

Scott yawned as he tapped the display screen before him. "Good grief."

(Reply none)

(Posted by Steve)

(USS Illuminar – Deck 11 - Main Engineering -EO - Ensign Bohb - 0615)

Bohb stretched as he walked into Main Engineering. It had been a long evening the night before as the Magillan had spent the night working on his project, and was very close to being ready for a test run. But he needed to make sure that no harm would come to Luma before he initiated the transfer.

There was a sound coming from the replicator area and he walked over to check it out. As he got there he noted a pile of parts that were being created. He picked up an injector and inspected it with curiosity.

Looking around he noted Matrix sitting a console with a PADD and a frown. Still holding the injector he walked over to the ACEO.

“Good morning Ensign Matrix,” Bohb said with a smile.

(reply Matrix)

Looking at the injector he looked sideways at the human. "So...., is there something I don't know going on that I should be prepared for?"

(reply Matrix)

(posted by Al Muir)

(USS Illuminar – Deck 11 - Main Engineering -ACEO - Ensign Matrix - 0619)

Scott yawned again...embarrassed that someone had heard him.

“Good morning, Ensign Matrix,” Bohb said with a smile.

“Good morning, Bohb.” Replied Scott a bit startled.

Looking at the injector he looked sideways at the human. "So...., is there something I don't know going on that I should be prepared for?"

Scott tapped the duty roster, "Not that I'm aware of...should be just a normal maintenance cycle. Thought it's a new mission so its anyone's guess." He said with a smile."

(Reply Bohb)

"I think we should get on the plasma conduit refit as soon as possible. Until the engineering officer says otherwise, I think this is the priority." Replied Scott.

(Reply Bohb)

(Posted by Steve)

(USS Illuminator - Deck 11 - Main Engineering -EO - Ensign Bohb - 0620)

"Not that I'm aware of," Matrix said, "should be just a normal maintenance cycle. Thought it's a new mission so its anyone's guess."

Bohb looked at the ACEO oddly. He was curious if he'd been briefed on the mission. Did he realize they were headed to A potentially hazardous situation? Still they were days away from their intended stop.

"I think we should get on the plasma conduit refit as soon as possible. Until the engineering officer says otherwise, I think this is the priority." Replied Scott.

Bohb now looked even more perplexed, "Aren't you the engineering officer for now? If you say this is the priority then so it is. But isn't working on the plasma conduit work more suited to, say, a cadet? The ship is almost brand new. Refitting plasma conduits is a bit ... premature, unless we want to teach someone a lesson."

(reply Matrix)

(posted by Al Muir)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5, Holodeck - Engineer Ens JG Tycho Alantar - 0650)

Tycho was alone. He couldn't see anything as his eyes were covered, while he knelt with hands laid gently across his upper legs, palms down. His breath was slow and steady. A small breeze wafted a single slip of foot against wood into his hearing and he was up in an instant, extremities slicing through the air as he worked to block his opponent's attack. One arm crossed over the other as he caught the strong kick, his enemy thrown to the ground with some clever momentum and weight manipulation.

The body thudded onto the floor and Tycho let out a burst of sound and air that girded his muscles, putting strength behind the blow. His opponent's air rushed from his lungs just before he dissipated from reality, but Tycho wasn't even present for it as he was already fielding a serious onslaught of lightning quick punches in a style that resembled old Earth Wing Chun.

His own style was slower and more deliberate, rarely using such flurried attacks, but the program was designed to challenge anyone by using their training history to extrapolate challenging opposition, so the Wing Chun of Ancient China was thrown against Okinawan Shotokan style karate. His bare torso was starting to get slippery as he was nearing the end of a long session, and the slick of his skin allowed him to slip inside her guard. Doing this, he used a spearhand strike and caught the pressure point that would end the relentless punches. The gritted cry that came after his blow landed told him what he needed, and he grinned, using the now disabled arm as a lever to press down to the ground and force a submission, at which point the fighter cried out and melted again and Tycho started seeking with his ears.

This time, the opponent came from up above, the vector caught Tycho off guard and he landed on his face with a grunt. He shook his head and got up quickly, reorienting himself to the sounds of shuffling feet. The blindfold was still on, which forced him to use his ears and with just a moment's pause, he shot across the floor, his fist nothing less than a bullet seeking the heart of where the hologram should be. Swing and a miss, but he got close enough to feel it, and so managed to pull his momentum around and leg sweep the holo, followed by a

punch to the side mid-fall, and a final blow with his elbow that accelerated the body into the floor. He heard the ***thunk*** of cranium to wood and the whisper of dissolving holo, and grunted approvingly. He liked to end on a good note, and a KO wasn't a bad one at all.

"Computer, pause program," Tycho flopped to the ground to catch his breath, grabbing his towel, water and PADD as they sparkled into existence beside him, another small program to bring his things to him when the program was paused. Pulling the blindfold off, his eyes skimmed the session assessment and he made a couple adjustments to his program and his training schedule to keep pushing his skills.

Once he felt a bit more cooled off, he cleaned the dojo and dried off inside the program before closing and saving it for the next day. Nothing beat a soak in the hot baths after a heavy session, certainly not the sonics, and his muscles benefited from the heat. It was almost time for him to start his shift, so he shucked his bag with his things over his shoulder and headed off for grub and his uniform, still barefoot and wearing only his training pants as he headed down the hall.

(reply IYW none needed)

(Posted by Lorenz)

Quinna moved from sickbay to her office. Her night shift had ended and her normal shift began. It was time to read reports and sign them. All she could do was think of Michael. She had been so busy that they were not able to spend time together. Quinna did manage to send a message just to say 'Hi'. Retrieving her coffee from the replicator, she sat on her couch and put the cup on the side table.

Her feet ached. She kicked off her boots. She then proceeded to put her feet up. She was tired. She leaned back and rested her head on the back of her couch. From there she felt she could shut her eyes for five minutes. She promised herself she would go to bed early later that evening.

Her 5-minute plan did not bode well with her system as she had fallen in the deepest of sleep. Her mouth gaped open and the soft sound of sleep escaped her mouth.

(Reply Any, IYW)

(Posted by Kris B.)

The monitor on Chief Lee's desk pinged which distracted Lee who was looking for a folder in one of his filing cabinets. He was flicking through the files with one hand whilst eating a bacon sandwich with the other hand. Still chewing, he came over to the monitor. It was a transmission from Admiral Rawlinson, Director of Starfleet Security Command based in Paris.

~mm~' thought Lee as he took another bit of his bacon sandwich as he glanced at the policy indicator. He started reading

“New policy improvements to improve the security posture of Starfleet Vessels and Installations

All Starfleet security personnel will be required to pass quarterly proficiency tests in the following Mission Essential Tasks (METs)

- Repel Boarders
- Prisoner Escort and Security
- Close protection of personnel
- Conduct movement to contact culminating in hasty attack
- Conduct movement to contact culminating in hasty defence
- Conduct reconnaissance patrol in planetary or orbital environment
- Defend Position/Installation from deliberate attack
- Conduct personnel rescue and recovery raid
- Halo execution

Security personnel will also be required to pass quarterly proficiency tests in the following Individual Essential Tasks (IETs)

- Marksmanship
- Armed combat
- Unarmed combat
- Medical first responder
- Identification of allied personnel, equipment, and threat analysis
- Identification of hostile personnel, equipment, and threat analysis
- Prisoner restraint and interrogation
- Cargo inspection

Arrangement for METS and IETS proficiency tests will take place at various venues throughout Starfleet operational bases. More detailed information will follow later."

Lee sat back, licked his fingers after finishing his bacon sandwich. Lee was aware there would be a lot of logistical questions about undertaking the proficiency tests. Who are the ones who will conduct the proficiency tests? What about the venues? Will they take place at starbases? Planets? Starships?

Will Security chiefs be exempt from the tests?

(reply none)

(posted by John)

(USS Illuminar -- Personal Quarters -- ACSO T'shalaith -- 0700)

“Personal log. Stardate 2446.02.21.” The Acting Chief Science Officer let the silence of her quarters fill the opening moments of her log and then she stabbed her finger on the pause button. The room remained still. Her mind, however, was a tempest of boiling storms that had been growing in strength over the last ten or so days. She had done her own testing to verify it was not her time for Pon-Farr and she had run a battery of further testing to ensure it was not arriving early. Part of this was simply her nature to test every theory that she had considered. The other part was that her father, however annoyingly, was probably right. The words of her father’s holographic facade remained firmly echoing in her mind as if it had just been yesterday that they had spoken. She had not activated his program since the 11th.

His advice had been simple. She would need to seek out a bond-mate or be driven mad by her situation. Yet the complexity of such a suggestion belied her situation and position. T'shalaith could not leave her posting and flee to the moon where her people called home or seek out an outpost of Vulcans to search for a bond-mate. There had been so much work getting to this place. To be confronted with the idea of abandoning it all seemed illogical, and if she had been human - maddening.

She gently unpause the recording. "I am in the midst of a most illogical contemplation, and it most disagreeable that it would come at this time." There had been a death in the crew recently, and they were now heading into the next phase of the mission. The true Chief Science Officer remained in sickbay, and his condition remained unchanged. She was doing well enough in his absence but the situation on such a ship as the Illuminar required a full science staff to be at its most effective. There were some pieces and parts that had, as the humans would say, fallen through the cracks. She was thankful for science officers and crewmen who had picked up the slack without complaint, at least as far as she was aware.

"I must continue to serve this ship and her crew to the best of my ability and skill. I must find a way to address this part of my mind and...heart that requires something to continue to operate at full efficiency." She felt her emotions tremble deep beneath the surface of her psyche and sent a metaphorical hammer down to secure the hatches of her feelings. "I will find a way to continue in my responsibilities. I must find a way." She furrowed her brow in concentration and closed her eyes for five seconds as she went to work repairing the walls and locks she had established so long ago. She finished counting at five and opened her eyes. She felt significantly better. T'shalath knew this would require more dedication to her mediation sessions in the morning and the evenings. She knew she needed to record any incidents throughout the day.

She was going to have to maintain, but it would only last for so long. The reality was she needed to find a bond-mate to restore the balance in her body and mind. "End log and save."

(reply none)

(posted by Aaron DeLay)

(USS Illuminar – Deck 2 – Officers Mess -ACEO - Ensign Matrix - 0705)

Famished, Scott entered the officer's mess and was invited to take a seat. The steward remembered Scott and immediately poured a cup of black coffee. "The usual sir?" He asked.

"Yes, please but skip the Grapok sauce." Replied Scott as he smiled.

"Of course, I hear that batch was murder on the stomach."

“To say the least.” Scott replied.

Scott noted several other officers as they entered the mess hall, but he didn't know them. Crew rotation he thought, or he below decks for so long he hadn't had time to meet everyone. Still, he had been aboard the Illuminar for nearly twelve months.

~Good grief...I need to get out more.~ he thought.

Scott took the time to review his ever-present PADD; the daily duty roster, fleet news and any personal communication. His father hadn't written in weeks, but Scott assumed the retired admiral was simply busy enjoying life. The last he heard; he was traveling to DS9.

The steward placed a plate of fresh fruit in front of Scott and smiled, "Sir, by order of the CMO we're serving fresh fruit before all meals. Please enjoy."

Scott smiled, "Thank you." ~It might keep me out of sickbay.~ he thought. The bowl was full of fresh pineapple, blue berries, and banana slices. He didn't like bananas, but he did his best.

The PADD display blinked a new message and Scott tapped on the display. The news feed requested his password, a personal message. Scott complied and started to read the message. It wasn't something he was prepared for. ~Oh my. This isn't a good time.~

Scott started to sweat. ~Calm down Scott.~ He thought. ~Its just a suggestion...a request.~

(Reply none)
(Posted by Steve)

Hezuela was on duty in the sickbay today. Not that it was anything new or special, but nevertheless she was always happy about it. It was a new day, and somehow the Orion woman was always in a particularly good mood in the morning. And that usually worked out, rather to the chagrin of the other officers. But anyway, the day started exactly to her liking. She had gotten up earlier than she had to and then sat down in front of the window with a cup of lemon tea to watch the stars. The journey through space was still a miracle for her, even though she had been on the Illuminar for some time now. And now she was jumping around the sickbay like a young squirrel hopping around on some branches for the first time. There hadn't really been much going on today, except that a couple of officers had complained about abrasions. But that was nothing that couldn't be fixed very quickly.

At the moment she was sorting and cleaning the medical instruments, although she couldn't really help whistling. And so the whole infirmary was filled with a high-pitched, tinnitus-inducing noise. But it didn't bother her, and as long as no one told her it was annoying, she wouldn't stop. Another side effect, pleasant to her, was that the whistling drowned out the catchy tune she had caught some time ago.

Finally, Hezuela had finished her report and sighed. It had taken a long time. She really loved her job, but somehow lacked the fun for report writing. But please, who likes writing reports? She walked towards her chief's office. "Quinna will be jumping for joy," she muttered wryly and had to grin. The lieutenant seemed somehow very tired and busy today, yet.

When she arrived at the office, she had to smile as she looked through the windows. Her boss had fallen asleep. "Okay, I should get a coffee for her," she muttered, more as a little note to herself, and made a detour to the nearest replicator. "Computer, coffee, large cup. Strong," she ordered and took out her cup a moment later. Almost instantly, did her nostrils expand at the scent of the rich blend. It was something she certainly couldn't stomach. She had a real aversion to the taste alone. That's why she filled her coffee with almost everything possible to suppress what she thought was a bitter taste. It was also why she had banned it from the replicator menu in her quarters within the first hour of her arrival.

Finally, she made her way back to the office with a cup and the report in hand and rang the bells.
"Ma'am? Wake up. I have a report and a large cup of coffee for you."

(Reply Quinna)

(Posted by Bogdana)

Scott decided to have breakfast in the officer's mess. Something he rarely did. In fact, this was about the second time he'd ventured into the facility. He acknowledged commander Gregory as he sat down at an outlining table and ordered from the steward. He picked up some of the conversation the commander was having. Seemed the commander was getting razzed about something. Dieter Gregory was well liked by the crew, and it wasn't uncommon, at least from what Scott had observed, for many to strike up a conversation, even one of a little hazing. It kept things lighthearted and made the crew feel comfortable around the senior commander.

Scott poured himself another cup of coffee and tapped through the day's assignments on his PADD. Several minutes passed, Scot didn't hear why the commander was called away, but noticed he'd not finished his meal. ~That can't be good.~ he thought.

Finally, his food arrived, sausage and cheese omelet, Romulan potatoes topped with Grapok sauce. That was sure to get his blood pumping.

He took several bites and recalled why it wasn't a good idea to eat Grapok sauce, especially in the morning. ~Oh dear, I'm going to pay for this most of the day.~ He continued to eat despite his foreknowledge that it would be uncomfortable for the next 10 to 12 hours. It was just too good to waste.

Scott managed to finish everything and polished off his fourth cup of coffee. He thanked the steward and left the mess for main engineering.

(Reply None)

(Posted by Steve)

Today they would finally get underway for the next part of their mission. The death of the cadet was a tragedy, but his report detailed the failure in procurement that allowed for the faulty mechanisms to get into the supply chain. He was sure that Admiral Fuller would be keelhauling a more than a few folks, even if he had to make a keel first. The Class 1 recall and STIR had the engineering teams working overtime to test every unit.

He sat sipping his tea and the apple cider vinegar concoction he discovered to help with recovery after the morning PT. The NCO's were not to gentle on him today in the hand to hand combat training, and he only wondered when the bruises would showup.

The door to the Mess opened, and in walked Reolra, wearing a sundress that left little to the imagination. She made a beeline to Gregory's table as a steward brought a mug of hot liquid for her.

"Hello loverboy," she said playfully, "How was training?"

"Fine thank you. If I didn't know better, I would wonder if you had talked to some of the security guys," he replied

"I would never, I don't want my good damaged," she replied.

The steward came and they ordered. As he left, she slid next to Gregory, "When do you have to go on duty? Sam is supervising the cleaning of the Lounge. I could use some training myself."

She leaned over and playfully nibbled his ear. "Or are you too tired?"

"For you, never, you insatiable minx," he replied.

Just then his communicator chimed, =^= Commander Gregory please report to Operations =^=

Reolra chuckled, "Saved by the bell?"

Gregory tapped his badge, =^= On my way =^=

"A rain check my dear?" he asked, "Tonight, perhaps some bridge. We'll need another couple."

"A rubber match?" she asked.

"Always," he replied as he left his half eaten meal on the table and headed out of the mess.

(Reply - as you wish)

(Posted by Tim)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - CMO Office - Acting Chief Science Officer Ensign T'shalaith and CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice -- 0800)

The Vulcan had spent the last forty minutes determining who she could trust onboard her new ship, and the list was very short. There was the captain of course and the benefit was he was a full Vulcan. The trouble with that conversation was that he was male, and her current troubles were certainly of the female quality. She was also concerned about the logical path that conversation would take, and it had led to the conclusion that the only person she could reliably trust was the Chief Medical Officer. She suspected the captain would have sent her to Lieutenant Quinna Solice anyway given that her condition would be partially be addressed within the medical area. She had checked to see who the counselor was and upon discovering she was Betazoid, immediately decided she needed someone she wouldn't end up sharing thoughts or feelings with besides in an exam room.

It may not have been terribly logical of her T'shalaith admitted to herself as she stepped in sickbay and nearly ran to the CMO's office door. She depressed the button for the door, and waited.

The chime had awakened the sleepy Doctor. Quinna rubbed her eyes, "Come," Quinna said as she stretched her aching back. She leaned back in an awkward position.

It took a moment but the door opened, revealing the CMO. T'shalaith gave a slight nod, "May I come in, Lieutenant?"

"Please come in," Quinna stood and looked at the Ensign.

She stepped through the door and stood before the desk silently for a moment before she asked, "May I request the door be closed during our consultation, Doctor Quinn?"

"Of course" Quinna replied. Quinna moved to the door and put in a lock and 'Do not Disturb' code.

T'shalaith pursed her lips, "I would prefer this discussion be private."

"We are all private." Quinna assured her.

The science officer took a deep breath and explained the situation with her failed bond-mate, and that indeed he was dead. She further revealed that her separate searches of studies and investigation had found this to be something that did occur in those that had failed to bond mate and that resolving it was fairly pedestrian. One just needed to locate an additional mate, and go through the processes. T'shalaith paused at that, and let out a long breath before she took another and finished her story by relating that she could not do such a thing at this time, and she was now seeking assistance from the CMO in order to sort out a temporary solution to the current malady.

Quinna nodded as she knew exactly what she was going through. Recently the Chief Operations Officer Lt. T'Mur had gone through that time. Somewhat. However, T'Mur did find a bondmate. "There are alternatives we have that could help." Quinna ushered T'Shalaith to a seat next to the desk. Quinna sat in a chair on the same side of the desk. She turned the chair to face the Vulcan Female. She sat with her legs crossed at the knees and held her torso with great posture, not allowing herself to lean over and into T'Shalaith's space. "Have you tried anything to suppress the urges?"

If T'Shalaith had been human, she might have laughed uncomfortably. The reality of it was that if she had been human, she may not have had the knowledge and understanding through meditation and emotional control techniques and her condition would have been far more severe than it currently exhibited. The unsettling part for the Vulcan was that she had tried near everything she knew and had been trained in and it was still slowly unraveling. In the back of her mind, she wondered if she had grown up on Vulcan proper and had access to the greater population of her kind - could she have been trained more effectively? Would she be better equipped to handle this trial?

T'Shalaith knew it was illogical and irrational to examine the 'what if' questions and felt a slight pang of revulsion that her mind was pondering such questions and scenarios. She was the daughter of Sath and a Vulcan. She was better than this. She was supposed to be stronger than this. She pushed those thoughts softly to the back of her mind knowing she would have to reconcile them eventually. There was a priority to addressing her needs, and the doctor was one of the few she had confidence in to help stave off the impending madness.

T'Shalaith spoke quietly from where she sat, her hands clasped tightly in her lap. "I have completed every level of mediation I have knowledge of and have practiced each step in the various methods of emotional control." A thought pushed from the back of her mind to the front and she paused at it, considered it, and then without knowing why, voiced it, "I suspect my Kolinar training may have been incomplete." She stopped and thought once more, "I must admit being uncomfortable with such an illogical statement...even if it is possible to be possible."

"I see, well,..." Quinna thought for a moment, "We have some options to try." Quinna reached for a PADD on the other side of the desk. I had an opportunity to study on Vulcan recently. I can do deep testing and chemical analysis of your blood. I can then specialize a treatment, but ultimately it cannot replace the need alone."

T'Shalaith allowed an eyebrow to raise. For a moment, she felt a mild appreciation for the CMO as a fellow scientist. She was used to pushing the limits of science in her researching studies and more. To find someone who was appeared to be similarly inclined was encouraging. "It is, as humans would say, a short-term solution to a long-term problem. Which is the significant concern with this scenario - it requires a permanent solution."

"There has also been some success in the holodeck. A personalized program, that no one else would have access to." Quinna offered.

T'Shalait felt her other eyebrow raise. Her logical mind worked quickly to estimate what and how such a personalized program would and she felt a mixture of shame and embarrassment both of which she slammed metaphorically deep down in a flash of control. Her logical mind also came back to suggest that the CMO's suggestion might have some merit - odd and mildly shame-inducing as it was. "I am at a logical...as humans would say, loggerheads. Your suggestion both offends and agrees with my logical evaluation."

"Well, we can do a mixture of both," Quinn suggested. "Or you can find a bond-mate soon or you can have a fight to the death in an act of Kal-if-fee."

Had the Vulcan science officer been human, she would have laughed out loud and smirked at the use of humor. But T'Shalaith wasn't human. Not even a percent. She was logical, even in her uneven state. "Logic suggests fighting to death would be a most undesirable ending to my story, Doctor Quinn. Your ideas are most encouraging to as humans say, putting a bandaid on the problem. I believe taking the blood work option together with the unusual holodeck program seems the most effective possibility in staving off the events you accurately predict will eventually occur."

Quinna started making notes of what was needed. She wanted to start with a complete physical, then she needed blood samples and neuro tests to lock some of the chemicals down would be a start.

T'Shalath gave a nod, "I have not rejected the notion that it is entirely possible that my bond-mate may come from another race other than Vulcan. It is a very illogical possibility but it is not unusual. Spock's parentage is one of the cited results that proves that the possibility exists." She paused as she considered it further, "But I do not know at this time if I am either willing or accepting that this scenario would fulfill my bond-mate needs."

"There is plenty of examples throughout history even though each experience is unique," Quinn said.

The Vulcan science officer accepted this with a nod. "It is the way of things, Doctor Quinn. I know this may sound illogically redundant, but I wish to ensure this discussion and resulting treatment remains in the privacy of patient confidentiality."

"No worries, I will keep things just between us. No one on the medical staff will not know of what is happening."

T'Shalith felt something tremble deep within her but ignored it for the moment. Trust in her world wasn't easily given, and for the moment she was having to put her trust in a CMO she had barely engaged with since stepping on board. It was a fairly illogical situation for her to find herself in, but as the humans would say - needs must. "Thank you, Doctor Quinn. I will take my leave of you. I look forward to reviewing and beginning the full treatment plan in the very near future." The science officer stood and left the office - her mind already on the duties that awaited her on the bridge.

(Reply None)

(Posted by Aaron DeLay and Kris Bailey)

(USS Illuminair - Deck 1 COPs office - 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory - 0825)

After his breakfast was interrupted with the summons to Operations, he found his senior staff assembled. "Alright, what is the emergency?" he asked.

"Nothing Sir," replied CPO Ywan. "There was a rumor Sir, that the the security folks you train with were not pulling their punches and we were worried about you."

There was a chuckle through the room. "Clearly Ms. Ywan, the reports of my death have been greatly exaggerated."

Taking his chair, he pulled up the most recent set of reports. "I hope everyone has had their fun on Betezed. Looking at the last round of efficiency reports, there is room for improvement. I'm not looking to set fleet records, but seconds can count. We've had a long couple of months and some excitement that last couple of weeks. I would like everyone to review Operations performance metrics and identify three ways to improve them. More training is not an acceptable answer. If you think training is required, be specific in the area that the training needs to focus on. Then find a scenario that can be used to highlight that training."

He paused and looked around the room, "Some of you may think I have all the answers. I don't. However Ms. Ywan does, and she'll tell you that. Otherwise, each of us see things slightly differently and those differences should be celebrated. AS the Vulcan's say, Infinite Diversity in Infinite Combinations. Now we have some new faces in the department, and I want you older crew to help them get their starship legs, as it were."

The background sounds of the ship changed, "It seems we're coming out of transwarp. Everyone to their stations," he says standing up. "And check in with your shift lead."

The assembled crew stood up and headed out to their stations. CPO Ywan stayed behind to talk to Gregory.

"Concerns Ms. Ywan?" he asked.

"No sir. The new additions will round out the department. I would check in with Lieutenant Menzi, he is feeling out of sorts as the only Saurian in the department. "

"Noted. Thank you Ms. Ywan."

The two department, and Gregory took the few steps over to the bridge.

(Reply none)

(Reply here)
(Posted by Tim)

(USS Illuminar -- Deck 1-- Bridge- CO - Captain Sekal - 0830)

"Coming up on the Altair system in five hours Captain."

"Thank you Ms. Greywolf, tactical initiate the cloak." The cloak had been tested multiple times and its parameters refined the day after leaving Betazed. It was now operating to the CO's satisfaction.

(Reply: Tactical)

"Helm reduce speed to warp factor five."

"Aye sir."

The ring of coruscating blue energy dissipated as the ship exited the hyperwarp tunnel and bled off speed, seeming to close behind them with a snap. The ability of sensors to catch the surge of subspace energy that followed it had not yet been tested so he had elected to come out short of the planetary

system out of sensor range of the interdiction platforms that ringed it and hopefully well away from the path of any incoming ships.

"Long range sensors full sweep."

(Reply: Science)

"Increase speed to warp factor 8, close the distance to that ship and follow it in."

The Illuminar leapt forward like a greyhound and changed course to intercept the vector of the older, Sovereign class ship that was en route to the system.

"Can you give me a designation on that vessel?"

(Reply: Any)

(Posted by Charles G)

The days since the accident with the cadet had gone fairly uneventfully. After concluding the investigation they set course for Altair. T'Mur maintained a continual scan for any sign of ships that may be in the sector with nothing to show for her efforts. There weren't even any signs of possible activity through ion trails or spacial displacement of debris. They had been given time to experiment with the new cloaking device that Bohb, Matrix and Alantar had retrofit to the Illuminar. The last few days had been spent, as Lt. Bohb put it, working out the bugs. Although T'Mur did not understand how insectoid life forms would find their way into the mechanics of the ship, however it was just as well that they were able to extricate them.

"Coming up on the Altair system in five hours Captain," Tempest Grey Wolf reported at the conn.

"Thank you Ms. Greywolf," Sekal replied, "tactical initiate the cloak."

T'Mur tapped her display and brought up the power transfer grid to the cloaking device. She made the needed adjustments and could feel the hum through the deck plating as it engaged.

"Cloak engaged and running," T'Mur reported. "We are now cloaked."

The captain reduced speed to exit the hyperwarp tunnel, then asked for a sensor sweep from science. T'Mur had already been scanning with her sensors and had picked up the ship the science station reported. They increased speed to warp 8 and came in behind what appeared to be a Sovereign class starship.

"Can you give me a designation on that vessel?"

T'Mur tapped on her sensor array panel until it beep a recognition code.

"Captain," she called out, "Sovereign class starship, designation USS Valiant."

(reply Sekal, any)

(posted by Al Muir)

Gregory walked onto the bridge and stepped over to the Master Systems Display. Everything was looking nominal at the moment. Turning around to look at the screen, he saw a starship on the screen. He heard T'Mur call out that it was the Sovereign class ship USS Valiant.

He walked over to operations, where Lieutenant Menzi was sitting. Leaning over the Saurian, he took a second earpiece and started listening in. Menzi pointed to some spikes on the subspace bands. "See if you can record and decode," he said to his operations officer.

The Saurian nodded, and began working the controls.

Meanwhile, Gregory turned to face the screen. "Captain, Operations reports encrypted burst subspace traffic between the Valiant and Defense station 7. We are attempting to decrypt now Sir."

Gregory turned back to the operations post, watching Menzi work. He was doing a good job of isolating the signals from the Valiant and Defense Station. Since everyone was Federation, it shouldn't be too hard to decrypt.

(reply Sekal, bridge)

(Posted by Tim)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1- Bridge- CTO - Lt(jg) T'Mur - 0836)

T'Mur had been watching the readings from the cloaking device. The only concern that she was having at this point was the same as when they had run the test on the Hilary. Although the ship was, by all standard means, invisible, it was still physically moving through space and displacing space debris. Granted, someone would have to be looking for that.

"Captain," she said as she stepped around her console so she could speak softly, "there is still a slight possibility of detection. I would recommend that we bring the Illuminar in directly behind the Valiant. It would mask any trail we might be producing through space dust and debris."

(reply Sekal)

(posted by Al Muir)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 12, Cloaking Array control - Engineer Ens jg)

Tycho Alantar - 0838)

Tycho was watching his readouts like a hawk. Even the famously minute detail that the Captain needed to deem anything "satisfactory" couldn't make him turn down the intensity. He'd had a share of responsibility for the repair teams that looked over those suits, and he'd trusted faulty material and routine inspections instead of ultimately knowing.

Barring adopting the proverbial hover-parent style of management, he would work by example. He didn't bring people down with angry words, but he was stressing to his team that vigilance and attention to detail - no matter how mundane you feel it might be - was a Fleet hallmark. Honoring the fallen meant putting the best efforts forward that they would have. By all accounts, the cadet had been on track for any number of coveted positions, and they owed it to him to act as if that was their opportunity on the horizon, and earn their pips every day.

He sent himself a note for later: [don't forget dinner before crashing]. Then he tuned up his senses and knew he would be ready for a good sleep tonight.

(reply any iyw)

(posted by Lorenz)

NRPG: I took a stab at where a cloak would be located. I guessed it might run through the deflector array somehow.

T'shalaith felt her heart rate slowing and her body returning to something resembling normal as she stood in the turbo-lift as it rocketed towards the bridge. If she was human, she supposed she would be having a complete attack of every emotional sense she had. If she was human. She felt a tug of pride in being Vulcan and having near masterful control over such things. The door opened and she stepped onto the bridge, and moved to the science station, taking over for the officer who had stayed. She quickly surmised the situation by looking to the sensors, plotted course, and listened into the ongoing conversation on the bridge. There was something to be said for the missions in certain sectors of Starfleet - dull moments didn't seem to exist.

(reply any on bridge if desired, otherwise waiting for the captain)

(posted by Aaron DeLay)

Four hours after sunrise, one thousand feet higher up the ridge from the camp where the special forces unit had spent the night, sergeant Lee put his hand down where he rubbed his tired face. His unit met a determined enemy. The fire came from a series of caves just above and to the east. And it came all at once. Rifle fire, rocket-propelled grenades and, mortars, The enemy dynamited the mountain to create rock slides, pelting the ground below, Lee and his unit took refuge behind a series of boulders. Bullets were ricochetting off the rocks to all sides. There was nowhere to hide, no way to advance, and their retreat had been cut off by a rock slide.

“Radio,’ Lee shouted

His radio operator, trooper Rex Johnson edged toward Lee and handed the microphone to him.

^Base 1. This is Alpha Tango...need firing support, grid four zero. Taking heavy fire.^

^{^Alpha Tango^ a voice said immediately, whom Keung instantly recognised as Major Ted O'Connor}
^{^What is your position^}

^We pinned down^ shouted Keung, ^and they have the high ground. Situation critical.^

^Repeat Alpha Tango^ said Major O'Connor

Keung shouted again just as a volley of shots hit the bounder

^Alpha Tango. Hold your position. We are assessing your situation. Sergeant, I can't find your requisition order. Have you completed forms 2A please."^

“Don’t be ridiculous” argued Keung. He glanced as he yelled. A dozen bearded men in flowing robes were starting down the hill. His own men firing back. ^I need support now.^

^{^Please define support. It is very difficult without your completed form 2A^ said the Major.}

Keung suddenly yelled out in pain, as the microphone he was holding suddenly began to liquidfy into melted rubber and metal. He dropped it. The radio had also melted into a pool of metal.

"What the hell!" startled Keung and suddenly looked back to see his radio operator suddenly standing in absolute fear!! "Get down!" he shouted but Rex Johnson stood there trembling. Rex was whimpering saying "I didn't have time to fill in form CD1"

An tremendous explosion hit the area in front of him!! As the smoke cleared, he saw all his dead troopers and the enemy running towards him shouting victory slogans.

"Please identify your support" repeated the Major on the radio "We need to organise a risk assessment."

Hearing a loud moan behind him, he turned to see Jane Walker, Eish Cuvh, Ray Wong and Winston Soar rosed up, their skins fraying off and bloody hands outstretched towards him. "You betrayed us!!...you betrayed us!! There was a loud buzz coming from somewhere.

Lee jerked up from his desktop in confusion and for a moment wondered where he was. The buzz that he heard was his reminder that his morning briefing was starting in five minutes. So much for a catnap and shook his head to clear the memory of the dream...or nightmare he just had!!

Lee stood up and went over to the replicator where he ordered a coffee. He returned to desk to look at his folder which was full of documents which he downloaded from his computer. He preferred handling and looking at pieces of paper rather than scrolling through a screenful of data nor he did want to be distracted by the computer reading it out loud to him. There was an old fashion feel to it. Knowing in some way he was the one in control rather than technology.

The door whoosh open and the shift leaders, Assistant Chief of Security, the new Armoury officer crewman Anju Mali and LT JG Ariel Trei greeted Keung as they took their seats around the table. Lee gathered his papers together.

"Good morning." Started Keung. The room went quiet as the officers in the room concentrated on listening to him. I have a few short agenda items so hopefully we can be out of here shortly. Okay let's begin."

He turned to Anju Mali. "What's the status on the missing phasers?"

Anju smiled as she consulted her padd. "All the missing phasers are now in their respective lockers throughout the ship. We now accounted for all the missing phasers and now are in their respective lockers throughout the ship. The Security Monitoring Centre will release the codes to Command Staff and Security Officers in the event of a major incident."

"That's great, Ms Mali. Is there anything else?" asked Lee as he checked his agenda.

"I was thinking of utilising the firing range more. How about the idea of a shooting competition for Security officers..to enhance their skills?"

"Now that is a good idea. Have you prepared a proposal." She was keen, thought Lee

"I'm actually in the middle of writing one..should have it ready for the end of next week. That's all I have to say."

"Okay. PO Linnis. Your next." Said Lee as he turned to his Assistant Chief of Security "You been dealing with the cadets since the accident. How's that going?"

"They still in shock over what happened to Winston Soar. Cadet Walker seems to have taken it badly." Said Carol as she consulted her notes. "I referred her to a counsellor but I got the impression that she as well as some of the others are consider a transfer off the ship..something to do with stress"

"mm." thought Lee. What came to mind was. If you can't stand the heat in the kitchen, get out. The thing was being assigned to a Science ship as a security officer was am relatively easy assignment as opposed to being on a battleship. Than again Illuminar was an exception to the case!! "Okay carry on keeping an eye on them and inform their instructor that he should containing their training as they are. I'm still waiting to hear the final report of what happened to Winston Soar." He had an idea

"Lt Trei. How would you like to have one or two of the cadets such as Cadet Walker be assigned to you. Give them a taste of what you are doing. It will only be temporary but it might them give some alternative experience?"

(reply)

“Thank you. Moving on. New duty rostas”

Carol Linnis passed over a blue and orange folder to Keung and the shift leaders. "The blue folder contain the new duty rotas for security staff starting next month. It's all online and lists have been up outside. I also have orange folder of requests for transfers off ship. Do I need to arrange for exit interviews?"

"Yes, if you could do that and then pass me the forms for signing off before I pass them onto the Captain." Lee paused before opening the orange folder for a quick glance. It showed that the reasons for transfers came from six of the security officers who had come to the who were approaching the end of their tour of duty. Three requesting a transfer into the Marine corp and the other three were considering returning to Starfleet Academy for retaining into other career paths of the Federation. .

The next half hour continued with day to day routine activities of security officers under the shift leaders before Lee closed the meeting.

(reply any)

(posted by John)

(USS Illuminar -- Deck 14—Security chief's office - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 08.45)

Chief Lee suggested that Cadet Walker be assigned to her as a change of pace for the cadet. She thought it might be good for Cadet Walker as well. Maybe she could comfort him like she did as a counselor.

"I can do that sir. Send Cadet Walker to my office when I start the shift."

(Reply Lee, Walker Any)

(posted by Edward)

(USS *Illuminar* -- Deck 14—Security chief's office – chief of Security Lt (jg) Keung Lee - 0900)

Cadet Jane Walker was still feeling shaken by the death of Winston. It still doesn't feel fair somehow and as she stood at attention before Chief Lee, she wondered why she was called in. She had already shared her feelings with the Assistant Chief of Security and had assured Jane, that anything was said in the strictest confidence. But didn't she reveal something to Chief Lee. She was not in the mood for another 'reassuring prep talk' from Chief Lee. She pressed the entry buzzer.

Lee slipping his tea called out 'enter' and watched Jane Walker walked in. She looked nervous and stood to attention.

"Cadet Walker. I cannot imagine how much the death of Cadet Soar means to you so you have my sympathies." Began Lee. "I strongly recommend that you consider the help of the ship's counsellor to process your grief."

"Yes sir. Thank you." Replied Jane who wasn't sure what she felt although she did feel hurt inside. Will a counsellor help? Thought Jane and was going to say out loud but decided against it. She wasn't even sure about remaining in security anymore.

"As you are aware, the cadets training encompass every aspect of Security work and it means rotation to certain duties" said Lee"

Oh no, I going to end up guarding the torpedoes or cleaning out the shooting range! Thought Jane "I am assigning you to Lt Jg Ariel Trei. As you know she has the role of an intelligence analyst and I want you to assist her in her duties. The work of intelligence occupies an extremely important position on this starship. Lt Trei is responsible for bringing data together, making sense of it and turning it into information, and then passing it onto the other departments. She receives hundreds of thousands of data from the fleet and other sources daily - holos, conversations, news extracts, observation notes, interceptions of 'unbreakable' documents, and so forth. Obviously she can't do this on her own so she will need help. Being placed with her will help you to develop your own skillset. It a change of pace." Now that was different, thought Jane. At least I won't get to pace the corridors. She was feeling a bit better within herself. She thought of thanking the chief then realised when he said a 'change of pace' was an invitation but an order.

"You find Lt Trei in her office. She's waiting to see you. Dismiss Cadet." Said Lee

(reply)

(posted by John)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 14 - Security Area - 0905)

Jane listened to Chief Lee tell her that she should see a councilor and then assign her to the Lieutenant Trei, the strange woman who was part Klingon. She remembered when she snuck in to the Wetting Down of the second officer, Jane remembered watching Lieutenant Trei hanging out with the other Klingon and speaking their language. Jane didn't have anything against Klingon's, per se, but she wondered why they were in Star Fleet. A warrior race, they made everything personal and it was all about honor.

She wanted to be home, on the beach, without a care in the world. She didn't want to be here, not with her boyfriend dead and liquefied because the Chief thought it was a good idea for cadets to participate in a drill that they were not ready for. The Chief pushed the cadets and Soarie died because of it.

"You will find Lieutenant Trei in her office. She's waiting to see you. Dismissed Cadet," the Chief said.

Jane's training came back to her and she muttered, "Yes Sir," before executing an about face and heading out the door.

Walking out of the office, she waited till the door closed to collapse against the wall. Brushing back tears, she knew she was going to resign. But she couldn't at the moment, so she best make the best of it. Walking to the head, she splashed water on her face. Checking her makeup, she made sure it was regulation and nothing was running.

"OK Jane, you can do this," she said to herself while the song Janie's got a gun started playing in her head.

(USS Illuminar - Deck 14 - Security Area - Lieutenant Trei's office - 910)

Jane stood tall outside of the Lieutenants door. She rang the bell and waited to be admitted.

Walking into Lieutenant Trei's office, she stood at attention, "Cadet Jane Walker," she said, " "Like you know, I was told to report to you, but not sure what you can teach me," she said with a flip of her blond hair. "After Soarie died, what more is there?"

(reply Trei)

(posted by Tim/Jane)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 14 -Trei's Office SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 09.15)

She felt for her. She really didn't have much to teach her but perhaps working on the video clips could give her closure. There was also the chance she could find information on how this happened .

"There is purpose in finding out why and how this happened. If you can find information we didn't see it would be most helpful to the investigation. It may also help you gain closure. Help me sort through the video and we can work together to analyze the information."

She wanted to hug her so hard but professionally she could not at the moment. She hoped working on the video will help Cadet Walker deal with her grief. She could offer a sounding board to Cadet Walker if she was willing to talk with her. Cadet Walker will have to present it to her as she was not allowed to do so in her position. Time will tell.

(Reply Walker)

(Posted by Edward)

-END TRANSMISSION-