

(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Holly Snow - 11.42)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost -chocolate Kisses and Cakes - CTO Lt(jg) T'Mur as Tanya Moore-1143)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2 - Holly Snow - 11.45)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost -Outside the Town Hall- LCDR Dieter Gregory as Bailey Hudson- 11:46)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost -Police Station - CTO Lt(jg) T'Mur as Tanya Moore-1200)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost - Bob's Garage and Towing- LCDR Dieter Gregory as Bailey Hudson - 1201)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Holly Snow - 12.05)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost -Police Station - CTO Lt(jg) T'Mur as Tanya Moore-1207)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Holly Snow - 12.10)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost -- Steven Hammons as Santiago Klausenheimer -1220)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost - Town Square - Steven Hammons as Santiago Klausenheimer-1245)

(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost - Police Station - Steven Hammons as Santiago Klausenheimer-1250)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost - Chocolate Kisses and Cakes - Quinna Solice and Tavay as Tallulah "Tally" Jones -- 1250)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost -Police Station - CTO Lt(jg) T'Mur as Tanya Moore-1252)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost - Town Square - Steven Hammons as Santiago Klausenheimer-1255)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost -Police Station - CTO Lt(jg) T'Mur as Tanya Moore-1257)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost - Steven Hammons as Santago Klausenheimer-1258)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost - Chocolate Kisses and Cakes - Steven Hammons as Santago Klausenheimer-1310)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2 - Holly Snow - 13.11)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost -Main Street - SFI Michael Weston as Michael Smith-1315)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost - Chocolate Kisses and Cakes - Quinna Solice and Tavay as Tallulah "Tally" Jones -- 1325)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost -Chocolate Kisses and Cakes - SFI Michael Weston as Michael Smith- 1326)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost -Chocolate Kisses and Cakes - Quinna Solice- 1330)

(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost -Chocolate Kisses and Cakes - SFI Michael Weston as Michael Smith- 1331)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost -Chocolate Kisses and Cakes - Quinna Solice- 1332)
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(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost -Chocolate Kisses and Cakes - SFI Michael Weston as Michael Smith- 1338)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Holly Snow - 13.39)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost -Chocolate Kisses and Cakes - Quinna Solice -- 1340)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost -Chocolate Kisses and Cakes - SFI Michael Weston as Michael Smith- 1355)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost -Chocolate Kisses and Cakes - Quinna Solice- 1400)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost -Chocolate Kisses and Cakes - SFI Michael Weston as Michael Smith- 1405)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost -Chocolate Kisses and Cakes - Zoey Solice- 1409)
(USS Illuminar- Deck2, Holodeck 2 - Denny Marley - 14:44)

2021.12.16

(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost - CTO Lt(jg) T'Mur as Tanya Moore-0700)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost- Chocolate Kisses and Cupcakes - CTO Lt(jg) T'Mur as Tanya Moore-0715)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost- Chocolate Kisses and Cupcakes - Quinna Solice -0717)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost- Chocolate Kisses and Cupcakes - CTO T'Mur as Chief Tanya Moore -0720)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost- Chocolate Kisses and Cupcakes - Quinna Solice -0723)

(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2 Harrison Fields - 16.00)
(Time Jump --USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost - Quinna Solice -1710)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost- Town Square - CTO T'Mur as Chief Tanya Moore -1720)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost- Town Square - Quinna Solice -1722)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Holly Snow - 17.25)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost - Town Square - SFI Michael Weston as Michael Smith and Quinna Solice- 1730)

and destroyed everything. Christmas no longer on the town to do list as residence are starting to move away for more employment opportunities”

“What do you think?” Quinna asked everyone.

(Reply)

“Ok, so I am going to be the coffee shop/bakery owner. This is the place where everyone comes to. It is the central hub for everyone. She has loved and lost but focuses on making everyone else happy. Not sure why my brother thinks I am perfect for the part. Anyway...” Quinna started to pick up a couple of roles.

(Reply)

Quinna passed a PADD and Character to Commander Verin and Lt. T’Mur. “You my friends are the fearless leader. Commander, you are the town Mayor. You were newly elected since the old mayor retired. T’Mur, you are the Mayor’s wife and the chief of police. You and one other officer are in charge of patrolling the small town.”

(Reply)

“Ok, Jatón, you are going to own the local bed and breakfast. You and your 5 year old triplets have done nothing but take care of the house since their mother left you and them. And Ariel, you will need a place to stay as you become a stranded traveler. Also, Ariel, my brother said he added a little extra to your character that is for your eyes only.” She handed over the PADD and Character chips to Jatón and Ariel.”

(Reply)

Quinna looked at the PADD that was sent to her. “OK, so.... Tycho. You are the local handyman and Mayor’s assistant. You also become close with our stranded traveler as she is quite handy with the building trades.” Quinna then handed out the PADD and Character chip.

(Replies)

Quinna picked up another PADD and character chip. “You, Dieter, are going to be the town Savior. This will be a good time for you to set up your new headquarters for your shipping company, but you will not move to a town with no sense of Pride in the town. You bring your two kids, and if the kids are happy then you will decide to build here saving the town.”

Quinna then went on to hand out the roles of the novels. She handed Sienna a PADD and a character data chip telling her that she was the newly elected mayor after the "old mayor" retired. This caused a raised eyebrow as the implication was clear, that she would be the CO and replace Sekal if he were incapable or unwilling to continue in his role. She leaned over and whispered in Sy's ear, "Is she implying that Captain Sekal is old?"

(reply Sy)

"T'Mur," Solice continued, "you are the Mayor's wife and the chief of police. You and one other officer are in charge of patrolling the small town."

T'Mur took the devices and looked at them as if they were alive. "Indeed. Finally married," she said, not noticing the reaction of others to her comment. "I shall endeavor to carry out the responsibilities of my duties. I assume that the other office will be computer-generated?"

(reply Solice)

She went through the remainder of the guests and handed them their roles with a chip. She noted that she had made Lt. Commander Gregory the "town savior"... with two children?

::Now that should be interesting:: she sent to Sienna.

(Sienna)

"That is all he wrote," Quinna concluded. "Well, the last part that is the part is not important, and... well the player is not welcomed as far as I am concerned right now."

A mystery character who may, or may not show up. T'Mur wondered who the character was and what their actual importance to the storyline they were. She also noted that Michael Weston was not part of the cast of characters. She would have thought that he'd have been a perfect candidate to play a role. But she thought it best to not bring up that subject with Sienna in the room.

"So Holodeck 2 is reserved for us starting at 0900 tomorrow," Quinna informed them. "Your character is set to activate upon entry."

As the meeting broke up and the others left T'Mur could sense her mate playing in her mind with the concept of them being married. The images that she was creating in her mind were quite... invocative.

::There will be time for that later, my heart. For now, duty calls::

With that reminder, they both left for their duty stations. They could "study their roles" that evening.

“Good morning Quinna,” T’Mur greeted her. “I believe that the temperature is far less than most of us are accustomed to. I believe I will have a cup of your hot caffeinated beverage.”

(reply Sienna)

“Good morning, Ladies. How are our fearless leaders today?” Quinna brought both the ladies a cup of the house brew of the day. “So today I have a Texas Pecan brew. So far it has been my favorite.” She produced a couple of plates. “I also buttered hot rolls for breakfast.”

“I’m certain the beverage will be to your usual exceptional expectations,” T’Mur offered, as she picked up the cup and warmed her hands on its heat.

“Two more houses were abandoned on my street last night. Business is half of what it should be. I am thinking about cutting out the Gingerbread house classes, and the cookie decorating station.”

“That would be most unfortunate,” Tanya said. “Creating buildings from a baked good item of ginger seems a most worthwhile endeavor for young ones.”

She leaned over to Sienna, “Even if I do not understand the purpose of the endeavor.”

Quinna giggled. She pulled out a device that looked like a PADD from behind the counter. She put on “A Charlie Brown Christmas” for T’Mur to watch.

T’Mur began to watch the video of a little boy who seemed to be at the brunt of the taunting of other children and wondered what it had to do with what Christmas was all about.

“When you are done, watch the children. This may have been a time of religious meaning, but now has transformed into a season of giving and caring. Something that should be all year long, but this time of year, it is more celebrated. It is for the children. The hope and the magic in their eyes.”

(reply Sienna)

“That part I understand,” T’Mur said, “but ... we’ll... gingerbread? I wish I had time to watch this but apparently I have a “beat to walk”. I must get to my job. I will study it later.”

She turned to Sienna, “Beloved, I will,” she paused to think of the correct term for the time period and was satisfied with, “catch you later.”

With that she got up and kissed Sienna gently on the lips and left the caffe with a jingle of the bells on the door.

Happy pulled the car around to where there were a few kids going down a small hill. "The kids will need sleds," Dieter said.

"Of course, Mr. Hudson, we can get them while you are meeting with the mayor."

"Where's the tree? Where are the decorations?" Lilly asked. "Its Christmastime. There should be a tree! You need to make them get a tree Daddy!"

"I'll see what I can do Lilly, but we're guests here," he began.

"So?"

Eight year old logic at it's finest. "OK. I will do my best."

"Pinkie promise," she said, holding out her pinky.

He took it and kissed her on the head. "Pinkie promise."

"With lots of lights too. Pretty ones," she added.

"I wanna skate," Logan said.

"This afternoon, Logan. Please be patient. I have a bit of business first," he replied

"You always say that," he replied, pouting. "Mom would have taken me."

Dieter paused his reply. He didn't know what to say to that. "This afternoon, I promise."

Logan turned away to look out the window as Happy drove them to the town hall.

The town hall was a classic building. He liked the traditional architecture, it fit with the rest of the town. "Happy, I'll call you when I am done with the meeting. Thanks for looking after the kids."

"My pleasure, Mr. Hudson."

Dieter stepped out of the car, and walked carefully up the stone stairs. It was a bit slippery, and he regretted not taking a scarf or real jacket. The holosuite was really making it feel wintry out.

Entering the building, he stomped his feet and blew on his hands to warm them up. Approaching what appeared to be the reception desk, he waited till the young woman behind it acknowledged him.

"I am Bailey Hudson, I have an 11 am meeting with the mayor," he said.

"Yes, sir. Right this way sir." she said standing up and motioning him around. She took him to a conference room, "Can I get you anything Sir? Coffee? Tea?"

"I'll cut to the chase, I am looking for a site for my next distribution facility. I need a site with access to the major highways, which you do, but is small enough that I can know all the people who work for me," he said. "If you have had a chance to read my prospectus of what I am looking for, and what this plant would bring to your community"

Simone indicated to the chair in front of her desk as she walked back around and sat, pulling out the file he mentioned. "Indeed I did. You would be bringing this town the one thing it really needs, jobs. How many people will your center need? And what skills will these people need to have to access those jobs? How many people are you planning on bringing to the center?"

"There will be about 100 construction jobs to get the facility up and running. After that, 250 to 300 workers for the plant, plus janitorial, facilities and administrative positions. There is also room for drivers, and I'm willing to send people to learn to drive a truck," he said. "I would bring a leadership team in to help get things off the ground, and I would probably stay here for a couple of years."

Simone sat back in her seat and steepled her fingers under her lips. She'd seen Sekal do that as he thought. This seemed like a plan that could save this town, if it worked out. It almost seemed too good to be true, which automatically made her dubious.

"Your prospectus was quite impressive on results, but a little brief on the details. We are very interested in entertaining your proposal. When would you propose to start your renovation work?"

"I have looked at two spots. One is the old auto plant. The shell is good, according to my engineers, so it would be a refit, and recycling something here. The other would be to do a complete teardown at the location of the fire, and build new," he replied. "Do you have other suggestions?"

"I do not. Those would be the two most... logical places," Simone said, Sy couldn't believe she was invoking logic. T'Mur was definitely rubbing off on her. "As much as I'd like to see the stain of that fire gone, the factory refit makes more sense."

"If I do move here, we will have to fix that as well," he said. "Maybe turn it into a park or something."

"As for you moving to Lost," Simone said, "I would be happy to show you around some available homes. I'm also the town's Real Estate agent. Two children? I'm assuming you would need at least three bedrooms. One for each of the children and one for you and your wife?"

“Well Ms. Mayor, that is kind of you, but I think my children are looking forward to sledding and skating. I am concerned, however, of a clear lack of holiday spirit from what we had seen, and that is a big concern for me.”

Simone nodded. “I understand. It’s been hard to get in the spirit of the season when most of the town’s spirit has been broken by these circumstances. If the people had a reason to hope it might make a difference. If we could make an announcement of your intentions..., but you’ve asked us to keep this close to the chest.”

“That is indeed a quandary,” he said. “It’s my kids you see. Ever since their mother, Cassandra, left us for some handy man at a lodge out west, it’s just been the three of us, and this time of year is hard for them. They need to see the spirit, but are smart enough to know if it was my hand behind things. I don’t know if that makes sense or not.”

“Don’t tell me, they’re around ten years old, right?” Simone asked.

“I get it,” Simone said. “I wish I could give you more. We actually had supplies to decorate the town, but they went up in smoke with the fire. Who would set a fire to a warehouse full of Christmas decorations? We just don’t have the funding to replenish them. Believe me, if I could I would buy them myself.”

He stood up and paced, “It’s more than decorations, Ms. Mayor. It’s a spirit in the air. A sense of something larger than yourself. The spirit of Christmas is the spirit of good works and good deeds.”

Simone sat down with that feeling of defeat hanging over her. She shook her head, working to hold back her tears. She just watched as her last hope to save this town went up in smoke like the warehouse.

“Then I guess we’re wasting each other’s time, Mr. Hudson. I have been trying to boost everyone’s Christmas spirit for weeks. We’d hoped that the Christmas carnival would raise everyone’s spirits. Without that I’m afraid we’re lost. And your offer to bring in your company was my last hope to rebuild for next year.”

“I wish you had seen this town before Mr. Hudson. It had been a thriving community found by a group of old gold miners who, well, got lost. We had been talking about changing the town’s name to Eureka or Paradise, you know, like Paradise Lost. We had such a wonderful, and close community. It would have been perfect for what you were looking for, for your kids. People came from the neighboring towns for our Christmas festival. It was a sight to behold.”

Tanya raised an eyebrow, realizing that her assistant was most likely being facetious. "Roger. Moore out."

T'Mur drove the police car onto Main Street and parked at the side of the road, near the cafe. She got out of the car and made her way into the shop. The bells on the door jingled.

"Greetings Quinna, how has your day been?" she asked.

"Oh a bit slow," Quinna poured Tanya a to-go cup of coffee. "What's up in town?"

Tanya shook her head, "It is all very... depressing?" She was pretty sure that was the correct descriptor of the "feel" of the town. "But it seems like it is just another day. The only excitement is a strange car parked in the empty lot across the street. Bob should be out to tow it soon."

"That is odd, I thought that lot was gated up," Quinna said as she pulled a plate and handed it to the Chief. "Here, eat. They are new. It is a creamy chicken and mushroom stuffed croissant. Let me know what you think?" Quinna gave and took a moment to think about who could be around.

Tanya looked at the curved baked good. She sat down and picked up a fork, cut into the flakey crust and sniffed it. "Smells delicious." Then she popped the morsel into her mouth. She analyzed the flavors then nodded approvingly. "That is most excellent. Will it become a permanent part of your menu?"

"Maybe," Quinna said.

"Have you seen any strangers in town today?" Tanya asked. "Anyone who might perform such a transgression?"

"Well, there is that man with the cute kids, and a lady that went to the restroom." Quinna started. "Come to think about it, I think she is still in there."

She looked over at the man with the children assuming that they appeared to be law abiding citizens. Then the strange woman came out of the restroom. T'Mur noted that it was Ariel Trei's character. ~I will have to check with Ariel on her physical condition as she always seems to be in a restroom.~ Tanya quickly took in her clothing and mannerisms and decided that she was a person of interest.

"Has she ordered anything?" Tanya asked.

He turned the car and pulled up to the curb. As he got out the two looked across the picket fence at him a bit wide-eyed.

"Would your parents mind if a stranger helped you out for a few minutes?"

"I don't know Mister." The boy stopped as the front door opened and a woman stepped out onto the porch.

"Hello ma'am." Steven pulled the cap from his head and doffed it. "My name is Santiago Klausenheimer from upstate. I have an appointment to keep here in town but the kids looked like they could use a bit of help." The blustery wind tousled his hair and chilled his face as he stood beside the car and he realized just how cold it was, in the low 20's Fahrenheit he guessed. The sun was hidden behind leaden clouds which looked ready to drop another white coat at any moment. "I hope I'm not imposing."

"My husband isn't home." She sounded and looked a bit suspicious.

"I'm harmless, really." He grinned. "I'm a doctor actually and if you would like to stay out here and watch I'll be done and gone in a few minutes."

"Please mom." The little girl turned and her face was pleading as she turned to her. "It's cold out here!"

Fortunately they were well wrapped in coats and hoods with warm pants and gloves but the snow was wet and cold.

"We want to have it done before dad gets home." The boy interjected.

"All right, I'll stand on the porch." She pulled the jacket tightly about her.

"Thanks." Hammons walked around the fence and got to work with gusto, stopping pristine snow quickly into a growing pile for the children who then layered it over the snowman. Within 10 minutes he was clad in a bright white coat and the children were capering about it joyfully.

"Oh look!" Steven pointed to its face. "He appears to be a bit near sighted. He looked down at his coat. "These will do."

He pulled off the two lower black buttons from his coat and pressed them into the spot where they had hollowed out the eyes. The snowman wasn't much taller than the 8 year olds but was now almost done. "He needs some sun protection as well."

His red woolen toque was soon perched rakishly atop its head.

"Looking good there Frosty."

He then turned and smiled at the woman. "Thank you ma'am."

Taylor watched the strange man enter the station. He seemed quite jovial. The red hat on his head sat at an odd angle, but the smile on his face was quite disarming. The man stepped up to the desk and presented his credential. He looked at the doctor's card, scrutinizing it.

"Feel free to take your time checking it out, I'll make myself comfortable," the doctor said.

After a moment he looked at the doctor and said, "Give me just a minute."

He stepped away from the whistling figure and went to the Chief's office. He knocked on the door and opened it. "Chief, there's some guy out here, claims to be a psychiatrist or something. He's here for..." he looked around and then moved his head to indicate to the interrogation room where they were holding on to Holly Snow, and whispered, "her."

He walked over and handed the card to his boss. Simone looked at the card briefly, then looked at her assistant. "Thanks, Drew, give me a minute. Keep an eye on him."

Drew nodded and closed the door on the way out of the office. Simone picked up the phone on her desk and dialed the number on the card.

=^=Kesmer Institute, how may I direct your call? ^=

"Yes, I wish to speak with a Doctor Santiago Klausenheimer."

=^=I'm sorry Dr. Klausenheimer is off-site today. He had business downstate. Can I have someone else help you? ^=

That was really all of the confirmation that she needed at this time. "No, that's fine. Thank you for your help."

She hung up the phone, stood up, and opened the door. "Drew, show Dr. Klausenheimer to my office."

When the two entered Drew turned to leave. As he moved to close the door she stopped him. "No, leave the door open, Drew. And usher Ms. Snow in as well."

"Yes ma'am," Drew said and disappeared out the doorway.

woman's name was, indeed, Holly Snow. The address on the license was not the address on Klausenheimer's card. But it was an Alaskan license.

"I'm glad she caught me there, it made finding her so much easier," the old man said.

"Indeed, I can only imagine," Tanya replied. "She made some rather incredible statements while she was here. First, she claimed she was here to save the town. Then, once brought in, she claimed that she was a Christmas elf and that you were..." she didn't really want to say it, "Santa Claus, and she was on a mission for you."

Before the doctor could reply Drew came in with the girl.

(reply Holly)

Klausenheimer stepped away from his chair as if he were preparing to leave. "I am very sorry for the inconvenience your department has been put through and do hope you haven't been upset by it. Holly meant well and has a heart of gold. She also will be an invaluable asset to me if you could see fit to release her. The workload this time of year is horrendous you see and I'm in a bit of a crunch."

"Indeed," Tanya said, a bit taken aback by his dismissal of what she had just told him. Perhaps it was not really news to him. However, she had no legitimate reason to hold the woman, since she had committed no crime and the doctor was more than willing to vouch for her.

"Allow me to escort you to your car, doctor," she said, watching Holly. "I feel it would be prudent."

He gave a bellowing laugh. "Why thank you. My car is just a short walk away. I'll pay the fine and we will be off."

"There is no fine doctor," Tanya assure him. "Ms. Snow has broken no law other than having no proof of identity. She is literally free to go."

"It appears there is a lot to do here. By the way..." he paused to scratch at his beard, "I couldn't help but notice that the town seems a bit drab for this time of year. No Christmas lights, candy canes, lollipops, tinsel, stars, bows, ribbons, or bulbs in sight anywhere save some of the houses! What pray tell has happened to Christmas here?"

Tanya nodded, "There was a fire a few nights ago. I suspect it was an act of vandalism. The warehouse in which the Christmas decorations were contained was burned to the ground. It effectively took what spirit was left in this town, and metaphorically speaking, burned up whatever hope that was left in the town. The Mayor was distraught, but there is no public funding to purchase new decorations."

The parade had started without any major issues, with the sole exception of not having secured a guest of honor. There was no Santa Claus for the last float. Bob had done his usual excellent job of recreating Santa's sled, which moved independently of any other source of locomotion. He called it a miracle of old school science.

But Tanya's job was to ensure the safety of the town and she was not going to be able to do that from the starting point of the parade. She had to leave that task to Simone. She would figure it all out.

Tanya walked down through the square until she saw Quinna sitting on a bench by herself. It was gratifying to see her attend. A couple of small children ran up to her and gave her a hug, wishing her a Merry Christmas. Quinna gave the children a warm smile and returned the sentiment. But as soon as the children had scurried off her sad look returned.

Tanya made her way to the bench. "Merry Christmas Quinna," she offered. "I am pleasantly surprised to see you here."

(reply Quinna)

"I am gratified as I have brought you a gift," she told her friend.

(reply Quinna)

"It is something I have been working on for a few days," Tanya explained. "I know that you are sad because of Michael Smith so I did a little digging."

Tanya reached onto her shoulder bag and pulled out a file folder. "These are some newspaper articles from the time of Michael's disappearance. Apparently he was involved in an automobile accident that involved the other driver being intoxicated. The city paper did a series on him in an effort to find the person responsible."

She handed the file over to Quinna, who hesitated. "The answer to all of your questions are in this file. The accident, his years in a coma. Even his remarkable recovery. It's actually quite interesting."

(reply Quinna)

She turned to leave Quinna with her gift. Then she stopped and turned.

The sound of children's laughter filled his ears, the smell of hot chocolate filled his nostrils. The smell brought his mind back to thoughts of Quinna.

Before he knew it he was walking downtown, and across the street from the closed confectionary. He sighed and began to just follow the parade. Suddenly he heard a voice calling to him.

"Michael!"

As he looked around he saw Quinna standing in front of him. He couldn't help but smile. There was that hint of a feeling again.

"Quinna?" he said. "How are you?"

"I'm sorry," she said and held out her hand.

As if by instinct, he reached up and took hold of the gloved fingers, in a familiar grip. His own hands were a bit frozen, but he looked down at her hands and then at her face.

"You're sorry," he said questioningly. "You have nothing to be sorry about. I had no idea what I expected to happen when I met somebody that I knew. I should have known that there would have been..., I don't know, something. I am glad to see you again," and he chuckled, "and that you're still willing to talk to me."

"I should not have run out on you. I have never been able to move on. And my emotions just overwhelmed me." Quinna instinctively took off her gloves, slipped them in her pocket, pulled out the hot hands that were in there, and used her hands, and started to rub his cold hands to warm them.

"Thanks," he said, enjoying the warmth from the warmers and from the contact with her hands. "I can't even imagine what you've gone through the past few years. I mean, I figured I had friends and family, but it just seemed nobody missed me. And then I just found out that nobody knew I was still alive. Mrs. Fabrigass told me that there was a rumor that I was dead, but no details. I'm sorry you had to go through that."

"What is more important is you are not dead, and you are physically back. I will do anything I can to make sure you are completely back." Quinna started on warming the second hand. "Michael Smith, you are a very important man around here."

Michael shrugged, "Well I don't know about that, but I am starting to feel more at home."

He paused and held onto her hands a little more tightly. It felt so natural. Their hands just seemed to fit together. He looked into her eyes and his smile grew. "Walk with me?"

"With pleasure," Quinna replied as they started to walk forward. "So have you learned more about yourself?"

Michael laughed, "I have. Apparently, I was a bit of a... how did Miss Fabregass put it... scallywag. But lovable. At least, in the sixth grade, I was. And according to Mr. Henderson, I was always getting into things. He said something about an incident with an automated tomato picker I made for the grocery store. Apparently, there are still tomatoes somewhere in that market. Bob said that I spent a lot of time in his yard tinkering with the old cars that were abandoned there. I seem to have amassed a small fortune selling car parts, without his knowledge."

He wrapped Quinna's arm around his as they walked, "But they all said the same thing. At one point I became more focused and serious about what I wanted to do with my life." He stepped in front of Quinna, "That moment seemed to have something to do with you."

"Is that so?" Quinna started. "We met when I came home from College. The table you sat at in the cafe... That is where I would sit learning the business. You would come in and sit there across from me. You were determined to win my heart. You did. You still have it somewhere."

Michael looked dreamily past her, his mind trying to recall something... anything.

They sat in their usual seat. Quinna, as usual, had her nose in a book. Michael, in his usual, goofy manner, was attempting to capture her attention. But she was having none of it. So he would sit there, staring at the book that blocked the view of her beautiful face, only seeing the top of her head. But he was content just to be with her.

Every time she left for school he found himself counting the days, hours, minutes, until her return. She was one of the brightest, most dedicated people he had ever met. But today her dedication seemed diminished. He spent the silent time drawing on the back of napkins. Pretty soon he began drawing pictures of Quinna.

The first one was of her reading her book. His artwork was adequate and close enough to recognize who it was. He would toss the picture over the book at her. The second one was a picture of her with the book and his face popping over it, like Killroy. He launched that one over still met with no response. This went on until he drew a picture of the two of them kissing.

Then the book fell flat on the table and Quinna was looking at him between giggles. "Why didn't you ask before?" With that, she leaned over the table and kissed Michael.

Michael blinked, bringing himself back to now. "Quinna..."

"Michael?" Quinna said.

Suddenly he leaned forward and gave her a small kiss on her lips.

Quinna felt as if nothing was different. She put her arms around him and put passions that she thought she lost with their kiss. She felt her Michael with her. She pulled back. "I'm sorry."

"Don't be," Michael said. "Do you remember our first kiss?"

"How can I forget?" Quinna started.

He reached up and put his cold hands on her warm cheeks, "So do I." He laughed a loud laugh. "So do I."

He grabbed her hands and swung her around. "Oh my god, I remember it. A real memory. Do you still have those drawings?"

"Of course I do. I have everything you've ever done." Quinna admitted. Her eyes gleamed at the excitement of his memory.

"Quinna, what happened that last Christmas, before I left?" he asked.

"We talked about it. You needed to find work that would support the both of us, but my mother was ill and I could not leave. So you took my hand, walked me over to Gazebo." Quinna took Michael's hands and walked him to the town Gazebo. It was all lit up in white lights.

(USS Illuminar- Deck 2, Holodeck 2- Town of Lost - Town Square - Tycho Alantar as Denny Marley - 1731)

Denny had been roped into a Christmas Tree fundraiser. People could help decorate a tree, one of several and you could buy tickets and vote on which tree is the best. People could also enter to win the winning tree! All proceeds would go to bring people back to Lost, where they could find themselves again.

He slurped his cocoa, stirring the drink with a candy cane that had come with the hot beverage. He smiled, watching the kids, he'd helped dig out a few stuck folks and the snow had been carted over to an area and piled into a giant snow slide, with stairs and a mechanical pulley system to help sliders pull their random assortment of sledding items back up to the top.

He'd appreciated the quiet background roll for what it was, a chance to observe and relax, leaving any worries behind. Once he would pull the winning contestant out of a box, Denny would happily take his truck back to the shop and head home to bed. As he took the mug back to the truck, the world dissolved around him, replaced by the familiar walls of the holodeck.

Tycho blinked, disoriented for a second, then caught the embrace nearby between Weston and Solice. As his things had been returned to the ether, including the truck and keys he had been about to use, Tycho looked around at some of the other actors and shrugged playfully before waving and making a silent exit into the halls of the ship.

(posted by Lorenz)

(No reply needed)

-----END TRANSMISSION-----