



The trip so far had been uneventful. T'Mur did not require sleep but the others did. She relieved Piripi to get some rest after eight hours in the pilot's seat. 0100 Grey Wolf took over. However T'Mur did not leave the flight deck. She took her seat next to the pilot and continued to peruse the fleet communiques.

Eventually there was nothing left to review and she just stared out the view port, contemplating how her life had changed in the last year. She had found place, a purpose, and a life. One that she never believed was possible. She closed her eyes for a moment and tried to reach for Sienna through their link. But it was too far away, even for them. Still, she knew that she was alive. She could feel the life force.

Suddenly she could sense something else. Her eyes shot open and she looked over at White Wolf. "Tempes..."

That was all she got out. Suddenly the shuttle screamed as it dropped out of warp as if it hit a wall. The momentum from the sudden stop threw her forward and across the navigational panels up to the view screen. She felt something hit her head and wet cover the left side of her head. She half expected the console to explode until she realized that there were no lights on it. It was without power.

She realized that the entire shuttle was dark. At first she thought it was because she could feel herself drawn into unconsciousness. But she realized that it was because the only lights were the emergency lights. With an effort she slipped back into her seat then slumped into unconsciousness.

(reply all in the shuttle)  
(posted by Al Muir)

Quinna's legs seemed to be getting a bit stiff. She stood and decided to check on those on the flight deck. She realized that she had not seen T'Mur since she had boarded. She went to the replicator to grab a coffee for herself but she also replicated a cup of T'Mur's favorite replicated blend of tea.

Quinna with both drinks in hand moved to the flight deck. On the way, Quinna ended up falling down the ground. Both drinks were lost to the carpeting aboard the shuttle. Things went black and it took Quinna a moment to adjust. Then she went to her feet.

The fall had made her land on the flight deck, "Is everyone okay?" Quinn slowly moved in the dark and checked on them.

(Reply all in Shuttle)

Quinna put her hand on T'Mur. She could see using the ambient light coming from the flight windows. She could see the dark blood coming from T'Mur's head. "Let me take a look at that."

(Reply T'Mur)

“Did we hit something? What happened?” Quinna asked.

(Reply T'Mur and Grey Wolf)

(Reply any)

(Posted by Kris B)

Tempest had gotten jittery and moved about the cabin a bit as the Betazoid scientist sitting across from her dozed in his seat. But there really wasn't much to do or anywhere to go on a shuttle in flight among the many, dark light years of space. Boredom was the order of the day or in Dr. Gralen's case, relaxation. It was fortunate that she had returned to her seat before the Argos had done its interpretation of an automobile hitting a concrete wall else she would have been thrown ass over teakettle like T'Mur.

The lights were flashing as Holis sputtered. "What was that?"

Tempest was already on her feet, she had been thrown forward but not hard and arrested the movement by pushing against the wall as she was being pushed by the impact toward it.

Shouts had come from the pilot cabin and Commander Solice had already hurried into it. Holis had been saved injury by being buckled into his seat.

Tempest slid over and forward as she followed Quinna in.

“Did we hit something? What happened?”

Tempest dropped into the navigators seat and began cycling through the sensors. "It was a gravimetric distortion of extreme power but I'm reading nothing nearby that could account for it. Readings are currently confused, I'm not certain if the distortion might have damaged the sensors but I'll run some tests."

(Reply: Quinna, T'Mur, Pirripi)

"What did I hear about sensors?" Holis had stuck his head into the cockpit. "I'll be happy to lend a hand Tempest if you need one."

"Thank you Doctor but there are limited options and the cockpit is kind of full right now."

"As I'm aware." Holis snickered. "Try a loopback saturation test on the sensor array, if there are damaged components they should show up as blank spots in the data stream."

"Thank you Holis."

Tempest followed his instruction and watched as the telemetry came back.

"The sensors appear to be in good working order but the readings I'm getting of this section of space are off, it's like reality is fraying around the edges." She made a face. "Radiation, energetic emissions, even distances to the nearest interstellar bodies are waxing and waning, lengthening and shrinking in an irregular manner."

(Reply: Quinna, T'Mur, Pirripi)

(Posted by Charles Gatling)

(USS Argos - Aft Deck - CEO - Lieutenant Jg Tegian Pex - 0837)

Tegian saw Doctor Solice get up, grab something from the replicator and head towards the flight deck. Thinking it was a good idea, Tegian realized he first needed to visit the head and moved towards the aft of the shuttle when everything just stopped and his momentum catapulted him over the rear seats, luckily unoccupied and into a bulkhead. There was a crunch as he tried to arrest his fall and immense pain in his right wrist and arm, but somehow he didn't hit his head with any force.

He laid there on the floor of the shuttle, panting in pain, wondering what happened. He groaned, rolled over, cradling his right arm and looked up at the ceiling, noting that the cabin was nearly dark. So, whatever had happened had caused a loss of power and somehow dropped them out of warp, bypassing all safety protocols.

He didn't hear any noise, which made him wonder if everyone else was unconscious. He gingerly rolled to his left and pushed himself up with his good arm to a seated position, hissing at the jostling. Getting to his knees, he used the back row of seats that he'd vaulted over to get himself to his feet, gasping as his right arm moved again.

Tegian stumbled back up to his station and sat heavily into his seat, trying to see if he could run any diagnostics, but it had no power. His tricorder, which he'd left next to his station, was lying on the ground feet away where it must've flown when the shuttle abruptly stopped.

He slid from his seat, to his knees on the floor, stifling a cry as his right arm moved again and crawled forward, using just his left arm for support. Reaching the tricorder, he turned his body to sit and lean against the side of the shuttle, turning on the tricorder.

And then the pain caught up with him and he slid over on to his left side, the tricorder on, unconscious.

(reply all in the shuttle)

(posted by Keith)

(USS Argos – Flight Deck – Pilot Ensign Pihi "Kestral" Piripi – 0840)

Pihi kept to herself after her shift, not that was easy in a small shuttle like this. She wondered why the Commander had not requested something larger, like say a runabout, but it was clear from her interactions with her that she didn't like her orders questions.

The trajectory the commander had given her was wasteful in many ways, but when she made a suggestion, the Vulcan had shot her down. Without knowing why they had to be at the exact intercept point was not clear, and it wasn't like a new intercept point couldn't be determined. But she's keep her idea's to herself from now on. Clearly practice was different than what she had learned at the Academy.

Pihi had completed filling out her flight logs when it was time for her to take another shift. Stepping onto the flight deck, she slid into the Pilot's seat and recalibrated her VISOR with the ship's sensors. She was still worried about the nacelle, but that was another thing the Commander had been curt about.

The pilot checked the history of the nacelle again, and it was performing within standard parameters, a little high, but nothing out of the ordinary. Still, she made sure she made a note of it in her log.

Pihi scanned the area of space they were in. Nothing exciting on any of the wavelengths she monitored. Suddenly there was a bright flash in the 800 Hz frequency just in front of the shuttle. A graviton string! In warp space.

Piri started to take evasive maneuvers, but the string was massive and the shuttle plowed right into it. The shuttle came to an immediate stop and fell out of warp. Pihi jerked forward, hitting her head on the console, which dislodged her VISOR.

The whiplash threw her back into her seat and onto the ground.

(Reply any)

(Posted by Pippa)

(USS Argos - Flight Deck - 2O/CSec/Tac - Lt Commander T'Mur - 0841)

The light from the hot Vulcan suns blazed into the back of T'Mur's brain as she faced off against her old Sha'maru master in a trial by combat. The combat was as much strategic as it was physical. The violence of the interaction contained much more logic than one would have thought as a spectator.

The two faced off in a low stance, moving around each other like caged tigers. Suddenly Master Khanok made a faint to the left. T'Mur, impatiently, matched the move but did not recognize his switch in time and wound up with the much stronger, and experienced Vulcan on her back with an arm reaching across her throat. He began to squeeze his muscles slowly and easily.

Tilting his head slightly he whispered, "There is an escape, but you must see it. Where is the path out."

T'Mur struggled, her hand in position to pull the worst of the pressure off her throat and arteries to her brain, but she could feel her time in the position soon at an end. She just couldn't see the way out.

"See the path, TMur," Khanok repeated as he increase the pressure slowly. "Every move has a counter. Every position has an escape. Find it."

T'Mur could feel the tunnel vision come on her as her mind began to shut down. Suddenly, a moment of clarity. She knew what she had to do. Her weight dropped and her body twisted. Suddenly she was able to roll free. The tiny pinpoints of light in the back of her eyes suddenly widened, and a bright light burned into her brain again.

T'Mur's eyes opened to find the light was a lot dimmer than she had expected. She realized that she was in the near dark of the emergency lighting of the shuttle, and the voice she was hearing was that of Quinna Solice.

“Let me take a look at that,” Quinna’s soothing voice said.

There were still pinpoints of light drilling into the Vulcans mind. She reached up and gingerly touched the open wound with her finger tips. She knew that head wounds bled profusely. But the loss of blood was not her main concern. Her vision was still slightly blurry and she was having trouble focusing her mind.

"Did we hit something? What happened?" Quinna asked.

T'Mur shook her head, immediately regretting the motion, "I do not know." She took a moment to focus and finally said, "There was a moment of a spacial anomaly, some kind of a quantum pocket. I don't know."

She allowed Quinna to lead her off the flight deck and to the back of the shuttle.

(reply Solice, any)

(posted by Al Muir)

The meeting had almost concluded, the information that Admiral Winters was on her way, bringing the Illuminar to the Station. Sienna had kissed T'Mur goodbye the day before, already missing her mate once the shuttle had launched. Working closely with T'Mur as the acting second officer, it made sense for T'Mur to have gone.

Sienna had seethed, hating the limitations of being first officer at times. She remembered something that she had heard from her Mother, originally attributed to Will Riker, the famous FO

of Picard's Enterprise. He had made a disgusted comment that being the FO meant being kept encased in glass, the FO protected until an emergency. Sienna hadn't understood what Sophie had meant when Sy was a teenager. She certainly understood it now.

As Sienna rose to head back to her office a deck down, it felt like the universe had descended upon her, universes exploding in her head like fireworks, colour and overwhelming sound. Sy didn't hear herself scream, lost in the darkness. Nor was she aware that what she had screamed was T'Mur's name, both telepathically and vocally. Sy didn't feel Sekal reaching across the desk to grab her.

All she knew was darkness as her eyes rolled back in her head and she collapsed from psionic shock. Her bondmate was in danger, likely dying at a distance from her.

(reply Sekal, any)

(posted by Mel)

(USS Argos - Aft Section - CMO Commander Quinn Solice - 0843)

Quinna and T'Mur went to the after section. It was dark, but not completely void of light as the ambient light from the flight deck filtered in. It was not enough to see what was happening but enough for Quinna to find her backpack and pull out her med kit and a flashlight. Oddly her light did not work. And neither did any of her modern Medical conveniences.

"Ok, none of my stuff is working as well." Quinna announced, "Mr. Pex, anything we can do?" Quinna asked but her call remained silent. "Does anyone have a working light?" Quinna asked.

(Reply T'Mur, Holis, Grey Wolf, Piripi)

Quinna felt around her bag and an extra shirt she kept in there. Ripping the sleeve on the shirt she put it aside as she ripped another piece of cloth from that shirt to clean T'Mur's wound. She then tied the sleeve around it. It had to do until they could get back to a sick bay. A functional sickbay.

(Reply T'Mur, Holis, Grey Wolf (on Flight Deck), Piripi)

"I think I think we should move up where there is more light," Quinna suggested.

(Reply T'Mur, Holis, Grey Wolf (On flight Deck), Piripi)

"Mr. Pex, any ideas on how we can fix this?" Quinna asked and again went unanswered. "Where is Pex?" Quinna asked anyone who knew.

(Reply T'Mur, Holis, Grey Wolf (On flight Deck), Piripi)

(Posted by Kris B)

(USS Raptor - Ready Room - CO - Captain Sekal - 0844)

As Sienna stood to her feet Sekal turned to the desk monitor but not for long, he had already noted her stop and sway, as the scream was ripped from her lips he was already moving. He scooped her up with his strong arms almost without breaking stride toward the door.

This was not the first time he had been forced to carry the half-Betazed female, her health had been an issue at various times. But that wasn't the cause of this, through his hands he could feel the echo of severed contact which psychically echoed through her being before he could cut off that contact by erecting his mental shielding. It should be an unconscious gesture and almost was but even discipline which lasted a lifetime had to be imposed, it wasn't automatic.

As the door opened and heads turned in his direction he was snapping out orders. "Try to contact the Argos, helm contact DS4 and recall everyone on leave. Prepare to maneuver away on my order."

"Sir? What happened to the Commander?"

"There is no time to explain now, carry out my orders."

"Yes sir!"

His strides had him at the lift quickly and within. "Medical."

First to get her to sickbay and immediately after that he would deal with the Argos and why...if it had vanished and why.

This is why he had been against unnecessarily splitting the crew and subjecting his senior officers to a long range shuttle flight.

"Illogical and unnecessary." Those had been his words but Admiral Haynes had been intransigent.

And now...

He had inherited the consequences.

(Reply: Any aboard, otherwise none)

(Posted by Charles Gatling)

Steven and Galk had finished their sparring session then towed off and dressed. Steven was looking forward to a visit to a coffee bar on the station. A good cup of coffee seemed to relax him and soothe aching muscles even as it also stimulated his energy reserves. And right now he could use all of the above, Galk was immensely tough and strong and many muscles were weary and complaining.

"Come, it is time to eat and drink."

Steven chuckled as he slapped the combadge back on his uniform. "I wonder if they carry Kona coffee out here?".

He gave a start as the badge activated, he also saw Galk stop and barely pulled up before barreling into him. Steven cursed under his breath before acknowledging the transmission. "Dang it, I just had to put it back on didn't I?"

=^= All personnel to return to the Raptor immediately, Captain's orders. =^=

"Oh, oh!" Sekal wasn't the type to call them off leave like this unless there was an issue, a big one. "A Security breach?"

=^= Unknown. It appears to be connected to the Argos and Commander Verin's collapse. =^=

"Oh crap, I know what that means. Lieutenant Galk is here with me, two to beam up."

=^= Notifying transporter control, they're locking on. =^=

"Here we go again sir."

Steven shrugged as the klingon gave him a questioning look. "Well as a commissioned officer you do outrank me sir."

And that was the last thing he said before they were transported away, returning to the dangers of space and the adrenaline inspiration of danger. Steven had been in space for less than a year and if he survived the experience he figured he would learn to love it.

At least he was enjoying himself... most of the time.

But then again Alaya more than made up for any shortcomings and he enjoyed his life.

(Reply: None)

(Posted by Charles Gatling)

(USS Raptor - Deck 5 - Sickbay - Dr. Kyllee Stev - 0850)

The doors to sickbay opened and Sekal entered carrying the unconscious form of his first officer. Stev jumped to his feet and moved towards them.

“Captain!” he called out. “What happened?”

(reply Sekal)

The doctor led them to a biobed and patted it. Once she was on the table it came to life, showing Verin's life signs. He walked around the bed, analyzing the readings in his mind. It was strange. Her life signs were normal. Physiologically speaking, she should not be unconscious. He'd seen this woman in his sickbay for too often for his liking.

"Is there anything else that you can tell me that might shed some light on the commander's condition?" he asked without looking.

(reply Sekal)

He harumphed a little at the information then began to make adjustments to the scan, focusing on Verin's brain, specifically the peracortex. The scan settled into her inferior frontal gyrus. There was definitely something going on there.

"Her psilosin levels are off the charts," he said, as much to himself as to anyone else. "Nusre, get me a hypospray with a neural blocking agent."

A med tech appeared with the device. Stev placed it on her throat and injected the compound with a hiss. He watched for any changes in her body's reaction.

He finally looked at Sekal and shrugged, "I've no idea what to do here, sir. We just need to wait and see if and when she recovers."

(reply Sekal)

(posted by Al Muir)

(USS Raptor - Deck 5 - Sickbay - CO, Captain Sekal - 0854)

“Captain! What happened?”

Sickbay had been notified to expect his arrival so doctor Stev hailed him before he stepped through the door.

Moving quickly to the nearest biobed he deposited her gently before stepping back and allowing the man to work.

"Is there anything else that you can tell me that might shed some light on the commander's condition?" He asked over his shoulder.

"She collapsed immediately after a meeting in the ready room doctor. I could sense a psionic shock to her system which I believe to be from a loss of contact with her mate."

Stev made a disgruntled noise before running several scans then barking at the nurse.

“Nurse, get me a hypospray with a neural blocking agent.”

"Psilosynine." The nurse nodded as she passed and he gave Stev is full attention. It wasn't long before the attendant returned and the drug was administered.

"I've no idea what to do here, sir. We just need to wait and see if and when she recovers."

Sekal had been only a scientist with a passing understanding of biochemistry the last time Sienna had undergone a psionic shock but he was also a telepath and that gave him an edge. That had also been two years ago.

"Sedate her fully for six hours then bring her back to consciousness in stages, the psilosynene cauterizes her telepathic senses for a time but her brain has to adjust to the lack of input, it was the fracture of the bond which caused the initial shock."

(Reply: Stev)

The Vulcan stirred from his rigid stance. "You will have ample opportunity to increase your understanding of psionics on my crew, Illuminar has the most telepaths aboard by ratio of any other ship in the fleet."

(Reply: Stev)

(Posted by Charles G)

(USS Argos.- Flight Deck – Pilot Ensign Pihi ‘Kestral’ Piripi – 0850)

"None of my stuff is working as well. Mr. Pex, can we do anything? Does anyone have a working light?" she heard the doctor call out.

Pihi had the advantage of her VISOR, and could still 'see'. Taking a deep breath to calm herself, she started working on the problem. First step was getting the emergency power on. It should have come on automatically. She thought through the checklist for emergencies. Some systems were working, since they still had gravity, so that was good.

"The Interlock switch must be damaged," she said out loud. "We can manually activate it," she added "That will give us power. The emergency signal should be automatically transmitting our coordinates." she said.

"Lieutenant Pex," she called out as she stood up and started to move towards the passenger compartment. Scanning the area, she noticed a figure laying o against a bulkhead. Rushing over to the figure, she recognized the Engineer. "Doctor," she called urgently. "I need you here now."

(Reply any)

(Posted by Pippa)

(USS Illuminar - Bridge - aFO - Commander Alex Karnovskyy - 0852)

Alex had, as a habit, always been at least fifteen minutes early to his shift. He had not changed that habit on the Illuminar. It gave him time to go through the reports from the other shifts. The checks of the systems were going well. Tavay had been most efficient in her diagnostics.

He became aware of some commotion around the science sub station as a small group of technicians and officers began to move frantically. He made a strange face and put his PADD in the pocket at the side of his seat. He stood up and moved over to the congregation.

"Is there a problem here?" he asked.

The engineering cadet he was directly behind jumped at the sound of his voice. "Commander! Ummm... well... to be honest we're not sure."

“Not sure?” Sasha asked.

"We'll, sir, it appears we've lost our lock on the locator beacon from the Argos."

“Lost?” he continued his interrogation.

"Yes, sir," the cadet stammered, not sure what to say.

A technician turned to help, "We had a fix on the shuttle with a subspace transponder. Just to track their progress. But it suddenly... there's no other way to put it, stopped transmitting."

Karnovskyy's eyes narrowed, "Stopped transmitting? How is that possible. Is it a problem on their end or on ours?"

"That's what we're checking, Commander," the technician replied. "But it doesn't appear to be a problem with the Illuminar's sensors. It's like it just switched off."

Before Karnovskyy could ask the obvious question the technician continued. "It is possible that they switched it off, but I have no idea why they would. They might not even realize we were tracking it. The other option that's obvious is that it's not transmitting because it not longer works. Perhaps even... destroyed."

"So you are saying that the shuttle, potentially, has been destroyed?" Alex asked coldly.

"Potentially," the tech agreed. "But even if the ship were damaged the beacon should still be sending out a signal, unless, it was completely vaporized."

“Where?” Sasha asked.

The cadet pulled up a star map and pointed to the last location of signal. "There sir. Still a day away at warp 7."

Karnovskyy turned to the helmsman. "Set a course to the last coordinates of the Argos. Warp 7."

"Commander, we haven't been cleared for that speed yet," the helmsman said.

“Bose moi,” he cursed under his breath. He tapped his comm badge. “Admiral Winters to the bridge.”

(reply Winters)  
(posted by Al Muir)

Commander Solice spoke up. "Does anyone have a working light?"

"Here you go commander." Holis slipped a light pad from a pocket.

He watched as she tended the other command officer then glanced at Tempest and shook his head at her look then mouthed "she will be fine".

"Is there anything else I can help you with Commander?"

"I think I think we should move up where there is more light".

Holis pitched in to help her move T'Mur gently so that she could be better examined since the okay had been given which meant no serious injuries fortunately.

## “Where is Pex?”

"Why, I..." Since Holis was standing he looked around the cabin to which light had been restored and spotted a leg sticking into the aisle at the back. "Mr. Pex, please tell me you are working on

something." The Betazoid had moved aft where he was now looking down at the Trill. Holis sighed and bent down.

"Mr. Pex is currently unconscious Doctor with what looks to be a bruise on his noggin. Respiration is steady. It appears that you have another customer."

(Reply: Quinn)

(Posted by Charles G)

(USS Argos - Pilot Cabin - FSXO, Lieutenant Tempest Grey Wolf- 0858)

Doctor Gralen had disappeared into the aft compartment to assist leaving Tempest and the pilot to attempt to extricate themselves from the region of space they currently found themselves in.

"Power readings Ensign? Also check the star charts and see if you can extrapolate our position from it while I attempt to make sense of the readings I'm getting. Just in case we were thrown into another sector."

(Reply: Piripi)

There was no telling at this point what had happened and what she was seeing didn't make sense. Tempest was a pilot and navigator, not a scientist.

"It's like quantum mechanics is non-existent and everything that depends on it is breaking down." She murmured. "Damn it Holis, where are you?"

The voice drifted from the aft compartment. "My hearing is good Lieutenant, as soon as I can I will happily take over the sensors."

She turned her head and raised her voice. "What would cause the breakdown of the quantum state?"

"All kinds of theoretical circumstances could cause it but... check the decay of radioactive isotopes in the area and observe their occlusive static charge and compare it to a known isotope."

"How?"

"Change the sensor suite to passive, adjust it to minimum charge, feed that into the astrometrics database and compare it to known values."

He was silent for a second. "Damn it Mister Pex, we don't have time to be ... ahh, thank you Doctor." There was a hiss.

"That should wake him up."

Tempest shook her head in chagrin as she re-tuned the package.

"How are you doing over there ensign?"

(Reply: Piripi)

(Posted by Charles Gatling)

T'Mur felt the cold of the hypospray touch her neck and heard the hiss of the injection of whatever Quinna had just said she was giving her. A moment later she could feel her head clear. There was still the dull throb in the back of her mind but that was quickly put aside. She knew that she had been more seriously injured than the moment allowed. It would all have to be taken care of later.

She was able to focus now, hearing Hollis explain what might have happened to the shuttle and try to guide Tempest on how to help identify the issue. Her legs were still a little unsteady as she made her way forward, shooting warning glance at Quinna, who seemed to be about to protest. T'Mur didn't want to shake her head, attempting to avoid the pain worsening.

She listened as Hollis gave directions to Tempest and Piripi. Then she slide into the seat at the engineering station. She began to run ship diagnostics and took a quick breath when she saw the initial results.

"Dr. Gralen," she said, "look at this." She pulled up the antimatter storage sensors. "Our entire fuel supply has been... rendered inert. How is that even possible?" She changed the display to show the power supply to the ship. "At present this shuttle is being run on battery reserves."

She paused for a moment and ran the calculation in her head. "By my calculations, if we conserve our usage of systems in the shuttle we should have life support for another 22.6 hours. Longer if we conserve our activity and breath slowly."

She checked the power transfers and noted another item. "This might make things worse. All subspace systems appear to be nonfunctioning. Coms are out as well as all subspace sensors."

(reply Gralen, White Wolf, Piripi, Solace)

(posted by Al Muir)

The last thing Tegian remembered was grabbing his tricorder from the floor and leaning up against the bulkhead of the shuttle to read it.

He groaned as he came to, pain throbbing in his right arm and in his head. He glanced down at the tricorder and said to no one in particular, "The anti-matter in the shuttle has somehow been rendered inert. I can't even think of what would do that." He tried to get up, jostled his arm and groaned in pain.

"Doctor Solice, can you give me something for the pain? I think I've broken my right humerus, not cleanly. And I'm not quite sure about my wrist." He gently probed it with his left hand. And hissed in pain. "Okay, I think I broke it as well. We Trill don't have the same bones as you, but in humans it would be the Scaphoid and Lunate."

(Reply Solice)

(Posted by Keith)

(USS Argos - Aft Section- CMO Commander Quinn Solice -0905)

Quinna was a bit concerned. Lights were out, their Commander was injured and her med tools were not working. But then a small miracle happened when Holis handed Quinna a light. She had no time to wonder why all her stuff did not work but others did. She turned and said, "Thank you Dr. Holis."

Piripi then called out about the lights and then fixed them. "Thank you, Ensign Piripi." Quinna thought it inappropriate to call her by her first name.

"Doctor," she called urgently. "I need you here now." Quinna stood and headed towards Piripi.

Holis turned to Quinna as she entered the location. "Mr. Pex is currently unconscious Doctor with what looks to be a bruise on his noggin. Respiration is steady. It appears that you have another customer."

Quinna looked. "He will be hurting when he wakes. I need a cold compress." Quinna felt bad that none of the medical equipment seemed to be working but all she could do was the basics.

As if on cue, Pex awoke.

"The anti-matter in the shuttle has somehow been rendered inert. I can't even think of what would do that." Quinna helped Pet sit up. She could see his pain all over his face. He tried to get up, jostled his arm, and groaned in pain.

"Doctor Solice, can you give me something for the pain? I think I've broken my right humerus, not cleanly. And I'm not quite sure about my wrist." He gently probed it with his left hand. And hissed in pain. "Okay, I think I broke it as well. We Trill don't have the same bones as you, but in humans, it would be the Scaphoid and Lunate."

"Well, I'll be the judge of that. I have treated many Trill in my time. But the modern medical technology of today is not working. Let's get you slinged up and I may have some pills in my bag if you think you can swallow. It will be more of a slower reaction but it will work. Don't move." Quinna moved by her pack and found an emergency sling and a bottle of Naproxen. She went back with a small bottle as well.

(Reply Pex)

"OK, I want you to take two pills." She handed them to him and then handed over the water. As she was starting to slowly sling the arm, Quinna tried to distract him. "You know this is going to be quite the story. You know, getting wounded while in the head." She gave her best Quinna smile she had.

(Reply Pex)

Quinna tied the last of the sling up. "I don't want you doing too much. You could also have a severe concussion. You have quite the nasty bump on your head."

(Reply Pex)

"Look, I need to go check on others. Will you be OK, for a few minutes?"

(Reply Pex)

Quinna to see the others. "Ok, what do we have, and what do we need?"

(Reply Gray wolf, Holis, T'Mur, Piripi)

Quinna moved over to check on T'Mur as they talked.

(Reply Gray wolf, Holis, T'Mur, Piripi)

(Posted by Kris B)

(USS Argos - Aft Section- CEO - Lieutenant Jg Tegian Pex -0907)

*"Well, I'll be the judge of that. I have treated many Trill in my time. But the modern medical technology of today is not working. Let's get you slinged up and I may have some pills in my bag if you think you can swallow. It will be more of a slower reaction but it will work. Don't move." Quinna moved by her pack and found an emergency sling and a bottle of Naproxen. She went back with a small bottle as well.*

Tegian tried to piece together her statements. "Okay, none of your equipment uses antimatter. And yet, my tricorder wasn't affected. Were you carrying your equipment or was it stowed away?" he asked, trying to figure out why their items were behaving differently.

(Reply Solice)

*“OK, I want you to take two pills.” She handed them to him and then handed over the water. As she was starting to slowly sling the arm, Quinna tried to distract him. “You know this is going to be quite the story. You know, getting wounded while in the head.” She gave her best Quinna smile she had.*

Tegian smiled in return and groaned as she moved his arm around. "I got wounded on the head. I never made it to the head. I flipped over the last row of seats trying to get there. I think I broke my wrist trying to stop from slamming into the floor or wall. Not quite sure."

*Quinna tied the last of the sling up. "I don't want you doing too much. You could also have a severe concussion. You have quite the nasty bump on your head."*

Tegian reached up to his head and winced as he found the bump. "So much for protecting myself with my arms."

*“Look. I need to go check on others. Will you be OK. for a few minutes?”*

"Help me up, please? At least to a seat, although if I can go back to my engineering station, perhaps I can get more information on our situation."

(Reply Solice)

(Reply to this)  
(Posted by Keith)

(USS Argos – Fight Deck – Pilot Ensign Pihi ‘Kestral’ Piripi – 0910)

With Lieutenant Pex being taken care of, she headed back to the flight deck and took the pilot's seat.

Lieutenant Grey Wolf spoke, "Power readings Ensign? Also check the star charts and see if you can extrapolate our position from it while I attempt to make sense of the readings I'm getting. Just in case we were thrown into another sector."

"Aye, Ma'am," she said and began the calculations to determine their relative position in space.

Commander T'Mur spoke, "By my calculations, if we conserve our usage of systems in the shuttle, we should have life support for another 22.6 hours. Longer if we conserve our activity and breath slowly."

Pihi spoke, "We can easily double that by turning off gravitational generators and getting everyone into environmental suits. That will allow us to decrease the internal temperature as well."

Turning to Lieutenant Grey Wolf. "Ma'am we have deviated from our planned trajectory. I calculate we are at 211 mark 61, near the remains of Orelius X."

(reply all)

(Posted by Pippa)

(USS Argos – Fight Deck – FSXO, Lieutenant Tempest Greywolf – 0912)

The pilot spoke to the Lieutenant Commander first, her voice carrying to the passenger cabin.

"We can easily double that by turning off gravitational generators and getting everyone into environmental suits. That will allow us to decrease the internal temperature as well."

Then turned her attention to Tempest.

"Ma'am we have deviated from our planned trajectory. I calculate we are at 211 mark 61, near the remains of Orelius X."

"Not good, we got thrown pretty far." Tempest murmured as she verified the readings then looked around the cabin.

"The Lieutenant Commander is correct, quantum mechanics doesn't seem to exist here. Doctor Gralen..." Holis had poked his head into the cabin and seeing him she stood to her feet. "... please take sensors."

The Betazoid took the seat without speaking and began cycling through it. He was rapt for several minutes before speaking off-handedly. "Yes, we are not in normal space, we've been thrown into a variant and every reading is off by a factor of negative point zero one. Lieutenant Commander I'm also reading an instability like a door or portal through which we may have been thrown. It's dissipating quickly."

(Reply: T'Mur)

"Excellent! Ensign, 153 mark 2. Give us everything this shuttle has."

(Reply: Piripi)

"Drat!" Holis expostulated as the lights dimmed momentarily before coming back on, the ship hadn't moved. "So much for flying our way out of here, the door or crack just closed."

(Reply: Any)

"I don't know, we can only hope at this point that the way out opens and closes at intervals, and that we can get this shuttle operable by the time it opens again."

(Reply: Any)

(Posted by Charles Gatling)

(USS Argos - Flight Deck - 2O/CSec/Tac - Lt Commander T'Mur - 0915)

“We can easily double that by turning off gravitational generators and getting everyone into environmental suits. That will allow us to decrease the internal temperature as well.”

T'Mur nodded, "Indeed, my calculations did already include shutting down all unnecessary systems and diverting all the power to life support. However the environmental suits are an option we can use if needed. Thank you Ensign. I will consider your recommendation to lower the parameters of the ambient atmospheric conditions."

(reply Piripi)

The pilot then turned her attention to Tempest and reported on their location. Those coordinates took them outside of their position by several parsecs. Any search party looking for them might have difficulty locating them. They have just become- how would Sienna put it? - a virtual needle in a haystack.

Then Gralen joined them, explaining his findings about their whereabouts. He explained that they were no longer in "normal space". The Vulcan was not well versed in quantum physics and the ideas around universes having different resonance signatures. However, their recent interactions with an alternate universe had allowed her time to research some on the matter.

"Lieutenant Commander," he said, addressing the Vulcan, "I'm also reading an instability like a door or portal through which we may have been thrown. It's dissipating quickly."

"A door?" she repeated. "Then I propose that we head to through that doorway and our earliest convenience."

"Excellent! Ensign, 153 mark 2. Give us everything this shuttle has."

(Reply: Piripi)

The lights dimmed and there was an odd sound from the engines. But the ship did not move.

"Drat!" Gralen exclaimed. "So much for flying our way out of here, the door or crack just closed."

T'Mur frowned thoughtfully. "I presume that our window of opportunity is closed. Is there a way to reopen the doorway?"

"I don't know," Hollis said, "we can only hope at this point that the way out opens and closes at intervals, and that we can get this shuttle operable by the time it opens again."

"And if not," T'Mur added, "hope that someone finds us." She looks at the dwindling power supply, "Soon."

(reply any)

(posted by Al Muir)

Quinna headed back to the aft section of the shuttle. She was only getting in the way. It seemed that T'Mur had found working medical equipment. Nothing like feeling useless.

She moved to Pex, who was in a chair that she moved him to. "Good news. Our Commander seemed to locate some working medical equipment." Quinna then pulled out a hypospray and administered a pain reliever. She then pulled out a medical tricorder. It was an older model but worked just as well.

(Reply Pex)

"Well, the wrist is broken, and that noggin on your head is not as bad as it looks and then I have this." Quinna pulled the device to fix Pex's bones. "Voila."

(Reply Pex)

"Here, hold my hand." Quinna firmly held Pex's hand and ran the device along the wounded area. "How is that feeling?"

(Reply Pex)

"Well, then my job is done for now." Quinna moved to her seat and sat back. There was nothing for her to do right now. Those wounded were now in a workable condition because of Lt. Commander Timur's find.

(Reply Pex)

"You can go move about now, just be careful and if you get dizzy just yell for me." Quinna advised

(Reply Pex or any IYW)

(Posted by Kris B)

Pihi suppressed the annoyance at the condescension in Commander T'Mur's voice.

"Yes, Ma'am," she said as she buckled herself in, "Turning off gravity and non-essential systems." Turning her head over her shoulder, "Hold on, going zero g." she called.

She entered her codes into the computer and slowly started turning non-essential systems down. The lights in the shuttle dimmed to about 20% normal as the gravity generator ceased creating the artificial gravity field.

She listened to the discussion about a door, and heard the command, "Excellent! Ensign, 153 Mark 2. Give us everything this shuttle has."

“Yes Ma’am” she said, not knowing what the shuttle had to give. She started using the reaction control systems to generate thrust while trying to power up the engines.

She turned her chair to face the commander, "I would suggest that Dr. Solice, Chief Engineer Pex and I put our heads together to solve the communication issue. We only need to get access to subspace channel D, the emergency channel. With his brains, her medical knowledge and my implants, we should be able to jury-rig something to send a signal."

(reply all)

(Posted by Pippa)

"Well, the wrist is broken, and that noggin on your head is not as bad as it looks and then I have this." Quinna pulled the device to fix Pex's bones. "Voila."

Tegian smiled and then frowned at Quinn in confusion. "My noggin on my head, Doctor?"

“The rather sizable bump on your head.” Quinna smiled. “Hang around me, and you will learn plenty of human street lingo.”

"Here, hold my hand." Quinna firmly held Pex's hand and ran the device along the wounded area. "How is that feeling?"

Quinna healed the wrist. "Thank you, Doctor!"

"Well, then my job is done for now." Quinna moved to her seat and sat back. There was nothing for her to do right now. Those wounded were now in a workable condition because of Lt. Commander Timur's find.

"I've never thought to ask, Doctor, but how much do you know about Engineering?" Tegian asked.

"Well I made an A in my extension course but the main thing I learned is to sit back and stay out of the way. And before you ask start being a brilliant engineer, yes. You can go move about now, just be careful and if you get dizzy just yell for me." Quinn advised

Tegian nodded and got up to check in with Lieutenant Command T'Mur.

Quinna moved up to the flight deck just to see what was going on and caught the end of Piripi's "I would suggest that Dr. Solice, Chief Engineer Pex and I put our heads together to solve the communication issue. We only need to get access to subspace channel D, the emergency channel. With his brains, her medical knowledge and my implants, we should be able to jury-rig something to send a signal."

Quinna was not sure what she walked into. "Say what, what?"

(reply Any)

(Posted by Kris B)

(USS Argos – Flight Deck – Pilot Ensign Pihi 'Kestral' Piripi – 0925)

The Doctor walked onto the flight deck, "Say what, what?"

Pihi turned her seat around and looked at the doctor. "What, what," she replied.

"Subspace communication systems are low power systems, but they seem to be down. So we need another way to get a signal out. My implants have certain advantages, and I serve as the power source. If Mr. Pex can Macgyver something to get the signal out, and you can help connect my VISOR connections to his improvised device, we can try to get a signal out. All we need to get to Emergency channel D."

“What do you think?”

(Reply Quinna, Pex, if he's nearby)

(Posted by Pippa)

(USS Argos – Flight Deck – CMO Commander Quinna Solice– 0927)

“Subspace communication systems are low power systems, but they seem to be down. So we need another way to get a signal out. My implants have certain advantages, and I serve as the power source. If Mr. Pex can Macgyver something to get the signal out, and you can help connect my VISOR connections to his improvised device, we can try to get a signal out. All we need to get to Emergency channel D.”

“What do you think?”

Quinna took a deep breath and leaned against the bulkhead. "Theoretically, it could work. I do know the mechanics behind the bioimplants and your VISOR. However, I also know the interconnections between those implants and your brain. A misstep could totally fry your brain cells."

(Reply Piripi, T'Mur, Gray Wolf, Holis, Pex (if on flight deck now))

“I would want to run a diagnostic on those neuro implants first and monitor you the entire time. If I am satisfied, I wouldn’t say ‘no’ to any plan at this point.” Quinna offered her unsolicited vote on the suggestion.

(Reply Piripi, T'Mur, Gray Wolf, Holis, Pex (if on flight deck now))

(Posted by Kris B)

(USS Argos - Flight Deck - 2O/CSec/Tac - Lt Commander T'Mur - 0928)

T'Mur listened to Piripi's suggestion to use her visor as a communication device. Quinna piped in with a concern on how that would affect the pulpit, physiologically. She seemed to be have knowledge of the interconnections between the device and the woman's brain.

"Does the visor still have to be connected to the Ensign when you make the necessary adjustment?" the Vulcan asked. "I was under the impression that it was removable."

(reply Solice, Piripi)

“My other question is, does her device have the power, and ability, to send a message across the dimensional barrier? I understand the philosophy of checking into any plan. However, I do want to make sure that we do not irreparably damage Ensign Piripi in the process.”

She turned to Hollis, "Dr. Gralen, you should probably be involved with this as well. Sending out the message seems a logical choice, if it can be successful."

(reply Gralen)

"Lt Pex," she turned to the Trill, "can you make the necessary adjustments with the equipment we have?"

(reply Pex)

(reply all)

(posted by Al Muir)

(USS Argos – Flight Deck – Pilot Ensign Pihi 'Kestral' Piripi – 0930)

"Does the visor still have to be connected to the Ensign when you make the necessary adjustment?" the Vulcan asked. "I was under the impression that it was removable."

Pihi reached up and removed the VISOR. Holding it up, she spoke "Commander, this helps capture the EM spectrum. My implants process the signal. We need to use the IO interface here." she pointed to two flashing pins sticking out of the side of her head.

“We need to fit a square peg into a round hole. And I trust that Doctor Solice and Mr. Pex can solve that problem like Arturo Campos did for Apollo 13,” she said.

Commander T'Mur spoke. "My other question is, does her device have the power, and ability, to send a message across the dimensional barrier? I understand the philosophy of checking into any plan. However, I do want to make sure that we do not irreparably damage Ensign Piripi in the process. Dr. Gralen, you should probably be involved with this as well. Sending out the message seems a logical choice, if it can be successful."

"Commander, the needs of the many outweigh the needs of the few," she said. "This is my decision, Sir." Turning to Solice and Pex, "Let's get started."

(Reply Solice, Pex)

(Reply to this, P.)  
(posted by Pippa)

(USS Argos – Flight Deck – Lieutenant Jg Tegian Pex – 0932)

Tegian had heard his name mentioned a few times with respect to using the cute pilot's VISOR as a communication device. He was concerned, however, using Ensign Kestral as the power for the device. He squeezed into the flight deck to talk to her and overheard her talking to Commander T'Mur.

And then Kestral removed the VISOR and handed it Tegian. And for the first time, he had a chance to see her whole face without the VISOR drawing his eye. He took the VISOR with one hand and with the other, he gently grabbed her elbow. "Ensign Kestral, can you see anything without the VISOR? Can I guide you to a seat while I work on it?" he asked with some concern.

(Reply Kestral)

Once he had Kestral safely secured, he moved to his Engineering station and retrieved his toolkit and tricorder and began to investigate the VISOR. He was familiar with the design, but didn't know the particulars and he didn't wish to damage this. With no connection to the outside universe and limited power in the shuttle, finding schematics in the computer was unlikely or would draw too much power, in the miraculous event that they were actually in the computer. No, he was going to have to prove himself solely on his talents.

From his station, he spoke to the shuttle, "I'm going to need three or four hours to make the changes. I also don't want to use Ensign Kestral as the power source. I believe I saw a half dozen phasors. I can use one of them to provide the power, as long as there aren't any objections. But, Ensign, we will have to reattach this to you, to have you make the connection. I'm going to install some precautions so that none of the energy affects you and that I don't damage the VISOR."

"Any questions or concerns before I start?"

(Reply Any)

(posted by Keith)

(USS Illuminar - Bridge - aCO - Vice Admiral Vanyssa Winters - 0904)

Exiting the Ready Room, and arriving on the Bridge within moments, Vanyssa took in the chaos. Touching the comm on the command chair, Vanyssa ordered, "Ketal, come to the Bridge, I need you on sensors." This ship wasn't ready to go on a rescue mission, and Vanyssa knew it. There was a minimal crew aboard, and while this ship could perform well without Luma, did Vanyssa have any competent tactical aboard?

Sitting down, the red-head brushed her long grey tinged hair back, yanking it into a tail and twining it back and out of the way. Her background was Counselor, and then Captain. While she had trained on the other positions and could theoretically run weapons in an extreme emergency, it wasn't something that Vanysssa wanted to seriously contemplate.

"Open a subspace connection to the Raptor. Captain Sekal is marginally closer than we are."

Vanessa waited a moment and then nodded to the Vulcan, "Captain Sekal, we have lost the shuttlecraft's beacon, and have increased speed to warp 7. We are 24 hours away at that speed." Vanessa looked up as the woman at operations spoke, "There are no Federation

assets in that area, closest is 13 hours away, a cargo hauler." Nessa nodded to the andorain, "Send a coded message, asking the cargo hauler to divert.

Vanyssa did not need to explain to Sekal what the loss of the beacon meant. "I hope this is nothing more than a simple equipment malfunction, Captain."

(reply Sekal, any on the Illuminar)

(posted by Mel)

(USS Raptor - Deck 1 - Bridge - Pilot - Lt. Arthur 'Snoopy' Corday - 0905)

Corday stepped onto the bridge and looked at the conn seat with accusation. At the recall alert it hadn't taken Snoopy long to grab his gear and head back of the Raptor. He was surprised, to be sure, because he had never figured to flying the huge battle cruiser. However, with Grey Wolf and the new pilot off ship who else would they trust to with the crew's lives.

The captain's seat was empty, but he nodded to the officer at the Ops station. He really hadn't gotten to know many of the people that came with the Raptor. Then he moved over to the conn and ran his hands over the edge of the seat. He couldn't help but remember his time at the conn on the Rhyne. Finally, as though sitting in the lap of a lover, he lowered himself into the seat.

Arthur ran his fingers over the console, gently, caressing it to life. The holographic display appeared before him. The pilot couldn't help but smile. The word had been given that the shuttle carrying the command crew had gone missing... or worse. They needed to get under way as quickly as possible. This was now a search... and hopefully rescue... mission.

He checked the power to the controls and propulsion system. Everything was ready. He tapped his comm badge. "Corday to Captain Sekal, we are ready to leave as soon as the crew has all reported in,"

(reply Sekal)

Arthur looked over at Tavay and smiled, "Hurry up and wait."

(reply Tavay, Sekal)

(posted by Al Muir)

(USS Raptor - Deck 1 - Bridge - ATAC/SO - Lt. Andy Taylor - 0910)

Andy had been asleep when the recall alert came through. It was a struggle to sit up since he had taken the opportunity to ... enjoy his shore leave. He was able to slip out of his bed without waking the companion he had acquired the night before. He gave her a kiss on the cheek as he left to his quarters to get his travel bag.

The door to the turbolift opened to the bridge. He stepped out and nodded to Ops Officer and Corday. "Once more unto the breach, dear friends."

He moved over the Tactical station and activated the holographic display. It popped up and he quickly check on the security situation. He noted the reports coming in from the department

heads that were left in charge. About 80% of the crew had already reported in. He was impressed, and perhaps a little dismayed that everyone was so eager to get back to action.

He began to piggy back on the search for the Argos' transponder signal. The report from the Illminar had come in and he check the long range sensors but it was too far away at this point. He opened a channel to the Illuminar so that they could coordinate faster when the time came.

Ten minutes later the crew reports came across his display. They crew was now aboard.

He tapped his comm badge, "Security to Captain Sekal, the crew is assembled. We are ready to depart."

(reply Sekal)

(posted by Al Muir)

=^= Corday to Captain Sekal, we are ready to leave as soon as the crew has all reported in. =^=

The lift had just started, he was returning to the bridge.

"Acknowledged. Signal engineering to prepare the warp drive."

(USS Raptor - Deck 1 - Bridge - CO, Captain Sekal - 0913)

The lift door was opening at the next call.

=^= Security to Captain Sekal, the crew is assembled. We are ready to depart. =^=

He stepped out and looked toward the security station. "Acknowledged." Then to helm.

"Mr. Corday, take us out."

(Reply: Corday, Taylor)

Stepping to the command chair he tapped the comm. "Lieutenant Temerity to the bridge."

### (Reply: Temerity)

Switching off the comm he began monitoring internal communications and preparing a report for command.

(Reply: Any)

(Posted by Charles Gatling)

(USS Raptor - Deck 1 - Bridge - Pilot - Lt. Arthur 'Snoopy' Corday - 0914)

The captain stepped out of the turbolift and began to give orders.

"Mr. Corday, take us out," he said.

Corday nodded, "Roger that."

He put his hands to the holographic controls and began to slide them into place. The sound of the engines came to life as he hit the reverse thrusters to pull away from the traffic around the station. With a swift motion he turned the ship. He could feel the movement before the inertial dampers kicked in.

He thought that flying the Rhyne had been different than a fighter, but this was something completely different. The Rhyne was bigger but this ship, comparatively, was a giant. It moved like it was flying through molasses. The turn on the 180 made his stomach lurch a little as the ship did not move in the manner in which he had expected. It was going to take some time to get used to it.

Once he had oriented the ship and gotten the controls as he liked them he set the coordinates to the last location of the Argo, and hit the impulse drive. The ship moved away from the starbase, quickly getting to full impulse. Once he had gotten used to the power of the ship he moved into warp. The image on the screen immediately flashed into a starburst affect until the computer adjusted to show the starfield as they passed through it.

"Warp 7 has been attained, captain," he reported. "We are en route to the last known location of the Argos."

(reply Sekal, if you want)

(posted by Al Muir)

(USS Raptor – Deck 27 – Marine – 2LT Charles Temerity - 0915)

Charles had been having a difficult time with his Marines. Temerity was only the interim commander for the Illuminar's Marine detachment "Myrmidons" until he was either replaced by a permanent commanding officer or he was promoted to First Lieutenant. Seeing as how his commissioned officer rank was a field promotion in conjunction with being recalled from retirement, he held no illusions that he would go past that unless he attended additional classes at the academy. And at this moment he was chewing out officers that had the education to surpass him. His section, platoon, and squad leaders had not managed to keep their personnel in check.

“...will roll down hill on this. I can piss off the heads of security and intel just fine on my own. I Don’t Need Anyone Else’s Help On That Score! The part that really gets me is why am I finding out about it from the fleeters and not you lot? Now this is going to be one of those few times in which Gunnery Officer Temerity will raise his ugly head and possess Lieutenant Temerity...”

Just then Temerity's comm-badge sounded, =^= Lieutenant Temerity to the bridge. =^=

"Yes Sir. On my way." Was all he had to say before turning back to his officers. "This had best not be about what I think its going to be." And he headed out of the office.

Several minutes later, Charles stepped foot onto the bridge of the Raptor. It was much brighter than the bridge aboard his freighter the Errant. As he looked around, he spotted Captain Sekal sitting in his chair. Charles approached and stood at attention just to the left of the command chair, "Lieutenant Temerity reporting as ordered, Sir."

(Reply: Sekal, Any)

(Reply: Sekal, Any)

(Posted By: Charles Raschen)

(USS Raptor - Deck 1 - Bridge - CO, Captain Sekal - 0920)

He heard the lift doors open as Yeoman Whitney waited at his right for the padd, he glanced over the engine and power transfer metrics that were being updated in real time, nodded then handed it back to her

"Thank you yeoman."

Janice Whitney took it with a "Thank you sir" followed by looking at 2nd Lieutenant Temerity and giving him a brief smile and nod before moving off as he arrived.

“Lieutenant Temerity reporting as ordered, Sir.”

Had they been on Illuminar the captain would have invited him to a seat as he looked to his left to regard the human but there wasn't that luxury on a ship of war.

"Lieutenant Temerity," the Vulcan gave him a long, measuring look. " ... you are one of only two senior officers aboard currently therefore you should be informed of our recent issue. We believe the shuttle carrying my senior officers to Illuminar to be out of contact or one or more persons disabled. Raptor is now underway to search for the shuttle.

### (Reply: Temerity)

"Simply put, I wish you to be available to man a bridge station during an emergency situation, do you have any experience in that regard?"

### (Reply: Temerity)

(Posted by Charles Gatling)

(USS Raptor – Deck 1 – Bridge – Marine – 2LT Charles Temerity – 0922)

“Lieutenant Temerity reporting as ordered, Sir.”

“Lieutenant Temerity,” the Vulcan had said a long with a long measuring look. Charles recognized it for what is was. “ ... you are one of only two senior officers aboard currently therefore you should be informed of our recent issue. We believe the shuttle carrying my senior officers to Illuminar to be out of contact or one or more persons disabled. Raptor is now underway to search for the shuttle.

"I understand so far, Sir." The Marine said as he began mentally choosing personnel and equipment for SAR operations as he awaited the Captain to continue.

“Simply put, I wish you to be available to man a bridge station during an emergency situation, do you have any experience in that regard?”

Temerity could not stop the grin from appearing on his face. "Yes, Sir. In the Nine plus years I was with the Merchant Fleet, I've served as a Navigator/Helmsman, Operations/First Mate, and Vessel Master aboard various classes of heavy freighters. While I've never worked Tactical, I learned tactics the hard way while dealing with pirates."

(Reply: Sekal)

"For a retired Gunnery Sergeant, the Merchant Fleet turned out to be more...interesting than one might expect, Sir" After mentally changing gears, he asked, "How may I be of service, Captain?"

(Reply: Sekal)

(Reply: Sekal)

(Posted By: Charles Raschen)

(USS Raptor – Deck 1 – Bridge – CO, Captain Sekal – 0923)

“Yes, Sir. In the Nine plus years I was with the Merchant Fleet, I’ve served as a Navigator/Helmsman, Operations/First Mate, and Vessel Master aboard various classes of heavy freighters. While I’ve never worked Tactical, I learned tactics the hard way while dealing with pirates.”

The vulcan nodded but said nothing, it appeared the marine wished to continue.

"For a retired Gunnery Sergeant, the Merchant Fleet turned out to be more...interesting than one might expect, Sir" After mentally changing gears, he asked, "How may I be of service, Captain?"

"For the time being Lieutenant I'd ask that you liaise with security in the event that the services of your company are found to be necessary." He folded his arms. "There is no reason to believe the xenolith are involved due to the presumed location of the shuttle at the time of loss of contact however there are no certainties at this time."

He tapped the comm. "Lieutenant Trei to the bridge."

(Reply: Trei)

Sekal turned his attention to the marine again. "Once the Lieutenant arrives we will discuss the matter further. As for duty station ... I will make a decision as necessary and based on need. Thank you for being forthcoming."

(Reply: Temerity, Trei)

(Posted by Charles Gatling)

(USS Raptor – Deck 1 – Bridge SPA LT Ariel Trei - 0924)

She walked on the Bridge and approached CPT Sekal. She did not know why she was summoned but presumed it was very important

"What do you need me for sir?"

(Reply Sekal)

(Posted by Edward)

(USS Illuminar - Bridge - Vice Admiral Vanyssa Winters & Captain Sekal - 0907)

Sitting in Sekal's command chair, the red-headed betazoid regarded the Vulcan that was conversing with her on the forward viewscreen. The Admiral was dressed in a normal uniform, her fly-away red hair twisted back and away from her face. Her face was worn with the lines of a life lived hard, the experience of exterminating the renegade Lenai aging her. Coming back to the Fleet had given her a new lease on life, and she had been looking to spend time with her children.

"I hope this is nothing more than a simple equipment malfunction, Captain."

The Vulcan gave a short, sharp shake of his head. "I do not believe so Admiral, you have not yet been notified that Commander Verin has been incapacitated by an episode of what I believe to be loss of contact to her mate. This happened at 0835 and approximately 28 seconds. Raptor is already maneuvering to leave Deep Space 4."

Vanyssa's expression grew deeply troubled, "Ensign," Vanyssa turned towards ops, "Tell that cargo ship to increase speed to maximum and consider this a rescue operation."

Nessa turned back towards the viewscreen and Sekal, "I hope Commander Verin recovers quickly. Is a suitable complement aboard the Raptor? The Illuminar has a bare bones skeleton crew, heavy on the engineering, tinkering types." Vanyssa did not turn as her mate, Ketal, entered from the aft turbolift to take the science post.

"But you also have the replacement officer corps that will be taking over the Raptor." Sekal dipped his chin slightly for an instant. "While the Raptor is heavy on crew but light on officers due to the majority of my senior officers being presumed missing. Between the two ships I am certain that we will be able to coordinate an effective search."

Vanyssa spoke delicately, "Does Ensign Luma have any input?" What Nessa was asking, would this be a rescue or a recovery. For Verin's sake, Vanyssa hoped for a rescue. She knew what the loss of the Illuminar's senior crew would be to the Fleet.

"Luma has been attempting to make contact with any on the shuttle, she will inform me if and when she is successful." He looked to the right of the screen. "Go to warp five." Then looked back to the screen. "Raptor is enroute and will be increasing speed when able. I will have their estimated location transmitted to you."

Vanyssa's worried expression did not ease, "Hopefully we will know more soon. The slipstream drive has a few bugs that are still being worked out. As soon as it is repaired we will increase to maximum speed and meet you there." Vanyssa had been dealing with newly commissioned Ensigns for several years and a hard edge came to her voice, "When we are within 3 hours of the incident estimate, the Illuminar will begin scanning. The last thing we want is to become casualties ourselves."

"Indeed, that would not seem to be an effective initial tactic. Raptor should arrive within hours of the Illuminar."

"We will be in touch as soon as we have more information. Illuminar out." Vanyssa ended the communique and hit another button, "Computer, record the reinstatement of Lt. Commander Ketal to operational status for the duration of this exercise by order of Vice Admiral Winters, authorization 12-gamma-b-6."

The computer repeated the request, acknowledging receipt. Vanyssa then toggled the ship wide comms. "This is Admiral Winters and we are en route to a potential rescue operation. As most of you know, this was a shakedown cruise and we are not equipped for operational status." She took a deep breath, steadyng her voice, "We have lost the beacon of the shuttle containing the senior staff of the Illuminar and Raptor. Captain Sekal reports that it is likely the shuttle has encountered an emergency. Priority is repairing the slipstream drive as quickly and safely as possible. I believe in you all." She ended the communications and leaned back in the command chair knowing the agony that Verin was experiencing with her mate in danger.

It was going to be a long day and an even longer one tomorrow. Vanyssa finally turned towards Commander Alex Karnovskyy, who had been assigned as the acting first officer for this ship ferrying business. She didn't know him and certainly didn't trust him. He was not Saleke after all.

"Get down to engineering and light a fire under them. We need that drive operational now. But first, who would you recommend taking tactical in a battle situation? You know pirates are the most likely scenario in that sector of space?" Vanyssa was going to need to spend a bit with the roster, looking over her personnel and how to allocate them in an emergency situation.

(Reply Ketal, Alex, any on Illuminar)  
(Posted by Charles and Mel)

Sasha listened to the conversation between the Vice-Admiral and the Sekal. Apparently Selal is going to repopulate the Raptor and they will meet at the last known location of the shuttle. She relayed the status of the crew. She was right, this was a green crew of new recruits and cadets. He'd gotten to know many of them. Hopefully they were up to the task ahead of them.

After addressing the crew Winters turned to him. "Get down to engineering and light a fire under them. We need that drive operational now. But first, who would you recommend taking tactical in a battle situation? You know pirates are the most likely scenario in that sector of space?"

Karnovskyy addressed the second request first. He made a face that he made while he contemplated serious questions. "Besides myself," he smiled a little, "I would say that Ensign M'Terl performed best in simulations. She has a natural hunter instinct but it was tempered with patience and good judgement. She's your Caitian."

(reply Winters)

“Now,” he went on, “to light a fire. Lighting fires is what I do best.”

He turned and headed to the turbo lift.

(posted by Al Muir)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - aCSO Lieutenant Commander Ketal- 0912)

Her reinstatement of his rank caught the half-vulcan by surprise, he waited for Karnovskyy to finish with Vanyssa and walk away before stepping to the command seats and looking down at her with a quirked eyebrow.

"You believe that this was necessary?"

(Reply: Vanyssa)

He shrugged. "I foresee no difficulties, despite the advanced state of the sensors suite it is simple to make the transition. My concern is over the rank and privilege issue. I have been out of the fleet for nearly four decades and am hardly a candidate for a ranking officer. Regulations and procedures have grown and evolved over time, during which I have been a civilian."

(Reply: Vanyssa)

"I will attempt to 'catch up as much as I am able during the interval before our arrival Admiral." He gave a nod of approval before turning and making his way back to the science station. There was nothing to report so he made himself active by beginning a level 1 diagnostic on the system, afterward he would tweak the calibration on the equipment to suit his needs and that of the emergency mission.

(Reply: Any)

(Posted by Charles Gatling)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - Vice Admiral Vanyssa Winters- 0914)

"You believe that this was necessary?" Ketal asked, sitting next to her in the command chairs,

Vanyssa nodded and reached out to touch her mate's hand, initiating the telepathic contact between the two.

::I do. For several reasons. Whatever is happening out there with that shuttle is bad on some level. We have a ship full of barely qualified children with very little experience. The experience was supposed to be meeting us for a reason. These kids will know all the latest technological tricks. What they don't have is the experience to have a gut and to know. And to be fair, I'm worried about whatever has happened to that shuttle.:: With Ketal she could be completely honest. Switching to vocally as she composed her thoughts, "Do you foresee any problems with the sensors?" She knew he wouldn't. Ketal was a scientist, one of the finest she knew.

"I foresee no difficulties, despite the advanced state of the sensors suite it is simple to make the transition. My concern is over the rank and privilege issue. I have been out of the fleet for nearly four decades and am hardly a candidate for a ranking officer. Regulations and procedures have grown and evolved over time, during which I have been a civilian."

"I don't care about whose nose gets put out of joint. I care about there not being any loss of life, and for that I need you." Her hand still on his, she continued telepathically, ::I can't think of

anyone I'd want to jump into the unknown with than the son of Saleke. That shuttle has about a day's worth of emergency life support. We're going to know in about 12 hours what is going out there, when that cargo hauler gets into range. And that worries me too. If it's pirates.... a cargo hauler is a sitting duck.:::

"I will attempt to 'catch up as much as I am able during the interval before our arrival Admiral."

Vanyssa made to withdraw her hand, the moment of bonding over as they continued into the unknown. "Who knows at the rate that subspace river drive is coming along, Captain Sekal could get there before we do. I do hope that it's nothing but an equipment issue." Vanyssa stood up and headed towards the Captain's Ready Room. "I'm going to go meditate and see what I can feel from that direction, if anything. We're likely too far away. But I need to try." Vanyssa entered and took a seat on the floor, arranging her limbs comfortably. She lowered the lights and closed her eyes, sending her consciousness out of the ship and forward. As she had thought, they were far, too far away for her to sense anything.

Vanyssa hoped that Luma would be able to make contact with T'Mur. Vanyssa prayed that the vulcan wasn't dead. If she was, Vanyssa hoped that the Captain and his first officer were bonded enough to keep her alive. The problem with telepaths was that they were dependent on the connection with their mate, that sense of self. For so many moons, Vanyssa had fought through the burn-out, to have that sense of Ketal deep inside her. Getting up and heading to the desk, Vanyssa called up the passenger details on the shuttle and paused. Holis was aboard. She KNEW Holis. Closing her eyes again, Vanyssa tried in vain. When they were closer, she knew that she would be trying again.

(reply any, none)  
(posted by Mel)

Karnovskyy strode into main engineering and watch the hustle and bustle that was common in shake down cruise. Systems we're being monitored and there was the hum of conversation between engineers. It didn't take him long to locate the engineer that had been left in charge of the department during the refit.

He walked over to the slender Selay. "Mr. Ssvresh, what is the status on the slip stream drive?"

The Selay Ensign was hunched over the main systems display, coordinating engineering teams across the Illuminar. The thrum of the warp core in the background had grown more pervasive since the order to warp 7, but so far the ship was taking that additional strain with ease.

“Mr. Ssyresh, what is the status on the slip stream drive?”

Turning to face the Commander, Ssvresh drew himself up to his full height in a respectful approximation of 'attention'. "The status-s board show ready, Commander, but further tes-sts would be adviseable."

(Reply Karnovskyy)

(Posted by Michael)

(USS Illuminar - Engineering - Engineering Cadet Rhyssa Williams & Cadet Pria Valar - 0918)

The Tiburonian fourth year cadet, had green skin, dark eyes, her long sea-green hair pulled back into a tail. Around her waist was an unauthorized tool belt with a number of handy devices. For those who had met the Admiral who was in charge of the Academy for most of the last two decades, the tool belt was an identical copy, down to the hand forged buckle. It was one of Rhyssa's most cherished childhood mementos. To have been adopted by one of the best engineers in Starfleet history and to learn engineering and starship design at his side... it was precious to Rhyssa. She had spent most of the last year on the Exeter, and then was transferred to the Illuminar for her final semester of study. She had met the ship at Mars and spent that time with the Illuminar, assisting in the upgrades and retrofitting. And to be fair, Rhyssa was looking forward to seeing her older foster-sister and learning from the pair. Her time on the Exeter with Trip had certainly been enlightening. In more ways than one.

Pria was up on the second level of the warp core, the dark skinned joined trill was half buried under a conduit, her skilled hands working as Rhyssa climbed the internal ladder to the second floor, bringing an engineering tricorder and an old fashioned mechanical wrench with her.

"If it won't budge, take something and smack it really hard." Rhyssa advised as the two young women were working, Rhyssa passing Pria the wrench.

"But.. Luma will..." Pria stopped herself. Luma wasn't present. Bohb wasn't here. They were alone, and something bad had happened and the ship needed it's slipstream drive working. If Luma had been present, she would have been too busy trying to assist the senior staff to help them with this. Most engineers didn't have a readme guide to the ship that could interact with them. Pria missed Luma.

Rhyssa leaned over the railing and shouted down at the Russian human who was the first officer on this cruising run and the Selay engineer who had been overseeing the retrofit.

"The status-s board show ready, Commander, but further tes-sts would be advisable." She heard, her hearing exceptional where engineering matters were concerned.

"OI! YO!" Rhyssa whistled, and Pria smacked her forehead on the inside of the conduit.

"Da fuq, Rhyssa!" Pria after a month of sharing quarters with the Ensign was picking up the bad language that the Tiburonian used. "Why did you whistle that shrilly?"

Pria extricated herself from the conduit as Rhyssa continued to shout, "It ain't ready yet, no matter what that board says. We gots ourself a leak in the magic-make-it-happener and until that leak is repaired, it's going to continue to lea that plasma. It's not exactly poisonous, but it isn't exactly healthful to go breathing in, either." Rhyssa picked up that wrench and put it back in her tool belt.

Pria pulled herself up and went to stand next to the tiburonian cadet, "What she said. That plasma leak is going to hold us back until someone can climb into there, Commander, Ensign." Pria at least understood Starfleet protocol and was trying with her roommate. Pria had a very

good idea that she'd been assigned Rhyssa because of her poise and character. And the two lives her symbiont had already lived. Surely some of it would rub off on Rhyssa.

Looking at the other cadet, Pria realized that if anything Rhyssa was contaminating her, not the other way around. Pria looked between the four of them. She realized that as a cadet, this was going to be her job. It was going to be messy, dirty and she'd need a breathing mask.

Pria sighed. This was going to suck. At least Rhyssa would be there beside her. And with a properly fitting respirator it wouldn't suck too badly.

(reply SSvresh, and Alex, and illuminar iyw)

(posted by Mel)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 11 - Main Engineering - aFO - Commander Alex Karnovskyy - 0919)

"The status-s board show ready, Commander, but further tes-sts would be adviseable," Ssvresh said, looking like he was trying to stand at attention.

"At ease, Mr. Ssvresh," Karovsky ordered. "What tests still need to be run?"

"It ain't ready yet, no matter what that board says," the Tiburonian called down to them. "We gots ourself a leak in the magic-make-it-happener and until that leak is repaired, it's going to continue to leak that plasma. It's not exactly poisonous, but it isn't exactly healthful to go breathing in, either."

Sasha looked at the Selay lost in the words of the Tiburonian. "Magic-make-it-happener?" A Trill suddenly appeared and said, "What she said. That plasma leak is going to hold us back until someone can climb into there, Commander, Ensign."

The tall Russian looked at Ssvresh and said, "Well, it appears that you have your work set out for you Mr. Ssvresh. Let's get that plasma leak under control and get the slip stream drive online as soon as possible. Or do I need to climb in there and fix it myself?"

(reply Ssvresh, Williams, Valar)

(posted by Al Muir)

(USS Illuminar, Main Engineering - ACEO Ensign Ssvresh - 0920)

"The status-s board show ready, Commander, but further tes-ssts would be adviseable."

No sooner had Ssvresh given his answer to the First Officer then there was a commotion from a nearby conduit as two cadets bungled their way to their feet to join the conversation: "It ain't ready yet, no matter what that board says. We gots ourself a leak in the magic-make-it-happener and until that leak is repaired, it's going to continue to lea that plasma. It's not exactly poisonous, but it isn't exactly healthful to go breathing in, either. "

"What she said. That plasma leak is going to hold us back until someone can climb into there, Commander, Ensign." Ssvresh scowled at the first Cadet whilst the second backed up their peculiar explanation that was contrary to his own assessment.

"Well, it appears that you have your work set out for you Mr. Ssvresh. Let's get that plasma leak under control and get the slip stream drive online as soon as possible. Or do I need to climb in there and fix it myself?"

Stung slightly by being contradicted in front of the senior officer, Ssvresh defaulted to stiff formality, agitation aggravating his natural lisp. "Sir, no Sir. The ssliipssstream drive will be available sssshortly." He gave a clipped nod and walked crisply across to the conduit the cadets had emerged from. "You two can begin by showing me thisss plasma leak of yourss."

(Reply Commander Karnovskyy, Cadets Williams & Valar)

(Posted by Michael)

(USS Argos – Flight Deck – Pilot Ensign Pihi 'Kestral' Piripi – 0935)

"Ensign Kestral, can you see anything without the VISOR? Can I guide you to a seat while I work on it." Lieutenant Pex said.

"It's just Kestral," she said with a smile, "My call sign. As for seeing things, I am blind without the VISOR, but know my way around a shuttle. Thanks for asking," she said.

She turned her chair around. With minimal power, she could not connect with the shuttle sensors, either internal or external, so she was truly blind. Fortunately she was used to being alone with her thoughts and focused on listening to the sounds in the shuttle.

The Engineer outlined his plan and finished with "Any questions or concerns before I start?"

"Yes, I have a concern," she spoke, "The VISOR is tuned to my implants and the biomechanical circuits convert the biological ATP to electrical energy for the system. Why do you need to use phasers to power the system? I am more concerned how that might overload my system than if we she was medicine has provided. Dr. Solice, what do you think?"

(Reply Pex, Solice, others)

(Posted by Pippa)

(USS Argos – Flight Deck – CEO - Lieutenant Jg Tegian Pex - 0937)

"It's just Kestral," she said with a smile, "My call sign. As for seeing things, I am blind without the VISOR, but know my way around a shuttle. Thanks for asking," she said.

"My apologies, Kestrel," said Tegian, holding her elbow longer than was necessary. "I don't believe I would be able to maneuver around the shuttle without my eyesight."

"Yes, I have a concern," she spoke, "The VISOR is tuned to my implants and the biomechanical circuits convert the biological ATP to electrical energy for the system. Why do you need to use phasers to power the system? I am more concerned how that might overload my system than if she was medicine has provided. Dr. Solice, what do you think?"

Tegian nodded in understanding and then remembered the pilot couldn't see him. "I completely understand your concern, Kestral. That's why it's going to take me so long to make the preparations. I'm going to do two things with your visor. First, I'm going to build a separate connection to accept the power from the phasor. This is because I'm concerned that the power

needed to communicate is more than your body can provide and I've no desire to put your health at risk. This connection is not going to be the same one as the biomechanical circuits in the VISOR."

"Second, this connection is going to not reroute power back through the VISOR into your biomechanical circuits so that it can't go back into your body. I want to take no chances that we overload you. All you're going to be doing when you reattach the VISOR is sending the message once you're able to determine the right frequency. And I wouldn't even agree to that, except we can't get the computer to do it without exhausting our reserves. I thought about using more of the phasers to power the computer, but the computer draws too much power since it's built into all the shuttle's services and I can't just isolate it for this purpose. So, in essence, Ensign, you're going to be our computer. I don't want you being our power source."

"The phasers are replaceable, you're not."

(Reply Piripi, Solice, any)

(Reply from, Sent  
(Posted by Keith)

(USS Argos – Flight Deck – Pilot Ensign Pihi ‘Kestral’ Piripi – 0940)

"The phasers are replaceable, you're not," the engineer said.

"You are kind, Mr. Pex," the pilot says. "However, if we don't get out of this, then kua maoa ta matou kuihi. And I personally like goose at Christmas. I will take what risks necessary, as I said to the Commander. veb che'wl' 'IQqu'."

Her thoughts drifted back to her grandfather and the survival training he made her take when she started flying. She learned how to survive on her own, what to eat, how to build an emergency fire and more. Too bad none of those would help her now. Or would they?

“Commander, while Mr. Pex is working on option 1, I think it might be prudent we work on a second option. When I was a young woman, my grandfather made me take a survival course in case I crashed my airplane in the New Zealand wilderness. Part of that training was building an emergency fire.”

She looked around, her vacant eyes drifting around the flight deck. "Unfortunately I didn't pay much attention in particle physics classes," she chuckled, "but if someone knows some trans dimensional FTL particle we could potentially use that as a rescue flare."

(reply any)

(Posted by Pippa)

(USS Argos - Flight Deck - 2O/CSec/Tac - Lt Commander T'Mur - 0941)

That was the second time that T'Mur heard the pilot speak about "taking whatever risks necessary." She had to wonder how far that went and if it included disobeying direct orders because she felt she had a "better" idea.

"Commander," she said, "while Mr. Pex is working on option 1, I think it might be prudent we work on a second option. When I was a young woman, my grandfather made me take a survival course in case I crashed my airplane in the New Zealand wilderness. Part of that training was building an emergency fire. Unfortunately, I didn't pay much attention in particle physics classes,

but if someone knows some transdimensional FTL particle we could potentially use that as a rescue flare.”

"Indeed, Ensign Piripi," T'Mur said, "I do believe that Dr. Gralen has such knowledge, and I believe that he is already working on that problem, as well as the probability of using your visor to cross that dimensional plane. I, also, am no scientist, so we are left to their intellect and mercy."

She paused for a moment and added, "However, I want to warn you against this idea that you will be allowed to take on any risk. You are still an officer in Starfleet, and you will be expected to follow all orders, whether you agree with them or not. The risk you take is not only to yourself. When we find a way back to our own dimension, and I have no doubt that we will, we will have need of your skills. The needs of the many do, indeed, outweigh the needs of the one, and we will have need of you when the time comes. So we will not take *any* risk without due consideration of everyone's safety. That includes you. Is that clear?"

(reply Piripi)

With that being said, the Vulcan went back to her scans of the area that the anomaly had occupied the space before them. She had noted a pattern but hadn't been able to identify it.

(reply Piripi, any)

(posted by Al Muir)

(USS Argos – Flight Deck – CEO - Lieutenant Jg Tegian Pex – 0942)

"You are kind, Mr. Pex," the pilot says. "However, if we don't get out of this, then kua maoa ta matou kuihi. And I personally like goose at Christmas. I will take what risks necessary, as I said to the Commander, veb che'wl' 'IQqu'."

Tegian tried to parse the first phrase and shrugged. Something about a goose which he knew was an Earth bird, but he didn't know what it had to do with the Christmas holiday. It hadn't been part of the celebration he had experienced last Stardate. The last bit was Klingon and he understood that.

Tegian took a deep breath. "Kestral, let me try things the way I've suggested, first. If we get desperate, I'll remove my modifications and we'll try it your way. It'll be modular. Don't worry. Because I want to make sure that after we get back, the VISOR is in perfect working order for you without delay. As the Commander has pointed out, we need your skills to fly us out of here."

(Reply Kestral)

"By the way, I noticed one thing. Our antimatter is just inert, not gone. I don't understand the physics of this place we're in, but we can't seem to use the antimatter to make a reaction. But, when we leave this dimension..." Tegian shrugged. "Well, the antimatter might just be fine. Of course, I don't have a clue how to get out of here with what we've got on the shuttle. Dr. Hollis, if you have any ideas, now's the time to suggest them while I work on the Ensign's VISOR."

(Reply Hollis)

She looked around, her vacant eyes drifting around the flight deck. "Unfortunately I didn't pay much attention in particle physics classes," she chuckled, "but if someone knows some trans dimensional FTL particle we could potentially use that as a rescue flare."

Tegian, who's carefully studying the VISOR says, "I'd need to reread some of the finer points before I'd trust trying to do anything.

(reply any)

(Posted by Keith)

(USS Argos - Flight Deck - CMO Commander Quinn Solice - 0943)

Quinna sat and listened to the conversations around her. She was concerned about the plan but it was one of the first plans that had potential.

After T'Mur cautioned Piripi about putting herself in any danger. And T'Mur went back to scanning, Quinnna decided to move by T'Mur. Quietly, She leaned in. "Are you doing ok?"

(Reply T'Mur)

"You know any of us would put ourselves at risk if it meant saving anyone else," Quinn said.

(Reply T'Mur)

Quinna bit her lower lip. She did not have any better plans. "I will be monitoring her the entire time like I am monitoring others," Quinna assured T'Mur.

(Reply any)

(Posted by Kris B)

(USS Argos – Flight Deck – Pilot Ensign Pihi 'Kestral' Piripi – 0945)

Pihi listened as Commander T'Mur spoke, concluding with " So we will not take *any* risk without due consideration of everyone's safety. That includes you. Is that clear?"

“Crystal,” she replied.

Before she could reply, Mr. Pex spoke "Kestral, let me try things the way I've suggested, first. If we get desperate, I'll remove my modifications and we'll try it your way. It'll be modular. Don't worry. Because I want to make sure that after we get back, the VISOR is in perfect working order for you without delay. As the Commander has pointed out, we need your skills to fly us out of here."

Pihi sighed, recognizing the logic spoken, but not fully agreeing with the premise. Nevertheless, she's wait to see how things progressed. She was quite familiar with the risk/reward balance that Star Fleet seemed to play with its officers.

First rule of survival was staying alive. So, time to survive. She knew she had to trust the rest of the crew on the shuttle, but that was not something she had fully accepted yet. She was the outsider here, and these were not her people. She wasn't sure they had accepted her either, but here they were. She listened to the others and held her tongue.

(Reply any)

(Posted by Pippa)

(USS Argos - Flight Deck - 2O/CSec/Tac - Lt Commander T'Mur - 0946)

T'Mur became aware of Quinna's presence in the ever crowding flight deck. She could feel a nagging pressure in her skull where she hit her head. The loss of gravity did not help the ache, but dimmed light did ease it a bit. The bright lights from the sensor monitors illuminated the area. She was also starting to feel the separation from Sienna. They were in different universes. There was the knowledge that her mate was still alive, but little else was making it through any dimensional rift.

Quinna leaned in and said softly, "Are you doing ok?"

T'Mur shrugged, "I suppose that depends on your definition of okay. I do have a low level headache, which is causing a minor distraction in my concentration, and I am ... feeling Sienna's absence. However, I am able to function. So I suppose I should say that I am fine. I am concerned about Ensign Piripi, who seems to care little for her own welfare."

"You know any of us would put ourselves at risk if it meant saving anyone else," Quinn said.

"Indeed," T'Mur nodded, instantly regretting the sudden motion of her head, "myself included. However, I would rather wait until that time is imminent rather than plan for it now. The best we can do now is wait and see if the doorway opens again, and if we can manipulate our way through it. Or if we can get a message to the Illuminar or the Raptor. I am certain that they are looking for us."

"I will be monitoring her the entire time, like I am monitoring others," Quinna assured T'Mur. T'Mur bowed her head slightly, "Thank you Quinna. It is gratifying to have you here with me. Please continue to check in with me. If I become a detriment to the group I will need your care."

(reply Quinna)

(posted by Al Muir)

(USS Argos – Aft Deck - CEO - Lieutenant Jg Tegian Pex - 1124)

Tegian had labored over the VISOR for more than an hour. He'd been back and forth between different compartments in the shuttle and most of them were open, with parts strewn all over the side of the shuttle where he was working. The VISOR was intact, in fact, untouched, so far. Tegian kept scanning it with his tricorder and he had three separate PADDs where he was making notes. A fourth PADD showed a schematic that was coming into focus as he sorted through the parts that were available on the shuttle. He worked in complete silence. He didn't talk to himself, he didn't even make noise when he would go search in one of the compartments. If someone asked him a question, he would focus on the conversation and then go back and ignore everyone but the work.

(USS Argos – Aft Deck - CEO - Lieutenant Jg Tegian Pex - 1232)

A bit more than an hour later, Tegian had run multiple simulations of the device he'd created on his PADD and he was finishing it up. A very slender connection ran to the VISOR that could be

pulled out. He'd found the diagnostic port of the VISOR and fashioned the connector to use that port. In his tests, he'd found the VISOR could be powered from that port, as if the designers had foreseen the need for external power. The other end of the connector ran to what he considered an ugly collection of random parts that he'd soldered together. The shuttle still smelled of his soldering, but with the replicator offline, he had to make due with the spare parts he could find. All the PADD simulations showed that the power coming from the phaser power packs wouldn't funnel back to Kestral.

He'd spent additional time on the VISOR making sure that it wouldn't draw any power from her once it was connected as long as the diagnostic port was connected. As soon as he pulled that connection, however, it would revert to its normal operation. Satisfied that he'd checked his work a dozen times and the results were consistent, he looked around for the doctor.

"Doctor Solice, I could use a second set of eyes to check my work, please."

(Reply Solice)

(Posted by Keith)

(USS Argos – Flight Deck Deck - CMO Commander Quinn Solice - 1235)

Quinna sat there reading a book from her pack. Everyone was busy and she was basically a paperweight at this point. She would make the occasional walk-through to check everyone and make sure they were hydrated and such. So you can imagine how elated she was when someone called for her help.

"Doctor Solice, I could use a second set of eyes to check my work, please," Pex said from the Aft.

Quinna quickly jumped to her feet. "On my way," she said as she crossed into the Aft section.

(Argos -- Aft Section -- CMO Commander Quinn Solice 1236)

"Hey there. Watcha' ya needin'?" Quinn said with a little curve in her stance. "Sorry, how can I help?"

(Reply Pex)

“Well, I can certainly try.”

(Reply Pex, Any)

(Posted by Kris B)

(Argos -- Aft Section -- CEO - Lieutenant Jg Tegian Pex - 1238)

I help?"

Logan sorted up and binned, not sure if she was hitting or not. Doctor, can you please check the VISOR settings with me. I'll explain what I've done and I'll show you the simulations on the PADD and you can ask any questions you might have before we give the VISOR back to Ensign Piripi."

“Well, I can certainly try.”

Tegian spent the next ten minutes going over the safeguards he'd put in place, showed her what happened with the power draw with the connector plugged into the diagnostic port and what happened when it was removed. He showed her the simulation on the PADD and all the runs he'd done that showed the same results, no matter how much power he funneled through the connector.

He also showed her how he could add power packs to the ungainly lump of spare parts, if they found that one power pack wasn't sufficient and that even with four power packs, there still wouldn't be any feedback to Ensign Piripi.

"Can you think of anything I've missed? Anything else you'd want to check or see before we try this out?"

(Reply Solice, Any)

(Posted by Keith)

(Argos -- Aft Section --CMO Commander Quinn Solice - 1240)

"Doctor, can you please check the VISOR settings with me? I'll explain what I've done and I'll show you the simulations on the PADD and you can ask any questions you might have before we give the VISOR back to Ensign Piripi."

“Well, I can certainly try.”

Quinna glided over to Pex. With gravity not operating at the moment, they were truly flying. Some say it is like swimming but it is entirely different. Doing a breaststroke was pointless without the water to help propel you through the water. She found herself using her legs to keep her seated at the table. She made a deep exhale and thought she could see her breath. Quinna helped Pex with the Visor.

"Can you think of anything I've missed? Anything else you'd want to check or see before we try this out?"

"You seem to have it fully covered, I want to make sure I get pre-readings on Piripi and then do continuous reading while she had the visor on."

(Reply Pex, Any)

(Posted by Kris B)

(Argos -- Aft Section -- CMO Commander Quinn Solice - 1245)

As the VISOR project came to fruition, Quinn agreed to monitor and pull the project if she saw any lingering dangerous issues. Quinn was basically in idle mode through the rest of the duration while on the shuttle. She did hospitality rounds checking on everyone. She made suggestions or rest and occasionally pulled the "Doctor" card. She took her advice and got some shuteye as well.

(posted by Kris)

A heavy leather cowboy hat sat atop Brian McCaffrey's dark hair, the human leaning forward as they came into the area of space that Starfleet was so concerned about.

"Jin, you said that those ships, the Illuminar and the Raptor, they said they lost a shuttle here?" Brian sounded incredulous. The place that they were approaching had nothing there. Literally. Nothing. Empty space, no debris, no stars, no nothing. Brian gave the asian earth woman a confused look.

"Look Bri..." Jin spoke, turning towards the 'captain'. Stepping onto the bridge was their medic, both body and ship, an andorian named Rigel. Rigel made his way to their sensor station and looked over at Jin. This ship only had five personnel, the Captain, their pilot/first officer/astrogator, the medic/engineer, the supercargo and one jack of all trades who was apprenticing with an eye towards being a supercargo or a pilot.

Rigel held up his hand, "This area of space is riddled with something that doesn't make a lot of sense. Like pockets of unreality. I've never seen anything like this before. Recommend we back out the way we came in, and avoid those traps."

Jin frowned as her fingers danced over the worn instruments of this ship. The forward viewscreen, old, with dead pixels and a crack in one corner, lit up. Rigel interfaced and a map of the space around them lit up, the pockets in a bright, warning red.

"Da-yum." Brian leaned forward, "Jin, Rigel get us out of here. The last thing we need is." A bang was heard and a scream, "Geez. Right. Get us to safety, then tell Starfleet that their shuttle isn't here." Brian moved across the battered deck plating and decided that now was the time to send that call out.

"Illuminar this is the cargo hauler, ECS Boardwalk Jazz. We've reached the coordinates of where your missing shuttle should be and there is nothing here, no life signs, no signs of destruction of the size of your shuttle. My engineer and pilot are sending some readings to you. We're surrounded by pockets of what my engineer is calling 'unreality' and when we hit one, it did us a disservice that we need to repair.

Jin spoke up, "We have backed out of the distortion, and are safely 100k meters out. I theorize that one of two things has happened. If that shuttle was in warp, it's likely when they hit one of these pockets that it was thrown a large distance, or that the shuttle is in one of those pockets."

The Andorian muttered, crawling under a panel, "Our aft sensor array has no power where we collided. We're lucky it was just the aft sensors. But we're not going to be able to effectively search." A banging sound was heard as Rigel began to pull isolinear chips and replace the burned out ones

"We're a crew of five, Illuminar, and this ship isn't exactly modern. We'll look and keep scanning. At the least you'll have enough information coming in." Brian sighed and hit the button, "Jazz out."

Brian turned to Jin, "Get the supercargo and the assistant up here, Geri can scan and that new girl can learn all about the joys of space travel. Rigel, is this distortion emitting anything that is going to hurt us?"

"N-no. But it's something to keep an eye on." Rigel spoke, getting out from under the console. Tapping buttons he frowned, "I don't understand it. That should have fixed the aft sensor array. It didn't. I need to suit up and get out there and take a look at it closer."

"I don't think that's the right plan, Rigel. We need you here, and if we by some random chance, find that shuttle, the people aboard it are going to need your assistance. Now, can this bucket of bolts compute where that shuttle got tossed?"

Rigel shook his head, "Not easily. We need to put out subspace transponders to warn anyone coming through to drop out of warp... or divert around. Once it gets mapped."

Brian nodded, "Do it, and keep in contact with Starfleet."

(reply any on the Illuminar, none)

(posted by Mel)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - Tac - Ensign T'Merl- 2020)

T'Merl stood in front of the tactical station as she monitored the communication from the Boardwalk Jazz. What an odd name for a ship, but then again, she never really did understand how humans named their ships. Sometimes they made sense, like to honor a person, but sometimes they were simply on a whim.

The Caitian had been had been recording the information that the ship had been transmitting.

=^=We're a crew of five, Illuminar, and this ship isn't exactly modern. We'll look and keep scanning. At the least you'll have enough information coming in. Jazz out.=^=

"Rrrogerrr that, Boarrrd walk," T'Merl replied. "we appreciate annny assistance you can give."

She closed the channel and looked at the incoming data. They weren't kidding when the said their technology wasn't modern. The code they used to send the information was... ancient, really. She was lucky that they were still able to translate it.

"Vice-admmiral," she called out. "We arre receiving transmitted data frromm the Boarrdwalk Jazz. The arrea of space is, shall we say, innnterresting. Forrrwarrding the data to the science station."

(reply Winters, any)

(Reply Winters, any)  
(posted by Al Muir)

End Compile

## End Sample