sent for minor injuries until Quinna came upon an CPO Wilder. He seemed to be impaired with debris and unconscious but alive.

“He seems to be losing blood. “No transporters. He needs surgery.” Quinna knew that a transporter would allow the CPO to bleed out.

Quinna called out to Medics Moulder and Scully, "I need you to take CPO Wilder to sickbay." Quinna then turned to Klinger and Rizzo, "I need you two to finish assessing everyone."

Rizzo and Klinger nodded as they were trained by Quinna to know what to look for.

“Thanks,” Quinna said as she left the area and headed to Sickbay and surgery.

(Replies none)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 Bridge - a1/O CMDR Dieter Gregory-1318)

“Open a channel to The Klingon space control.”

"Aye sir," came the reply from Morgenthall. "Channel Open, Sir. Watch Officer Pra'to'L."

“What?” Came the guttural growl from the Klingon as his image came on the view screen.

“Commander Gregory, USS Illuminar. There has been an ... Accident... with one of your shuttles as it attempted to dock. In fact you might have caught it on your sensors.”

Pra'to'L turned to the side and spoke in Klingon for a moment. "Yes, Illuminar we have detected this event. Do you require assistance?" He asked in a condescending tone.

“That is very generous of you to officer Mr. Pra’to’L, but we are in the early stages of assessing the damage. I will be sure to let Minister Pe’Tah of your prompt offer.” Gregory paused. “I would ask if you can direct any traffic away from our orbit, as we would hate to have another ... incident.”

Pra'to'L grunted his agreement to Gregory before turning to his side again and barking some orders. "Anything for the victor of the battle of the rift," he added sarcastically before closing the channel.

The acting first officer chuckled, “I get the impression that not everyone is happy to see us,” he said to no-one in particular.

“Yellow alert,” Gregory said.

“Helm, make sure the Klingons direct traffic away from us. I want at least a 30,000 km buffer around us. Mr. Taylor, energize shields. If any ships approach closer than 30,000 km, and Mr. Dyson can’t dance away from them, raise shields and lock on phasers. Prepare for defensive actions to preserve the Illuminar.”

Pausing, “Ms. Morgenthall, keep that channel to Pra’to’L at the ready. If Me Taylor raises shields, get him on the line.”

Gregory looked around. “Questions?”

(Reply Tylor, Dyson, Engineering iyw.)

(posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Deck 1, Bridge – ACONN Alex Dyson – 1319)

Alex was focused on his console, while Commander Gregory was directing the emergency efforts. ~SO glad I'm not a department head.~ This made him wonder where Lieutenant Grey Wolf was. ~The fact that she hasn't called the bridge to ask for a status report can't be a good sign.~ Or maybe she was down in the shuttlebay, coordinating things. Until he got an answer, he would have to presume the

worst. It was then that Commander Gregory ordered the ship to Yellow Alert. That done, Gregory turned to Alex and Taylor.

"Helm, make sure the Klingons direct traffic away from us. I want at least a 30,000 km buffer around us. Mr. Taylor, energize shields. If any ships approach closer than 30,000 km, and Mr. Dyson can't dance away from them, raise shields and lock on phasers. Prepare for defensive actions to preserve the Illuminar."

The Commander paused. “Ms. Morgenthall, keep that channel to Pra’to’L at the ready. If Mr. Taylor raises shields, get him on the line.” There was another pause, but Alex was looking at his console, so didn’t see why. “Questions?”

~Nope.~ He looked at the sensors, while running some scenarios in his head. ~Time to earn your paycheck, Alex.~ So his fingers flew across the board as he programmed several evasive pattern just in case. If the Klingons came for them, Alex intended to ready. ~Just another day in outer space.~

(Reply Taylor, any)

(Posted by Ruben)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Bridge -- Leeza Pel 1320)

When the doors opened she was there. She ran to the center to see both Dieter and Weston. She ran and jumped in Gregory's lap.

“Captain Eggery, Mickey, I am scared. What is going on?” Leeza held Dieter tight.

(Reply Gregory)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 10 - Shuttlebay - Flight Deck Officer Ensing Grafrig - 1320)

Ensign Grafrig stood up, shaking his head. One moment he was working on the propulsion system of a shuttle and suddenly he found himself meters away from the shuttle. He heard the klaxons sounding their piercing cry of an emergency. Taking a quick look around, he saw Diresen Maridas, the Bolian engineer he was training. Her arm was bent at an unusual shape, there was blood on her temple. He knelt down and felt her neck, she had a pulse and the blood looked superficial. Tapping her com badge, "Computer, emergency medical transport." He was already up as the woman started disappearing.

"Mr. Grafig," came a plaintive cry. "Help."

The Tellarite turned around and saw Petty Officer Deasoda pinned under a beam. "Laying down on the job," he said to her as he knelt down next to her. "I'll get you out," he said gruffly.

He grabs the beam and begins to try to lift it. He grunts as his muscle strain under the strain. "Come on Deasoda," he groans.

Out of the corner of his eye, he sees motion as two more flight crew appear and pull Deasoda out of the wreckage. "Got her Ensign," one of them called.

"Get her to sickbay, Jaaro" he called, "Pegal, with me."

Moving forward he starts to assess the damage, "What the hell?" he said as he looked at the shuttle bay.

(Reply any)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Montero's Quarters -Pilot Ensign Vic Montero -1320)

Vic was busy executing some rack ops. He had switched shifts with Dyson to take 3rd watch (gamma shift) rather than his typical beta shift.

Deep in sleep, his brain didn't fully register the effect of the explosion in the shuttle bay. However, the rocking had the physical effect of causing him to roll out of his bunk to the floor, ending his rack ops quite suddenly.

=^=This is Commander Gregory. There has been an explosion in the shuttle bay, and teams are responding. Please be prepared to offer assistance as needed. Once we know more, I will let everyone know.=^=

Montero shook the cobwebs from his head. ~An explosion? Shuttle bay?~

Throwing on his cloths, he ran out of his room to see what happened and more to the point what he could do.

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - SFI - Lt. Michael Weston - 1320)

When the explosion happened Weston had been reviewing some intelligence he'd received about the Klingons' expansion campaign into the old Romulan territories. By the time the call had come from Gregory he was already out the door. It took him moments to get to the turbo lift.

However, the lift stalled as it approached deck eleven. He ordered the doors to open and they complied. Stepping out onto the main engineering level he could see the corridor filling with smoke. Then the air filters kicked on and started to clear the air. Teams of engineers were running down the corridor. He thought of going to help, then realized, what could he do other than get in the way. Whatever had happened, at least it was not at main engineering.

=^=This is Commander Gregory. There has been an explosion in the shuttle bay, and teams are responding. Please be prepared to offer assistance as needed. Once we know more, I will let everyone know.=^=

~Sweet mother of... ~ he thought, then stepped back on the lift and urged it to keep going to the bridge. It slowed through decks ten and nine. Once past deck nine it picked up to its typical pace and opened at the bridge. He stepped off the bridge and made his way over to Dieter.

“What is going on?” he asked. “An explosion in the shuttlebay? What happened?”

(reply Gregory)
(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 10 - Shuttlebay - CEO - Lieutenant Tegan Pex - 1322)

Tegian nodded to the other two and opened the hatch and climbed out into a corner of the shuttle bay. Already he could see some damaged beams and a few of the crew scattered around the shuttlebay. He pulled out his tricorder and began a scan of the structural integrity of the shuttlebay. "Cadet Ocana, check the fire suppression systems to see if they were triggered from your PADD. Ensign Zowie, check the cameras and get me a playback of what happened here just before the explosion and then right through the first minute of the explosion from as many angles as you can. That will help us identify where the damage is most likely the worst."

He hit his comm badge. "Lieutenant Tegian to Lieutenant Bohb. I could use a consult in the main shuttlebay, please." He looked at the other two who eyed him and shrugged. "He knows more about this ship than all of us."

(Reply Bohb)

He also saw Lieutenant Trei standing near the entrance to the shuttlebay from the interior of the ship and started to walk to her. "Lieutenant Trei, let's coordinate our efforts. I've got engineering teams on decks 9 and 11 as well, trying to assess the damage. My team here is trying to get me a playback of the explosion as well as whether or not the fire suppression system was activated. What have you learned?"

(Reply Trei)

(reply Any)
(posted by Keith)

[illegible]

Scott arrived in the shuttle bay and immediately bellied up to one of the engineering monitors. The damage was extensive. He punched in a few commands and the automated fire system started to work. He could hear people yelling for help. Forcefields were trying to contain the atmosphere as people were running to assist.

Scott pulled one of the fire extinguishers from the locker and began to put out the nearest fire. The EPS conduit above sparked in objection to the damage it sustained. He watched as several cargo pallets sucked out into open space. He quickly moved toward the display panel and pressed the emergency display. In an instant a force field sealed the aft shuttle port. He could hear the hissing as oxygen filled the compartment.

[illegible]

Bohb could feel the shift in the Illuminar through the deck plating. Something had exploded. His instincts told him that something needed fixed and that Luma, mostly, was in pain. He was already out the door of his office when his comm badge chirped.

[illegible][illegible]

(Qo'nos - Conference Room - CSec/Tac Lt Commander T'Mur - 1325)

When her comm badge beeped T'Mur tapped it and quickly moved to the back of the room. She had picked up some skills in diplomacy from her union with Sienna but her mind was still orienting itself through what was happening here. And she wasn't exactly sure who was being more frustrating, the Klingons or the Federation ambassadors.

"T'Mur here," she said softly, "go ahead,"

=^=Sorry to bother you Lt. Commander, but there's been an incident on the Illuminar.=^=

“Hold that that thought Mr. Taylor,” she said. Her eyes connected with Sekal’s and she silently indicated she needed to step out of the room. The captain nodded but held his ground.

T'Mur backed out of the room. The hardest part was trying to get around Dagon, who had planted himself directly in front of the doorway. Nobody was going in or out without his knowledge, or permission. His right foot stepped forward to give her access to the exit. Once she stepped out he brought it back into alignment with the door.

Once outside the conference room she spoke again. "Go ahead Ensign."

=^=Yes ma'am. A Klingon cargo ship was delivering a gift from Minister Pe'tah when the pilot activated an explosive. We were able to take some precautions to minimize the damage but there has been substantial damage to the Shuttlebay and to decks 9 and 11. No report to the extent of the damage or casualties.=^=

T'Mur took a deep breath before speaking. "Commander Gregory , do require my return to the Illuminar?"

(reply Gregory)

"I will inform the captain," she said. "The negotiations are in their beginning stages, but if you feel we need to return let us know. Or if we are in imminent danger."

(reply Gregory)

She closed the channel and went back into the room, almost bumping into the Brikar standing there. Once he moved she entered and moved behind Sekal. T'Mur whispered the news into his hear and stepped back.

(reply Gregory, Sekal)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Main Shuttlebay - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 13.26)

She sensed a lot of anxiety from the crew but minor pain from injuries. The best way to reduce the anxiety was to gather information. Vic Montero entered the shuttlebay. He would have information for her. She walked up to him.

"Can you give me a preliminary assessment of what caused the explosion?"

(Reply Montero)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 10 - Main Shuttlebay - CEO - Lieutenant Tegian Pex - 1326)

Trei had the recordings from the explosion on her PADD, so Tegian called Ensign Zowie over. "Ensign, the Lieutenant already has the recordings available. Can you take tricorder readings of the structural damage while I review this, please? Again, don't take any undue risks. If anything looks dangerous, stay away from it. At this point, we're just trying to assess the damage, not fix it. Of course, if you spot anyone injured, notify us immediately via comm badge and we will assist."

As Tegian and Trei started to watch the replay of the Klingon shuttle approaching the Illuminar and then exploding, Tegian's comm badge chirped. He hit his comm badge.

=^= Lieutenant Pex, this is Ensign zh'Firre. Main Engineering sustained minimal damage in the interior. We have lots of loose power couplings down here, sir, but nothing else appears to be wrong. We do have calls coming in from some of the turbolifts that some are offline. =^=

Tegian considered. "Okay. File that in your report and send that to Commander Dieter and Lieutenant Trei immediately and note that's just for Deck 11, please. Hold off on making any repairs in Main Engineering, send the rest of your team to make repairs to the turbolifts and you stay in Main Engineering and field any calls from the rest of the ship for now. Good job on identifying the damage so quickly, Ensign. Tegian out." He hit his comm badge to turn it off.

"Sorry for the distraction, Lieutenant Trei," said Tegian. "But, at least we now know that the damage on deck 11 is superficial in the interior." Tegian continued to replay the explosion from multiple angles, rapidly until he found one angle that showed the incoming shuttle from just outside the ship. He showed it to Trei as he ran through it slowly. He could see the shuttle cross into the shuttlebay and then the tractor beams attempting to push it back out. The explosion of the shuttle seemed to occur just outside the shuttlebay and most of the force explosion was directed away from the Illuminar. Tegian watched the playback and saw a plume of the explosion enter through the open shuttlebay.

Shifting to another camera view, he re-watched the explosion and saw the plume enter the shuttlebay and expand about twenty meters or so. He looked back at the shuttlebay and realized that would explain some of the fallen beams near the shuttlebay doors. His team would need to also check to see if the shuttlebay doors could be closed and if any of the craft were damaged.

For the Lieutenant's benefit, he said. "I think we got lucky. The main force of the explosion was outside of the Illuminar, although some of it was funneled into the shuttlebay. Lieutenant, we need to make sure that we get anyone hurt cleared from the shuttlebay and then I want to try and close the doors. From reviewing the cameras, we have structural damage for at least the first forty or fifty meters and then it's probably superficial after that, but we'll check every square centimeter."

At this point, Cadet Ocana came over. "Sir, the fire suppression system didn't activate. I heard you say that some of the explosion was funneled into the shuttlebay, but it must have just been a shockwave." Tegian frowned and she looked fearful. "Cadet, I'm not upset with you. I'm frowning because it wasn't just a shockwave." Tegian replayed the camera angle that showed the plume of the explosion entering the shuttlebay. It was a fiery plume. "Granted, it didn't ignite anything nearby as the only things in the immediate vicinity were metal alloys and what we call 'air', but it went through the force shield and thus the fire suppression system should have been activated. I want you to run a diagnostic on it, right now. And double check that we don't have a fire between decks. Thank you for letting me know, immediately."

The Cadet moved away with her PADD and began her tasks. In the meantime, Lieutenant Trei wandered off, seeking information from one of the pilots who just showed up to the shuttlebay. Tegian shook his head.

He hadn't yet heard from Ensign Waffles. He hoped they hadn't had difficulty getting to Deck 9. He hit his comm badge. "Ensign Waffles, this is Lieutenant Pex. What's your situation?"

=^= Lieutenant? ^= He could hear coughing. ^= Sorry for the delay sir. We ran into fire in the tubes on the way to Deck 9. We've put it out, but we haven't made it, yet. ^=

Tegian didn't like what he was hearing. "Ensign, get back to Deck 10, find some breathing apparatus and then try to get to Deck 9. I'll call up some of the Beta shift to meet you there. Tegian out."

He hit his comm badge twice. "Lieutenant Tegian to Operations. Please summon the Beta Engineering shift to Deck 9 to meet Ensign Waffles. Warn them that there's been a fire in the Jeffries Tube between Decks 10 and 9 that wasn't put out by our automatic fire suppression system. And some of the Turbolifts are offline. If they encounter an offline turbolift, have them check in with Ensign Zh'Firre to

coordinate repairs. I'm overseeing the damage assessment on Deck 10 in the Main Shuttlebay with Lieutenant Trei."

(Reply Operations)

(Posted by Keith)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - May Shuttlebay - Pilot Ensign Vic Montero - 13.27)

As Vic entered the shuttle bay, he was intercepted by Lieutenant Arial Trei.

She had a tricorder in her hand and asked him, "Can you give me a preliminary assessment of what caused the explosion?"

Vic bit off a sarcastic comment, noting he was entering the shuttlebay. "I am sorry Lieutenant, I am just arriving on the scene. I was getting in some rack time when I was thrown from my bed. The Commander Gregory has put us to yellow alert and noted an explosion, That's all I know."

He paused and looked around "One of the deck team would probably be better, or Lieutenant Ragar, who was the flight control officer on duty. I think she lives here," he said with a smile. "Ensign Grrafig, over there, could use some help, it looks like, he might be able to help you. But you know how testy Tellarites can be."

Pausing, "If you will excuse me Lieutenant, I want to check in with Lieutenant Ragar and see what she needs me to do. With your permission, of course."

(Reply Trei)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - SFI - Lt. Michael Weston - 1326)

Leeza had come onto the bridge wearing her “official” uniform as the Morale Officer and asked about what was going on. She wasn’t exactly scared, but she did jump up on Gregory’s lap. He went on to explain what was going on. Michael had to wonder how much the three year old understood, and how much the symbiont took in.

"And Mickey is going to find the rest of the bad men," Dieter finished, "so we can make sure they don't hurt the ship ever again. Right Mr. Weston"

"That I am," Michael replied, "that I am."

"So Leeza, you can stay on the bridge for now with me, helping keep everyone's spirits up, or go back to your room, I am sure Mickey will take you, or maybe if it's ok, help find the bad guys. P'Rah is on the planet, so when we find 'em, he can go get them for us."

Michael looked at Dieter with a raised eyebrow in surprise, and then shrugged. Keeping Leeza busy was probably the best idea. Besides, he didn't really see Leeza just sitting in her room. It was not in her wheel house.

“Absolutely,” he said, “you wanna come and watch me work? Maybe you can help find out who did it?”

(reply Gregory)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge -- Leeza Pel - 1327)

Leeza was calming down as she felt comfortable being with Dieter and Gregory.

"So Leeza, you can stay on the bridge for now with me, helping keep everyone's spirits up, or go back to your room, I am sure Mickey will take you, or maybe if it's ok, help find the bad guys. P'Rah is on the planet, so when we find 'em, he can go get them for us."

Leeza turned to look at Mikey.

“Absolutely,” he said, “you wanna come and watch me work? Maybe you can help find out who did it?”

“Hmmm, new skill sets. I am so in.” Leeza started to ‘sit jump’ up and down. She then jumped down and stood in front of Michael, “What are we waiting for?”

(Reply Gregory, Weston)

Leeza turned to Dieter, “Thank you, Captain Egger”

(Reply Gregory, Weston, any on bridge)

(Posted by Kris B

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 10 - Shuttlebay - CSRD - Lieutenant Bohb - 1327)

When Bohb stepped off the turbo lift he could smell the acrid smoke and taste the particulates in the air. It was far stronger on this deck than it was on deck 11. The door to the bay was open, and inside was what could only be described as controlled pandemonium. In the center of it all was Tegian.

"Lieutenant Tegian to Operations. Please summon the Beta Engineering shift to Deck 9 to meet Ensign Waffles. Warn them that there's been a fire in the Jeffries Tube between Decks 10 and 9 that wasn't put out by our automatic fire suppression system. And some of the Turbolifts are offline. If they encounter an offline turbo lift, have them check in with Ensign Zh'Firre to coordinate repairs. I'm overseeing the damage assessment on Deck 10 in the Main Shuttlebay with Lieutenant Trei."

“Tegian,” the Magillan said, putting a friendly hand on his shoulder, “looks like a mess. How can I help?”

[illegible]

"You may go assist LT Ragnar."

"You can make the order to close the door. We will mark the results of the action."

[illegible]

"At the moment, no Commander T'Mur. Your focus needs to be with the Captain and the diplomats. We are still assessing damages. Fortunately due to the quick actions of Mr. Taylor, the damage was contained, such as it is, or else we would have suffered much more damage."

=^=I will inform the captain. The negotiations are in their beginning stages, but if you feel we need to return let us know. Or if we are in imminent danger.=^=

"I have assigned Lieutenant Trei to the investigation and will be taking advantage of Mr. Weston to revisit our threat assessment and figure out who did this. Then you can go all Vulcan on them."

(Reply T'Mur, if you want)

"Illuminar out."

(Reply T'Mur, bridge crew)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - a1/O CMDR Dieter Gregory - 1328)

Gregory nodded to Michael. The secret to keeping Leeza focused was to give her new things to do. Keeping the symbiont occupied, they hoped would help her develop more naturally, well as naturally as could be.

He would have kept her occupied on the bridge, this with Michael kept her away from everything up here.

“Hmmm, new skill sets. I am so in.” Leeza started to ‘sit jump’ up and down. She then jumped down and stood in front of Michael, “What are we waiting for?”

Gregroy chuckled, "Well there, keep this up Leeza, and we might need to get you your own utility belt to help Michael. A secret identity too even."

"Well Mr. Weston, time to take Leeza to the Weston Cave."

Taking a hint, the sounds of :

Batman, Batman, Batman

Batman, Batman, Batman, Batman

Batman, Batman, Batman

Batman, Batman, Batman, Batman

Batman, Batman, Batman

Batman, Batman, Batman, Batman

Batman, Batman, Batman

Batman, Batman, Batman, Batman

Batman, Batman, Batman

Da da da da da da da da da da da da da da da da da

Batman!

Started to fill the bridge.

(reply Weston, Leeza, others)

Dieter did, and apparently he'd been hanging out with Penn and Teller and found a campy dramatic video series with the character he'd been likening Weston to.

"Well Mr. Weston, time to take Leeza to the Weston Cave."

Michael rolled his eyes and quickened his pace as the thrum of the “musical background” came out of the mouths of the crew.

The door closed as the crescendo hit the name and all he could do is now was shake his head in dismay.

“Batman!”

And the door closed. He looked down at Leeza and frowned, You know Leeza, sometimes Eggery can be a royal pain.”

(reply Leeza)
(posted by Al Muir)

(reply Gregory)
(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

“Batman!”

And the door closed. He looked down at Leeza and frowned, You know Leeza, sometimes Eggery can be a royal pain.”

“He is acting weird.” Leeza had to think for a moment, “Mikey, Can I ask you about something?”

(Reply Weston)

“What is a bat man?” Leeza was confused by the reference.

(REply Weston)

Leeza shook her head.

(reply Weston)

(posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - SFI - Lt. Michael Weston - 1331)

He is acting weird,” Leeza said. “Mikey, Can I ask you about something?”

Michael smiled, Always, squirt. Shoot away."

“What is a bat man?” she asked with a look that made it clear she had no idea what Dieter was referring to.

“The Batman,” he explained, “was a fictional superhero on Earth a long time ago. He dressed in a black uniform and lived in a cave, much like an Earth bat, which was a small flying mammal with aggressive tendencies. He was a good guy, but didn’t always act like a good guy.”

[illegible][illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 10 - Shuttlebay - CEO - Lieutenant Tegian Pex - 1330)

Tegian had just finished summoning additional help from his Beta shift via a request to Operations

=^= "Operations to Lieutenant Tegian. Message received and logged. Good luck Sir," she said, closing the com channel. ^=^=

Tegian almost chuckled and just said, "I hope we won't need it."

Then Trei came back and said, "You can make the order to close the door. We will mark the results of the action."

"Thanks, Lieutenant Trei, but I'm not sure I'm ready to do that. I don't know if the doors are capable of closing and my team heading to Deck 9 hasn't been able to get there yet. I want an assessment of the damage there before I make that attempt."

(Reply Trei, iyw)

Tegian nearly jumped out of his own skin when a hand landed on his shoulder.

"Tegian," the Magillan said, putting a friendly hand on his shoulder, "looks like a mess. How can I help?"

"Lieutenant Bohb!" responded Tegan, somewhat shakely. "You scared me. But, I'm glad you're here. This is some first day on the job, huh?"

"Let me give you a quick rundown on what we do know and please offer any advice on things I might have missed. Deck 11 has minimal damage, just some loose power couplings. Up here we appear to have some structural damage from the explosion. We were lucky that the shuttle with the explosives was pushed out of the shuttlebay by our tractor beams before it exploded and that the explosives seem to have been in the back of the shuttle. So, the majority of the explosion was out into space. We'll need to check the hull at some point. We did have a plume of the fiery explosion come in about twenty meters and the shockwave seems to have torn some of the beams loose just inside the doors. We are still checking for structural integrity of the room. We haven't checked any of the craft. Fire suppression in the room didn't activate, which is odd and we had fires in the Jefferies tubes between Decks 9 and 10 which has hampered efforts to get to Deck 9. Oh, and some of the Turbolifts are offline, most likely loose power couplings. I'm sure we'll be dealing with those for a few days."

(Reply Bohb)

Tegian looked back out to the shuttlebay. "Ideally, I'd like to get the shuttlebay doors closed. But, I'd like to make sure we're not risking any more damage on this deck or below by doing so. Would you be willing to lead that effort?"

(reply Bohb)

(posted by Keith)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 11 - Main Shuttlebay - CEO - Lieutenant Tegian Pex - 1335)

Tegian looked at the schematics on Bohb's PADD. "Can you please send that to my PADD and Ensign zh'Firre's? I have her coordinating from Engineering right now. I felt that I should be here, examining the damage first hand. Leading from the front, so to speak.

Bohb nodded, "I'd say that clearing the debris from the bay should be the primary effort. That will give us a better look at the doors."

Tegian frowned, looking across towards the expanse of space out of the doors and then nodded, making up his mind. "Okay, I'll yield to your greater experience. Let's make sure we don't have to worry about the power couplings supporting the force shields. They were activated just after the explosion to prevent any further venting of atmosphere. The clearing of debris was going to take a bit of time. I can see at least two support beams that have been twisted and broken free. And we're going to need to check each shuttle top to bottom for damage."

Tegian was still holding Lieutenant Trei's PADD. He sent the most interesting views of the shuttle explosion back to his desk in Engineering and to Bohb's PADD. "When you have a moment, just watch how the shuttle exploded."

(Reply Bohb)

“Give me Ensign McGuyver and let’s get Cadet Wednesday Adams down here. They can go outside and have a look at the damage from that angle.”

"They're on Gamma shift, right?" replied Tegian, using the PADD to pull up their names. "You can have them, although I was trying to let the Gamma shift sleep. Oh, wait. Beta shift. Sorry, still trying to remember who is on which shift. I asked Operations to get the Beta shift activated and send them all to Deck 9 since the group I sent through the tubes couldn't get there. I was worried we might have a fire in the shuttlebay."

"Tell you what, start with Cadet Oncano and Ensign Zowi who are already here. I'll head to Deck 9 to find out what's going on there. Now that you're here, I know I'm leaving the situation in more capable hands than mine. As soon as I have a handle on things up there, I'll start sending people down here and I'll send McGyver and Adams, first."

(reply Bohb)
(posted by Keith)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 11 - CRSD Office - CSRD - Lieutenant Bohb - 1331)

Tegian gave Bohb his “quick run down” of the situation. Apparently, deck 11 had the least amount of damage, which was a relief. The damage all appeared to be on the exterior of the ship, and especially with the doors of the shuttle bay. There was some minor structural damage on the interior of the bay, but it was minor, caused by the shockwave that followed the explosion, and marks from the flash fires

"Oh, and some of the Turbolifts are offline," Tegian completed his report, "most likely loose power couplings. I'm sure we'll be dealing with those for a few days."

Bohb pulled out his PADD and began looking at the damage on schematics he had programmed into it, frowning. He changed the view to the power couplings of the turbolifts. “Two people could probably resolve the turbolifts in a couple of hours.” He showed the schematic to Pex. “Here, here and here,” the Magillan pointed to the major areas of disruption in the power relays.

Pex nodded and looked back at the bay. "Ideally, I'd like to get the shuttle bay doors closed. But, I'd like to make sure we're not risking any more damage on this deck or below by doing so. Would you be willing to lead that effort?"

Bohb nodded, "I'd say that clearing the debris from the bay should be the primary effort. That will give us a better look at the doors."

(reply Pex)

“Give me Ensign McGuyver and let’s get Cadet Wednesday Adams down here. They can go outside and have a look at the damage from that angle.”

(reply Pex)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 15 - SFI Offices (The Dungeon) - SFI - Lt. Michael Weston - 1333)

When the turbolift doors opened Michael stepped out with Leeza following. As they walked he continued to explain, “I think Eggery was referring to Batman having a partner in crime solving named Robin. Robin was a pretty good detective as well. And an acrobat. So maybe he thinks you’re my Robin.”

(reply Leeza)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 15 - SFI Offices (The Dungeon) - SFI - Lt. Michael Weston - 1333)

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(reply Leeza)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(Qo'nos - Outside the Conference Room - SO CPO P'Rah and Hercules Devers - 1334)

Devers and P'Rah were stationed outside the chambers, standing guard with two Klingon counterparts. P'Rah kept glancing around, his tail moving in an agitated manner. "There it is again," he said softly to Devers, "I smell something funny again," he said.

Devers looked at the Klingons, "You sure it's not the food here?"

P'Rah chuckled, "No, not that. But there is a distinctive odor here."

As they continued their quiet discussions, the door opened and out came Commander T'Mur. P'Rah strained to hear as the Commander had a brief conversation.

She turned and entered the chambers, a grim look on her face.

The door closed, P'Rah turned to Devers, "There was an explosion on the ship. A Klingon shuttle blew up. after detonating an explosive." he said softly.

Devers frowned, "And so it begins again," he sighed. "I have a bad feeling about this."

(Reply, none or Klingon security IYW)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(Qo'nos – Corridor – SO Kelly Long – 1332)

Ensign Kelly Long was patrolling the corridors of the building. She and Cal Dogan had not beamed down with the original security team. Instead, they had come to check things out before Ambassador McKenzie had set foot on the planet.

After they had given the green light, the diplomat had arrived to do his thing. Now, Lieutenant Dogan was guarding the doors. Along with Commander T'Mur and Chiefs Devers and P'Rah.

As they did that, she was checking the perimeter. But she was not alone. Next to her was Crewman Joy Chinlo. The crew member was the same age as her. But while Kelly had waited until she was eighteen and had gone for officer's schools, Joy had joined at age sixteen and enrolled the enlisted program.

“So, is there anything to the rumors I’ve been hearing ?” Kelly asked.

“And what have you been hearing ?” Joy said.

“That the senior officers of the USS Xanthi have been fishing around for more experienced people. And that a certain security crew member with the initials JC is on their wish-list.” They turned a corner.

“So...come on, give me details.”

“They asked, but...I just don’t know. Look, I really like the Illuminar, but the Xanthi would be a big leap forward. So...I’m still thinking about it.

Kelly nodded. The Xanthi might be an eighty year old, Nebula-class outdated rust-bucket now. But when her refit was done, she would be a state-of-the-art ship. And with her bigger crew, she would have more career opportunities. ~In fact, she might end up skipping a couple of ranks.~ Her pondering ended when they reached another corner and turned it.

...the children were making good time. After a couple of minutes of crawling, they had reached a pipe big enough to stand in. Even better, this pipe came with lamps connected to motion sensors. This

allowed to them to run. That was the good news. The bad news was that they hadn't found an exit yet. And they had reached a dead end. Zara was knocking on the wall and listening.

"It sounds hollow," She said. "There might be another pipe on the other side. Plan B ?"

"I was so hoping we wouldn't have to use Plan B," Gessa said. "We have no idea what this stuff is."

"It's nasty, it's chemical and it will go boom." Axel said. "That's all that matters."

Fach's factory had all sorts of nasty chemicals lying around. Of course, their blasted overlord kept these locked up. But over time, they had managed to leech enough of this stuff from the factory to fill several plastic containers. Originally, they had considered blasting one of the doors. But their were all sort of nasty fumes that gathered near the ceiling of the factory floor. And nobody knew what would happen if there was an explosion below.

"Symor, you're the fastest, you should do this."

“That is logical.”

Symor poured a trail from one of the containers, while the others hid in a nearby alcove. Then he placed all the containers against the walls and reached into his pocket. He had managed to put together a crude lighters, which he used to ignite the trail. Then he ran to the alcove, barely making it before the explosion happened. The containers blew themselves apart, blasting a hole big enough for them to crawl through. The explosion also filled the pipe with a nasty smelling smoke.

"They'll be able to smell that for kilometers," Gessa said.

"Who cares ?" Axel said. "Let's go."

They climbed through the hole and continued on their way. The new pipe was as big as the old one. But after a couple of minutes, the group came to a halt. There were red lasers all over the pipe. Avor wondered why they were there, then decided that it didn't matter. On the bright side, at least they were not moving.

“Oh, come on !” Gessa said. “I thought these things only existed in bad Terran movies !”

"Don't look at me," Zara said. "Besides, there might be an exit on the other side."

Gessa sighed, then took the lead as they began making their way through the grid. She just hoped that nobody above would come to investigate. Or their Great Escape would probably come to a dramatic end.

(Reply any)

(Posted by Ruben)

[illegible]

(Qo'nos - Ante Chamber - Dr. Riven Mias - 1433)

“You two don’t seem to get it,” McKenzie turned, “they don’t want anything to do with us. It’s as if they want war.”

Riven shrugged. "Perhaps they do, but we will complete the assignment given to us. I can say with complete confidence that their minds are closed and it will take a profound breakthrough to win them over. What form that will take I'm not sure."

“Be that as it may, we should be prepared for failure here,” he said. “What happens then. We have now gotten their attention. It won’t be long before they do the math and realize the sooner they come after us the easier that battle will be.”

The Betazoid leaned forward. "Consider this however ambassador... they have waited this long for something or something is going on behind the scenes of which we aren't aware. There is still hope that we can turn the tables somehow." His brow furrowed. "I only wish I could tell you how."

(Reply: McKenzie, Setan)

Posted by Charles G

[illegible]

Kyllee had checked in at Main Engineering to find little amiss. There had been no damage in the actual engineering area. However signs of damage to the ship blinked on the displays. All of the red lights seemed to be indicating to the aft section of the ship.

Once he had assured himself that there had been nobody injured there he ventured out into the corridor and followed the smell of the smoke and wound up at the Aft Lounge, which was commonly called the Rec Room. The doors had been left ajar and the doctor poked his head in.

There was a small team of engineers at the far end of the lounge where a small viewing port had once been. It was now a larger hole directly out into space that had the shimmer of a force field around it. There were over turned tables and debris scattered across the room, mostly broken plates and glassware from the bar area.

He didn't see anyone else and suddenly was concerned that someone had gotten sucked out the hole before the force field went up.

"Hello," he said, and waited for a reply.

Suddenly a head popped up from behind the bar counter. It was Becca. She a slight gash on her head that seeped blood over the mark on her forehead. She waved at Kyilee.

"Doctor, over here," she called out. "It's Woodrow, he's been hurt."

Kyllee moved quickly. He came around the corner to see Lounge's bartender laying on the floor. He pulled out his scanner and ran it over the man's head. There was blood on the floor, but it seemed to

be coming from superficial wounds. He did, however, have a concussion. It looked as though something struck his head.

“What happened?” Kyllee asked.

Becca was a strong woman, but seeing Woody this way had shaken her reserve a little. “When the explosion happened, things went flying all over the place. Then the window cracked, and I was getting pulled out. Woody grabbed me and held on until the forcefield went up. Then something fell and hit him on the head. He’s been like this for a while now.”

Kyllee nodded, and pulled out a hypo spray. Pressing it against Woodrow’s neck he sent an analgesic and a healing agent into his system. Then he turned to Miju Tusimu. “Watch him. Let me know if anything changes. We’ll need to get him to Sickbay though.”

“Yes doctor,” she replied, taking out her own medical scanner.

Kyllee pulled Becca aside and ran a scan over her head. As he suspected, it was superficial, but he could see the sign of her stress in her readings. He pulled out a dermal generator and began to apply it to the wound on her head. It quickly sealed and the blood flow ceased. He talked to her as he worked.

“Well, you’ve had some excitement, Ms. Becca,” he said, stating the obvious. “However, you’re going to be okay. No long lasting symptoms from the sudden decompression and your head wound was superficial.”

When he was done he used his thumb to wipe some of the blood away from her forehead mark. “What you really need is just a shower and something to calm your nerves.”

As he prepared his hypo spray she put a hand on his, “No. I’ll be fine.” Then she pulled the doctor into a big hug. “I’m just worried about Woody.”

“He’ll be fine,” Stev said, extracting himself from the embrace. “I day in sickbay and he’ll be good as new.”

“That’s such a relief,” Becca replied. “I don’t know what I’d do without him. We’ve been together since our days on Risa. You’re my hero, Stev.”

Kyllee shifted a little uncomfortably. He’d never truly been comfortable with women, and had avoided most women since the death of his wife. “Just your everyday doctor doing what he can. Come and see me if that starts to hurt,” he pointed to where he sealed her wound.

“I will,” she said, then looked around. “What a mess. This will be a while fixing up. And we just had it running so well.”

Stev chuckled and stepped away, and returned to Woodrow. “How’s he doing?”

“Stable, but he’ll need attention, soon,” Miju said.

The doctor tapped his comm badge, “Kyllee to sickbay, I need a medical beam out from the Rec Room. Lock on to Tusimu’s signal and energize.”

A moment later the two disappeared. Kyllee looked around and didn't see anything else than needed his medical attention. He tapped his comm badge.

"Kyllee to Solice, deck 11 is clear of injuries. I'm headed up to deck 10."

(reply Solice)
(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

Operations was compiling damage reports so a full assessment could be made. Medical was on the scene and emergency workers were striving to rescue trapped personnel and begin repairs. It was going to be a long day, or days for the Engineering team. He had Morganthall gathering a list of crew who had engineering experience to aid Chief Pex in his repair efforts. At least initial reports didn't suggest the warp core was damaged.

The turbolift doors opened and Weston walked onto the bridge. Their time on the Rhyne gave them a special bond, and Weston was one of the few people Gregory trusted.

"What is going on?" he asked. "An explosion in the shuttlebay? What happened?"

Gregory invited Weston to sit next to him.

"A Klingon shuttle approached us, carrying bloodwine from Minister Pe'Tah. "After Mr. Taylor scanned the ship, and didn't detect any explosives, I gave the shuttle clearance to dock," Gregory said. "As the shuttle came around to the shuttle bay, Mr. Taylor detected an impending explosion, and was able to minimize the damage by using the shuttle tractor beam to push the Klingon vessel out into space. We have still suffered damage, how much is still being assessed."

(Reply Weston)

"I've sent Lieutenant Trei to start the investigation, but I need you to figure out who this really was. Our threat assessment indicated there were houses not eager to have these discussions, but I the consensus was the talks would go on. I don't think anything like this was envisioned," he said.

(Reply Weston)

"This represents a significant escalation and I cannot imagine it helping the ongoing negotiations. I want a name, a house, a connection. How deep this goes and how much danger our diplomats are in. And, unfortunately, I need it fast."

(Reply Weston)

"You have all the resources you need, but get me some answers ."

(reply Weston, Bridge crew)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(Qo'nos - Main Hall Corridor - Klingon Security Officer - Kor'chek - 1335)

Kor'chek and Bar'fang had been hearing about these Federation security people who thought they had a right to just walk around in the halls of the Main Hall of the Capital building. They were so arrogant, going wherever they pleased, doing whatever they wanted. Who did they think they were. In his mind they either thought they could do a better job of securing the safety of the participants of these talks, or they just didn't trust the Klingon people enough to consider them safe, even though their safety had been assured by Martok. They were now honor bound to keep the Federation delegates alive.

They rounded a corner to see a group of the Federationists talking. Kor'chek grunted in disgust. Clearly they were very focused on security. As they closed the distance between them he could hear their words.

"There is no olfactory information on record," one of the females was saying. "So the computer would take a real substance, probably some kind of real fuel, and simulate that instead. And before you ask, Alex tends to smell off the stuff whenever he come back after a session. That's how I know what it smells like."

Kor'chek stepped up to the group and started sniffing. He turned to Bar'fang and said, "nuq vljatlh DaneH? blQ'a' lungeimoH." (Subtitle: You know what I smell? Fear and treachery.)

Bar'fang laughed, and replied, "chaq suvwl'pu', chay' ja'taHvIS poH'a'," (Subtitle: Perhaps they are considering mating.)

Kor'chek made a face, "net natlh. Vaj legh toh ... puj ." (Subtitle: That is... disgusting. The women look so weak.)

“loMmeyvam qelDI', qhom'a' Devwl',” Bar'fang said. (Subtitle: We would break them.)

Kor'chek leaned in and took a deep breath in, smelling the scent of fo the dark skinned woman. He smiled, "Have you ever been with a Klingon man, woman? Your scent is fresh but you do not look satisfied."

(reply Long)

The woman recoiled and Kor'chek laughed, "Are you afraid, woman? How did you even get your place in this squad? Klingon women earn their places through glorious combat. Come, tell us one of your battles that earned you the honor of this security detail."

(reply Long, Lo)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(Qo'nos – Main Hall, Corridor – SO Ensign Kelly Long – 1336)

Kelly and Joy had just finished their discussion when one of the Klingon guards leaned in and sniffed her. ~Yuck.~ While Kelly was not above getting friendly with aliens, Klingons were simply not her type. And the man's hideous teeth – or at least, that's what Kelly found them – did not improve his smile. ~Or his breath.~

“Have you ever been with a Klingon man, woman? Your scent is fresh but you do not look satisfied.”

"No," Kelly said and recoiled at the man, which made him laugh.

“Are you afraid, woman? How did you even get your place in this squad? Klingon women earn their places through glorious combat. Come, tell us one of your battles that earned you the honour of this security detail.”

Kelly really, really wanted to punch the Klingon in the face. The ‘crack’ of his nose breaking would be most satisfying. But then the rest of the Klingon security detail would pour on. Not to mention the diplomatic fallout that would follow. Still, it was awfully tempting to let this piece of dinosaurs poop have it.

“We don’t have to earn our places in battles, because our training is actually worth something.” Kelly spat at the Klingon.

“We graduate ready for whatever the galaxy throws at us. And for record, I was already on the Illuminar for the Battle of the Rift. My ship survived by fighting, the only Klingon ship left survived by running away.”

(Reply Kor'Chek, any)

(Posted by Ruben)

[illegible]

Michael moved to the seat next to Dieter. It was almost like the days on the Rhyne. As he lowered himself down he suddenly stopped to look back for chocolate cake or spaghetti. Satisfied that his seat hadn't been booby-trapped by a three-year-old, he sat down.

Gregory explained the circumstances behind their current situation. He looked over at Taylor with approval at his reaction. "Just like the old day. Sounds like it could have been worse."

Taylor shook his head, "Sounds like I could have done better."

Weston smiled, “Think of our daily mantra on the Rhyne Andy. Are we still here? You bet your”

"I've sent Lieutenant Trei to start the investigation," Dieter interrupted, "but I need you to figure out who this really was. Our threat assessment indicated there were houses not eager to have these discussions, but the consensus was the talks would go on. I don't think anything like this was envisioned."

"Yeah," Michael agreed, "this was definitely not in the game plan. But to be honest, my only surprise is that it took this long."

"This represents a significant escalation and I cannot imagine it helping the ongoing negotiations. I want a name, a house, a connection. How deep this goes and how much danger our diplomats are in. And, unfortunately, I need it fast."

Michael took a deep breath and let it out slowly saying, "That's a tall order, Dieter. I mean, I can eliminate some of the houses that appear to be supportive of these talks. But the modern empire is very divided in the place of other races in their new order."

"You have all the resources you need," Gregory assured him, "but get me some answers ."

Michael stood up and nodded, "I'm on it." He looked around the bridge. "If anyone needs me I'll be in my dungeon."

He had already narrowed the list of probabilities from twenty-four to about ten. Those were the houses that his intelligence had noted were openly against any arrangements to make with the Federation. He had to see if he still had any pull with the underground intelligence community in the Klingon empire.

~This should be fun.~ he thought sarcastically to himself.

(reply Gregory)
(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - Ops Ensign Victoria Morganthall and a1/O CMDR Dieter Gregory -13:37)

Ensign Morganthall was monitoring the reports from across the ship, minor injuries, and such. Those were quickly documented and triaged to the correct department. Over her com she heard "Lieutenant Tegian to Operations. Please summon the Beta Engineering shift to Deck 9 to meet Ensign Waffles. Warn them that there's been a fire in the Jeffries Tube between Decks 10 and 9 that wasn't put out by our automatic fire suppression system. And some of the Turbolifts are offline. If they encounter an offline turbolift, have them check in with Ensign Zh'Firre to coordinate repairs. I'm overseeing the damage assessment on Deck 10 in the Main Shuttlebay with Lieutenant Trei"

She tapped her badge, "Operations to Lieutenant Tegan. Message received and logged. Good luck Sir," she said, closing the com channel.

Next she turned around "Commander, message from Engineering. There was a fire in the Jeffires tube that was not put out by the automatic fire suppression system, some of the turbolifts are offline. Ensign Zh'Ferre is coordinating repairs to those turbolifts. "

"Thank you Ensign. Carry on with the Chief's orders and send a shipwide message about the turbolifts. Make sure you get all the reports as well so I can do the final assessment for the Captain," Gregory replied.

"Aye Sir," she said, turning around and sending the appropriate notifications.

(Reply Any, IYW)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(Qo'nos - Main Hall Corridor - Klingon Security Officer - Kor'chek - 1337)

Bar'fang growled at the barb from the female security officer and took a step forward. But Kor'chek put a hand on his shoulder and gave Bar'fang a stern, warning, look. Suddenly Kor'chek burst into a loud, deep laugh.

“Only the Federation would equate superior technology as superior fighting skills,” he said. “The true test of a warrior is without technology. Just their bare hands and perhaps a blade. Let me know when you are ready to test that mettle.”

He turned to Bar'fang and laughed, "blQ'a' pagh Sugipaw." (Subtitle: She probably won't even bite you.)

Bar'fang paused and looked at both the females for a moment, then he too burts into laughter. The two moved on away from the group of Federation Security officers, enjoying their jabs at verbal jabs at them.

(reply Long, Lo, Devers, P'Rah)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Conference Room - CEO - Lieutenant Tegian Pex - 1438)

"Yes," Tegian agreed. "Considering that, on Deck 9, I couldn't engage them manually while the system reported that it was functioning and not detecting a fire."

“Which is concerning as I know that the system worked fine before I turned over engineering to Tegian,” Bohb added. His instinct was that someone had done something to them. He might not wait that long.

Tegian looked at Bohb and frowned. He then typed instructions on his PADD to have Ensign Zh'Firre to reassign Ensign Powie to investigate the fire suppression systems on Deck 9 and 10 and look for tampering in the computer. She was the best he had and if she couldn't find the evidence, it likely didn't exist.

Bohb shrugged, “The only possible explanation is that whatever the device was, it didn’t register as an explosive because it wasn’t an explosive until the time it exploded. That implies a chemical reaction. And if that really was bloodwine, it added to the explosion. This was clearly an intentional act. I’m hoping that we can find some remnants of the shuttle to test for what exact chemicals were used.”

"There's plenty of soot on the ceiling of the main shuttlebay. If you're going to find remnants, it'll be there," offered Tegan.

(reply Bohb, Gregory)

(posted by Keith)

[illegible]

(Qo'nos - Main Hall Corridor - Security Officer - CPO Hercules Devers, CPO P'Rah - 1338)

P'Rah watched the two Klingon's retreat. "Guess they haven't heard of you, Herc," he said with a toothy grin.

"Guess my fame hasn't made it to Qo'nons, although the Minister had heard of the fight on Mars," he replied.

"Ma'am," he said, looking at Ensign Long, "With respect. He accomplished his mission, to provoke you. He'll be back, 'cause he knows how to get under your skin."

(Long, IYW)

"Just watch your back, Ma'am," he said.

P'Rah chuckled, "Maybe I can get him to challenge you, Herc. I could use some extra spending cash."

"It would be a street fight," Devers replied, "More interesting than in the ring at Mars. The doc might not like it though. Last time she suggested other ways to get extra energy out."

"Alex told me," P'Rah replied as his ears perked up. He started looking around. "Footsteps, I think 5 people," he said softly. "Trying to be sneaky."

Devers nodded and looked at the officers.

(Reply Long, Dogan)

[illegible]

(Qo'nos – Corridor – SO Ensign Kelly Long – 1339)

"Ma'am," P'Rah began. "With respect. He accomplished his mission, to provoke you. He'll be back, 'cause he knows how to get under your skin."

"We'll see about that," Kelly said.

"Just watch your back, Ma'am," he said.

Kelly nodded and listened as P’Rah and Devers continued their conversation. She sniffed the air. ~No ‘Tylum’ smell here.~ But she knew what she had smelled. And he instinct told her this was bad news. ~Because whatever is giving off that smell, might end up being a blast. And not in a good way.~ Then the conversation drew her attention.

"Footsteps, I think 5 people," P'Rah said. "Trying to be sneaky."

Devers nodded at that, while Kelly's hand went to her phaser.

"People sneaking around ? Combined with that smell ? I'm not liking this, Chief. I'm not liking this one bit."

(Reply P'Rah, Devers, any)

(Posted by Ruben)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - a1/O CMDR Dieter Gregor - 1340)

Gregory smiled at the interaction between Taylor and Weston. Those early days on the Rhyne were, to say the least, intense and survival was the name of the game. He certainly hoped that wasn't a premonition of what was to come. There was the Klingon attack before the Rhyne got lost in the mirror universe. Perhaps the security report was more optimistic than it should have been.

The two officers continued their discussion, with Gregory dropping the impossible task in Weston's lap.

"That's a tall order, Dieter. I mean, I can eliminate some of the houses that appear to be supportive of these talks. But the modern empire is very divided in the place of other races in their new order," Weston said.

"There is no one else I would trust with this, Michael. Its too important for anyone but the best to work the problem," Gregory said.

"You have all the resources you need," Gregory assured him, "but get me some answers ."

Gregory stood with Michael, "I'm on it," Weston said, "If anyone needs me I'll be in my dungeon."

Nodding, Gregory smiled. "Work your magic, Mr. Weston."

"Any increase in chatter anywhere? Offers of assistance? Queries on our status" Gregory asked Operations.

"None at the moment, Sir," Morganthall replied.

"That is surprising, it isn't like the explosion was subtle or anything," he said. "Keep on it. Mr. Taylor, I want a list of all ships here around Qo'nos and what house they represent."

(Reply Taylor)

Tapping his com badge, "Lieutenant Lanista," he said, "As soon as you can I want to know more about the explosive that blew up my shuttle bay."

(reply Lanista)

Gregory sat down again, focusing himself to keep calm. Would not do for the crew to see his true feelings at the moment.

(Reply none)
(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

Anges made her way to Deck 10. She was now facing the carnage, she knew the smell. Blood and fire. Crewmen seemed to have minor injuries and were directed to Holodeck 1 where the EMHs can heal them quickly but then she saw it. A dead crewman.

She looked at him and closed her eyes. She still had problems with the dead. She motioned to the medics that he was dead. The others she came across were mostly minor injuries. As she got closer to the epicenter of the explosion, burns were more evident. Agnes offer administered some pain suppression and was sent to the main sickbay.

Ensign Pillman lay on the ground in agony. His face was nearly burned off but he was alive. She had to sedate him and sent him to sickbay. He was going to need extensive medical treatment.

(Reply Any)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(Qo'nos - Corridor - SO CPO P'Rah and CPO Hercules Devers - 1340)

P'Rah cocks his ears again, "Not Klingon, at least I don't think so. The footsteps are too light for a Klingon."

"Direction?" Devers asked.

"Working on it. Give me a minute," P'Rah replied

"People sneaking around ? Combined with that smell ? I'm not liking this, Chief. I'm not liking this one bit." said Ensign Long.

Devers nodded and moved a bit away from P'Rah, so the Caitian could listen more carefully."

"Ma'am, you are ranking officer, what are your orders?" Devers asks.

(Reply Long)

[illegible]

(Qo'nos - Corridor - SO Ensign Kelly Long - 1341)

"Ma'am, you are ranking officer, what are your orders?" Devers asked.

“We are...” ~Going to do what ? You have no plan, do you ?~ And then she realized something. “...down there.”

She pointed down to the floor. There was a grate in the middle of floor of the corridor. Kelly crouched down and sniffed the air. The smell wasn't coming from inside the building, it was coming from underneath. The grate appeared to lead to a tube that was part of the building's ventilation system.

(Reply Devers)

She stood up and turned to the P'Rah. "Chief, any chance that our ' Sneakers' are underneath ?"

(Reply P'Rah)

Kelly nodded. "Grab your phasers, people. Operation Guy Fawkes is now underway."

She yanked out a section of the grate and jumped down into the tube below.

(Reply P'Rah, Devers, any)

(Posted by Ruben)

[illegible]

Quinna just stepped out of her office after she was getting ready for surgery. The impaled crewman was waiting for Quinna to do her thing.

"Kyllee to Solice, deck 11 is clear of injuries. I'm headed up to deck 10." Came across her commbadge.

“OK, Agnes has been sending quite a few burn victims to sickbay. She is going to need some help. I am about to go into surgery.”

(Reply Kyllee)

[illegible]

"We are going down there." Ensign Long said.

Devers eyes turned to the grate in the floor.

He looked at P'Rah and back to the Ensign.

She stood up and turned to the P'Rah. "Chief, any chance that our ' Sneakers' are underneath ?"

P'Rah shrugged, "That would make sense with what I have been hearing," he replied.

Kelly nodded. "Grab your phasers, people. Operation Guy Fawkes is now underway."

Devers turned to P'Rah. The two each held out a fist, and shook it up and down. Devers put out three fingers and P'Rah one. "Good luck P'Rah," Devers said as he stepped back to stand next to the door while P'Rah followed the Ensign down into the hole.

(Reply Long, IYW)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

Quinna stood at the display. She patient was stable so and ready for surgery. Quinna took a deep breath and stepped up to the patient. She looked at the screen one more time. She was relieved that no critical parts were impaled¹. She used the laser scalpel to open the area around the foreign impaler.

When the cavity opened, the item started to fall. The two nurses in surgery held it immobile. As the nurses started to remove the object, Quinna worked to stop all the bleeding. So far there was very little blood loss and things were running perfectly. “Ok, everything looks great and there are no signs of bleeders. Let us finish him up.” Quinna announced as they started to close him up.

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

While P’Rah and Devers played rock-paper-scissors, Joy Chinlo entered the ventilation duct and went ahead. The two security officers finished and P’Rah lost. ~Or won, depending on how you see it.~

"Good luck P'Rah," Devers said.

"Most repairs are under way," Bohb said. "They should be done before the end of the day. The door to the shuttlebay is the big ticket item. That will take a couple of days. The report from Ensign McGuyver and Cadet Adams is that there is an equitable amount of damage on the exterior as the interior surface of the door's frame. The good news is that the damage on the interior has nearly been removed. The exterior will take some time, but that team is getting started."

"When this is over," Gregory said, "we need to revisit the fire suppression systems and why it didn't go off. Was it sabotage or bad dumb luck."

"Yes," Tegian agreed. "Considering that, on Deck 9, I couldn't engage them manually while the system reported that it was functioning and not detecting a fire."

“Which is concerning as I know that the system worked fine before I turned over engineering to Tegjan,” Bohb added. His instinct was that someone had done something to them. He might not wait that long.

He listened to Vanderstein's medical report and then Gregory turned to him, and the rather tall Klingon next to him. "I want to know why we didn't detect the explosive before on the initial scan. I don't want to be surprised by that again, and make sure to transmit the information to the fleet."

Bohb shrugged, “The only possible explanation is that whatever the device was, it didn’t register as an explosive because it wasn’t an explosive until the time it exploded. That implies a chemical reaction. And if that really was bloodwine, it added to the explosion. This was clearly an intentional act. I’m hoping that we can find some remnants of the shuttle to test for what exact chemicals were used.”

(reply Gregory, Lanista)
(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

When the news came that an explosion occurred on the shuttle bay the first thought was what had happened to his babies. There was a scramble of the pilots and as the engineering crew attacked the damage to the ship, and the medical staff attacked the injuries of the crew, the flight crew checked the conditions of the fighters and the shuttles.

=^=Snoopy, Raid here. This place is a mess, and who knows when it'll be ready for flight operations? I'm recommending we fire up the Aerowing, just in case.=^=

Snoopy had run a preliminary check of the Void Sphynxes and they appeared to be undamaged. The next check would be a flight check, but as he looked around the exit of the bay he knew that wasn't going to happen any time soon.

"Roger that," he replied, tapping his comm badge, "something is better than nothing."

=^=It's not a void sphynx, by any stretch, but it can hold its own in a basic fight, and can get us to the surface for an emergency evac if we need it.=^=

Having flown the wing with the captain to Earth during their layover, he knew exactly how the ship behaved. He hadn't really had a chance to put it to a real test, but there was no time like the present.

"Check," he replied. "I'm on it. It may lack in power, but it is a smooth ride, and not without fangs. Do we have clearance from the FSCO?"

=^=Sure, I'll check with the Lieutenant, but figured forgiveness rather than permission. And it'll take 15 minutes to get flight ready. I've done it in 5, but not recommended.=^=

"I'm on my way," Snoopy said as he headed out of the bay. "This may go faster with two on it."

=^=Your call, I can be there in a few minutes.=^=

"Check with Grey Wolf, and I'll see you soon." Snoopy closed the channel and made his way towards the ship known as the Captain's Yacht.

(reply Montero)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge- a1/O CMDR Dieter Gregory - 14:05)

For the last half hour since Michael and Leeza had left the bridge, Gregory had been trying to exude calm. It would do no good for the crew to have an angsty captain.

Mr. Dyson was doing a good job keeping the ship in a bubble. Tactical was on a hair trigger as well, worried about cloaked ships making an aggressive move. Fortunately, with the sensors especially tuned to potential decloaking events, they would have a few seconds to act before a ship fully decloaked.

Ms. Morganthall approached him, PADD in hand. "Sir, here are the latest updates on ship status," she said, handing him the PADD.

"Thank you Ensign," he said as he looked over the report. It could have been worse.

"Ms. Morganthall, send a message to the department heads to assemble in the conference room at 1430 to review operational status and repair priorities."

"Aye, Sir."

As MorganthanII sent the messages, Gregory stood up and walked over to the Master Systems Display, comparing the data being displayed with the information on the PADD. He hoped the Captain was making out better with the diplomats.

[illegible]

Qo'nos - Conference Room - Klingon Minister- Pe'tah - 1415)

The tone of the conversations in the negotiations had shifted several times in the last hour. The Federation ambassadors, of course, began by oozing sweetness and platitudes that did little to impress their hosts. Martok had looked around the hall at the other Klingon heads of houses, refusing to speak. He would allow the others to speak for him.

"What possible reason would the great houses of the Klingon empire possibly have for entering into any agreement with a weakened Federation?" Kim'tar of the house of Kor asked. "If we so chose we could turn our attention in your direction, rather than that of the fallen Romulan empire. You offer us no strength."

There was a roar of appreciation for Kim'tar's words grew in the hall. McKenzie stood up and faced Kim'tar.

"Minister," McKenzie said, "I think you will find that the Federation is not without teeth, as the recent incident with the Illuminar should prove. It is not our only vessel of such power. Do not underestimate us. It will be your undoing."

Another roar came up, but this time in protest. Suddenly Pe'tah stepped forward.

"Before anyone says anything that might be taken.... badly," the Minister said, "perhaps we should take a break to consider all that has been said."

He turned at looked to Martok, who nodded. h

Pe'tah turned back to the Federation ambassadors, "Gentlemen, my aid will escort you to a chamber where you can refresh yourselves, and contemplate our next step."

McKenzie looked at the others who seemed to be in agreement. He sighed deeply, hating to stop when he felt that he had delivered an upper hand, but he acquiesced to the wishes of the others and nodded. "As you wish, Minister."

Pe'tah motioned to his aid, who quickly led the Federation entourage from the room. Now Pe'tah spoke to the others, "We also should think about what has been said, and what we should say, but Chancellor I have a request. I have been approached by this Ariel Trei to be backed for the right to walk the River of Blood."

His announcement was met with a round of laughter, and cries of objections. Is that who we have become now, Pe'tah? We are allowing some hybrid *Ilch* to participate in our most personal rituals? We are expanding our empire for the Klingon people. Klingon people, not hybrids of Klingons with whoever they chose to... copulate with. That was the downfall of the Romulans as they allowed outsiders in."

Pe'tah shook his head, "The Klingons have had hybrid children for hundreds of years and we a far stronger now than ever."

"But none of those abominations have ever claimed rights to be Klingon," another voice called out.

"Be that as it may," Pe'tah continued, "now we have one. And the House of Nogga is will to back her claim."

(reply Martok)

(posted by Al muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 10 - Main Shuttlebay - CEO - Lieutenant Tegian Pex - 1424)

Tegian had just arrived back on Deck 10, with much of the Beta Engineering shift in tow. He'd already sent Ensign McGuyver and Cadet Adams down here after he'd gotten to Deck 9 and ascertained the situation. There were myriad small fires in the Cargo bay and the fire suppression system wasn't working here, either. Tegian had sent everyone for breathing apparatus and fire fighting equipment while he fought with his PADD to get the fire suppression systems to engage, unsuccessfully. The systems had read green, hadn't detected the fires and yet wouldn't turn on manually.

Ensign Waffles and his two members hadn't yet made it through the tubes. They were still reporting fires on their end and so Tegian had directed a portion of his team to enter the Jeffries' tubes from his side. It had taken thirty minutes to get the fires all under control. It wasn't something that any of them really had much training in doing, but except for a few minor burns, all of which had been treated on scene and then sent to the Holodeck for further treatment, no one was seriously injured.

From preliminary reports, the damage wasn't too severe, but it had spread beyond the Cargo Bay to some of the nearby labs. It was going to take time to assess it all. His team was checking through the labs now and taking inventory.

Now, looking over the Main Shuttlebay, after almost an hour, he was seeing some progress. He was just about to check in with Lieutenant Bohb when they were summoned to the Conference Room on the bridge to give an update to Commander Gregory. He shrugged and motioned to Trei and Bohb, figuring they might as well journey together.

[illegible]

(Qo'nos – Sewer – Civilian Fach, son of I'n - 1425)

It had taken forever to secure the rest of the brats and to figure out which of them had escaped. They were all locked in their rooms in the orphanage now. And it had turned out that five of these...cretins had escaped. Fortunately, he had found a way into pipe big enough for him. He had a disruptor in the drawer of his desk, which he used to make his way in. There was an alley three streets over, which rarely saw any traffic. There, he had used the weapon to cut a hole into the sewer.

Now, he was facing a laser grid of some kind. ~I thought these things only existed in bad Terran movies.~ He spotted the power conduit that kept the thing going and took it out with a single shot. That done, he moved on down the pipe. Several minutes later, he reached the end of this pipe. There was nobody to go. ~Blast !~ And then he looked up. There was a grate, which seemed to lead to a ventilation system. He climbed into the system and roared.

“I’m going to find you, you blasted cretins ! And I’m going to vaporize you all !” The sound echoed through the ventilation system.

(Reply P'Rah, any)
(Posted by Ruben)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - a1/O CMDR Dieter Gregory - 14:25)

Thinking back to Einstein's famous description of relativity, it was clear that waiting for the meeting was taking forever. Finally, it was time.

Standing up, he turned to Tactical. "Mr. Taylor, you have the bridge. Keep the ship safe,"

(reply Taylor)

Nodding, Gregory strode to the conference room and sat down, waiting for the department heads to arrive.

(Reply, IYW)
(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge- ATAC- Lt. Andy Taylor - 1426)

Taylor had enjoyed Gregory's little joke with Michael. The SFI officer may have appeared annoyed, but he was probably working hard to hold back a smile. It was reminiscent of their time on the Rhyne.

Gregory had called for a department head meeting to begin in a few minutes when he stood up. "Mr. Taylor, you have the bridge. Keep the ship safe,"

Taylor didn't bother to move from the tactical station, since he knew that was the place he could follow that order the best. "You can count on that sir."

Gregory left the bridge and Taylor looked around. There were a lot of nervous-looking people all doing their jobs. There was no sign of anything unusual in the area. But if there was one thing he was certain of, just because you can't see it, doesn't mean trouble isn't out there waiting for you.

(reply none)
(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Conference Room - a1/O CMDR Dieter Gregory - 14:30)

Sitting at the head of the conference table, Gregory sipped on a cup of tea. He was rehearsing what he was going to say to the department heads to start the meeting. It was always easier in Operations, as he tried to keep things laid back, which he found got the best of his team. He missed his time on the Gamma shift and the dinners he would have with the bridge crew before shift.

One of his instructors had pointed out that being the first officer was when you solidified your command style. For Gregory, he'd gone from 2nd officer to Captain of the Rhyne in a matter of minutes, circumventing the polish applied at the first officer stage. Of course the Rhyne was a fight for their lives. Strangers in a strange land to be sure.

(department heads, reply)

Once the seats were filled, he looked around, trying to gauge each officers mood. Standing up, "Thank you all. We'll keep this short as there is still much to do," he said. "Looking at the reports, it appears we dodged a photon torpedo, so to speak. We will remain at yellow alert to the Captain returns at a minimum with extra security sweeps, just to be sure."

"Mr. Pex, where do we stand with repairs? What resources do you need?"

(Reply Pex)

Gregory nodded, "When this is over, we need to revisit the fire suppression systems and why it didn't go off. Was it sabotage or bad dumb luck."

He looked at Dr. Vanderstein, who had come in place of Dr. Solice. The latter was still in surgery. "Dr. Vanderstein, how bad are our injuries?"

(Reply Vanderstein)

"Thank you," he said. It was a lot better than it could have been.

Turning his attention to Lieutenant Bohb and the new science officer. "I want to know why we didn't detect the explosive before on the initial scan. I don't want to be surprised by that again, and make sure to transmit the information to the fleet."

(Reply Bohb, Lanista)

"Ms. Trei, any progress on your investigation?"

(rely Trei)

"Thank you everyone. If there are no questions, you're dismissed. We will regroup at 1800 for another update. "

(reply any)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

McKenzie paced the floor of the room fuming. These “negotiations” were going exactly the way he had expected them to. The Klingons had been overbearing and unrelenting in their insistence that they did not need any kind of alliance with the Federation. They didn’t want to hear Setan’s logic. They didn’t care about the empathy from Rven Mias. They almost expected his own aggressive stance. At this point his analysis of the talks were... they weren’t going well. He had to wonder how much longer the Federation would continue this policy of trying to make friends with everyone.

“You two don’t seem to get it,” he turned on the other two, “they don’t want anything to do with us. It’s as if they want war.”

(reply Setan, Mias)

“Be that as it may, we should be prepared for failure here,” he said. “What happens then. We have now gotten their attention. It won’t be long before they do the math and realize the sooner they come after us the easier that battle will be.”

Inside he was starting to feel relieved that he had already set in motion his plan. He wondered where they were in that plan.

(reply Setan, Mias)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

The ventilation system was a maze. It reminded P'Rah of the warren of streets he used to stalk with the crew, looking for the easy mark. His ears were perked up listening for any sound he could find.

At first, when they went into the system, he thought he had an idea where the noises were coming from. However, the acoustics made it hard to pinpoint exactly, so they were in a grid search.

Such as a grid could be made of this mess, he thought.

Tricorders were useless as the walls seemed to mess with their sensors, so he paused frequently to reorient himself. He could sense the Ensigns frustration growing, but this was the job. He wondered how Devers was making out. They didn't like splitting the protection detail, but the sounds he heard necessitated they split up. '

Turning around, to look where they came from, he swore he saw a shadow. Suddenly a phaser beam went past his head.

"Ensign," he growled lowly. "Be sure of your target."

(reply Long)

"Wait," he said, holding up his hand. "I hear it again. Like little needles on the metal," he said. "This way," P'Rah started moving down another tunnel. "They are this way."

(reply Long)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(Qo'nos – Sewer – Security Officer - Ja'nus Daughter of Kem'chuk - 1430)

Ja'nus had been contacted several days prior by the administrator of the Capital City Orphanage. There had been some odd goings on in the facility. Klingon orphanages were not uncommon, but most of the other worlds rarely heard of them. A majority of their occupants were often children of parents lost in battle and those orphans were often revered and well taken care of. Some were not, but they were still attended to rather well.

But the administrator had noted that some of the children went missing. Some for periods of time, who then mysteriously reappeared, unwilling to say where they'd been. Others never returned at all. It was a common misconception that children often ran away from orphanages. That was not usually the case in Klingon orphanages.

The administrator had taken the precaution of tagging all of the children under his care with a radioactive marker. When the next set of children "disappeared" he contacted the authorities who were quick to respond. It didn't take them long to find the tunnel into the sewer system. Then they had time to set up the trap.

Five children appeared and the security forces were quick to ensnare them, giving assurance of safety and that whoever was responsible would be brought to swift Klingon justice. With the children safe and secure they just had to wait. They didn't have to wait too long.

"I'm going to find you, you blasted cretins ! And I'm going to vaporize you all !"

Ja'nus signaled her team and a dozen Klingon security officers came at the sound of the voice from directions, weapons drawn.

"Hold your position right there," Ja'nus ordered, thumbing the trigger of her disruptor. "I have no compunction against vaporizing you where you stand if you attempt to flee. You would deserve no less. The crimes you have committed against the helpless wards of the Klingon warrant a slow and painful death. But I am willing to forgo the slow and simply make it painful."

(reply Fach)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(Qo'nos – Great Hall. Ventilation Tube – SO Kelly Long - 1430)

The big search was turning into the big flop. Their tricorders didn't work and the ventilation system was a maze. They had been forced to split up to do a grid search. ~This is SO not working.~ Not to mention that Lieutenant-Commander T'Mur would probably not be happy with her for this little spontaneous operation.

Especially if they came back with a big, fat nothing burger. ~This is going to be a bad day.~ She could hear the Commander ranting now. If she was lucky, she would end scrubbing plasma conduits for the next two years. And she didn't even want to think about the worst case scenario.

Then she noticed a shadow. Acting on instinct, she grabbed her phaser and fired a shot. It was only then that she realized that her target had been Chief P'Rah. ~Nice going, Kelly !~

"Ensign," The Chief began. "Be sure of your target."

"Sorry about that, Chief."

"Wait," P'Rah said. "I hear it again. Like little needles on the metal. This way," P'Rah entered another tunnel. "They are this way."

Kelly nodded and followed. They passed Chinlo and Kelly gestured for her to follow them, which she did. ~I just hope that this leads to something....or somebody.~ After a couple of sections, they passed a vertical tube. Based on the height, she figured it ran from the top of the building all the way down to the basement.

"Chief, what do you think of this ?"

(Reply P'Rah)

She tried the tricorder again, but it still didn't work. So she sniffed the air. "T'Mur is SO going to have my head for this. Operation Guy Fawkes is going to go down as the biggest flop in the long, sad history of flops."

(Reply P'Rah)

That was when she saw the head of a Human girl below them. She was covered in dirt, with dirty hair and green eyes. The girl spotted them and swallowed. Kelly estimated that the girl was somewhere in her teens.

“Uhm....Hi....Uhm....Bye.” And with that, the girl vanished.

“What in the world !”

(Reply P'Rah)

Before she could reply, somebody shouted something in Klingon.

(Reply P'Rah)

(Posted by Ruben)

[illegible]

(Qo'nos – Sewer – Civilian Fach, Son of I'n – 1431)

Fach was planning to end those blasted cretins painfully. Before he could, however, he was surrounded by a group of security officers, led by a female officer. ~B'll, that fool !~ He didn't know how, but he was sure that this whole mess was somehow that idiot's fault. Before he could ponder it further, the officer spoke up.

"Hold your position right there," She said. "I have no compunction against vaporizing you where you stand if you attempt to flee. You would deserve no less. The crimes you have committed against the helpless wards of the Klingon warrant a slow and painful death. But I am willing to forgo the slow and simply make it painful."

“You think you’ve won ?” Fach began. “These.....things....Cardassian, Human, Vulcan, anything not Klingon....are a waste of resources. You think that I’m the only one who feels this way ? One day, common sense will prevail and we will stop giving these vile creatures anything.”

(Reply Ja'nus)

“You are all fools,” He glared at the officers. “You will find out that I have friends. And that I am in the right.” He smiled at her, while wondering what that fool B’Il was up to.

(Reply Ja'nus)

[illegible]

(Qo'nos – Imperial Orphanage 17, Office – Civilian B'll, son of S'kes – 1432)

B'Il had locked the door to his office. Once they had discovered the escape, he had realized that it was only a matter of time before everything unraveled. Of course, that fool Fach had thought that by securing the orphans, he could keep a lid on things. But B'Il knew better. He had merely played along to keep Fach from turning on him.

While the fool had gone down into the sewers, B'll had gone to his office and locked himself in. Then he had activated his personal terminal. He had hacked into the sewer cameras long ago and had activated the program. It allowed him to watch as the security officers surrounded Fach.

=^=You are all fools. You will find out that I have friends. And that I am in the right.^=

(Reply Ja'nus)

~Not as many as you think, you fool.~ B'll thought. He had barely completed said thought when there was shouting outside the door and security officer began pounding on it. They yelled that there was no way to escape and that he should surrender. ~They can blast through the door with their weapons.~ But they were probably being delicate because of the children. B'll, however, had not intention of

making this easy. He closed the camera program and activated an encrypted communications program that his “friends” had provided him when they had set up this little operation. ~They won’t like this second setback. I’ll have to leave Qo’nos.~

His first set back had taken place a while ago. He had attempt to charter a ship called the SS Something And Something to carry a load of acquisitions. But her owner – Captain Richard O’Connell – had realized that this really meant slaves. So he hired the SS Cape Town to deliver the cargo and eliminate O’Connell. The first part had gone to plan, but O’Connell had escaped to Starbase Freedom. This had put him out their reach.

B’ll send a pre-programmed message to his contact, then took out a disruptor and vaporized the computer. As he did that, the security officers began breaking the door down. B’ll cranked the setting on his disruptor up and pointed it at the door. He fired a bolt, which vaporized both the door and the two officers who had been breaking it down. B’ll looked around for more officer, but didn’t see any. So he headed for the front door. Unfortunately for him, there was something he had not taken into consideration.

Security Officer Da’yos, daughter of Gi’Har, was a private security guard who worked for the Museum of Alien Artifacts. Located next door to Imperial Orphanage 17, it was exactly what it said on the label. Over the years, the Empire had managed to gather a collection of alien bits and pieces worth showing. Which was exactly what the museum did. And it was Da’yos job to keep it safe. She knew that most government paid Security Officer considered her an inferior ‘rent-a-cop’. But she had no intention of sitting this one out. Even if she did not have a disruptor.

As soon as B’ll stepped out of the front door of the orphanage, she punched him in the face. He dropped his disruptor, but managed to take out his d’k tahg and come at her. She dodged his attack and took out her own d’k tahg. They struggled. But Da’yos was young and fit, while B’ll was old and lazy. She planted her knife into his chest three times and that was it. The fight over, Da’yos picked up the disruptor. It was a normal disruptor. But there was writing on the side.

~As the Humans would say, Gotcha !~ The writing made it clear that the disruptor had come from somewhere else. A place that was called...~Chalche’yon, sounds like a ship.~

She figured that since the orphanage was not issued weapons, B’ll had probably gotten the weapons from one of his underworld contact. Which meant that the name of the ship was probably a major clue. So she took the disruptor and went to find a government security officer.

(Reply Ja'nus, any)

(Posted by Ruben)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Conference Room SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 14.32)

The department heads were called to the conference room. Dieter asked her how the investigation was going. She really didn't have any specifics to report but told what she gathered so far.

"From what I gathered so far, The damage is minor due to the explosion being diverted away from the shuttlebay door. Repairs are being made to the door. The door can be closed shortly. I refer to Tegan on the details of that. There were minor injuries due to the shockwave of the explosion. They are being tended to. When I get more information, you will be updated sir."

(Reply any)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Conference Room - CEO - Lieutenant Tegian Pex - 1434)

Tegian filed in behind Trei and Bohb, looking around the conference room. He nodded to the Commander and stood behind one of the chairs, unwilling to sit and get the chair dirty. He was filthy from helping fight the fires and he was sure he smelled of smoke. He refrained from touching anything.

When the Commander asked him about repairs and resources, he shook his head. "Sir, we managed to get the fires out on Deck 9 and between Decks 9 and 10. Lieutenant Bohb has been helping me with Deck 10 for the past hour. I haven't learned what he's been able to find out. Deck 9 sustained minor damage in a few of the labs. I still have the teams inventorying the damage. I need another hour or two before we know the full extent. We were lucky, but we could use help from the flight crews to pour over all the shuttle and fighter craft to assess if any of them were damaged."

Tegian took a breath and coughed. "Sorry, a little smoke. I've got four crew down with burn wounds who will hopefully be able to return to work as soon as the EMS clears them. I'm going to bring the Gamma shift online early. Lieutenant Bohb, please correct me if I'm wrong, but I am guessing a few days to repair everything. At least all the turbolifts are operational once more."

Gregory nodded, "When this is over, we need to revisit the fire suppression systems and why it didn't go off. Was it sabotage or bad dumb luck."

Tegian interrupted. "Yes. Considering that, on Deck 9, I couldn't engage them manually while the system reported that it was functioning and not detecting a fire."

(Reply Any)

(Posted by Keith)

[illegible]

(Qo'nos - Ventilation Tube - SO CPO P'Rah - 1435)

P'Rah was trying to circle in on the sound. It was needles on metal. Sniffing the air, he tried to separate the different smells. Vent tunnels were not good for that.

Coming to a vertical tube, Ensign Long asked, "Chief what do you think of this?"

P'Rah looked up and down. "Its a vertical shaft, Ma'am. I don't see anything special, and the odors of this area are making it difficult to isolate unqiue odors. But there is something more htan Klingon in the wind. Something very unfamiliar."

The Ensign sniffed the air. P'Rah wondered what she was trying to do. His species had a nose about 15 to 20 times more sensitive compared to Humans. "T'Mur is SO going to have my head for this. Operation Guy Fawkes is going to go down as the biggest flop in the long, sad history of flops," she said.

P'Rah shrugged. He's seen more clusters in his time than the young woman. It was not the worst, not by far. "As you say Ma'am," he replied diplomatically as he could.

He was busy scanning and listening for the strange sounds he had heard when Ensign Long spoke "What in the world?" she asked.

"Ma'am?" he replied politely.

P'Rah shrugged, "I am not hearing the sound . I am picking up a faint of something ..."

The shouts in Klingon echoed through the chamber. "Ma'am, we might want to head back," he counseled, "The Klingons might not not appreciate our searching their vent tunnels. I can lead us back," he offered.

(Reply Long)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(Qo'nos - Ante Chamber - Ambassador Setan - 1435)

Setan stood by the wall, watching McKenzie pace back and forth like a caged animal. It was unfortunate that the Klingon council was so divided. Intelligence has indicated that Martok was ready for an alliance, and that the Klingons were not as strong as they pretended to be. Games of brinkmanship were the hallmark of diplomatic negotiations, but he failed to see the logic in the posturing.

Nevertheless, he was here, and he was dealing with the consequences. He wondered idly how McKenzie ever became a diplomat, and more to the point what his 'angle' was. It seemed clear to Setan that McKenzie was trying to sabotage the negotiations, but why?

"Ambassador McKenzie," he said softly, "Where did you meet Kim'tar? He seemed to be of your mind, as if he was your kindred spirit. The Klingons will fight with ferocious abandonment if we continue down this path. In fact, I believe it was one of your Earth's philosophers, Sun Tzu, who wrote 'When you

He turned to the Captain, "Captain Sekal, as a neutral observer, what do you make of the negotiations?"

(USS Illuminar - Deck 11 - CRSD Office - CSRD - Lieutenant Bohb - 1436)

(reply Gregory, Lanista)

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

...and when it had happened, she had burst into a flood of tears. But the worst was yet to come. Two days after the announcement that had shattered her world, her parents had stopped arguing and thrown their fourteen year old daughter out of the house. It still haunted her dreams. In fact, it had been that day she had been reliving when she had fallen out of bed.

~The night Alex and I first...~ He had known that it was something bad and that one day, they would have to talk about it. But he hadn't pushed. ~You can tell me you're ready.~ As for how Kelly had ended up in Starfleet to meet Alex, that was a happier story. When she had been thrown out of the house, the gardener – Paul Jones – had been working on the lawn. Jones had called his mother, Victoria. A retired Starfleet Master Chief, Victoria Jones was a force of nature.

Victoria and her husband Richard had taken Kelly in and made sure that her education stayed on track. They had also made sure that everybody in town – including the local authorities – were well aware of what the Longs had done. The local police had been furious and had thrown the book at her parents. They had still be in the New Zealand penal settlement when she had left for Starfleet Academy. The last she had heard, they had returned to their house in Pretoria. But none of the neighbors had wanted anything to do with them. So they had moved to Bloemfontein.

Chinlo made a noise and Kelly snapped back to the present. ~Right.~ She was about to tell Chief P'Rah to lead them back to their starting point, when there was a creaking noise. ~This cannot be good.~

“Okay, we need to head...”

That was as far she got before the bottom of the section of tube she was in gave way. Kelly went tumbling into the vertical tube, but managed to grab a ledge and stop her fall. She climbed back up to another horizontal tube and managed to claw her way inside. That done, she looked up.

“I’m okay !”

(Reply P'Rah)

"I have no..." She swallowed the rest of the sentence as she had an idea. ~If we were not the only ones knocking around here, that explains why we were having so much trouble finding our mystery sound.~

“...Chief, take the upper tube. I’ll move down here. Chinlo, go back. Tell T’Mur that this was my idea and that if she needs somebody to yell at, we’ll be back soon.”

"Yes, ma'am." Chinlo said, before heading out.

(Reply P'Rah, any)

(Posted by Ruben)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Conference Room - a1/O CMDR Dieter Gregory - 1445)

Gregory took note of all the conversations and reports from each department. So far they knew nothing about the explosion, a fire suppression system was shut down, adding to the damage of the Illuminar.

"Dismissed," he concluded and walked out of the room to the bridge.

"The Duranium outer layer of the hull is coated with a sheet of AGP ablative ceramic fabric chemically bonded onto a substrate of tritanium, incorporating a series of superconducting molybdenum-jacket of

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

Weston hadn't bothered to go to the Department Heads meeting. First of all, he'd been monitoring the progress of the repairs from the dungeon, so there was little that he could learn from that. Secondly, he was no closer to finding who was responsible for the attack. His resources had not been able to penetrate all twenty-four of the houses of the Klingon High Counsel.

With a deep sigh, he sat back in his seat, thinking. He needed a new angle. His mind began to wander through what they did know. That's when it struck him. Why didn't the fire suppression systems work when the explosion happened? It was almost as if it were planned. He turned to Leeza who was sitting at a computer console playing a game.

“Leeza,” he said, to get her attention, “do you remember when I showed you how to bypass the lockouts on the Rhyne’s systems?”

"Yep, that was so easy," Leeza commented with a full-tooth grin.

"Let's see if we can do the same thing for the Illuminar," he suggested.

Leeza moved closer to the computer terminal and started to punch a few buttons. “This is a bit different than home,” Leeza commented.

“Focus Leeza,” he said softly. “Every system is a little different but there are similarities if you look for them. Do you want me to show you?”

"I got this," Leeza insisted. She started to think about the bypasses. She tried some of the usual prefix codes that she remembered and punched in some codes she picked at random. There had been some strides in technology since the Rhyne was built over 70 years ago.

Michael had long been aware that the Pel symbiont had been responsible for the AI on the Rhyne. Periodically he poked at the creature to see how much information it was sharing with Leeza. Apparently, the puzzle of the Illuminar's lockout for Leeza was enough to draw it out.

“Hey Mikey, I got it,” Leeza exclaimed.

Michael moved over and looked at her screen. The algorithm she used was fantastic. Simple and yet complex in depth at the same time. The next lockout algorithm was going to have to be way more complex. He wasn't ready to trust the Pel symbiont quite yet.

“Good girl,” Michael said, ruffling her hair. “Now let’s have a look at the fire suppression system.”

He was talking more to himself than to Leeza and started to tap some keys. The view on the screen changed to show the schematics of the emergency programs.

Leeza crooked her head in curiosity, “Mikey, the fire preSSION is not working. See?” Leeza said. “It mal.. Malf...malf-unction.”

"I see," Weston said, reaching out and touching the screen.

“It was offed for repairs,” Leeza said, “Mikey why would someone repair something if it was not broken?”

“Who would repair something that’s not broken?” Michael asked. “Let’s see if we can trace where the access to the system happened.”

He followed the thread of power draw, but it did not come from an engineering station. It came from... the VIP quarters? ~What the...?~

“Why would an Ambassador turn off the fire suppression system?” he asked himself.

"Maybe he is not basser." Leeza said. "Maybe he is lying about being a basser."

Michael sat back and blew air through his lips, shaking his head. It might be a bit more complex than Leeza was able to explain with her three-year-old brain, but he was lying about something. One doesn't just become an ambassador. This required planning. He didn't want to interrupt the proceedings on Qo'nos, but he had to get a warning down to Sekal.

He tapped his comm badge, “Weston to Gregory, I need to see you, now.”

(reply Gregory)

(posted by Al and Kris)

[illegible]

Gregory was standing, watching the Master Systems Display. The board looked like a Christmas tree with all the reds and greens and twinkling yellows indicting the status of various repairs. Lost in thought, waiting for information, he had little to do, other than plan the next steps as best he could. The department heads were handling their departments. Morganthall was updating the status of the repair teams and dispatching operations team members to assist where they could.

He was bothered by the idea of a binary chemical explosive. That was old tech, but still effective none the less. He would have to wait till the reports came in from Science.

=^= Weston to Gregory, I need to see you. Now. ^=^=

Dieter knew that voice, that inflection. He's heard it enough on the Rhyne. Saved their butts more than once.

"On my way," he replied. Turning around, "Mr. Taylor, you have the bridge. You know the drill."

(Reply Taylor, IYW)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 15 - SFI Offices (The Dungeon) - a1/O CMDR Dieter Gregory - 1515)

The dungeon was a good name for this location. It had taken a lot longer to get down then it should have, but lots of repair work made things slow going.

He entered the office, smiling at Leeza, "Well, I'm here," he said as he took a seat. "Some good news, I hope?"

(reply Weston, Leeza)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 15 - SFI Offices (The Dungeon) - SFI - Lt. Michael Weston - 1516)

Weston turned when he heard the door open. Gregory walked over and smiled at Leeza, who was still tapping on her computer consoles. He has already transferred the data to his console.

Smiling at Leeza, Gregory said, "Well, I'm here. Some good news, I hope?"

Michael shrugged and replied, “All depends on what you consider good news. I have not been able to find which house of the Klingon Empire was responsible for the explosion. Nobody is claiming responsibility, which is usually the case. There’s been no increased communications around the planet.”

(reply Gregory)

“What I did find...” Michael was interrupted by a harumph from Leeza. “Excuse me,” he continued with a nod to her.” What WE found was that someone on board the Illuminar intentionally shut down the fire suppression system before the ambassador’s went planet side.”

He scooted his chair back to give Gregory a better view of the power schematic, “When I... we... traced the power change it originated in one of the VIP quarters. This one, specifically.”

He pointed to one of the quarters on the layout of the deck 2, figuring that Gregory would already know who had been assigned those quarters.

"Somebody is not who they claim to be," Michael said.

(reply Gregory)
(posted by Al and Kris)

[illegible]

“All depends on what you consider good news. I have not been able to find which house of the Klingon Empire was responsible for the explosion. Nobody is claiming responsibility, which is usually the case. There’s been no increased communications around the planet.” Michael said.

Gregory shook his head, "Indeed, that is odd. The person claimed he was bringing a gift from Minister Pe'tah. Things seemed in order. Now who would gain by discrediting Pe'tah?" he asked rhetorically. That question had any number of answers based on the fluid nature of Klingon alliances. "So then, why call me down? What is did you find?"

He listened intently as Michael, with some help from Leeza, went through the evidence they had uncovered. It was a compelling electronic trail.

"Somebody is not who they claim to be," Michael said in conclusion.

Gregory looked at the two, his dynamic duo. A smile came to his lips. "This is good work, very good. However, let me play devil's advocate. The fire suppression systems are a low priority, so it would not be that hard to get into the code controlling them and make the change. How confident are you that the signal is real and not been misdirected to cast doubt on an ambassador?"

(reply Weston, Leeza)

Gregory nodded. While a very good programmer could have erased their tracks, the evidence that Leeza and Michael presented made it highly unlikely.

"I see now why you called me. We can't risk this getting out, especially if someone is listening. We need to get this to the Captain and Pe'Tah," he said. Tapping his com badge, "Lieutenant Trei, please report to the SFI offices on the double," he said

(reply Trei)

Gregory took a seat and considered the options while waiting for Trei.

When she entered the office, he nodded.

"Lieutenant, I need you to accompany Mr. Weston to the surface. He has an urgent message for the Captain that I do not trust to be relayed over the com channels," he said. "Let me ask you this though. Which houses stand to gain if the treaty is not signed?"

(Trei)

Gregory nodded. "OK, you two get going. Leeza, why don't you come back to the Bridge with me, unless you want to go back to your room?"

(Leeza)

"Godspeed Mr. Weston, Ms. Trei."

(Reply Weston, Leeza, Trei)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 15 - SFI Offices (The Dungeon) - SFI - Lt. Michael Weston and aFO Commander Dieter Gregory - 1522)

Dieter looked thoughtful for a moment then said, "This is good work, very good. However, let me play devil's advocate."

Michael smiled and sat back for this familiar game. It was a game they had played on the Rhyne many times. Whenever there was an opportunity or need to point out another point of view either one of them would invoke the “Devil’s Advocate Rule.” Sometimes Dieter was the advocate and sometimes Michael had been. What it did, though, was produce a way to look at problems from points of view that may not have been realized without negating the previous points. It all became conjecture.

"The fire suppression systems are a low priority," Gregory went on, "so it would not be that hard to get into the code controlling them and make the change. How confident are you that the signal is real and not been misdirected to cast doubt on an ambassador?"

Michael nodded. It was a good point, but one he had already anticipated. “While I admit that it is a possibility there would still be some trace of the tampering showing the misdirection. I’m pretty confident that the system was access at that point,” he said pointing to the schematic of the deck 2. “Now can I be certain that he is the actual perpetrator, no. But we could probably check the time stamp and who was available in the area. However, it is so unlikely that I seriously doubt that it could be anyone else.”

"I see now why you called me," Gregory said, nodding. "We can't risk this getting out, especially if someone is listening. We need to get this to the Captain and Pe'Ta."

Gregory tapped his comm badge, "Lieutenant Trei, please report to the SFI offices on the double."

T'Mur looked at Weston, "Lieutenant, you may have noted that we are... confined to this room. This is private as we are going to get at the moment."

Weston sighed and led the others further away from the ambassadors. “As you are aware there was an explosion at the entrance of the shuttlebay. It was supposed to be a gift from Minister Pe’tah. The ship received minimal damage that Pex and Bohb are quickly repairing. However, another problem had arisen. Apparently, the fire suppression system was disabled, manually.”

T'Mur raised an eyebrow, "Indeed."

(reply Sekal)

“All evidence, so far, implicates one of the ambassadors as the instigator of the problem,” Michael said, handing over his PADD. “The timing of the incident with the shuttle and the suppression system are too close together to be considered a “coincidence”.” He used air quotes to emphasize the word coincidence.

(reply Sekal)

"By the way," Weston added, "were you aware that most of your security detail has abandoned their post. Devers is the only one outside the door."

T'Mur scowled, "I was not aware.."

T'Mur stepped away from the group and moved towards the door. When Dagon saw the look on her face he simply stepped aside and she exited the room.

Michael turned his attention back to Sekal, “Captain, we believe that someone is trying to either disrupt these talks or damage the reputation of Minister Pe’tah. We were hoping that Trei here would be able to get a word with him.”

(reply Sekal, Trei, Devers)
(posted by Al and Tim)

[illegible]

Tegian sat in one of the guest chairs in the office, staring at the desk, but not really seeing it. He was still trying to figure out how he was in charge of the Engineering Department of the Illuminar. He'd been on the ship for less than two months. And, yes, he had a lot more engineering knowledge of Starfleet's technology than he'd first revealed, that still didn't mean he was ready to lead. He also didn't feel comfortable about displacing someone he'd come to respect so much. Lieutenant Bohb had, in a very short time, almost become a father figure to him. And it wasn't like he didn't already have a father. It was just that he'd found it easier to talk to an alien than his own biological father. Ironic.

His eyes focused on the desk and the items in the room. It looked different than the last time he'd been in here, but he wasn't sure if that meant that the Lieutenant had removed his personal effects or not and he was loath to make that assumption.

Bohb strolled into the office and stopped with a start. "Oh, sorry Tegian, just used to nobody else being here. I've found this office to be a fortress of solitude when I just needed to get away."

Tegian got up, quickly. "Sorry, sir, I didn't mean to intrude. The Captain told me that I'm in charge of Engineering now and that this is now my office, but I didn't want to touch anything. I'm not sure that I'm comfortable with this. You ran this department extremely efficiently and I don't understand why the Captain would replace you with me."

Bohb chuckled and put a heavy hand on the Trill's shoulder, "Because I recommended you for the position. Sure, I know how to make things, and fix things, but I was never really into the reports and everything."

Tegian looked into the Magillan's eyes. "Sir, if you wanted to get out of a few reports, I would've done those for you. I feel ill equipped to take over this department after only a few months onboard. There are plenty of others who have a much longer tenure than I do."

The Magillan laughed, "That's not the only reason. Sekal has made me chief of research and development. So don't worry about me. I'm where I should be. R and D will also keep me involved with engineering, so you're not rid of me yet."

Tegian smiled. "So, you get to play with new toys then?"

"It's more like I get to make the new toys then play with them," he said, quite pleased with the description of the position. "If I get an idea, I can develop it, and then test it. I already have something to try out. I'm just waiting for the right moment."

Tegian raised an eyebrow in amusement and interest. "Oh? How about helping me solve the problem I'm having integrating Professor Runud's calculations and Illuminar's unique shields? I've received word that his calculations are working for other Starfleet ships. I'm struggling with the quantum entanglement angle since the Professor's equations didn't account for that."

Bohb's eyes narrowed suspiciously, "I'll gladly look into it, but there is nothing wrong with the Illuminar's shielding system. Our shields are not standard, and Runud's calculations are more to improve the shield harmonics of older model shield generators. Of course, if we can increase the impact to generation ratio that would be fantastic. I will most assuredly look at the calculations and see how they

affect our shields. I might bring in Doctors Penn and Teller on it. They know more about entanglement than anyone else I know.”

Tegian nodded. “Of course. I’ve been wracking my brain for a few weeks without success, so any help would be appreciated. Honestly, I’m not sure his calculations apply to our shields, but I attempted to modify them to add a quantum entanglement element. And that seemed to not matter one bit. One other thing I’d like you to look at is that now we have more power available to us, mainly in the higher plasma state, due to the retrofitted plasma injectors, what can we do with it? On Trill ships, we’re able to funnel that to many systems, but without replacing the entire energy relay system, it’d be hard to do that with the Illuminar. But, we could, potentially, modify the phaser arrays.”

Bohb stroked his chin, “That sounds more like a question for Commander Gregory than myself. I can see that power shunted to many areas, especially sensors. But I think it would be more of a need of the ship that I am unaware of. I wish that I had information of the new arrays before I had you help me rebuild the old ones. It might have saved some time.”

Tegian frowned, and grabbed a PADD off the desk to pull up the schematics of the sensor array. Sure enough, the sensors used the higher plasma states. “It seems I still have a lot to learn about the function of this ship, sir. I thought the phasers were the only other system that could use that extra energy. Okay, then a conversation with Commander Gregory is in order. Right now, the extra energy is available and it won’t burn out the main plasma relays. But, I want to make sure that if we want to use it for the sensors, phasers,” Tegian was scrolling through the systems that used the higher energy plasma or “deflectors, that all the plasma relays can handle it. I guess probably not something to do while we’re in Klingon space, but next time we’ve got some downtime, we can look at a project or two.”

“Lieutenant, may I ask your first name? Or is Bohb your first name and you don’t have a last name?” asked Tegian wishing to be able to be less formal now that they were of similar rank.

Bohb chuckled, “I do have another name but I can only say it in my native language, and I seriously doubt you would be able to produce the right sounds to speak it. Bohb is the closest approximation. Why would you want that information?”

Tegian looked down, self-consciously. “Sir, you’ve done nothing but look out for me since I boarded the Illuminar. But, now that I am no longer reporting directly to you, I was hoping we could be friends and I didn’t want to keep addressing you by your last name. But, since I’m not likely to be able to pronounce your other name, I will be happy just calling you Bohb.”

Bohb beamed and thrust the back of his hand against Tegian’s chest. With his other hand he ruffled the young Trill’s hair. “Tegian, I already consider you a friend. I could spend weeks teaching you the complexity of Magillan language and you’d probably still wind up in some kind of conflict by

inadvertently requesting permission to copulate with someone's sister. That actually happened," he said in a confidential tone.

Tegian chuckled. “And we don’t have time for that.” He sighed, realizing what lay before him. “Okay, tell me what I need to know so that I can try to do as good a job as you did. Who are the ones I can rely on, who are the ones I need to watch and who are the ones I should encourage?”

(Reply None)

(Posted by Keith and Al)

[illegible]

(Qo'nos - Outside the chambers - SO CPO Hercules Devers - 1531)

The rest of the team was not back yet. He hoped they found something and just couldn't report in. Communication was spotty at best in the area. That was new. He wasn't going to leave his post, but hoped the Chief would step out again.

As he stood at Parade Rest, his eyes moving back and forth scanning the same sections of the corridor over and over again. He played training camp games in his mind to keep alert.

His watch was interrupted when he saw a Klingon entourage, escorting Lieutenants Weston and Trei. When they got close, Weston spoke. "Hercules."

"Yes, Sir," he replied.

"You on your own?" came the question

"Yes, Sir. Ensign Long took the other two to explore the ventilation shaft. P'Rah, well Sir, he heard something," he said. "I stayed behing to stand guard, but they have been going a while Sir, and Communications been going in and out so I dare not leave my post."

Devers nodded as the two officers entered the chamber and he returned to his sweeps of the corridor.

(Reply Weston, Trei, IYW)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(Qo'nos - Outside Ante Chamber- CSec/Tac - Lt. Commander T'Mur and CPO Hercules Devers - 1535)

T'Mur stepped past Dogan out into the the corridor to find Devers standing a lone vigil. She looked at Devers, then down the hallway one way, then the other. With a raised eyebrow she turned to face Devers again.

"Mr. Devers, where is the rest of this team?" she asked.

“Ma’am, P’Rah heard some noises in the distance, not Klingon he said,” he began, “Ensign Long took P’Rah and Crewwoman Chinlo to explore. She was concerned with her smelling something called Tylum and with people sneaking around, well they went into the ventilation system, “ he said, pointing to the grate.

“They have been gone a while, Ma’am, and I’ve been unable to reach them by Com. In fact, my Com badge is having issues contacting anyone,”

T’Mur’s eyebrows furrowed as she leaned her head to the side slightly, trying to activate her memory. “I am unfamiliar with this Tylum or the odor that it produces. I have to wonder why I was not informed of this. Your standing orders was to protect the ambassadors. Was that directive unclear?”

“No Ma’am,” he replied. “Which is why I remained behind. I cannot speak to Ensign Long’s ultimate thought process to her decision. I apologize for not notifying you about the odor, but thought the Ensign had done that.”

“Apparently Ensign Long thinks she should be the security chief,” T’Mur said, channeling a little of Sienna’s sarcasm. “I have great appreciation of your fighting skills Chief, but we have no idea what we’re facing down here.”

She tapped her comm badge, “T’Mur to Long, Chinlo, and P’Rah, sit rep.”

There was no reply. She tried again.. Then she tapped her badge and tried a different tact. “T’Mur to Illuminar.”

Again there was no response. Concern washed across her face. She looked at Devers. “Maintain your post.”

“Yes Ma’am,” he replied. “Any changes to the rules of engagement?”

T’Mur went to the door. When they opened she stood on her tiptoes to attempt to reach the ear of Cal Dogan.

“Lt. Dogan, I have need of your services outside.” she said softly.

Dogan nodded, which looked more like a bow and he ducked to get through the doorway. When the door closed T’mur spoke softly, but forcefully.

“Gentlemen, I believe that we are in danger,” she said. “You are to prevent anyone from entering this chamber, without my expressed permission, under any circumstances. Is that clear? To answer your question Chief, use all means at your disposal.”

Dogan looked over at Devers, and a smile spread across his hardened face. It did not look friendly in the least. "Clear."

“Copy that, Ma’am,” Devers said as he removed his phaser from its holster and checked the settings.

“I will check in with the every ten minutes,” T’Mur stated, then turned to reenter the room. Once inside she moved over to Sekal and Weston to report what she had learned.

(reply none)

(posted by Al and Tim)

[illegible]

(Qo'nos - In shadows- ?- 1535)

They moved around in shadows watching. They couldn't have come at a better time, with some powerful people. This could be a moment that would solidify events to ensure their plan was successful. The soft clicks and chirps filled the air, mostly masked by the sounds of the ventilation systems. But now, these Federationers seemed to be on a hunt. They had to wonder if it was them they were looking for.

They needed to send a message ahead to the others. The radiation spectrum altered indicating a warning to them. it was too early to be discovered now. The plan revolved around their ability to remain unknown. They did not need the Federation suspecting their involvement. They were not prepared for that level of conflict at this time.

Once the war between the Federation and Klingons started they would come out to support the Klingons. They would provide the necessary aid. But it would come slowly, and at a minimal level. They needed the Klingons to lay waste to the Federation, but they also needed the Federation to decimate the Klingon armada. The Klingons are nearly at the point of being too spread out. By the time the conflict ended they would find themselves in the same position as the Romulans.

But for now, they watch. They influence from afar. And they stay hidden, getting supplies and resources from those who were foolish enough to provide that support, even on this world of honor. Honor. The chiro was almost a laugh.

(reply none)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - a1/O CMDR Dieter Gregory - 1600)

After sending Michael and Trei to the surface, Gregory and Leeza had returned to the bridge. She assumed her position in the XO seat while he checked in with the rest of the bridge officers.

He knew he was not going to hear anything for a while, but that didn't make things any easier. There were too many threads in this web, and if he picked the wrong one to tug at, things were going to get really interesting, really fast.

Sitting back down, he smiled as Leeza played on her PADD. It was restricted to allow educational material and some games. While she had initially pouted about not having full access to the ship like she had on the Rhyne, the Captain had made it clear. He did notice she was leaving crumbs in the seat. Leeza had developed a fondness for chocolate chip cookies, which were more portable than chocolate cake, and she seemed to have one in her pockets at all times. Gregory had the replicator reprogrammed so the cookies were more healthy than one might think.

"Mr. Taylor, what is our tactical situation? Can we fight if we need it?" he asked

(Reply Taylor)

"Understood. I don't have more information to share at this point, just a feeling, that is all."

(Reply Taylor, IYW)

"Helm, MS. Da'Zon. I want you to plot a course to Organia. If I give the order, execute the course, warp 9. It will mean, unfortunately, we have failed. At that point, it will be our job to get the message to Star Fleet. Questions?"

(Reply Da'Zon, IYW)

[illegible]

Alex had left the Illuminar in the capable hands of Ensign Alicia Da'Zon. As soon as he entered his quarters, he began undressing. Then he went into his bathroom and showered. He kept the shower short and quickly dressed in civilian clothes afterwards. ~Better, much better.~ This shift had been rather draining, so he fell down on his bed. The plan was to take a nap and then go find himself some dinner.

“What a mess.”

And he was not just thinking about the explosion-slash-attack. ~What if you had been blown up today ?~ He would have died without ever meeting his sprouts. ~You know you have some, even if there's no solid evidence.~ He had grown up without his parents because of an accident. But he had abandoned his children. If he ever met his young self, the young Alex would probably slap him. ~Before calling me a host of ugly words.~ His mind wandered to his confrontation with Rox.

~I should have pushed harder.~ Not for K'Nera, he didn't care about her. But for his half-Klingon child. ~Who might now be on New Romulus.~ And what about Claudia ? Where was she ? ~You need to make this right, Shep.~ And he needed to find Emile too. But first he needed sleep. As he drifted off, he realized that unless something dramatic happened, this would going to take a long time.

NRPG: @Frank: Nod, hint, hint. RPG:

(Reply any)

(Posted by Ruben)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- CMO Office -- Deck 5-- 3XO/CMO Commander Quinna Solice - 1620)

Quinna sat at her desk. Sickbay had been tiring. She knew that she needed to find out everything going on and the only place she could do that was on the bridge. She attached her comrade to her red scrubs and left.

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Bridge -- Deck 1-- 3XO/CMO Commander Quinna Solice - 1630)

Quinna emerged on the Bridge and noted the lone figure in the center of the room. She strolled to the XO seat and plopped down. It was then that she noticed that Dieter was indeed not alone but had a sleeping figure in his lap. “You look like you need relief.”

(ReplyGregory)

“Sickbay has calmed a bit. Kyllée is holding down the fort sort of speak. I can stay here and you can get some rest.” Quinna offered.

(Reply Gregory)

“What do I need to know? Are the rumors true that you sent Michael, I mean Lt. Weston to the planet?”

(Reply Gregory)

“There you go. I have no pressing plans. Don’t make me put on my CMO hat.” Quinna insisted.

(Reply Gregory)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - a1/O CMDR Dieter Gregory - 1635)

Leeza had gotten tired of playing on her PADD and crawled into Dieters lap. He could remember the times like this on the Rhyne. She curled up and fell asleep. He admired how easily she could fall asleep, even after everything she had experienced.

Dr. Solice came onto the bridge and sat next to him in the XO's chair.

"You look like you need relief," she said.

"It's been quite the day, Doctor. But it's not over yet, not till the Captain is back on the Bridge. I am sure you've had your share of excitement down in sickbay."

“Sickbay has calmed a bit. Kyllee is holding down the fort sort of speak. I can stay here and you can get some rest.” Quinna offered.

Gregory shrugged and pointed to the sleeping figure in his lap. "I would, but I am sort of trapped," he replied.

“What do I need to know? Are the rumors true that you sent Michael, I mean Lt. Weston to the planet?” she asked

"Yes, I did. Along with Lieutenant Trei," he replied. "They are looking into something for me. About the explosion." he replied cryptically. He leaned over and spoke softly, "It is close hold information, not here on the bridge," he said.

Sitting back, "I'm good, thank you Doctor. I am sure you have had a busier day than mine. I've just been sitting here," he said with a smile.

“There you go. I have no pressing plans. Don’t make me put on my CMO hat.” Quinna insisted.

Gregory frowned. Standing up slowly, while holding the sleeping child. "Fine, you win," he replied, knowing that he was fighting a losing battle. "I will be back in 2 hours, give me a chance to get some food and make sure our Morale officer is ok. Call me immediately if Weston calls in."

(reply Solice)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 2 - Gregory's quarters - 1640)

He had not moved into the XO quarters as he new things were temporary until Verin was better.

However, he had changed to better quarters on deck 2, so the trip from the bridge was quick. Entering his quarters, he moved to the bedroom, where he placed Leeza, tucking her in for her nap.

Moving to the main living room, he got a pot of tea and sat down in his favorite chair, placing the pot on the table next to him. Pouring a cup of tea, he picked up a PADD and pushed the chair back to recline. With Quinna on the bridge, he could get some work done. After setting an alarm for 1830, he began to read.

The PADD slipped to the floor as Gregory fell asleep and began to dream.

(reply Leeza, IYW)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

Aggie was thinking about the meeting earlier. She filled in for Quinna while Quinna was in surgery and Kyllee was tending to more serious patients. Stilling at the table Aggie did not feel comfortable. She was not a meeting girl but the only plus side was Dieter. She had quickly grown close to him. She also felt like she could be getting too close too quickly but he did not complain. All she had to report was there were several walking wounded, a few serious injuries, one critical which was in surgery, and one death.

Now it is much later in the day and she was thinking about what she should have done. It was time to shake it off and allow the moment to pass. She decided to make sure that when Dieter got a decent meal. He had given her the code a while back and hopes now that she may not have over-extended her welcome and he was ready for her to move on.

Upon entering she saw the sleeping form on the couch and a PADD that has since slid down on the floor. She carefully picked up the PADD and carefully place it on the table so as to not break or the loud clank waking a sleeping Dieter. She picked up a blanket and was about to put it over him when she heard a noise from his bed. She quietly moved to see the sleeping form of Leeza Pel. Aggie shook her head and thought, 'Leave it to Dieter to have another woman already in his bed.'

A smile crossed her face as she went back and covered Dieter up with the blanket. She chanced it and kissed him on the forehead before she found a spot on the couch to sit and wait. She picked up something to do while she waited.

(Reply Gregory, IYW)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(SS Cape Town – Bridge – Pirate/Mercenary Captain Imhotep – 1652)

The Cape Town was being shot to pieces by the IKS Ra'kos. Several hours ago, one of Imhotep's associates had requested an extraction from Qo'nos. The operation at Imperial Orphanage 17 had unraveled and it was only a matter of time before the authorities would find clues that would lead them to other cells. So the operative in charge had called for extraction. And the Cape Town had been send to do it. But they had barely made it across the border when the IKS Ra'kos had intercepted them.

The Ra'kos was an old ship, having been launched in 2376. But it was also a Vor'cha-class cruiser. This meant that it still had plenty of firepower to unleash against the Cape Town. Over the years, Imhotep had upgraded the Cape Town's weapons a lot, but even with all of her rear weapons firing, she was no match for the Klingon vessel.

“Shields down to four percent !” The useless old Klingon at the helm yelled.

"Divert all the power to the rear shields !"

The helmsman diverted the power, but it only brought the shields up to thirty percent. His equally useless weapons officer fired two photon torpedoes at the Ra'kos, but the Klingon ship shot them down. It fired its main disruptor twice and the shields collapsed. Imhotep would have yelled at his weapons officer, but the man's console exploded and he was thrown across the bridge. His flight was stopped by the bulkhead. The angle of his head made it clear that he was dead.

Next, the Helm and the Engineering consoles exploded. Imhotep knew that this was the end. Soon, the Ra'kos would target their warp core and finished them off. The viewscreen – one of the few pieces of the bridge not on fire – showed the Klingon ship putting distance between herself and the Cape Town. He figured they were getting out of the blast range of the warp core breach they were expecting to cause soon. Then they would fire photon torpedoes and finish them off.

Which was exactly what she did. He watched as the Klingon ship fired two torpedoes and then...

[illegible]

(Chalche'yon – Transporter Room – Pirate/Mercenary Captain Imhotep – 1657)

...was snatched at the last second by a transporter beam. He found himself in the Chalche'yon's transporter room, surrounded by four of his crew. ~So, that's all that's left.~ He knew that he was aboard the Chalche'yon, because that's ship's entire crew was Kzinti. And there was a Kzinti transporter chief, while two Kzinti medics were treating the surviving crewmembers. The fact that the Chalche'yon was here was not a good sign. It meant that the people who were currently paying him, had decided to relocate the entire Qo'nos cell.

"I need to speak to the Captain."

“The Captain has nothing to say to you, fool,” The transporter chief said. “We are converting one of the cargo bays into quarters for what is left of your crew. You will stay there until we can drop you of at Hub Alpha.” Hub Alpha was a codename for one of the bases used by ships of this current employer. “Now leave.”

He walked out of the transporter room and headed for his new home.

[illegible]

(IKS Ra'kos – Bridge – Bekk Sy'ra, Daughter of Tynack – 1657)

Unknown to the Imhotep and the crew of the Chalche'yon, the sensors of the Ra'kos had been upgraded three weeks ago. The Chalche'yon had decloaked before beaming the survivors aboard. She could have stay cloaked and beamed the survivors off, but she had needed the shields to protect herself against the warp core breach blast.

This, however, had given Bekk Sy'ra the chance she needed to scan the ship. She logged her results. ~Imperial intelligence will be glad to see that their new sensors are kicking back results.~ The computer beeped, meaning that the scans had been send. Sy'ra nodded and went back to work.

(Reply any)

(Posted by Ruben)

[illegible]

USS Illuminar - Deck 2 - Gregory's quarters -- a1/O CMDR Dieter Gregory, Dr. Agnes Vanderstein, Morale Officer Leeza Pel - 1700)

Gregory had drifted off to sleep but his dreams were confusing, as usual. He felt a fleeting something warm on his forehead, that pulled him out of his sleep. Slowly opening his eyes, he saw that Aggie had come in and was sitting there quietly reading.

Sitting up, he smiled, “Another house call Doctor?” he asked. “I could get used to this treatment,” he said, swinging his legs to the floor and moving closer to her.

