

(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost - CTO Lt(jg) T'Mur as Tanya Moore-1141)

(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)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost -Chocolate Kisses and Cakes - SFI Michael Weston as Michael Smith- 1333)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost -Chocolate Kisses and Cakes - Steven Hammons as Santiago Klaisenheimer - 1335)
(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost -Chocolate Kisses and Cakes - Quinna Solice - 1337)
(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)

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

[illegible]

Quinna sat on her couch and looked at the box. It was here. It finally showed up. She opened the box her brother sent. It was time. It was here. She opened the box that contained the story and the Character Rods and the individual roles that were to be played. She laid the data PADDs out. There was one with her specific name. She sat back and read the rolls and knew specifically who would play what.

“Computer Send messages to Commander Verin, Lt. Commander Gregory, Lt. T'Mur, Lt. Trei, Lt. Alyl, and Ensign Alantar (And anyone one that I did not mention and wants to Join). Tell them that it is here. Let's meet up in my quarters at 1200 hours.”

(Reply Verin, Gregory, T'Mur, Trei, Alyl, Alantar, and anyone that I did not mention that did not get to fill out the form.

(Posted by Kris B.)

[illegible]

Tycho was dressed down, uniforms were a killjoy he felt, so he'd picked out something nice, but comfortable. In shades of black, his pants and jacket were pinstriped very subtly and only if you looked closely. The shirt underneath was a printed shirt with a small green man wearing a red hat with white trim. Under the small character was a quotation: "Naughty, were you? Hmmm?"

He walked to the door, just as Mr. Gregory hit the chime and joined him with an elbow nudge, "Ready for this?"

(reply Gregory, Solice, any coming)
(Posted by Lorenz)

[illegible]

She walked into Quinna's quarters and sat down on the couch. She was excited to see her role in the Christmas scenario. She saw the PADD with her name on it but asked Quinna anyway what her specific role will be and how she was to play it."

"I see the PADD with my name on it but would still like to know how I am going to play this role."

(Reply Quinna)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Deck 3 - Solice Personal Quarters -- LCDR Dieter Gregory - 1201)

Gregory got the message from Quinna, knowing she had been plotting something special for crew R&R. He had no idea what she had planned.

Tugging down his uniform, he pushed the chime to her door.

(Reply as needed)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Deck 3 - Solice Personal Quarters -- FO Comander Sienna Williams-Verin and CTO Lt(jg) T'Mur - 1203)

T'Mur and Sienna walked through the hallway, hand in hand. The buzz of their connection ran between them as they approached the CMO's quarters. They turned the corner to find that a small crowd had already begun to form. T'Mur acknowledged each of them as she stepped up to the door chime. She reached up and put her hand on it, even though she was certain that someone else had already rung it.

Stepping back she looked into Quinna's eyes. ::This should be, if nothing else, an interesting experience::

(reply any)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

USS Illuminar -- Personal Quarters -- Deck 2 -- CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice -- 1205

Quinna looked around her living room. She look at the invited guests and smiled. "So my brother came through again. He has written another Holiday Holonovel."

“He has provided a mini character bio and a character chip. He says you must have your character chip in your body to become the character. He also went as far as to assign you all your roles. Now the story is called Lost Christmas. In our small town of “Lost” there have been many reasons not to celebrate the holiday. The automobile factory closed its doors and a huge fire at the town's storage facility raged right before Halloween

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.”

(Replies)

“That is all he wrote. 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.” Quinna and Michael had been fighting and she was not sure if she could forgive him.

(Replies)

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

(Replies Gregory, Verin, T'Mur, Alantar, Alyl, Trei)

Hope I did not leave anyone out...

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 2 - Personal Quarters – – 1208)

T'Mur sat with her hand on Sienna's thigh, listening to Quinna's explanation of the scenario. The idea of becoming a participant in a story as it unfolded seemed a poor use of time as the conclusion of the storyline was always predetermined. How the participants got there was by individual choice, of course, but the programming of the novel generally would tend to lead the participants down the path of least resistance, leading them to the pre-drawn conclusion. However, Sienna had been adamant about their participation and she was not being dissuaded, so T'Mur went along with the plan for her mate.

"The things I do for you," she had told Sy in their quarters when she finally acquiesced to her desire. After all, she typically did not ask for much.

“What do you think?” Quinna asked everyone after she had concluded her summary of the storyline.

"Just to be clear," T'Mur had to ask, "the outcome of this scenario is already predetermined, is that not correct?"

(reply Solice)

"I have one last question," she added. There was a small groan from the crowd that she promptly ignored. "This is a Christmas story? I was under the impression that Christmas celebrated the birth of the human son of God, and often is a time of gift-giving to loved ones. Will this story reconcile the paradox with these concepts and the story arch of the novel?"

(reply any that want to explain the spirit of Christmas to a Vulcan)

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.

(posted by Al Muir)

She looked over the story and was excited to play the character. She never been in a holo novel before so it should be fun..

(Reply Any)
(Posted by Edward)

“Let’s go my love,” T’Mur said, once again shaking her mate violently. She was certain Sienna was not capable of sleeping through the movement but she refused to open her eyes.

(reply Sienna)

“Then I shall simply inform Quinna that we will not be in attendance. Or perhaps I will attend, you can sleep, and I can be married to some strange Mayor.”

Even Vulcans are not beyond manipulating others.

Quinna loaded the program into Holodeck 2. She was excited about this year's story. She took her character ship and put it in her pocket and entered the holodeck. There she found herself in a coffee shop. There she wore an apron around her waist. She put fresh pastries into the counter and made sure the coffee was fresh. It was time. Quinna went to the front door, turned the lock and turned on the OPEN sign.

(Posted by Kris B)

Ariel put the chip in her pocket of her cheerleader tracksuit pants. She wore the matching top and entered the holodeck. She was transported in front of the town's bed and breakfast. She wore a red sweater with a pair of comfortable jeans. She had a fur coat on because it was pretty cold that day but not nearly as cold as the north pole. The concealing spell was working perfectly. Her elven ears were pointy and she had red rosy cheeks but the people saw a young woman in her early 30's. In reality she was around 80 years old. She was really young for elves lived to be around 700 longer if they were highly magical like her boss Santa Claus. She looked around the town before entering the bed and breakfast. What she saw was most alarming. There were no Christmas decorations on the houses and stores. There were no lights or trees decorated in town. She checked her Christmas spirit meter on the strange communication device Santa gave her to report to him on the town. It read 5 percent. This was very bad indeed. She didn't have any luggage from her trip because there was no real need for it at the North Pole. Several animals curiously approached her. She crouched down to pet a friendly deer. The deer said something to her. She listened closely to what the fawn had to say. She can talk to animals as one of her elven abilities. She cautiously looked around to see if anyone was watching her. It did not appear she was watched. She will wait to report to Santa after she is settled in her room. She opened the front door and approached the counter.

(Reply Jatón)

[illegible]

Tycho had made a small pendant that fit the character rod neatly, trying to keep it in a pocket would annoy him to no end. He slipped the pendant under his shirt and walked into the holodeck. He was suitably attired in a warm winter coat and dark jeans with a wide belt and semi-flashy buckle. Thick winter work boots protected his feet from the cold

Shoving his hands into his pockets, he started down the sleepy street towards the repair shop that he could see a few short strides away. Pulling out the keys he found in one pocket there was the tiniest of tingles from the holodeck functions to tell him the correct key, the feeling fading as soon as the key hit the lock. It was a one time tech

feature, if he forgot which key now, he'd have to fumble.

Looking around briefly, he flicked on the 'open' sign and hung the keys and jacket on the hook behind the register. He also spied the small single serve drip coffee machine, but not a single once of drip grounds ready to go anywhere.

Elden grunted, "Well, can't work while sleeping," grabbed his coat and keys and locked up again, heading for the hotel, which probably served better coffee than he could ever dream up.

(reply any willing)

(posted by Lorenz)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Holodeck 2 - 2/O Dieter Gregory - 0905)

Dieter held up the character chip, turning it over in his hands. This would be different from his usual suite of programs for the holodeck. In for a shilling, and all that. He slid the chip into his pocket and stepped through the door into a hotel dining room. He was wearing green tweed suit, and holding a cup in his hand. A uniformed waiter came to him. "Mr. Hudson, can I get you something."

Holding up the cup, "Uh, coffee."

The waiter took the cup, "I will bring it to your table, Sir," he said nodding his head to a table by the window, where two children were eating."

Walking to the table, he felt something buzzing in his pocket. Dieter pulled a phone out of his pocket and flipped it open, "Hudson here," he said as he sat down. He listed for a few minutes before closing the phone. The waiter returned with his coffee. The snow was pretty outside, but that was not why he was here. He needed someplace for his new shipping center, and this town was ideal for his operation. However, from what he had seen, it appeared that the town was hemorrhaging people and there was no sense of community, of purpose. Even this hotel, while they had a Christmas tree up, but it was lackluster at best.

"Daddy, daddy," the young girl said.

"Yes Lilly?"

"Can we get some hot chocolate at bakery today after our walk? Please??"

He chuckled, "Of course Lilly. Logan, stop making a mess of your breakfast. Eat your waffle."

The boy looked up at Dieter, smiling as he shoved a piece of the waffle into his mouth.

Dieter sipped his coffee while the children finished eating.

“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.

(reply Sienna)

“Most families have lost hope about now with the factory gone. Our town festivities burned in the fire. It would be nice to remember what magic and hope looks like.” Quinna wiped the counter with her rag and then moved back into the kitchen. She had more butter rolls to come out of the kitchen.

(Reply Verin)

(posted by Al Muir, Kris B)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Holodeck 2 - 2/O Dieter Gregory - 1000)

Dieter was impressed with the details that Quinna's brother had put into this program. The two children, 'his children' were quite animated as they took a tour around the town. There was a classic American main street, with various shops, including the bakery the children wanted to go to. Quaint, very quaint. Not a traditional English village that he was used to, but still he'd play his part.

The driver, Happy, took them around to the outskirts of town. First they drove by the warehouse. His notes indicated it had recently burned down.

Lilly looked out her window, "That's sad, daddy. What happened?"

He shrugged, "I don't know Lilly," he said "And it is sad. But maybe we can make it happy again."

"How?"

"We could move here."

Logan chimed in, "Why? I don't want to leave my friends."

Kids, Dieter thought. "Just an idea Logan. Nothing is set in stone."

Driving off to the abandoned auto factory, it was another sad sight. However, he could get the land at pennies on the dollar, and while they would have to gut the building, it had good bones based on the report his structural engineer had sent him. He checked his watch, "Happy, let's get back, maybe drive by this town park and then off to the town hall."

"You got it, Boss," he replied.

Driving back into town, the car turned into the town park. It was near the center of the town, and one might expect it to be a happening place, but not so much. Kids with their phones and video games and all were not inclined to go outside anymore. There were a few people skating on the skating ring, identified with a worn and faded sign, indicating the hours. No pride here. It was all sucked out when they lost the Auto plant.

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?"

He opened the door, and the two kids made a bee-line for the glass case lined with different treats. The smell of coffee, chocolate, fresh baked bread and more all filled the shop. Several small tables were scattered around. It looked homey, inviting. Just what the Yelp reviews said about the place.

Lilly and Logan were looking at all the goodies, trying to decide which one(s) they wanted.

Happy approached the counter where it said 'Order here'

(reply Quinna)

(Posted by Tim)

(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost - FO Cmndr Sienna Williams-Verin as Simone Moore
 and 2O Lt. Cmdr Dieter Gregory as Bailey Hudson - 1102)

Sienna had taken some time to get comfortable in her new surroundings. It was very odd working in such an old fashioned office. The other people in the room were talking about the lack of funding to continue to run any of the town's facilities. The meeting was depressing, even if it was a simulation. She couldn't help but feel responsible. All she wanted to do was crawl back into bed with her wife and cry in her arms.

Once they left her assistant opened the door, "Mr. Bailey Hudson is here to see you, Mayor."

She sighed heavily and pulled herself together. Plenty of time to fall apart later. “Send him in.”

Walking into the room, Dieter looked around the room, “Good morning Ms. Mayor, thank you for agreeing to see me,” he said. “I am Bailey Husdon, of Hudson Rivers Consortium,” he said, holding his hand out.

Simone stood up and came round the desk to take the man's hand. He had a good handshake. You can tell a lot about a man by his handshake. He didn't soften it any simply because she was a woman, and she liked that. They were meeting as peers.

“So what can the town of Lost do for you, Mr. Hudson?’ she asked him.

"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."

Hudson listened to the mayor light up as she discussed the Christmas festival. Perhaps he was wrong about things and letting his own feelings get in the way. Which came first? If the town was to recover, his investments would go a long way to that end.

He opened his phone and pressed the speed dial button. “Elliot, it’s me. I am putting the Mayor of Lost on the phone. Yes, the town we’re looking at for expansion. Give her whatever she needs. Town needs some holiday spirit, and we’re going to bring it.”

Hudson handed the phone to the Mayor, "Make your list, let's get some spirit back in this town."

Simone's jaw hung open as she reached towards the phone. "Hu...hello?" Then she listened.

(reply none)

(posted by Al Muir and Tim B)

[illegible]

Quinna turned and smiled. “Ahh, welcome to Chocolate Kisses and Cakes.” Quinna looked at the two kids, “I assume you want my super Christmas Cocoa special?”

(reply Lilly and Logan)

"What about your dad here? Should I get him one, too?" Quinna asked.

(Reply Lilly and Logan)

“Oh well, sorry, Mr. Happy, would you care for one of my super Christman Cocoa specials?” Quinna waited for the reply. She moved to the side as she pulled the Santa Mugs. There she put Marshmallows, Cinnamon, and ground cloves into the cup before she poured the Hot Chocolate in. Then she topped it off with homemade vanilla whipped topping and a chocolate candy cane. The finishing touch was the red and green sprinkles. Quinna then reached in and gave each child a salted caramel sugar cooking in the shape of Christmas trees.

(reply, Happy, Lily, and Logan)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

"I assume you want my super Christmas Cocoa special?" the woman behind the counter asks.

Holly walked into a nice bakery called Chocolate Kisses and Cakes. She smelled the wonderful chocolate cakes in the display case. The sound of children brightened her heart a notch. She will have to be careful to keep up the concealing spell. From past assignments she has experienced that children can see her true identity as an elf pretty quickly. She ordered a hot chocolate and a couple brownies and waited for her order. When she picked up her order, she sat at the table next to the Hudson kids. The hot chocolate was pretty plain looking. It needed some panache. With the kids

enthusiasm, she felt her elf magic boost somewhat. The Christmas spirit meter increased a fair amount to 20 percent. With a twirl of her finger the hot chocolates of her and the kids magically became filled with whipped cream and colorful marshmallows. The kids eyes brightened with delight. She took a drink and whipped cream hung on her nose. The kids had the same experience and laughed at the spectacle of it. She used the good mood to try and talk with the kids.

"Hello. I am Holly Snow. What is your name?"

(Reply Lilly, Logan and Happy)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Holodeck 2 - Holly Snow - 11.06)

She gave Lilly a wink and a little spark of light of red and green danced in front of Lilly's eyes. Holly had to control the magic or the whole shop would have been filled with dancing lights.

"Nice to meet you Lilly and your brother Logan. Happy as well. Do you believe in Santa? "

(Reply Lilly, Logan, and Happy)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost - -1106)

T'Mur could feel the tingling sensation of telepathic contact and immediately shored up her wall. She knew that it would affect the connection with Sienna, but she decided it was a necessary precaution as she was unaware of any cause to contact her in such a manner. Her immediate response was danger. After a moment she realized the contact was from Ariel Trei.

Slowly she opened her mind to the message. Then her sense of danger changed to irritation. She tilted her head and looked down at the woman with narrowed eyes indicating her displeasure.

Sienna had attempted to explain to T'Mur about this Santa Claus character with little success. There was little to no logic about the subject. Finally, she had left her with the thought that some things just need to be believed in order to exist. With some thought, she realized that belief systems have been in existence since recorded time. So such a system set up for children should not have been surprising. However, this is a town without such a Christmas spirit.

:Ms. Trei, this is part of the simulation. I am acting within the parameters of the character I have been assigned. As far as you know, this conflict might be a part of the storyline of this holonovel. For me to act in any other manner would be illogical and cause even more suspicion about the veracity of *my* character. Now cease to contact me telepathically, as it is inappropriate at this time, and play out the

scene as it has been laid out. Santa Claus or no, you will produce some form of credential or face consequences.::

(reply Trei)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 2, Holodeck 2 - Engineer Ensign jg Tycho Alantar
as Elden 'Denny' Marley - 1110)

Denny hunched himself over, trying to keep the chill from reaching through the heavy winter gear. His breath puffed before him as if he'd tried to take a deep drag of smoked herbal medicines. He wondered idly if he could scrounge something up for himself of that variety, but he gathered that the sleepy town wouldn't have much on offer anyhow.

The local hotel was small and he saw that the breakfast service was done, so he kept moving and went into the coffee shop nearby. The door tingled as the entry bell sang, though the sound felt saddened for some reason he couldn't place.

The place was buzzing and he got in line to order, looking at the menu and spying at others to see what might be tasty. While he waited he brushed some of the frosty snow that had fallen on his plaid jacket and in his hair when he'd accidentally jostled some snow down off one of the local business awnings. His hair was more elaborate than usual, given that he was off duty, and the multiple mini braids were shot through with small silver charms with a variety of sigils and a couple colourful threads woven into the plaiting.

(reply any who wish)

(posted by Lorenz)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Holodeck 2 Holly Snow - 11.25)

She excused herself to the Ladies room to report to Santa. She really didn't need to relieve herself because Santa's elves had a great reserve before they had to go. She went into a stall and relieved herself anyway. She reported to Santa while she was doing her business.

"Holly reporting to Santa come in Santa." She heard the distinctive Ho Ho Ho and proceeded to report. "The Christmas spirit in this town is dangerously low Santa but I met some kids just now that may change that. They can't see my true form yet but I fear it will be soon that they will. I have a few tricks to use before that happens so I will keep you posted. I am going sledding with these kids in a bit. Maybe that will boost the level where we need it. I will report when I get more information. The bakery shop owner shows great Christmas spirit. I may be able to work with her in good time. Holly out."

She finished in the stall and washed her hands. She returned to the table ready to go sledding .

(Reply Any)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- CTO Lt(jg) T'Mur as Tanya Moore-1130)

Learning to drive the... automobile, which she considered an odd term as it did not drive automatically since one had to steer it in the correct direction and had to manually adjust the speed using the foot pedals, was a bit of a challenge at first. However, T'Mur had managed to master the required skills. The program had supplied enough information so that she was able to follow the traffic safety rules without incident.

Now that she had managed an amount of proficiency she was able to drive around the town and make observations about the people who lived there. The down was best described as destitute. The people of the town seemed joyless. On Vulcan there was very little actually joy displayed, the planet was not without joy, It was just shown in a more subdued manner. This was a true lack of joy. Even the children seemed to be without typical childhood mirth.

Now, as Tanya, she decided to head back to the town center to see what the town was like in its busiest center. As she drove by an empty lot she noted that the lot was no longer empty. There was a shiny black car parked in it. There was a sign in front of the lot that stated "Private Property. No parking. Cars may be towed."

She sighed and picked up the handset of the radio. She had learned how to use the two-way radio earlier and had a conversation with Drew Taylor, the other officer in town.

"Tanya to do Drew," she said into the handset.

=^=Go ahead Chief.^=

"There is a vehicle parked in that empty lot across from the Chocolate Kisses and Cakes. Call Bob and have him tow it down to the station."

=^=You got it Chief. Should be picked up in five.=^=

"Thank you Drew," she replied. "I'm going to check and see if I can't find the owner before he arrives."

=^=Don't look too hard, Chief. Bob's complaining about how little business he gets at the garage as it is.^=

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.

“I have not taken an order from her yet. Perhaps Lulu did? I will ask her when she gets back from break,” Quinna turned, “Oh there she is. Looks like she got the Cocoa special.” Quinna pointed in her direction. “Though it does not look like the Cocoa special I serve here.”

Tanya made a curious face and stood up, leaving the remainder of the croissant and went over to the table where the woman was sitting.

“Excuse me miss,” she said, “I have not seen you in town before. May I ask your purpose for being in Lost?”

(reply Trei)

(posted by Al Muir and Kris B)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost - Bob's Garage and Towing- Ensign Bohb as Bob the Handyman - 11:31)

Bohb had received a late call to participate in Dr. Solice's holonovel but the part he'd been offered seemed just right for him. Bob, the handyman. It hadn't taken him long to go through the character module and get himself a good pair of grease stained overalls.

His first contact had been with T'Mur who had asked him to “tow a vehicle” that had been inappropriately parked. It was pretty thrilling to have driven the tow truck. Thankfully the computer had accommodated him with enough cues on the operation of the vehicle. He arrived at the location, attached the vehicle and brought it back to his automobile shop, where he then placed it in a locked fenced area.

Apparently there was little of such crimes in this town as the only other vehicles in the lot were clearly not functioning. One would have called them... junkers. Once he had deposited the vehicle he took a moment to open the hood of one of the dilapidated vehicles and poke around its workings, marveling at the ingenuity of an internal combustion engine.

Once he'd had the chance to inspect the vehicles he went inside the garage office and sat down in a chair behind a desk. It was soft and squishy, yet not really that comfortable. There was a small box on the desk. He picked it up and pressed a button that said "ON" in green letters.

Suddenly a big box mounted to the wall came to life. It was some kind of ... entertainment. Bohb believed it to be called television. On it was some program that announced itself to be “It’s a Wonderful Life.” Bohb sat back and began to watch the program. Suddenly the phone rang. Bohb rushed out and picked up the curious device and spoke into it.

“Hello?” he said and listened.

It was Commander Verin in her role as the mayor. He listened to what she had to say with incredulity. Bob was the town handyman, who was also responsible for setting the town up for Christmas. It was his joy in life, bringing Christmas to the town. When the warehouse, in which they kept their Christmas supplies burned down, all the hope and joy he had left had burned with them. Now every day was just another day. But the news he just received was like a slap in the face to wake up his spirits.

Somebody had sponsored the town for supplies to recreate their Christmas Carnival. It was outstanding. However, it did mean that they were going to have to rebuild everything. The big question was if there was enough time. Could he find enough people, people with the right spirit, to help him build. If only he knew who the sponsor was. He picked up the communication device and began to call around.

[illegible]

She sat at the table sipping her hot chocolate when a woman dressed as the police chief walked up to her. She asked her what she was doing in Lost. This is going to be a very delicate tap dance to keep her secret.

"I am a traveler from North Alaska. I am here to help the town rebuild from the fire."

Technically this was the truth but in a different way. Her true purpose was to bring Christmas cheer back to the town. If she had to pretend to be someone in the builder trades so be it. This will help cover her real mission along the way.

(Reply Tanya Any)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

"I am a traveler from North Alaska. I am here to help the town rebuild from the fire," the stranger said.

Tanya's eyebrow raised and her eyes narrowed, "Indeed, North Alaska? What part of North Alaska? Whom do you represent? Do you have any credentials to back up your claim? My mmm... wife, the mayor has a meeting with the only company that legitimately requested to negotiate such an endeavor."

(reply Trei)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

She knew T'Mur was just playing the police chief the best she could but her questioning was going to blow her cover as a Santa's Elf. She didn't want to break character but T'Mur left her no choice. She connected to her telepathically now that she regained her abilities.

::Knock it off. I am on a secret mission from Santa Claus to bring the Christmas spirit back to the town. Let me do my job and you do yours. I am one of Santa's elves using a spell to make me look like a normal young woman. Please knock it off::

(Reply Tanya)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

T'Mur could feel the tingling sensation of telepathic contact and immediately shored up her wall. She knew that it would affect the connection with Sienna, but she decided it was a necessary precaution as she was unaware of any cause to contact her in such a manner. Her immediate response was danger. After a moment she realized the contact was from Ariel Trei.

Slowly she opened her mind to the message. Then her sense of danger changed to irritation. She tilted her head and looked down at the woman with narrowed eyes indicating her displeasure.

Sienna had attempted to explain to T'Mur about this Santa Claus character with little success. There was little to no logic about the subject. Finally, she had left her with the thought that some things just need to be believed in order to exist. With some thought, she realized that belief systems have been in existence since recorded time. So such a system set up for children should not have been surprising. However, this is a town without such a Christmas spirit.

::Ms. Trei, this is part of the simulation. I am acting within the parameters of the character I have been assigned. As far as you know, this conflict might be a part of the storyline of this holonovel. For me to act in any other manner would be illogical and cause even more suspicion about the veracity of *my* character. Now cease to contact me telepathically, as it is inappropriate at this time, and play out the scene as it has been laid out. Santa Claus or no, you will produce some form of credential or face consequences.::

(reply Trei)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

She could see that the police chief was serious unfortunately she didn't have any papers to verify her story. Santa will have to provide them for the police chief. She told her all she could.

"I don't have the papers on me. My boss will have to send them to you unfortunately he is in North Alaska."

(Reply Tanya)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

Tanya looked at the woman a little harder. “Both Alaska hmmm. That’s quite a distance from here Donyou have any identification at all?”

(reply Trei)

“I believe,” Tanya said, “that it is in everyone’s best interest if you were to accompany me down to the station. Perhaps you can... call your boss in North Alaska from there. Then I can get all of the answers I need. What do you say?”

(reply Trei)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

Tanya asked for any Identification. She was a Santa's elf she didn't have any ID. She normally didn't need one. The situation forced her to comply with the police chief and go to the police station . These people have no Christmas spirit and worse than that have no belief in Santa himself. Her work here became harder yet. She complied.

"I have no ID Chief. I will comply and go with you."

She hoped they will find the spirit of Christmas before it was too late. That was up to Santa what to do with non believers. Her assignment is to restore the spirit back to the town. She had a lot of work to do. She could pull up on her device what the Chief and Mayor want for Christmas but without belief, the magic has no meaning. She hoped Santa had a solution to the problem.

(Posted by Edward)

(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost -Outside the Town Hall- LCDR Dieter Gregory as Bailey Hudson- 11:45)

He dialed Happy's number. "Where is the car?" he said

“Well, it would be good to find it, don’t you think?”

He turned off his phone and walked to where Happy said he had left the car. Crossing the street, he identified the lot. He frowned when he saw there was a chain lying on the ground with a sign indicating the lot was closed. There was an address on the sign indicating where violators would be towed.

(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost -Police Station - CTO Lt(jg) T'Mur as Tanya Moore-1200)

She ushered the young woman into her office and offered her the seat at her desk. The woman did not appear dangerous, but it was unclear as to her purpose in this scenario. It was a secret mission, that's what she had sent in her message, but no more. They needed to play this out.

"Please make your call," she said.

(posted by Al Muir)

There was a tow truck outside, but no sign of his car. He walked into the little office, and looked around. Noone was there, so he called out, "Hello? Anyone there?"

"We'll hi there," he said in a friendly voice. "What can I do for you?"

Bob looked at the man in front of him. He looked like a rich brat, but he was in too good a mood. Normally he would have given him the runaround. It was really the job of the Chief, who was also the Justice of the Peace, to collect the fine. In the end he would have wound up right back here, \$100 less rich, which looked like a drop in the bucket, and pissed off. Bob's spirits had been raised by the news of the carnival, so why not just pass that same feeling along.

He led the stranger through the back door, to where the pristine vehicle was sitting between a pair of rusted out junkers.

“There you go, friend,” Bob said. “One condition. You have to buy at least a hundred bucks worth of game tickets at the Christmas carnival.”

“You have a deal, friend,” Bailey said. He handed Bohb a bill. “Thank you for your kindness,” he said, “That is for your troubles.”

Bob smiled at the man and shrugged, "No trouble at all."

(reply none)

(posted by Al and Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Holly Snow - 12.05)

She called Santa and told him of her situation. She really didn't want to show Tanya her true form because she didn't know if she could use the concealing spell again given the lack of Christmas magic in the town. She decided to let Santa handle her credentials. She explained her secret mission to her.

"My name is Holly Snow. I was sent here to Lost to bring the spirit of Christmas back to the town. I am one of Santa's elves. You may not believe in Santa but the children certainly do. I can show you my true form if that will convince you but I don't know if I will be able to regain my current form. "

The magic in the police station was next to nothing. She could try a mirror trick to show her true form. She decided to try. She directed Tanya over to a mirror and waved her hand in an elven manner. Her current form now reflected her true form. She looked like a typical female elf but taller than most. Her cheeks were very rosy and her ears were quite pointy. She was more plump than expected but what do you want her to be eating cookies and drinking hot chocolate all year long. After she did that, she left Tanya to decide what to do with her.

(Reply Tanya)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost -Police Station - CTO Lt(jg) T'Mur as Tanya Moore-1207)

Tanya listened to the yarn that was being weaved by the character, Holly Snow. She sighed as the form changed. It did little to change her mind.

"Indeed, Ms. Snow," she said, "the narrative that you have described is quite entertaining, but the existence of an actual supernatural being such as Santa Claus is greatly in doubt. It is, perhaps, more factual that you are somewhat delusional. The removal of your disguise would only satisfy my realization that you have been hiding from someone or something. Until I find out more I believe that

you will stay here until I have more information. However, you do not seem to pose a danger to yourself, yet. I do not believe keeping you in a holding cell would be appropriate. However, we will hold you in our interrogation room."

With that, she escorted the now elven-looking woman to a side room with a table and two chairs. There was a camera in two of the corners of a room that feed to a monitor and recording device in her office.

"I am afraid that it is not too comfortable, but it is much more aesthetic than a holding cell," Tanya said.

"Can I have Officer Taylor bring you a refreshment?"

(reply Trei)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Holly Snow - 12.10)

Tanya asked if she needed a beverage. She fancied Coke a Cola so she asked for a can of Coke. She sat in the interrogation room and waited for Santa to come get her. She felt sorry for all the non believers. She hoped they will find the Christmas spirit before it was too late for them.

"A Coke is fine. I fancy Coke as well as hot chocolate."

(Reply Tanya, iyw)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost -- Steven Hammons as Santiago Klausenheimer -1220)

The car that pulled into the outskirts of town was almost covered in a layer of slush and road film which made its color appear to be a muddy brown. It was low and sleek, a muscular vehicle with plenty of horses under the hood but it purred rather than roared. The experience of driving it was almost luxurious. The driver checked the digital readout which showed the fuel level to be slightly above a half tank and gave a grim smile of satisfaction.

The houses he passed had a sad assortment of lights and ornaments and here and there was a muddy snowman in the front yard. The road wasn't bustling with traffic as expected this close to Christmas as most vehicles sat huddled beneath carports or awnings. He slid to a stop at an intersection and looked around carefully, nearby two young children, a tow headed bow and freckle faced girl were hurrying to scoop up fresh snow to beef up their snowman and whiten it up.

Steven grinned at their effort and wished he could get put and help. "Dang it why not! The schedule may be busy but that will never stop Christmas!"

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."

It didn't take long for him to return to the warm confines of the car, he stripped off the leather gloves and with the car started and heater on pulled away from the curb, waving to the excited kids and the relieved woman who was now smiling.

"Never too busy to make the kids happy." He chuckled as he drove away.

(Reply: None yet)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

The car pulled serenely into the center of town. The place was little more than a blip on the map, small described it nicely. He had seen a number of store fronts that appeared to be shuttered which was never a good sign but that wasn't the only thing on his mind. Something appeared to be missing besides bustling businesses. It was certainly too early to be closed on such an important day.

His eyes narrowed as he realized what he wasn't seeing and he pulled from the stop sign to an available parking space around the central hub of the town, the old but quite charming courthouse. The streets ran around it on each side with cafes, shops and the tax office facing it. There wasn't a parking meter and it wasn't marked off limits to civilians even though a police vehicle was only a few spots away. The door opened and he slid out of his seat to look around. His eyes squinted in concern. "Where are the Christmas lights? The nativity scene? Reindeer? Snowmen? Elves? Trees? Where are the confounded Christmas decorations and lights?"

It was obvious now why the air of the town had seemed heavy and dreary. No ornaments were hung from street lights, no festive decorations adorned mail boxes. No lights were strung from poles and fanned out to look like fir trees. Santiago Klausenheimer seemed to deflate momentarily before puffing back up even more determined than before.

"I will find out what's going on here and set things right." He huffed and he puffed then got a twinkle in his eye. "But first that appointment." Nothing could be allowed to get in the way of festivities, not even the lack of a festive atmosphere. And if anyone knew how to party, why by gum it was he!

The snow crunched under his feet like muffled corn flakes as he spotted the object of his search, the police station which was set against the far corner of the square, he was whistling a jolly tune as he made straight for it after determining there was no time limit on his parking space. He brushed past a tree limb that reached out over the sidewalk and was greeted with a shower of snow which gave him a laugh as he shook his head. The snow went flying off of the new red toque that he had taken from a glove box.

[illegible]

He walked through the door and up to the front desk, his smile was wide as he neared it and he held out his right hand.

"Hello. Santiago Klausenheimer is my name and I understand you have one of my staff in your custody so I'm here to see what needs to be done to get her released." He pulled out his cred as she looked at him suspiciously. "As you can see, Doctor of Psychiatry at the Rudolph Kesmer Institute upstate. Feel free to take your time checking it out, I'll make myself comfortable." He winked at her as he handed over the document. "I'm in and out of places like this all the time, you wouldn't believe how many future patients who need a bit of cheer end up in police stations." He whistled cheerfully as she went about her business.

(Reply: Police staff)

(Posted by Charles G)

(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost - Chocolate Kisses and Cakes - Quinna Solice and
 Tavy as Tallulah "Tally" Jones -- 1250)

Quinna stood at the counter and wiped it down again. She looked at her customers when she heard the ding. She went back to the back and pulled a couple of freshly baked pans of Chocolate Croissants. Walking back with a plate, she took it to Happy. "Please, on me. Sometimes the caregiver can be forgotten."

(Reply Happy)

“I am sorry about the scene earlier. Sometimes the town can be over cautious.” Quinna Explained. She turned when she heard the Bell of the door.

Tavay entered the Cafe, “It is getting Chilly out there.” She was not referring to the temperature. The Cafe was warm and decorated. A Christmas tree hung upside down from the rafters. The red lights with the white ordinates make the tree look like a candy cane. The Greenery garland draped around makes the outdoors feel inside. Tavay moved to the counter.

Quinna noticed the Romulan and smiled. She was happy to see that Tavay made it. “Oh wow, I cannot believe you are here,” Quinna said as she went all fangirl. “Tallulah Jones.”

"Oh hello," Tavay said, "Another Fan?"

“Oh, I am sorry, yes. I am normally more reserved.” Quinna said.

"How old are your children," Tavay asked.

Quinna frowned, “I have not been given the pleasure of children but once a month I have a children’s corner here in the cafe and I read your books to the kids.”

“Well then Nice to meet you....”

“Quinna, Welcome to my Cafe.” Quinna held out a hand.

“Nice to meet you. I don’t suppose you can make an eggnog latte?” Tavay ordered.

“Absolutely, Ms. Jones.” Quinna got to work on the Latte and plated some cranberry biscotti. “The biscotti is perfect for the Latte. On the house.” Quinna said.

“Thank you, and please call me Tally. This is a little embarrassing but my new series of books start January 1st and well I have a zoom interview in 30 minutes.”

“Actually I have a backroom reserved for overflow customers. All decorated for the holidays. You are welcome to use it. It can be closed off for privacy.” Quinna pointed the way. Quinna walked into the room with Tavay and used a remote to turn on the Christmas lights around the room. It was illuminated perfectly. Quinna put the Latte and the Biscotti down in the perfect spot with the best lighting. Tavay thanked Quinna and Quinna left the room, closing the door behind her.

(Reply If you like. We now have a children's book author in the mix)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

To say that Drew Taylor was a police officer was like saying a lifeguard at a pool was medically trained for surgery. He had taken criminal justice classes at the community college in the next town over, and he was physically fit. He had proved himself more than capable of taking care of the administrative duties of the station, but he did not have a great deal of experience of dealing with crime, especially in a small town like Lost.

NRPG: Imagine Barney Fife, but not a buffoon, just young.

RPG:

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.

"Doctor... Klausenheimer?" she offered her hand, "Please come in and take a seat."

She moved and sat behind her desk before she started. "So I understand that you are here for Ms. Holly Snow. Your arrival right now is quite timely, and a little unexpected as she called you a very short time ago. May I ask how you know her? Does she work for you?"

She thought that was a most dubious proposal, especially considering the woman's own lack of credentials. She surmised that she was, most likely a patient, but the jump to that conclusion without more information would be inappropriate at this time. She sat forward and watched the rather heavyset man, with a short white beard answer.

(reply Hammons (Klausenheimer))

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost - Town Square - Steven Hammons as Santiago Klausenheimer-1255)

Santiago had meandered about the foyer as the policeman placed a call then left the front desk. The lobby was sad and dreary like the rest of town but nothing could spoil his carefree demeanor, Christmas was coming soon and last minute preparations would not be derailed. There was work to be done and he was on the job!

The officer soon reappeared and escorted him to his superior.

"Doctor... Klausenheimer? Please come in and take a seat."

Santiago pumped her hand enthusiastically before sitting down with a jolly smile and a chuckle.

"So I understand that you are here for Ms. Holly Snow. Your arrival right now is quite timely, and a little unexpected as she called you a very short time ago. May I ask how you know her? Does she work for you?"

"Oh the timing was quite fine as you say..." he winked. "... I was nearby when I got the call and dashed right over. As for her employment status you might say she is a seasonal employee " He gave her a big smile as he pulled an envelope from the pocket of his voluminous coat.

"Holly is also a resident if you know what I mean." He gave her a quite striking smile then opened the envelope and its contents spilled out onto the desk. "Her driver's license along with a few things she likes keeping with her, she left the Institute on a short errand for me and forgot them. She is a bit absent minded you see. I had an opening in my schedule and was on my way to deliver them after my other appointment just outside of town."

He saw the look on her face and gave a jaunty wave of his hand. "I'm glad she caught me there, it made finding her so much easier."

(Reply: Officer)

The door opened and he turned to see the object of his errand enter. A bright smile was on his face. "Ah Holly, there you are! I was just explaining to this fine lady how you had forgotten to bring your identification with you. I'm so glad I was able to get here in such short order, a ... ah twinkling you might say."

(Reply: Holly)

He chuckled as he rose and stepped away from the chair so that she could sit then turned his attention back to the officer. "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."

(Reply: Officer, Holly)

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." He gave another chuckle. "It appears there is a lot to do here. By the way..." he scratched his whiskers. "...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!"

He leaned forward with beetled brows. "What pray tell has happened to Christmas here?"

(Reply: Officer, Holly)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

Tanya was not easily swayed by the demeanor of others, but this Dr. Klausenheimer was very disarming. For lack of a better word, she found him charming. However, his light way did not detract from the police chief's need to get answers to her questions.

When he mentioned that she was a resident of his institution she wondered what kind of treatment center allowed their residents to come and go freely. However, it was the first thing that had been said about the woman that made sense. Then he spilled the contents of an envelope onto her desk. She picked up the driver's license and began to inspect it. The

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."

She walked the pair out and down the road to his big red car. It was not a brand that she easily recognized. But T'Mur was not an expert at such forms of transportation.

(reply Klausenheimer, Holly)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost - Steven Hammons as Santiago Klausenheimer-1258)

"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."

"I see " Santiago followed her from the police station with Holly in tow after she had gathered her "belongings" he had brought with him. They were all legit of course because magic makes anything possible. Holly Snow did indeed have a driver's license from the Alaskan DMV though they weren't perhaps aware of it yet, should a search be made through their records however one would be found. No one would remember setting it up bit it still existed.

He noticed the police officer squinting her eyes at the silver medallion adorning the grill of the car and chuckled. It could be mistaken for a number of things and that was why he had chosen it. You wouldn't know from looking at it that it represented a reindeer's hoof.

He stopped at the driver's side door. "Thank you for your time officer, come Holly we must be off, there is much to do and a short time to do it in."

(Reply: Officer, Holly)

The car purred to life and he waved jauntily to Tanya as he backed out of the parking space. "Ho, ho, ho!" He boomed as they drove off.

He turned his jolly face to Holly and dropped the pretense. "Tell me Holly what happened since you came to town and leave nothing out. Everything you've seen and heard. I must know all so that we can fix things quickly. Christmas is almost here and we have little time."

(Reply: Holly)

"Oh Holly, Holly." His laughter was bigger than the vehicle and boomed through the interior. "You forgot the first rule outside of the North Pole. Children hold the magic of Christmas but when they are grown it loses its power because they do not believe. Adults won't listen to you, won't believe you. To them there are no elves, no Santa Claus. To them Christmas is a holiday and a chance to shower their children and others with gifts. They think of Christmas as a grand charade." He pulled over momentarily and

reached into the center console of the car to remove the red cap fringed with white and placed it on his head then set the red woolen toque within.

As they drove off again he resumed. "That's why I go around in disguise. Do you think they would believe me if I told them I was Saint Nick?" His belly jiggled like a bowl full of jelly at his laughter. "No they would not. But enough of this, we have a person in this town in need of assistance and little time to save Christmas."

He accelerated to the speed limit. "And I'm hungry for a cookie and a glass of milk."

(Reply: Holly)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost - Chocolate Kisses and Cakes - Steven Hammons as Santiago Klausenheimer-1310)

The jolly man with his assistant stopped at the door and he turned to her with a twinkle in his eye. "Now Holly the lady inside is in a pickle. She has not only lost the magic of Christmas but is in deep depression and despair. This is our first task and after that we will tackle the larger issue in Lost." He removed a picture from a deep pocket and handed it to her. "Thus man is nearby and his name is Michael Smith. Find him and make sure he gets here quickly while I go inside and bring a bit of cheer."

(Reply: Holly)

"Santiago" chuckled as he opened the door and stepped inside. The cap was set rakishly upon his head and he was sporting a beaming smile as he made his way to the counter and began to survey the contents. His mouth watered at the cakes, pies and cookies laid out carefully within.

"Ah miss if you please." He got the attention of the sad faced woman behind the counter and fixed her with a bright smile. "What kind of cake would you recommend for a reunion?"

(Reply: Tallulah)

"The German chocolate is my favorite. Please box one up along with a dozen cookies. I'll happily eat one of them as you are getting the order together." He pulled a wad of twenties from another pocket and dropped three on the counter as he gave her a wink.

(Reply: Tallulah)

"You appear to have something weighing on your mind." He chatted as she worked. "Feel free to unburden yourself, there is magic in sharing and I'm a doctor who sees a cure in your future. How may I assist you?" He moved to the far side of the counter so that she turned with her back to the door as she spoke to him.

(Reply: Tallulah)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

Holly left the Police station in her disguised form. She listened to Santa of instructions what needed to be done next. She understood what she had to do. She didn't know who this Micheal Smith is but if Santa wanted to see him, it was her job to bring him to Santa. She returned to Chocolate Kisses and Cakes to find the kids Lilly and Logan have left. They probably were in the park sledding or ice skating. She wasn't very good at skating but could sled very well. She searched around for Mr. Smith. She found him in a corner of the café. She approached his table and took a seat.

"Hello. My name is Holly Snow. I am instructed by my boss to bring you to him. That is all I was told for instructions. I had the special hot chocolate earlier. It was very good. I could have another."

(Reply Smith)
(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

The crisp snow crunched beneath his feet as he walked down the uncovered sidewalk on the far side from the shops of an unfamiliar town center. Something inside him told him he should know them, but this was the first time he'd laid eyes on them.

He pulled out his wallet and looked at the driver's license. The picture was the face he'd come accustomed to seeing in the mirror. But what was even more uncomfortable was not recognizing the name and address that were clearly his.

He had no way of knowing where that address was. He had hoped that it would all come back to him. But nothing. The doctors had told him it would take time. But he was running short of patience. And body warmth.

He looked across the street and saw a what looked like a cafe. Chocolate Kisses and Cakes? He lagged to himself. ~Why not?~. He looked down the slushy streets and saw no cars, anywhere. Not even the sound of cars was heard. He crossed the street and looked inside. There were not many people inside, and he didn't recognize any faces.

The door opened with a jingle of bells. Stepping inside he stomped the snow off his feet on the mat and closed the door behind him. He moved over to the counter and sat on a stool. He could start to feel the warmth return to his fingers and toes.

The woman working behind the counter had her back turned and looked busy. Perhaps she just didn't hear the bells on the door. He wasn't sure how that was possible but it's amazing what the brain can tune out.

“Excuse me miss,” he finally said, “would it be possible to get a cup of hot chocolate?”

[illegible]

Quinna looked around and took a sip of her coffee. A beep went off. She looked at the cellphone and it was a message from her brother. He needed to see her because there was a bit of a crisis.

“Esther?” Quinna called out. Her helper was nowhere to be found. Quinna had a look of panic on her face.

“Ummm, yeah. How did you do?” Quinna asked.

"Thank you," Quinna said as she grabbed her jacket and left.

“You two are such a cute couple. Here, Cocoa is on the house. Y’all let me know if you need anything.”

Tally went back to the counter. She picked up her phone and she was looking at a message from her Editor. She frowned. Her editor was planning on more National interviews and a book tour. She was tired and needed a break and a place to write her newest series.

"Ah miss if you please." He got the attention of the sad faced woman behind the counter and fixed her with a bright smile. "What kind of cake would you recommend for a reunion?"

"I always have a German Chocolate cake for my gatherings," Tally said.

"German chocolate is my favorite. Please box one up along with a dozen cookies. I'll happily eat one of them as you are getting the order together." He pulled a wad of twenties from another pocket and dropped three on the counter as he gave her a wink.

“Ahh you're sweet” Tally said in her southern tone. “

"You appear to have something weighing on your mind." He chatted as she worked. "Feel free to unburden yourself, there is magic in sharing and I'm a doctor who sees a cure in your future. How may I assist you?" He moved to the far side of the counter so that she turned with her back to the door as she spoke to him.

"Ahh it is just work. My Editors have scheduled me with more hours of interviews and such. I am Tallulaha Jones." She said, "People call me Tally." She held out her hand for the introduction.

(Reply Hammons)

“Oh. I don’t really work here. I am covering for the owner. She had some sort of emergency. Not sure about the reason, but I said I would cover things.”

(Reply Hammons)

(Played by Kris B)

[illegible]

Michael had rubbed his hands together and moved over to a booth. He sat down, facing the door, and watched the few people in the cafe. He leaned back, closed his eyes, and enjoyed the warmth reenter his body. When he opened his eyes he was surprised to see a young woman taking the seat across from him. There was something a little odd about her, and he felt it was a bit rude for her to not even ask if the seat was taken.

"Hello," the woman started, "my name is Holly Snow. I am instructed by my boss to bring you to him. That is all I was told for instructions." Michael looked at her, letting the words sink in. "I had the special hot chocolate earlier. It was very good. I could have another."

"Excuse me," Michael said trying to place a memory to either the name or the face, "do I know. you? Or more precisely, do you know me?"

Suddenly the waitress came over to them with two cups of hot chocolate, "You two are such a cute couple. Here, Cocoa is on the house. Y'all let me know if you need anything."

Before he could get the words, "We're not a couple," out she was gone, and back behind the counter.

"Look, who is this "boss" who wants you to take me to him? Does he know me?" Then thought about those words and took a more menacing look."And what if I chose not to accompany you? What possible reason would I have to go with you?"

(reply Holly)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

Quinna headed back to the Cafe. She had her 3-year-old Niece with her as her nephew decided to make a surprise early entrance into the world. She wondered if there was a hidden meaning to this message. She walked back into the Cafe and looked around. Everything seemed to be in order.

Tally was talking to a stately man. Quinna's eyes saw Holly but did not focus on her companion because her niece called out to her.

“Mano, Cookie, Please.” the girl kissed Quinna’s hand.

“Of course, my dear,” Quinna said as she moved to be behind the counter with the girl. She picked up the girl and put her on the counter. She then handed the girl a chocolate gingerbread man. She was able to take a look around as she removed jackets and gloves. She saw him. Her hands started to shake and a couple of tears ran down her eyes.

“Michael?” Quinna said rather loudly but stood there without moving.

(Reply Michael, Tavay, Hammons, Trei, any in Cafe)

(posted by Kris B.)

[illegible]

“Michael

Michael heard the voice say his name from across the room. He didn't react immediately, since he was still getting used to that being his name. But it finally crossed his mind who the voice was talking to. He

looked up at saw a young blonde woman looking at him. It was a look of surprise. More importantly, it was a look of recognition.

He got up from his table and walked across the room, stopping in front of the woman. His knew that he should know this woman, but rack his mind as he did all he got was an inkling of a sense of recognition.

He looked at her carefully and said, "You... you know me?"

(reply Quinna)

"Who are you?" he asked. "How do you know me?"

(reply Quinna)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

Quinna stood there. She was not moving. The man had come up to her. Quinna was not sure what to think.

He looked at her carefully and said, "You... you know me?"

Quinna tried to reach out but pulled back. He was there. He was in front of her. He was gone. “Michael” Then it hit her that he was talking to you.

“Who are you?” he asked. “How do you know me?”

"I... I... I know you Michael." Quinna said. "I am your past."

(Reply Michael)

He had known her, she knew him. He at one point was her everything. He left her and she never gotten past it.

“Mano, you ok?” Quinna looked down at the little girl. She finally snapped out of it.

“Yeah, Baby.” She put the girl on the ground and she ran off to the play table. Quinna moved around to be face to face with Michael. “I’m Sorry. I am Quinna. And yes I do know you.” A tear rolled down her face.

(Reply Michael)

"You were gone, not to ever come back." Quinna said.

(Reply Michael)

(Reply Any)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

"I... I... I know you Michael." the woman said. "I am your past."

Michael blinked, those words sinking in. He wanted his brain to remember, but all he was getting was moments of brief feelings of recognition. Nothing was solid. Then the searing pain between his eyes. He rubbed the pain away, and stopped tryin to force the memory to happen. The doctors all said they would come when they come... if they come.

The sound of the little girls voice broke their tableau and the world seemed to start again, without his realization that it had stopped.

“Yeah, Baby,” the woman told her and put the girl on the ground to run off and play.

She moved around the counter to stand face to face with him. “I’m Sorry. I am Quinna. And yes I do know you.”

Michael noticed a tear in her eye that started to roll down her cheek. But the wellspring of joy at being known by somebody overwhelmed him. He threw his arms around her and pulled her into a hug.

“Oh, thank God, I thought I’d never meet anyone who knew me, who could help me.”

"You were gone, not to ever come back." Quinna said.

He didn't want to let her go, but her words bored into him. He stepped back but kept his hands on her shoulders, looking confused.

"Gone?" he asked.

A flash of a memory shot through his mind. It was him telling Quinna, “If I don’t leave this town I never will. I have to do this now.”

Then the flash was gone. He suddenly realized that his grip on this woman was a little stronger than he'd anticipated. He let go and stepped back.

"I have so many questions," he said. "Can we get together later and talk?"

(reply Quinna, any)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost -Chocolate Kisses and Cakes - Steven Hammons as Santiago Klaisenheimer - 1335)

He chuckled from the booth he had settled in at while munching cookies, the two had met and he saw his opening as they were lost in each other. Slipping over he deposited the boxed up cake on their table in a twinkling and was out the door in a flash.

He hadn't been noticed and was in a jolly mood as he met Holly outside.

"Well done Holly! Now it's time for me to make a phone call."

(Reply: Holly)

There was a pay phone in a nearby shop and he had a pocket with plenty of quarters so he punched in the number.

=^= Rudolph Kesmer Institute.=^=

"This is Big Red." He grinned.

=^= YES SIR! What can I do for you boss? ^=^=

"You remember the small warehouse stocked with decorations on standby?"

=^= Of course, where do you want them? ^=^=

"Town of Lost. It's where I'm calling from. Pack everything up now and send it here. Send an emergency team with it. I want this town decked out with boughs of holly, tinsel, lights, reindeer and everything else. When the town stirs I want their spirits lifted from the moment they wake up to a blaze of Christmas lights. Got it?"

=^= Of course Santa, er ah I mean Big Red. I'm already all over it.=^=

At the North Pole the emergency response plan had already gone into action. Specific elves that weren't on duty were throwing on stocking caps, gloves and coats due to the whooping sirens and flashing lights.

"Good. We will wrap things up here in the meanwhile. Big Red out."

He hung up the phone. "Come Holly we have a few more stops to make."

(Reply: Holly)

They jumped in the car and were off like a shot, so fast no one saw them, no one in the lot. "Come Holly the Mayor must receive good news, it's time to make a donation that will chase away her blues."

(Reply: Holly)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost -Chocolate Kisses and Cakes - Quinna Solice - 1337)

“Gone?” he asked.

A flash of a memory shot through his mind. It was him telling Quinna, “If I don’t leave this town I never will. I have to do this now.”

"I have so many questions," he said. "Can we get together later and talk?"

Taking a deep breath, Quinna was still not processing what was going on both in the Holosuite and in the program. Was Preston playing a trick or her?

“I would like that. I close at 4 pm.” Quinna thought for a moment. “Zoey and I should be back at my house by 4:30.” Quinna said. Quinna knew she had Zoey but Michael was there.

(Reply Michael)

"You know, we can talk, right here, right now." Quinna suggested

(Reply Michael)

"I don't want to lose you again."

(Reply Michael)

(Reply anyone in Cafe)

(posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

“I would like that. I close at 4 pm.” Quinna said then paused for a moment. “Zoey and I should be back at my house by 4:30.”

“Zoey?” Michael asked. “Is that your roommate?”

"You know, we can talk, right here, right now." Quinna suggested

"I just figured you had to work. But if you want to talk now, I literally have nowhere to be, or to go did that matter," he tries to ease the tension with a bad joke.

"I don't want to lose you again," Quinna said. The look on her face said a great deal more.

He shook his head, “Again? I want to find out more about who I was. Now I need to find out who you are. And how you lost me.”

He looked over to notice that the girl, Holly Snow, had left. it had all seemed so surreal. Was she ever there? But the second cup of hot chocolate was evidence. He turned back to Quinna.

“Listen,” he said, “I have a cup of hot chocolate waiting for me. I’ll sit down and drink it. Slowly. It might take me a while. Then, when you have time, you can join me and then get... reacquainted. Okay?”

Instinctively he reached out and brushed Quinna's hair behind her ear and smiled. Then he turned and went back to his table, sitting with an air of resolve. He picked up the cocoa and took a sip of the cooled hot chocolate. He didn't care. He was going to wait.

(posted by Al Muir)

(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Holly Snow - 13.39)

(Reply Santiago)

[illegible]

"Listen," he said, "I have a cup of hot chocolate waiting for me. I'll sit down and drink it. Slowly. It might take me a while. Then, when you have time, you can join me and then get... reacquainted. Okay?"

Quinna started a new Hot Chocolate. She started to warm eggnog, and started to prepare a white chocolate eggnog cocoa with whipped topping and Shaved milk Chocolate. Looking around, she noticed her Niece taking a nap in the toy center and the rest of the place was mostly empty.

(Reply Weston/Smith)

“So has anything come back to you since you have been here?” Quinna asked. “I saw the black stare on your face. You do not recognize me.”

(Reply Weston/Smith)

“You are Michael, and you were my fiancée. You left to establish a life outside of here. You knew you could. I could not leave yet, but you could not stay.” This was hard for Quinna.

(Reply Weston/Smith)

(posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

Michael had noted a box on his table when he sat down. He opened it to find a german chocolate cake inside. Intriguing. Didn't that old man purchase this cake? Still, not one to look a gift horse in the mouth he picked up a knife and cut a slice. He watched Quinna as he put the coconut-covered cake into his mouth. She was very attractive. Her shoulder-length blonde hair framed her pretty face. And when she smiled, she smiled with her entire body, and she practically glowed. But there was a sadness in her eyes.

After a time she came over with a cup of coffee and another drink for him, "Here, let me offer you a fresh drink."

Michael accepted the cup of hot liquid and took a sip, "Mmm, that's good. I can't say I was ever a hot chocolate kind of a guy but this is delicious."

"So has anything come back to you since you have been here?" Quinna asked. "I saw the blank stare on your face. You do not recognize me."

Michael shook his head and frowned. "No, nothing. I get a vague sense of recognition with you, a sense of familiarity. But no, nothing that I would call a memory. There's been a flash of me saying that I had to leave." The old frustration was coming back. It's hard to think of something that two months was old, but that was all he had. "Guess I'm lucky to know my name."

"You are Michael," Quinna said, "and you were my fiance. You left to establish a life outside of here. You know you could. I could not leave yet, but you could not stay."

His mind flashed back again. *"if I don't leave this town now, I never will. I have to do this now."*

"But what about me? What about us?"

"I'll come back for you," Michael said. "I promise. How could I leave the best part of me behind."

There was that searing sensation behind his eyes again, and the memory faded.

"Fiance?" Michael asked. "Why would I leave? When did I leave? What was I like?" His frustration grew at his lack of knowledge about himself, and he slammed the flat of his hand on the table. "Damn it, I wish I knew *who* I was."

(reply Quinna)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Holodeck 2- Town of Lost -Chocolate Kisses and Cakes - Quinna Solice- 1400)

"Fiance?" Michael asked. "Why would I leave? When did I leave? What was I like?" His frustration grew at his lack of knowledge about himself, and he slammed the flat of his hand on the table. "Damn it, I wish I knew *who* I was."

Quinna closed her eyes and took a sip of coffee. She did not want to relive the pain she still had not recovered from. “Isn’t who you are now more important.”

(Reply Michael)

"You have to understand, I am not sure I can." Quinna set her coffee on the table.

(Reply Michael)

“Fine.” Quinna said. “You proposed for Christmas. As a promise to return and get me. You were..I mean are an automotive designer and Engineer. When the plant closed here, so did your job. You left for work. You had to leave. You felt smothered by this town. You needed and wanted to leave. Right before that, you proposed. You promised and told me that you would be back. You never did.” Quinna was crying and got angry, “you never did. You just vanished on me. I can’t do this anymore.” Quinna stood from the table. “You do not understand, You have some new life and I am here stuck in my old and never able to move past you.” Quinna moved to the counter and unlocked the safe underneath. She pulled out a black velvet box. Without opening it, she took the box and put it on the table. “I just Can’t”

(Reply Michael)

Quinna ran into the Kitchen and found the corner that she used to curl up in.

(Reply Michael)

[illegible]

Michael chuckled, "That's what the psychiatrist kept trying to say. But how can I know who I am now when I have no connection to my past. I, at least, need a starting point. I need someone to tell me who I was. I need you to tell me. Why did I leave you?"

"Even if I was a total jerk, I can handle it. I mean I must have been a total dick if nobody ever came looking for me. All those years I was in a coma, then the months I was in therapy after. Nobody from this town ever came to find me. Somebody has to tell me who I was."

"You promise and told me that you would be back. You never did... you never did." The defeat in her voice was clear. The tears streaming down her face showed how much he had hurt her. "I can't do this anymore."

Quinna stood up and stepped away from the table. "You have some new life and I am here stuck in my old and never able to move past you." She pulled out a small box and left it on the table, before stepping behind the counter and disappearing into the kitchen with, I just can't."

Michael looked at the box, knowing what it was in it. He wanted to look at it but didn't at the same time. He decided to pocket the box until he could put the emotion behind the action. He wanted to follow Quinna. To explain to her that he had not moved on. New life? He had no new life. he had no old life. he hadn't moved on. There was no on to have moved on from. His heart ached for this woman whose heart he'd broken. And it wasn't his fault. it wasn't her fault. It just was. And the biggest problem of all was he couldn't even tell her what had happened to him.

He stood up and moved to the door. He looked back at the door to the kitchen. He could feel something for the woman. He cared about how she felt, even if he didn't know why.

He pulled out his wallet and looked at his ID card. He shrugged and stepped outside, "Wonder who else's life I can destroy today?"

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

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 the 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-----