

Day 1 Stardate 2446.06.03

(KIH Flagship ogh'shU - Deck 2 - Commander's Office - Galk of the Imperial House- 1330)

The burly Klingon was pacing his office when the transmission came through.

=^= hOd! Communication from Qo'nos.=^=

He stepped to the desk and thumbed the comm. "Send it to my monitor."

=^=Haj!=^=

The screen on the wall came to life to show Jos sitting and glaring at him. =^= Galk! I should be calling you something other than your name when communicating with you on your flagship! Commander is beneath you!=^=

Galk gave a sudden, rumbling laugh. "Then call me jObak!"

=^= Chief in the Federation language?=^= His father gave a disgusted exclamation. =^= Hardly fitting.
=?^=

"I am not Chancellor and when away from Qo'nos you are Councilor as well as regent." He gave a toothy grin.

=^= hQd it is then. Captain is more fitting.=^= Jos was not one to bow meekly to anyone.

"What is the Chancellor doing?"

=^= He's been quiet, too quiet.=^= Jos gave a grimace. =^= Since you put down the rebellion in our new systems he has done very little except to recall the KDF ships back to Imperial space. He doesn't appear happy with the new paradigm with the Federation but has made no moves against us or our assets.=^=

Galk gave a growl. "Do not turn your back on him."

Jos looked insulted. =^= As though I would be so stupid. His hands though are tied for the moment. To make any overt threats would raise the suspicion of the council. Your defeat of Eshag before their very eyes won you a number of supporters... for the moment.=^=

He clapped his hands on the desk. =^= And what of you? =^=

The head of the Imperial House gave a shrug. "ogh'shU's internal repairs are completed and I will be returning to Qo'nos within days. The inspection of our outlying systems went well and the exodus of most of the Romulans is nearly complete. Some have stayed behind to work as technical support and

are being paid as I vowed. I want the plans for a spacedock around Kirash completed within the week so that I can begin allocating resources for its construction."

Jos grunted. =^= It is well along and should be done in your time frame. What do you plan to do with it? Expand the fleet there so that Morek won't know our numbers? =^=

"Not specifically." Galk walked around the desk. "That far from Qo'nos we need a way to repair our ships and transports as well as update them, the construction of ships will happen in time but we need to build our ranks as well to fill them."

=^= Good. Your plans will be ready when you return. =^=

Jos nodded his head and the transmission ended.

Satisfied, Galk walked to the wall and looked at the bat'leth of Kor hung there and displayed perfectly, the symbol of his house as well as his resolve.

(Reply: None)

(Posted by Charles Gatling)

Day: 2

Stardate: 2446.06.04

(KIH Flagship ohg'shU - Deck 1 - Command Center - Galk of the Imperial House- 0910)

Galk had gotten used to the Federation word, so much so that as he stepped from the lift the word "bridge" entered his thoughts. It was the nerve center of the ship, the brain, the place from whence all orders were disseminated, where all primary controls originated. There was no growling or laughter, no raucous jesting in this place as might be expected. Reforms were taking place within the Klingon Imperial House ships, it didn't make them any less Klingon but it was less chaotic, more disciplined, at least here on his flagship. On the rest? It would take time for this to sweep through his fleet. Some would be transferred to command roles elsewhere and expected to take discipline with them and enforce it. Those that did not would be held to account. It would take time, perhaps generations before fleet discipline would approach that of StarFleet but he had time, hopefully they all had time to see it through.

Courage and boldness, perhaps even brashness had its place but discipline in a battle gave all a higher survival rate and greatly increased efficiency. Some of his own officers had scoffed before the battle with Bartok's small fleet but many had been won over after seeing the way it had eased their path to victory, both here and on the other ships. Galk demanded discipline, not the type enforced chaotically, with no rhyme or reason and at the whim of the commander but from a concrete set of regulations imposed on all, fleet wide.

Klingons were likened oftentimes to berserkers, throwing chaos and turmoil into a battlefield then overrunning their confused and scattered enemy but all civilizations, their militaries evolved or were at some point overrun. Galk had started a movement within the Imperial House and as that house went so went the Empire. Would it eventually sweep through all the houses? Time would tell. Would he live to see it? His mouth opened in a fierce smile. As before, time would tell.

"Distance to Qo'nos?" He thundered.

"Forty five kelicams hOd!" Was the reply from navigation.

"Speed?"

"Maximum available warp."

"Good." He stepped up to the command chair, sat then looked around satisfied. The number of fights on board had dwindled, not that he expected them to stop anytime soon. Asserting dominance was the Klingon way and they must be allowed to be Klingons.

The other ships had returned to their normal duties after the pacification of the Kanaris system except for those Vor'cha and Birds of Prey that had survived the battle, those accompanied the ohg'shU to Qo'nos for repairs.

The lift door opened behind him and he turned his head to see Bartok step out and walk toward him. The growl from one of his officers was subdued but it was there. Bartok wasn't trusted entirely by his men yet but he had sworn himself to Galk, not to save his own life but because he had been deceived.

"hOd!" Bartok stopped beside him and looked about the command center with a crooked grin on his face, he obviously liked the professionalism he was seeing. "You have made strides already, little wonder we were so soundly defeated."

A rumble rose from Galk's throat as he turned his eyes back to the starscape on the view screen. "They are the best I have and I will train more like them. The Imperial House must lead the Empire to greatness or it will crumble into the dust of history. That cannot be allowed."

"Well said." Bartok turned his eyes back to him. "And how should I act once we have returned to Qo'nos?"

Galk gave a bass chuckle. "You are sworn to me and this house and you will act that way, no more and no less. We will carry the honor of this house against any who would stain it. And to those who would divide us we will show the steel of our blades."

He turned his hot gaze back to Bardok. "I expect nothing less."

Bardok smiled. "Agreed my lord. Their attempt has failed and we will not be separated again." His eyes grew angry. "Such will lead to a death, theirs or mine."

"See that it is not yours." Galk growled. "You have much to do in time and I will need all of the experienced commanders I have."

Bartok's eyes gleamed as he turned his attention to the viewer. "That sounds glorious."

(Reply: None)

(Posted by Charles Gatling)

Mission: Whom Gods Destroy

Day: 5

Stardate: 2446.06.07

(Qo'nos - Imperial City- Imperial House, Foyer - Galk of the Imperial House- 1220)

The four followed their commander inside, Bartok, gA'esh and two bodyguards, the guards, no longer needed broke away to go to the kitchen. Bartok and gA'esh remained at his heels with the latter closely watching the former.

Galk threw open the door to the main hall and his boots sounded sharply against the stones of the floor as he turned to the left and made for his office, he hadn't quite reached it when the door opened with a clang and his father stepped out to meet him.

"Galk!" Jos roared. "You return triumphant! The victory feast has already been arranged for this night."

Galk grimaced and growled in return. "The battle was hardly worth a tale, we were well prepared and more than a match."

"Your accolades are well earned hOd!"

Jos' eyes turned to the new voice and he scowled. "Bartok! I have not seen your face in decades and time hasn't been kind to it."

Bartok returned his look in kind. "Your belly on the other hand appears to have prospered."

The two glared at one another for a moment before breaking into feral grins, Jos first followed by Bartok.

"The Gahk and Bloodwine of the house have been plentiful, perhaps too much so but I've been making up for time spent at Rura Pente." Jos chuckled and slapped his belly. "Come inside."

The four entered the spacious apartment and took seats as Galk helped himself to some of the aforementioned libation. "What news?"

Jos was sprawled in a large and very comfortable chair, one which he had ordered and had brought in. Age was creeping up on the warrior and his joints were not so sound as they had once been.

"I have heard that Mohg is looking for a new planet to make their home and Noggah has followed your example within the new territories as have the rest of your allies. The Houses that side with Morek have not done so but pressure is being exerted on them. It is my opinion that it will take quite a bit of time for them to do this ... if it ever happens. As for Duras, do not expect them to change."

"Duras never changes." Galk spat. "They lost their honor long before Lursa and Betor betrayed the Empire."

"I would not argue that." His father shrugged. "The technical plans you ordered are ready but it will be costly."

"I will review them." Galk sat and threw down a long swallow of Bloodwine.

"And lastly Borath has been silent for two days." Jos stretched out his legs with a sigh.

Galk's head snapped around at that last and he lowered the tankard. "Borath?" That world was well known by every Klingon even though it was situated near the periphery of the Empire but not so close to the Federation that it was considered in harms way. Galk himself well knew that the Federation was no threat despite what Morek and his ilk had tried to pull over on the Council. While Borath had never been a well traveled location such a long silence was unusual, even having that silent stretch noted emphasized the abnormal nature of it.

"Haj!"

"And what does the council say?"

"They are not concerned... yet." His father sighed as he leaned back.

Galk made a rumbling noise in his throat before downing the rest of the tankard then looked to his men. "After the feast we return to the ship."

"Why? Your ship needs repair."

Galk turned his head back to Jos. "The damage is minor. If it is nothing we will return quickly for those repairs."

"And if it is something."

The burly Klingon's eyes raked over them all. "Then we will be nearby if needed."

(Reply: None)

(Posted by Charles Gatling)

Day: 10

Stardate: 2446.06.12

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Ready Room - CO, Captain Sekal- 1300)

The walk into the room was not labored as previously, the damage the nanites had done to his joints having been reversed by the medical department and the rebuilding of them was still continuing. The prognosis was that within another few days all lingering traces of their depredations would be mended.

=^= Captain, a transmission for you from StarFleet Command. =^=

"I will take it in my office."

=^= Yes sir. =^=

Commander Verin currently had the bridge, her health was still fragile but on a slow, upward trend and would be for quite some time.

The hologram appeared over his desk as he approached. =^= Captain Sekal.=^=

"Admiral Haynes." He inclined his head briefly.

=^= Captain, has your infestation been completely cleared?=^=

"Affirmative Admiral, the ship has been sterilized of the nanites with 100% certainty. Science, Engineering and Medical have confirmed it."

=^= Glad to hear of it. Illuminar is to divert immediately to Mars for a special assignment. Details will be forthcoming as soon as you are briefed on site.=^=

Sekal crossed his arms and gazed at the image contemplative, at this time there was little for him to extrapolate on. "Understood Admiral." He tapped his comm. "Helm, set a course for Mars and initiate."

=^= Speed Captain?=^=

"Full hyperwarp."

=^= Aye sir. =^=

There was a surge in the warp engines signaling that the order had been carried out.

"Any other orders Admiral?"

=^÷ None at this time. Haynes out. =^=

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Ready Room - CO, Captain Sekal- 1500)

=^= Captain, we are receiving a distress call from Klingon space.=^=

He looked up from the report he had been perusing. "Could you be more specific Mr. William?"

=^= The Klingon monastery on Borath has sent out an emergency distress call sir. Any assistance is requested. If we maintain speed we will reach Borath in 35 hours. =^=

"Mr. William, Borath is within the boundary of the Klingon Empire."

=^= I am aware of that sir as I noted. =^=

Sekal mulled the situation over for a few seconds before replying. "Helm is to divert to Borath. I will be on the bridge shortly to review the transmission."

=^= Aye sir. =^=

Sekal gazed at the report for a moment without reading it, his mind was on the transmission. It was possible they might run into hostile forces within Klingon space and the Admiral's orders had been clear however StarFleet directives were clear. And if intercepted by Klingon forces Illuminar had ample deniability for being in Imperial space.

He set the report aside and rose to his feet then headed for the door, the transmission should be reviewed before all else.

He stepped onto the bridge.

(Reply: Any)

(Posted by Charles Gatling)

Temas sat back from his desk and looked at the schedule he had prepared. After the last few months the crew of the Illuminar had gone through so much. Both he and the captain agreed that there was a great need for some mandatory crew evaluations.

He knew that, in general, officers, especially human officers, seemed to neglect their mental health, even resistant to the idea of talking about their feelings. It was strange for him, but in a way he could understand it. He also knew that everything started from the top, and he knew that his toughest customer was going to be the captain. he figured he'd get that one out of the way as soon as possible.

He typed in a message to his schedule and opened his mind to Luma.

::Luma, can you please sent this message out to the entire crew.::

::Of course, my Temas.::

[To all crew of the Illuminar. As per orders from Captain Sekal, all crew are to report for mandatory psychological evaluations. I promise that this will not be as bad as you might think. The following is the schedule for the command crew. All others can set an appointment.]

1430- Captain Sekal
1530- Commander Verin
1630- Commander Gregory
1730- Commander Solice
1830- Lt Commander T'Mur
1930- Lt. Ariel Trei
2030- Lt. Pex
2120- Lt. Bohb

Tomorrow's Schedule
0800- Ensign Ssvresh
0900- Ensign Khatri
1000- Lt. Dogana

He knew, after that, the next obstacle will be to meet with the Marines. He had already had some time with Lt. Temerity. Hopefully he could get some buy-in with the major.

(reply all)
(posted by Al Muir)

"Computer, begin recording. Stardate 2446.06.12, 2nd officer log. Due to the excellent teamwork between various departments on the ship, a way to defeat the nanites was discovered. Additionally we encountered a two-faced Boltzmann brain. This theoretical mental exercise by the Earth physicist Ludwig Boltzman, speculated that a consciousness could arise from the void. This one had a good side and a evil or malicious side."

"Based on this, and other factors, we have reported to Starfleet that Zertos 81 be established as a forbidden planet until more work can be done to understand the nature of this consciousness and enlist it as a friend, and not an enemy.. I am sure the Tellarites will be unhappy."

Gregory paused, "On a personal note, I have requested and received permission to take some personal leave. The Captain has graciously agreed to allow me to use the Hillary. I am heading to Bajor and see if any of what happened can make any sense. I have lost comrades before, especially on the USS Rhyne, but the loss of Dr. Agnes ... Aggie ... has shook me to the core. Perhaps the answers are out there and I cannot see them. One day, maybe I will."

"Computer end recording and seal. Authorization Gregory - one alpha three five zulu tango."

He looked at his desk, leaving it organized. The department would run fine while he was gone. \

As he stood up, a message came across his desk.

To all crew of the Illuminar. As per orders from Captain Sekal, all crew are to report for mandatory psychological evaluations. I promise that this will not be as bad as you might think. The following is the schedule for the command crew. All others can set an appointment.

1430- Captain Sekal
1530- Commander Verin
1630- Commander Gregory"

Gregory stopped reading when he saw his name. He shook his head, no way was he ready to see someone like Temas. Not now.

He dashed a note back: Mr. Temas, thank you for your kind invitation, but I am on leave and will be unable to meet with you at the chosen time. When I return I will be sure to check in with you.
Commander Dieter Gregory.

That done, he turned off his computer and headed to his quarters.

(reply none)
(posted by Tim)

Day: 10

Stardate: 2446.06.12

(USS Illuminar -Personal Quarters - Deck 2 -- CMO/3XO Commander Quinn Solice 1406)

Quinna had made it back to her quarters after making rounds in sickbay. She was ready for some time off. She has been working non stop and she promised Michael that she stayed off her feet for a while. She had some swelling in her legs and her boots were a bit tight. She was happy to take them off.

She bellied up to the replicator and ordered a grilled cheese sandwich and a glass of milk. She turned to see the terminal in her quarters as she heard the ding of a message.

"Ugh, not a psych evaluation." Looking at the time, Quinna realized she had time. She replied that she accepted the appointment.

She put her sandwich and milk on the end table next to the couch. She went to the back and changed out of her uniform to put on something more comfortable. Making her way back into the living area, she sat on the couch and put her feet up. Instead of eating her sandwich, she fell asleep.

(Reply none)
(Posted by Kris B)

Charles entered the Marine Detachment Commander's office. "Major, do you have a moment?"

(Reply: Murphy)

Since coming out of quarantine, Temerity had been in several sessions with the ship's counselor working his way through his various issues. He had even managed to make a breakthrough within the last couple of days. "I have the updates on Myrmidon's shipboard duties and responsibilities, sir." And passed a PADD to his commander. As previously mentioned, we are switching back to green from yellow and have begun posting guards at the stationary posts throughout the vessel thus relieving the

Security department of those responsibilities. We still have joint training scheduled so that both sections will work in concert during any combat operations whether planet side or shipboard."

(Reply: Murphy)

"Yes, Sir; one last thing of a semi-personal nature." Temerity physically and mentally took a deep breath as if admitting a harsh truth to himself, "Sir, I need to apologize to you for my part in just absolutely jacking-up your experiment here. That was not my intention, and I am sorry."

(Reply: Murphy iyw)

"Major, while in quarantine, I had debated on requesting to utilize the Captain's open-door policy and request you and the XO be present to apologize to all of you together. The more I thought about it the more I realized it was you I NEEDED to apologize to, and not as much either of them. That being said..." and the Lieutenant held out a second PADD to Murphy, "...I would not blame you one little iota if you wanted me out of your unit and back out of the Corps.'"

(Reply: Murphy iyw)

"Sir, it has come to my attention that the Illuminar has been diverted to Mars. As much as I would love a second chance and try to make things right; I also know that would be the best time for me to depart. To help that along, if you so choose, here is a request for transfer back to the Inactive Ready Reserve (IRR) and retired status as a Gunnery Sergeant."

(Reply: Murphy)

"Major Murphy, Sir, I would rather stay and have another go. I will continue my sessions daily with the ship's counselor if you want, but I would like to stay if you'll keep me."

(Reply: Murphy)

Charles then stood and saluted saying "Roger that, Sir" before turning and heading out the office door to adhere to Murphy's decision.

(Reply: Murphy iyw)

(Reply: Murphy)

(Posted: Charlie)

(USS Illuinar - Deck 8 - Cargo Bay 1 - Marine Major Audie Murphy - 1411)

Audie was working through the required paperwork after the last mission/disaster. Clearly his marines were under-utilized, but how to fight sub-micron bugs was not in the Marine wheelhouse. His men had recovered once the Ships teams figured things out. It just meant he wanted to see about a way to detect these creatures before they were a problem.

"Major, do you have a moment?" came the voice of Lieutenant Temerity.

Audie looked up, "Of course Lieutenant, what is on your mind?"

Temerity passed a PADD over "I have the updates on Myrmidon's shipboard duties and responsibilities, sir. As previously mentioned, we are switching back to green from yellow and have begun posting guards at the stationary posts throughout the vessel thus relieving the Security department of those

responsibilities. We still have joint training scheduled so that both sections will work in concert during any combat operations whether planet side or shipboard."

Murphy looked over the PADD. "Excellent Lieutenant. I'll review this in detail and get back to you with any concerns. Anything else?"

"Yes, Sir; one last thing of a semi-personal nature." Murphy watched as the lieutenant took a deep breath.

"Sir, I need to apologize to you for my part in just absolutely jacking-up your experiment here. That was not my intention, and I am sorry."

"Mr. Temerity, a marine from years past once said Improvise, adapt, and overcome. If the Myrmidon's can't do that, we're lost anyway. No apology needed."

"Major, while in quarantine, I had debated on requesting to utilize the Captain's open-door policy and request you and the XO be present to apologize to all of you together. The more I thought about it the more I realized it was you I NEEDED to apologize to, and not as much either of them. That being said..." and the Lieutenant held out a second PADD to Murphy, "...I would not blame you one little iota if you wanted me out of your unit and back out of the Corps.'"

Murphy took the PADD and looked it over briefly. "Mr. Temerity, is this your real wish? To get out when the going gets tough? Your record would indicate otherwise."

"Major Murphy, Sir, I would rather stay and have another go. I will continue my sessions daily with the ship's counselor if you want, but I would like to stay if you'll keep me."

"Excellent, I want you to carry on and help shape the Myrmidon's. Your past is part of what makes you an ideal officer for the cadre. And I don't give horses patootie about the ships counselor. I won't order you to go or to not go. You are an officer and can make that decision for yourself. Your request for a transfer is denied, so get back to work. And if you need to work out some issues, grab a pair of Anbo-jyutsu sticks and come find me. I am sure the Sergeant Major can equip you."

Temerity stood and saluted. "Roger that, Sir"

Murphy returned the salute with a "Carry on Marine."

He watched the man go. Audie liked his spunk and his willingness to challenge his superiors. It might get him in trouble someday and he might not make it past Captain, but he was the type of officer that was needed.

(reply none)
(Posted by Tim)

The image, which had been heavily broken and shadowed degenerated into fragmented streams with the audio following suit. Broken words became garbled.

"Can you break through the interference?"

"I am trying sir" William the Android in concert with the computer was their best option

The message recycled and played again in an unbroken cycle, the third so far.

Sekal stood behind the Android as he worked, after several minutes he turned his head and shook it at the Captain.

"Negative sir. The transmission is also so broken that I am unable to recover the rest of the audio."

"Understood. Continue to monitor the transmission and notify me if there is any change."

"Yes sir."

"How far to the Klingon border Ms. GreyWolf?"

"Thirteen hours sir at present speed."

Sekal stepped away to speak with Commander Verin.

"There is the possibility that we may encounter hostile ships in Klingon space. If intercepted notify them that we are on a humanitarian mission and present the transmission as proof of our intentions. I would prefer to avoid a battle unless necessary."

(Reply: Sienna, any)

(Posted by Charles Gatling)

Ariel walked into the counseling office as requested. It was familiar but not really since she hasn't been there for a long time. She expected the psych evaluation will be pretty straight forward with no surprises mostly pertaining to her experience with the nanites. She felt like she was back to normal but probably needed to talk about it. She approached the front desk.

"SPA LT Ariel Trei reporting for the evaluation."

(Reply Temas)

(Posted by Edward)

Temas looked at Trei in a mixture of curiosity and amusement. She was so serious and official with him. However, he was happy to see her. So far he'd had a cancellation and a no show with the 2nd and 3rd officers. He'd hoped for better from the leadership of the ship.

Smiling he said, "Come in, Ariel, please. Have a seat."

He had set out two chairs in the middle of the room. He wanted as much as an open space as possible.

(reply Trei)

"And please," he continued, "this doesn't have to be so formal. Just relax. We can just talk."

(reply Trei)

Temas sat down, himself, and tapped the PADD he was holding. "I noticed that you hadn't had an evaluation since your move into security. How are you feeling about that transition?"

(reply Trei)
(posted by Al Muir)

Tegian was sitting at his desk finishing a report for the Captain detailing the results of the mission to Zertos III and the resulting nanite infection. Engineering had spent days going through every system, sometimes more than once, as some systems were reinfected, disabling the nanites. Penn and Teller's amazing ability to reprogram the nanites, still without any logical explanation of HOW they were able to make the intellectual jump to knowing just what to do annoyed Tegian. He'd studied the nanites and he couldn't fathom how they were able to discern how to reprogram them so quickly without first studying them. He was immensely grateful, given that they'd already lost Yevan and Dr. Vanderstein. And Bohb was a lot sicker than he'd let on. How many more might have died if not for their timely assistance? Still, there was a certain amount of admiration. And Tegian had to be honest with himself, mainly because Pex was forcing him to be, jealousy.

Tegian had written Yevan's family a long letter detailing her many accomplishments while on the ship and his condolences. He had encouraged those in Engineering, that wished to do so, to include their thoughts. He had noted that Ensign Khatri was making sure that her body was being sent back to her family, so Tegian made sure that his letter and their remembrances were included. There was a ceremony onboard for her and Tegian had spoken, remembering that Yevan had been a mentor to him when he had first joined the ship and then supportive when he became the CEO.

He also hadn't spoken with Ensign Khatri. He wanted to thank her for spending so much time with Yevan, but didn't know how to do so

He kept looking at the time, thinking the session with the Counselor was timely. He had been waiting to hear that Mr. Laredo had recovered from his own ordeal because Tegian needed to talk about his grief and his guilt over losing someone under his command.

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Counseling Office - CEO - Lieutenant Jg Tegian Pex - 2028)

He stood outside the doors of the Counselor's office having arrived early. He didn't wish to be late, as was his usual protocol. On time was always late. Early was on time. He waved his hand over the chime and waited patiently.

(Reply Laredo)
(Posted by Keith)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Ready Room - CO, Captain Sekal- 2300)

He had been summoned to the bridge as the ship closed on its target. Borath had one thing for which it was well known which had forced the attention of a Federation starship into Klingon space which was highly unusual. Many events could have been overlooked or facilitated a call to the Klingon High Command with an offer of assistance but to hear that Borath was in danger? The news that the time crystals on that planet were in danger of being seized was a threat to the entire quadrant.

Sekal tapped the yellow alert button to bring off duty personnel to active status.

"Tactical report, are there any signs of an attacking force?"

(Reply: Tactical)

Curious but then not. 35 hours had passed and the signal appeared to be playing on a loop. Even a pristine transmission hadn't yielded any concrete information but had been vague, extremely vague which should have been a warning sign that something was not right. As for the lack of an attacking force... whoever had attacked may have already gotten what they were after and left.

(Reply: Tactical)

"No obvious damage but no life signs? Curious." He rose to his feet as a good picture of the temple and grounds came into view. Where were the inhabitants and how had they been whisked away without signs of a battle? The temple and grounds were eerily quiet as were the settlements around it.

(Reply: Any)

"Form away teams to investigate the temple, we need to find out what happened here. Due to the possible diplomatic repercussions of our presence here I will lead the first team."

(Reply: Any)

(Borath - Temple Atrium - CO, Captain Sekal- 2335)

The away team solidified and Sekal stepped away from the others as he raised his tricorder. The first away team was heavily weighted with security and Lieutenant T'Mur had insisted on being there, no doubt intending to watch over his safety along with the Brikarian Cal Dogan who took up a solid position on his flank. The tricorder whirred softly as he turned about. Tricorders were omni-directional but turning could focus some scans faster.

The temple was of the usual ancient Klingon construction, stone and wood which had later been reinforced by metal. The atrium wasn't large so the away team moved off to give away team 2 added room to spread out. The

The banners that adorned the walls did not coincide with those of the Klingon houses and were no doubt native to this planet. No weapons or other ordinance were obvious and there was little other decoration.

"This way." He moved to a door and moved the heavy valve aside then stepped into the corridor after issuing orders. "Spread out and search the temple for any clues to where the inhabitants are or may have gone. Eventually Klingon ships will show up and we should be prepared to assist in their investigation."

(Reply: Any)

(Borath - Temple Reception - CO, Captain Sekal- 2345)

There were a number of chairs about this large, semi-circular room and a table in the center along with a large, ornate chair which might have belonged to the head of the order. Klingon weapons were again not in evidence marking this as a more religious sect than martial.

He panned the tricorder about the room as he stepped inside. Braziers guttered along the walls though the smoke wasn't thick as one might expect, being only marginally noticeable. The quiet was eerie.

(Reply: Any)

(Posted by Charles Gatling)

T'Mur still had trouble sleeping since the nanite infection, her nerves still raw. She found a modicum of solace in her work, so she had simply thrown herself into the tasks of Security and Tactical. So she was already on the bridge with Tavay when the yellow alert was sounded. She and the Romulan switched places.

=^=Tacticalreport, are there any signs of an attacking force?=^=

They had been scanning for ships since they arrived in the sector and the answer remained the same. "Negative Captain. There appears to be no sign of any traffic in this area for at least 48 hours."

She paused as she moved her sack to the planet below. "Curious. There are also no power or life signs on the planet below. Scans show buildings but no life beyond local flora and fauna."

=^=No obvious damage but no life signs? Curious.=^=

T'Mur shook her head, "Again, negative. No energy signatures to suggest any kind of fight occurred. No life, well, no Klingon life signs apparent. They are either cloaked or simply disappeared."

=^=Form away teams to investigate the temple, we need to find out what happened here. Due to the possible diplomatic repercussions of our presence here I will lead the first team.=^=

"Aye sir," T'Mur closed the channel. She knew better than to try and argue with Sekal on the protocol of COs and away missions.

Looking over at Tavay she nodded, "Tavay, you're with me. She tapped her comm badge, "T'Mur to Taylor, your presence is required on the bridge."

There was a slight pause before their reply. =^=Now, Commander?=^=. He sighed over the open channel and continued. =^=On my way.=^=

Once again tapping her badge she said, "Lt. Commander T'Mur to Major Murphy. I have a need for your services. I need two marines for protection and perimeter detail."

(reply Murphy)

"T'Mur to P'Rah, meet me in transporter room 1," she ordered.

(reply P'Rah, Murphy, Tavy)

(posted by Al Muir)

Tavay had quickly recovered from her ordeal but she was still weak for her. She had been asked to cover for Commander Gregory at the Oops station while he was away and she of course jumped at the opportunity. She wanted to be out of the lower decks of ship and work her way to command someday. She did have to serve her time.

She paid close attention to what was going on. It seemed like a bad time for Commander Gregory to be gone. Not to mention the chief medical officer. When TMur was ordered to make teams, she stood there without making any eye contact.

“Tavay, you’re with me,” T’Mur said.

"Yes, Ma'am," Tavay replied as she took her cues from the commander.

(Reply if any)

(posted by Kris B)

The day's duty had been tiring today. Mainly because it had been so boring. Ther had been little to do but monitor for other ships that were not there. He did find it odd, since a Federation ship was in Klingon territory. And that did give a level of excitement. However, after a while it had just become dreary drudgery.

The one thing that had kept his spirits up was the evening's dalliance with Ensign Kenzie Reeves, from engineering. A date he had been working on for several days. The night had gone well. They had dinner. Conversation was light and intelligent. They flirted and laughed.

After dinner they went to his quarters for a drink. He wasn't sure who started it, but when kissing began it got heavy fairly quickly. Hands moved over each other's bodies. He could feel Kenzie pulling his shirt off.

His hands went to find the zipper to her top. The zipper was half way down when his comm badges chirped.

=^=T'Mur to Taylor, your presence is required on the bridge.=^=

~Are you kidding me?~ He stopped what he was doing and search his shirt for his badge. Once it was in his hand he activated it.

"Now, Commander?" He asked, trying to keep the disappointment from his voice. The silence from his boss spoke volumes. Then he sighed and said, "On my way."

He closed the channel and looked at the pretty blonde engineer, half undressed. "I'm sorry darlin'," he said, "but duty calls"

He went into his bedroom and came back out in uniform. Attaching his comm badge to his tunic he moved over to his date. He reached down with his hand and took hold of her chin.

“Next time,” he said and kissed her lips.

Then he turned and left the room.

(reply none)

(posted by Al Muir)

Ending another day on the Illuminar, Zara lay in bed, staring at the ceiling in her darkened bedroom. It was six days since Yevan passed and Zara was still feeling it in her heart. During her cadet cruise she had seen a crewmember die on a mission, but with Yevan, it was the first time it was someone with whom she was close.

Zara asked for, and received permission, to arrange for Yevan to be sent to Andoria. Along with Yevan's possessions, Zara included two PADDs. The first was a note to the family telling them about Yevan, their friendship, the time together in quarantine, and about being with her at the end. The second was the Tetris game they played. Sighing, she expected another night of tossing and turning.

Still staring at the ceiling, the silence was broken by the voice of the FO over the comm system, ordering Zara to be part of a team reporting to transporter room 2.

The ship was diverted to a Klingon planet in response to a distress call, but Zara thought marines, security, and medical would go to the surface. Curious why science was needed, she acknowledged the order while flinging off her blanket.

"Computer, lights." Zara squinted as the room returned to full illumination. Rushing to the bathroom, night clothes coming off and landing on the floor where they were tossed, she hurried through the process of donning a new uniform, brushing her teeth, and fixing her hair. Attaching a tricorder and flashlight to her belt, Zara opened the desk drawer at her work station, stuffing a handful of pink bubble gum into her pocket. If she needed a phaser or other equipment, she could requisition it before they beamed down.

Moving out of her quarters so fast she almost crashed into the door as it slid open, she jogged down the corridor, dodging a few people along the way. Taking a turbolift to deck 4, she quickly walked to the transporter room. Pausing in the corridor, she stepped inside.

(reply any)
(posted by Mary Lou)

Tegian was just falling asleep after another long day in Engineering when the Comm system in his quarters went off. He didn't immediately recognize the voice.

=^= "Mr. Montero, I want a shuttle ready for launch if needed. I'd rather have it sitting idle and unneeded. Mr. Bell, Mr. Pex, Ms. Winters, Ms. Khatri, please assemble for an away team in transporter room two."

Tegian groaned as he sat up, directed the computer to turn on the lights twenty-percent and walked over to his console. He responded to the bridge. "Lieutenant Pex to bridge, acknowledged." He clicked off the comm system and turned away just as he heard

"Team 2 will be meeting up in transporter room 2 in a quarter of an hour." That would give the first team time to get down to the planet and discover anything untoward. "Mr. Pex, you are in charge of Team 2."

Tegian started back at the comm system as if it had spoken Vulcan. He pushed a button to hear a replay of the last message. He recognized Commander Verin's voice, finally. "Lieutenant Pex to Commander Verin, acknowledged."

Tegian pulled on clean clothes, glad he showered just before he'd gone to bed. While he was doing that, he thought about the team being summoned and wondered what their purpose was going to be and why he was being put in charge.

He grabbed a tricorder, a phaser and two telescoping epee's which he attached on his belt. A Klingon world, he might have to fight hand to hand against a Bat'leth. He could hold his own with an epee'.

(USS Illuminar - Deck 4 - Transporter Room 2 - CEO - Lieutenant Jg Tegian Pex - 2318)

Tegian hustled into Transporter Room 2, a few minutes early. He wanted to see which marines were assigned to their team and make sure that Ensign Khatri, Ensign Winters and Doctor Bell were all armed.

(Reply Bell, Khatri, Winters, Temerity)

(Posted by Keith)

Temerity was fitfully sleeping in his bunk when he was awoken by the sound of his comm-badge.

=^= Bridge to Marines. =^=

"Oh my freaking lord." He mumbled to himself as he looked at his clock set to shipboard time. "They are aware of this strange concept referred to as sleep?." He then grabbed his comm-badge off his nightstand and tapped it, "Temerity here, what's up?"

=^= I need two officers to protect team 2. =^=

Charles recognized the voice of the ship's First Officer. "Yes, Ma'am. When, where, and what should we expect?"

After Temerity gave his acknowledgement, Commander Verin then continued, =^= Team 2 will be meeting up in transporter room 2 in a quarter of an hour. =^=

"Roger that, Commander." Charles said. Once he realized that the communique had been cut, he threw his covers off and began getting dressed and gearing up. As he did, Charles tapped his com-badge, "Temerity to Major Murphy."

(Reply: Murphy)

"Sir, I answered a communique from the ship's FO. She wants two Marine officers to report to Transporter Room 2 in 15 minutes to assist in providing security for Team 2. She didn't say what to expect so I am already preparing to go with a long-range light scout loadout. You now know what I know, Sir."

(Reply: Murphy)

"Roger that, Sir. I'll make it happen and report to you before Lieutenant S'lla and I step onto the transporter pad. Anything else, sir?"

(Reply: Murphy)

“Copy that, Sir. Temerity out.”

(USS Illuminar - Deck 4 - Transporter Room 2 - Marine - 2LT Charles Temerity - 2338)

=^= T'Mur to Illuminar, the area is clear of danger. Beam down team 2. =^=

"Roger that, Lt. Commander. Preparing to beam down team 2." Temerity heard the Transporter tech acknowledge before he tapped his own comm-badge "Temerity to Murphy, moving out at this time." He said as he and his fellow Marine, 2LT S'Illa, a Romulan/Vulcan female, whose athletic build, cat-like movements, and bawdy sense of humor always seemed to make most of the other Vulcans onboard seem as if she were beneath them. Charles liked S'Illa, one reason was because they were the same age, she reminded him of a younger version of T'Lela.

As the planet materialized around them, Lieutenant Commander T'Mur began giving instructions; "Ensign Khatri, Lt. Pex, your job is to see if there is any scientific evidence to the disappearance of the Klingons of this temple. As Commander Berin would say, you may need to think outside of the box. Although I cannot imagine why anyone would care to think inside a box."

As that group moved out as instructed, she turned her attention to Temerity and S'Ila and said, "Stay out here and maintain this perimeter."

Charles and S'Illa looked at the area indicated then at each other before turning back to the CSec, shaking their heads realizing that they didn't have enough personnel or equipment to do even a half-assed job, much less an effective job of maintaining the perimeter in question. "We'll figure it out, Ma'am." As they turned and headed off to figure out how in the universe two Marines were going to maintain an area of roughly half a square kilometer. "Arrogant damn fleeters." S'Illa muttered as they walked away from T'Mur.

(Reply: Murphy)

(Posted: Charles Raschen)

Celiste had awoken when the ship seemed to slow as they came into orbit. So she was a little surprised when the First Officer contacted her to go on an away mission. It was Celiste's first away mission. Skashe was a bit older than she was, so he was a higher rank and was often chosen to do less grunt work and more fun things. That and he shared their Father's love of science while Celiste had gravitated towards biology and plants. Betazed had beautiful plants. She knew it was standard procedure for junior officers to get off training on away missions.

But ever since Celiste had sat in that command chair a few days ago, well, it had lit a fire under the biologist and she was interested in more. She had planned to discuss it with Mr. Laredo when her psych and performance evaluation happened. She wanted to be more than just the mixed species kid that tended the plants. She knew from her Mother's stories that Vanyssa had never wanted to be anything but a ship's counsellor, but circumstances had changed that and, well, everyone said that Celiste was her Mother's daughter.

Moving over to the wall between her and Sky's quarters, she touched the wall and could feel her brother doing the same thing. It was a remnant of their childhood - a way to affirm that they were family. She smiled at her Brother's good wishes and admonishment to behave and not take any risks.

Didn't Sky know that she was her Mother's daughter after all?

Hurrying into her heavy duty uniform, she pulled out the combat boots that accompanied it, and put those on, then braided her red hair close to her scalp with practiced fingers. She picked up her phaser, added the pouches on her belt that she would need, and shrugged a blue lab coat over that with generous pockets. She took the tools and specimen containers she would need, including her scientific tricorder and headed for the transporter room to meet up with Away Team Two.

It was her first away mission and Celiste was super stoked.

(reply any)
(posted by Mel)

Temerity was joined by one of the Marine platoon leaders, 2LT S'Illa (pronounced Scylla). The Romulan/Vulcan was a relatively tall, athletic female with feline-like movements of a stalking predator with a bawdy sense of humor. As the two Marines entered Transporter Room 2, she was proclaiming, "...ucking unbelievable. Do the Bridge peeps think we're mind readers or something?"

Temerity turned to his compatriot, "Or something." He replied before mentally shifting gears, "S'lla, you know I love you like a sister, so please understand that I'm not up to dealing with your bitching right now. As of this moment I'm too old, too tired, too sober, and haven't had any caffeine and was rudely woken from a satisfying dream involving a breathtaking blond. So, let's just go do down there, do what the hell we need to and call it a day."

Just as Charles turned to face Pax, he felt a sudden smack on his butt as S'Illa stated, "Good game; was it Bloom?"

Charles just smirked and said, "Well it wasn't you, that's for sure." Then focused his attention on Pax, "Howdy, Sir. Ready for the forthcoming fun and games?"

(Reply: Pax)

(Reply: Pax, any present iyw)
(Posted: Charles Raschen)

Tegian and the rest of the group had been waiting for a while for the go ahead. He'd made sure that everyone was armed and that all their phasers were set to stun and let Lieutenant Temerity take over and double check their weapons once more and instruct them on what to expect when they beamed down.

Finally they heard, =^= "T'Mur to Illuminar, the area is clear of danger. Beam down team 2. =^=

They all stepped onto their predetermined positions on the transporter pad and beamed down.

(Borath - Temple Atrium - CEO - Lieutenant Jg Tegian Pex- 2339)

Tegian looked around the Temple Atrium as he finished reassembling. Pex stirred within, always uncomfortable after going through the transporter.

He stepped forward as he saw Lt Commander T'Mur approach their group. She addressed them saying, "Ensign Khatri, Lt. Pex, your job is to see if there is any scientific evidence to the disappearance

of the Klingons of this temple. As Commander Berin would say, you may need to think outside of the box. Although I cannot imagine why anyone would care to think inside a box."

Tegian often forgot she was Vulcan given her relationship with Commander Verin until she spoke like that. "Understood Commander. We weren't briefed before we beamed down. Were there any lifesigns on the planet from our scans?"

Tegian pulled out his tricorder and set it to look for signs of complex life.

(reply T'Mur, Khatri)

"This way," Sekal called out and the others followed.

T'Mur looked at the marines and said, stay out here and maintain this perimeter."

Tegian looked up from his tricorder and at the four marines and the space. He gave Temerity a sympathetic look. He started to say something and Pex shut him down.

He waited for the first away team to leave the Atrium, and seeing no other obvious exits, he motioned his own team of Ensign Khatri, Ensign Winters, and Dr.Bell to follow them.

(Reply Khatri, Winters, Bell)

(Borath - Temple Reception - CEO - Lieutenant Jg Tegian Pex - 2347)

Tegian entered behind his team, minus the marines, just in time to hear Lieutenant Commander T'Mur say, "That's odd. This food all seems to be freshly prepared. But prepared for who? Where are the Klingons?"

"Didn't we get the distress message almost thirty-six hours ago, Ma'am?" asked Tegian. "How could the food still be fresh?"

Tegian's tricorder was still going as he continued to sweep in all directions

(reply any)

(posted by Keith)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 4 - Transporter Room 2 - CEO - Lieutenant Jg Tegian Pex - 2324)

Temerity had been joking with his partnered marine and Tegian had been ignoring it. He didn't know either of them well and figured they'd been asleep just as he was. Everyone handled the stress just before an away mission differently.

All of a sudden, Temerity focused on him. "Howdy, Sir. Ready for the forthcoming fun and games?" Tegian shrugged. "I've no idea what we're going to find down there, Lieutenant Temerity. The four of us will do our best not to make your job any more difficult. I haven't been briefed on the situation, so I don't know what to tell you other than the Captain beamed down with a full security team. We're all armed, but I would appreciate it if you would check everyone's phaser to make sure they are set for stun. I don't want any fatal mistakes."

Tegan handed him his phaser for inspection and motioned the others to do the same.

(Reply Temerity, Bell, Khatri, Winters)

(Reply-Forward),
(Posted by Keith)

(Borath - Temple Atrium - CSec/Tac - Lt Commander T'Mur- 2336)

Once the tingling sensation from the transporter effect ended T'Mur motioned to the others to spread out in the search pattern she had set up before they left. Dogan had taken up his post by the captain. Since Galk left he had promised to protect the captain and as most Brikar do, he took that promise quite seriously.

She lifted her own tricorder and began a focused sweep of the area for any life signs beyond those of insects. There was nothing, and since there appeared to be no sign of imminent danger she tapped her comm badge.

"T'Mur to Illuminar, the area is clear of danger. Beam down team 2."

=^=Roger that, Lt. Commander. Preparing to beam down team 2.=^=

As she waited she took a moment to appreciate the design of the temple. It had an intriguing mix of ancient architecture as well as some modern additions. Clearly the Klingons were unconcerned about maintaining the temple's original look.

Once the others arrived she approached them. "Ensign Khatri, Lt. Pex, your job is to see if there is any scientific evidence to the disappearance of the Klingons of this temple. As Commander Berin would say, you may need to think outside of the box. Although I cannot imagine why anyone would care to think inside a box."

(reply Pex, Khatri)

"This way," Sekal called out and the others followed.

T'Mur looked at the marines and said, stay out here and maintain this perimeter."

(reply marines)

She beckoned to P'Rah, Tavay and Day to follow them inside.

"Spread out and search the temple for any clues to where the inhabitants are or may have gone," Dekal ordered. "Eventually Klingon ships will show up and we should be prepared to assist in their investigation."

T'Mur nodded to the others and watched as they went their separate ways.

"Doctor Kyllee, I'd appreciate it if you stayed with me," she said.

(Reply P'Rah, Tavay, Khatri, Pex)

(Borath - Temple Reception - CSec/Tac - Lt. Commander T'Mur - 2346)

T'Mur and Kyllee followed Sekal and the vigilant Dogan into a chamber with a table. As she continued her scans she went round the table. It was very curious. The food seemed freshly prepared and steaming mugs of Ratkajenko were at the settings.

"That's odd," she exclaimed. "This food all seems to be freshly prepared. But prepared for who? Where are the Klingons?"

(reply any)

(posted by Al Muir)

When the transporter unlocked the two marines automatically began to sweep the area for any sign of hostiles. Their type 3C phased rifles were at the ready. They did a complete search of the open area, looking into the flora and found... nothing. No signs that anyone had been there for a while. They came back together for a moment and looked at each other.

“Are we at the right place?” Julien asked his Vulcan compatriot.

"Indeed," Marty replied. "It is most curious." He looked in the display of the HUD seeing no signs of humanoid life anywhere in the area. "However, this is Borath. I recognize the design of the temple." They made their way back to the group as the second team beamed down. It was the LT with the new 2nd Luie S'Illa. They hadn't really had time to bond with her so Julien was surprised that she had been selected for this mission. However, he was just a sergeant so who was he to question. Just do as you're told Julien. Unfortunately that was not always the human's style.

As they approached T'Mur gave orders to Temerity, "Stay out here and maintain this perimeter."

“We’ll figure it out ma’am,” Temerity replied.

“Arrogant damn fleeters,” S’lla muttered as the two walked away.

Julien's ears prickled when he heard the comment. He looked over to see T'Mur slightly stiffen at it. He was pretty sure that Major Murphy was going to hear about the disrespectful manner in which she had just spoken. Probably not the best introduction of a new 2nd Lieutenant.

"I see they rousted y'all out of bed as well." Charles said to his companions and they simply smiled.

"Well, hell. Let's patrol the area as teams of two. S'lla and I will start at the south end and you two start at the north end and we'll go clockwise. Run active sensors. Any questions?"

"Sirs, we have already policed the immediate area. There are no signs of any activity."

“Except for ours, of course,” Marty added.

"Chuck, any idea what the hell is really going on down here?" S'lla asked. "I don't want to end up back in quarantine."

Charles just snickered, "I never attended the officer academy as I was an NCO when I left the service. With that being said, I presume that in the academy they didn't tell you the Fleet one-line SOP for dealing with Marines?"

They all shrugged and looked at him looking to clarify their ignorance.

“The Fleet one-line SOP for dealing with Marines is as follows; ‘Keep them in the dark and feed them bullshit until you need them to cover your ground-side escape.’”

As the four of them started laughing, and Marty replied, "Well that explains a lot. Move to adjourn?"

"Get moving, Myrmidons," Temerity said and the two teams moved out.

(reply none)

(posted by A Muir)

Unlike many Klingon warships the flagship of the Imperial fleet was well lit by any standards. The gloom that many races had noted on others was not present here and every other ship had been or was being refitted with brighter illumination panels. Why had they been made as they were previously? A number of reasons actually that really don't apply to this narrative so will be only briefly touched on. Primarily is that Klingons are more comfortable in a gloomy atmosphere, take Qo'nos the home planet of the Empire as an example. It was traditional and as noted before the Th'l'ngen are devoted to tradition. But little can be hidden from the light and a keen eye which has been made even keener.

It had been feared that the light would wash out panels and viewscreens making them harder to read, of course this had not been the case. It was all a part of the reforms and discipline he had been enacting.

"Hod! Borath is within sensor range."

"Jahtlh!" (Speak)

"Scanners detect a ship in orbit."

"And what else?"

"The message continues to repeat. There is still no reply to our hails."

Galk stood to his feet. "De-Lak DOH!" (Take your stations)

Kingons jumped at the command and multiple scans were quickly underway to give a full picture of conditions prior to a battle.

"Hail that ship!"

"Opening a channel HoD!"

He stepped toward the forward viewer. "Unknown ship, this is the Flagship of the Imperial House. State your purpose for being here and prepare to stand down for inspection or you will be fired upon."

(Reply: Illuminar)

(Posted by Charles Gatling)

Team 2 had transported to the planet accompanied by a pair of marines for protection. Sending Pex to command the team had been an instance of throwing the baby into the deep end and watching them sink or swim. Alaya's common sense and diplomatic skills would balance the impulsive nature of the youngest officers. Away missions were proving grounds and it was imperative that Starfleet know if they could sink or swim. The Fleet was expanding and there were spots for command. Sy was especially interested in Pex, Khatri and Celiste Winters' performance. She had considered sending one of their engineering cadets along, but there was no real need to do so.

Sy's thoughts were interrupted when she heard the hail from the Klingon ship. Looking back towards tactical Sy raised a brow in classic vulcan imitation of her mate, "Really?" Sy asked incredulously. She

was generally the one to give her junior officers a break, since they didn't have the experience, but this..someone should have warned her that a klingon ship was approaching.

=^=Unknown ship, this is the Flagship of the Imperial House. State your purpose for being here and prepare to stand down for inspection or you will be fired upon.=^=

"Were they cloaked? Is there some sort of interference? Open a video channel with the klingon ship. On screen."

Sienna stood up as the Klingon ship's bridge appeared on the forward view screen. Her lips formed a genuine smile that lit up her eyes. And then there was Luma. Sy knew that Luma had been having a difficult time, first with the deaths of the crew, then with the fact that she had been instrumental in helping to destroy a Lenai. The shroud of gloom that had been hanging over the ship the last fortnight was finally being lifted, and Luma turned on the subspace frequencies as she began to sing one of the Lenai's welcoming songs. It likely sounded bizarre to the klingons, but Galk should be used to Luma's antics by now.

"Mr. Galk, it is good to see you. We intercepted this signal and the Captain insisted that we investigate and render aid. We have two teams on the surface, but they have only recently transported down. I have no further information yet -" Sy paused, "Do you wish us to stay and assist or leave you to handle the situation?" She had to ask, it was absolutely allowed for the klingons to tell them to pack up and gtfo.

(reply Galk, any)
(posted by Mel)

There were a number of reports including, "Disruptors and shields ready on your order hOd!"

Galk held up his right hand and arm, fingers extended, slightly flexed and ready to close into a fist as he drew in a breath to make the call.

"The ship is replying!"

He let out the breath as the screen lit up.

=^= Mr. Galk, it is good to see you. =^=

The change started at his eyes as the surprise set in, his face began to relax and the corners of his mouth turned up in a quirk. His right hand was lowered as he set his feet solidly apart and both hands settled on his hips. "Commander Verin! It is a surprise to find the Illuminar at Borath. Why is the ship here?"

He heard the soft, melodious notes in an alien tone that rose and fell in the background of the transmission and grunted. Luma is must have been, the cadence and tone were very familiar.

At least one growl had been heard as the name of the other ship was mentioned. Illuminar was becoming well known in the Empire, first from its destruction of 3 warships and afterward its diplomatic visit to Qo'nos.

=^= We intercepted this signal and the Captain insisted that we investigate and render aid. We have two teams on the surface, but they have only recently transported down. I have no further information yet. =^=

His arms came up and he crossed them before him as she paused. "I had assumed as much."

=^= Do you wish us to stay and assist or leave you to handle the situation? =^=

His smile grew, Luma's melody continued, Sienna Verin was asking his permission to continue helping and Sekal was on Borath and leading the away teams. He threw his head back and gave a bellowing laugh until moisture clouded his vision. After the gale of laughter died down he crossed his arms again.

"Your assistance is welcome Commander, as soon as we achieve orbit I will transport down with my teams to speak with the Captain."

(Reply: Sienna iyw)

"And greetings to Luma as well. We were on our way to Borath when we received the distress call. Orbit in..."

He turned his head to one of his officers. "7 Earth minutes hOd!"

He turned his face back to the viewscreen. "... 7 minutes. Og'shU out."

(Reply: Sienna iyw)

The screen blanked and he turned on his heel as he snapped. "Begin forming search teams. I want them ready to transport down as soon as we make orbit." He stopped suddenly and swiveled to face his second.

"If you attack or make any threatening move against the Illuminar or its crew without my order I will have your head, they are allies. Do you understand?"

His second didn't wilt under his warning glare, Klingon warriors were made of stern stuff. "Without question."

"Good. I will brief the search teams."

With that Galk swept from the control room, leaving it in good hands.

(KIH Og'shu - Deck 10 - Transporter Roo. - Galk of the Imperial House - 2350)

Teams were still being formed outside as Galk face the officers who would be leading the others.

"Under no circumstances will one of ours fire upon Federation personnel unless fired upon first. Leave your disruptors in your holsters unless unforseen hostilities break out. I will enforce discipline upon any who disobey those orders or strike one of those assisting us. Leave the sparring matches for the festivities."

"Hlja hOd!"

He joined the rest of his team on the padds.

"Chong jO!"

They disappeared in a calaediscope of colors.

(Reply: None yet)

(Posted by Charles Gatling)

(Borath - Temple Atrium - Acting Security Officer Ensign Tavay - 2351)

As soon as the team beamed into the temple, Tavay crinkled her nose. The Klingon smell was nauseating to her Romulan nose. She was unsure if her constitution could take it for long but unfortunately, the mission compelled her to suck it up.

Tavay stood at the ready. She was her strict security detail. Her only task was to protect the others. It was ok for her to admit, she hated security duty. Alas, she saw this as her ticket to get out of *The lower decks*.

Her orders were to Follow Commander T'Mur and Dr. Kyllee. A "Yes, Commander" was all the lines she needed to say. And she did follow them. Her eyes trained on the doctor a bit when following behind. Although a connection was made during their last mission together, Tavay stayed distant.

=^=P'Rah here. I'm at 9 o'clock by the banners, one of them is moving. I think there is a door here=^=

Tavay turned and looked in the direction of P'Rah. She turned and headed in his direction.

"Mr. P'Rah, needs some backup" She whispered as she approached behind him.

(Reply P'Rah)

(Posted by Kris B)

(Borath - Temple Atrium - Galk of the Imperial House - 2352)

The first of the thIngen search teams solidified and Galk looked around to see four StarFleet marines who were poised to challenge them, he spoke as one stepped forward.

"I am Galk, jo'glsh of the Imperial House, what you would call the head." He held up his hands which were empty and turned his head to make sure the others followed his lead. "I am here to speak with your Captain."

(Reply: Temerity)

Galk grunted. "Speak with him, I will wait." ~When did they add marines to the crew?~ He turned to speak with his warriors as the marine spoke with his commanding officer.

(Reply: Temerity)

"Bardok and Ga'ash will proceed with me, the rest remain behind with these marines and send the following teams there." He pointed to a hallway that led to the temple grounds. "When the last has transported down you will follow them and search the courtyard and environs. If I need you I will call."

He turned as the marine caught his attention. "Yes?"

(Reply: Temerity)

"Good. Two more teams will be following and I have already given them their orders." He turned and barked. "Remember your orders, there will be no fighting here!"

He motioned to his general and bodyguard. "Come." Stepping away he went to the heavy door, opened it and stepped through.

(Reply: Temerity iyw)

(Posted by Charles Gatling)

Day 12

(Borath - Temple Reception - CO, Captain Sekal, Galk of the Imperial House and Special Guest Star - 0001)

Galk heard a discussion ahead and stepped through the doorway where Federation personnel were busily inspecting the room, some of them he already knew. Seeing Sekal he moved toward him.

"Captain Sekal it is good to see you. Dogan, Lieutenant Commander." He nodded at them.

(Reply: Dogan, T'Mur, any)

Sekal had been watching the doorway and they stopped facing each other. "Councilor Galk, welcome."

Galk chuckled at that. "Mr. Galk will be sufficient Captain." He motioned for Ga'ash and Bardok to spread out and search. "It is a surprise seeing you here."

"We..." Sekal was interrupted by an unexpected voice.

"A quaint reunion I am sure, the respect is thick as well as a bit nauseating."

Both men reacted as startled exclamations broke out about the chamber and they turned their heads in the direction of the sarcastic comment. What or rather who they saw made them tense. The height, the pinnacle of narcissism, unfathomable power, complete disdain and yet at the same time someone who appeared to be obsessed with the Federation and humanity sat in the large chair normally occupied by the curator of the temple.

Sekal stepped toward him and his disapproval was evident. "Q!"

"The same mon capitán." Q was lounging indolently in the seat with a dour look on his face. Instead of a fleet admiral uniform he was wearing a robe of burgundy and black which should have signaled his intentions.

"Why are you here and where are the inhabitants?"

Q completely ignored the rest, instead focusing on the Vulcan and Klingon.

"The why is simple but probably beyond your ability to comprehend. To put it in simple terms, your former officer is the crux of causal ripples and a paradox which threatens to fragment reality. Despite my best efforts to maintain order once again your species is causing me no end of trouble. So I brought you here to take care of the matter. Behold."

Q lifted one hand with a flourish and Galk gave a start, looking down and reaching into his righthand pants pocket he withdrew a deep green crystal.

"What?..." the energy he felt from it was building.

Before he could say more he vanished.

"My work here is done. Ciao." Q then vanished as well.

Sekal had seen Galk vanish and snapped. "Scans! Spread out and find Mister Galk!"

Other voices were raised in confusion as Klingons in temple robes began appearing.

(Reply: All)

(Posted by Charles Gatling)

P'Rah looked around the area, phaser out. His ears moved from side to side, trying to catch if he heard anything unusual. What was unusual in a Klingon temple was up for interpretation.

Spreading out from T'Mur and the other security officers, he began to make his way forward, quietly. Tail moving side to side, he sniffed the air. Klingon's were surely not to most fastidious of races.

There. P'Rah froze. He swore he saw a hint of movement of one of the banners adorning the wall. He saw it again.

Moving closer to the wall, he tried to see what might be causing the banner to move. Old... stale ... musty, he processed as the banner moved again.

Tapping his Com badge, "P'Rah here. I'm at 9 o'clock by the banners, one of them is moving. I think there is a door here," he called to the team.

With his cat-like reflexes, he snuck up to the banner, and sure enough, there was a smallish door opening outwards. He gripped his phaser tighter and wished he knew how to use one of those baton's that Devers carried with him.

(Reply away team)

(Posted by Tim)

Temerity and S'Illa were the only two Marines that were dropped with Team 2, neither of them were even aware that any others from the Myrmidons had been dropped with Team 1. Alas, as the two made their way toward the temple perimeter discussing how they were going to do just that when they came across two of there fellow Marine officers. As they approached their fellow Myrmidons, "I see they rousted y'all out of bed as well." Charles said to his companions and they simply smiled. "Well, hell. Let's patrol the area as teams of two. S'Illa and I will start at the south end and you two start at the north end and we'll go clockwise. Run active sensors. Any questions?"

The other three looked at each other then back at Temerity, "Chuck, any idea what the hell is really going on down here? I don't want to end up back in quarantine."

Charles just snickered, "I never attended the officer academy as I was an NCO when I left the service. With that being said, I presume that in the academy they didn't tell you the Fleet one-line SOP for dealing with Marines?"

The other three again, looked back and forth between each other; looking unsure if Temerity is joking with them or if the older human was being serious. Taking pity on his battle-buddies, he explained, "The Fleet one-line SOP for dealing with Marines is as follows; 'Keep them in the dark and feed them bullshit until you need them to cover your ground-side escape.'"

As the four of them started laughing, one of the members of Team 1 stated, "Well that explains a lot. Move to adjourn?"

As they all laughed again, "Get moving, Myrmidons.", Temerity stated as the two teams moved out and headed toward their start points to begin their patrol pattern around the temple perimeter.

(Reply: None Required)

(Reply: None Required, Any iyw)

(Posted: Charles Raschen)

Tegian was still roaming around the room, his small contingent nearby, scanning the room, trying to determine where the Klingon's had all gone. So far, nothing. He couldn't detect anything that could account for their disappearance.

And then he heard Galk's voice. Once of the first people he'd met aboard the ship and someone whom he had called friend. He kept quiet and out of the way as the Captain and Galk talked and then someone just appeared. When Q was mentioned, Tegian frowned. He read about this mysterious person from the Continuum, but didn't know what to make of him or it. He scanned Q with the tricorder, but couldn't get any readings.

Tegian wondered what Q was talking about, but when Galk withdrew what looked like a time crystal from his pocket, Tegian turned his tricorder to Galk and scanned him and tried to lock on the energy of the crystal. He wasn't sure he got enough information, but he'd gottens something before Galk disappeared, Q vanished and then the missing inhabitants of the temple reappeared.

Tegian stepped forward to the Captain with his tricorder. "Captain, I got a scan of the energy of the crystal before Mister Galk disappeared. I'm not sure if we can trace him with it, but I'd like to get back to the Illuminar and try, sir."

(Reply Sekal, any)

(Posted by Keith)

The temple residents were reappearing, Q, having gotten what he wanted was returning them. They had been baited with ridiculous ease into a trap and the Vulcan was not pleased that he had been so easily fooled.

"Captain, I got a scan of the energy of the crystal before Mister Galk disappeared. I'm not sure if we can trace him with it, but I'd like to get back to the Illuminar and try, sir."

"Mister Pex return to the ship and run those scans while we continue the search here. Ms. Khatri assist him." Sekal emphasized the order with a jerk of his chin. He tapped his combadge. "Lieutenant Pex is bringing data to the ship to be processed. Transport him and Ensign Khatri aboard immediately."

(Reply: Pex, Khatri, any on the Illuminar)

Sekal turned away as the transporter carrier wave rose and the two were broken into energy patterns and swept away only to find himself facing Bardok and Ga'ash.

"What has happened here? You both appear to know this Q you were talking to. What has he done? What is he capable of?"

"As for what he had done? You know as much as I at this point? As for what he is capable?" The Vulcan's eyes hardened. "Almost anything he desires."

(Reply: Any)

(Posted by Charles Gatling)

The five sat around the rough hewn table in chairs that matched the setting. The chamber itself appeared to be of stone daubed with wattle, an ancient but effective method of insulation. Primitive would be the effective word like the rest of the village and the homespun clothing that they wore. Many civilizations had visited Organia over the eons and left disappointed at the retarded state of this civilization, apparently mired in the doldrums of mediocrity and isolation which had ceased advancement well short of a civilized state and had apparently been stuck there for thousands of years at the least.

Dyed cloth hung on the walls was all that passed for ornamentation. Pitiful was the common consensus. Disappointing and beneath their interest.

How wrong they were.

How old were the Organians? Perhaps even they had forgotten since not one of their number had died in thousands of years. Their primitive civilization was a facade, a shill which hid their true nature and allowed them to interact with others even as they kept watch on civilizations from afar. They had revealed themselves only once, to the Federation and Klingon Empire when caught at the epicenter of a coming war. A war they had brought to a sudden halt in order to give those civilizations time to mend their differences and come to an understanding. Their plans had been coming together.... until now.

Ayelborne looked to his right as the white, wispy haired elder with a hawkish nose snapped.

"His interference is intolerable! He has jeopardized everything we have worked for."

Ayelborne's face showed no concern, he maintained the serene calm which had made him the obvious choice as leader of the Council.

"Yes. He has forced us to act."

"What shall we do?" Another asked.

"We must find the Klingon."

From his right again. "But he has cast him back through time! Even we cannot reach into the past and bring him to the present. He has effectively forestalled us from assisting."

"Even if dead an imprint of his energy will remain somewhere within space and time. We must find and restore it."

"You are asking the impossible!"

"No. It will be difficult but if it can be found we must act. We can not allow that one to dismantle what we have seen. Prepare yourselves."

Having spoken Ayelborne leaned back in the chair and closed his eyes, his mind searching and the others followed his example, even the elder Jasech who was often quick to temper.

They had no choice, the bridge they had built could not be torn down so readily, not even by him.

(Reply: None)

(Posted by Charles Gatling)

Zara and Lieutenant Pex had been sent back to the ship to analyze the scan of the Klingon, Galk, being sent somewhere by a Q entity.

She didn't expect to find anything.

Learning about the Q Continuum in the Academy, Zara never expected to actually see one. She was more thrilled about that than discovering where Galk was or if he was all right.

"Did you see what happened, Lieutenant? Of course you did. You did a scan." Zara chattered with excitement. "How do the Q do that? How did they get power like that? Wouldn't you love to spend an hour talking with one? This is amazing!"

Zara paused to take a breath.

"By the way, sir, your scan didn't reveal anything."

(reply Pex)

(posted by Mary Lou)

Tegian expressed his appreciation to Zara about taking care of Yevan in her final few days. While there was no verbal response, Tegian did read her facial expressions. "I miss her too," he said quietly. "If you ever want to talk about her, let me know."

"And if I'm not being too forward, I would like to get to know you better over a meal sometime when our schedules allow."

(Reply Khatri iyw)

Tegian paused for a moment to see if Zara would respond and then left.

(USS Illuminar - Deck 6 - Biochemistry Lab - CEO - Lieutenant Jg Tegian Pex - 0025)

Tegian stood outside Penn and Teller's lab and rang the chime. He wasn't sure if they'd still be awake, but then, he'd never been to their lab when they weren't.

(Reply Penn/Teller)
(Posted by Keith)

The five sat about the table with their eyes closed. Why they remained in this state for the activity was clear, whatever form they chose would not effect the carrying out of their chosen task.

In the physical, corporeal realm they had not moved in nearly an hour as their awareness was cast afar seeking the life energy of the being named Galk who had treacherously been banished to the past. Did he still live somewhere? Imprisoned? Free? Or had he perished at some point along the way?

And was it really treachery that had led to this banishment? Had the being known as Q done this haphazardly? Out of some form of spite or as an experiment? He had a reputation for doing such things after all. Or did he have good reason for his actions as he had stated? Could the word of Q even be trusted?

In the end Q was the ultimate wild card, a loose cannon without peer who could get away with almost anything before incurring punishment from the continuum.

But here on Organia and throughout the known universe and beyond they were working diligently, trying to forestall the consequences of his action. And the longer they took the greater the consequences would become.

"I sense him." The words reverberated through the chamber.

"Lead us." Ayelborne said softly.

It was but a moment before he spoke again. "Yes. The energy is faint and far away but it exists."

"Do we have the power?" Jasech asked. None had opened their eyes.

"Perhaps but I am bringing in others."

A low hum which had been audible in the chamber rose in the citadel as more Organians joined their prodigious mental power to the Council.

The hum turned into a whine that rose in volume and light surrounded the elders then grew in intensity. Their forms shifted and wavered as they flexed their mental energy.

As the whine and light crested their forms dissolved and disappeared. The remaking had begun and all their power was required, shedding their corporeal forms was necessary to focus their energy.

(Reply: None)

(Posted by Charles Gatling)

As Sto-Vo-Kor faded from his sight weight seemed to press in on him from all sides as though he had been placed between the jaws of a vice which was being tightened. The pressure was immense. And then the pain came... it felt like he was being ripped apart molecule by molecule even though the reverse was true as the Organian elders began shaping a new physical receptacle for his consciousness atom by atom and combining them into molecules then into chains of proteins which are the building blocks of life.

The process seemed to go on for an eternity. He had never felt such pain, pain sticks paled in comparison. He opened his figurative mouth which had not yet been constructed and screamed soundlessly. Would this never end? Was it possible that there would be no end?

He could see nothing yet, could feel nothing but pain. Could hear nothing yet. And so it continued. Until...

In the reception hall light began to grow near the back wall of the chamber. This was the center of the operation. The Klingons that had reappeared had gone on to their duties except for the Curator and two others. Bardok and Ga'ash were here directing Klingon search efforts. The Federation contingent had not moved, Sekal had redirected efforts toward some clue as to the location of the missing head of the Imperial House.

Scans were still ongoing and more sophisticated technology had been transported down to which even Bardok and Ga'ash were referring.

With the growing light a low hum began to rise.

All heard it and turned about to look in the direction of the sound, as they did they noticed the light. It and the sound continued to grow.

It took some time for it to become blinding, the Vulcans were squinting as the Klingons shaded their eyes and the other species according to their own sensitivity.

(Reply: All present)

The whine rose until it pierced the eardrums but within the light a figure began to take shape and solidify.

"Take readings!" The order probably wasn't necessary but that was command, you never left anything to chance, not even with your most trusted and those understood its necessity. Sekal wasn't even sure if anyone could hear his voice over the cresting sound.

(Reply: Any)

Finally the light and noise began to subside leaving a figure kneeling on the floor. Sekal's eyes had adjusted, he stepped forward. "Mr. Galk!"

(Reply: Any)

(Posted by Charles Gatling)