

Mission: An End and a Beginning
Day: 2
Stardate: 2446.03.17

(USS Illuminar - Deck 11 - Main Engineering - CEO - Lt. Bohb - 0746)
(Vulcan - Mount Seleya- Shebu Monastery - ACEO Tegian Pex - 0922)
(Vulcan - Capitol City - Merchant District - CSec- Lt. Commander T'Mur - 1045)
(Vulcan - Capitol City - Merchant District - CSec- Lt. Commander T'Mur - 1130)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 6 - Science Lab 3 The Doctors Gaillus Penn and Teller - 1200)
(Vulcan - Mount Seleya- Temple Road - CO, Captain Sekal - 1210)
(Vulcan - Mount Seleya- Temple - ACEO Ensign Tegian Pex - 1217)
(Vulcan - Mount Seleya- Temple- CMO/3XO Commander Quinna Solice -- 1220)
(Vulcan - Capitol City - Nivar Institute - CSec- Lt. Commander T'Mur - 1259)
Vulcan - Capitol City - Merchant District - FO Commander Sienna Verin- 1300)

(USS Illuminar – Corridor – ACONN Alexander Dyson – 1607)
(USS Illuminar – Explorer's Lounge Toilet - PO1 Sam Jones – 1608)
(USS Illuminar – Deck 4 - Explorer's Lounge – Security Officer - Lt. Andy Taylor – 1610)
(USS Illuminar – Deck 4, Explorer's Lounge – ACONN Ensign Alexander Dyson – 1612)
(USS Illuminar – Deck 4 - Explorer's Lounge – Security Officer - Lt. Andy Taylor – 1613)
(USS Illuminar – Jefferies Tube - Ensign Charles Waffles - 1614)
(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay -- Deck 5 -- Civilian Dr. Agnes Vanderstein M.D.-- 1615)
(USS Illuminar – Deck 5, Sickbay – Security Officer PO1 Sam Jones – 1620)
(USS Illuminar – Sickbay -- Deck 5 – Dr. Aggie – 1625)
(USS Illuminar – Deck 5 - Sickbay – Security Officer - Lt. Andy Taylor – 1627)
(USS Illuminar – Sickbay -- Deck 5 -- Doctor Agnes Vanderstein – 1628)
(USS Illuminar – Sickbay, Deck 5 – Security Officer PO1 Sam Jones – 1629)
(USS Illuminar – Deck 5 - Sickbay – Security Officer - Lt. Andy Taylor – 1630)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 11 - Main Engineering - CEO - Lt. Bohb - 0746)

"Lieutenant, I'm sorry," Pex said, with a concerned look on his face, "I can't join you. And I didn't finish the computer backup. I've got to go. Sorry, sir."

Bohb nodded, "Don't worry about it kid. Go do what you need to do. Your head wasn't in it anyway. I got it."

Tegian left and the Magillan watched, worried about his young protege. It was sweet that he wanted to hold T'shalaith's hand, but he has only known her for a week, and technically they'd only had one date. And that one didn't end as poor Pex had expected.

Still, he clearly cared about her and Magillan mating rituals may seem a little... strange to an uninformed observer. Clearly Bohb needed more input into human mating rituals.

He completed the computer back up for Tegian and then finish his own diagnostics of the propulsion system. After that he left main engineer to get what he needed for his trip to transport hub. Hopefully he wouldn't be gone too long.

(reply none)
(Posted by Al Muir)

(Vulcan - Mount Seleya- Shebu Monastery - ACEO Tegian Pex - 0922)

Quinna turned, "Yeah, The heat had just gotten to me for a bit. I should have changed out of my uniform." Quinna said, "On top of that, I have given up coffee. It looks like I picked the wrong week to give up coffee."

Tegian frowned, looking at Quinna and then at Doctor Tate. "I apologize, I should not have intruded. While I'm not a doctor, Pex has been one in a past host and notes that you're looking pale and flushed. If you need help making the journey, Doctor, I will help you."

(Reply Tate, Quinna)

Quinna pulled a water bottle out of her bag and took a drink. "I am ok. Let's go." Quinna held tight to her bottle. "I have more in my bag if you need any." Quinna offered.

"Maybe later, Doctor, but I am fine right now, thank you. I will bring up the rear to make sure that everyone makes it."

Tegian steps back to allow the Doctors to proceed.

(Reply Tate, Quinna)
(posted by Keith)

(Vulcan - Capitol City - Merchant District - CSec- Lt. Commander T'Mur - 1045)

"Child, I know you. Do you not remember me? We met many years ago, on the night of your assault. I was the woman who found you in the streets and sought medical attention for you."

T'Mur looked at the woman, surprised. She tried to picture the face of the woman who had picked her up and carried her to the medical center, but night of her assault was a series of jumbled images mixed with emotions she had made effort to repress. She wasn't sure if she did not recognize the woman, or would not recognize her.

"Apologies," T'Mur said, "but your face is not a memory I am capable of accessing. I believe you may be mistaken."

"I can imagine," the woman said. "I am T'Sal. I am the proprietor of florist establishment in the plaza. And even though you do not recognize me, I can't help but remember the face of that little girl all those years ago. You have barely changed in the past twelve years. "

T'Mur raised an eyebrow, "Indeed. I never had a chance to thank you for your assistance then."

T'Sal shook her head, "I wish I could have done more."

"That wish is not logical," T'Mur said, "as I am certain you did more than any other. However, I would ask if you might have seen the men who attacked me. And if you saw them again, might you be able to identify them as well?"

T'Sol looked at T'Mur contemplatively, "Why would you ask such a question child?"

She wasn't sure why she asked, but the fact that this was the first person she had met that would be willing to speak with her about that night. Suddenly she had an urge to learn as much as she could. Long dormant sensations were arising in her.

"There was never any ... justice sought against my assailants, by my parents, or by security forces. Perhaps it is, what is the phrase, karmic, that I became a security officer in Starfleet."

"An interesting concept," T'Sol said. "I really only caught sight of one assailants, the last one, as he did the unspeakable act to you."

"That is interesting," T'Mur said. "Could you describe him now? Twelve years later?"

"That might be difficult to be accurate," the older woman admitted. "But I can still see glimpses in my memory."

T'Mur sighed as the solution seemed to unfold itself, but she was not particularly comfortable with it. Still, she now felt the need to see the face more clearly than through the eyes of a panicked fifteen year old. She had received a great deal of instruction in it since, especially as a defensive maneuver. However, since her cure she had only done it with Sienna.

"Would you be willing to mind meld with me so that I can see the image that is in your mind?" she asked. She saw the skepticism in her eyes. "There is no danger to yourself, and I'd be willing to permit an intermediary if you so desire."

After a moment of thought T'Sol nodded, "I will allow it. No intermediary would be necessary. However we will require some privacy. Come by my shop at closing time. At 1900 hours."

"I will be there," T'Mur said. "Thank you."

T'Sol simply nodded and walked away. T'Mur looked at the chronometer on the wall and headed to her fathers's establishment feeling satisfied by the converswith T'Sol. Perhaps she will finally get some answers.

(reply none)
(posted by Al Muir)

(Vulcan - Capitol City - Merchant District - CSec- Lt. Commander T'Mur - 1130)

T'Mur arrived at her fathers business. He was an antiquarian and his store front was full of ancient artifacts, mostly Vulcan, but it was clear that he had collections of items from many cultures. She wandered through the items looking at some, and admiring the workmanship. She found a corner where a Lirpa was standing on the weighted end.

She reached out and touched the long weapon, thinking how cool it felt on her finger tips. Slowly she wrapped her hand around it and picked it up, rotating it back and forth, feeling the weight and balance of the weapon.

"Be careful with that," a familiar voice said from behind her, "the bladed end is still quite sharp, even though it hasn't been sharpened in over 200 years."

T'Mur turned around and looked at her father, who looked as if he had aged greatly since she saw him last. "That is a very imprecise aging of the weapon father. I am surprised that you would not be more accurate."

Jopek nodded, "Agreed, but I have been told that I have often given too much information, so I am attempting to minimize my pre-sale talk."

"Interesting," T'Mur said. "Has it given you any satisfaction?"

"Negative," Jopek replied, "as you were my first effort."

"You'll need more data than that," T'Mur said. "I may bias your data."

Jopek held up his hand in a welcoming salute, "It is good to see you daughter."

T'Mur returned the salute, "As it is for me to see you. How is business?"

"Adequate to stay open, and I have hired an assistant since the passing of your mother," Jopek said. "T'Par, attend me."

T'Mur raised an eyebrow at the name. T'Par translated to "Lady of Discussion". Then when she saw the woman she looked at her father. She was an older woman, but very attractive. Perhaps his selection of an associate was for her aesthetic value. But something about their body language told her otherwise.

"I will take my daughter to lunch now, T'Par," he told her. "I will return within the hour."

"So this is T'Mur," T'Par said. She nodded towards her and greeted her with a salute. "Greetings daughter of Jopek. I have heard much about you."

"Indeed," T'Mur replied, "I am at a disadvantage then."

"Come daughter," Jopek urged, "lunch calls, and your message informed me that our time is short."

T'Mur nodded. They had much to discuss it seemed. Jopek led her through the hub of the merchant district until they arrived at an eating establishment.

"I chose this restaurant because it had a larger variety of world foods," Jopek said. "I am certain that your pallet has expanded greatly while travelling through the universe."

T'Mur nodded, "I have experienced other cultures' food, however, I still prefer Vulcan food. However, there are some human foods I have discovered that have benefits to my diet."

Jopek nodded and bid her to enter. They were shown to a table and handed menus. Jopek put the menu aside immediately and ordered a vegetable platter. T'Mur ordered a spinach salad with broccoli and sweet potatoes. The server nodded and left.

"Sweet potatoes?" Jopek asked.

"They are a human tuber that is high in protein," T'Mur replied. "You should try them."

"Perhaps," her father mused, "but perhaps I am not ready to expand my horizons yet." T'Mur shrugged. "You have news? Might I assume that some of your news has to do with your promotion?"

"Indeed," the girl replied. "I am to be trained in a command capacity. It is an excellent opportunity."

"Is it what you wish?" her father asked simply.

T'Mur thought about the question for a moment then said, "I am not opposed to being in command. I am not certain that I am ready for my own command though. I lack experience. This promotion will allow me to explore that avenue of my career."

"Logical," was Jopek said.

"I also wanted to inform you that after we leave Vulcan we will be headed back to Mars and Earth. Sienna has asked that we get married while we are there. I would like... it would be appreciated if you could attend. There is a role in these human ceremonies for the father of the bride to give away his daughter."

"And you wish me to fulfill that role?" he asked.

"I do," she said.

"I would have to make certain that I can close my shop for that length of time," Jopek said.

"If it is too much of an imposition we can forgo it," T'Mur said coldly, feeling the door of their relationship closing.

"That is not what I am saying," Jopek said looking at T'Mur as if he was suddenly realizing she was a grown woman. He sat up straight and adjusted in his seat.

"It would be my honor to fulfill that role for you daughter," he finally said. "I am gratified that you would think to ask me."

"You are, after all," T'Mur said, "my father."

"That is true, daughter," he replied.

The food came and they ate together in silence. Unlike meals with Sienna, which were usually filled with conversation, meals with T'Mur's parents had been times to nourish the body and silent contemplation of the day. But as the meal progressed T'Mur felt the urge to speak what was on her mind.

“Father, I must ask,” she began, “on the night of my attack why was there no criminal investigation by the Vulcan Security Services?”

Jopek stopped eating and put the mirsel in his hand back on the plate. “Your mother felt that the shame of your attack would be too much for you to go through such a process, so she asked for it to be not investigated.”

“But you never looked any further?” she asked. Her father had always been a meticulous researcher. “There were no other occurrences similar to mine?”

“After you security increased and there was little opportunity for such events,” he admitted. “We tried to shelter you from it. Sending you the martial arts academies. We just wanted you to get past it.”

“Yet I never did,” she said resolutely. She borrowed a phrase from Sienna, “How did that work out for you? For any of us?”

They sat in silence for a moment. Finally T’Mur noted the time. “Father I must go now. I will Make arrangements for you on the Illuminar.”

“No daughter,” he replied. “Send me the details and I will arrive at the designated time on the designated day. I have much to take care of between then and now. I can procure my own transport to Earth.”

She was dubious of his intent but nodded as she stood and saluted. “Farewell father. Live long and prosper.”

Jopek stood and returned the salute, “Long life and prosperity to you daughter.”

With that T’Mur left, heading back to the Nivar Institute.

(reply none)
(posted by Al Muir)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 6 - Science Lab 3 The Doctors Gaillus Penn and Teller - 1200)

Teller needed to split his mind when struggling over a complicated problem, and his partner Penn has posed a very interesting one, intersecting their love of the quantum realm and the biological condition. Teller was the pure physicists and mathematician, while Penn dabbled in Xenobiology as well as quantum realms.

A drink at his side, something glowing a neon green with little bubbles of red floating in it, he cursed under his breath, “The Third Reviewer,” he said with disgust. He began furiously typing on his PADD a scathing response to the “Charles Madison, the father, to George Madison, to the son. In front of Annie on business.”

Soon the screen was filled with complex equations and mathematical notations. Penn would have to correct his grammar, for Teller still thought in Tamarian.

Pushing back from the table, his drink in hand, "Hawkeye to Trapper John, in the swamp," he said, raising his glass. "Pinky to the Brain."

Penn picked up two beakers from the table behind him, one a clear liquid with what looked like snowflakes floating on it and the other with a light blue liquid that seemed to be boiling, even though it was not hot. He had often contemplated how the university professors would react if they knew he was using his extensive knowledge and experience in quantum chemistry to create to create new alcoholic beverages for himself and his partner to enjoy.

He walked over to Teller and poured both liquids at the same time into his glass. There was a small, satisfying, explosion as the liquids reacted and tuned to the neon green and the snowflakes burst into the red carbonated bubbles.

"Sam Malone to Norm Peterson," Penn said. Then he added, "The Brain to Pinky about every night."

They still wanted to put their transdimensional overdrive into a shuttle and take short trips into a series of alternate universes but their recent experiences in the MU, as the others had called it, gave them pause, assuming that they most likely would not receive permission.

Penn had posed the scenario to Teller that plants use photosynthesis to create energy from light. Was it possible to create a similar process using quantum level energy to create cellular energy in other living things. How far would such a process go? Could that cellular energy to create, health benefits including cellular reproduction in neurons.

The basis of generating biological energy throughout most of the known universe involved creating some chemical gradient that was released through an enzymatic process that coupled the release of the gradient to make a compound that became the energy of the cell. Plants did this with chloroplasts, animals with mitochondria. Some organisms, extremeophyles, had adopted in other ways. Thus, the goal would require some mechanism to capture the quantum fluxations to generate a chemical gradient. Why reinvent the wheel when nature had already given them the basic components. Now just how to capture the quantum energy.

(reply none)
(Posted by Tim and AI)

(Vulcan - Mount Seleya- Temple Road - CO, Captain Sekal - 1210)

As the gate of the temple came into view the procession slowed slightly, every footfall fell into step as though a single living organism was arriving at its destination. The clouds had broken overhead long ago and the heat was unabated save by the wind which had picked up.

The single most debilitating aspect of Vulcan however was the thin atmosphere and as they had climbed toward the peak it had grown perceptibly thinner. It was hardly an issue with the Vulcan contingent though off-worlders would be detrimentally affected by it.

The thinner atmosphere often wasn't noted by such doing normal activities but physical exertion caused lungs to burn and deep breaths seemed to help little as the body struggled for oxygen. A tri-ox compound injected into the bloodstream could offset that negative affect however.

The Masters stepped through the gate and were met by temple attendants who fell in before them, the procession was then led into the temple itself.

(Vulcan - Mount Seleya- Temple- CO, Captain Sekal - 1215)

The bearers stopped beside the stone platform in the central chamber and T'shalaith was gently transferred to the soft bedding atop it by the temple attendants as the masters watched.

Afterward the bearers stepped away along with the rest and stood to the side in a neat row with the initiates forming another line at a right angle to them. Sekal and party formed another small line at right angle to them which enclosed the platform on 3 sides, some dozen feet back from it.

After a moment of silence the temple healer/priestess entered followed by two attendants. Clad in a robe of white fringed with grey, the color of rocks scoured clean by wind and sand. 120 years of age her distinctly Vulcan features seemed chiseled from rock. She stepped up to the platform and her gaze traveled to the party, flicking over each one in turn, at last she broke the silence.

"Who is this that is brought before me?" Her voice was heavily accented and formal.

"T'shalaith." The Captain had stepped forward and bowed his head quickly.

Her arms were crossed as she continued. "And who's is the katra she does bear?"

(Reply: Any)

Her eyes were like those of a hawk staring over its beak at prey from high above. "Thee has been given license to witness these proceedings which few off-worlders have seen. The one who has spoken for thee is known to us. The Vulcan heart, our traditions and rituals are open to few. Bear witness then to that which we hold close and dear."

(Reply: Any)

She reached down to T'shalaith's temples, gently touching them with her fingers as she closed her eyes.

""Mind to mind, touch to touch. Let thine essence be revealed to me. Locked within this shell of flesh not thine own, the time for thee to take thy place among thy kinsmen, our ancestors is upon thee."

(Reply: T'shalaith, any)

Posted by Charles G

(Vulcan - Mount Seleya- Temple - ACEO Ensign Tegian Pex - 1217)

Tegian mopped his forehead with his damp sleeve and tried to bring his breathing under control once more. The air was a bit thin for him and the heat was uncomfortable. He had ended up

availing himself of one of Doctor Solice's water bottles on the way up, although he'd been careful to ration the water to make sure the others had more than enough.

Now, he stood towards the back and watched, not sure what was going to happen.

"Who is this that is brought before me?" Her voice was heavily accented and formal.

"T'shalaith." The Captain had stepped forward and bowed his head quickly.

Her arms were crossed as she continued. "And who's is the katra she does bear?"

He listened for a reply and the silence grew. He stepped forward. "Her father. I know not his name."

(Reply Any)

Her eyes were like those of a hawk staring over its beak at prey from high above. "Thee has been given license to witness these proceedings which few off-worlders have seen. The one who has spoken for thee is known to us. The Vulcan heart, our traditions and rituals are open to few. Bear witness then to that which we hold close and dear."

Tegian, unsure how to respond, gave a low, courtly bow that his mother had taught him that was pure Trill.

She reached down to T'shalaith's temples, gently touching them with her fingers as she closed her eyes.

""Mind to mind, touch to touch. Let thine essence be revealed to me. Locked within this shell of flesh not thine own, the time for thee to take thy place among thy kinsmen, our ancestors is upon thee."

Tegian watched in rapt silence, willing for T'shalaith to find the strength to fight her father and eject his Katra from her mind.

(Reply Any)

(Posted by Keith)

(Vulcan - Mount Seleya- Temple- CMO/3XO Commander Quinna Solice -- 1220)

Quinna made it to the temple and was relieved. Her morning situation managed to back off as she continued to hydrate along the road. Now at the temple, she was able to relieve herself of her heavy backpack and she slipped her tunic back on and in complete uniform.

She took a step toward T'Shalaith. She wanted to check her status after the journey but a firm hand held her back. She listened to the proceedings she made sure to take notes and document the procedure.

After a while, Quinna stood there and closed her eyes. She took a moment and let three out of her four senses take effect, aside from the priestess doing her thing, Quinna could hear the wind. The soft whispers of the gusts in the background. On the way, Quinna's hair started

falling down and now it is loose. She could feel her hair blowing and the breeze flowing at the base of her hairline. Her skin felt the dry earth that flowed with the breeze. If she was very still and very quiet she could almost hear her heartbeat.

(Reply: T'shalaith, Sekal, Pex, any)
(Posted by Kris B)

(Vulcan - Capitol City - Nivar Institute - CSec- Lt. Commander T'Mur - 1259)

T'Mur had a lot to contemplate on her walk back to the Institute. The mid day suns beat down on her as she hurried through the crowds to get to her appointment on time. By the time the door to the institute opened a nice sheen of perspiration had coated her neck and back and the cool air of the air conditioned building gave her goosebumps. That was a Sienna word, she realized, as geese, as far as her research showed, did not have bumps when it was cold, nor were her bumps shaped like geese. She liked the way Sienna's vocabulary ran through her mind periodically.

The entrance was quieter than earlier and when she had arrived the first time. This was the first time nobody had been there to greet her. There was a greeting station across from the entrance and she stepped up to it.

A pleasant looking young woman looked up and nodded at her. "Maybi be of assistance?"

T'Mur nodded, "I believe I was to meet Dr. Tate at this time."

The woman's eyebrows furrowed as she attempted to raise one eyebrow. "Oh, ummm..., please have a seat in our waiting room while I check on that."

T'Mur found a seat and sat up straight, feet together, her hands in her lap as she waited.

(reply Tate)
(posted by Al Muir)

Vulcan - Capitol City - Merchant District - FO Commander Sienna Verin- 1300)

Beaming down to Vulcan, Sienna had changed out of her normal uniform and was dressed in a purple printed silk sundress, and a wide brimmed straw hat decorated with ribbons and flowers. It hid her now grey streaked hair. She was going to try to find a hair stylist to fix her dark hair back to where it was before, but first she needed to find an appropriate bonding gift for her mate, and she was looking for a peace offering to give to Weston. Sy was proud and stubborn but even she could see that she had been wrong about the man. So, in the betazoid tradition, she needed to find an apology gift. On Betazed it would have been a basket of fruit and in season flowers. But on Betazed, you couldn't lie about your intentions in a telepathic society.

Wandering idly through the booths, she perused the wide variety of merchandise. There were many things that caught her eye. Daggers and bow staffs, swords and bracelets.

Picking up hand-beaten copper bracelet etched with vulcan idiograms, Sy traced the letters.

"Emotional offworlders often chose to pronounce their affection for each other in a language that is not easily read." The half-vulcan proprietor spoke as Sy fingered the lettering. This wasn't the perfect bonding gift that she was looking for, but as a token of her affection for her beloved, she quickly arranged payment.

Tucking the bracelet in it's fau-velvet bag, Sy then deposited into her bag. She wanted to get the Captain something that would thank him for the assistance he had been providing with her. Wandering over to a textile display, she fingered the workout outfits, admiring their quality.

"Hello Beautiful Lady. What are you searching for? A new dress perhaps?" The male cardassian peeped around the corner then stepped into the open.

Sy shook her head, not able to sense anything with the telepathic dampener she had stopped by sickbay to get before coming down to the planet.

"No, good tailor, I am searching for something for my mentor. He's a vulcan and he's been training me in self defense. I know that there are traditional outfits for working out, and I want to get him one as a thank you."

The cardassian spread his hands, "Well bring him by and let's get him fitted!"

Sy shook her head, "I have his measurements here, it's to be a surprise. Can you have it delivered to my ship in orbit?"

The Cardassian nodded, "What ship is it, fair Lady?"

Sy smiled, "Send it to the USS Illuminar, via the mercantile transporters, addressed to Commander Sienna Verin." Sy wasn't using the Williams side of her family because it was too noticeable. Her Mother was the head of Strategic Ops and much quieter than the Williams Clan of Admirals.

"Wait a second, let me show you this! You'll love it. Imported from, well it doesn't matter. Some backwater world but they make the prettiest things. " The man took about a beautiful woven shawl in colors of yellow. Sy caressed it, noting that it was about the correct size for a baby blanket. But it was so pretty.

"All right...how much?" Sy put in her credit details again and folded the shawl into her bag. Continuing along, she ended up at an antique shop. A strange item was sitting there, clearly of Earth origin. It looked like a strange typewriter with gears and knobs.

"I know this is of Terran origin, what can you tell me about it?" Sy asked, listening to the antique dealer talk, explaining what it was. Trying to pick it up, Sy realized that she was far too weak to do so. "Can you arrange for it to be transported to the USS Illuminar in orbit. Care of Lt. Michael Weston, please with a note that says it's from Commander Sienna Verin."

The woman promised to do so. Wandering back outside again, Sy stopped at a perfumers, an alcohol store that specialized in non-terran alcohols, resupplying the private stock of the ship with the credit slip that the Captain had given her, as well as buying a case of vulcan sparkling wines to be sent to Earth, to the ranch. For her wedding. That she still needed to talk to her parents about.

Wandering the bazaar, Sy wasn't paying much attention. She was surprised, startled when someone yanked her bag off of her and ran. she was on VULCAN for goddess' sake. Crime was not normal. The culprit was a female, with dark eyes, obviously only part vulcan.

"Stop! Thief!" Sy's voice cried out as she took after the teenaged girl who was running full pelt away. Weaving through the tents, Sy tried to catch the teenager, who ran right into Michael Weston.

Sy stopped, panting, tired. "She stole my bag Mr. Weston. If you could retrieve it from her possession I would appreciate it."

(reply Weston)
(posted by Mel)

(USS Illuminar – Corridor – ACONN Alexander Dyson – 1607)

Alex's Klingon Opera session had been ended when his stomach had growled like one of the singers. He could have replicated something to eat in his quarters, but this had seemed like a good chance to do some more exploring of the ship. So, he had gone to the Explorer's Lounge and ordered an early dinner. As he ate his banana pancakes with brown sugar, he studied the people in the room.

There was a security officer getting really drunk. NRP:G: *Cough* Sam Jones. *cough* RPG: A couple of Operations officers talking to one another and a really lovely human redhead in the teal of medical and science. ~Lovely lady, with curves in all the right places.~ Of course, there were more people in the room, but Alex wasn't looking at them. The redhead gave him a smile and he gave her a nod.

Their interaction was ended when the drunk security officer raced to the nearest toilet. She got up and went after him. Alex shook his head and went back to eating his pancakes. But as he did so, his mind wandered to Luma. ~A pretty face, a pretty smile, is that all you look at...~ Was he really that shallow ? Luma had none of that. ~Doing a bit of soul searching, are we ?~ He told his inner cynic to shut up. Because there was part of the story he had not told Luma and Tamas.

K'Nera, his first time, had been a looker. As had been final coupling, Claudia. But Yenna....Yenna had been different. When she had been eight, her family house had burned down. Her parents had been killed and Yenna had been injured in an explosion. ~A gas tank.~

The doctors had done their best, but there had been scars and burned patched of skin on her face, neck and back. Her left hear shell had also been beyond repair. ~It was a small miracle that they were able to fix the internal part of the ear.~ So she had been fitted with an electronic

device that compensated. And Alex hadn't cared. ~I miss you, Jen.~ He took a deep breath and continued eating his pancakes.

(Reply any)
(Posted by Ruben)

(USS Illuminar – Explorer's Lounge Toilet - PO1 Sam Jones – 1608)

Sam was losing his lunch. ~How did I end up here ?~ It was a question with multiple answers and layers. The first answer was Lucas McQuire. Sam's running-slash-screaming session had ended when he had run into the Ensign, who had given him a blank stare that had made Sam swallow and go back to the Jefferies Tube. As horrible as Alba Ra was, Sam did not want to end up on the receiving end of McQuire's fury. So he had pulled himself together and gone back to work.

After that, he had gone to do some diagnostic down on deck 13, where he had finally gotten some peace and quiet. Eventually, lunch time had rolled around. So he had gone to the Explorer's Lounge to get hammered. Alas, the bartender had known he was on duty and had refused to serve him alcohol. And get a buzz on synthehol just wasn't a thing.

Which was why he was surprised by the fact that he was now losing his meal again. He finished and was cleaning himself up when Ensign Megan Farrell entered. Farrell was a nurse, who worked the night shift. Sam had heard a rumor that she was up for promotion to become ranking nurse for said shift, but hadn't worked up the nerve to ask her if it was true.

"Sam ? You okay ?"

"I'm fine now, ma'am."

"Yeah, I still think you should come to Sickbay for a check-up."

Sam nodded and she led him out. As they headed for Sickbay, his mind wandered to the second answer of his question. He had never wanted to join Starfleet. But his family had ordered him to. He could still hear his father's voice in his head. ~The Jones Family has been in Starfleet since day one !~ In fact, there had been Jones' in 'the service' in Archer's days. ~If you don't join, I'll cast your ungrateful back-end out !~

So, Sam had joined as demanded by family tradition. By joining as an enlisted man, he had been able to avoid the four year torture of Starfleet Academy and take the much shorter training program. Now 28, he had managed to climb the ranks to make Petty Officer First Class. But his chances of getting promoted further up the chain were practically zero.

They reached sickbay and Farrell helped him climb onto a Biobed. As he lay down, Farrell grabbed a medical tricorder and scanned him. When she saw the readings, she frowned.

"Do you drink synthehol a lot ?"

"No, why do you ask ?"

"Based on what the tricorder is saying, I think you are synthehol intolerant," Farrell began preparing a hypospray. "This should fix the problem, but no more booze for you, Sam."

As she injected him, Sam sighed. His dream had been to become a singer with his own band. As the drug spread through his body, he started to feel better. Tired, but not in the physical way, he did something he had not done in years. He sang.

"Amazing Grace, who sweet the sound..."

(Reply any)
(Posted by Ruben)

(USS Illuminar – Deck 4 - Explorer's Lounge – Security Officer - Lt. Andy Taylor – 1610)

Taylor had been sitting at the Security Center while T'Mur was on Vulcan. He had been made the ad hoc ACEO for the time being. His stint as CTac on the Rhyne had given the CSec cause to think about increasing his responsibilities on the Illuminar. Then the call came in from the Prancing Pony from the manager Ripken asking him to go down there. With a sigh he agreed and hurried to the lounge.

Once in the lounge he saw Riokra and went over to her. See nodded to him.

"We'll he's not here now," Riokra said, disgusted. He ran into the restroom, got sick and is now in sickbay. "This would be the kind of garbage I might expect to see in the Rec Room. The Prancing Pony has higher standards. I kinda thought the Illuminar did too."

Every word twisted the knife in Taylor's gut. He shook his head, "We do. And I'm pretty sure T'Mur will be ... how would she put it... dissatisfied with his behavior. I'll take care of it, don't you worry."

"It's one thing to come in here and have a few drinks," Riokra complained, "but when you're still on duty."

"Yeah, I get it," Taylor said. "And my apologies. It won't happen again."

"Thanks Andy," Riokra smiled a bright, room lightening smile, "I know you will."

He looked around the room and saw someone he hadn't seen before eating pancakes. ~Pancakes at 1600 hours?~. He went over to the stranger.

"Excuse me Ensign, did you see what happened with Petty Officer Jones?"

(Reply Dyson)
(Posted by Al Muir)

(USS Illuminar – Deck 4, Explorer's Lounge – ACONN Ensign Alexander Dyson – 1612)

Alex had seen the whole thing with the security officer unfold. ~Somebody is going end up getting yelled at for this.~ His hunch appeared to be confirmed when a Lieutenant entered and

began talking to the lounge's manager. After the lieutenant finished that conversation, he turned to Alex.

"Excuse me Ensign, did you see what happened with Petty Officer Jones?"

"Yes, I did. I'm Alexander Dyson, by the way," He gestured towards the empty chair across from him. "Do you want to have a seat, Lieutenant ?"

(Reply Taylor)

"Petty Officer Jones came in and placed his order. He wanted real alcohol, but the bartender knew he was still on duty and refused to serve it. So, Mister Jones begrudgingly accepted a bottle of synthehol based drink instead. I'm not sure, but it could still be on the bar," He nodded the direction of the bar. "After several glasses, he became sick and went into the toilet. Once he came out, he was taken away. I presume to Sickbay, sir."

(Reply Taylor)

"For the record, I'm Flight Control. What do you do for a living ?"

(Reply Taylor)

Alex nodded. "Nice to meet you. Is there anything else I can do to help ?"

(Reply Taylor)

(Posted by Ruben)

(USS Illuminar – Deck 4 - Explorer's Lounge – Security Officer - Lt. Andy Taylor – 1613)

The ensign, Dyson, greeted him politely but inform he was on a mission and didn't really have time for to many pleasantries.

"Do you want to have a seat, Lieutenant ?" Dyson asked.

"No, thanks," Taylor replied, trying hard to be patient. This guy had no idea he was in a hurry. "I just need to confirm what's already been reported."

"Petty Officer Jones came in and placed his order. He wanted real alcohol, but the bartender knew he was still on duty and refused to serve it. So, Mister Jones begrudgingly accepted a bottle of synthehol based drink instead. I'm not sure, but it could still be on the bar," He nodded the direction of the bar. "After several glasses, he became sick and went into the toilet. Once he came out, he was taken away. I presume to Sickbay, sir."

Taylor nodded and frowned. At this point he was ready to use Jones for explosives practice.

"That's a pretty good assumption," Taylor said and moved to leave.

"For the record, I'm Flight Control. What do you do for a living ?"

Taylor sighed, indicated to his uniform and said, "Security and tactical. Explosives are my specialty. If you ever want something blown up, I'm your man. But if you'll excuse me I've got to go blow someone else up."

He turned to leave again.

Alex nodded. "Nice to meet you. Is there anything else I can do to help?"

Taylor sighed, "No, look, I really am in a rush. My shift ends when Lt. Commander T'Mur returns from the surface. I'll be in the Rec Room around 2200 hours. It's beer and darts night."

He turned and jogged out of the Pony. Dyson seemed like a nice enough guy, but he just didn't have the time to be social. He had skulls to crack.

(reply Dyson)
(Posted by Al Muir)

(USS Illuminar – Jefferies Tube - Ensign Charles Waffles - 1614)

Charles "Charlie" Waffles couldn't believe that he had landed his current job. Somebody higher up had decided that he was a good enough engineer to get his own team. It wasn't a big team. Or the most important team.

Besides him, the team had only three other members. Two of them were enlisted and one was a cadet. ~But who cares? It's still my team.~ And while not the most experienced, their hearts were in the right place.

They were working on some standard issue maintenance - which was their usual fare, but Charlie didn't care - when a voice floated through the tubes. Based on where they were in the ship, he figured it was coming from Sickbay.

"Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound..."

That voice was pretty and sad at the time. Despite being focused on the work, he could not help letting out some tears at the rendition of the song. He looked at the rest of the team and realized that he was not the only one affected. Charlie wiped the tears from his face and went back doing his thing.

(Reply any)
(Posted by Ruben)

(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay -- Deck 5 -- Civilian Dr. Agnes Vanderstein M.D.-- 1615)

Alice entered sickbay from her break. She had picked up a snack and was back on duty. She noticed one of the new nurses scanning and medicating a patient. The nurse was relatively new and obviously did not know Dr. Solices' sickbay rules. Unless the nurse was also a practitioner, which this one was, no treatment unless under the eyes of a doctor. As she headed over in the direction, he started belting out in song. She had to admit that Amazing Grace was indeed an amazing song.

She walked up next to the nurse and waited for the petty officer to finish. "That was beautiful. Hello, I am Dr. Vanderstein, but most everyone calls me Dr. Aggie. What seems to be the issue, Petty Officer?" Aggie said as if she did not witness the nurse acting as the doctor.

(Reply Farrell and Jones)

Agnes then picked up a medical tricorder to do her own examination.

(Reply Farrell and Jones)

(Posted by Kris B)

(USS Illuminar – Deck 5, Sickbay – Security Officer PO1 Sam Jones – 1620)

As he sang, Sam felt all the stress that had been building up during the day, flow out of his body. If it has been a visible thing, it would have been a thick, blue liquid oozing out of his skin. After he finished the song, a doctor approached the Biobed. ~Is something up ?~ Speaking of up...he felt like he was floating above the bed now. ~Is this what it feels like to release a weight off your heart ?~

"That was beautiful. Hello, I am Dr. Vanderstein, but most everyone calls me Dr. Aggie. What seems to be the issue, Petty Officer?"

"I drunk some synthehol and threw up."

"He didn't drink that much, doctor."

Doctor Aggie began examining him. Sam didn't mind, but Megan Farrell made a face and bit her lower lip. She had only arrived aboard the ship a couple of days ago and she was still figured out how things worked here. ~Nice one, Megan.~ Her previous posting had been Deep Space 2, which had been severely understaffed. So they were expected to do as much as they could themselves. But she got the impression that was not how things worked on the Illuminar.

"Doctor," She lowered her voice. "Did I do something wrong ?"

(Reply Vanderstein)

Megan nodded. "I'm sorry, ma'am. My previous post was understaffed. If we didn't do everything we could ourselves, the CMO would yell at us." And that not hyperbole, the CMO had literally yelled at members of staff. "Deep Space Two, Doctor William Jones. I think he's like, two and hundred-fifty years old." This was hyperbole.

"More like three-hundred," Sam muttered. "That old goat is my grand uncle and the black sheep of the family. He's been abusing his subordinates since the stone age."

It was one of the reasons Sam had ended up on the Illuminar. His father was the caretaker of the Grand List. This was a list of every Jones family member in Starfleet and where they were assigned. Using the grand list, Sam had realized that the best chance of him not running into another Jones – and especially his uncle William - were pretty good on either the Illuminar or

the Exeter. In the end, he had gotten lucky and Starfleet Command had approved his assignment request.

Despite potentially being in trouble, Megan couldn't suppress a snicker at the comment. ~Sam is nothing like William.~ When William had taken his yearly vacation – he always took one week per year off and he always went to Bajor – she had used the window to put in for a transfer. It was how she had escaped from Deep Space Two.

(Reply Vanderstein)
(Posted by Ruben)

(USS Illuminar – Sickbay -- Deck 5 – Dr. Aggie – 1625)

“Doctor,” She lowered her voice. “Did I do something wrong ?”

Aggie turned and moved the young new nurse, “You know Dr. Solice has some policies. Have you checked with her? I recommend you get with her. Before overstepping doctors or the practitioners.”

Megan nodded. “I’m sorry, ma’am. My previous post was understaffed. If we didn’t do everything we could ourselves, the CMO would yell at us. Deep Space Two, Doctor William Jones. I think he’s like, two and hundred-fifty years old.” This was hyperbole.

“More like three-hundred,” Sam muttered. “That old goat is my grand uncle and the black sheep of the family. He’s been abusing his subordinates since the stone age.”

Aggie turned back towards, “You do not have to tell me about Dr. Jones. He has the same bedside manner both in and out of sickbay. I remember one time where we were...” Aggies started thinking about her little fling... “Well let's just say, his lack of manners is well compensated in abilities elsewhere.”

(Replies Jones, Megan)

“Look, things look good here,” Aggie said. Turning to Megan “Talk to Dr. Solice. You have the making for a great Nurse Practitioner. She can get you in the right road. Nice to meet you, Mr. Jones” Agnes turned to walk away shaking her head, “Billy Jones. What a ride.”

(Reply Jones, Megan)
(Posted by Kris B)

(USS Illuminar – Deck 5 - Sickbay – Security Officer - Lt. Andy Taylor – 1627)

Taylor walked as fast as he could into sickbay, looking for Jones. He saw that his man was being looked at by the new MO. He stepped over to the table and stood looming Lt with his arms crossed.

“Will he live?” Taylor asked.

(reply Vanderstein)

"I need to have a moment with him alone, if you don't mind," Taylor told the doctor.

(Reply Vanderstein)

"Mr Jones, explain yourself," Taylor said with a dangerous tone. "What made you think it was appropriate or allowed for you to drink while on shift?"

(reply Jones)

"So you believe that while the chief is not on the ship there are no rules," Taylor continues. "Or do you just believe it to be Jones' rules and the hell with everyone else?"

(reply Jones)

(posted by Al Muir)

(USS Illuminar – Sickbay -- Deck 5 -- Doctor Agnes Vanderstein – 1628)

Aggie was done with Jones. She had it in her mind she was in putting the information into her PADD.

"Will he live?" Taylor asked.

"Yes, Sir. He will today." Aggie replies

"I need to have a moment with him alone, if you don't mind," Taylor told the doctor.

"Yes, Sir." Aggie said as she turned and left when Lt. Taylor dismissed her. She remained close by.

(Reply None)

(Post by Kris B)

(USS Illuminar – Sickbay, Deck 5 – Security Officer PO1 Sam Jones – 1629)

"You do not have to tell me about Dr. Jones. He has the same bedside manner both in and out of sickbay. I remember one time where we were...Well let's just say, his lack of manners is well compensated in abilities elsewhere."

Sam rolled his eyes, his...interaction...with the ladies was another reason why William was the black sheep of the family. ~Who knows how many sprouts he has out there.~ The answer was that William probably did, but was not saying.

"How is he looking, ma'am ?" Farrell asked.

"Look, things look good here. Talk to Dr. Solice. You have the making for a great Nurse Practitioner. She can get you in the right road. Nice to meet you, Mr. Jones"

"Thank you, doctor," Farrell said, before sighing. "No more synthehol for you, Sam."

"Thank you, ma'am."

Farrell gave him a nod and walked away. She would talk to Doctor Solice later, but right now, she had to finish her lunch. As Farrell left, Sam saw Lieutenant Taylor come in. ~This can't be good.~ The lieutenant talked to Doctor Vanderstein, before turning his attention to him. And, as expected, he was not a happy camper.

"Mr Jones, explain yourself. What made you think it was appropriate or allowed for you to drink while on shift?"

"I needed to let off some steam," Sam said.

~Not that I managed to release anything.~ This whole rollercoaster had not changed anything. His demons had not been exercised and his anger towards his family and their demands were slowly beginning to boil under his skin again. He had never wanted to be in Starfleet, let alone be an officer. ~You managed to dodge that second part.~

"So you believe that while the chief is not on the ship there are no rules,. Or do you just believe it to be Jones' rules and the hell with everyone else?"

"What do you care ?" His voice was calm and soft, yet angry. "After all, you're the grand officer and I'm just the stupid enlisted man with the IQ of a cucumber." He wasn't really angry at the lieutenant, but the dam that held back all of his frustration and rage towards his family had finally burst. The lieutenant was just the lightning rod at receiving end of his family issues.

(Reply Taylor)

"I never wanted to be in this blasted uniform anyway," Part of him had zoned out and he was not seeing the lieutenant anymore. Instead, he was seeing his father and letting him have it. "So, if you want to throw me in the brig, go ahead. Then you can go back to rule-nagged and admiral butt kissing, which is all you officers are good for anyway."

(Reply Taylor)

And then came the big one, the thing he been wanting to say for years. But he never had the nerve to. "I don't care ! It's your fault mom is dead, dad ! If you hadn't talked her into going to that bloody conference, she wouldn't have been aboard the Zacharias ! And those Breen privateers wouldn't have blown her to pieces !" If looks could kill, his father would been vaporized by a phaser bolt from his eyes.

"Starfleet Intelligence said that traveling across that sector was a bad idea. But NO, the mighty Jones family could not pass up a chance to network ! To fish up some GRAND promotion ! All you care about is the family reputation, the family influence !" He turned on his side, putting his back to his father. "Now get out of my life !"

He closed his eyes and saw the image of the Zacharias exploding. He hadn't been around to see it, but in his mind's eye he could see the Nebula-class USS Zacharias explode as if he had been. Tears rolled down his face.

(Reply Taylor)

(Posted by Ruben)

(USS Illuminar – Deck 5 - Sickbay – Security Officer - Lt. Andy Taylor – 1630)

When Taylor asked for an explanation of his behavior the last thing he expected was the reason the petty officer's response.

"I needed to let off steam," the man said, as if that was all he needed to say.

When he pressed him to explain further his disbelief sank into incredulity.

"What do you care?" Jones asked. "After all, you're the grand officer and I'm just the stupid enlisted man with the IQ of a cucumber."

"That's enough," Taylor said. "Cucumber or not you are out of line. Consider yourself off duty until further notice."

"I never wanted to be in this blasted uniform anyway," Jones admitted. "So if you want to throw me in the brig go ahead. Then you can go back to rule-nagged and admiral butt kissing, which is all you officers are good for."

Taylor wasn't sure what set Jones off on this tirade, but he'd had about enough of this abuse. If the brig is what he wanted then who was Andy Taylor to deny him. He stepped forward saying, "Then so be it. Off to the brig we go."

"I don't care! It's your fault mom is dead, dad! If you hadn't talked her into going to that bloody conference, she wouldn't have been aboard the Zacharias! And those damn Breen privateers wouldn't have blown her to pieces! Starfleet Intelligence said the traveling across the sector was a bad idea. But NO, the mighty Jones family could not pass a chance to network! To fish up some Grand promotion! All you care about is the family reputation, the family influence!"

Then he turned his back to the stunned Taylor who had begun to wonder how this guy passed the psyche eval.

"Now get out of my life," Jones concluded closed his eyes and began to cry.

Taylor took a deep breath and let it out slowly. He just watched somebody have a psychotic break right in front of him, and he wasn't really sure how safe he was. They were already headed to brig, he decided to go with that decision, but for different reasons. He tapped his comm badge.

"Taylor to the brig, lock onto Petty Officer Jones and beam him directly to a security cell. I believe he may be a danger to others and himself so I want him watched, twenty-four hours."

=^= Yes Lieutenant.^=

The form of Jones shimmered and disappeared from sickbay. Why do these kinds of things only happen he's in charge. He tapped his comm badge again.

"Taylor to Commander Verin, we've had a little problem with one of our security officers. I believe he's had some kind of mental break down. I've had him moved to the brig for everyone's safety, including his own.=^=

(reply Verin)

Then he tapped his comm badge a third time, "Taylor to Mr. Laredo, do you have time to meet me outside the brig?"

=^=I'm on my way.=^=

Taylor closed the channel and looked around at the medical staff who were all looking at him. He shrugged and threw his hands up in a gesture that said "go figure." Then he left, heading to see about the man in the brig.

(reply Jones, if you want)
(posted by Al Muir)

End Compile