

DAY 6 (2446.06.06)

(USS Illuminar - Isolation Ward - ACSO Ensign Jg Zara Khatri - 1032)
(USS Illuminar - Isolation Ward - CEO - Lieutenant Jg Tegian Pex - 1034)
(USS Illuminar - Isolation Ward - ACSO Ensign Jg Zara Khatri - 1036)
(USS Illuminar - Holodeck 1- Isolation Ward - CMO/3XO Quinnia Solice -- 1037)
(USS Illuminar - Isolation Ward - CEO - Lieutenant Jg Tegian Pex - 1038)

DAY 4 (2446.06.04)

(USS Hilary - Cargo Bay SPA LT Ariel Trei - 09.53)

It appears that she is the only Betazoid known to the entity. It has never met one before. This is going to be way harder than she thought. She will have to be gentle with this. She will have to find a common ground with the entity to help it.

:: I am honored to be the first Betazoid you have encountered. The planet I am from is called Betazed. That is the Betazoid home world. Betazed is a warm climate world. We have telepathic abilities or able to talk to another being mentally without using our mouths to talk. This is how I am able to talk with you. I can be a connection between you and my people. I can tell them what you want me to tell them:::

(Reply Entity)

(Posted by Edward)

The Captain had been waiting at the shuttle's doorway when Ssvresh and his security guard had returned to the hangar. He supposed that was the mark of a good leader; always looking out for your people, making sure they were all accounted for and headed back to safety.

Ssvresh had given a friendly nod to his security guard, who promptly returned to the ranks of the other security officers present. As other crew busied themselves, the Ssvresh calmly took to his seat, affixing his seatbelt and mentally reviewing what limited information he had been able to glean from his short period aboard the Ixtal.

Out of nowhere, a lurching force caused him to reach for a support handhold. A wave of something, something he couldn't name, had crashed through his system. For a moment he felt his stomach lurch as though going through some high-gravity manoeuvre, and a cold sensation tinged his extremities. And then, as suddenly as it had come, it was gone.

~Motion sickness without motion – that's a new one!~

"Cast off!" came the order from the Captain and listening to the drone of the engines, Ssvresh smiled at the familiar tone of real movement chasing away the phantom motion of moments ago.

(Reply none)

(Posted by MCD)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 11 - Main Engineering - CSRD - Lt. Bohb -1131)

The wait to hear from the surface of Zertos 3 had been interminable. He had checked over everyone's work four time and they were ready to link the transporters from their end. Tension through the ship grew when the captain led an away team to the Tellarite ship. It had been a sore area of contention for him to allow Ssvresh to go on that trip, but he was certain that T. Commander T'Mur had a reason for requesting him.

=^= Bohb, this is Verin. The Captain has declared a biohazard quarantine and I need the shuttle they are going to be docking to be sterilized asap. I'm sending the android to assist you. =^=

The sound of the commander's voice shook him from his worries and gave him a whole new set of them. He tapped his comm badge.

"Biohazard quarantine?" he replied in a rhetorical question. "Roger that Commander. I am on my way."

Bohb looked around the room and his eyes found Angus McGuyver. "Angus, you're in charge up here. Don't let the ship blow up."

"Yeh can count on me," McGuyver replied in his thick Scottish brogue. "You heard him, boys and girls. Let's look busy and keep her together."

He gave a wicked grin to the Magillan as Bohb left Main Engineering.

(USS Illuminar - Deck 11 - Counseling Office - Counselor/Bondmate - Temas Laredo -1132)

=^=Mr. Laredo, can you make your way down to medical and see if you can be some help in the decontamination protocol. Maybe you and Luma can sense something.=^=

The sound of Commander Verin's voice shook Temas from current state of mind. There had been a sensation going through him for the last couple of hours. At first it him like a tidal wave, almost overpowering him with a sense of sadness and lonliness. It was more that it caught him by surprise than anything else. He was able to build up a wall to keep most of it out of his mind, but it was still there, nagging away at that wall.

He wasn't sure why he hadn't reported it right away. Luma had been unusually quiet, and he hadn't wanted to disturb her on something that might not be important while there was so much going on.

After a while the feeling changed. It moved from sadness to confusion. It was as if someone were explaining something that he just could not understand, simply because he did not have the experience. Temas tried to find the source of the feelings but they were outside of the ship, and a distance enough away that he could not easily find it without opening his mind to an uncomfortable level.

The words slowly wound through his thoughts and he replied, "I'll head down there now, Commander. Thank you for letting me help."

~Thank you for letting me help. Really Temas. Could you be any younger.~ He shook his head, thinking how hard it is to remember how young he is sometimes. Then he left his office, that nagging sensation still trying to dig through his wall.

::Luma, are feeling the same thing I am from outside the ship?::

(reply Luma)

(posted by Al Muir)

Temas entered sick bay and went over to Dr. Vanderstien who looked like she was very busy and could use some help. He could feel her tension emanating from her.

"Hi Doctor Aggie," Temas said. "Commander Verin asked me to come down and help you. Is there anything you'd like me to do?"

(reply Aggie)

(posted by Al Muir)

"Hi Doctor Aggie," Temas said. "Commander Verin asked me to come down and help you. Is there anything you'd like me to do?"

Aggie turned, even in times of distress, she had a smile on her face. "Oh, hey there, Mr. Temas" Aggie said as she turned back to the med pack for the holodeck. "I can image there is going to be a lot of angry crew."

(Reply Laredo)

"Keep an eye out for potential issues," Aggie said, "And maybe help keep track of the patients' testing. With Dr. Kyllee going into isolation and Dr. Solice on the away mission, I could use extra eyes."

(Reply Laredo)

(Posted by Kris B)

Bohb had managed to pull himself into the biohazard suit with only a little difficulty. The replicator always had trouble creating items to fit his unique physique. Knowing that he had spent precious time he found himself running down the corridor to the shuttlebay. He slowed to walk when he saw William.

He smiled at the android. Despite what he had been told the android did he found himself appreciating, even liking him. He was unique and perhaps Bohb felt a form of empathy and connection to that situation. After all, he had not heard of another Magillan leaving their home world. Of course, he had been out of touch for a few years.

William had armed himself with a tricorder and a wide dispersal particle beam emitter that he was carrying with one arm. Bohb had to be impressed a bit. Bohb was stronger than most humans but he was not that strong.

"Lieutenant Bohb," William greeted him, "the shuttle has not yet arrived. In the interest of time and due to the Commanders order I thought it expedient to have the equipment available and on site when it landed."

A voice came over the hanger intercom. =^=Leif Erikson approaching, ETA two minutes.=^=

Bohb nodded, "Very expedient...Ensign William. Is that thing ready?" He pointed to the emitter.

"The unit is fully charged."

They stepped through the security field and Bohb could feel the hair down his back tingle. There had been a staging area cleared for the shuttle and they headed towards it.

"The Commander seemed to be quite worried about those aboard though we don't know yet if they are showing signs of a contagion."

"I have not been updated," Bohb replied. "I find it best to expect the worst and hope for the best. That way I'm never truly surprised."

As they approached the area Bobb saw a few straggling crewmen. The term he rather liked was lookie loos.

"This area is to be cleared of *all* personnel," he ordered. "That means everyone out. Now."

There was a small amount of shuffling as the bay cleared out. Bohb didn't want any possibility of the contagion getting passed along. He looked at William and nodded.

"Well, Mr. William, I suppose we wait." He tapped his comm badge. "Bohb to Verin we are in place and ready."

(reply Verin)
(posted by Al Muir)

Pacing the bridge seemed to be Sienna's jam at the moment. Mobility had taken her a while to recover due to the wasting of her muscles. So she didn't take pacing for granted. Counting the steps seemed to be helping her nerves. Lt. Bohb had contacted her, letting her know that he and the android were in the shuttlebay, dealing with the ship. She had picked Bohb and the android..no William was the thing's name... because as a magellan and an android, whatever the illness was, it shouldn't jump to them. She hoped. It was always a gamble.

A few minutes later, she heard her mate's voice, reporting that all the members of the team had been moved into isolation. Letting Taylor do his job and answer for her was a difficult thing and Sy found herself ready to jump down Taylor's throat for no reason. What an illogical reaction.

Making her way to the command chair, she crossed her ankles and closed her eyes for a moment. ::I am well, beloved. I am uncertain what is going on. This may only be a precaution.:: T'Mur sent and Sy returned the deep intimacy, the joy in having her mate close, and the difficulty with being apart from T'Mur.

It had been hell to let her mate and her best friend go play without her. Sy scanned the images her mate sent, then took a deep breath. Whatever was going on with the Ixtal worried her.

Taylor was talking to the shuttles from the planet that were on their way back to the Illuminar. Sienna hit her comm badge, "Mr. Bohb, add two more shuttles to your list of decontamination duties. I'm very concerned about whatever is on the Ixtal has infected the planet."

She looked over towards Celiste on the science post, "Miss Winters, Please prepare two satellites - one for parallel orbit of the planet, and another for the Ixtal. Declare them medical biohazard quarantine by order of Starfleet. I'll call the Admiralty later and get it made official."

It was about that point that Taylor started whining about how he didn't get to blow up the Ixtal. Sy patted his shoulder, "Once we get word from the Admiralty, well, it's generally considered best practice to destroy any ship that can't be decontaminated. From what I sensed from Commander T'Mur, I doubt we're going to be able to clean that ship satisfactorily. If we destroy it, I'll make a note in the log that you get to blow it up, Mr. Taylor. Once Miss Winters has those beacons programmed, make sure they get to where they need to be, mhmm?"

(reply T'Mur, Taylor, Bohb, iyw, any)

(pb: Mel G)

(Shuttle Leif Erickson - Pilot Cockpit - CSec/Tac- Lt. Commander T'Mur - 1140)

As soon as the shuttle touched the deck plating the team started to disappear. First to go were Kyllee and Tavay. Then Ssvresh and Day, followed by Winters and Koks. Meanwhile she and Sekal secured the shuttle.

Finally she tapped her comm badge, "T'Mur to bridge, the shuttle is secure. Transport Captain Sekal and myself to the isolation room."

=^=Roger that =^= drawled Taylor.

Then she could feel the transporter effect take hold.

(reply any)

(posted by Al Muir)

As the shuttle arrived in range of the Illuminar he put a hand on Tavayand to give her a sense of his presence, then the transporter effect took over. He could feel his skin tingling as his molecules were pulled apart to be put back together in another place. He tried not to cringe at the thought.

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Sickbay Isolation Room - MO- Dr. Kylle Stev - 1142)

When the transporter affect stopped Stev managed to get Tavay on the first biobed. It hummed into life. He was feeling a bit light headed, but put that down to stress and exertion. He went to the controls of the bed and switched on the holographic display. On the other side of the bed it showed the image of Tavay in a translucent state, in which he could see all of the inner workings of the Romulan.

First things first, check the vital signs. Go back to the ABCs. Airway. He took a quick visual of Tavay's neck and inside her mouth, then went to the holodisplay. The airway was unconstricted, and not blocked. Breathing. Her breathing was shallow, but not really labored. Circulation. Heart rate was raised slightly, due to the shallow breathing. Oxygenation of the blood was abnormally low, even for a Romulan or Vulcan.

Seeing that Tavay was not under imminent threat of death he went to the wall and tapped the comm button. "Kyllee to Vanderstein, Tavay and I are in the iso room. She is stable for the moment. Is there anyone out there that can lend me a hand, as I'd like to get her out of her uniform, and I really think I should have another person to, at the least, monitor."

(reply Vanderstein)

(posted by Al Muir)

Once released from the transporter T'Mur quickly assessed the room. All of the team were there. They had all managed to secure a bed. The room itself was brightly lit. There were two rows of beds, both facing into the center aisle of the room. Each bed was partitioned by some form of plexiglass. The smell of the room was not quite antiseptic, but it was obviously recirculated. On the wall closest to the only door was a row of PADDs.

T'Mur looked at Sekal and shrugged. She moved to the wall and picked up a PADD, then headed to one of the beds. She knew this was going to be a long wait. Once seated on the bed she new she had to reach out to Sienna. Closing her eyes she felt along the tendril of heir bond until she had a more direct contact.

She sent an image of an embrace and a kiss. ::I am well, beloved. I am uncertain what is going on. This may only be a precaution.::

Then she sent her images of what they had encountered on the Ixtal. There was still a level of disconnect between them, but she had to put that behind them right now. Once this crisis was over they would have to figure that out.

(reply Sienna, Sekal, any on the away team)
(posted by Al Muir)

Tavay was not sure where she was it took her a moment to zero in on what is going on... Then she heard Kyllee, "...I'd like to get her out of her uniform, and I really think I should have another person to, at the least, monitor."

=^= I can send Nurse Kelley to you, exclusively. =^= Aggie replied.

She was weak and you could hear it in her voice, "Really, Dr. The whole marriage thing was only a metaphor."

(Reply Kyllee)

“You will not be removing my clothing without a date and a bottle of fine Chateau Picard.”

(Reply Kyllee)

Tavay tried to move but could not, "What's Wrong with me?"

(Reply Kyllee)

Nurse Kelley entered the iso room dressed in a containment suit isolating herself from the sick.

(Reply Kyllee)

(posted by Kris B)

"Really, Dr.," came a weak voice from behind him. "The whole marriage thing was only a metaphor."

Stev turned around and smiled, "Well, Ms Tavay, one thing you should know about me is I don't get metaphorical."

"You will not be removing my clothing without a date and a bottle of fine Chateau Picard," she added.

Stev moved over to the bed and put a friendly hand on Tavay's shoulder saying, "Presented with an opportunity a man must do what he must. Besides, I don't drink."

He watched her struggle to move, unsuccessfully. "What's Wrong with me?"

His hand moved down to hold hers and he replied, "I don't know. But I promise you, I'll find out. You just relax and lie still and let us do our work."

There was a slight hiss as the door to the room opened and Nurse Kelley entered. She was wearing a bright containment suit, of course. There was no point of him putting one on. Whatever is affecting Tavay, he's already been exposed. It was a matter of time. He starts to show symptoms or he would be immune. Both situations would give him some answers.

"Kelly, help me get Tavay out of her uniform," he ordered. "Then I want a full blood panel workup. After that, I'll need a medical PADD and," he looked around the room, "a chair to sit on. I think I'm going to be here a while."

(reply Kelly, Tavay)
(posted by Al Muir)

There was a clang as the docking clamps between the two shuttles disconnected and the ramp retracted. He completed his preflight checks when Solice and an engineer came onto the flight deck. Arthur didn't recognize him, which wasn't a surprise since he didn't really associate with to much of the crew, aside from the flight crew and the command staff.

"I would like you to have a seat with us on the flight deck," Solace told him.

The engineer nodded and slid into the copilot's seat. Snoopy looked at him with surprise. First of all, he did not need a copilot. It was fine for the doctor to sit there, after all, she was the command officer. But why should this guy be there. On top of that discomfort he could feel sweat start to bead on his back, and a slight shiver. He put that out of his mind and focused on getting out of that ion cloud.

Finally he shrugged, "We're ready for lift off... Commander."

(reply Solice)

Then he looked over at Pex and narrowed his eyes slightly. "Please... don't touch anything."

(reply Pex)

He opened the comm channel, "Pasteur to ..." his voice croaked. He cleared his throat and started again, "Pasteur to Hilary, we are cleared for take off."

(reply Moreno)

Then he changed the channel. Since the storm had dissipated he hoped that the new comms were still working, "Pasteur to Illuminar, we are preparing to leave the planet."

(reply Illuminar)

He turned his head and called into the back, "Hold onto your tummies, this might get a wee bit rough."

(reply any)

With that he hit the controls and the Hilary separated from Zertos 3. The ship moved smoothly through the lower atmosphere. Then it hit the ionosphere with a jolt. The next minute and 27 seconds were a little rougher. They hit pockets of high ionized energy that Snoopy had been able to avoid. His focus became so sharp that all of his discomfort had disappeared. He was Snoopy, the youngest pilot to have been made squadron commander of the 12th Fighter Squadron- The Ravagers.

After several hard turns and bouts of turbulence they emerged from the cloud cover, and Snoopy set course to the Illuminar. He felt his body relax. Then it began to relax a little too much. Sweat was starting to form on his brow. He tapped his comm channel.

“Pasteur to Hilary, how we doing Raid?”

(reply Montero)

Again he contacted the Illuminar. "Pasteur to the Illuminar, we are en route." A strange sensation came over him. "We should be docking innnnn..."

Slowly he slumped back in his seat and his eyes closed.

(reply Solice, Pex, Illuminar, any)

(posted by Al Muir)

(USS Hilary - Flight Deck- SecO, CPO Steven Hammons- 1202)

Steven Hammons, Chief Petty Officer in Security wasn't exactly a 'Fleet Man', anyone would attest to that. He had driven Security Chief Sarsgaard nearly bananas on Mars until they had finally closed ranks during the Mars Defense Perimeter exercise. Exercise is of course a loose term considering that an all out war had been on the brink at the time when President Stiev Atremi and the CinC had been exposed as instigators behind the Roanoke conspiracy and Ensigns barely out of the Academy had been found in a standoff with them.

That had been a dilly of a blow out. Lieutenant Sekal, left in charge at the time and unable to contact his superiors, with fleets converging on Earth had been forced to scramble the fighter squadrons to protect sector 001 leaving everyone else on the Red Planet wondering if they would live to see another day.

Why had Hammons been on his chief's bad side until that point? Because then as now Steven was a renowned cut-up, card, joker, wise-cracker and party animal. And he would never have been in the fleet had the Federation not been desperate for manpower. The initial stages of fleet expansion had sucked up a large number of beings who had never had their eyes set on the stars. Hammons had never changed from his youth until this day and being in security Earth side had been his highest aspiration.

But then he had been swept up in the net, an uncommissioned officer in a very commission minded fleet. Jared Boyles, his buddy and ex-partner on Earth, serving on Illuminar and currently Petty Officer

first class was much like him, they weren't career, weren't awfully concerned about advancement and were enjoying the hell out of their new life.

Steven, unlike Boyles however had found his life mate on the ship, Alaya now Hammons. She hadn't tried to change him, she loved him as he was, irreverence, sarcastic wit and all. Did all these traits make Steven a bad person? No. Did they make him a man out of place? Most definitely.

Commissioned and Career alike saw him as a bad apple, a distraction and completely lacking in discipline. He was neither the first nor the last since he actually could be disciplined when he wanted to, unfortunately displaying it all of the time wasn't his style, it tended to show up when it was most needed. As for the second... yes, he positively could be a distraction. How had he avoided the brig on numerous occasions and risen through the ranks? He had come up big when big was needed starting with tracking down the Roanoke operative on Mars and busting up their ring then rising to the challenge numerous times on Illuminar.

Because Hammons you see was an investigator par excellence in the style of the old gum shoe detective. He could use high tech gadgets when called for and had but preferred to use his keen mind, sharp eye and penetrating insights rather than lean on the crutch of technology. He was a throwback, a Neanderthal in a space age cosmos who unfortunately not only used the investigative skills of a Mike Hammer but had much the same personality.

So whether you liked him or not, whether you thought he belonged or deserved to be booted out of an airlock he remained a fixture on a fleet ship under one of the most demanding Captains imaginable, a Vulcan. Because in true Vulcan fashion that Captain cared not for personality but results.

Steven's tongue could be used like a rapier, his wit like a challenging gauntlet but one fact remained... he cared, whether he showed it or not. He had seen the criminal dregs of society, the results of some of the most repulsive crimes imaginable in his day due to his chosen profession and bodies galore. His jokes were a shield, his banter a protective wall to deflect people's attention from what he was really feeling and thinking. When he let that out... well, he had nearly beaten a perp to death on Mars because of it. One day his tongue was bound to get him into trouble, already had matter of fact a time or two, I'm not talking about that. No, one day it would get him into really hot water. Hopefully that day will be a long time in the future.

Steven looked up from the panel as Commander Solice's order came through and the Edmund Hillary rose from the surface of the charnel house planet holding a building stuffed with decaying Tellarite corpses and cast a glance at the viewscreen showing the landmass below. He hadn't taken off the suit due to the biohazard danger many of the landing party were in from an unknown contagion. To leave it meant exposing himself and later Alaya.

"We could use the phasers to collapse the building and give them the burial we couldn't by hand. They deserve that at least."

(Reply: Trei, Temerity, any)

He turned his head to Temerity. "I just smile on the outside Lieutenant, it's a self-defense mechanism. I've never seen a marine smile but it would probably look good on you."

(Reply: Temerity)

(Posted by Charles Gatling)

(USS Pasteur - Flight Deck - CEO - Lieutenant Jg Tegian Pex - 1203)

Then he looked over at Pex and narrowed his eyes slightly. "Please... don't touch anything."

Tegian smiled. "I'm just here in case you need me, Lieutenant. My symbiont was in a host who was a pilot. Pex indicates that they weren't in the same class as you, but I can fly a shuttle better than most. My dad was also a shuttle pilot. I've been flying and repairing them since I was a kid."

Tegian followed with, "I am going to power up my console, just in case. But, you're flying the Pasteur until you tell me otherwise." Tegian hit a couple of buttons and the secondary pilot systems came online. He then put his hands on his lap.

As Snoopy was contacting the Illuminar, he slumped in his seat, apparently unconscious.

"Doctor!" said an alarmed Tegian. He assumed control of the shuttle, smoothly. The pilot had already done the hard flying.

"Illuminar, this is Lieutenant Pex taking over for Lieutenant Corday who has just passed out. ETA is three minutes."

(reply Solice, Illuminar, any)
(posted by Keith)

=^=Illuminar the is Commander Solice. We are beginning our sequences to return to the Illuminar. I need a level 3 isolation ward set up in Holodeck. Have Dr. Kyllee get that set up. Several members have gotten sick including Commander Gregory.=^=

Taylor tapped his comm channel, "Already in process. Dr. Vanderstein was on it earlier. The Captain, Lt. Commander T'Mur and Dr. Kyllee were on an away mission to the Ixtal, and they have already instituted isolation protocols. Dr. Kyllee is in iso room 1 in sickbay with Ensign Tavay."

(reply Solice)

Not long after that there comm channel beeped again. =^= Pasteur to Illuminar, we are preparing to leave the planet.=^=

"Roger that Pasteur, and good flying," Taylor replied, starting to feel like an answering service. The Hilary sent out a similar notice. Then there was little to do but wait. Nearly two minutes passed before they heard from the Pasteur again.

=^=Pasteur to the Illuminar, we are en route. We should be docking innnnn...=^=

Taylor looked over at Verin in the center seat. "Say again, Pasteur. We lost you on that last part."

It was a different voice that came across. =^=Illuminar, this is Lieutenant Pex taking over for Lieutenant Corday who has just passed out. ETA is three minutes.=^=

Taylor just shook his head. ~What in the ... did they encounter on that planet. ~“Roger that Lieutenant. ETA three minutes. Once you’ve set the parking brake prepare for medical transport to holodeck 1.”

When he closed the channel he looked over at the commander who was looking a bit worried. He pouted a little and said, "I didn't even get to blow up the Tellarite ship."

(reply Verin, Pex, any)

(posted by Al Muir)

Steven looked up from the panel as Commander Solice's order came through the Edmund Hillary rose from the surface of the charnel house planet holding a building stuffed with decaying Tellarite corpses and cast a glance at the viewscreen showing the landmass below. He hadn't taken off the suit due to the biohazard danger many of the landing party were in from an unknown contagion. To leave it meant exposing himself and later Alaya.

"We could use the phasers to collapse the building and give them the burial we couldn't by hand. They deserve that at least."

Temerity didn't even turn to look at Hammons, "I think we may have finally found something we can agree on."

Turning toward Hammons, Temerity just started speaking, "On Grayson V, it was day two of the Doers dying spree, we had stacked up the bodies of our dead brothers and sisters and burned the piles. Those of us that had survived up to that point felt ashamed of ourselves for standing close to funeral pyres for warmth."

He turned his head to Temerity. "I just smile on the outside Lieutenant, it's a self-defense mechanism. I've never seen a marine smile, but it would probably look good on you."

Temerity just snorted and replied, "I lost my smile on Grayson V. Perhaps I will genuinely smile again once I learn how to live with what I've done since that day."

(Reply: Hammons iyw, Any iyw)

(Reply: Hammons iyw, Any iyw)

(Posted By: Chuck Raschen)

The marine snorted. "I lost my smile on Grayson V. Perhaps I will genuinely smile again once I learn how to live with what I've done since that day."

Steven's lips pursed in a silent whistle. "Heavy subject I see, maybe we'll revisit it at a later time. There seems to have been plenty of depressing stuff today already."

(Reply: Temerity iyw)

Steven turned back to the console and commed the Pasteur. Commander Gregory was down and out, unfit to run the show on the Hillary so they were following her orders.

"Commander Solice, requesting permission to use our phasers to knock out the building supports on that complex and collapse the structure."

(Reply: Solice)

"Simple stuff commander, it's the idea of making a funeral mound of sorts otherwise they are just going to rot away in there. It's debatable whether that building will ever be inhabitable again and who would want to use it anyway after what happened?"

The sight of the pig/wolf came to his minds eye again. "Besides, it has already attracted some ... unusual interest."

(Reply: Solice)

"Er... I honestly don't know how to classify it and we didn't have enough warning to scan it. Let's just say it was big and mean looking but ultimately harmless."

(Reply: Solice)

(Posted by Charles Gatling)

(U.S.S. Pasteur -- Flight Deck -- 3XO/CMO Commander Quinn Solice - 1208)

=^=Commander Solice, requesting permission to use our phasers to knock out the building supports on that complex and collapse the structure.=^=

Quinna seem a bit surprised did she hear him right, "Mr. Hammons?"

=^=Simple stuff commander, it's the idea of making a funeral mound of sorts otherwise they are just going to rot away in there. It's debatable whether that building will ever be inhabitable again and who would want to use it anyway after what happened?=^=

=^=Besides, it has already attracted some ... unusual interest.=^=

"I actually advise against that. What do you mean attracting unusual Interests?"

=^=Er... I honestly don't know how to classify it and we didn't have enough warning to scan it. Let's just say it was big and mean-looking but ultimately harmless.=^=

"I hate to mess with the remains of a culture. Make notes and we will give the information to the Tellarites. It will be their decision as to what will happen to their dead. If they want the compound leveled, then they will deal with it. Time to go home." Quinna's.

(Reply Hammons)

(Posted by Kris B)

(Edmund Hillary -- Flight Deck -- SecO, CPO Steven Hammons - 1210)

=^= I hate to mess with the remains of a culture. Make notes and we will give the information to the Tellarites. It will be their decision as to what will happen to their dead. If they want the compound leveled, then they will deal with it. Time to go home.=^=

"Understood Commander, we are right behind you. In other words, yes sir."

Steven ended the comm then shrugged after turning to Temerity. "Scratch that idea, a no is a no and that was emphatic."

(Reply: Temerity)

"Can't say I didn't try." Steven said lightly. He wasn't the pilot nor the dude in authority here so he folded his arms and watched as their pilot swung the yacht and gunned the ship after the Pasteur as per orders.

The flight was uneventful except for the subdued turbulence as they entered and passed through the upper atmosphere.

At the sight of Illuminar he had to smile.

"Our home away from home in sight. Happy to see it."

(Reply: Any)

(Posted by Charles Gatling)

(USS Illuminar - Holodeck 1- Quarantine Zone - Csec/Tac- Lt. Commander T'Mur and SO Lt. Cal Dogan - 1215)

The transporter effect dissipated and Cal looked around the Quarantine Zone. He was surprised to see the other team that had already claimed their places. He wondered how they managed to be there already. He surveyed who was there. The captain, a Selay engineer, Ensign Winters, as well as Day, and Koks. The last person was Lt Commander T'Mur.

Dogan made his way over to his direct commander and planted himself in front of her.

“Commander T’Mur.”

T'Mur nodded at him, appreciating his simple greeting. "Dogan. Sit Rep."

"We found the mining complex. The miners were all dead. Cause uncertain. We were then ordered to abandon the mission by Commander Solice. When we all returned it appeared that certain members of the team had fallen prey to an illness. I believe Commander Gregory may be among them. Then we returned."

T'Mur was certain there was more to his story than that. The Brikar had a tendency to understate events.

"Find a bunk, Lieutenant," she said. "We're going to be here a while."

Dogan nodded and with a clump, walked away, looking for a bunk that might maintain his mass. Minutes later the crew of the Pasteur arrived.

(reply any)

(posted by Al Muir)

(USS Pasteur -- Flight Deck -- CEO - Lieutenant Jg Tegian Pex -- 1216)

“Thank you, Mr. Pex” Quinn said as she took Corday’s seat.

"Is he doing okay, Doctor? He passed out abruptly," said Tegian, not looking at the Doctor. He was out of practice, but his fingers and mind still knew the patterns. The Pasteur approached the Illuminar and he guided her into the Shuttlebay smoothly and landed with barely a bump. He powered down the shuttle.

"Thank you for placing your faith in me, Commander."

(Reply Solice, iyw)

(Posted by Keith)

Ssvresh listened to the transporter's signature whine without opening his eyes to watch those returning from the mission to the planet. The notion of bringing both away missions into isolation together confused him, but he was not a medical officer and bowed to their better judgement.

The transition to isolation protocols had been a simple one for him. Selay biology emphasised economy of movement, requiring extended periods of digestion and conservation of energy. Upon materialisation in the holodeck, Ssvresh had taken to his assigned bunk and entered a resting, meditative state. He listened as other crew made their own adjustments to their current confined status - some with much less ease – and barely noticed the continuing cold sensation in his hands and feet.

~Just fatigue from the trip to the Ixtal...~

(Reply none)

(Posted by MCD)

The beacons were programmed, had been shot away to take up residence around their respective targets. She had agreed with the recommendation to collapse the building on the planet with phasers to bury the dead. In truth, the phasers would vaporize the dead. She wasn't ready to do that just yet - something was telling her not to yet. She didn't know why, but it was something that they could do at a later time, but once done there was no easily going back in time.

"Once we have recovered the decontaminated shuttles, move us a good distance from the planet and the Ixtal. I'd rather we were on the outskirts of the system. We can always come back in if we have need."

Sy stood and headed for the turbolift. She needed to call Starfleet and report in. If by some circumstance, the blessed Betazoid Goddess did not smile at them, and the worst happened, someone would have to come and collect Luma, and destroy the Illuminar, as well as interdict this system. But for now, she needed to speak with the Captain and lay eyes on her mate.

(reply any)
(posted by Mel)

Outside Holodeck 1, Sienna touched the panel. She would not go in without permission, and spoke quietly, "Commander Verin here. Are there any particular precautions that I need to take before entering the Holodeck? I need to speak with Captain Sekal and Commander T'Mur." What Sienna didn't say was that her eyes wouldn't believe that T'Mur was back aboard the *illuminar* without seeing her.

Not being able to touch her was going to be almost impossible. This was her mate, the person that mattered the most. Logic certainly didn't enter into it.

(Reply medical)

Sy nodded and palmed open the door as she was told what to do. She stepped into what looked a lot like a locker room, and was helped into an isolation suit. While it fit her form almost perfectly, she had never liked the suits. Stepping into the decontamination closet, the lights changed as it cycled through the modes, then shone green and the door opposite of the one she had entered finally slid open. Stepping through, totally enclosed, she nodded to the person who looked to be in charge.

"Quinna? Or is it Dr. Vanderstein?" She asked quietly. "With these hoods, I can't tell who is who. Maybe we need giant letters on the back of these suits. I need to see T, and the Captain. I have to report into Starfleet HQ and update them. What can you tell me so far?"

(Reply holodeck 1 doc, any)

(posted by Mel)

(USS Illuminar - ISO Room - Holodeck 1 - CO Captain Sekal & FO Commander Sienna Verin - 1300)

Stepping up to the glassed in ISO room, Sienna looked at the Captain critically. She was worried about him. She activated the privacy partition, blanking out the walls and producing white noise so that they would not be overheard.

"Hey." Sienna smiled behind the hood, putting the emotional tone into her voice - she loved this man as family. "We've recovered both of the shuttles, and Mr. Bohb and Mr William are working on the decontamination. I'd feel safer blowing the shuttles, but we don't have any extra spares." Sekal would know Sienna well enough to know that something beyond just this situation was bothering her.

The Vulcan had been walking toward the viewing partition and stopped just short of it as she spoke. "Commander Verin I see no reason to destroy valuable equipment that may be readily decontaminated." Both eyebrows rose then fell as he regarded her. "Which you could have commed me about. What is it that brought you here number one?"

She sighed, and spoke quietly, "I was hallucinating on the Bridge. I didn't register that the Ixtal had self destructed. I was busy issuing orders to quarantine the ship. It wasn't until Miss Winters told me that I had to concentrate and I was able to see the Ixtal being fuzzy, like I was seeing multiple parallel universes." Only to T'Mur and Sekal could she admit this. It was bad enough she had an episode on the Bridge. Would Sekal forbid her from the bridge? This wasn't a good time for that. "I don't believe it's whatever this sickness is. I believe that it's related to when Luma pulled me from the Rhyne. It's not the first time that I've seen something fuzzily. It hadn't happened noticeably until I was on the Bridge."

"Possibly..." he mused, "...and it could be exacerbated by local conditions. While on the Ixtal I was momentarily overcome by an emotional storm that seemed to hang over the ship. I cannot say for certain but there may be some lingering echo from the crew's demise which could affect a telepath, even at distance depending on their sensitivity."

Sienna nodded, "T'Mur shared the experiences with me once we were close enough to do so. When she was on the Ixtal, it was like there was a telepathic static between us. The distance should not have been enough to block our bond. Luma is having issues as well. She's being exceptionally quiet and I get the impression she is concerned. Perhaps she will tell her beloved baby brother?"

Did he just roll his eyes? Do Vulcans roll their eyes? At any rate he had turned his head away for an instant. "I have not heard from Luma as of yet."

"I had an idea. We have a number of labs that are not being used, or are being minimally used. The biochemistry lab on deck 6 was designed for isolation of toxins. It's completely isolated from the rest of the ship. I would like to have Luma send you, T'Mur, maybe Quinna, the science officers and perhaps

Doctor Kyllee as well. I know that sickbay is supposed to be isolated but after reviewing the plans I think that this would be a safer solution. Although, Doctor Vanderstein believes that she will get in trouble for letting me in here to speak with you. I pulled rank on her, it was not her fault." She was so frustrated.

He turned his head slightly from her, it was not a gesture he used often and lacked context. "Noted. Have the results from the scans I took on the bridge been analyzed yet?"

"Not yet. I have not even had time to call Starfleet and report in." She sighed. "Obviously there are some people who would rather stay in their room instead of working in the biochem lab. If not already exposed, working around the others might spread it. But I have a bad feeling, Sekal. I think that you are onto something about the area. I think we should move out of the system and put some distance between us and that planet. I know that is against Starfleet protocol. But if the worst happens, and your Father has to come and evacuate Luma from the ship, I don't want him to have to come into this system." Sienna was indeed afraid, but she was calmly talking about the death of the entire ship.

"Move us just outside the system, our orders have been fulfilled concerning the Ixtal and the mining expedition and we can monitor attempted incursions until ordered away."

Sienna looked worried in the hood, "I know that asking a Vulcan how he is feeling is a ridiculous question, but.. Let me know when you run that internal vulcan diagnostic thing you guys do. Please?" She looked afraid.

He shrugged which caused a slight wince. "Physically I am having no issue other than a stiffening of certain joints."

Her tone changed from personal back to professional, "Any other orders? Anything in particular you want me to tell Starfleet?"

"I would report that a full atmospheric survey needs to be conducted on the planet before attempting any mining operations. It is possible that the Tellarite ship imported the contagion but equally likely that they encountered it here and at this early stage we have no remedy for it."

"I'll do so. Think about the biohazard lab and my idea. I know we have some brilliant scientists aboard, but they aren't you."

"I see no reason to delay the decision. Have the lab prepared and set up the transfer of personnel. It will be a more efficient use of our time than merely waiting within the holodeck."

"Got it. Give me two hours to get it set up. Luma can handle the transporters. Teleportation is one of her favorite ship abilities after all. I am going to go say hello to T'Mur. I don't think that Dr. Vanderstein is going to let me back in this close to see you. I'm going to go through the extended decontamination protocols before going back into the ship." She tried to smile and sound cheerful, but this was frightening for the young woman. And she was so tired.

An eyebrow had cocked at her mention of Luma's delight with one of the ships systems. "Affirmative, I will be considering permutations while waiting. My primary specialities are in engineering but I am conversant with biochemistry to some extent."

"We'll figure it out. Good luck, Sekal. Captain." She waited a moment to be dismissed.

"Luck Commander?" He gave her a puzzled look. "There is no concept analogous to luck in the Vulcan culture. Random events may be foreseen and compensated for by the application of scientific principles." He gave a nod. "I will leave you to carry out your orders." Having said so he turned and walked away.

Sy watched him a moment before turning the privacy setting off, and making her way over to T'Mur with a bright smile that could almost be felt behind the hood.

(reply any)

(posted by Charles & Mel G)

(USS Illuminar -- Deck 6 -- Biochemistry Lab - CO, Captain Sekal - 1320)

The group had been together in close quarters for several days now and bathing options had been severely limited though not impossible. Sleeping quarters as well hadn't been adequate for all of the members of the crew that had been exposed and sent into isolation with the away teams. How the contagion had spread despite their best efforts was as yet unknown.

Sekal was not a biochemist but was a quick study and had spent a great deal of his downtime researching the subject. The symptoms of a number of afflicted had gotten worse but those symptoms varied from individual to individual. The Tellarites had largely been the victims of massive internal hemorrhaging as noted from Dr. Kyllee's observations and scans of those on the planet. Here on Illuminar though the complaints were many and varied.

The Vulcan himself was showing advanced arthritis in his shoulders and hips, some were hallucinatory, the agent attacking the brain synapses. Others reported respiratory infections, fatigue and intestinal distress. Due to the gamut of infected systems and variations the culprit had been difficult to isolate. Imaging had been almost useless as the agent had seemed to elude their best efforts. Logic in this instance was breaking down in the face of reality.

It occurred to the Captain then that unless magic was being used the only alternative was that logic in this instance was being misapplied and the misapplication of logic would naturally void it. This had been a difficult thought process as lack of proper rest had been weighing on them all.

It was this reversal of thought that began the breakthrough.

"Ms. Khatri I would like for you to review this." He stepped back from the old style electron microscope.

(Reply: Zara)

"Yes. It occurred to me that we have been looking for the wrong agent. A biological organism such as bacteria, fungi or virus would be subject to our quarantine protocols and sterilizing procedures, they would not be able to avoid confinement and moreover could be removed through the biologic filters in the transporters. Something of mechanical origin however might be able to avoid detection from scanners.

(Reply: Khatri)

"Observe the stain closely and within it what can only be a submicroscopic nanite, a machine minute in size that must number in the millions or more and have spread through the ship. They have been attacking biological points of weakness in their hosts in a positively fascinating manner, adjusting their programming to take advantage of their environment and to avoid detection. Their own weakness being that they cannot avoid visual detection and the spectrum of light."

(Reply: Khatri, any)

(Posted by Charles Gatling)

(USS Illuminar -- Holodeck 1 Isolation -- Deck 5 -- CMO/3XO Commander Quinna Solice --1321)

After Quinna was beamed into the holodeck, she quickly went from patient to patient. She did not take the time to talk to anyone as she sorted everyone into different isolation holodeck areas. Those exposed but showed no symptoms were in one place, those with minor symptoms in another, and so forth. She then let people mingle as soon as she got them past the initial check-up.

She was unsure how people would react since four out of the 5 highest ranking officers on the ship were in isolation. She did not know how she was going to keep everyone's morale up. She even wondered if it was even her job to do that.

Quinna stepped up Medics Klinger and Rizzo. "It is up to us unless we have volunteers. We need to get cooling blankets. On those with fevers. Lt. Corday and zh'Firre. Gregory and Trei need to be sitting up with extra oxygen. I don't want to incubate them but they are not getting the needed oxygen in their systems. I am going to want blood drawls on everyone and I need to find out what is going on in sickbay."

They then broke and moved about their assignments. Quinna started with the Captain, "Sir, how are you feeling?"

(Reply Sekal)

"I need a blood sample, please. It is important for me to find out what is doing this and why some of us are not affected while others are."

(Reply Sekal)

Quinna took the blood, "Thank you, Sir."

(Reply Sekal, IYW)

Quinna moved over to T'Mur, "How are you doing, Commander?" Quinna asked. "I am going to need to take a blood sample."

(Reply t'Mur)

Quinna did not have time to chat, though she wish she had. It had been a long time since they all just sat and talked.

(Reply T'Mur IYW)

Quinna moved over to Montero and took his blood as well. "Thanks for getting us home, how are you feeling?" Quinna aked him.

(Reply Montero)

"Hey, can you do me a favor," Quinna started, "Can you talk to Lt. Corday? Keep him company. Let me know if you need me?"

(Reply Montero, IYW)

Quinna moved over to one of the newest Ensigns. She really had not spent any time with her but she was sure that there was nothing she could say that would make her at ease that Quinna was doing

what she could. "Hi, Ensign Khatri" Quinna said as she started to scan the Ensign. She looked over at zh'Firre, "How is your cooling blanket?" Quinna scanned the ensign on the bed as well.

(Reply Khatri and zh'Firre)

"I am going to take some blood samples and get right to figuring out what is going on and how to stop it. Hang in there, both of you."

(Reply Khatri and zh'Firre, IYW)

As Quinna moved on to the next person, she needed to stop. She closed her eyes for a moment before she walked up to Pex. "How are you feeling? Any problems"

(reply Pex)

"I am going to take a blood sample, and I will be on my way." Quinna said. Then she added, "Thanks for being there when Lt. Corday passed out."

(Reply Pex, IYW)

Quinna moved to Corday and looked at him. She was pleased that his temperature had not gone higher but she was perplexed that it had not lowered. It was going to take time. Quinna took her sample and tucked the blanket back around him.

Quinna then moved over to another new face. She was shocked about how out of touch that she was with the new crew. She was going to have to fix that. "Hello, Ensign Ssvresh, how are you feeling?" Quinna was scanning him with her tricorder.

(Reply Ssvresh)

She pulled out a device to draw blood next, "I am hoping with everyone, we can figure this out."

(Reply Ssvresh, IYW)

Quinna then moved on to the Marines. "Lt. Temerity, How are you feeling?"

(reply Temerity)

"I appreciate your patience. We cannot have whatever this little bugger is going around. Now can we?"

(reply Temerity, IYW)

Quinna looked over at Hammons. "You're up, next." Quinna made her way over to Steve Hammons. "How you doing?"

(Reply Hammons)

"Give me a little of your blood and I will leave you alone." Quinna said as she already started collecting it.

(Reply Hammons, IYW)

There were only a couple of people left to see. Quinna made her way to Ariel's side and started to scan her. "Hey there, Ariel. How are you feeling?"

(Reply Trei)

"I am going to take a blood sample. It is not going to hurt." Quinna said.

(Reply Trei)

When she finished with Trei, she moved to Dieter, "Hey there. Time to give me your blood."

(Reply Gregory)

"You still feeling a bit loopy?" Quinna asked as she reached behind him and adjusted the oxygen. "You better be doing as you are told." Quinna said as she put the last of the blood samples in her car.

(Reply Gregory, IYW)

“Get some rest,” Quinna said as she walked away.

Quinna had finally made her rounds and sent Aggie to collect the blood from sickbay. With everyone's blood, it was a start.

(Reply Any)

(Posted by Kris B)

Tegian was dozing in a comfortable chair, trying to stay out of the way

As Quinn moved on to the next person, she needed to stop. She closed her eyes for a moment before she walked up to Pex. "How are you feeling? Any problems"

Tegian awoke with a start and jumped to his feet. "No ma'am. I just wish there was something more I could be doing to help. I've been monitoring Commander Gregory's and Ensign zhFirre's conditions and doing my best to learn Andorian anatomy and physiology. Pex once was in a host of a doctor who specialized in Trill epidemiology. I had been hoping that'd make it easy for me to pick it up, but it's not. I keep dozing off."

(Reply Solice, iyw)

"I am going to take a blood sample, and I will be on my way." Quinna said. Then she added, "Thanks for being there when Lt. Corday passed out."

Tegian nodded. "Thank you for having faith in me, Commander." Tegian rolled up his sleeve to give her access to his arm for the blood sample.

(Reply Solice)

(Posted by Keith)

Yevan muttered in Andorian after losing another game.

Zara chuckled as she was beginning to understand certain off-color words. "Behave yourself. Doctor Solice is coming."

"She's a big girl. I'm sure she won't melt."

"Behave anyway," said Zara.

"Mm hm." Yevan's antennae moved in slow circles.

"Hi, Ensign Khatri," said Solice as she did a quick scan.

"Hey, Doc."

“How is your cooling blanket?” said Solice to Yevan.

"I'm feeling better, Doctor," said Yevan. "I just want to get out of here."

"I am going to take some blood samples and get right to figuring out what is going on and how to stop it. Hang in there, both of you," said Solice.

"We will," said Zara. Once the CMO had moved to someone else, Zara looked at Yevan, a mischievous smile on her face.

"No, you don't need to show me again," growled Yevan.

"By the time you figure out how to beat the game, we'll both have grandchildren." Zara laughed.

"And they'll be smart and beautiful," said Yevan.

"And friends for decades," said Zara.

Yevan gave Zara a fist bump. "Now be quiet so I can play."

(reply any)
(posted Mary Lou)

“Hello, Ensign Ssvresh, how are you feeling?”

"Hello Doctor." Ssvresh opened his eyes to see the ship's Chief Medical Officer standing near to his bunk. "I am tired from the journey to the Ixtal, but I seem to be unaffected."

“I am hoping with everyone, we can figure this out.”

Without rising, Ssvresh offered his arm for the drawing of a blood sample. As the Doctor moved to leave, he felt the lurching sensation from the shuttlecraft return, this time laced with fear. "Don't! But the moment passed and as the Doctor hesitated, beginning to turn back to him, Ssvresh quickly added. "Nothing, Doctor. Thank you for your efforts."

As Dr Solice moved on to the next bunk to continue her rounds, Ssvresh was relieved she hadn't turned back to him, certain that she would see the imprint of that fear writ across his face.

(Reply CMO IYW, none)
(Posted by MCD)

"No, not there! You have a hole in the wall. Now you've got to start building a new one."

"I'm trying, but it keeps sending those shelat zigzag pieces."

Zara could hear the frustration in Yevan's voice. "It takes time to learn the game. You're doing fine."

The pieces began moving faster, which caused Yevan to fall further behind, which piled more pieces on top of each other, which eventually ended the game.

She threw the PADD across the room.

"You do this for fun?" Yevan's antennae drooped.

"We can do something else," said Zara.

"We need the medical people to figure out what's happening so we can get out of here!"

"They will," said Zara. "Tell me about Andoria. What did you do for fun?"

Yevan stared at Zara as if she were trying to focus. "I practiced with my ushaan-tor."

"What else?" said Zara, genuinely curious.

"Hunting. Fishing. Trying not to freeze to death."

Zara rolled her eyes and sighed.

"If you want to know if we ran and played and got into trouble, of course we did. We were children. An ice world doesn't change that."

Zara smiled. "I'm glad to hear that. Those days fly by too fast. We need to enjoy every minute."

There was a moment of silence, which ended when a nurse in protective gear came over. "Here's your game PADD."

"Thanks. It must have slipped out of Yevan's hands," said Zara.

"I see," said the nurse. "How are you feeling? Anything out of the ordinary?"

"Nope. I feel fine," said Zara. "My friend here is a grump, though."

The nurse chuckled. Yevan glared.

"Let me check anyway." The nurse ran a medical tricorder around Zara. "Thirty-seven degrees. Normal temp. Are you hungry?"

"Yes," said Zara.

"No," said Yevan.

The nurse studied the Andorian patient. "I'll get you something, Ensign Khatri."

"You should have been nicer," said Zara once the nurse was gone.

"I barely said anything," said Yevan.

"And you were barely nice."

"Give me that." Yevan snatched the PADD out of Zara's hand. "Better to beat this stupid game than to listen to you complain about everything."

"Excuse me?" said Zara with a sputter.

"You heard me. Now be quiet."

Zara smiled as Yevan started a new game. "Maybe go back to level one if it's too hard for you."

Yevan muttered something in Andorian.

"I probably don't want that translated," said Zara.

"No, now shut up so I can play."

"Shutting up." Zara moved her finger and thumb across her lips. She hoped with everything in her they would all get out of this soon.

(reply any)
(posted by Mary Lou)

Agnes moved back and forth between sickbay and the holodeck. Earlier that day she had run into the Commander. Commander Verin wanted to see the Captain. The only thing that Agnes insisted on was that she wear a biosuit. Other than that, she had no issues letting the commander go in. Agnes had other things on her mind.

Aggie put on her biosuit and went back into holodeck 1. She went over to Dieter's bed. "Your oxygen levels seem to be a lot nicer."

(Reply Dieter)

"Hopefully we can get this figured out and then freed again." Aggie smiled. Something, however, was not right. Her hands started to shake as she took hold of Dieter. Suddenly she was falling to the floor and her whole body went into convulsions. She lost consciousness slipping into a coma as the seizure continued to ravage her body.

(Reply Dieter)

(Reply Any)

(Posted by Kris B.)

Bohb and William had worked tirelessly throughout the last twenty-four hours, but even though the android had no need for rest, the Magillan did. They had made it through a good portion of the Erickson when Bohb could feel the fatigue set in. On top of that, there was a growing itch under his suit, which he acclaimed to having worn it so long. He was pretty sure that when he took it off it would be quite ripe.

"I must take a break, Mr. William," Bohb said, stepping away from the control panel he was reassembling.

(reply William)

Bohb shook his head and said, "The odd thing is this dust we're finding. It seems to be inanimate matter, but it is inside the workings of the panels. I hadn't thought they'd been on the planet long enough for such an invasive dusting."

(reply William)

Bohb yawned and said, "I need food and a drink. I shall return shortly. Contact me if you need me before then."

(reply William)

The Magellan stepped out of the shuttle and headed to the decon unit by the exit. He began to inspect his suit prior to removing it and noticed something. He looked carefully, to make sure he wasn't mistaken. There it was. A flaw in the suit, right at the junction of the sleeve and the glove. There was one growing on the other side as well.

He picked up the pace and ran over to the decon unit and stood under the blast of air and antisepsics for a full minute before stepping out. He tapped the comm channel.

"Computer, erected a level 9 security field around Lt. Bohb immediately."

There was a buzz as the field came up. [Security field established.]

Bohb removed his suit and dropped it to the ground. "Store this biohazard suit for my personal inspection. Limit access to Lt. Bohb. Access Bohb 54783."

The suit disappeared and Bohb began to inspect himself. There seemed to be no sign that he had been infected. But the itch under his fur was still there.

“Damn it.”

(reply William, any, none)
(posted by Al Muir)

(USS Iluminar - Holodeck 1- Isolation Ward - CMO/3XO Commander Quinn Solice -- 1516)

Quinna spent all night with blood samples and research. Everyone in the holodeck seemed to be getting some rest. Everyone but her. Rest was a luxury at this point and Quinna did not get any. She had ordered Aggie to bed and after 8 hours she would return. Medics Klinger and Rizzo would often try

to get Quinna to eat, but she refused to state that she will eat in a few minutes. Those minutes never came and any food was laid to waste. The baby was no help. The baby would flip-flop around in her belly. Walking around the sickbay, she would bite her lower lip. She felt like people were looking at her. She felt like they were waiting for her to give answers. They were waiting for her to give a cure. They were looking for her to set them free. She felt like they saw her as their warden and not a captive like them.

Quinna made her way to the far corner where she sat on the floor. It seemed comfortable with the pillows. She was able to lay out her research materials and test results. She was able to start paranodal thoughts in peace.

(Reply none)

(Posted by Kris B)

Tegian was bored. Zara had locked onto Ensign zh'Firre so that he felt uncomfortable checking in on the Ensign despite his worry over the Andorian's condition. He had a PADD and had her vitals along with Commander Gregrory's displaying every fifteen minutes while the rest of the time, he studied all the results of their transporters trials.

He was showing no symptoms other than being irritable and he was attributing that to a lack of sleep. Since this was a holodeck, he'd created a comfortable chair, out of the way and was dozing when he heard someone talking to Commander Gregory. All those who had been infected were near each other and he'd picked a spot nearby.

He opened an eye and saw someone fall to the floor. Jumping up, he tossed his PADD onto the chair and raced to the form's side.

"Hopefully we can get this figured out and then freed again." Aggie smiled. Something, however, was not right. Her hands started to shake as she took hold of Dieter. Suddenly she was falling to the floor and her whole body went into convulsions. She lost consciousness slipping into a coma as the seizure continued to ravage her body.

Tegian hit his comm badge. "Medical emergency in Holodeck 1. Dr. Vanderstein is having a severe seizure despite being in a biosuit. Either we need to beam her directly to sickbay or I need medical personnel here to help. I don't know the human physiology."

(Reply Any)

(Posted by Keith)

"I don't want to play another game. I want to train." Yevan was speaking through an occasional labored breath.

Zara felt Yevan's frustration. Day two in isolation had her feeling the same. Desiring to contribute, she had one of the nurses bring the data the medical teams had, so studying from a science perspective at least provided something to do. Taking the game PADD, Zara set it on her lap.

"Tell me about your training."

"What about it?" said Yevan.

"What do you do? How do you train?"

Yevan rolled her eyes. "What are you doing, Zar?"

"I'm bored. Tell me about your duties on the ship."

"It's all about you, huh?" Yevan chuckled weakly.

"You got me," said Zara. "I can't slip anything past you."

"We heard a science nerd was coming on board, so we had to keep an eye on you." Yevan wheezed.

Zara's eyes widened and her jaw dropped. "Nerd? Nerd? You called me a nerd! How do you even know that word?"

"I'm good."

Zara smiled, touching Yevan's hand with a slow, gentle caress.

"Don't get mushy on me, Princess."

"It's: Well, don't get all mushy on me. So long, Princess."

"See? Nerd."

Zara laughed. Gazing at her weakening friend, Zara felt a dry lump in her throat and her heart was heavy. What was taking medical so long?

"When I have off duty time, and when I can reserve a holosuite, I wear traditional battle dress and fight with my ushaan-tor. My toughest opponent is a Jem'Hadar soldier. That keeps me strong and ready," said Yevan.

"What?"

"My training. You asked how I train." Yevan stifled a cough.

"But you're an engineer, not a marine."

"I'm Andorian!"

Yevan declared that with so much power and pride, Zara thought her friend would leap off the biobed, fully cured. Zara wanted so much for that, everything in her tried to will it to be so.

(reply any)

(posted by Mary Lou)

Day 6

Stardate: 2446.06.06

(USS Illuminar - Isolation Ward - ACSO Ensign jc Zara Khatri - 1032)

Yevan was getting worse. Her hearing was almost gone and she was nearly blind. Like a raging specter, the Andorian engineer was possessed by a high fever requiring constant treatment. Any food eaten was regurgitated back out. Her antennae had stopped moving.

Zara was so terrified, it made her stomach churn. Only able to imagine how her stricken friend felt, it was to the point where Zara was holding her hand, never leaving her side. To talk, Zara had to be centimeters from Yevan's ear.

"I see her," said Yevan, only able to whisper. "She's more beautiful than I imagined." A smile spread across her blue lips.

"Who? Who do you see?" Zara looked around the room, but saw only other patients and medical personnel in protective gear.

"The Earth Guardian," Yevan was still smiling.

"Tell me about her," said Zara.

Yevan paused, licking her lips. "My people... have no..." She coughed.

"Do you want some ice chips?" said Zara.

Yevan slowly shook her head. "We don't know where we came from." Yevan paused to gulp several deep breaths. "There's nothing in nature or the fossil record of our origins." Yevan closed her eyes.

After a few moments, Zara thought Yevan was sleeping until she felt a tighter grip on her hand.

"Stay with me."

"I'm not going anywhere." A feeling of dread was beginning to take Zara. It was like the dancing, haunting shadows chasing a lost child in the forest in the darkest of nights. It took all Zara's strength to hold back her tears.

"The ancient beliefs say we're from... we're from... the First Kin. Four Guardians."

"Yours is the Earth Guardian?" said Zara, her own voice now a whisper.

"Mine... the zhen... the Earth Guardian."

Zara didn't know if Yevan was aware of her anymore. Clutching Yevan's hand in both of hers, Zara leaned close, their faces almost touching.

"We... the zhen... carry the baby. Nurture... teach... very spiritual. Now I..." A tear rolled down Yevan's cheek, landing on Zara's hands. "Never will"

A large gasp escaped Yevan. In it, Zara could feel sorrow and regret so strong, it was almost something she could actually touch.

"Yevan? Yevan?" Zara shook her friend's hand. "Yevan!" Panic was her voice now. "Yevan?"

"Yevan."

Normally strong and unfazed by adversity, Zara's entire being; body, soul, spirit, and anything else she was, crumbled in grief and loss so unbearable, she fell upon Yevan's breast, weeping like she never knew was possible.

(reply any)
(posted by Mary Lou)

Tegian had spelled Zara at Ensign zh'Firre's bed from time to time, but left them alone, not wishing to intrude. He was worried about his engineer, but he tried not to let it show.

He was sitting in his chair monitoring zh'Firre's and Gregory's condition when he saw Yenna's vitals get really bad. He stood, fearing the worst. He didn't know Andorian physiology well, but he'd been studying. He was regretting not getting to know Yenna better.

He saw Yenna's vitals flatline, and Zara fall over her body. Tegian stood behind her and gently rubbed her back, tears silently dripping from his face.

(reply Any)
(posted by Keith)

Zara's tears anointed Yevan's hospital gown, a loving good-bye to her friend. They knew each other less than three days, but a bond formed, something that could have been a lifetime of joy and friendship. Zara couldn't explain how it happened, as they were so different, but perhaps that was why. Someone that was going to be an enrichment to her, was gone forever.

Though deep sobs turned to soft weeping, emotions of sorrow, loss, and pain swept through her like the waxing tide on a beach.

Soft caressing moved across Zara's back. There was the quiet hum of a medical tricorder.

"I'm sorry, Zara." It was their nurse, though the caress wasn't from her.

Zara nodded weakly. The nurse stepped away, but the touch on her back was still there. Sitting up, she looked to see what was happening.

"Lieutenant Pex," whispered Zara. She glanced at Yevan's beautiful, blue face. "I tried, sir. I tried to think of something." She bowed her head and closed her eyes. "I tried."

(reply Pex, any)
(posted by Mary Lou)

"Yevan? Yevan?" Zara shook her friend's hand. "Yevan!" Panic was her voice now. "Yevan?"

"Yevan."

Quinna heard the commotion on the other side of the holodeck, looking up from her research. It took her a minute to get off the floor. She had been sitting in that position for hours. Upon getting to her feet she ran to the other side of the area. The young lady on the bed was motionless. Quinna prayed that what she is seeing is not really happening.

"I'm sorry, Zara." The Nurse said. Quinn watched the nurse walk away in disbelief and Zara

"Lieutenant Pex," whispered Zara. She glanced at Yevan's beautiful, blue face. "I tried, sir. I tried to think of something." She bowed her head and closed her eyes. "I tried."

Quinna decided that this was not going to happen. Not now. Tapping her commbadge, "I need a site-to-site transport to Isoroom 4 now."

The lights of the transporter swept both her patient and Quinna away.

(USS Illuminar -- Isoroom 4 -- Sickbay -- Deck 5 -- CMO/3XO Commander Quinn Solice -- 1042)

Quinna work on the young ensign for what seemed like hours but was not. No amount of trying cold bring this young lady back to our plane of existence. If anything, Quinna managed to remove the Ensign from the rest of the isolation.

(Reply none)

(Posted by Kris B)

"Lieutenant Pex," whispered Zara. She glanced at Yevan's beautiful, blue face. "I tried, sir. I tried to think of something." She bowed her head and closed her eyes. "I tried."

And then Doctor Solice stepped in front of them and hit her comm badge and said, "I need a site-to-site transport to Isoroom 4 now."

The lights of the transporter swept both Yenna and the Doctor away leaving Zara and Tegian weeping at an empty space. Tegian grabbed her around the waist before she fell and said quietly. "It wasn't your fault, Zara. It wasn't your fault."

(reply Khatri, iyw)
(posted by Keith)

End Compile