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1.

Mission: Transitions

Day:1

Stardate: 2446.09.17

(Starbase Freedom - Level 1 – Main Ops - CO's Office CO - Captain Casian Dahr - 0800)

Casian sat back and sighed. It had been a long week and it was about to get longer. This trial for Ariel Trei weighed heavily on his mind. The JAG representative that had been sent out was clear on his path and Casian didn't like it. Nothing is ever that cut and dry, but Lt. Commander Jar'el was a Vulcan and they rarely saw things in shades of gray. He was already the Vulcan equivalent of irritated when he had learned that after letting Trei stew in her cell for three days that Dahr had agreed to release to Commander Solice.

Solace was another wrinkle to contemplate. For a ship's doctor she had proven herself to be quite a valuable asset, beyond her medical skills, during the entire affair. She was standing behind her crew mate, even under these situations, and he had to respect that. She had proven to be a thorn in the side in the course of her own investigation of the incident, wanting full access to security feeds and access to personnel, while building her defense.

To be honest, the only necessary damaging evidence against Trei was the video feed of the actual acton. And that was damning. He had to wonder how Solice intended to dispute it. Jar'el thought it to be illogical, and Dahr couldn't help but agree. But humans were such an illogical species. In none of his seven lifetimes had Dahr experienced Slice's level of passion for justice. He found it refreshing. But the bottom line was the question, did she have justifiable cause to murder that woman. That was what he was going to have to find out.

[Captain Dahr, this is your reminder that your presence is required on level 13 in the Security Conference Room in thirty minutes.]

Dahr tapped the computer interface to turn off the alarm. He put both his hands on the edge of the desk, took a deep breath and stood up. "Once more unto the breach," he said, repeating a phrase he'd heard from a human captain, that he had come to understand over the years of his service. He picked up his PADD and headed out the door.

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13 – Security Suites - Security Conference Room - 0810)

The one morning that there were no problems with the turbolifts brought Dahr to the conference room much earlier than he had anticipated. As he entered the room he looked to see how it had been rearranged to accommodate the trial. A raised platform had been put in the back of the room, making it now the central place of authority. A desk had been put on the platform. Two tables had been set up in front of the platform with two chairs behind each table. A small table and chair had been put beside the platform with a computer interface beside that. There was a row of five chairs for the court member panel set to the side of the room. Chairs had also been set up for the witness pool or observers.

Dhar hadn't really anticipated many observers. However, one rarely knew. It had taken a bit to pull the get the panel together. Even a bit more to find a Klingon command officer to be part of that panel, a request from Commander Solice. But he had managed. They were sequestered of in an antechamber awaiting the start of the proceedings.

The only person in the room at this time was Jar'el. The Vulcan was seated at his table with three PADDs on the table before him.

"Lt. Commander," Dahr nodded as he passed him.

"Captain," Jar'el replied with a nod. They had met upon his arrival on the station and hadn't talked beyond that initial conversation. Jar'el believed that it would be... imprudent.

Dahr walked past him, to the podium and sat in the seat behind his desk. He placed his own PADD in front of him and sat back, waiting for the others to arrive.

(reply Solice, Trei, Taylor, Weston, any)
(posted by Al Muir)

2. Mission: Transitions

Day:1

Stardate: 2446.09.17

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(reply Solice, Trei, Taylor, Weston, any)

(posted by Al Muir)

3.

Mission: Transitions

Day: 1

Stardate: 2446.09.17

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13- Security Conference Room - Chief of Security - Lt. Hank Samuels - 0820)

Hank had been called as a witness by the prosecutor. Lt. Commander Jar'el had made short work of their initial interview. He seemed to be intrigued by Trei's comments during their interview, especially when Trei made her statement about Klingon involvement would be bad for the Chief of Security. The chief had basically been unconcerned about her threats, knowing many Klingons and had knowledge of their inner workings.

As Hank found a seat he nodded to the JAG officer. "Lt. Commander Jar'el."

"Lt. Samuels," Jar'el replied.

Samuels found a seat and opened his PADD. He checked to ensure the duty roster had been filled and that there had been no incidents during the night. It was a nice change to find the station peaceful. That was not usually the case on a station that housed so many civilians. Dhar had promised to find him an assistant to help cover civilian matters. He hoped that he would make good on that promise soon. That would leave him free to tend to Federation security matters.

He looked up at the captain behind the desk on the raised platform and smiled. He did not look comfortable in the spotlighted position. After all, he was a man of action, not a lawyer.

Hank closed his eyes and began to meditate as he waited for the trial to start.

(reply none)

(posted by Al Muir)

4.

Mission: The Tholian Brief

Day: 1

Stardate: 2446.09.18

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13 - Security Conference Room - Lt. Andy Taylor and Lt. Michael Weston - 0822)

Michael and Andy had breakfast together. They had both been called as potential witnesses, so it made sense that they would have breakfast and arrive together at the trial. As they ate there was little for them to talk about with the trial. Although Andy had brought up how much trouble they would have been in if their actions on the Rhyne were brought to light, But that was not likely to happen. Hopefully. Quinna had been tight lipped about her defense, even when she and Michael were alone.

As they entered the room they nodded to Lt. Samuels, who returned their nod. At this point they had to separate as Taylor was called by the prosecution and Weston by the defense. Michael smiled an evil smile.

"Friends of the bride and friends of the groom," he said.

"I guess," Taylor drawled with his thick southern accent. "See you after."

"Hopefully," Michael replied and found a sea as Taylor went over to sit by Samuels.

(reply none)

(posted by Al Muir)

5.

Mission: Transitions

Day:1

Stardate: 2446.09.17

(USS Illuminar -- Deck 2 -- Personal Quarters -- CMO Commander Quinna Solice -- 0730)

Quinna spent much of her time sequestering herself in her quarters on the Illuminar. The Illuminar was docked at the station for the time being. After all one of their own was facing a tribunal for her actions of killing an unarmed person. Most of the civilians seemed to be on Ariel's side but ultimately they were not going to be making the decision.

Many nights, Michael would come and check in with Quinna. It was her time to take a break and to be honest, he would make her put it all away, eat a little something, and make her go to bed. They did not talk about it. They did not talk much, and Quinna wanted to speak to Michael. With everything that went down. She wanted to take a few days and just be with him trying to find out the next step.

Quinna had to be prepared. She knew they were swimming upstream. Per Trei's request, Quinna reached out to the Klingon homeworld. She spoke with Under Chancellor Herow. He heard about charges against the head of a Klingon house. He also stated that to go against the federation could bring war and that the fate of the mixed breed head of the House of Mogh was not worth losing the current state if affairs between the Klingon Race and the Federation. However, if he could, he would make arrangements to attend and be available. One of the things that Herow did was send Quinna some information from both the government and medical scientists.

Another contact that Quinna made was to the Betazoid home world. She wanted to cover all her bases here. Quinna did not want to leave no stone unturned.

Standing at her replicator, Quinna waited for her to-go coffee to produce. She probably should eat but her stomach was tied in knots from worry and nerves.

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13 – Security Suites - Corridore outside of Security Conference Room - 0815)

Quinna stood outside staring at the blank wall in front of her. She waited for Ariel to join her. She had missed many of the major players entering the room which was a good thing. She was a ball of Nerves and she needed that quiet minute to calm herself. Just as Quinna took a confident deep breath, Trei arrived, "Are you ready for this?" Quinna asked her friend.

(Reply Trei)

"Ok, let's do this," Quinna said as she stood. She took one last check of her uniform before they entered.

Quinna let Ariel enter first as a customary polite gesture and then entered herself. She was smiling as she noted an already full conference room.

(Reply All)

(Posted by Kris B)

6.

Mission: Transitions

Day: 1

Stardate: 2446.09.17

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13- Security Conference Room SPA LT Ariel Trei - 08.16)

Ariel could see that Quinna was nervous. She softly patted her shoulder to calm her down. She wore a gold security dress and told Quinna she was ready. Her fate was in Quinna's hands. At this point she will not be talking much during the trial unless she took the stand. There was a way for her to show what she saw that day. She would have to take the stand to do so. Quinna asked if she was ready.

"I am ready Ma'am"

She entered the room before Quinna and took a seat at the defense table. She looked around and saw one Klingon on the Jury. There was probably a betazoid on the jury as well. Hopefully they can be convinced of her intent to do the right thing. She settled in the chair and let Quinna go to work. She gave Quinna a reassuring smile and watched as the trial began.

(Reply Quinna, Any)

(Posted by Edward)

7.

Mission: Transitions

Day:1

Stardate: 2446.09.17

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13 – Security Suites - Security Conference Room - CO- Captain Casian Dahr - 0830)

Dahr watched as the participants of the trial filed into the court scene. The last to arrive were Commander Solice and Lt. Trei. Solice looked a good mixture of concerned and confident at the same time. He could imagine what was going through her mind as her client felt she behaved in an acceptable manner, but was it the manner acceptable of a Starfleet officer.

Trei looked as defiant as ever. She not wavered one iota from the belief that her actions were not only justifiable but also necessary. He sighed wishing that she could show, at the least, some kind of remorse for her actions. It would certainly give him some room for leniency, if things went badly for them.

The last person to enter was Zerín, his chief engineer and friend. They had served together during the war and became friends after both of their retirements. He was pretty sure it wasn't a coincidence that Zerín turned up as a civilian contractor on Freedom. So when he was asked to return to duty to run the station he could only think of one person he'd trust as the CEO. it was that friendship that prompted the V'tosh Ka'tur vulcan to show up and give his friend some moral support.

Dahr smiled at his friend who nodded back as he sat in the back of the room. There were a few spectators, crew from the Illuminar, who were there to watch the proceedings, and a few official looking people sitting as well. One of them was a betazoid observer that was there to ensure that there were no "telepathic shenanigans," as she had put it. It was a standard protocol when any being with telepathic abilities is involved.

Dahr tapped his comm badge, "Send in the panel."

The doors opened and the order to rise rang out.. The five command officers entered the chamber and took their seats. There were two humans, a Bajoran, a Vulcan and a Klingon. They entered without a word and settled in to hear the evidence. The rest of the room stood as they entered and sat as they sat.

With the panel seated Dahr began. There was a bell ringing and he announced, "We are here to try the case of Lt. Ariel Trei in the matter of murder and conduct unbecoming of a Starfleet officer. Just for clarity, how does the defendant plead?"

(reply Solice)

Dahr nodded, "Then let's get this party started. Lt. Commander Jar'el, proceed with your opening statement."

The Vulcan stood and moved around the table. "Lt. Trei, but the evidence presented, will be shown to have killed the person now known as Khamel after gratuitously mutilating her, after she had already had her in an indefensible position, instead of holding her for detainment by the station's own security team on hand." Jar'el nodded and sat back down.

Dahr looked at Solice, 'Commander Solice, do you have an opening statement?"

(reply Solice)

(posted by Al Muir)

8.

Mission: Transitions

Day:1

Stardate: 2446.09.17

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13 – Security Suites - Security Conference Room -CMO
Commander Quinna Solice -- 0835)

Quinna sat and watched as things began. As the panel entered, Quinna wondered if this was what is it like to swim uphill without a paddle. She had her strategy and was ready for this to be done.

And then it started. “We are here to try the case of Lt. Ariel Trei in the matter of murder and conduct unbecoming of a Starfleet officer. Just for clarity, how does the defendant plead?”

Quinna stood, “Not guilty,” And then sat back down. She looked over at Trei.

Dahr nodded, “Then let’s get this party started. Lt. Commander Jar’el, proceed with your opening statement.”

Quinna watched the Vulcan. She had not met him. This was the time she has seen him. “Lt. Trei, but the evidence presented, will be shown to have killed the person now known as Khamel after gratuitously mutilating her, after she had already had her in an indefensible position, instead of holding her for detainment by the station’s own security team on hand.” Jar’el nodded and sat back down.

Dahr looked at Solice, ‘Commander Solice, do you have an opening statement?’

Quinna stood and moved toward the panel. She suddenly felt the collar of her uniform get tighter. “There is no doubt that Lt. Trei killed Khamel. Khamel was a danger to everyone’s safety, and Lt. Trei acted according to her nature. It is in her nature to serve and protect. Her nature is to take out the threat by any means necessary. Now, Lt. Trei is on trial for doing what she needed to do to ensure the safety of the station.” Quinna nodded and returned to her seat.

(Reply Dahr, Trei, Any)

(posted by Kris B)

9.

Mission: Transitions

Day:1

Stardate: 2446.09.17

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13 – Security Suites - Security Conference Room - Lt. Commander Jar'el, Commander Quinna Solice, Lt Hank Samuels - 0836)

Jar'el listened to Solice's opening statement, appreciative that she had been brief. Many humans in her position seem to have a need to expound on their arguments so needlessly. He did not see the logic of her argument, but was now intrigued to hear how she would prove her point.

When bade to begin the Vulcan stood up and moved to the side of the table.

"I would like to direct your attention to the center of the room. I present exhibit A, the video feed of the incident in question. I have included, in anticipation of the question of Lt. Trei's frame of reference, the events preceding her actions. Observe."

There was a flicker and the holographic image of the promenade appeared in the clearing between Dahr and the counsels. The image zoomed into a scene showing Weston and Solice exiting a restaurant. A woman stepped in front of them and suddenly vaporized. The image zoomed out to show a series of random people suddenly vaporizing. The promenade broke into pandemonium.

The scene changed to show a cloaked figure exit an access hatch carrying a package. The image panned to show Trei firing through the crowd at the figure. Jar'el paused the image.

"For the record, six people were killed," Jar'el announced. "At this point we are uncertain that this person is responsible for those deaths. However, Lt Trei had decided that they were and fired through a crowd." He paused for a moment. "Admittedly it was an excellent shot."

He restarted the projection to show the figure dropping their package. Then Trei rushed at the figure and tackled her. She had the woman pinned to the deck then pulled out a pair of daggers and slashed the woman's wrists. Jar'el paused the feed.

“Observe that the person that Lt. Trei had decided was the perpetrator of the killings was already submitted and restrained before she pulled out her daggers,” Jar’el stated then continued the scene.

They watched as Trei leaned over and whispered into the prostrate woman’s ear, then slashed at the woman’s face and carved a symbol into her forehead. Pause.

“Our analysis shows that the symbol is that of the house of Mohg,” Jar’el pointed out. Continue.

Trei continued slash and mutilate the body of her victim then reared up and plunged one of the daggers into her heart. He paused the feed at that moment. The image shifted to show the face of Trei at the moment of the strike. Her teeth were bared and a feral smile spread across her face. He left that image up as he spoke his next words.

“These were the events,” he said coldly, “and they are incontrovertible.”

He looked over at Solice and Trei, and then up at Dahr.

“Dahr looked down at Solice and said, “Commander Solice, would like to contest any part of these events at this time?”

“We are not denying that the events occurred as seen on the footage.” Quinna knew that now was not the time to be confrontational. The footage was indeed factual. Quinna had seen the video so many times that she now sees it in her dreams and often haunted her.

“Noted,” Dahr said. “Continue Lt. Commander.”

Jar’el nodded, “We call Lt. Hank Samuels.”

Samuels stood up and moved to the witness chair.

“Have a seat Lieutenant,” Dahr commanded. “Put your hand in the computer sensor. Do you swear that the testimony you are about to give will be the truth and nothing but the truth.”

“I do,” Samuels replied.

[Sensors are aligned with Lt. Hank Samuels, Security Chief for Starbase Freedom.]

Dahr nodded, satisfied and looked again to Jar'el. "Proceed."

"Lt Samuels," Jar'el began, "were you witness to these events." He indicated to where the hologram had been.

"No sir," Samuels replied. "Captain Dahr had me engaged in another matter at that time. However, I have had multiple opportunities to go through the recording."

"Indeed," the Vulcan said. "And in those opportunities did you see any way that the victim of Lt. Trei could have been threat enough to require the execution she performed."

"No sir," Samuels replied, "I did not. The person, now identified by Lt. Weston as Khamel had been completely subdued."

"And when you questioned Lt Trei did she offer an explanation of her actions?"

"She did," the El Arian said. "She said that not only was it a necessity, but also that she had a right to do so. Her exact words were, "Under Klingon law I had the right to act the way I did." I will add that she admitted that against the counsel of her lawyer. She claimed that she was acting under the Klingon Honor Challenge."

"Do you agree with her assessment of the situation?" Jar'el asked.

"No sir, I do not," Samuels replied almost angry.

"And why not?"

"Because," Samuels said looking at Trei, "she was wearing a Starfleet uniform, not a Klingon uniform. And this is a Federation starbase, not the old Earth American Wild West. We can't have people saying that there's no law of Freedom except the one we make ourselves."

Jar'el nodded. "I have no more questions."

He returned to his seat.

Quinna stood and pulled at her tunic. She took a few steps forward, "Lt. Samuels can you walk me through the events from the time your team arrested Lt. Trei to when you interrogated her?"

Samuels looked stunned, "Ma'am?" Then, interpreting the question as best he could, he said, "They took Lt. Trei into custody and escorted her to the brig. She went into the cell and there she sat until our arrival."

"I see," Quinna said. "Lt. Trei was not checked by any medical personnel?"

Confused Samuels replied, "No ma'am. She did not appear to be injured."

"Besides the fact that Lt. Trei was covered in blood, isn't it Starfleet best practice that with infractions of this magnitude to have the accused undergo a physical to rule out any outside factors causing this sort of reaction?" Quinna asked the Lieutenant.

"And a psychological examination," Samuels admitted. "Both of which have been administered since my interview. Neither of which showed anything of significance. But I'm sure that will be covered by somebody more qualified than I."

Quinna was a bit shocked. "Oh, Apparently I did not receive that report." Quinna said. "So you are saying that no medical examination was done?"

"By my staff? No. But again, she did not present as being damaged," Samuels said.

"Thank-you." Quinna moved to her seat. "I have no further Questions." Quinna made some notes on her PADD. She wondered why she was not given the psychological report.

Jar'el stood up, "Redirect, sir?" Dahr nodded. "Lieutenant, did Lt. Trei receive the standard treatment of any detainee."

"Yes, sir," Hank replied strongly.

Jar'el sat down and Dahr looked at his confused security chief. "Thank you Lieutenant. You are dismissed. Your next witness."

(reply Trei, if you want)

(posted by Al Muir and Kris Bailey)

10.

Mission: Transitions

Day:1

Stardate: 2446.09.17

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13 – Security Suites - Security Conference Room - Lt. Commander Jar’el, Lt Andy Taylor, Commander Quinna Solice, Lt. Michael Weston - 0850)

“I call Lt. Andrew Taylor,” Jar’el said, sounding official.

Taylor stood up, straightened his uniform and walked to the witness stand. He put his hand on the sensor and was recorded by the computer. When he was settled in the chair he looked up at Jar’el.

“How well do you know Lt. Trei, Lt. Taylor?” Jar’el started his questioning.

Taylor shrugged, “I don’t know. About as well as anyone knows her I guess. She kind of presents herself as a part girl, but she really keeps to herself most of the time.”

“Would you classify her as a loner?” the Vulcan clarified.

“Objection,” Quinna stood. “The witness is not qualified to classify Lt. Trei.”

Jar’el raised an eyebrow, acknowledging the objection. “I would argue that as a member of the Illuminar’s security department Lt. Taylor is abundantly qualified. Also, I am asking him to make a classification on the basis of someone that he has personal knowledge of. I am looking for his opinion based on that knowledge.”

Dahr made a thoughtful look, then passed judgment, “I will allow it, for now. But be careful Lt. Commander.”

“I guess,” Taylor replied. “Whether by circumstance or design, I rarely see her with others.”

“Lt. Taylor, you were with Lt. Trei during her assault on the victim, Khamel?” he asked.

“It would be more accurate to say that we were teamed up,” Andy drawled.

“Indeed,” Jar’el nodded, “let’s be accurate. Where were you during that assault?”

“Well I wouldn’t classify it as an assault,” Taylor said. “She was trying to save lives.”

“Save lives?” Jar’el sounded surprised. “That is an interesting perspective which I will address later. Shall we stay with our current question. Where were you?”

“I was a little behind her,” Taylor answered. “She had identified the assassin and raced forward to apprehend her before anything else happened.”

“And how, exactly, did she inform you that she had identified this “assassin?” Jar’el asked.

“She didn’t, exactly, inform me,” Andy admitted. “But I could tell by her body language and her move into action that she’d found her quarry.”

“I see,” Jar’el looked thoughtful. “And how do you suspect that she did that?”

“Objection,” Quinna stood again, “Witness cannot speak for Lt. Trei. Action. Opinions are not Facts.” (I may change the wording)

Dahr nodded, “Sustained. Unless you know something we don’t, Lt. Commander, move on.”

Jar’el raised an eyebrow, putting that question aside. Whether Trei acted against telepathic ethics code is not why they were there. He dropped the line.

“So when you caught up to her tell us what you saw that happened, exactly.”

Taylor knew that this was the purpose of his testimony here. He sighed and looked over at Ariel With sorrow in his eyes. Although omit was true that he barely knew her they had experienced something together and that drew a camaraderie from him, which equated to a form of loyalty that he could not commit to here.

Softly he said, “When I caught up to her she was striking Khamel in the chest with her dagger.”

“That is not **exactly** what occurred,” Jar’el declared. “You omitted a vital piece of information.”

Quinna raised an eyebrow. “Objection.” Quinna stood. “The Lt. Commander asked the Lt. what he saw. The Lt. Commander cannot tell the Lt. what he saw or didn’t see. Quinna emphasised the word ‘saw’ because that was the question.

Jar'el raised an eyebrow and said, "I did, indeed, ask what he saw, and he responded. Perhaps I did not phrase my follow up correctly. I will rephrase You saw Lt. Trei stab a woman who you had not yet identified. What did you do next."

Taylor shrugged, trying hard not to help this prosecutor as much as he could. "I don't really recall."

"Allow me to help your memory," he said.

He activated the holographic image of Taylor making his way through the crowd, seeing Trei and what she was about to do. He stretched out his hand and cried out, "Ariel." He paused the video.

"Why did you try to stop her?" the Vulcan asked.

"Objection," Quinna stood. "The Lt. already testified that he did not recall that action, so why would he recall why he did it?" It was a logical argument.

"Perhaps the holo-video... jogged his memory?" Jar'el shot back. "Perhaps seeing his actions he can recall his motivation. Or perhaps the witness can answer the question himself. If he does not recall I would like to hear those words from his mouth. But as I look at his body language it is my conclusion that he does recall."

Dahr rubbed his eyes remembering why he had hoped for the JAG to send out an adjudicator. "I'm going to allow the question."

Quinna sat back down. Apparently Jar'el will always be better than her.

Andy squirmed in the chair a little, as he suddenly realized how uncomfortable it was. Maybe it wasn't the chair.

"There was so much happening at one time," Taylor stammered, trying to avoid answering the question directly. "There were people running in panic and security all over the place, I just thought..."

"What, Lieutenant? What did you think?" Jar'el pressed.

"Captain?" Quinna said, "bagering" Quinna thought that Jar'el's tone may actually place a fear to answer and say something just to say something.

"Captain," Jar'el replied calmly, "I hardly think emphasizing my request one time is badgering."

"Sorry Commander," Dahr said, "but I would have to agree with Jar'el on this one." He turned to Taylor, "Answer the question Lieutenant."

"I didn't think she should kill her," Taylor finally let out.

Quinna made note of what Taylor said.

"And why not?" Jar'el pressed.

"There were questions to be answered," Taylor said, his voice trailing off.

"And..." the Vulcan continued.

"And..." Andy continued, "killing her wasn't right, not like that. I'm sorry Commander. Ariel. But she shouldn't a killed her."

"No more questions," Jar'el said plainly and sat down.

Quinna stood and looked at Taylor, "Lt. Taylor, do you have any telepathic or empathic abilities?"

Taylor blinked. "No ma'am"

"Did you and Lt. Trei talk about killing the alleged assassin?" Quinna asked.

Andy squinted his face as he tried to remember week old conversations. "To be honest, I don't. I mean, once we were on the promenade we barely spoke. She separated from me almost immediately and she decided to get something to eat. I wasn't hungry."

Quinna thought one more moment, "Do you need a minute to be sure nothing was said?"

"Pretty sure," Andy said, starting to relax. After all, he was talking to Quinna.

“Then how did you know that Lt. Trei was going to kill?” Quinna asked. She hated plotting holes in her friend’s testimony but she needed to look after Trei.

Andy sighed, “I’ve never thought of Ariel as someone to do anything halfway. She was posed to stab the woman, and you know how you just get that feel?”

“Lt. Taylor, do you think you could have stopped Lt. Trei?” Quinna asked.

Andy took in a breath and let it out slowly. “I wish I could say yes, but I was just too far away.”

“Thank you, Lt. Taylor. No further Questions at this time.” Quinna returned to her seat.

Jar’el stood and straightened his tunic. “That is all I have at this time. But I do reserve the right to call rebuttal witnesses if the need arises.”

Dahr nodded. “Very well. Let’s recess here. Commander Solice, we will begin with the defense tomorrow. We’ll reconvene at 1000 hours.” He stuck the gavel and stood up to leave the room. The panel stood up, filed out and Dahr followed them. The few observers left and Jar’el left at the same time without speaking, leaving Solice, Trei, Taylor and Weston alone in the room

.

Michael moved behind Quinna and smiled supportively. “Did that go as you expected?”

“Does anything?” Quinna said, giving apologetic looks at those around her.

Michael leaned over and gave her a peck on the cheek. “I think you’re doing great, considering the circumstances. Don’t worry about anything else. This trial starts tomorrow.”

(reply Trei, any)

(posted by Al Muir, Kris B)

11.

NPR: I advanced the time a bit so it makes the initial part of the hearing a bit longer than 50 minutes

Mission: Transitions

Day:1

Stardate: 2446.09.17

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13 – Security Suites - Security Conference Room - CMO
Commander Quinna Solice - 0950)

Quinna looked at the three in the room with her. “Get some rest. Tomorrow is going to be another day.”

Quinna felt defeated. Something was bothering her about this. There was only one witness called. His testimony was worth going through and rewatching back in her quarters. Before she left, she turned to Ariel. “Please stay on the Illuminar until we meet tomorrow,” Quinna asked but Ariel was not bound to do what Quinna said. It was merely a suggestion.

Quinna walked out leaving the three behind. She needed time to think.

As Quinna walked along the station, she paid no attention to what was going on around her. Her goal was to get to the docking bay where the Illuminar and her sickbay awaited her. Quinna still needed to perform her regular duties.

(Reply Any)

(Posted by Kris B)

12.

Mission: Transitions

Day:2

Stardate: 2446.09.18

(Starbase Freedom - Level 14 Promemade SPA LT Ariel Trei - 18.00)

The trial was stressful today. She needed to do something fun. She changed from her Security gold uniform dress into a light blue dress. It made her look like a blue fountain pen with a red ink tip but it is what it is. She found a place called an Arcade. She looked it up on her PADD and read the description. An Arcade is a popular Teran place where people played video games and carnival games for tickets to exchange for prizes. This intrigued her so she entered the place. She saw a game called pop a shot. It was a basketball shooting game. She stepped up to the game and used some credits. The first try didn't go well but she did better after a few tries. She collected the tickets then moved on to a different game called Skee Ball. She was way better at this game and won a lot of tickets. She played this for a bit then found another game called Whack a Mole. She loved this game pounding moles when they popped their heads out of the hole. It was great to relieve the stress of the trial. She played this many times winning a pile of tickets. She took the tickets to the prize counter and chose a big plush dragon with fake fire coming out of its mouth. She was hungry at this point so she took a seat at a table and ordered some pepperoni pizza and Iced tea to drink. She had a great time.

(Reply Any)

(Posted by Edward)

13.

Mission: Transitions

Day:1

Stardate: 2446.09.17

(USS Illuminar - Deck 2 - Weston's Personal Quarters -SFI - Michael Weston -1801)

It had been a whirlwind couple of weeks since they had brought a close to the Tholian issue, but the repercussions still waged on. Ariel was on trial for her decisions on how she dealt with the threat of Khamel.

With Quinna tasked with defending Ariel, she had no time for a real reunion. They hadn't spent time together for nearly two months. And from what he saw at today's proceedings Quinna was in dire need of a break.

He stood in his kitchen, leaning over a pot and stirring its contents. He took in the aroma and smiled. It hadn't been easy finding the ingredients that he needed. His personal stores on the Illuminar had diminished, and his little garden in the arboretum was left untended.

Fortunately, he had found a hydroponics market on the lower level of the promenade where the proprietor grew a variety of exotic vegetables and herbs from many cultures, including fresh tomatoes and garlic. The Bolian proprietor said that he was surprised by the number of nonhuman "fleeters" who came back with a taste for certain Earth products. These two were quite popular.

Michael moved from the sauce to the pot of boiling tagliatelle pasta. He picked up a single strand with his spatula and threw it against the wall. He gave a satisfied smile as it stuck. Then he took a nibble and nodded. He gave a chef kiss to his fingers and drained the water.

Then he took off his apron. He'd tried his best but the black shirt he'd been wearing had spattering of flour on the shoulders. After dusting himself off he headed out his door.

(USS Illuminar - Deck 2 - Solice's Personal Quarters -SFI - Michael Weston and CMO Commander Quinna Solice -1805)

Quinna had a plan and decided that what she needed right now was a shower. She was sure that Michael would be there soon to make her put things away and rest so she thought that maybe she could be a little more alluring for him. Perhaps her little black dress would put a devious grin on his face. She laid it out on her bed as she left a trail of uniform from her bedroom to the shower.

The door opened to admit Michael. He looked around and saw the evidence of Quinna's work. On the table were several PADDs and a couple of books. He poked one of the books to find that it was a tome of Klingon law.

Then he heard the sound of the shower and moved towards the bedroom with a wicked smile on his lips. He picked up Quinna's uniform as he walked towards the shower. Leaning against the door jam he watched the silhouette of his girlfriend let the water run over her body. Finally, he clears his throat.

"It looks awfully lonely in there," he said.

Quinna took a deep breath. She had hoped to be out before he came over, but since there was no set time, "Really, because you are not the one in here, so how do you know how it looks? Maybe you should see for yourself." She replied back to Michael. Michael pulled his shirt off saying, "I thought you'd never ask." He removed the remainder of his clothes and stepped into the shower. Putting his arms around her waist he ran his hands along her lower back. "You want me to scrub your back?"

Quinna handed Michael the soap, "I have been wanting to talk to you. Things have changed a lot since the Tholian Brief has been outed."

Michael paused and crocked his neck, "You ain't just whistling Dixie." Then he soaped up his hand and began to run them up and down her spine. Each stroke moved lower and lower. "Things always seem to be changing though."

"I am sorry I have been overly busy with this case. I am not sure what they were thinking, having me defend Ariel. But I am sorry I have been too busy or too tired for you. For us. You have been taking care of me through this."

Michael pulled Quinna in tightly and nuzzled at her neck. "That's my job Nobody ever said it would be easy. But this hardly a time for apologies."

His hand moved past her lower back, and he could feel his own body stirring.

"When we are done, we should get away, just you and me," Quinna suggested. "We could go to Casperia Prime, Maybe. Not Risa. Risa is too much."

Michael held her back and looked into her eyes, "But where else can you experience Jamarahon Or get a genuine Horga'hon?" Then he chuckled. "So I should cancel our plans to visit the Tholian Assembly?" He saw the look on her face and smile. "Ok, Casperia Prime. Sounds a little dull after all of this. Just you and me, in a nature resort. We may even leave our suite to see some of it."

He pulled Quinna in tightly and pressed his lips against hers. Then he released her almost with a start. "Oh no," he said, "we need to get going or all my work will be ruined."

"Your hard work. Who said it was ruined?" Quinna was enjoying the massage with the cleaning.

"My mom would say that if we don't eat in the next fifteen minutes then it will be ruined," Michael said, quite seriously.

"Ok, time to get out," Quinna said as she turned off the water. There was something about a hot shower with water.

Michael stepped out of the shower and grabbed a towel. Then he handed a second towel to Quinna. When he was finished toweling off he turned and dried off Quinna's back, resisting the urge to go further. There would be time for that later. He dressed and made his way to the living room, to wait.

Quinna pulled on her black dress and proceeded to get dressed. Black strappy heels completed the look as she made it back to the living room. "What's for dinner?"

Michael wagged a finger and smiled, "And spoil my surprise? You'll just have to trust me." Then he held out his hand and took hold of her fingers. "Although you're looking quite tasty in that outfit."

"Thought I would try and look pretty for you," Quinna said as she leaned over and picked up her research to put it away. She never wanted it out. "Michael, have you heard from anyone yet?"

"Not exactly," Michael replied. "But I do know that the SFI Director will be out here in the next couple of days. Maybe with good news."

He wrapped her arm around his and headed out the door. "Meanwhile, I'm still disreputable."

"Oh you know how I like a bad boy." Quinna flashed him a smile.

(USS Illuminar - Deck 2 - Weston's Personal Quarters -SFI - Michael Weston -1820)

When the door opened the smell of Michael's cooking wafted down the corridor. The smell of tomato and garlic overwhelmed the ship's air system momentarily. Michael suspected that Luma enjoyed the sensations the smell brought out. He led Quinna to the exquisitely set table. He held out her chair and assisted her in sitting.

Bowing his head he said, "My lady, dinner is prepared. Give me a moment."

Michael disappeared into his kitchen leaving Quinna to examine the table setting, and the basket of still-warm, fresh-baked bread.

Quinna ran her fingers softly along the edge of the table as she moved to her seat. She closed her eyes and took in a deep inhale smelling the aromas but loved smelling the garlic. "Smells delightful," Quinna commented but it also smelt like comfort. Too bad she did not feel like eating.

He returned with two plates of tagliatelle pasta covered in a bolognese meat sauce. Gently, he placed a plate in front of Quinna and a second plate at his seat. He disappeared again, returning a moment later with a bottle of aromatic red wine. He poured a glass for Quinna and another for himself before he sat down. Looking up he smiled affectionately at Quinna.

Quinna smiled back. Her hand reached for his. She took hold and rubbed his hand with her free thumb. "This is incredible."

Michael lifted her hand to his lips and kissed it, "Just a little something I threw together for you. In case you thought I hadn't missed you."

Quinna caresses his cheek and only three words come to mind to say, "I love you."

"The feeling, my dear," he said with a wink, "is quite mutual. Now eat up before you insult my family's cooking honor."

Quinna scooped up some pasta on her fork and took a bite. Though she was not hungry, she dared not insult the Weston Family's long history of cooking.

Michael could tell the lackluster attempt Quinna was making. He sighed and sat back. Then he leaned forward on his elbows. "This is supposed to be a night away. To let go, if just for a few hours. But you seem to be holding on, Quinna. So out with it. Let's get this out in the open. "

Quinna was a bit taken. Curious she asked "A night away? Let what out? What are you talking about?" Quinna put her fork down, took a deep breath, and continued in a calm voice. "I put my work away for the night, I dressed up for you, and I am eating the absolutely wonderful meal even though I am not hungry, so what am I doing wrong?"

Michael put his hands up in a surrender position. "You've done nothing wrong, love. If you're not hungry then we won't eat. My goal for tonight is just to help you relax."

"I am sorry, I am tired and mentally drained. You have been my bright beacon in all this." Quinna reached for Michael.

Michael moved out of his seat and knelt on the floor in front of Quinna. He pulled her into a deep hug. Holding her there for a moment then he said, "Wow, I've never been anyone's beacon before. I have been a burning barn for some."

Quinna took a deep breath though he could not see it, and she smiled. “Just remember that when I call you to testify.” Quinna pulled back and looked at Michael. She had not realized that tears had been flowing down her cheeks. The feeling of being overwhelmed seemed to flow out of her with those tears.

Michael could feel the tension melt through their contact. He pulled back and put his hands on Quinna’s cheeks. Using his thumbs he wiped her tears and smiled.

“And there’s my happy camper,” he said. He leaned in and kissed her gently, still tasting the sauce on her lips.

“You need a more serious distraction,” Michael said softly. “And I am very good at distraction.”

He moved his right hand behind Quinna’s back and gave a tug at the zipper.

(Reply None)

(Posted by Al M and Kris B)

14.

Mission: Transitions

Day:2

Stardate: 2446.09.18

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13 – Security Suites - Security Conference Room - CMO
Commander Quinna Solice, Lt. Commander Jar’el, Lt. Samuels, Captain Dahr... - 1000)

Jar’el entered the courtroom to find Solice and Trei already seated. The room had a few more spectators than the previous day, including Andy Taylor who was now sitting on the side of the defense. He was intrigued.

Dahr walked in with the jury panel. The people all stood up as they took their seats, and then they sat. Dahr looked down from the platform at Solice and smiled.

“At your convenience, Commander. Call your first witness.”

“Captain, I would like to recall Lt. Hank Samuels.” Quinna requested.

Hank was slightly surprised but stood up and moved to the witness stand. He put his hand on the sensor. [Identity confirmed, Lieutenant Hank Samuel. A reminder that you are still under oath.]

Dahr nodded at Samuels and then looked at Solice, “Proceed, Commander.”

“Lt. Samuels, I would like some clarification on your testimony. You claimed in your testimony that you had multiple opportunities to go through the recording, correct? Is it fair to say you have watched the video enough to know the details of the video?”

Quinna asked.

Samuels nodded, “I would say that was fair.”

“So you testified earlier that you believe Lt. Trei could not be acting Under the Manner of Klingon Law. Can you remember what led you to that conclusion?”

Hank smiled, "To my knowledge, she and Lt. Taylor were acting as agents of Starfleet. They would be expected to act within the protocols the fleet has set in place. They were also, if I'm not mistaken, acting as crew of the Illuminar as representatives of that ship." Quinna turned, "Actually you testified that she was in a Starfleet uniform." Quinna then went to the playback of the testimony...

~~~~~ Copy from (1 - 0835) ~~~~~

"And when you questioned Lt Trei did she offer an explanation of her actions?"

"She did," the El Arian said. "She said that not only was it a necessity, but also that she had a right to do so. Her exact words were, "Under Klingon law, I had the right to act the way I did." I will add that she admitted that against the counsel of her lawyer. She claimed that she was acting under the Klingon Honor Challenge."

"Do you agree with her assessment of the situation?" Jar'el asked.

"No sir, I do not," Samuels replied almost angrily.

"And why not?"

"Because," Samuels said looking at Trei, "she was wearing a Starfleet uniform, not a Klingon uniform. And this is a Federation starbase, not the old Earth-American Wild West. We can't have people saying that there's no law of Freedom except the one we make ourselves."

~~~~~

"I also wish to play back the video." Quinna then played back the video and paused it where Lt. Trei was visible in her outfit. "Lt. Samuels, when was Starfleet uniformed changed to Pink Cheerleading suits?"

Samuels shrugged, "I may have misspoke on the uniform, but not on her affiliation with the fleet or the Illuminar. Besides, dressed as she was, it was fortunate that she was not arrested as a private citizen."

Quinna then turned to look at Lt. Trei then back to the video and then at Lt. Samuels. "I also do not believe that Lt. Taylor's are in question. Why would you mention him along with Lt. Trei?"

“Lt. Trei and Lt Taylor arrived on the station together, with you Commander,” Samuels pointed out. “It was not a stretch to put them together.”

“As an El-Aurian, Wouldn’t you have a heightened sense of observation as part of your abilities?”

“I’m afraid you’d have to define what you mean by “heightened sense of observation.” I am extremely long-lived and have an exceptional long-term memory. Short term, however, can hold its difficulties, like most people.”

“Captain, I would like to propose the removal of Lt. Samuel's testimony from the proceedings, as it is evident that he is not familiar with the incident in question.”

Jar’el stood up, “Captain, I object. This whole line is very illogical. The single detail of what Lt Trei was wearing does not negate the entire testimony. Perhaps, what Commander Solice wishes to do is change this from a military tribunal to a criminal trial?”

“Captain, I am questioning Lt. Samuels’ familiarity with the incident. He specifically referred to her uniform as acting as a member of Starfleet and when questioned again, he not only changed his answer as to his speculation why she was acting as a Starfleet officer but also implicated another officer in his reasoning.” Quinna insisted.

“To my knowledge,” Jar’el countered, “the only implication made against Lt. Taylor was that he was enacting on behalf of Starfleet. We can recall Lt. Taylor to answer that question if needed.”

“Enough,” Dahr intervened. “I think we can all agree that all parties were acting on behalf of Starfleet, unless you wish to enter evidence to the contrary, Commander? Lt. Trei could have been wearing a bikini for all this court cared. Address Lt. Trei’s actions, not her dress code. Do you have further evidence to show us that she was acting as an agent of the Klingon government at the time of her actions?”

Ok, so Quinna failed at this part. She would not be surprised if Trel requested a new advocate. Quinna looked like a fool and she could imagine the arrogance, and for lack of a better word, the pleasure that Jar’el was having making her look bad.

“Since Lt. Samuels will continue being credible in this case, I do have a couple more questions if that is alright?” Quinna looked at Jar’el. Quinna then backed up the video and played a

segment where a package was dropped by the assassin. "Did you recover the package that the alleged assassin was carrying?"

Hank nodded, "We did." He offered no more as clearly, her case was to discredit the security chief. He wanted anything from him now she was going to have to ask specifically.

"And what was in the package?" Quinna asked.

"It held a weapon of unknown origin," he said. "We believe it was the weapon used in the attempt on Lt. Weston's life and the death of five citizens around him."

"Do you have a timeline for when you will be able to verify if it was the weapon or not used in the attempt?"

Samuels shrugged, "We're as certain as we can be. We can't identify the power source of the weapon. It was damaged when Lt. Trei shot at it. So all we have left is conjecture through evidence."

Quinna nodded. "No further questions." Quinna remained unemotional so as not to tip her hand that she had serious doubt in her ability.

Samuels looked over at Jar'el, who shrugged. "Lt. Samuels, you are the chief of security of this Starbase, is that correct?"

Hank shook the cobwebs out of his head. "Yes, that's correct."

"And you earned that position through years of service to the federation and the fleet."

"Correct," Hank replied.

"And is it fair to conjecture that this was *not* your first investigation of a crime?"

Hank chuckled, "That would be more than fair."

"And. Would it be safe to say that you are an expert in security procedures and protocols?"

"It would," Hank agreed. "Thank you, Lieutenant. I have nothing further."

Dahr nodded, "Very well. You are dismissed, Lt. Samuels. Call your next witness, Commander."

(reply Trei)

(Posted by Kris B and Al M)

15.

Mission: Transitions

Day:2

Stardate: 2446.09.18

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13 – Security Suites - Security Conference Room - CMO
Commander Quinna Solice, SFI Lt. Michael Weston, Lt. Commander Jar'el... - 1045)

Quinna stood, “I would like to call Lt. Michael Weston.” Quinna watched as Michael moved forward. She was hesitant about calling on him because of this status. She needed him to link the assassin to the situation.

After he was sworn in, Quinna began, “Lt. Weston, from your point of view, can you give us a description of the situation.”

Michael settled into his seat and nodded. “Well, someone had just attempted to kill me for my connection to an operation I was working on. Clearly, they missed and killed five others around me. I assume to cover their mistake and, perhaps, create enough chaos to cover their escape. As far as I know, Lt. Trei discovered the assassin, one Khamel, and cornered her. They fought and Ariel killed Khamel. That’s, of course, the short story. I don’t think we have time for the long one.”

“Did you know the alleged Khamel before the attempt on your life?”

“Not personally,” Michael said. “It’s more accurate to say that I knew of her, and I’d observed her work before.”

“What was your prior relationship with Khamel?”

He looked around the room slowly, first at the panel of high-ranking officers, then at Dahr. He was considering his next words carefully, as they implied information that was not readily available to the general public.

“At best,” Weston began, “one might say we were coworkers. At worst, one might say we were competitors. Sorry to be vague but considering the nature of our business there’s a great deal I can’t just say.”

“Understandable. Do you feel that you know her well enough to predict her actions?”

Micheal nodded, “I probably know her better than anyone else. Yes, I could predict her actions.”

“If Lt. Trei had not stopped her, what do you think Ms. Khamel’s actions would have been?” Quinna asked. Making judgment calls about others’ actions was already established acceptable when Lt. Taylor was on the stand.

“Objection, your honor,” Jar’el declared, standing up. “Can we really expect Mr. Weston to predict the possible actions of another.”

Dahr shook his head, “It is this courts opinion that Lt. Weston is uniquely qualified to make such a prediction on this one person. I will allow it, but tread carefully Commander.” He looked at Weston and said, “ Answer the question, Lieutenant.”

Quinna’s heart skipped a beat but was relieved when the Captain allowed Michael to answer.

“Knowing what I know,” Michael said, “I would predict that the fight wasn’t really over. Khamel was not one to take a capture lightly. That, on top of knowing who she worked for, and how they would feel about her failure to meet her objective, it’s quite probable that she would end her arrest in a most dramatic, and deadly fashion. I believe that once her body was examined it was found that she had an explosive device on her person. A device that would have ended her own life as well as a lot of people around her.”

He paused for a moment then added, “If you asked me, Ariel killing Khamel probably saved lives.”

“Thank you,” Quinna said. “No more questions.” Quinna then sat in her seat.

Jar’el stood up and stepped forward. “An intriguing analysis, Lieutenant.”

“Ummm, thanks,” Weston said cautiously.

“When did you realize that the assailant was the operative Khamel?”

“When I saw her image on the live video feed,” Michael replied.

“When did you relay that information to Lt. Trei?” the Vulcan asked.

Michel shook his head realizing where this was going. “I didn’t. There was no time. I’m pretty sure she didn’t know until we saw her in the brig.”

“So she would not know what the woman’s intention was going to be?” Jar’el asked.

“That would be correct,” Weston replied.

“So what you’re saying, is that Lieutenant Trei would not know that there would be danger beyond her actions. Is that correct?” The Vulcan asked.

Michael nodded, “That would be correct.”

“Thank you, Lieutenant, that will be all.” Jar’el returned to his seat.

Dahr looked at Solice, “Redirect, Commander?”

“Lt. Weston, would it be possible for Lt. Trei to use her empathic ability to identify her?” Quinna asked. “Wait, I am sorry, let me rephrase that. Lt. Weston, does Khamel have the ability to block empathic readings?”

Michael looked surprised but shrugged, "If you're asking if that skill exists I can assure you it does. Did Khamel possess the skill? I really can't say. Those kinds of things don't turn up in a report. But if you're asking do I think she did? I've never seen evidence of it."

"Thank you, Lt. Weston." Quinna nodded and returned to her seat, "No further questions."

Dahr nodded, "Thank you, Lieutenant, you may stand down."

(Reply Trei)

(Posted by Kris B and Al M)

16.

Mission: Transitions

Day:2

Stardate: 2446.09.18

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13 – Security Suites - Security Conference Room SPA
LT Ariel Trei - 10.46)

Ariel listened to the testimony from Michael Weston and thought it went as well as it could go. She turned to say something in Quinna's ear.

"Well that went ok. Do you think we need to do the empathic device to confirm Michael's testimony. I will have little control in this state but it may be necessary. What is our next step in the defence?"

(Reply Quinna, Any)

(Posted by Edward)

17.

Mission: Transitions

Day:2

Stardate: 2446.09.18

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13 – Security Suites - Security Conference Room - CMO
Commander Quinna Solice, Dr. Janet Frazier, Lt. Commander Jar'el -1130)

Quinna stood, "I would like to call Dr. Janet Frazier to the stand." Quinna turned and followed as Dr. Frazier took the hand and she was sworn in. "Can you please identify yourself and what you do?" Quinna wanted to get the woman's credits in the record.

"I am Dr. Janet Fraizer. I am the Team Lead for Xenoneurology at the Kolby Institute for Archeological Medicine. I specifically specialize in mixed-race neurology."

"Thank you, Doctor, Can you shed some light on the neurology makeup of Lt. Trei?"

"Lt. Trei is part Klingon and part betazoid. It has been seen that those with Klingon DNA have a recessive gene called the monoamine oxidase A (MAO-A) gene. This gene though recessive can activate extreme aggression. An elevated sense of danger can activate it. Ms. Trei being part betazoid also has an empathic ability. This ability could also quickly activate the MAO-A gene if she sensed danger." Dr. Fraizier supplied.

Quinna looked at Ariel and then back to Janet, "Is there a way to detect if this gene was active in Lt. Trei?"

"Yes, A scan would detect serotonin, dopamine, and norepinephrine (noradrenaline) in the brain," Janet answered.

"How long in the system would you be able to detect the serotonin, dopamine, and norepinephrine in the brain?" Quinna asked.

“A lot depends on the levels in the system and how quickly the one calms down. It could be minutes to several hours. We have mixed results in our studies. We are still collecting research statistics.”

“Is this the case with Lt. Trei?” Quinna asked.

“It could have been, but to be honest, I cannot answer that because I do not have Lt. Trei’s medical records regarding the incident in question,” Janet said.

“Thank you, Doctor.” Quinna looked at Captain Dahr, “No more questions.”

Jar’el stood up and moved towards the witness. “Dr. Frazier, in order to detect the effects of the active gene, would Lt. Trei have to be under... duress?”

“Not necessarily. It can also be detected after the time of duress, but as I stated before there are a few factors to determine how long after.” Janet answered.

“Not having had access to Lt. Trei’s medical records, on average, how long would the effect last?”

Janet felt slightly confused by the questions as they talked about detectable levels. “I am sorry, are you talking about her aggressive behavior or are you talking about the levels of serotonin, dopamine, and norepinephrine (noradrenaline) in the brain that we have been talking about?”

He breathed slowly, “Both, on an average.”

“I cannot answer that accurately. Lt. Trei, though part Klingon is also Part Betazoid. All I can say is that this has been seen in all part Klingon races but we have yet to observe this in unique Klingon/Betazoid blenings.” Janet.

“So you cannot say if she was being affected at the time of the event,” Jar’el clarified.

“Correct, I cannot say specifically that Lt. Trei’s actions were a result of monoamine oxidase A,” Janet said.

“Thank you,” he nodded. “I have no further questions.” He turned and went back to his seat.

Dahr looked at Solice and said, “Redirect Commander?”

“Doctor, have you seen any cases where an aggressive mixed-race Klingon aggression was not attributed to monoamine oxidase A?” Quinna asked.

“No, every case study we have seen has shown Klingon mixed-race aggression with signs of monoamine oxidase A,” Janet answered.

“Thank you,” Quinna said. “No more questions.”

Dahr looked at Frazier and said, “Thank you, Doctor, you may step down.” Then to Solice, he said, “Call your next witness.”

As Frazier stepped away there was a sound of commotion from outside. Suddenly Dahr’s comm badge beeped.

=^=Captain Dahr, this is Cano in Main Ops. Three Klingon warbirds just decloaked. We have transport signals converging on your location. Shields are now up.=^=

“Roger that,” Dahr said with a sigh. He knew what the commotion outside was.

The doors to the courtroom opened and admitted three Klingons.

(reply Trei if any)

(Posted by Kris B and Al M)

18.

Mission: Transitions

Day:2

Stardate: 2446.09.18

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13 – Security Suites - Security Conference Room - Klingon Counselor T'Ken -- 1200)

After hearing the testimony of Dr. Janet Frazier, an audible grunt was heard. "Patak. She is portraying Trei as dishonorable." T'Ken sneered. He along with his entourage of Klingons entered the hearing sight.

"I declare a mistrial." T'Ken walked up to where Trei was sitting. Quinna is standing. "This Patak is inadequate in defending the honorable head of the house of Mogh. I am T'Ken, Son of Mor, House of Vok. I have been sent to by the honorable Klingon Empire to defend Ariel Trei, honorable head of the house of Mogh."

Quinna audible objected, "Captain."

"You are dismissed, Patak" T'Ken told Quinna.

"No, you are out of order here," Quinna said to the Klingon.

"He then got in Quinna's face, "you are dismissed." Then she slapped a transport patch on her and Quinna vanished. "Now your Honor, I wish to declare a mistrial and start the proceeding with the proper council. The Klingon entourage then surrounded them so no one could pass. "The Patak is suggesting that being Klingon is an illness."

(Reply, Dahr, Trei, Jar'el, Weston, Taylor)

(Posted by Kris B)

19.

Mission: Transitions

Day:2

Stardate: 2446.09.18

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13 – Security Suites - Security Conference Room SPA LT
Ariel Trei - 12.01)

A group of Klingons burst into the conference room led by T'Ken demanding a mistrial according to Klingon law that Ariel was not being defended well. Ariel didn't have an argument for that but had a better idea to use T'Ken as a informational witness to how Klingons think. Then the integrity of the trial will be intact. She heard the disparaging word Patak used on Quinna. She didn't agree with that for Quinna is doing the best she can to defend Ariel. She saw Quinna object to the motion and saw T'Ken slap a transporter patch on Quinna. Ariel ripped the patch off of Quinna before she could be quick transported to a warbird most likely. She conveyed her idea to Quinna.

"To keep the integrity of the trial I suggest we use T'Ken as an informational witness. He can provide insight into how Klingons think. Prepare T'Ken for the stand please."

She sat at the table as Quinna prepared T'Ken for the stand.

(Reply Quinna, T'Ken, Any)

(Posted by Edward)

20.

Mission: Transitions

Day:2

Stardate: 2446.09.18

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13 – Security Suites - Security Conference Room - SFI - Lt. Michael Weston - 1202)

Weston had been watching the testimony of Dr. Frazier with interest. He wasn't really familiar with her study but it certainly made sense regarding so many of Ariel's idiosyncrasies. It did seem that she would have violent outbursts at odd times. It all seemed to change after her Right of Ascension. Perhaps the trauma and violence of that event set off the circumstances behind this incident.

He heard the commotion from outside and was already standing when the Klingons burst into the chamber. Instinctively, he reached for his weapon and realized that Quinna had made him promise to be completely unarmed. She didn't want there to be any misunderstanding of his role there today. However, now he was regretting his acceptance of that condition.

The Klingon, T'Ken, was doing a great deal of posturing, but he knew that Quinna could handle that. Sometimes Klingons were quite childish, with their name calling and stepping in personal space. But no matter what, he also knew that the Klingon Empire would not risk an intergalactic incident over Ariel Trei. Or at least, so he thought.

Suddenly T'Ken said, "You are dismissed."

His hand shot out and Michael reacted, but he was too slow. Quinna disappeared in a haze of Klingon transporter effect before he could reach her. He turned to the nearest Klingon who was already coming between Weston and T'Ken. Michael was not particularly paying attention to what was being said.

A huge Klingon fist came at his head. He easily slipped under it, moved to the side and took out the Klingon's knee with a wicked side kick. The sound of tearing tendons was masked by the cry of pain as the Klingon crumpled to the floor. Michael made a move for the fallen Klingon's dagger when he felt the sting of the Disruptor hit him, sending him flying against the wall. The third Klingon shook his head in warning as Weston struggled to find his feet.

Suddenly a voice boomed through the air making everything stop.

"Enough!" the voice said..It was the voice of Casian Dahr.

(reply none)

(posted by Al Muir)

21.

Mission: Transitions

Day:2

Stardate: 2446.09.18

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13 – Security Suites - Security Conference Room - CO - Captain Casian Dahr, Klingon Counselor T'Ken - 1205)

Dahr was on his feet the moment the doors opened and the Klingons entered. The relations between the federation and the clans had only improved over the past years. And he didn't like the way that this interaction was going.. It was not like the Empire to intrude on Federation business.

"You are dismissed," the Klingon ordered. The next moments happened so quickly it was staggering.

As Quinna disappeared, Dahr tapped the security button on his table. He lithely moved around the table standing in front of the Klingons as Western moved in and took out one of the Klingon. He Then he was quickly subdued by a Disruptor by another Klingon.

"Now your Honor," T'Ken said, "I wish to declare a mistrial and start the proceeding with the proper council."

At that moment a squad of security officers filed into the room, armed and ready. This was quickly getting out of hand.

"Enough," Dahr said loudly. He stepped forward until he was feet away from the Klingon. "I do NOT recognize your place in these preceding, T'Ken." He spat out the name. "This is a Federation matter not a Klingon matter. Ariel Trei is a Federation officer and is being tried as such. If *she* wishes new council then she has every right to ask for it. But *you*," Dahr tapped the Klingon on the chest with his finger, "have no right to demand *anything* from me. And *I* will decide whether there is grounds for a new trial."

Dahr stepped back and narrowed his eyes, "That is, of course, unless you have come here to challenge me to command this station and the preceding of this trial. If that is the case, then I accept that challenge. Is *that* why you are here."

He stood, glaring at T'Ken, in and combat stance, ready to have his own challenge met.

“Your station, no. I do challenge the trial against Ariel Trei. Head of the House of Mogh. I challenge the proceeding and the defense she was given. I am here to defend the Klingon race.”

Dahr nodded but held his ground. “We do have a procedure for such a claim, T’Ken, which does not include interrupting our proceedings and transporting away our council for the defense, just because *you* don’t like her.”

He turned his back on the Klingon to show that he did not fear him or his intention. He was loud and obnoxious, but that did not mean he could not be trusted. Once he was back in his seat he spoke.

“First you will return my officer, immediately,” Dahr warned. “Then, if Lt. Trei wishes for a different council then *she* has a right to make such a request. She had been given a week to find someone other than Commander Solice.”

Dahr sat back and waited.

“No worries, your commander is safe. She has been invited to discuss her ideas of being Klingon a Disease aboard my ship. She is a guest.”

T’Ken looked at Ariel. “The choice is yours but I strongly suggest you make the wise choice. Your honor is on the line.” And so was the honor of Klingons if Trei’s choice to defend her would be with Solice.

T’Ken then turned to Captain Dahr, “It seems your Commander...” T’ken said with a bad taste in his mouth, “...has been returned to her ship where she belongs.”

Dahr narrowed his eyes at T’Ken and tapped his comm badge. “Dahr to Illuminar I need to speak with Commander Solice.”

A strange voice came over the comm, ^=We are so happy the Quinna is back on the Illuminar. We will add her voice to yours.=^=

Dahr raised an eyebrow and looked at Weston, who had managed to find his feet. Michael shrugged and gave a half a smile.

Quinna heard everything, ^=I am in my office. I am starting to head over now. I am good.=^=

Casian nodded and sat back again. He looked over at Ariel Trei. "Well Lieutenant, looks like you have a decision to make. Do you wish to request a change of council?"

(reply Trei)

(posted by Al Muir and Kris B)