

Stardate: 2446.09.18

[illegible][illegible]

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

(Starbase Freedom - Quest Quarters - Commander Quinna Solice - 0820)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 1 – Main Ops - Captain” Office - CO - Captain Casian Dahr and XO Commander Quinna Solice - 0835)

(Starbase Freedom -- About the station -- XO Commander Quinna Solice -- 0900)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 1 – Main Ops- CO's Office - CO - Captain Cassian Dahr - 0916)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 1 – Main Ops- CO's Office LT Raven Green - 0917)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 1 – Main Ops- CO's Office - CO - Captain Cassian Dahr - 0918)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 1 – Main Ops- CO's Office LT Raven Green - 0919)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 1 – Main Ops- CO's Office - CO - Captain Cassian Dahr - 0920)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13 Security LT Samuels Office LT Raven Green - 0930)

(Starbase Freedom -- Guest Quarters -- XO Commander Quinna Solice 0930)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 10 - Guest Quarters - SFI - Lt. Michael Weston - 0932)

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(Starbase Freedom - Level 13- Security Conference Room - Chief of Security - Lt. Hank Samuels - 0932)

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(Starbase Freedom - Level 13- Security Conference Room - Chief of Security - Lt. Hank Samuels - 0934)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13- Security Conference Room LT Raven Green - 0935)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13- Security Suites - Chief of Security - Lt. Hank Samuels - 0936)

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(Starbase Freedom - Level 14- Promenade Level 1- Chief of Security - Lt. Hank Samuels - 0945)

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(Starbase Freedom - Level 1 – Main Ops- CO's Office - CO - Captain Cassian Dahr - 1132)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 1 – Main Ops -- Yeoman Bambi Venison -- 1130)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 1 – Main Ops- CO's Office - CO - Captain Cassian Dahr - 1132)

(Starbase Freedom -- Promenade -- Bagel's Bagels -- Loxana Bagel -- 1245)

(Starbase Freedom - Promenade - Bagel's Bagels - Council of SBF Businesses- 1250)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 6-10 - Turbolift - SFI - Lt. Michael Weston - 1425)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 10 - Guest Quarters - Commander Quinna Solice and Lt. Michael Weston - 1430)

She gave the first indication of a smile and said, "Iced tea would be lovely."

He got up and poured two tall glasses of tea into ice filled glasses and put one down for the cadet. He sat taking a long sip of his and sighed.

"Sorry," he said sheepishly, "it doesn't pack the caffeine punch of coffee, but it is refreshing, even this early in the morning."

Wednesday took a sip and completed her smile. Then she took a longer drink. "I actually don't drink coffee," she admitted. "So this is nice."

Dahr nodded and said, "I'm glad you like. My wife will be pleased as well. It's her special blend. It's supposedly good for me. But I'm sure you're wondering why you were sent for."

Adams nodded, "I had wondered."

"Why are you still on the Illuminar, Cadet?" he asked. "All of your fellow cadets went back to the academy weeks ago. But you requested to stay on the ship."

"Sir?" Wednesday was a little taken aback. "To be honest, I've been able to do so much more in my time on the Illuminar as I ever did at the academy. And if you excuse the impudence, I've grown more than I possibly could have in the academic setting. And Lt. Bohb and Lt. MacGuyver are much better teachers. They let me... get my hands dirty, if you will."

"And you like getting your hands dirty?" Dahr asked, truly curious.

"I learn better from a hands on experience rather than from a book or lecture," she admitted. "I've come to appreciate Bohb's insistence of knowing a ship's systems, inside and out, by taking each system apart and putting them back together correctly."

"That doesn't sound like there's much room for innovation," Dahr said.

"You'd be surprised," the girl replied. "Once you have a system in its component pieces you see things in a different way, and see how it can be better."

Dahr nodded, "So what do you think of our station?"

Wednesday perked up noticeably, "It's amazing. A dozen modules, put created by different governments, put together in a way that actually works. It's incredible."

Dahr chuckled, "Well it was put together quite that way. Trying to get all of those systems to work together has been a tough job, especially since our engineering team is a little short of... innovators. Lt. Commander Zerin has had his hands full."

"I bet," Wednesday said. In her excitement she added, "I'd love to help out if I can. While we're here."

Dahr sat up straight, "Really? That's quite an offer. I may have to take you up on it."

He paused for a moment then said, "So I understand that you're Wiccan."

This time Wednesday was surprised. "Yes, sir. Is that a problem?"

"No," he dismissed her concern, "not a problem. Just a curiosity. I like to know about people. Tell me about your people."

"In the old days of Earth, up to the late 21st century, people thought Wiccans were like witches. They thought that we... cast spells on people, and worshiped evil. It was quite the opposite. We worship a mother goddess and try to become one with nature. My people were so persecuted that when the opportunity arose we left the Earth to find a place to free and safe. The goddess lead us to Wicca. We lived there in peace, left to ourselves. Partly out of fear of us. Only the truly curious, or those who sought out magic would come to our world."

"Interesting," Dahr said. "And did they find it? Magic?"

Wednesday giggled, "No, at least I don't think it qualifies as magic. Being in tune with your environment gives you an acute awareness of what's around you. It might appear to Be magical to some."

Dahr looked at the cadet appreciatively. Then he pushed a PADD across the desk. "I received this from Commander Clark, the academy CO. Basically it says that you've fulfilled your academic requirements for the academy and have graduated."

He stood up and picked up a black velvet box. Walking around his desk he said, "Stand up, Cadet Adams." Wednesday complied. Casian stopped in front of the girl. "I have been authorized to promote t
You to the Rank of Ensign, junior grade."

Opening the box he pulled out a black pip and attached it to Wednesday's collar. He stepped back and shook her hand.

"Congratulations, Ensign Adams," Dahr said. Then he picked up the PADD and handed it to her. "I've also been authorized to offer you a post here on Starbase Freedom on our engineering team. Would that be acceptable to you?"

The smile on Wednesday's face grew larger than she'd ever smiled before. "Acceptable?" She could barely contain her excitement. Then she pulled herself together. "Yes sir, that is quite acceptable. When do I start, sir?"

When the chime rang Dahr called out, “Come.” The door opened and Quinna Solice entered. Casian smiled and stood up. Coming round the desk he said, “Dr. Solice, I’m so glad you could make it so quickly. Please come in.”

He motioned to his replicator and said, "Help yourself to a refreshment. I'm afraid my only non-replicated drink is an herbal iced tea. I'm afraid my wife has forbidden me from drinking coffee anymore. Apparently, it's a young person's drink."

Quinna smiled a bit, what was it about tea anyway? Everyone is drinking tea. "My grandmother would have had a comment or two to say about that after she had her morning coffee. Just to warn you, I have not had my coffee as well." Quinna took a deep breath. "Captain, what can I help you with?"

He moved back to his desk and offered the chair facing his, "Have a seat." He moved back around the desk and sat in his own chair. "First of all, I want to thank you for all of your work with Trei's trial. It was not an enviable task. And I'm pretty sure the end result was not what anyone expected."

"It certainly had its twists and turns. I hope everyone is satisfied with the results." Quinna supplied

Dahr shrugged, "I'm not sure I can attest to that, but we can only hope." He picked up his glass and took a sip of the tea. "So what do you think of our Starbase, Commander!"

"You have quite the Cheesecake diner on board, the security suites are nothing to complain about, but I really have not had time to explore."

Dahr nodded, "Yeah, we're a little eclectic around here. A little something for everyone. Okay, enough of the pleasantries." He sat up and put his elbow on the table. "I'm sure you are curious as to why I wanted to see you this morning."

"I have to admit I am a bit curious since I was also kicked off my ship," Quinna replied

"This is a large station, and has many layers of issues, including civilian as well as Starfleet issues," he began. "Add to that the ambassadorial issues that arise and you can see that I have my hands full. I've been running this station by myself and, to be honest, I need some help. I'm looking for an Executive Officer. Someone to lighten my load, as it were. Perhaps someone who can take on some of the administrative duties with the civilians." He paused.

"Captain Sekal and I have been talking over the past couple of days," Casian said. "He actually recommended you for the XO position. Would you be interested?"

Quinna thought for a moment, "Can I assume I can speak freely?" Quinna started and waited for confirmation."

Dahr spread out his hands, "Always."

“Why do you want me? It was obvious that I was unable to successfully defend a Starfleet officer. You have only seen me fail.” However he did mention that Captain Sekal agreed with him and Quinna was not going to turn down the offer. But she needed to know what he knew about her.

Casian smiled, “That was exactly what solidified the decision for me. I believe you learn more about an office by how they handle a failure more than how they handle success. Failure breeds growth. And I might not agree with the word fail. You were put into a near-impossible situation. One might consider it a Kobayashi Maru of legal precedence. It may not have gone exactly as you wanted, the way that you handled yourself was quite impressive, especially when the Klingons got involved.”

He stood up and moved around his desk. Sitting on the edge, directly in front of Solice he said, “To be honest, what I saw in the trial was exactly what I needed to see in my XO. I need someone who’s not going to fall apart when the unexpected happens. Someone who will stand up to others who believe they have rights that supersede Federation law and regulations. That’s what I saw.”

Quinna nodded, “I respect your honesty. I accept the challenge and the position, Sir.” Quinna found it hard to contain the excitement of this prospect. A new step into Starfleet.

Dahr stood up smiling, “I am, if nothing else, honest. You can figure out my negative qualities as we go along.” He held out his hand to shake hers. “Welcome to Starbase Freedom, Commander Solice.”

Quinna took his hand, “Thank you. It is my pleasure to be here. Where would you like me to start?”

“Take a few days,” Cassiam said. “Now that you have a home for your belongings, get settled in. Get to know the station. I’ll be hosting a senior staff dinner in a few days and you can meet my wife. Meanwhile...” he took a step back. “Computer, record Commander Quinna Solice as Executive Officer of Starbase Freedom, authorization Dahr gamma 0817.”

[Authorization confirmed. Commander Quinna Solice is now the Executive Officer. Commander Solice, enter your authorization code when you are ready to access the base’s systems.]

Quinna spoke, “Solice Mu sigma 1129”

The computer beeped the entered command code and it was done. Quinna was now a redshirt person. She wondered what she was going to do now.

“Well, Commander, time to put away your medical scrubs,” Casian said. “This station is in various states of repair. I’ll have all the reports forwarded to you. But first... you’ll need to get

medical clearance from our chief medical officer before you start. Regulations, you know. So you might want to get that out of the way."

He held out his hand again, "I'm very excited to have you with us Quinna. If you have nothing else, get out of here while you still can. Dismissed."

“Thank you, Sir. I am out of here. Now let's see if I can find the station Starbucks.” Quinna smiled and left the office.

(Reply None)

(Posted by Al Muir and Kris B)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom -- About the station -- XO Commander Quinna Solice -- 0900)

Quinna left Dahr's office in a state of OMG mixed with shock. She never counted on being an executive officer. Sure she did raise ranks quickly but she thought she had reached her limit. It hit her that maybe she should have talked to Michael first but the moment had overtaken her. Perhaps she should go back and talk to him.

The Promenade had been open for a while. It was nice to see the 'Street' Vendors already doing business. It had been found that having a currency was a way to obtain goods. Thanks to the Ferengi for bringing back that practice.

Quinna made her way though where she picked up some fresh fruit, some fresh bagels with all the desired fixings. And of course, there was the fresh coffee and tea. She thought that she was going to enjoy this place. It certainly was different.

(posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 1 – Main Ops- CO's Office - CO - Captain Cassian Dahr - 0916)

Dahr looked up from the PADD he been perusing when the door chime rang.

“Enter,” he called out.

The door opened and a young red haired woman came in and stood across the room from him. He looked down at the PADD again and then back at the girl. It was not, exactly, what he had pictured. She barely looked old enough to have entered the academy, let alone graduated with a couple years of service under her belt.

"Lt Raven Green to meet with you sir," she said.

Dahr looked at her, trying to delve beneath the facade she had created, unsuccessfully. This was really who she wanted to be. He stood up and moved around his desk.

(reply Green)

(reply Green)

“You’ve had quite a career already, Lieutenant,” he said. “Two letters of meritorious conduct and a letter of reprimand. All very intriguing. So tell me, why do I need you here on Freedom?”

(reply Green)

[illegible]

Raven shook Captain Dahr's hand as she took a seat facing the desk. She saw the reaction from Dahr like she was some teenager on an internship assignment before entering the academy but she was more than that. She will prove that to him in good time. Her chosen form was none of his business but she understood why he felt that way. Her morphing abilities will prove her worth on Starbase Freedom more than he knew. She was surprised he didn't mention the incident in the locker room. Maybe it will come later in the conversation. She relaxed in her seat and answered his questions the best she could.

"I offer an unique perspective to the station. I can morph into anything I can imagine but will be conscious of personal space for all on the station. I don't really understand how people react to each other but I can learn that over time. I mostly morph into tables, chairs, plants, and art work. I can be whatever you want me to be. That is the advantage of being a changeling."

It will be fun to have people over to her quarters. She liked to party but had anxiety with personal interaction. That will ease in time as she gets more comfortable with the people on the station.

(Reply Dahr, Any)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom -- Guest Quarters -- XO Commander Quinna Solice 0930)

When Quinna made it back to her place and placed the breakfast items on the table and then turned to the bed. Looking at the silhouette form she smiled but still her heart skipped a beat

every time she sees him. Quinna slipped off her blue uniform tunic and her boots. She slid back on the bed where she spooned Michael and began to kiss the back of his neck. Should she wake him?

(Reply Weston)
(posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

Michael had woken when Quinna had gotten up for her meeting, but he didn't stir. She had been working so hard to get dressed without waking him, it was so cute. And if he were honest, his body still needed to rest from the past weeks... and last night's reunion with Quinna.

Once she left he dozed off and on until he'd received his own message. The word was given and Illuminar was slated to leave Freedom in two days. And from what he could tell, they wouldn't be back for a while.

What did this mean for himself and Quinna? How could he expect her to wait for him for such an undetermined amount of time. Especially if he never came back. How could he expect that for her, or from her.

He'd laid back down to consider his options when he heard Quinna return. He rolled over, deciding he had two days to make any decisions and today was not that day. He wanted to enjoy Quinna all he could, while he still could.

He felt her climb back into bed and snuggle up into him. Then she began to kiss his neck. He could feel his body stirring at her touch.

“Mmmmm,” he said, giving pressure back into her. “Must have been quite a meeting.” Then he turned over and faced Quinna, gently kissing her lips, at first, but then adding more pressure and passion.

He pulled himself from her and said, "I could get used to this."

(reply Quinna)
(posed by Al Muir)

[illegible]

It was nice to lay in bed and kiss Michael. He pulled back and she loved the smile on his face, “I could get used to this.”

Quinna's hand lightly followed Michael's cheekbone, "I am lucky to have you."

He touched her cheek and stroked it with his thumb. "I'm the lucky one... Pretty sure I'd be dead without you."

He looked deeply into her eyes, filling them with everything he was feeling. He poured his love into her soul. Then he leaned in and kissed her as if it were the last time he'd ever kiss her. When they finally separated he smiled, but his eyes had gotten serious. "So what did Capain Dahr want?"

Quinna took a deep breath, “It seems I am being reassigned to the Station.” Quinna started judging for a reaction.

Michael looked surprised, “Really? I wasn’t aware that they needed a CMO.”

“Yeah, they don’t. What the station does need is an executive officer.” Quinna said with trepidation in her voice.

Michael paused, letting the words settle into his brain. Then he exploded with excitement, “Really! That’s wonderful. It’s a surprise, but you totally deserve it. You worked your butt off on the Illuminar. Congratulations.” He threw his hands around her and hugged her tightly. “We need to go out on the town tonight and celebrate.”

"It is a position that I did not even know I wanted or deserved, but the challenge it possesses..." Quinna trailed off. "I guess I will be trading my blue uniform for a red one."

"Well, as far as I'm concerned," he replied, "you deserved it. And I think you'll look good in red."

He was truly happy for his love. But slowly the realization of what this meant to him crept back into his mind. He had no idea what his disposition was. If he was still tied to the Illuminar then he was about to embark on a mission where he had no idea when he'd see Quinna next. If he was thrown back on the field, he was in the same boat.

Was he ready to give up his career in SFI and be tied to Freedom as Quinna's "significant other" with no career opportunities? That didn't sound too appealing either.

But he kept it from his voice and body language and continued his celebration with Quinna.

(reply none)

(posted by Al Muir and Kris B)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 1 – Main Ops- CO's Office - CO - Captain Cassian Dahr - 0918)

Dahr listened as green, gave her perspective to her and value to the station.

"I can morph into anything I can imagine," she said, "but will be conscious of personal space for all on the station. I don't really understand how people react to each other but I can learn that over time. I mostly morph into tables, chairs, plants, and art work. I can be whatever you want me to be. That is the advantage of being a changeling."

Dahr picked up the PADD and tapped the edges of it lightly on his desk top. “Indeed,” he said, after a moment’s hesitation. “That’s the advantage. However, there’s a downside as well. There are still some hard feelings towards the Founders and their role in the Dominion War. Some people have a hard time giving those kinds of deep feelings up. And just for your edification I am not one of those people.”

He stood up and walked back around the table . “I’m a big believer in second chances, Lieutenant. The Dominion war was a long time ago, and we’ve had our own issues between then and now, but I want you to understand that this is a diplomatic station, and people from other cultures might not be as forgiving as we are.”

"I only say this as," he tapped the PADD in the palm of his hand, "I took the opportunity to go through your service record. I wish to assure you that if you encounter such prejudice here I want you to let me know immediately. Please don't try and "handle it" yourself."

(reply Green)

"I also want to put this out there," he added. "Your talent is unique, and as you've encountered, there are those who'd ask you to use it for the wrong reasons. So, I ask that you *not* shapeshift without expressed permission, outside of your required duties. This is for your own protection. I will not advertise that you are a shapeshifter, so the general population of this station will have no knowledge unless you give it to them. Is that understood?"

(reply Green)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 1 – Main Ops- CO's Office LT Raven Green - 0919)

She listened to everything Dahr had to say and agreed with most of it. She appreciates the notion that she will not be discriminated but it will take time for her to truly feel comfortable. She also appreciated that Dahr didn't bring up the beach in the locker room incident. She will be careful when she uses her shape shifting ability. The next thing to do was get her first assignment. She was ready to serve the base.

"Understood sir. What do you need me to do?"

(Reply Dahr, Any)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 1 – Main Ops- CO's Office - CO - Captain Cassian Dahr - 0920)

Dahr looked deeply into the girls eyes and that was when he saw the difference. There was more to this girl than her childlike appearance showed. He could see the depth of age in them. He could also see the innocence of lack of experience. It was an odd dichotomy.

“Well,” he said, “I saw that you’ve already checked into your quarters. Since you are to be part of our security team your next move is to report to Your direct supervisor, Lt. Samuel’s. At this time he should still be in the Main Security area.”

He offered his hand to the changling. "Welcome to Starbase Freedom. If you have no further questions you are dismissed."

(reply Green)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13 Security LT Samuels Office LT Raven Green - 0930)

Raven left Captain Dahr's office and made her way to the Security offices. LT Samuels probably wasn't going to like her but that was something she could change in time. As long as she did her job, she can lighten him up. She pressed the door chime.

"LT Raven Green reporting for assignment sir."

(Reply Samuels, Any)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13- Security Conference Room - Chief of Security - Lt. Hank Samuels - 0932)

Hank had been sitting in his office partaking in one of his favorite activities; listening to the stories of his junior officers. He had found that one of the best ways to get to know and understand those under his command was to know where they came from. When his door chime sounded Ensign Jansen was finishing off a story of his youth.

Hank absent mindedly opened the door as Jansen said, "Then I said, excuse me, you want me to put that where?"

The room burst into peals of laughter as a young woman walked into the room, which quickly settled down.

"Lt Raven Green reporting for assignment, sir," the girl said.

Hank smiled at her. She was a PYT to be sure, but Hank could sense something more about her. He had read the captain's jacket on his new security officer earlier. He looked around the room at the others and nodded.

“All right you three, get out,” he said jovially . “Go do some work.”

The three junior officers filed out, all of them taking in the pretty redhead as they passed her. Hank stood up and offered his hand.

"Lt. Green," he said in a friendly voice, "good to meet you. Come in. Sit down."

He pointed to a chair then picked up his PADD. "I understand that you come highly recommended from DS3. And before that SB 452. Hi praises from both of those COs and security chiefs. So what brings you to Freedom?"

(reply Green)

(Oates by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13- Security Conference Room - Chief of Security LT Raven Green
- 09.33)

LT Samuels greeted her and asked her to take a seat. She sat facing the front of the desk. Samuels asked her what brought her to Starbase Freedom. That was not a simple answer but generally she looked for a challenging adventure. That is the answer she will give.

"I am looking for a challenge on Starbase Freedom and make new friends. I can find that on Freedom."

(Reply Samuels, Any)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13- Security Conference Room - Chief of Security - Lt. Hank Samuels - 0934)

Hank leaned back in his chair bore his gaze into her. It was often said that look felt like a medical scan.

“A new challenge, eh?” he finally said. “Well if there’s anything anyone will tell you about Freedom is that everything is new. The base has only been in operation for a few months, and not everything’s working quite right. Our problems are a mixture of fleet problems as well as civilian issues. Not to mention the fact that this is a diplomatic base. So we have political intrigue to boot. So yeah, I think we can find you a challenge or two.”

He suddenly stood up and smiled. "Why don't I give you, as the Earth people put it, the nickel tour. Not that I really understand what a nickel is. But I understand it's some kind of currency."

He stepped around the desk and headed for the door. Suddenly he stopped. "And before you ask, I'm not going to expect you to give me any currency."

Then he turned and headed out of his office.

(reply Green)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13- Security Conference Room LT Raven Green - 0935)

Rave could use a tour of the base so she was grateful LT Samuels will take her around. She was mostly interested in the promenade for what it had to offer. Even though she didn't need to eat or drink, she liked the excitement of the promenade and the people partonising the shops. She heard of a bagel shop that had a wide variety of bagels. This intrigued her maybe she could suggest some unusual creations to the owner. She followed Samuels out of the office.

"Lead the way sir."

(Reply Samuels, Any)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13- Security Suites - Chief of Security - Lt. Hank Samuels - 0936)

Hank led Taven through the security level. He introduced her to several of the officers that were on station, including the chief armorer. He also introduced her to the lead dispatcher, Chief Petty Officer Lenore, a Deltan woman who had next level multitasking abilities.

From there he took her through the main gymnasium. He pointed out the weight training area and the cardio training area.

“There are always training sessions going,” he told her. “We run a three shift rotation, so for every rotation on duty there are two off. Each member of security is required to participate in at least one training session four days out of every seven.”

He pointed out the side gyms and said, "Each of the side gyms works on different skills and styles. No matter what you do you can find someone to workout with you, if that's what you want."

(reply Green)

“Well that’s security,” Hank said. “Now let’s check out where a great deal of our action is, the promenade decks.”

He led the girl out of main security and to the turbo lifts. As they stepped on he he put a hand on her shoulder. "I should warn you that our biggest technical trouble has been the turbo lifts. Having a single system that has to interact with the myriad of other species systems has been, shall we say, problematic. A turbo lift can stall as it moves between the modules. Fortunately we've never had a civilian casualty because of it. I can't say the same for Starfleet casualties, mostly engineering. Security has had to perform several rescues in the past few months."

He tapped the control panel, “Module 5, level 14.”

The computer beeped in acknowledgment. Once the doors closed the lift went down the single level. The door opened depositing them on the top level of the promenade.

(reply Green)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13- Security Suites LT Raven Green - 0937)

The tour was thorough and she appreciated it . She will not need the gym much but if training was required for officers than she will have to figure that out. She had her own way to get things done but for the sake of working together she will comply with the training system. She was amused by the name of the Armorer Lenore. Her name was Raven and the Armorer is Lenore. The poem The Raven by Edgar Allen Poe came to mind. She thought of saying nevermore but didn't maybe when she was alone with Lemore she will try the reference. Samuels said the turbo lift is problematic. She will have to look into that even though it is not her responsibility . They took the turbo lift to the top level of the promenade. This part of the tour should be great.

"Lets go see some of the shops. I hear there is a bagel shop that has interesting creations."

(Reply Samuels, Any)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 14- Promenade Level 1- Chief of Security - Lt. Hank Samuels - 0945)

"Lets go see some of the shops," Green said gleefully. "I hear there is a bagel shop that has interesting creations."

Hank gave her wry smile. He was reminded that even though, chronologically speaking, she was much older, experientially she was still, very much, like the child she appeared to be.

"Of course we will visit the shops," he said, "but remember that we're not on a shopping expedition. But I would like you to meet the proprietors of the shops."

He started towards an eating establishment named Just for the Trill of It. "We might as well start here. This was the location of yesterday's excitement."

He walked into the restaurant and only nodded at the hostess as he kept walking to a table where a lone Trill sitting at a table shaking his head.

"Baylor," Hank called out. "How are you, my friend?"

The middle aged Trill turned around and shrugged, About as well as I can considering a wild Klingon woman slaughtered someone right outside my place, and some crazed assassin vaporized three of my patrons.”

“At least it wasn’t boring,” Samuels said playfully. He knew that everyone was still reeling from the previous days action.

“Life for an injured Trill is never boring,” sarcasm dripped off his words. “Who’s your friend?”

“Ah, yes, Baylor Zon, this is Lt. Raven Green,” Hank introduced the girl. “She’ll be joining my security team.”

Baylor stood up and offered his hand, "You certainly need more of that. Welcome Freedom."

(reply Green)

He looked the girl over and asked, "Aren't you a little young for a lieutenant?"

(reply Green)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

The first stop was a place called Just for the trill of it. The title of the restaurant was amusing to her. She has heard of trills but has not met one until now. Baylor was friendly to her with his welcoming extended hand. She reciprocates the gesture as she has learned to do by shaking his hand. If everyone on the base is this friendly, she will have an easy time getting settled in. She was cautious however as she should be. Not everyone will understand her and the nature of a changeling.

"Pleased to meet you, Baylor. As for my youthful appearance, I look younger than I am."

(Posted by Edward)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 14- Promenade Level 1- Chief of Security - Lt. Hank Samuels - 0947)

Zon looked at red haired officer with a wry smile. That was an intriguingly vague answer. He wondered how old she really was. After all, Hank was rumored to be over 500 years old, but barely looked in his early thirties.

“Just showing the kid around,” the El Aurian said. “I’ll come by later on and we can talk.”

“The pleasure to meet you was mine, Lt. Green,” he said. “Perhaps you can join us for dinner soon. My treat.”

"Come along Raven," Hank said to her. "Before Baylor offers to show you his etchings."

He headed towards the store next to the restaurant, An Ear for Music. It had musical instruments in a display in front. As they stepped in there different kinds of instruments throughout the store. The sound of a man singing a song filled the room. It was a beautiful, sad song.

"It's so beautiful," the little girl said. "And so sad. I don't know if I can sing it."

The singing stop and the Bolian stepped behind the girl. "My sweet," he said, "of course you can. And you will. Now go complete your warmup and we will get started soon."

The girl skipped off to a side room and Thod turned to his new visitors. “Hank! A pleasure as always.” He shook the El Aurian’s hand warmly.

“Thod,” Hank returned the handshake with a smile, “allow me to introduce the quadrants greatest musical talent, Thod Vol. Thod, this is my new officer, Lt. Raven Green.”

Thod blushed a tinge of blue and chuckled, “Was, my friend, was.” He turned to Raven and smiled, reaching out to touch her cheek. “Charming. Do you play any musical instruments, child?”

(reply Green)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 14- Promenade Level 1 LT Raven Green - 0948)

Baylor kissed her hand. She didn't understand this gesture so she tried to emulate blushing like a human girl would. The idea of having dinner with him could be promising but her not eating or drinking would probably be problematic to explain to him. She would like to see these etchings sometime just for amusement purposes. She was then led by Samuels to the shop next door called An Ear for Music. She saw instruments of all kinds around the shop. She heard the shop owner singing to a group of children. A little girl wept at the beauty of the song. She expressed that she could not sing like that. The shop owner Thod assured the little girl that she could. She will need a lot of time to understand human reactions but she felt the little girl brighten a bit at the gesture. Thod asked Raven if she can play an instrument. She did not know if she could. There really was no need to do that in the great connection but she probably could sing pretty well.

"I don't know if I can play an instrument Thod but I probably can sing pretty well."

(Reply Samuels, Thod, Any)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(Shuttle Iota -- Passenger Compartment -- Ambassador Zandrea Reed -- 1124)

Zane sat in her seat reading the diplomatic packet for her assignment. She only took a break from reading when she was interrupted by a call from Peter.

"So are you ready?" Peter asked his friend.

“Ready or not, this is happening,” Zane replied.

“Now the the Corp guard will be cleaning out the Ambassador’s office and Private residence as you and your entourage will take the Ambassador into diplomatic custody. There you will meet with Captain Darh and introduce yourself as the New Terran Ambassador.”

“Sounds like the plan,” Zane said as if she had not been through the procedure with other new Ambassadors. In fact, she had just come back from Betazed doing that procedure before she got her need assignment. You would not believe how much corruption there was in the Diplomatic Corps of Ambassadors.

“Oh and Zane, I forgot to send word to Captain Dahr that you will be arriving. You need to do that.” Zane rolled her eyes as Peter said that.

“Got it. Bye, Peter.” Zane exited to Comms and then turned to her attache, “I need a communications link to Starbase Freedom. Looks like we forgot to RSVP to the party.” A Few moments later a comm channel was opened. “Hello, this is Zandrea Reed with the Diplomatic Corp from Earth. We are about 3 hours away from the station. I need to meet with Captain Dahr and Ambassador Ren Upon arrival and at the Captain’s Earliest Convenience.”

(Reply Station)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

Casian had just finished going through the reports from Zarin about the previous days repairs. The Vulcan really did need more people, but he was working miracles with the crew he had. They'd received some help from the crew of the Illuminar, so they finished some of the repairs ahead of schedule.

When his door chime rang he tapped the key to open the door. He'd been asking the admiralty for help for so long, but the last thing he'd expected was a personal assistant. And Roxanne gave him no end of grief over her name.

“What can I do for you Bambi?” he asked.

“Captain,” she replied, “Commander Solice’s position has been officially registered with Starfleet and everything is taken care of. Her belongings are sent to her quarters and will be ready when she is ready to acquire them.”

"Thanks," he replied. She had taken his standing order to report the progress of anything on the station to him. "Anything else?"

“Also there is a Diplomatic delegation from Earth coming to the station. A Zandrea Reed has requested a meeting with you and Ambassador Ren when she arrives.” Bambi added.

“Zandrea Reed,” he said under his breath, more to himself than to his yeoman, “the Federation’s diplomatic gunfighter. So that’s who they’re sending.” He realized he was talking out loud and asked, “When is she scheduled to arrive?”

"I checked with the port," the yeoman replied. "Her transport should arrive at 1422 hours on 2446.09.23."

Casian sat forward and rested his forearms on his desk, "Well I we should pull out the stops for a new ambassadorial presence from the Federation. Thanks Bambi. Send a note to Lt. Samuels that I'm going to want to discuss the matter with him. Find an opening in my schedule for it today. Also, send out a reminder of the monthly senior staff gathering in my quarters the day after tomorrow. 1800 hours. You are, of course, invited. It's quite informal."

(reply Vennison)

"Dismissed, Yoeman."

(reply Vennison)

Once the yeoman left he opened a secure comm line to Trillus. "Captain Dahr to President Taylin Zon."

A voice came on Casian recognized as one of Zon's toady aids.

=^=I'm sorry, the president is far too busy to speak with you right now. Perhaps if you sent a request through the usual channels he'll get back to you when he has time.=^=
Dahr frowned and said in a very calculated voice, "Tell Zon that it's Dahr and if he doesn't want to see a certain holographic recording of an event on Quaylor II that might be... hard to explain if they surface in the media."

There was a pause and the next voice he heard was Taylin Zon's. ^=Casian, you son of a ..., you promised me that you destroyed that recording.=^=
"I did," Casian admitted, but I knew that would get you on the comm. You've been avoiding me too long, Taylin."

=^=I've been a little busy, Cas. After all I'm running a planet.=^=

"Too busy for an old friend?"

He could hear the sigh through the com. ^=What do you need Cas?=^=

"The new Ambassador from the Earth will be arriving in four days," Dahr said. "I think it would be a good idea for you to be here to greet her."

There was a prolonged silence then Zon's voice came back. ^=I've always appreciated your counsel, Cas. I'll have my chief of security connect with Lt. Samuels for a security detail.=^=
"I'll tell him to expect his call," Casian said. "See you in a couple of days."

“Captain,” she replied, “Commander Solice’s position has been officially registered with Starfleet and everything is taken care of. Her belongings are sent to her quarters and will be ready when she is ready to acquire them.”

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"I did," Casian admitted, but I knew that would get you on the comm. You've been avoiding me too long Taylin."

=^=I've been a little busy Cas. After all I'm running a planet.=^=

"Is there any other business for our businesses," Ana asked.

(Reply Any)

(posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Promenade - Bagel's Bagels - Council of SBF Businesses- 1250)

Thod Vol entered the Bagel shop with a big smile on his face. This wasn't really odd for the Bolian, as he'd often been described as being in a perpetual pleasant mood. However, there was more to this smile. He truly enjoyed Loxana's bagel shop. There was something about the smell of her fresh baked bagels that he loved.

It wasn't that he found their flavor to be his favorite, but he would often purchase a bag of bagels fresh from the oven and put it over his nose, just for the aroma. He found it quite intoxicating... and perhaps even a bit aphrodisiacal. His first wife always knew when he'd been to the bagelerie. He was usually quite... attentive.

Thod ran the music store, An Ear for Music. He had, at one time, been a renowned Bolian musician, having received accolades and awards for several of his compositions. But music was a focal mistress and his popularity waned. He had moved across the quadrant looking for some semblance of his past success, but wound up teaching others to play the instruments and music he loved on Starbase Freedom.

He saw Loxana and held out his hand, palm down, in the Bolian greeting.

“Lox,” he beamed, “you look wonderful. I am so looking forward to this meeting.”

He sat in a seat against the wall a leaned back to smell the fresh bagels as he awaited the others to arrive. When Loxana began to speak he sat upright, and very attentive to her words.

He looked around at the others as she spoke. There was the Ferengi, Joanz, who owned the shop called Antiquities and Acquisitions. There was also the owner of Rick's Cafe. Oddly enough his name was *not* Rick. It was actually Sam, and rumors of his... checkered past... only increased his popularity. There were several Trill store owners. But the one who got his attention the most was Dr. Fe'ver.

Dr. Fe'ver wasn't really a doctor. If he was, nobody knew what he was a doctor of. Part of the problem was that he wasn't even a person, per se. Dr. Fe'ver was a sentient artificial intelligence that resides in a cylindrical device that sat on the edge so that one could see the facial image that appeared on the... flat surface. Dr. Fe'ver ran the stations music and public information relay station, which was called WKRP on Freedom. Apparently the name was joke of some sort.

Being an AI, it was not easy to trust him. But Fe'ver was not allowed to interact with the station's systems personally. That was why he had Jennifer to carry him to and from places, and interact with the technical part of the relay station. He was more of the creative voice of the station.

"Alright, everyone," Loxana began her meeting. "I know it was a lot but getting back to business after the shooting was the best thing we could do."

"I agree," Thod added. "After all, keeping things as normal as we can will help everyone get past the whole ugliness, especially the image of that Klingon woman and her ritualistic killing."

Joanz shook his head, "Klingons. They're just bad for business. They have no joy in their heart, nor any appreciation for the finer things in life, like profit."

The face of Fe'ver lit up as he spoke in his expressive electric voice, [Accordion the the news relays she is no longer a member of Starfleet but now a representative of the Klingon home world. Why does that thought not make me feel safer?]

"I don't know why you are worried," Baylor Zon, the Trill proprietor of the restaurant Just for the Trill of It, said. "Nobody was killed right outside of your places. My restaurant has taken the greatest losses. And those poor people."

Thod interrupted, "Perhaps we should move on with the meeting." He nodded to Loxana.

"So it is that time when the local school kids are doing fundraisers. Be on the lookout. We know this is all show but they have fun and we do enjoy a good student-led promenade solicitation." People laughed.

"Indeed," Thod agreed, "and it often brings new interest to some of our stores. I often get new students from the events."

The group generally agreed. [I shall put out a bulletin over the relay later today.]

Joanz grumbled about fundraising being a waste of time and resources and how he had no intention of just giving away his hard earned profits. It went against everything he believed. The others just stared at him shaking their heads.

"So, my source, tells me that the Station has a new Executive officer. I would like to put a welcome basket together. I have heard about this one. She is that nice little blond who defended the woman who took out the assassin."

"Perhaps," Thod said, "I can get my advanced students to put on a concert dedicated to her arrival." His voice sounded quite excited.

Sam smiled, “A pretty blonde? I think I can throw something into the basket. Perhaps a private dining experience.”

“Is there any other business for our businesses,” Ana asked, sounding a little exasperated at his suggestive tone.

"Yes," Joanz spoke up, "I want to bring up, once again, how unfair the exchange rate is from Federation credits to gold plated platinum. I'm losing a fortune in this completely unfair, and unregulated, I might add, at this low rate. When are we going to get a reliable banking system on this station?"

[As we've stated before], even Fe'vers electronic voice sounded slightly frustrated, [since Teilk has rejoined the Federation they've agreed to rejoin the Federation economical system and return to Federation credits. So our hands are, as the saying goes, tied. I know that the Bolians have put in a bid to open an exchange on the base, but they are still in negotiations with the Federation. So, for now, how does it go, it is what it is.]

(reply Loxana)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 6-10 - Turbolift - SFI - Lt. Michael Weston - 1425)

As Michael made his way back down to level 10 he thought through his options. The best news was, no matter what, he was no longer tied to the Illuminar. But he was trading being tied to a ship to being tied to a Starbase. Although those were two totally different prospects. At least from SB Freedom he would be able to do some intelligence work. He was still SFI.

The other option was to reject the offer and return to the field, where he was free to operate as he had before. He would no longer be Lt. Weston, but plain old Michael Weston. Footloose and fancy free. The down side to that was that his anonymity had been destroyed. He could only work from the perspective of being a disgruntled Starfleet operative. Not the worst perspective to have. But it would mean him severing all of ties to his current situation... including Quinna.

It had been a thought in his head the whole time that they'd grown in their relationship. He hadn't meant for it to happen, but there it was, he'd gotten emotionally attached to someone. Removing Quinna from his life would hurt... himself and her. And he knew that he never wanted to intentionally hurt Quinna. Who was he kidding, he'd never hurt her even accidentally.

When the turbo lift deposited Michael on level 10 he knew that he was just fighting what he knew he had to do. He sighed and nodded to himself. The decision made he walked to the door of the guest quarters he and Quinna were sharing.

"Time to put on your big boy pants," he told himself, then he went into the room.

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 10 - Guest Quarters - Commander Quinna Solice and Lt. Michael Weston - 1430)

Quinna was sitting at the communications console. On the other side of the line was her brother bouncing a toddler on his lap. "This is amazing. You are going to be settled in one spot. Makes it easier to come and visit." Her brother commented. It was like they were in the same room together. The connection was much better than if they were on the Illuminar.

"Yeah, if those in-laws let you. I swear they have something against me seeing you all. The moment I plan to come, they plan a whole family adventure."

"Ahh, Queenie, that is not true." He assured her. "So does this mean that now you are the Executive officer, will you have more pajama days?"

"Maybe, I can learn to leisure a bit," Quinna replied, and then the door opened. Michael stepped inside. She looked at him and then her brother.

"Michael is there, isn't he?" Quinna nodded, "Talk to you later, Sis."

The Communications closed and Quinna stood and moved closer to Michael. "Hi." Quinna knew Michael met about his status. She was worried and curious. Did Michael get what he wanted? "Want to talk about it?" Quinna asked curious as to what happened but not wanting to push something she may not be privy to.

Michael gave Quinna an odd look and said, "I'd like to talk about the ramifications of suddenly ending conversations when somebody walks into the room. It gives the impression that you were talking about them."

He leaned in and gave her a kiss on the lips. He wasn't really annoyed but he'd hoped that they would all be comfortable enough to talk while he was there.

Quinna laughed, "If you heard that then you heard that it was my brother who was the one ending the call. His wife is pregnant again with child number 3."

"So..." Quinna said, the suspense was killing her on the inside but made no outward show of it.

"Three!" Michael exclaimed, creating a sense of anticipation for Quinna. "Sweet mother of all that is holy. Didn't that not learn anything from the last time?"

"I did give them the talk but..." Quinna quipped. "Quit stalling." Quinna crossed her arms.

"Okay, okay," he finally said raising his hands. "It appears that I have my good name back. Avril has given me free reign to rejoin the SFI as a field operative."

Quinna thought that was a good thing. Michael was in his own rights was free.

He waited a beat for that to settle in. "The downside is that I have one viable cover. A disgruntled ex-SFI operative. But when word gets out that I've been cleared of my notice it'll make things just a little more dangerous for me."

"Is that the only option you were given?" Quinnna asked out of curiosity but also knew that Michael probably loved that option.

"The director had a second alternative for me," he continued. "She wants to put an Assistant Director of SFI on the station. They would be in charge of all SFI operations in and around the base and the Trill homeworld. She asked me to take it,"

Quinna tried to imagine Michael with a desk job. That was certainly the option she preferred. "Wow, if this was my choice, I know what I would choose, but it is not my choice." Quinnna moved to the couch and pulled Michael with her. "Come sit with me and tell me what your thoughts are running through your brain."

Michael dropped his weight into the sofa and snuggled up to Quinnna. He ran the same thoughts through his brain over and over until finally he shook his head.

"The bottom line is," he said, "that I've changed. I'm not the same carefree, devil may care guy I was when you first met me. The Illuminar changed me." He looked at Quinnna, "You changed me. All my career, all my life, I haven't had anyone that I could depend on. Anyone that I... couldn't be without."

He turned on the sofa and took hold of Quinnna's hands. He'd expressed his feelings to her before, but never quite like this. This made it sound more permanent.

"I'd be lying if the element of danger that being back in the field didn't excite me," he admitted. "But being the AD would give me a sense of stability that I've never had. A sense of permanence. And I'm finding myself drawn to that. Not just for you, but for me too. But let's face it, it wouldn't be the same without you."

Quinna smiled. She squeezed his hands in return. She had prepared for him to want his old life back. He had told her early on that this was just a temporary thing. But Quinnna never allowed herself to think about Michael choosing his new life. His life with her. This emotion became a powerful one that made her decisions feel even more right. "Michael," Pause, "...My Michael," What words could she say that really expressed what was going through her mind? She leaned into him and kissed him.

"Changes are not going to be easy and we are both going through some major changes. Honestly, I am honored to be doing them with you," Quinnna said and added, "I stand by what I said before, I am lucky to have you."

Michael released himself to his emotions and his decision and returned her kiss. He pulled himself back and smiled.

“Just promise me that every once in a while I’ll get to do something dangerous.”

(reply none)

(Posted by Kris B and Al M)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 2 – CO's Quarters - CO - Captain Cassian Dahr - 1800)

Casian Dahr fussed around the table, making sure he hadn't missed anything. His wife, Roxanne, had been responsible for the side dishes, which she had placed on the table strategically. He checked to make sure that she was not physically present then moved his finger in close to the dish she had called... potato salad. He hadn't understood the reference as it bore no resemblance to a salad, but at least it was made from potatoes.

“Don’t touch it,” came the disembodied voice of Roxanne from their bedroom. His hand snapped back as if it had been attached to a spring.

Then he moved back to his work station. He had transformed their stove top to a grill and was preparing to... barbecue raw meat. He had eaten barbecued meat before. It was a specialty at Rick's. But he had never actually cooked it. He had a couple of practice sessions over the last couple of days and felt adequately prepared.

The door chime rang and he went to greet his first guests. Zerin stepped in, followed by the new ensign, Wednesday Adams.

"Zerin," Dahr said with a smile.

The Vulcan returned the smile genuinely. "It's great to see you old timer. Thought I'd bring something in case this went like the time you tried to cook a Klingon meal."

Casian chuckled, "I'm sure that was a once in a lifetime thing."

“Still,” Zerin said, handing him a bowl covered in a translucent wrapping, “a nice Vulcan Salad won’t hurt.”

Casian pointed with his head to the table. "If Roxanne can find a place for it." Then he turned his attention to young Wednesday. "Welcome Ms. Adams," he noted her attire, full dress uniform, and shook his head. "I presume you got your dress tips from Zerin."

Wednesday gave a weak smile, "Yeah, I should have known it wouldn't be a full dress attire, but who ever heard of a Vulcan who lied."

"For a joke," Zerin added from across the room, "you better believe it." Then he laughed a belly laugh.

Yeah, it's hard to distinguish a V'tosh K'tur Vulcan from a logical Vulcan," Dahr said. "Wait till you run into a normal Vulcan after spending a few weeks with Zerin."

"I bet," Wednesday said.

“That’ll be fun to watch,” Zerin said as he stepped in behind the girl and led her away from the door. “Come and Casian’s better half.”

(reply Roxanne)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 2 – CO's Quarters - The CO of the CO - Roxanne Dahr - 1803)

Roxanne had been on automatic mode as she was doing her part getting ready for this dinner. She did not have the chance to tell Cassian that she was leaving in the morning. She was going to attend the symposium when she was invited to be the keynote speaker.

Cassian had told her about the new XO coming to the station and it was no surprise that she had heard of Dr. Solice. But it did surprise her that she was the new XO. Roxann remembered something she needed to get something and headed back into the bedroom.

Roxanne stepped back out of the room with a basket full of small welcome gifts. Mostly they were candles and whatnots to make the new crew feel more at home. It was something she started when she came to the station. She heard the first of the guests had arrived.

"That'll be fun to watch," Zerin said as he stepped in behind the girl and led her away from the door. "Come and Casian's better half."

“Ahh Zerin, I see you brought your salad,” Roxanne said with a smile. “And who is this lovely lady?”

(Reply Cassian, Zerin, Adams)

"It is a pleasure to meet you Ms. Adams. Come let me get to know you more while we let them do the rest of the work."

(Reply Cassian, Zerin, Adams)

(posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 2 –CO's Quarters- Engineering Officer - Ensign Wednesday Adams
- 1805)

When Wednesday showed up to the Captains quarters and met with Zerin she immediately realized that her direct superior officer had misled her intentionally. She'd been pranked by a Vulcan. Zerin chuckled as he pressed the door chime before she could say anything. The captain did not hide his amusement at her discomfort, however she was starting to see the lighter side of the prank and smiled. It wasn't the first time she'd been told to lighten up. The captain had seemed like he was about to enlighten her on more of Zerin's miscreant activities when the Vulcan ushered her away from him saying, "Come and meet Casian's better half."

He whisked her towards a pretty, dirty blonde Trill carrying a basket of various items. She smiled and stepped towards them.

"Ahh Zerin, I see you brought your salad," she said. "And who is this lovely lady?"

The Vulcan held up his salad bowl in triumph and said, "I do what I can. And this," he turned to his junior officer, "is Ensign Wednesday Adams, my new engineer, fresh out of the academy."

"It's a pleasure to meet you Ms. Adams," Roxanne said. "Come let me get to know you more while we let them do the rest of the work."

Zerin raised an eyebrow, “Work? But I’m a guest?”

Dahr threw an arm over his shoulder and led Zerin towards the grill, “No, my friend, you are the hired help. Come let us away and... ‘work’.”

They left Wednesday with Roxanne, who was moving towards a coffee table with the basket. Wednesday followed her awkwardly. Of course social gatherings usually made her feel awkward. She was still not used to being invited to them, even though her last months on the Illuminar she had fallen in with a group of the closest thing to friends as she'd ever had. She tried to make her body *look* comfortable. She wasn't sure how well she was doing. To calm herself she began to run through the Boolean Pythagorean Triples equations in her head. The math calmed her mind as she waited for the captain's wife to begin her interrogation.

(reply Roxanne)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

Hank arrived outside the captain's quarters filled with anticipation. This had become a bit of a tradition since Dahr's arrival on the station three months ago. It had given him an opportunity to get to know several of his fellow department chiefs, whom he would rarely have time to talk with otherwise. Last month he had been able to corner Zerin, who was much more talkative than he had expected. He was a most unusual Vulcan.

He pressed the door chime and was met by Dahr himself. “Hank! Great! Welcome, welcome. Come on in and make yourself comfortable.”

“Thank you Captain,” Hank replied. Although these occasions were mostly informal, he got the impression that the CO still had to maintain a modicum of decorum.

Hank stepped in and nodded to Zerin, "Commander Zerin. A pleasure to see you again."

Zerin smiled and moved over to clap the El Aurian on the back. “Hank, it’s great to see you again. How’s life on Security?”

“Quiet over the last couple of days,” Samuels replied. “Just getting my new team member settled in. Luckily she missed all of the excitement so she’s getting into our routines. I even invited her here tonight.”

“Really?” Zerin sounded surprised. “That is interesting. I brought my new recruit as well. But she’s been absconded by Doctor Dahr.”

"Perhaps they can bond tonight," Hank suggested. "Perhaps."

Dahr interrupted the pair. At the last party their conversation became the rage of conjecture. Between the El Aurian's desire to hear stories and the Vulcan's innate curiosity to learn more about Hank, a pool had started as to who would break first. Casian did not want a repeat of that.

“Ok gentlemen,” he said, “let’s not make plans for an arranged marriage just yet. Come and help me prepare to... barbecue.”

He led them over to his modified kitchen and began to produce fresh meat from his refrigerator.

(reply none, next batter up)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible][illegible]

End Compile