

(USS Illuminar- Deck 11 - Main Engineering - ACEO Ensign Matrix - 1221)

He noticed a message from the Captain on his screen. A meeting at 0800 hours. Great, there is even less

"Computer, begin recording. Personal log. Stardate 2446.03.01. Dr. Solice and I have returned from our trip to Bajor. Seventy two hours in a shuttle gave us lots of time for thinking and speculating. We learned a lot, and yet, we didn't learn enough. There were several encounters with extra dimensional beings when we were examining the locket. Including one adventure where it appeared we had been driven off course and landed on an unfamiliar planet. I am not sure exactly what happened there, something about the Emissary. I can't seem to remember the details, try as I might.

There was the encounter on Deep Space 9 with Murdok. He had some useful information for us, but I was hesitant to share the most recent information with him. We have a possible origin for the star map found in the locket, and while I think the star map that was burned into Quinna's hand has something to do with it, I have not had a chance to analyze it. Let me rephrase that, I chose not to analyze it yet. Now that we are back aboard the Illuminar, I will see about clearing out astrometrics for a bit and doing the work there. It has a bigger star catalog than the shuttle, and somehow I think we'll need that power.

It was an interesting trip. And Quark never did pay me the latinum he owed me. That Ferengi is slipperier than a mellanoid slime worm. Next time, I'll have to take it from him in a game of Tongo."

Gregory paused, "Comptuter, end recording."

With those thoughts finished, he stripped off his uniform and fell onto the bed. Asleep before his head hit the pillow.

(Reply none)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar- Deck 1 - Meeting Room - CMO/3XO Lieutenant Quinna Solice - 0335)

Quinna slowly made her way to her quarters but instead, she was outside Michael's quarters. She missed him and she wanted to hold him. She decided she could not wait until morning. She let herself in and went to the bedroom.

To Quinna's dismay, the bed was empty. She wondered where Michael could be and thought that maybe he was in her quarters waiting for you. She turned to walk back out of the quarters, she felt warm fingers around her neck and fingers strategically about her throat. "Hi, Honey, I'm home."

(reply Weston)

(posted by Kris B.)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar- Deck 2 - Personal Quarters - SFI -Michael Weston - 0338)

The past few days on Risa had been very interesting. He'd had a small taste of his past life. Meeting Keera Marrul sent him and T'Mur on a joint adventure that probably left a lot of hard feelings with certain aspects of the Andorians they'd run into. Still, he wasn't exactly sure about his feelings. It

reminded him of who he had been. But it also reminded him of who he was now. And he had fallen asleep in that contemplation.

In his sleep, he did something that rarely happened, he dreamed. He dreamed of Quinna. She was in distress. Her face was sweating and her eyes closed, as though she were in pain. Then she screamed.

The sound of the door opened and his eyes opened and quickly adjusted to the lack of light. He could hear footsteps walking towards the bedroom. Silently he slipped out of the bed and found a dark corner of the room. He listened as the footsteps moved into the room and watched the silhouette stand over his bed. The silhouette turned and Weston moved.

Coming up behind the figure he grabbed under the left shoulder of the intruder and reached his right hand around and gripped their throat in his finger tips and began to apply pressure.

"Hi Honey, I'm home."

The voice of Quinna sounded strained as he quickly released her. "Oh my God Quinne, are you alright? What are you doing here?"

(reply Quinna)

"You should have called," he said, "that might not have gone as well as it did."

He pulled Quinna into a hug, half in joy to see her, and half in relief that he hadn't actually killed her. Old habits die hard.

"How was your trip?"

(reply Quinna)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar- Deck 2 - Personal Quarters - CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice - 0340)

"Oh my God Quinna, are you alright? What are you doing here?"

Quinna managed to turn around. She placed a hand on his face. “As silly as this sounds, I missed you. And you are the only place I wanted to be.”

"You should have called," he said, "that might not have gone as well as it did."

Quinna felt Michael's urgency in his hug. It was powerful and secure. She was happy to be in them again.

"How was your trip?"

(reply Weston)

(Reply Weston)

(posted by Kris B)

'I missed this. I missed you.' Quinna became lost into Michael.

Michael could feel her need. His hands reached the bottom of her shirt and he helped pull it over her head and off. He kissed behind her ear and down her neck. As he caressed her he noticed the necklace she was wearing. His hand came up and touched it gently.

Suddenly the room began to spin and dissolve. He was standing alone in a chamber, and yet he knew he was not alone. Whoever was there was just out of his range of clear vision but their combined whispers reached his ears.

Suddenly the fog lifted and a Nausican wielding an ominous looking blade stepped towards him. His disorientation disappeared and he moved into a defensive posture. The Nausican moved forward, slashing at him. Michael easily dodged the strikes until he saw an opening. The slash went up and he stepped in. As the blade came back down Michael reached up, grabbed the arm, spun his body and pulled the elbow of the Nausican across his shoulder. With a sickening snap the arm bent at an impossible angle and the blade fell to the floor. He delivered a series of elbow strikes then picked up the blade and drove it into the Nausican's chest.

Two large Orion men stepped into his range of vision. They began an attack that he was able to divert and parry. Eventually one of the Orions was able to grab him from behind. He whispered in his ear. "Your woman will make an excellent slave."

Michael looked to see Quinna in the fog reaching towards him. Fuel by the sight he dropped his weight and slipped from the Orions grasp. He turned and drove up with his legs, bringing his fist up into the Orion's nethers. Then he turned to the second Orion and delivered a flurry of blows that struck him until he fell to the ground. Michael reached in to deliver the finishing tiger claw strike, but suddenly the Orion disappeared, as did the first and the dead Nausican.

"We have seen enough," a voice called out of the mist. "He is the protector."

"Agreed," came a series of other voices.

"She is the vessel of the Emissary, the other was the deliverer, and this one is the protector."

Then Michael could sense the voices speaking to him. "Is this agreed? Will you be the protector of the Emissary and his vessel?"

Michael stood tall, visions of Quinna in trouble in his head. He knew that they were scenarios that could be, simply because he knew Quinna. She needed someone to protect her.

"I agree," Michael said.

"It is done."

Michael blinked and looked into the eyes of Quinna, looking up at him with a mixture of passion and concern.

Quinna saw the change in Michael's face. "Are you ok?"

“Umm...” he started. He didn’t know how to explain what he had just experienced. It was as though he had had a dream and was just waking up.

“You know I love you,” he continued, “and I will protect you from everything I can?”

Quinna stroked Michael's face. "I know you will. I love you too."

Then the feelings of confusion seemed to fade away as they do when you wake up from a dream. He looked down at this beautiful woman, glowing beneath him and his mind focused on the act in hand. He leaned forward and kissed her. Gently, at first, and then more enthusiastically, feeling her respond back. He figured he wouldn't be getting a lot of sleep tonight.

(reply none)

(posted by Al and Kris)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar- Deck 4- Holodeck 2 - ACSO Ensign T'Shalaith - 0704)

The room was alive with a carefully constructed version of her home on Vulcanis Lunar Colony. It was a beautiful home and had long been in her family. She had chosen the last moment she had shared with her human friend five years ago. It had been three years since the loss of her father and her mother's self-imposed exile from everything Vulcan. It had also been one year since the loss of her chief onboard her Vulcan Expeditionary Force assignment.

She stood in the security of the holodeck, the memories of the loss playing through her mind in real-time as each moment had been burned into her memory. As she was processing through her condition one memory kept returning to the surface.

Frozen in time and in the holodeck programming was the four-dimensional representation of her only human friend, Teresa Jackson. Jackson's parents had been granted permission to live on the colony as a sort of envoy from Earth and to live among the people of the colony. Teresa's skin was the same deep brown that T'Shalaith had and it gave the young Vulcan child a sense of community. Jackson was there in part to learn about the Vulcan culture that had been deeply rooted for some time on the moon T'Rukhema as it hurtled around in orbit of the Vulcan sister planet, T'Khut.

It was also a space for T'Shalaith to study and learn about humans. They would spend the next twenty-two years growing up together, studying together, and experiencing life together. The connection that had been forged would have unsettled the purists among some Vulcans, but on Vulcanis it was encouraged and celebrated. Humans did not live as long as Vulcans and as they grew up and into the world around them the discussion on how they would navigate one outliving the other became an inside joke between the two.

The frozen faux image of Jackson remained in the living room of her family home, staring forward with the beginnings of a frown on her friend's face. She remembered this as the last time they had spoken, and that Teresa had fled in tears after they had first discussed, then argued back and forth until it escalated into shouting from T'Shalaith. This moment had been returning to the front of her mind.

breaking her concentration. It was a moment of confusion for T'Shalaith as she was starting to wonder what part her close and intimate friendship with Jackson had played in her broken bond mate.

As Teresa had turned and left the room in tears she had looked T'Shalaith straight in the eyes and said, "I love you, friend. I'll love you forever. Please find me when you're able. I will miss you."

There had been no one to turn to. Her father dead, her mother having exiled herself from Vulcan upon his death, and the remainder of her family had left the colony for other places far and wide in the galaxy. She had stood alone in the living room, empty. Her memory held images of tears falling from her eyes. She reflected on the loss her heart had experienced that day. It was no longer a question of if Teresa's loss had affected her...it was now a question of how much.

She felt the urge to tell the computer to begin the program, but she couldn't find the strength to push the words to her mouth. That year had been one of mastering her emotional control and the moment where Teresa left had solidified her fanatical devotion to ensuring the walls, the boxes - everything must be contained, managed, and secured.

The question left sifting in the remains of her thoughts was jarring as it was expected - had she done the right thing? Had earnestly harnessing her pain, her loss, and her feelings come at a higher price?

She blinked as her PADD reminded her of the impending meeting in the room with Temas. The time had passed quickly as she had ruminated. A practice of mediation, and a few breathing exercises and she was under better control than before.

"Computer save and end program." The computer beeped and the world around vanished into yellow lines and a black background.

The doubts remained. The questions unanswered.

(reply none)

(posted by Aaron D.)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar- Deck 1 - Meeting Room - CO - Captain Sekal, Commander Sienna Verin, Lieutenant Commander Dieter Gregory, Lieutenant Quinna Solice, Lieutenant T'Mur and Ensign Bohb - 0800)

Sekal and Sienna were sitting at the table as the others filed in. A number of small black boxes were set at the CO's right hand.

Sienna sat with a bit of a worried expression on her features. The last few days had been rough, but she nodded to Gregory and Quinna when they came in. Sienna's eyes narrowed at Quinna. Something was... different about her. Sienna wasn't sure what had changed, but something had. She kept herself shielded as tightly as she could, not wanting to spoil the surprise of T'Mur's promotion.

Gergory was tired. He and Quinna had made it back to the ship late last night. By the time he had signed back the craft, and made it to his room it was after 3 am. Now he was here, sipping his extra strength tea, trying to keep awake.

Quinna made her way to the meeting room carrying her signature to go coffee cup. By now she had carried it so much, you would have thought it surgically attached to her hand. Finding her typical seat at the table, she sat there and looked blankly at the table.

T'Mur had been asked to attend the meeting. When she stepped through the door she looked immediately to Sienna. She was atypically closed to her, which brought an eyebrow raise. However she would not press the issue just yet. Her gaze then moved to Sekal and she acknowledged him with a nod.

When she looked at Gregory he looked a little more haggard than usually. What was the phrase Sienna would use? He looked like a cat had dragged him in. Quinn didn't look much better. And she had a glow about her. T'Mur wondered what happened on her trip with Gregory. She took her seat across from Sienna and looked into her eyes, sending her a sense of love.

The door opened again and Bohb filled the entrance. He laughed loudly. "My friends. So good to see you all."

He walked around the table and clapped Sekal on the shoulder. "Son of Saleke, we seem to be having a shindig going on." He moved over to Verin and picked up her hand gently, putting the back of his hand in her palm. "Commander, looking as lovely as ever."

When he approached Dr. Solice he sniffed the air and smiled, giving her a wink. Then he couldn't help himself, he pulled her into a hug. "Forgive my familiarity Doctor. I am happy to see you."

As he walked behind Gregory he gave him a slight shove on his shoulder. "Lt. Commander, I may have something to show you soon."

Gregory nodded to the engineer, "I look forward to hearing, once I catch up."

Finally he found the seat next to T'Mur. He managed to control himself enough to only rub the top of her head. "Lieutenant T'Mur."

"Mr. Bohb," T'Mur replied, "it is pleasant to see you."

"Mr. Bohb." Sekal gave a small nod to the Magellan then scanned the table. "My thanks to you all for attending, there is a matter of ship's business to attend to." He picked up the box on the right and handed it to Sienna. "Commander Verin has first honors." He then stood to his feet as the spectacle began.

Sienna stood, a grin transforming her features, "Lt. T'Mur please stand and come to stand before me." Sy waited for her lifemate to move before her.

"By order of Starfleet Command, you are hereby promoted to full Lieutenant. I am so proud of you." Emotion shone in her eyes as Sy's trembling hands unhooked the blank pip, replacing it with a full one. Sy couldn't help brushing her hand along T'Mur's in a display of vulcan intimacy as she dropped her shields and blasted T with her love, adoration and pride.

The sudden release of Sienna's pent up emotions was almost overwhelming. She managed to suppress the onslaught enough to acknowledge her promotion. The sensation of Sy's hand on hers gave her the urge to reach up and touch her cheek. But that would have been inappropriate.

"Thank you, Commander," she said. But through their bond she sent, ::We shall celebrate tonight::

Sekal lifted his hand in the Vulcan salute toward T'Mur. "Congratulations Lieutenant."

Gregory started clapping as Commander Verin pinned the new pip on Lieutenant T'Mur's collar. A well deserved promotion for the tactical officer who was really coming into her own as part of the bridge team.

Once Sienna and T'Mur had sat down, Gregory stood up and moved to the front of the room. He pointed at Quinna and motioned her to join him.

Quinna gave a puzzled look but stood. It took all effort to let go of her coffee. She moved as directed next to Dieter.

Taking another one of the boxes, he opened it and spoke. "Attention to Orders. The Admiralty of Star Fleet, upon recommendation of the Captain of the USS Illuminar has placed special trust and confidence in the integrity and abilities of Lieutenant Quinna Solice. In view of these special qualities, and her ample demonstrated potential to serve in a higher grade, Lieutenant Solice is hereby promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Commander, with all the rights, privileges, honors and responsibilities that rank entails."

He lifted the pip from the box and placed the black pip on her collar. Stepping back, he saluted her. "Congratulations Lieutenant Commander," he said, holding out his hand to her.

A smile crossed her face. She could not believe this.

Sekal stepped forward and offered his hand. "Congratulations Lieutenant Commander."

Quinna took the Captain's hand, "Thank you, sir" Quinna returned to her seat but you could tell she was sitting just a little bit taller.

Sekal returned to the head of the table and picked up the final box. "Mr. Bohb you returned to the fleet at a greatly reduced rank at my request and your abilities have been well demonstrated in service to this ship and crew. While I cannot completely reinstate that rank at this time your contributions exceed that of an Ensign. Please step forward."

As Bohb stopped he reached up and added a full pip to the empty one on his collar. "By the order of StarFleet Command you are hereby promoted to Lieutenant junior grade. Congratulations." He then held out his hand in the time honored custom.

Bohb beamed. He grabbed the CO's hand and shook it firmly. "Thank you Captain."

Then he turned to Solice and smiled. "Lt. Commander, I do believe the last time that rank was given on this ship there was an event." He looked at Gregory, "Is that not so Lt. Commander Gregory? I believe it was called a... wetting?"

Gregory chuckled, "The tradition, Mr. Bohb, is the Wetting Down, and traditionally organized by the newly promoted officer. However, not everyone is a traditionalist like myself."

Quinna turned at looked at Dieter and Bohb. "It is a good thing I am all for tradition."

Sekal cocked an eyebrow at the conversation. "Water will certainly be involved and if assistance in planning is required I will be available."

(Reply: None)

(Posted by

Charles G- Sekal

Melinda G- Sienna

Tim Bushnell- Gregory

Kris Bailey- Quinna

Al Muir- T'Mur and Bohb)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar- Deck 4- Holodeck 2 - ACSO Ensign T'Shalaith and Temas Laredo - 0800)

She was to see the CMO next. First up on her list was Mr. Teras. His unique history and experience with Luna could grant T'shalaith a helpful reprieve from her impending madness. T'shalaith stood in the holodeck, the yellow lines allowing her to focus on something other than what lay ahead. Logically it was simply a conversation and discussion on her condition with Teras. Logically it was seeing what help he could render in addressing and maintaining her control in her situation. There was the element of trusting someone with something so...intimate and personal. That was the struggle for the ACSO. It had always been for her. Her preference was to be alone and focus on research or a project or two. Finding her way aboard the Illuminar was challenging those notions she held. Teras appeared to be part of the process of, for lack of a better word, processing through the challenge. The door to the holodeck opened and Teras arrived.

When the Betazoid stepped into the holodeck he was initially surprised at how hollow it all seemed. The yellow grid on the black walls was a little mesmerizing. And the only thing in the room was T'Shalaith. The Vulcan had agreed to meet with him a few times a week but he had not expected her to ask to meet on the holodeck.

This was actually the first holodeck experience that he'd personally had. He'd stolen images from others and their experiences, but he had never used one himself. He had convinced himself that it would be an intriguing experience. Knowing his past he was a little concerned. However, he was here for T'Shalaith.

"Hello Ensign," he greeted the woman. "I'm glad we could get together. What did you have in mind?"

The ACSO greeted him in return, "It is agreeable to see you again, Mr. Teras. I am meeting with the Chief Medical Officer, Dr. Quinna Solice later today to address the medical side of my...condition. There is an additional layer to the situation at hand."

"An additional layer?" Teras was intrigued.

She gave a slight nod, "As much as the condition is a normal physiological response and condition...it is also a disagreement within the mind that needs tending."

"I've done some extensive research in the area of Vulcan mating," Teras said. "I only say this to assure you that I'm not ignorant of the typical process and of the discomfort discussing it causes. Please rest assured that I'm familiar with the condition and many of its aberrations. Your circumstances are quite unique though. So how can I help you?"

T'Shalaith thought for a moment. "It is twofold. I am in need of assistance in managing my mind and emotions during this time. Your knowledge and experience with Vulcans are a part of it. The other is your bond with Luna." She paused again. "There is one more thing. I will ask the doctor this question, but I must also ask it of you."

"What do you want to know?" Teras asked.

The ACSO answered, "What possibilities of bond mates exist on the Illuminar...if I am to avoid destruction by body and mind and if I am unable to locate one outside of the ship...I must consider the numerical and logical possibility of addressing my needs with someone on board." S

he felt a slight relief at having said it but also knowing she'd have to ask it again of the CMO. She did not experience awkwardness in the same manner as others, but it did not negate the challenge of putting the question to someone not well known to her. Trust was a process.

Teras blinked in surprise, "Now that is a question." He thought for a minute and began to pace as he walked. "To be honest, I am not really familiar with most of the crew. I've only been here a few weeks. So I'm not really familiar with the... ummm... availability of much of the crew. You are an attractive young woman. I'm certain, over time, many of the crew might prove to be suitable mates for you. But time is not on our side."

He paused and walked around the holodeck for a moment. He had a doctorate in Interspecies Psychology and a doctorate in Intergalactic Law, but this was something he was not exactly prepared for.

"You pose a most interesting question, Ms. T'Shalaith," he said. "Would you give me some time to research this... proposal?"

The ACSO gave a slight nod. It was an odd request, and it would have been further odd to have it come from someone like T'Shalaith. She considered how many of the usual rules of hers had been broken recently. She wasn't sure if it had something to do with her current condition or if somehow she was adjusting to co-existing with others. "Indeed, Mr. Teras. Take what time you need." She turned to look at the holodeck, "If you haven't made use of the facilities, I would recommend it. Escaping from

(USS Illuminar – Sickbay – Deck 5 – ASCO Ensign T'shalaith and CMO/ 3XO Lt. Commander Quinna Solice – 1000)

T'shalaith stood outside the doors to sickbay, just far enough out for the doors to not detect her movement. Being nervous was not logical she had been telling herself several times over the last few minutes, but it wasn't having the intended effect. She had confided in two of the crew about her situation. Confiding in the two members of her crew had been the first thing she had to overcome. The second thing she had to do was to start the treatment for her bondmate failure situation. And for that, the CMO was uniquely qualified. The ACSO stepped forward and the doors slid open. She looked around the room and found the CMO standing next to a cabinet, a focused look on her face. T'shalaith soon stood near the CMO.

Quinna could feel someone behind her. She was relieved as she had been staring into that cabinet for a while and not sure why. "Hello Ensign, T'shalaith. What do I owe the pleasure?"

The ACSO gave a slight nod, "I believe it is time to formally arrange the medical side of my treatment for my...ongoing condition.

"Should we go talk in my office?" Quinna offered.

T'shalaith agreed and followed the CMO into her office, taking the chair opposite her as the door behind her closed. A moment passed. "I have consulted with Mr. Tamas as an additional...source of assistance in this matter. I find it logical to address my condition with both body and mind." She wasn't sure if that was completely true, but it was she was holding onto at the moment.

Quinna nodded. She was happy that T'shalaith brought in someone to discuss things with.

The ACSO shifted in her chair, "You had mentioned several...methods and means with which to address this situation. How long would you approximate the effectiveness of your methods lasting?"

"Well the methods and the longevity of the methods depend on the person. Ultimately you are going to have to bond and gain that ultimate release. I have some medicines that can release your hormones as a chemical treatment. They trick your brain into thinking that you reached that release. They can lead you to agony but in the end, you will be passed the throes. Eventually, your brain will catch up and we would have to restart the process. The other is a holodeck program. The program will take your profile and create a suitable mate. Again, your brain would catch onto the deception and ..."

T'shalaith finished the sentence, "we would need to restart the process. Or it would eventually expedite the situation and send me further into a place I cannot return without..."

"A real mate would ultimately be best but those are hard to come by." Quinna added.

The ACSO leaned back in the chair, the feeling of despair simmering in the depths of her controlled emotional state. She wondered if her fate was to fail, and crater to madness in the end. There were stories told of Vulcans who had failed to bond and took it as a sign that they were not meant to live but instead to die as an example to others. It was not logical, but a Vulcan in the throes of madness generally did not subscribe to logic.

A moment of silence passed before T'shalaith spoke, "It is as you say - the true solution is to find a bond-mate." She fell silent for another moment.

“I have seen it that if a bondmate is not found, Your body will find its own, and you will not have any control.” Quinna said, “At least some of the options I gave you will give you more time.”

T'shalaith leaned forward, her eyebrow raised, "This may not fall under your...knowledge, experience, or responsibilities...but what possibilities exist onboard the Illuminar for a...feasible bondmate?"

"I am a doctor and not a matchmaker. You did say you talked to Temas. Perhaps start there. Until then. Let me give you something to take the edge off." She offered.

The ACSO pursed her lips, “Given the needs of my condition...I am willing to explore all options, doctor.”

Quinna moved to her medical replicator and ordered up a hormonal suppressant. She returned and administered the medicine. “This should last you at least 24 hours. It is not a cure-all, it is just suppressant.”

T'shalaith sat back in her chair and felt relief as the doctor dosed her. The humming sound that had been in her ears and mind slowly departed and the silence generated by her emotions was a welcome return to normal. "Thank you, doctor. Your assistance is...appreciated." She stood, gave a nod, and left the office.

(Reply none)

(Posted by Aaron D. and Kris B.)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar- Deck 1- Bridge -CO - Captain Sekal- 1115)

The Illuminar had left the Risan system and was at warp toward the Beta quadrant. Mission plans were for the ship to begin a rotation of patrols and exploration near the Klingon border to determine how far their aggressive expansion policies had pushed outward into formerly Romulan space. This would take them beyond the Alpha quadrant. The ship had been completely restocked at Risa and the crew were refreshed.

"Captain incoming transmission."

"On screen."

The starfield on the forward viewscreen was replaced by a dark haired woman in command red. Her faced showed rigid control as though she was barely succeeding from dissolving into an emotional display. She gasped in a deep gulp of air before speaking.

"To anyone who receives this message. I am Captain Wilhelmena Crocker of the USS Rhyne. We entered the system 3 days ago to investigate an anomaly and what we found..., " her voice broke up and fear flooded her face, "... we, we can't. They... they are all around us. They're everywhere. Stay away. I repeat stay away. My crew. they're..."

"Operations forward to me everything you have in the database on that ship."

Menzi entered the name of the ship as well as the name of the captain. The computer returned a null. Neither the ship designation or the Captain were showing up in the active roles. He expanded the search in case he missed something. Ah there it was. But that couldn't be. He reran the search using different parameters, but came to the same record.

"Sir," he said as the translator converted his clicking to standard. "There is no record in the active roles of that ship. However, I am pulling up a record from 2369. It is an Akira class starship, reported lost during Operation: Return, Sir."

(reply Sekal)

Vic was sitting at the navigation station. He had finally met Lieutenant Greywolf's criteria to take a rotation at the helm. It was going to be interesting.

"Mr. Montero set course and accelerate to full speed. One, eight, five mark three," the Captain called.

Vic's hands moved over the controls. "Course laid in, Sir." With the course laid in, he started accelerating to maximum warp. The ship made a lovely arc in space as it turned to the new heading.

"Estimated time to location 12 hours, 27 minutes," he reported

(Reply Bridge, Sekal)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar- Deck 10, Main Shuttle Bay - EO Ensign jg Tycho Alantar - 1116)

=^=All hands. We have intercepted an emergency distress call and are enroute to render assistance. We will maintain yellow alert until the cause of the distress call is ascertained. All departments to be fully staffed and ready to be used as necessary. Captain out.^=

Ensign Alantar poked at his console, sending acknowledgement to Ops on the bridge. His loudest personal whistle was heard directly following that, and only a moment after the call tone indicated the announcement was done.

Risa had brought a fresh batch of cadets for a training circuit and sent off the last batch with training and assignment recommendations in tow. Today was to be the first shift for these shiny new pennies, and he'd meant to have them shadow and demonstrate skills so he could better assess and assign them for the duration.

Anyone ranked was already on the move securing non-essentials and prepping the tactical vehicles; they left the stout ensign to his educational duties. He stepped forward and called clearly, "Cadets!

I'm sure you all have the protocols for yellow alert memorised by now, or you wouldn't be on this ship. Eyes here please!"

Smiling he continued as the group stood to parade ease and turned all their attention to him, "I was planning on giving you all an easy first day, but it seems we are destined to challenge you via something as yet to be revealed."

Tycho spoke with the patter of an experienced hand, and a natural air that put the cadets at ease. The excitement was still palpable amongst them, no doubt, but he was able to keep them level headed. Picking up a PADD he quickly grouped them as teams of 3 and assigned each group to a single department area. He sent the info to each of their own devices and continued his instruction.

"I have just sent you each a team assignment and a duty assignment. Teams are to follow their assignment until I instruct otherwise. Normally these assignments would be on the holodeck or otherwise simulated to familiarise you to this ship's operations, today you are doing these live. Each of you has access to the ship's layout, and I have assigned one team to each of 5 major sectors of the ship."

Tycho gave them a second to open their PADDs and pull up their information, then continued as Yellow alert meant no time to dawdle. "You are to enact repairs as needed in the sector you are assigned to, and carry out orders you are given. I am sending a notice to the department heads that your team will report to them and will stand by to do what is needed."

A hand raised and Tycho nodded, "Cadet Simms?"

The blonde young trainee cleared their throat, "Sir, what kind of orders are we to carry out?"

Tycho smiled, "I have given the department heads a list of things you should be able to do for them, so I imagine they will have something useful for you to do, but essentially, Cadet, you do anything you can to help. If that means moving boxes, you move boxes. If Sickbay needs an extra orderly, that's you. If the officers have nothing specific they want you to do, there are two main options."

He raised a digit, "One, you station yourself out of the way and read the field manuals, get yourself familiar with this ship's schematics and regulations." He raised his other finger, "Two, you station yourself out of the way and get ready to operate emergency equipment. If you are told to leave, report back to me, and I will have alternate orders for you."

"Finally, be attentive, be alert, but don't panic. You will cause more problems if you are not paying attention and letting panic cloud your mind. Dismissed."

With that Tycho watched the teams split off, and he himself went off to deflector control to make sure the cloak was ready if needed.

(No reply needed)

(Posted by Lorenz)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar- Deck 1- Bridge - ACSO - Ensign T'shalaith- 1117)

T'shalaith stood at the science station monitoring their position in space. Her time on the ship while the Illuminar orbited Risa had been helpful in assisting her ongoing issues. The CMO had outlined the process and T'shalaith has put her full faith in the doctor. It was most unusual for her to trust anyone, but her situation demanded it, as uncomfortable and unusual as it was. She'd also entrusted Temas with her condition. If only her previous stations could have seen her now. There would have been eyebrows raised for certain.

A distress call interrupted her thoughts and she frowned as it played across the speakers.

=^=To anyone who receives this message. I am Captain Wilhelmena Crocker of the USS Rhyne. We entered the system 3 days ago to investigate an anomaly and what we found... we, we can't. They... they are all around us. They're everywhere. Stay away. I repeat stay away. My crew, they're...=^=

Sekal moved quickly, "Science pinpoint the location of that distress call."

T'shalaith was ahead of him. "Signal is located in this system," she put the location of the ship in distress on the screen, "...her designation is...", T'shalaith frowned and slid her hands across the console until she found a further vexation, "...unknown."

The captain turned to OPS, "Operations forward to me everything you have in the database on that ship."

Ops reported, "Sir, there is no record in the active roles of that ship. However, I am pulling up a record from 2369. It is an Akira class starship, reported lost during Operation: Return, Sir."

T'shalaith returned to her sensors, her frown not lessening. She did a quick check on the ship and the class. It was an older ship and probably nearing the end of its usefulness in the fleet. It was the logical choice to have it serve more of a science function if that was indeed what it was doing.

"Mr. Montero set course and accelerate to full speed. One, eight, five mark three."

(Reply: Montero)

The yellow alert lighting and klaxon rang out as officers began to move and shift around the bridge. T'shalaith knew the CSO was probably on his way and she would yield the station to him. There were other consoles on the bridge she could occupy and there was still a piece of the puzzle that stuck in her mind. Why had the women's voice sounded familiar? Why wasn't her mind able to make the connection? The captain spoke once more.

"All hands. We have intercepted an emergency distress call and are enroute to render assistance. We will maintain yellow alert until the cause of the distress call is ascertained. All departments to be fully staffed and ready to be used as necessary. Captain out."

T'shalaith continued to frown and await the CSO's arrival. Things had taken an interesting turn.

(reply Jatón)

(reply Jatón, Montero, any)

(posted by Aaron DeLay)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar- Deck 11- Main Engineering - ACEO – Ensign Matrix - 1117)

Scott Matrix had been away from active duty and off the *Illuminar* for several months. Family matters had forced him to take a short sabbatical while he settled his father's estate. Steven Matrix had a lengthy *Star Fleet* career and his passing while sudden, wasn't unexpected. His health had been a concern for several years, but the medical treatments seemed to be keeping the illness at bay. Admiral Matrix's service depicted a fine officer, dedicated to the Federation and service to *Star Fleet*. Back aboard the *Illuminar*, Scott buried himself in the work and was determined to get caught up as quickly as possible. Things were getting interesting quickly.

=^=All hands. We have intercepted an emergency distress call and are enroute to render assistance. We will maintain yellow alert until the cause of the distress call is ascertained. All departments to be fully staffed and ready to be used as necessary. Captain out.=^=

“Engineering to bridge. The auxiliary computer core is offline for maintenance, but all other systems ready Captain.”

(Reply Sekal – IYW)

Scott rolled his chair the short distance to the secondary workstation and noted the status of the auxiliary core. It was in the second hour of its maintenance routine but was initiating the core startup and umbilical connections to the primary core. ~Shouldn't be long now.~ thought Scott.

“Ensign Bohb...please keep an eye on the auxiliary startup routine and let me know when its back online. Mister Mendoza you're with me.”

(Reply Bohb, Mendoza)

Scott moved over to the primary computer console and punched in a few commands. “Ensign Mendoza, would you mind getting me up to speed on the ships systems? As you know, I just got back aboard.” Requested Scott.

(Reply Mendoza)

(Reply, Sekal, Bohb, Mendoza)

(Posted by Steve)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1, Bridge - CSO Lieutenant (jg) Jatón Alyl - 1118)

Jaton was already on the way to the bridge when the wall panels in the corridor flashed yellow. He knew what that meant and put an extra spring in his step. Within a minute, he was walking onto the bridge.

"Report, ensign," he said as he approached T'Shalaith.

(reply T'Shalaith, any)

(posted by Spencer)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar- Deck 1- Bridge -CTO - Lt. T'Mur- 1120)

After the captain ordered the yellow alert T'mur began to run through the ship's weapon systems. She made sure that they were at optimal efficiency and ready to be online at a moment's notice. She also rechecked the torpedo compliment and had them prepared for use.

"Sir," Montero called out, "there is no record in the active roles of that ship. However, I am pulling up a record from 2369. It is an Akira class starship, reported lost during Operation: Return, Sir."

T'Mur immediately went to her computer and began to search until she found what she was looking for. She began to take notes.

Akita Class Starship-

6 type X phaser arrays

Maximum effective range-3,000 km

3 photon torpedo launchers each with 5 canons.

375 regular photon torpedoes and quantum torpedoes.

Maximum range 3,000,000 km

Crew compliment of 500.

Deflectors- Symmetrical Subspace Graviton Field with nutation shift in frequency. 16 shield grids generating 186 MW resulting in a total shield strength of 2976 MW. During combat only 10 of 16 grids are used so there is a rotating field strength 1860 MW. Shields can protect 36% of the EM spectrum made possible by the multi-phase graviton polarity flux technology incorporated.

She then ran the parameters through the tactical algorithm she had developed for the Illuminar and chose three tactical scenarios. Within thirty minutes she had all of information in a file and forwarded it to Captain Sekal. Along with a message.

-For your consideration to prepare for a possible incursion of an Akita Class starship. -

She tapped the console, “The roster is available but information and details are lacking. Given the 77 years that have passed...my conclusion would highlight concerns about their original mission and what led to their disappearance. I would need further variables and details to strengthen such a conclusion.”

(reply Ayl)

(reply Ayl)

(posted by Aaron DeLay)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar- Deck 2- Gregory's quarters - 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory - 1125)

Shaking himself away, Dieter checked in with Lieutenant Menzi on the bridge. Getting the details of the alert, he told his officer to let him know if anything pressing happened.

That task done, he took a shower and get into a fresh uniform. Checking his PADD for the day, it was time for him to do a readiness check. Checking his uniform one more time, he stepped out into the hall and moved to the turbolift.

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Sickbay – Deck 5 – CMO/ 3XO Lt. Commander Quinna Solice – 1127)

Quinna was sitting at her desk with the dermal regenerator. She was trying to heal her hand from her investigations with the orbs. It still will not heal. Since Dieter was nice enough to let her sleep on the shuttle on the trip back, she was raring to go ever since her return. It had been an eventful return. She had not anticipated the proportion and that made her sit even taller that day. She was looking forward to celebrating later.

Suddenly, the Yellow Alert goes off. Quinna, after hearing the Captain's message, goes back into Sickbay.

“Alright, I know we are ready to go, but let’s run the checklist anyway,” Quinna ordered. The crew in sickbay started to scatter.

(Reply none)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Sickbay – Deck 5 – CMO/ 3XO Lt. Commander Quinna Solice – 1128)

Quinna was sitting at her desk with the dermal regenerator. She was trying to heal her hand from her investigations with the orbs. It still will not heal. Since Dieter was nice enough to let her sleep on the shuttle on the trip back, she was raring to go ever since her return. It had been an eventful return. She had not anticipated the proportion and that made her sit even taller that day. She was looking forward to celebrating later.

Suddenly, the Yellow Alert goes off. Quinna, after hearing the Captain's message, goes back into Sickbay.

“Alright, I know we are ready to go, but let’s run the checklist anyway,” Quinna ordered. The crew in sickbay started to scatter.

(Reply none)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

Ariel walked on the Bridge to see what she can do to help. Her empathic abilities should be useful. She took a seat in the counselors seat until told to move otherwise. She looked around at who was on the Bridge and offered her help.

"What do we know? I am here to help figure it out."

(Reply any)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

Stepping out of the shower, Gregory heard the insistent call of his Comm badge.

"Gregory here. What is it?"

=^= Sir, sorry to bother you, ^=^=

"What is it Ywan?" he asked.

=^= Sir, did you order cadets? ^=^=

"I most certainly did not. We are small enough department, we don't have time for cadets."

=^= Well, Sir, you'll have to make some time. It seems Ensign Alantar had some spares and sent you three. ^=

"Bloody hell. What sort of bollocks is this?" he said in an annoyed tone.

=^= Sir, they can hear you. ^=^=

Gregory took a deep breath to calm himself. "Very well. Have them draw overalls and meet me on deck 11, the rec room."

=^= Aye Sir. ^=^=

[illegible]

Becca had come on board the Illuminar early in the morning. She had wanted to get an early start for taking over operations of the ship's aft lounge. She smiled when she had been told that it was called the Rec Room. It seemed like an appropriate name for a room that was usually frequented by the non-commissioned crew of the ship. They were the salt of the ship, and who she usually enjoyed spending time with on Risa. She had been the chief facilitator for the Temtibi Resort for the past five

years and things had gotten a little stale for her. She had needed a new challenge. So when this opportunity presented itself how could she refuse?

Her first stop, even before her quarters, was to the lounge. The word was that the previous proprietor had met an untimely end... because she was a spy. The lounge had been allowed to go to hell in a handbasket since then. Clean-up was going to be a lot of work. It was almost as if they'd had a battle in there. She walked around taking mental notes of the damage and beginning to work out how she wanted to design the new look. Walls were going to have to be moved, but she was pretty sure that by the end of a month this place could be up and running.

Becca came out of the back to hear the sound of a man saying, "Now I know what you are thinking," he said, "What does this have to do with being an officer? Let me tell you, attention to detail is critical for Operations, and what better way to learn it. You have your assignments, now execute."

Before she could say anything the man was gone and the small huddle of "officers?" started to move around, aimlessly. She shook her head and stepped out into the open.

"Just what is going on here?" she tried to look as ominous as her pretty face could manage. "Who the hell are you people?"

The group all froze, clearly unaware that it was possible for anyone to be there. "Well... ummm...", one of the cadets stammered.

"So which one is Well and which is Ummm?" She asked. "And who is the third one?"

"No, no ma'am," the male cadet said, "my name is Diggory, Cedrick Diggery. This is Luna Lovegood and this is Nymphadora Tonks."

Becca looked at the last woman, "Nymphadora?"

"Folks just call me Tonks," she replied. "It's easier, well, for me."

"I get it," Becca said. "Well I am Becca, and I am the new facilitator of this lounge. Now we have the who cleared up, let's go back to the what. What are you doing here?"

"We've been ordered to clean up this mess," Diggory offered.

"This mess, as you so describe it," Becca said, "is my new home. Did that fella give you any directions on how to clean-up?"

"No ma'am," Luna said stepping forward, "I suppose he just figured we knew how to clean something."

"And do you?" Becca asked.

"Well of course we do," Tonks said indignantly. "It's just, well, where do we start?"

"You start my dear Nymphadora," she said emphasizing the name, "by making a decision. Decide on where to start, and clean that, then move to the next spot."

She pointed to Diggory, "You, Cedric, why don't you grab a broom and ket all of the big pieces of trash off the ground."

"Why me," diggory asked.

"Cause I like you the best," she replied shortly.

"Ladies, since you can't make a decision, allow me. Start in that corner, and work out from there." Becca directed. "Do I have to hang out and watch you?"

"No ma'am," they all replied in unison.

"Good," she replied, "then I am going to get settled into my quarters, and I'll be back. By the way, who was that who left you all here, unsupervised?"

"That was Lt. Commander Gregory," Tonks offered. "Why?"

"I just wanted to know who to thank," Becca replied. She winked and walked out of the lounge to check in at her quarters.

She stopped in the corridor and tapped a comm channel. "This is Becca calling Lt. Commander Gregory. I want to thank you for the galley slaves that you sent to my lounge. They need a little more training."

(reply Gregory)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 11 - Aft Lounge 'The Ready Room' - 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory - 1140)

Gregory exited the turbolift and headed over to the Ready Room. He approached it with a bit of trepidation, as Dianne had worked there, but she was a spy for Roanoke, and was killed for that. That's the way it goes. One in, one out.

Standing outside the door to the lounge were three people in overalls and CPO Ywan.

"Morning Ms. Ywan. A fine day today isn't it," he said.

"Indeed it it sir. Glad to have you back. How was Bajor?"

"Nothing eventful, Ms. Ywan. Too much paperwork to come back too."

"Sir, Starfleet runs on paperwork," she said. "Let me introduce Cadets Nyphadora Tonks, Cedric Diggory and Luna Lovegood. They have been assigned to operations. " Ywan said.

"Of course," he said. "I'll have to have a talk with Mr. Alantar later," he growled.

"Now, you lot. Operations is the key department on any ship. Sure, Engineers get the glory. Security gets the glory. But operations makes sure everything flows well. We are the lifeblood of the ship. And that means we take all the jobs no-one else wants or can do. Right now, that job for the three of you, is to clean this lounge. The lounge manager will be here shortly to supervise your efforts. Once she says you are done, Ms. Ywan will inspect it. If it's not done to her satisfaction, well, lets just say you might want to consider another profession. When you are done here, we'll go to the officers lounge and do it all over again."

The three cadets looked at each other and back at Gregory. "Now I know what you are thinking," he said, "What does this have to do with being an officer." He paused. "Let me tell you, attention to detail is critical for Operations and what better way to learn it. You have your assignments, now execute."

Gregory turned and headed back to the turbolift. He could hear Ywan using her command voice on the cadets. Yup, that room would be spotless before she was done with them. Perfect for Quinna's Wetting Down.

(Reply None)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Deck 11 - outside Main Engineering - 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory - 1142)

His communicator chirped.

=^=This is Becca calling Lt. Commander Gregory. I want to thank you for the galley slaves that you sent to my lounge. They need a little more training=^=

Gregory chuckled and tapped his com badge, "Well Ms. Becca, they are cadets, so could use some training," he replied. "I didn't realize they had hired a replacement."

Turning around, he made his way back to the Rec Room. Using his code, he entered the room. "Cadets," he called out "Don't embarrass Star Fleet or you will spend your cruise cleaning the floors of the this ship with a sonic toothbrush."

His eyes locked onto a woman near the bar, "Becca," he said walking up to her. "Lieutenant Commander Dieter Gregory, at your service."

(reply Becca)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Deck 11 - Aft Lounge 'The Rec Room' - Aft Lounge Manager- Becca - 1142)

Becca watched as the cadets began to organize and actually get things done when a lanky, scruffy looking man walked in. He was not unattractive, and the scruffy hair matched his shaved face. He barked some orders at the cadets. Something about scrubbing with toothbrushes and she had to turn to hide her smile at the young ones horrified faces.

As soon as he was done he moved towards her. She had an opportunity to observe him move. Clearly he was athletic and his movement almost flowed. He stopped in front of her and smiled.

"Becca," he said, "Lieutenant Commander Dieter Gregory, at your service."

Becca looked into his bright blue eyes, which she was certain had melted several hearts. “Lt. Commander. That’s supposed to be my line. I should be at your service.”

Her own grey blue eyes shined back at him as she stretched out a hand to shake his hand.

“They’re good kids,” she said, “but like all children need to have direction. Once directed they got right to it. I should be ready to open sooner than I expected.”

(reply Gregory)

“So Lt. Commander Gregory,” she said, “care to show a girl where her quarters might be?”

(reply Gregory)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Deck 11 - Aft Lounge 'The Rec Room' - 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory - 1145)

“They’re good kids, but like all children need to have direction. Once directed they got right to it. I should be ready to open sooner than I expected,” said Becca.

Gregory chuckled, "And these are Cadets, all bright eyed and bushy tailed. Seeking to prove themselves. Everyone thinks they will be the next Kirk and it's important for them to learn. It may not seem like valuable training, but it is. Patience and attention to detail. Please put them to good use."

“So Lt. Commander Gregory,” she said, “care to show a girl where her quarters might be?”

Gregory checks his PADD. "Well Ms. Becca, I would be happy to show you to your quarters. All part of the Illuminar Welcome, and I am the welcome committee. You're on Deck 2, in our VIP quarters," he paused, "In fact, you're right down the hall from me."

Taking her to the turbolift, he motions her inside. "Deck 2," he said as he entered the lift. "I should let you know that we just had a few promotions, and there may be the need for a Wetting Down, a time honored tradition, and if there was any way you'd be open, that would be great."

(reply Becca)

The turbolift doors open on Deck 2, and Dieter motions to the right, "This way, Ma'am." Getting to the room, he motions to her to check the lock. "It should be keyed to you already."

(reply Becca)

[illegible]

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible][illegible]

Bohb shrugged, "I'm not exactly sure. He grabbed Mr. Mendoza and they went off to get another system to work at 110%. You know how these young ACEOs can be."

"Well then, lets go check in with him," Gregory said.

“By all means,” Bohb replied happy to get away from the tedious task at the console. He followed Gregory to an alcove at the far end of engineering. They found Matrix and Mendoza pouring over something

"Mr. Matrix," Gregory said, "Report."

(reply Matrix)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar- Deck 11 - Main Engineering - ACEO Ensign Matrix - 1154)

Scott was concentrating on the displays before him and didn't notice Commander Gregory on the other end of engineering. The yellow alert wasn't making things easier. Scott felt like a fish out of water. Being away for these past months dulled his skills and diminished his confidence. However, being under pressure was motivation to keep moving forward.

"Mr. Matrix, Report." Said Commander Gregory.

Matrix spun around, dropped his PADD and stood at attention. "Sir..."

Scott paused to pick up his PADD. "All systems are functioning within norms; the auxiliary computer core should be back online momentarily." Replied Scott.

(Reply Gregory)

Scott adjusted his uniform and waited for the 2/O's response; fully aware he was likely not pleased that the auxiliary core was offline while underway. He'd hoped that would be overlooked as he didn't have a good excuse, but as acting chief engineer, it was his responsibility to ensure all systems were available.

(Reply Gregory)

(Posted by Steve)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar- Deck 11 - Main Engineering - LCDR Dieter Gregory - 11:55)

"Thank you Mr. Bohb. Why don't you come find me around 1800, so we can discuss progress on those projects and next steps. I should be on the bridge or in my office," Gregory said.

(Reply Bohb, IYW)

Matrix came to attention while dropping his PADD, "Sir," he said

"At ease Mr. Matrix," Gregory said.

"All systems are functioning within norms; the auxiliary computer core should be back online momentarily," the engineer reported.

Gregory nodded. "I'm here conducting a readiness review of each department, but lets start with the computer core," he said. "I know you've been on leave dealing with issues, but it is imperative that when you decide to take a major system off-line for maintenance that Operations is notified and things are properly scheduled. Imaging my surprise when I am told that the auxiliary core is offline, work that could have been done while we were circling Risa, rather on the day we departed. This is your one warning Mr. Matrix. Do not let it happen again, am I clear?"

(reply Matrix)

"As I said, I am conducting a readiness review, and have some questions for you. Why don't we go to your office and talk?"

(reply Matrix)

Gregory took a seat across from the Ensign. "I know that you have been thrust into a role that you are not fully ready for, but I need to get your input on several questions. First is what do you feel are the strengths and weaknesses in Engineering," he asked.

(reply Matrix)

Gregory took notes and nodded here and there. "What about opportunities? How are the staff performing? Any standouts? How are you managing the staff to deal with both the daily grind work, and the special project work?" he asked.

(reply Matrix)

"What about threats? What are the issues in this department that if not addressed will cause bigger issues?"

(Reply Matrix)

Gregory finished his notes. "Thank you Mr. Matrix. Anything else I should know about?"

(reply Matrix)

(Reply Matrix, Bohb)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar- Deck 14 – Security Office – Briefing room – Chief of Security Lt (jn) Keung Lee 1200)

The daily senior team meeting for the Security officers was taking place in the briefing room which was part of the Security Office. Sat around the table was Assistant Chief of Security, PO2 Carol Linnis, PO2 David Lannox, Armoury Officer and the four shift leaders, Ensign Jacob Roberts, Ensign Lucas McQuire, Ensign Shosl Koks and PO1 Jonathan Batterburgh . For the last few minutes, David Lannox had been updating everyone about the Armoury.

“The tactical battle suits have been a problem with a couple of technical issues. I found that when the user applies the camouflage emitter and the phaser unit at the same time, it quickly drains the power energy flow in the suit itself. Infact the camouflage emitter malfunctions much of the time. So I reckon that we will have to lose the emitter.”

“More the pity” said Lee who was not really comfortable with some of the gadgets on the battle suits. “Then again if the user operates the camouflage feature, then there is the risk that the Security Officer will lose the situation awareness ability to deal with a potential threat.”

“Otherwise the battle suits are good to go.” Smiled David. “Mind you, they have been in storage so they need a bit of a clean!”

“Has all the missing phasers been accounted for?” asked Jacob

“They are, indeed, all in their respective lockers throughout the ship with security codes accessible by authorized personnel most senior officers and by myself. Any tampering of the lockers will immediately register on my computer.” Explained David “You can’t believe where some of the missing phasers were found..in the mess room, the gym and a couple was found in the labs.”

Lee almost shivered at the thought of the two scientists who had one of the missing phasers in their lab!! “Okay if there is nothing else, let’s move on. We have three new cadets who have been allocated to Security as part of their rotation. They are not security personnel but here on placement to understand how security works. I want to allocate each cadet to each shift leader. They are there to experience an understanding of how the Security department works. So use them for routine day to day stuff and to shadow Security officers. Actually, they could do with a spell to shadow your technicians in the Armoury, David...even help to clean the battle suits and tidy up the firing range!”

David Lannox’s response was to give a thumbs up.

“Now about the forthcoming mission which you have been informed about. If there is any ship boarding action, I have chosen our most experience Security officers led by myself with the intention to do what we do best as well as provide close protection to the scientists who will be on the Away team. They are Devers, P’hah, Andy Taylor, Anju Mali and Gregory Lincoln. Designated as Alpha 1.” Said Lee, who turned to Carol Linnis “I would like you to pick a standby team with the designation of Alpha 2. Just don’t include the Security cadets.”

The meeting continued with other routine matters.

(reply none)

(posted by John)

Scott thought he could be joining the away team, so he was busy ensuring that the Illiuminar's engineering systems were up to spec. The auxiliary computer core had been online for the past 15 minutes and had already completed its umbilical connection to the primary core and backup systems. Everything was checking out.

Closing the message, Scott resumed his duties and continued to review the duty and maintenance schedule. With him possibly going to the away team, it would be up to the rest of the engineering team to keep things working. He tossed the PADD on the console, sat back in his chair and rubbed his eyes for several minutes. He was looking forward to the new mission and getting back into the swing of things.

[illegible]

Gregory was finishing his readiness report for the Engineering department. While Ensign Matrix was doing the best he could as acting Chief of Engineering, the ship really needed someone in the that position. He had expressed his displeasure that Matrix had not discussed the plan to take the auxiliary computer core offline as the ship was under warp. Matrix should now realize that all major events impacting the ship needed to be run through operations so that things can be properly coordinated and the necessary backups are in place in case something goes wrong.

Quinna's Sickbay duties have been the last thing on her mind and she was afraid to admit that she had forgotten about Trei. While going through her messages, she noted the report from the lab results that she had run on Ariel.

Quinna decided to send a message to make an appointment, "Solice to Lt. Trei."

(Reply Trei)

“I have the results from the tests, can you please come and see me when it is convenient for you?”

(Reply Trei)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Sickbay – Deck 5 - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 13.25)

She walked into Sickbay holding down her apprehension of what the test results have to tell her. She sat on an empty bio bed and looked at Quinna for the news.

"So what do you have to tell me?"

(Reply Quinna)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Sickbay – Deck 5 - CMO/3XO Lt. Commander Quinna Solice -- 13:27)

Quinna had been working on a few things. She was a bit surprised to see Ariel there immediately.

"So what do you have to tell me?"

“Well, there is a good news/bad news situation,” Quinna said. “Before I begin, how are you feeling? Do you have any sense of your abilities returning?” Quinna asked.

(Reply Trei)

“Well, the good news is that the drug that caused this can be reversed. The bad news is it will take me a couple of weeks to get the serum together to reverse it.” Quinna said.

(Reply Trei)

“The Serum requires some ingredients that just cannot be replicated,” Quinna admitted. “I have placed an order with Starfleet.”

(Reply Trei)

Quinna handed Trei a PADD with a list of ingredients including rare plants and oils that are needed. It also contained the invoice of the order. “Once these are in, it should take me a couple of days to create what I need. After that, your abilities will come back slowly. It will not be all at once. Fiona knew what she was doing.”

(Reply Trei)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

She heard the assessment from Quinna and mentally processed the situation. She was a bit disappointed that she would not get her abilities back that quickly but understood the process needed to be that way. She felt that something was missing without her abilities but she could deal with it a bit longer. She felt ok otherwise.

(Reply Quinna)

[illegible]

Stepping off the turbolift, he walked on down the hall. He was tempted to look in on the two scientists in lab 3 to see how they were doing, but he would check in with them later. First order of business was to check in with Jatón, who'd been very cool to him since the Trill had come to his office after his recovery. Gregory pushed it out of his mind as he approached the CSO's office, now was not the time for personal feelings, and if Jatón didn't understand their last conversation, it wasn't his place to correct him.

(Reply Alyll)

[illegible]

Jaton took a sip from the cup of tea in front of him as he read the readiness report in front of him. Things were still vague, but he knew the science department would be needed to render aid however he could. He'd put the entire department on standby, and was waiting for further information.

"Come in," he said, not looking up immediately.

Jaton looked up, and took a breath. He did his best not to react emotionally, but his heart skipped a beat at seeing Dieter.

(reply Gregory, any)

[illegible]

Gregory made more notes of Jatón's response.

NRPG - (more based on Jatón's responses)

(Reply Ayl)

(posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Sickbay - Deck 5 -- CMO/3XO Lt. Commander Quinna Solice - 13.33)

"I feel ok. I just feel like something is missing. I have not been able to use my abilities yet. It feels weird not to do so but I can deal with it a bit longer."

Quinna bit her lower lip. “If I could make this happen faster, I would. I want to do this right. I do not want to permanently cause your abilities to go away.”

(Reply Trei)

“So I have to disclose this. If I think that your lack of abilities will not allow you to perform your duties adequately then I will remove you from duty until then. Do you feel I may need to do this now?”

(Reply Trei)

"I think the Captain should know in case he needs you for your abilities. But I will not tell him unless you give me permission to." Quinna suggested.

(Reply Trei)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Sickbay -SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 13.35)

She thought about that for a moment then decided it was for the best that she waited until her abilities returned before going back to duty.

"Perhaps its for the best that I wait until my abilities return before going back to duty. I can help tactical during the battle on the bridge.."

(Reply Quinna)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar- Deck 5 - Sickbay- 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory - 1600)

Dieter walked into Sickback and looked around for the charge nurse. "I'm here to conduct a readiness assessment," he said. "I'd like to start with our Councilors. Can you point me to Lieutenant Ravenstone please."

The Charge nurse pointed to an office on far side of sick bay. Gregory walked over to it and rang the bell. "Hello Lieutenant Ravenstone, I am hoping to get a few minutes of your time to ask some questions."

(Reply Ravenstone)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar- Deck 5 - Sickbay - Lt. Alaya Ravenstone-Hammons - 1604)

Alaya had been catching up on the paperwork inherent in running the Counseling department. She had just filed a report on the readiness of the crew as a whole as they were entering a potentially hazardous or life threatening situation. There were weak spots, conflict between crew that could adversely affect how they responded to a threat.

She was in the small suite attached to medical rather than in the quiet, comforting room she normally worked out of. In a conflict, there were bound to be casualties, and a counselor could help deal with the trauma immediately before it could settle in as PTSD. Better to prevent that. She heard the chime and looked up, wondering who had tracked her down here.

"Hello Lieutenant Ravenstone, I am hoping to get a few minutes of your time to ask some questions."

The blue haired Betazoid female smiled. Her body was muscled from her regular workouts with the paired sticks she fought with in an old Betazoid style with her husband and his security team. "Mr. Gregory, come in and take a seat. What can I assist you with? Did your time on DS9 and Bajor go well? I had the feeling you and the Doctor were looking for something?" She was a decent telepath, not in Rivens or Temas' league but skilled.

(reply Gregory)

(posted by Mel)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar- Deck 5 - Sickbay - 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory - 1605)

"Mr. Gregory, come in and take a seat. What can I assist you with? Did your time on DS9 and Bajor go well? I had the feeling you and the Doctor were looking for something?" the lieutenant said.

"Lieutenant, this is not a social call to discuss personal business," he said gruffly, "I am busy putting together a readiness report for the Captain, and am discussing things with department heads to get a better feeling as to the pulse of the crew, as it were." He paused. "Since Lieutenant Trei moved out of her councilor role, there has not been a formal head of the department, and you are the longest tenured of the current group, so I am hoping you can help me."

"Your department has had significant turnover since I joined the Illuminar, do you have any thoughts why?" he asked

(Reply Ravenstone-Hammons)

Gregory listened and took notes. "What are the strengths and weakness of the department?"

(Reply Ravenstone-Hammons)

He nodded, "Where can we improve your department and the retention of competent staff?"

(Reply Ravenstone-Hammons)

NRPG - more depending on her answers.

(Reply Ravenstone-Hammons)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible][illegible]

(USS Illuminar- Deck 5 - Sickbay- 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory - 1620)

Dieter stood up, "Thank you Lieutenant, you've been most helpful. Now I must check in with the good Doctor."

He walks across the infirmary and knocks on Quinna's door. "Hello and congratulations on the promotion. I'm working on a readiness check of all department and hope you can spare some time to help me."

(reply Quinna)

(Reply Ravenstone, Quinna)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Sickbay – Deck 5 – CMO/ 3XO Lt. Commander Quinna Solice – 1622)

He walks across the infirmary and knocks on Quinna's door. "Hello and congratulations on the promotion. I'm working on a readiness check of all departments and hope you can spare some time to help me."

“Sure, come on in. What can I do for you?” Quinna asked.

(Reply Gregory)

“Rumor has it that you are doing some department readiness checks,” Quinna said.

(Reply Gregory)

“Well to save you the time and effort, here is mine.” Quinna pulled a PADD and passed it over to Dieter.

"Now what can I do for you?" Quinna asked, "Drink? Tea?"

(Reply Gregory)

[illegible]

Gregory takes a seat in the doctors office as she she says “Rumor has it that you are doing some department readiness checks,”

Quinna pulls a PADD out and hands it to him “Well to save you the time and effort, here is mine.”

"Now what can I do for you?" Quinna asked, "Drink? Tea?"

(reply Quinna)

(reply Quinna)

(reply Quinna, IYW)

[illegible]

"Now what can I do for you?" Quinna asked, "Drink? Tea?"

“Really? Rumors? Not a clue. Should we start some juicy rumors?” Quinna offered and laughed a bit. She brought some fresh tea over to Dieter that she made with a kettle she kept in the office next to the replicator. “What else is there?”

Michael walked through the doors to sickbay, nodding at the staff who appeared to be frantically setting up the sickbay for any emergency that might happen. A couple of the nurses smiled at him and waved. His focus was on the office, and he made a bee line towards it.

As he approached he could hear voices and then he noted that there was someone in there with her. It didn't take much to realize that it was Dieter Gregory. His act of playing the jealous boyfriend for her, to cover the fact that he wanted to ensure Quinna's protection was oddly enough becoming a realization. He shook his head at himself to shake that off. But as he walked towards the office he saw Gregory withdraw his hand from Quinna's just as he hit the doorway.

"I hope I'm not interrupting anything," Michael said, trying not to sound too prickly.

(reply Quinna, Gregory)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Sickbay – Deck 5 – SFI - Michael Weston /2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory/ CMO/3XO Lt. Commander Quinna Solice– 1640)

"I hope I'm not interrupting anything," Michael said, trying not to sound too prickly.

Gregory turns around, “You have the timing of a bad penny,” he said. Turning back to Solice, “I hope we can continue our conversation later.” As he heads out the door, “Good day to you too Mr. Weston.”

"Lt. Commander," Weston said, watching the man leave.

Quinna smiled as she saw Michael, “Actually it is perfect timing. We need to talk to you.” Quinna said as she moved around her desk and towards Michael. There was so much to her day she needed to tell him. She just had not had a chance.

“We?” Michael said, noting that the other party was leaving. “You two looked comfortable.”

Quinna noted his tone, “Michael, sit down please. There are things you need to know.” Quinna called out to Dieter, “Commander Gregory, please stay. We do this together.”

Gregory paused and turned around. “As you wish, Quinna,” he said and reentered the office, leaning against the wall.

Quinna faced Michael, “Michael, Please.”

Michael sat as asked and looked over at Gregory at the door. “What do I need to know?”

Quinna took a deep breath. She moved to the left of Michael and had a seat. “Lots of things that you need to know. Got promoted today, yea!” Quinna started but was delaying fearing what his reaction was going to be.

Michael brightened, but stayed seated. Something was going on here and he wasn't going to be side tracked. "That's fantastic news. Congratulations."

Quinna's right hand took Michael's, "Our quest has not ended. I think we are more involved than what we planned or even thought would happen." Quinna looked at Dieter, "Dieter I could use little help here."

"I'm sorry Quinna, I don't trust him," Gregory said. "He's given me no cause to trust him, and our one discussion, he threatened to injure me if I let you get hurt. As if he is the only one in the universe who could protect you." He stared at Weston.

Weston was suddenly stunned. What did he say? The dream he'd had this morning. Was it a coincidence?

"What?" He stood up and stepped towards Gregory. "What did you say?"

"Why don't you sit back down Mr. Weston," Gregory said. "Don't tell me you have forgotten your bullish behavior in the shuttlebay?"

Weston shook his head, "I'm not forgetting anything. But what did you just say? If I was the last one in the universe who could protect Quinna. Isn't that what you said?"

Quinna stood and looked at them. "Guys, come on." Quinna took a deep breath. "We need to work together on this. Dieter, we need his help."

Gregory looked long and hard at Quinna. "Keep it secret, keep it safe," he said softly. "I trust you, Quinna." He paused, and turned to Michael, "Since Quinna is asking, I will accede to her request. However, should that trust be unfounded, you will regret it."

Quinna was exasperated, "Well I trust him. Besides, Michael is a smart man. I think he would notice this." Quinna held up her right hand.

"I concede that point, but that is only one part of the larger puzzle," Gregory said. "That's what I am having a hard time with."

Quinna looked at Michael waiting for a reply but also moved to be more between the two men in case Michael went after Dieter.

Michael hadn't gotten a good look at Quinna's hand in the dark, and through their love making. But now the outline of the burn was clear.

"Wait," he took hold of her hand and traced the scar, "what happened to your hand?" He looked over at Gregory for a moment then back at Quinna's face. "Okay, you have my attention, what should I know that he doesn't want me to know? What is the big secret?"

Quinna looked at Michael, "The locket that my mother gave me," she paused, "We discovered it contained a piece of a Bajoran Orb."

"Ok. And?" Michael said.

Gregory turned to Quinna, "Typical," he said, shaking his head. "To start, the number of shards of orbs known to exist now numbers at 2. So that alone is a mystery. How a Vedek got ahold of it and it ended up giving it to Quinna's mother is another. I suspect you've not studied what the power of the Orbs are. Since opening the locket, both Quinna and I have had several encounters that cannot be explained other than as an orb encounter, and interactions with the wormhole aliens."

"Sadly no," Weston replied, "the need to familiarize myself with Bajoran voodoo, please excuse my ignorance. So who was this Vedeck that gave Quinna the locket," he turned to Quinna, "and why did ... wait... interactions with wormhole aliens? Like what?"

"It's hard to explain. Remember back on Betazed where I found the Bajoran artifacts. The old lady slipped one extra in my pocket. When I held it in my hand and visited though an orb and well, this" pointing to her hand, "happened. But the thing is, my hand won't heal." Quinna took a deep breath, "I saw my mother."

"Why didn't you tell me about the old lady?" Michael asked. Then he refocused. "You saw your mother? And how is that an alien interaction? Was your mother an alien?"

Quinna already knew that Michael knew some of those answers. "There is so much going on here. But to answer your questions, you were with me, yes I did, I don't know, and of course not. I am asking you to help us." Taking a deep breath, "You have connections." Quinna could not focus clearly. She sat back down in her chair and closed her eyes.

His own questions were really just putting off the inevitable. He was still unclear why Gregory didn't want him to know all of this. He got it, this thing with the Bajoran artifacts was a big find, if you were into that kind of a thing. But really, what Quinna told him was nothing to keep secret. There had to be more.

He looked over at Gregory, but spoke to them both. "And that's the whole story? Why do I have a feeling there's something being left out?"

Gregory sighed, and looked at Quinna. "Are you ABSOLUTELY sure," he said to her.

Quinna didn't say anything, she just looked from Dieter to Michael and nodded.

Gregory looked at Michael again and shook his head. "Computer, lock the door and activate privacy mode."

=^= Acknowledged ^=

"Before I came to the Illuminar, I worked on Deep Space Nine. Well, there was an explosion behind Quark's bar and, as a result of the explosion a Bajoran was killed. I was first on scene, and managed to teleport him to the infirmary. Before he died, he gave me a small key and told me to 'keep it secret and keep it safe.' I put it in my tool kit and planned to try to learn more, but the explosion had us working doubles to get things untangled and ship shape. "

He paused. "Two days later, two Bajorns, Simo Aic and Afi Shusa, came to the station, claiming to be the family of the deceased man, Simo Krokolo. They started asking me about a 'key', a 'family heirloom'. I didn't tell them anything. There were a few oddities such as Simo Krokolo's DNA was not in any Bajoran database, and my quarters were broken into and ransacked. I left for the Illuminar before I could really investigate more."

Michael thought the story intriguing but still not worthy of the secrecy the two were keeping. His frown did not change.

Quinna noticed the look on his face and moved over to him. Kneeling beside his chair she took his hand. He traced his fingers around the scar before holding it.

"My turn," she said. "When I was a young child, We took a family vacation to Bajor. The USS Auberjonios was on extended shore leave on Deep Space 9. My father and I were visiting a temple on Bajor. One of my father's colleague's brother, Vedek Anders, invited us for a tour. A Vedek came to me with the locket to give to my mother. I did not know who he was and I never saw him after that."

Quinna reached around her neck with her left hand and pulled the locket off her neck and dangled it in front of Michael. "Of course my mother gave the locket back to me when the children of the ship were sent away. Right after that, the ship went missing."

Quinna took a deep breath, "Right before you came into the picture, Michael, we discovered that Dieter had the key to the locket.

Gregory looked at Weston and Quinna. "The details are a bit unclear, but Quinna showed me the locket and I showed her the key. Turns out the key opens the locket, revealing the shard from an Orb of the Prophets. Recently I was driven, or had a compulsion to explore the locket and key in more detail. I won't overburden you with the science behind my investigation, but I've discovered several interesting things about them, and revealed some of the secrets. Of course, my research raised more questions than it answered, hence our trip to Bajor to meet with a few experts there. One of whom neither of us trusted and was after the locket. The other, the Archivist to the Vedek council."

"When we went to Betazed, remember the artifacts I found there? There was writing on it. We went to Bajor to try and get translations."

"I am glossing over some of the details, you understand, to give you the big picture. But on the trip to Bajor, both Quinna and I had several more of these visions, meetings with the wormhole aliens, and even Ben Sisko himself, the Emissary of the Prophets."

"I decided to take an experience with the orb piece. There I saw my mother and a young boy. He reminded me of Preston. But I could not understand her, or the child. So we looked at the artifacts again and noticed there was a cube with no writing on it at all. It seems to share some of the same readings as the orb and the locket. I decided to try again with my mother. This time I held the cube in my hand and I was able to show her. Again, I did not understand her, but the box started to get warm. Heated in my hand. That is how I got this burn on my hand. " Quinna respected the fact that Dieter would not trust Michael and chose to leave out his Experiences.

Gregory wasn't sure if he should go on, when he saw a shimmer where Michael was sitting and there appeared the bald Bajoran giant. "It is happening again," he said to Gregory. "He is part of the plan now. Do not fail us."

"You can't be serious," Gregory said, "Him? Wait. Stop." he cried as the Giant disappeared.

Michael watched as Gregory's eyes glossed over then came back into focus. He looked at him hard, remembering his "dream" from the night before. "What just happened? You spaced out there for a moment."

"Nothing," Gregory said, shaking off the vision. "Long day," he said.

Weston wasn't buying it. The look Gregory had a moment ago matched how Michael felt last night. "You said it's happening again. What happened again? You had another vision." It was a statement, not a question. He hoped that Gregory noted he did not question them seeing visions.

Gregory looked Weston in the eye, “Just an old friend telling me a hard truth.”

He looked at Gregory warily then decided trust begot trust. “I had a vision of my own. Last night. When I touched your necklace.” He said to Quinna. “The long and short of it was a message. It didn’t really make sense so I just blew it off. But now.... The message was,” he searched for the words. “She is the vessel of the Emissary, the other was the deliverer, this one is the protector.”

He looked at Gregory, “You said you didn’t care if I were the only one in the universe that could protect her. Is it just a coincidence? Any idea what it means?”

Quinna looked confused. “Wait, I have never had any experiences with the locket closed. You are the protector of the vessel, then maybe we need to find the Vessel.” Quinna suggested.

Gregory spoke softly, "The vessel is you Quinna."

"That makes no sense." Quinna said "A Vessel for what?"

(reply None)

(posted by Al Muir, Tim B. and Kris B.)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar- Deck 1- Bridge - 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory - 1730)

Gregory headed to the bridge, both to check in with Commander Verin, but to also discuss the tactical department with the newly promoted Lieutenant T'Mur. As was his habit, he first checked the Master System Display, noting the greens on the board, along with the one red, which he knew was the auxiliary computer core. He hoped the maintenance would be finished soon.

Sitting down in the first officer's seat, he turned to Commander Verin, "A lovely evening to warp to a rescue, wouldn't you say Commander?"

(reply Verin)

"I am just finishing my interviews for the readiness report, I have one more department to review, Tactical. If you would be willing, I would welcome your review of operations, as it seems inappropriate of me to report and review my department. "

(Reply Verin)

"Thank you Ma'am. Once I finish with Ms. T'Mur, I would be happy break you on the bridge while you took a chance to get some refreshment."

(Reply Verin)

Gregory stood up and walked over to the Tactical station, "Lieutenant, I was hoping to get your help to evaluate the tactical department for a readiness report. It shouldn't take too long."

(Reply T'Mur)

(Reply Verin, T'Mur)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar Deck 1 - Bridge - 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory - 1735)

"Me, review ops? I suppose if you think it best, but my suggestion would be to have Doc Solice work on it with you. She needs the experience, and you are noted to be a competent mentor and teacher by multiple superior officers." She grinned, "It's well known that to teach another is to know the subject matter intimately."

Gregory nodded, "As you wish Ma'am. I'll connect with the doctor later."

Ensign Mcfry, Operations officer for beta shift spoke up about an incoming message. Dieter listened with the others as the First Officer started a report, which ended with a scream that shook Dieter to his core.

Commander Verin called the Captain and then ordered transwarp drive.

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge/Navigation - Pilot Ensign(sq) Vic 'Raid' Montero - 1736)

Vic had been piloting the Illuminar since the morning, breaking with others. He was on another 4 hour rotation, and nothing exciting had happened, until the call. He looked over his board, and checked their progress. Willing the ship to go faster wouldn't help.

"Mr. Montero, deploy the transwarp drive, that should get us there in under 2 hours," Commander Verin said.

"Aye, Ma'am," he replied.

(Engineering)

"Ma'am, Engaging the transwarp drive," Montero said as he activated the transwarp drive. The lights on the bridge dimmed the deflector began to emit tachyon bursts opening the transwarp tunnel.

"Mr. Gregory, who would you suggest we take on an away team? You and I will be going. We'll need?"

(reply Verin)

(Posted by Tim)

Tycho had taken the morning to situate and deal with the cadets, but had switched off with another officer and taken his turn on the bridge. Having heard the audio when it came through, he was already prepping certain key sequences when Montero called over, "Engineering, this is Helm. Prepare for transwarp drive," he called over.

Tycho completed the appropriate adjustments, funnelling power to the systems that needed them, "Power systems ready," with another sequence to lock in non-essential power to structural integrity, for the boosted drive, "and ship's systems secured for the change-over, helm, you have control."

"Thank you," came back to him and Tycho nodded, turning back to his main displays. He had an earpiece and was going over the audio of both transmissions they'd received, trying to find anything that could help them in this rescue. He had the computer running analyses also, but

(USS Illuminar --about the ship -- 3XO/CMO Lt. Commander Quinna Solice - 1745)

Quinna was on her way out of sickbay, per Dieter's suggestion, and making a round to Engineering. From there, to rest. There was a certain someone she needed to go and spend time with.

"Commander Solice can you please recommend two medical staff for an away mission. Please have them convene in the conference room at 1830 hours." Dieter's voice had come through.

Quinna hit her badge. "I have just the Medics for you," Quinna replied and then closed the Comm unit.

Quinna then tapped her commbadge and ordered up her choice medics to the conference room meeting.

As soon as that call was done, Quinna entered engineering. She looked around wondering what to do next. “Can you use some extra hands?” Quinna said to anyone in engineering.

(reply any in engineering)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

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