

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - COps Office - Ensign (ig) Jordan Transitor - 0805)

her medical tricorder. She placed the device into Genesse's hand. "Do you think you can use this and scan some of your people for me? I am interested in those that have contact radiation and do not have any radiation damage."

Genesse stared at the device for a moment, in awe of it, and in surprise that the doctor had so readily given it to her. These were an interesting people indeed. Then she snapped out of her shock and nodded.

“Of course,” Genesse replied. “I would need to practice here for a a bit to ensure that I know how to use it properly and can understand all of the readings. Would you mind if monitored some of the patients in your sickbay now?”

(reply Solice)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar- Deck 5- Sickbay ISO Room 4 - SO, Ensign T'Mur- 1930)

T'Mur was sitting on the boibed, cross legged, eyes closed and working on her breathing. It had taken her nearly two hours of intense focusing and meditation, but she was finally able to gain control of her emotions. She could still feel them boiling under the surface of her calm, but with great effort and concentration, she had been able to gain control of her outbursts. The two main emotions remaining to her were rage and shame.

She focused on her body and felt how her body reacted to the emotions. Then, slowly, she would attune her body to how it would be if she were calm. She had been able to slow her heart beat, and lower her blood pressure. She would breathe slowly and methodically, fighting against its desire to be more ragged. T'Mur had been in her current position for twenty-seven minutes. Twice medical staff had come in to check on her, but she completely ignored them, events they attempted to engage with her. She had nothing to tell them and their questions were banal and meaningless.

“How are we doing Ensign T'Mur?” She wanted to rage at them and ask how did they think she was doing. But she breathed in, and breathed out, and forced those actions down and put a wall around her emotions. She was certain at one point she had broken the arm of a technician who had come in to check on her when her breathing and heart rate dropped to a barely readable level of the boiled. He had touched her, and the shock of the touch caused her to react before being able to get control. So they had decided it was best to just leave her alone until there was a way of treating her.

The next disruption came at the hands of Genesse, the Sharlayan Healer. T'Mur had a strange sensation when she came into the room. Deep in the back of her mind she could remember feeling her, somehow, inside her. It was not a telepathic sensation, but a physical connection. It was as if, at

one point, Genesse had connected herself to T'Murs nervous system and brought a form of peace that drugs could not. This woman she could not ignore. However, she kept her eyes closed and focused on her breathing.

Genesse was clearly pleased to see T'Mur sitting up and still. She moved over to the biobed with her new toy, the medical scanner, in hand and began to pass it around her patient. T'Mur could not hold back the smile.

"Oh sweet child," Genesse said, "I am so pleased to see you sitting up. I won't insult you by asking how you are feeling. I can see how your body is reacting with this device. I will ask, however, how you are holding up?"

T'Mur dropped her chin, turned her head and slowly opened her eyes. "I am ... in control ... meanwhile."

She could already feel the emotions start to well up. Breath in. Breath out. Force the heart rate down. Feel the blood pressure drop.

Genesse watched her readings as T'Mur went through her routine to stay calm. "That is amazing. You have a remarkable control over your body functions. I can also see that it is taking a lot of strain on you to maintain it. I won't stay long, so you can go back your meditation."

Panic struck T'Mur, "No! Please... stay. For some reason you bring me calm. I am uncertain as to why, but I ... appreciate your presence."

Genesse nodded and moved to sit on the side of the biobed. "Of course child. I will stay and give you what ever you need."

T'Mur shook her head, "I don't know what I need. What I need is to get myself under control. To repair the damage to neural system that is the actual cause of my current condition. Do you have the ability to repair damage to synaptic pathways in the brain?"

"No, sweetness," Genesse shook her head, "I do not. I can share what I have, but cannot give you what you really need. That is far beyond my skills, Do you need calming now."

T'Mur smiled again and shook her head, "I am ... currently in control. Thank you."

Genesse looked at the readings from the scans and looked perplexed. "Your device is still a little complicated for me. Can you tell me what these readings say?"

T'Mur took the scanner from the Healer and perused the readings. She was curious as well. "That is odd. The radiation effect on my body has almost completely dissipated. I'm not sure how that is possible. I don't recall receiving any medication that could have done that. How are the rest of the away team doing. Are their readings the same."

“Most have been treated by your Doctor Quinna,” Genesse said. “She is an excellent healer, but so young. However, I was responsible for your treatment, as nobody else could get near you. And my form of treatment is unique.”

T'Mur looked at the old Healer and suddenly noticed some bruising around her neck and arms. "Was that me?"

Genesse smiled, "You have a very tight hug. I am fine and have had far worse."

She could tell that T'Mur was starting to get agitated again and decided that she had over stayed her welcome. "I must attend to others and get used to this silly device. Doctor Quinna wants me to take readings of others on Kal'Shar. If you need anything, please let me know."

T'Mur nodded, smiled at the mothering healer, and closed her eyes to return to her meditation, waiting to see if she were completely in control of herself.

(reply none)
(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

He was awake and at his desk having finished the daily log and report. T'Lah was napping nearby next to several catnip toys. The cabin was peaceful, serene and quiet.

He placed the base for Kal'toh before him and activated it. The tray filled with holographic "pieces" as he watched. Time had been scarce since their departure from Bajor and he hadn't brought the set into his quarters to play a "game". Kal'toh was the quintessential logic puzzle which few outside of Vulcans enjoyed. It had gained adherents however in other cultures. The aim was simple... build a 3 dimensional holographic construct using the available pieces. Simple in concept but difficult in execution since each piece had to be carefully considered before put into play, its place in the construct determined beforehand and used only at the proper time and in its proper position.

Vulcans used logic to calculate variables, possible permutations and desired results; weighing these against all possible variations. In this then his race was distinctly qualified to tackle such an exercise. Logic was often spurned by emotional beings, its purpose derided because they did not understand its necessity. His ancestors had been creatures of unimaginable barbarity, cruelty and violence. In order to save their race Surak had brought about an unparalleled revolution of the mind, to turn from emotion and its destructive tendencies to cold, hard, unfettered logic. To submerge their darker natures and turn its energies to the pursuit of truth, scientific evolution and pragmatism.

In this way their planet, their culture had been saved, salvaged from the wreckage of war and death. There were many who took that to the lengths of extreme pacifism and their tenets were not decried nor subverted. Logic also dictated that only those prepared to protect their civilization would survive the depredations of a warring interloper. Sekal, his father, every Vulcan who had traveled through space had faced that enigmatic question... to fight or to allow their own destruction. Those who refused to protect themselves and those in their charge were eventually lost as were many who stood up to an

attacker. But those who fought did not do so from emotion, they used no greater force than necessary and they valued peace and the advancement of their species and the Federation above all else.

Logic in its own way could be limited though by circumstance. A Vulcans incredible insight due to ephemeral clues and penetrating intellect passed over. It wasn't a "gut feeling" at which humanity seemed to excel, a near paranormal instinct that often led them to an answer. No it was their honed minds piecing together those variables, permutations and variations and constructing a conclusion that others could not see.

Such as the logic that had led him to conclude early in the investigation that Dean Vedek Horavei had attempted to assassinate his superior and religious leader Kai Hetel Krevi. He studied the pieces carefully as he looked them over noting their lengths, nodes and spatial reference. He didn't look up when he heard the voice seemingly absorbed in the study.

"In rank as well as in fact. Quite a step up mon capitan. Was it due to your bumbling success at Bajor or a dearth of properly qualified candidates to fill the role?" The faux warmth of it was completely scuttled by the sly undertone. There was no comradery here, no meeting of friends. It was sarcasm and mockery disguised as conversation.

Sekal picked up one of the holographic rods and studied it for a moment before setting it aside, it would do. He then turned his chair to regard the interloper sitting in the couch on the far wall. His brown hair was immaculately trimmed, his eyes bright with intelligence. His mouth was turned up at the edges in a sly smile. His uniform now had the bars of an Admiral but he wasn't Starfleet, far from it in fact.

Q was lounging at ease with his left arm on the sofa back, his right resting upon the arm of the furniture.

Sekal said nothing but studied him silently for a moment.

"What? Cat got your tongue?" The beings eyes twinkled.

"What do you wish me to say Q? Why are you here? The question would be counter-productive. You may come and go as you please for no other reason than your own capricious nature according to a whim. Without logic, with out reason and without purpose. Your very existence and aims are chaotic and illogical."

Q smirked at that. "Yet because of my warning you and your crew were able to save your universe and restore things to normalcy."

Sekal folded his arms. "Do not pretend that you did it for selfless reasons. It suited your purpose and freed you to interfere in Starfleet affairs. Because of our efforts you may now come and go as you wish once again." He leaned back in his chair. "The question becomes why you have chosen this ship."

Q rose to his feet with a twinkle in his eye. "I have to admit you are perceptive. But then again you aren't like many of your peers as we have already discussed. So why have I taken an interest in your ship Mon Capitan?"

Sekal crossed his arms. "The new technology is far beneath you therefore even though you showed interest in it at our first meeting I can logically rule it out. It is then therefore one or more of this crew who you are curious about. There is one being who might be of interest... Luma'Lenai."

"The last of a species who wouldn't have survived without the help of the Q? Hardly. You give her too much credit." Q's face took on a look of boredom as he waved a hand negatively. "And while the little white mouse is interesting he is hardly a threat without the help of his patron." The being walked to the wall on the left and studied the star chart there before turning only his head to look at the Vulcan.

"I enjoy watching your varied species struggle outward against opposition. To attempt to overcome obstacles that are beyond them. To see the spark of determination flare against impossible circumstances."

"Why?"

Q turned back to him with that sly smirk. "Because it amuses me."

Sekal tilted his head as he regarded him. "Highly illogical."

"Coming from one such as you a high compliment Captain Sekal. And now it's time to be off but I will be watching."

"I never considered otherwise."

Sekal watched as Q vanished in a flash of light then turned to see T'Lah standing with her back arched and her tail low and full. Her canines were showing as she hissed. She relaxed as he reached his hand down and scratched behind her ears.

"I am in complete agreement." He said before turning back to the board and taking up the piece once again.

(Reply: None)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar- Deck 3, Personal Quarters - CO, Captain Sekal - 2015)

He picked up the piece and turned it over in his hand as his thoughts returned to Bajor. The board was waiting for his first move.

The vote for the new Kai had been ostensibly deadlocked with two front runners but no clear winner. Both sides had been entrenched. One had vowed to carry on the progressive nature of his fore runners. The other had been more of a moderate and had carried support from both sides. But at some point during the cloister another name had been put forward. Hetel Krevi, a newly installed Vedek only recently raised from Prylar. Well known and loved it was said by those she served according to historic record. A palatable choice by the progressives but also gaining the support of both moderates and

enough of the hard liners to push her through to the position of Kai. An illogical choice to be sure. He placed the rod on the board, the first part of the support structure.

The next part of the base was crucial, a survey of the pieces had noted the probable finished product of a sphere. Simple, elegant and at the same time difficult. The second rod would go atop the first. In questioning Hetel he had learned of threats made against her, not specific or overt but vague enough to ensure she would not forget that she had opposition and her failure to support their position guaranteed she would have enemies. She had not however identified the source of the threat. He placed the second rod atop the first after insuring the nodes were perfectly aligned with the base.

Midway into the lower base rod were four nodes, they would be shorter than those in the center. He laid them out carefully before choosing one. The nodes at the end had to be placed with two horizontal and two vertical, the two vertical nodes were offset and had to be aligned correctly. Four rods, all of them carefully set.

When the Illuminar arrived at Bajor he had noted schisms in the governing authorities. The civilian representatives at a time of crisis had been stymied by the Vedek Council who were resisting what needed to be done to save those inside the temple. First of all the edict against removing any of the affected. He placed the first lower limb of the holographic model.

Refusing to allow them to be removed guaranteed a lack of proper treatment. The Bajoran medical staff were stretched thin and had to manage their exposure time carefully. More sensitive equipment could not be brought to bear on the malady. He placed the second limb.

When speaking with Dean Vedek Horavei the man at his urging had offered to release the edict on everyone except the Kai, they could be removed but she would not. His mouthed platitudes of waiting for miraculous intervention notwithstanding, a death sentence. Sekal placed the third limb.

Counselor Ravenstone at his order had been monitoring the Dean of Vedeks and had made his stance clear... his mind was set, Kai Hetel was to die. It was his goal, his plan. Of this she had been sure. He placed the final lower limb and sat back. The logic had been obvious, Horavei was using the incident to get rid of an enemy, perhaps even meaning to take her place. He had been prepared to arrest Horavei then and there but the standoff had been interrupted because of a firefight instituted by armed elements within the Vedeks own guard who had been loyal to the pagh wraith cultists and he and his team had been forced to withdraw. Horavei had unwittingly been relieved by forces bent on his capture.

The central limbs were longer being the circumference of the sphere and attached at the point where the upper and lower base met thus drawing on both. They were easily located and set aside.

Sekal had been on the ship when the trace of poison had been found in the Kai's system. She had been attacked after she had fallen ill, her protection could not be assured and the evidence of a criminal act had been what he needed to break the edict. She could be brought aboard as could his medical staff who were also in harms way. He placed the first of the central limbs.

He had of course contacted Horavei about the matter. Counselor Trei had been monitoring the man at his instruction and her findings were the same as Counselor Ravenstones. He placed the second limb.

Horavei had insisted on having an observer aboard which was a logical action, Sekal had acquiesced to the request. The observer sent aboard at Horavei's request had been found with a vial of poison on her person. He placed the third limb.

Questioning of the Vedek had indicated she was unaware of the vial and Sienna's reading of the vial indicated it was placed on her person by Horavei. The only chink in his well planned assassination attempt which was due to him attempting to divert suspicion. The psychic lead was inadmissible as evidence. Sekal placed the final circumferential limb.

There remained four limbs at the top. Having spoken with Kai Hetel after her recovery he could now fill them in logically. Dean Vedek Horavei had been one of those hard liners who had pressured the Kai to roll back the reforms and was the logical one to have made the threat as he was optimally placed at the head of the council and sure of his power. He placed the first upper limb.

When the omicron radiation had felled those in the temple he had attempted to insure her death by poison. Not just any poison either, a Cardassian poison. If it ever came to light Cardassia would be blamed. The poisoner whom Horavei had given the deed had failed and taken his own life after causing yet more chaos. All of his moves had fortunately failed owing to the perception of the ship's crew. He placed the second upper limb.

As the Dean if Vedeks Horavei was in the unparalleled political position of being the front runner as the next Kai. There was little doubt what his next move would be if he had the needed support to take the office. Sekal placed the third upper limb.

The Cardassian poison which was known to leave long standing traces would have been found, the reforms rolled back due to a traitor in their midst and Horavei would have had the perfect platform upon which to ostracize the Oralian Way. He placed the last limb, the framework was complete. The rest of the pieces would be used to fill in the surface of the sphere.

According to reports Horavei had so far been able to avoid suspicion. His plans had been well laid and the only witness to them had committed suicide. Sekal however would not allow him to go unpunished, if there was anything he could do to prove his guilt he would do so.

One other question remained. The Prophets had shown their hand during the crisis. It had been less than a month since the conflagration had been defused.

What if anything did THEY intend to do about the Dean of Vedeks?

He sat back in the chair. His concentration was broken only when T'Lah hopped into his lap. He scratched her head idly as she purred. Everything reported about the inhabitants of the wormhole had proven that their interest in Bajoran affairs would at some point cause them to act.

What form would it take?

(Reply: None)

(Posted by Charles G)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 6 - NCO Quarters Security PO3 Hercules Devers - 0100)

Finally he put the earpiece in so that he could communicate with the ship and other security without having to stop and tap his comm badge.

(USS Illuminar- Deck 4- Transporter Room 1- Federation Ambassador at Large- Dr. Riven Mias -0200)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

The door slid open. Standing there was the Ambassador, in white and his wife. There was also some cadet looking terrified and excited at the same time. He nodded to the Transporter Chief and his fellow security detail.

"Good Morning, Sir," Devers said to the Ambassador. "I am Hercules Devers Sir, and I look forward to an uneventful event."

He waited till the other members of the team introduced themselves before taking his place on the transporter pad.

(Reply ANY - especially more security)
(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

"Good Morning, Sir, I am Hercules
Devers Sir, and I look forward to an uneventful event."

Riven beamed at the Security officer. "And to you as well. Uneventful is the order of the day and I expect nothing less with your help."

The door opened again and the second member of the security detail stepped in. He stopped, looked around with a smirk and spoke.

"Hello Herc, Dr. Mias, Dr. Mias and cadet." Steven chuckled. It sounded like a scratchy recording but the Ambassador's wife was a medical professional as well and he couldn't pass it up. "Looks like the gang is all here."

"Quite so." Riven echoed the chuckle. "It's time to get going. Gentlemen, ladies please follow me." Riven stepped onto a pad and gestured with a hand. "Energize my good man."

~Ah meeting new people, it never gets old.~ His next thought was on the Sharlayan asteroid ship as they were already dematerializing.

[illegible]

Skies had already given up on a restful night sleep. The meeting with the Federationers had stirred up memories that he had been otherwise too occupied to dwell upon recently. However, the last vestiges of his sleep were chased away by the screams in the night. The screams in his head as he ordered the engineering zone to be sealed, with all of the occupants inside.

He knew that they were already dead, even if their bodies did not, and sealing the area was what was necessary to ensure the survival of the rest of the Sharlayans. but the responsibility had fallen on his

shoulders and that of his father. With his father passing the burden of the guilt fell completely on his shoulders. There was no place else to place it.

He rolled over in his bed and stared longingly at the empty space next to him. Even the pain and guilt of his mates own demise could not cut through the cries of pain and anguish in his head. He frowned at the spot and spoke to her as he often would.

"I need you to tell me that I did what was right, what I had to do," he pleaded with the empty spot. "Well I hope that we can get the help we need from these... Federationers."

There was a knock at his door that disturbed his melancholy. Grumbling he got out of the bed and put on his robe. He went to the door to see who could be bothering him at this hour or the sleep cycle. It was a member of the Se'cor clan, but he could not pull his name froths brain right now.

“Admiral, there is a message from the surface. Another party from the ... Illuminar clan has arrived and on their way to meet with you.”

Skeese sighed again and rolled his eyes, “Do these people of the Federation not have designated sleep cycles?”

The se'cor shrugged his shoulders uncertain of what he should say.

Skeese waved off the thought for the man and shook his head, “No, never mind. I was not meant to sleep tonight at any rate. Have them brought to the Hall of Decisions.”

~At least they came at the end of the sleep cycle, rather than the start.~ He thought to himself as he began to dress. He took the time to look in the mirror, and wondered when he had gotten so old. He rubbed at the lines across his forehead, hoping that they would smoothest, to no avail. Then he unceremoniously stuck his tongue out at the figure that kept staring back. He finished dressing in his finest uniform and took one more look back at the empty bed.

"Sorry love," he said wistfully, "duty calls."

(reply none)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(Kal'Shar - Domain of the Keepers- Room of Remembrance- Federation Ambassador at Large- Dr. Riven Mias and PO1 Steven Hammons- 0225)

Riven was impressed, very impressed. It had taken every second of the twenty minutes for them to make their way from the airlock building which had been fully pressurized before the away teams had returned to the ship to this chamber full of ancient mementos.

Kal'Shar was massive and the work undertaken was mind boggling. He found himself wondering what had caused a civilization to take this step. Had their world or sun been dying necessitating an evacuation? Or had this herculean effort been the outcome of a bustling people with grandiose plans? If you really thought about it the first would seem to be unlikely because of the time frame needed.

Hollowing out the asteroid and outfitting it would probably have taken decades considering their technological level and was not a spur of the moment effort to save a few of their race. However had they had enough warning perhaps they had decided on this step? If it was catastrophic it hadn't been sudden however. Perhaps, just perhaps the parent civilization still existed and if so Riven would love to meet them and see how far that civilization had progressed.

Two Sharlayans had met them here and been resistant at first to his security team carrying weapons beyond. Riven held up his hands in surrender as he smiled and gave a short laugh. "Fair enough. I will ask your Admiral when I meet him about this. Federation diplomatic security is considered essential but I don't want this to become an issue between our peoples."

He turned to Devers and Hammons. "Gentlemen I understand your concerns but leave your weapons here at this time. It's a matter of trust you see and once the leadership sees we are here for their benefit I'm sure it will be rescinded."

Hammons kept the grin on his face though he wanted to glower at the Sharlayans. Diplomatic security was no joke but at the same time it was the same situation the Captain had encountered and he wasn't going to attract the CO's notice by kicking up a fuss here. Or was he? He considered refusing to allow the Ambassador to move forward until the situation was resolved. He was also the senior security officer present.

The situation was unusual certainly. The Sharlayans were in dire straits and openly friendly though on the suspicious side to which they had every right to be since their group were strangers here. On the other hand desperate people were sometimes driven to desperate lengths. There was some room for compromise though.

"We will continue unarmed at this time Ambassador but..." he turned his attention to the Sharlayans. "... I would like to speak with whoever is in charge of security for your people."

"The Protectors." One of the natives said with agreement. "I will notify Rhyssa that you wish to speak with her. You do not need to worry about your weapons while they are here."

"I'm not concerned about my weapons." His grin had faded but returned. "And hope to become reacquainted with them soon."

"She will be told."

Hammons placed his sidearm on the table and stepped away.

(Reply: Devers, Michaela)

"It's not the safety of my weapons I'm concerned about." He noted to the Sharlayans before they began moving out.

(Reply: Devers, Michaela)

"The Admiral awaits you." The natives led the way. Hammons motioned for Devers to cut in front of Riven and his wife.

(Reply: Devers)

Riven stepped back with a hand on Michaella's arm as the security officer took the lead but said nothing, the two men were doing their job, this was why they were here.

The group set out with the nervous cadet following them while Hammons watched their six.

(Reply: Devers, Michaella)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

Devers kept his eyes scanning the area. Even though he had been down this way about 12 hours ago, it was still new territory, and now with a high-value target. Even more high value than the Captain, his spidey senses were on edge.

It was as it was yesterday, the Sharlayans kicked up a fuss about Hammons phaser. This was why he had left his on the ship. Devers opened his hands, and indicated he did not have a side arm.

Once Hammons has placed his side arm on the table, he looked at the Sharlayan, “It’s not the safety of my weapons I’m concerned about.”

Devers shrugged, raising an eyebrow to Hammons.

Their guide announced, "The Admiral awaits you," On Hammons signal, Devers slipped into position ahead of the Ambassador and his wife.

The Sharlayan had played nice when they were here last, but Devers still kept his eyes moving. The lighting and shadows seemed to want to play tricks on him, but the guide kept on walking.

Soon they arrived at what was called the Hall of Decisions. Devers paused at the threshold, scanning the room before stepping inside and to the left, allowing the Ambassador and his wife to enter. Devers body was tense, ready to spring into action, though nothing seemed to signal he would need too. Of course, that was when the unexpected happened.

(Reply Admiral, Ambassador, Hammons Michaella)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

The diplomatic entourage was escorted into the large chamber and Rivens eyes swept across the faded banners of a civilization that had since faded into galactic history. Of an industrious, driven

people who had lifted their eyes and stretched out their arms to the stars. Their glory had faded somewhat, been tarnished and obscured as their descendants had lost much of that to which they had once attained but no matter the fate of their home planet the spark still burned among the vastness of the aether.

His empathic senses had been tasting the emotional state of those encountered along the way. In them he sensed a deep sadness for what had been lost and those who had fallen along the way. The Keepers were a proud remnant with a great burden who wore their depression like a weight about their necks. Despair was a cruel master with spurs of failure and anxiety for the future. Tasks that were once simple had become difficult or impossible without the proper tools, materials and knowledge of their lost clan.

That had made him wonder what had happened to the knowledge the computers had once no doubt contained. Had it drifted into the void of ignorance due to failed equipment or had they lost the ability to access it? Had logins and passwords become cryptic puzzles of legend? Lost through a failure to communicate them to their descendants? Or had the Sharlayans turned their backs on old knowledge? Had they become so regimented in a caste like system that knowledge outside their own strictures had become forbidden? Or had they over time become complacent? Unwilling to give the effort needed to fight through to the answer? Had they become so wearied by the long years and despondent that ennui had shackled them to despair?

He looked down the long table toward the one called the Admiral and sensed those same emotions but pride was present there, resolve, determination. Riven had also sensed something in them as well that was beginning to flicker to life. It was promise of a future, a yearning for what lay beyond, a determination to move forward at long last.

It was a brightness of being reaching to the light. It was hope. And when fortified with hope the past in time could fade, failure could diminish in strength, despair could fall, depression could disperse like mist. Because without hope how could one know joy?

His sandals whispered along the floor to the accompaniment of silver chimes, his white hair in its braids reaching to his waist behind him swayed light to the accompaniment of the tinkle of the charms as he stopped and made a deep bow to the commander of the Keepers.

He rose from the bow with a smile that threatened to light up the room then spoke. "I am Riven Mias, ambassador from the Federation and it is with great pleasure that I present myself to Admiral Skeese, commander of the Sharlayan Keepers of Kal'Shar."

(Reply: Skeese)

Riven extended his hand as he presented the rest of the group. "I present to you my wife Michaela Kirien Mias, Cadet Lia Mirandez who is a linguist and my security retinue who I believe you have already met, Petty Officers Devers and Hammons."

(Reply: Skeese, Devers, Michaela, Mirandez)

Riven borrowed a Vulcan gesture and interlaced his fingers at the small of his back as he beamed at the Admiral. His posture was open, gregarious and honest. Meeting new races, being a spokesman for the UFP and putting that governments best face forward was what he thrived on because it was his nature. This was why the UFP sometimes availed itself of his services.

(Reply: Skeese, Devers, Michaella, Mirandez)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

Skeese watched the entourage as they entered the hall. He had a small headache in the back of his head from lack of sleep, and a growling in his stomach from a lack of food. Most of the remaining food from the day before had been redistributed to the general population. Food was too precious to let go to waste. However, protocol did dictate that he offer his guests food, so he had ordered the Gatherer that served the hall to prepare some kind of food that would be tasty and filling but not so wasteful as the day before.

They were different that those who had come earlier. He recognized the “security retinue” but the other three were unknown. The female was definitely older, and he realized that the last name claimed her to be part of the same family as the speaker. Two names stating that she was a mate from a different clan. Although she was older she was not unattractive and could see that she would appeal to most men. He wondered what her purpose for being here was, since nobody on Kal'Shar was there simply to accompany another. Everyone had a job to do. All of theaters had been introduced with a specific function, but she was simply introduced as his “wife”. Wife, what an interesting term. He rolled it around in his head for a moment then refocused. He did not have time for thoughts of melancholy right now.

The man, himself was intriguing. He did not dress like a typical leader, but more like some kind of religious figure. The sound of the chimes were almost melodious and carried a rhythm that he found his head nodding to. The long braided hair was a stark color against the color of his face, making it stand out. And his smile lit his face in a feeling of pure joy. Skeese couldn't help but feel the cold leave his bones at the sight of it. He so wanted to like this man, but knew that trust had to be earned.

Standing up he stepped towards the group with a smile a open arms. He took the offered hand in both of his, a sign of trust offered and accepted, meanwhile. He knew that he needed these people, but what did they need or want from him.

"Greetings Riven Mais and company," Skeese bowed his head slightly. "I am pleased to make your acquaintance. You are welcomed as a friend. Let us hope our friendship is long standing and fruitful for both of us."

He had appreciated the formal manners that Riven Mias had provided him with and could only return the same. He nodded acknowledgement of the two security men, noting from the experience earlier that they stay in the background, and most likely not be major players in the conversation.

The last member of the party was Cadet Lia Marandez. By his admission she was a linguist. The purpose and need of such a specific task was also lost a little on the admiral. These people seemed to have a good grasp on the Sharlayan language. Perhaps to ensure that there was no undue misunderstanding because of the wrong words used. Perhaps it was a weakness in Riven Mias. He seemed to be an adequate orator, but that may be due to the use of these Cadets, whatever they were.

As Mias stood with his hands behind his back and smiling, Skeese found himself torn between positive feelings and the sensation that he was being led down a path and this was the smile of an overjoyed predator. He would simply have to remain on his guard until he discovered which.

Suddenly a group of Gatherers entered and with the they brought food. Several brought trays of fruit and drink. Two carried a rather large and garishly decorated pastry that would be described as a cake. Satisfied that they table was ready he turned to the group.

“Please, be seated. Let my table be your table. Let us eat, and talk of what is on your mind,” Skeese turned and indicated to the table. Then he returned to his chair and sat down. The Gatherer served him a piece of the cake. It had a white doughy interior, and had been coated in a sweet white covering, with edible flowers and berries arranged around the top. Once everyone had been served they left the hall in silence. Skeese nodded his thanks to the last server as they closed the door behind them.

“Happy day,” Skeese said and took a bite. “Now, tell me, what brings you here at such an hour?”

(reply Riven)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(Kal'Shar-Domain of the Keepers- Hall of Decisions- Federation Ambassador at Large- Dr. Riven Mias-0245)

“Happy day, Now, tell me, what brings you here at such an hour?”

Riven took a bit of the sweet cake and made a rumble of enjoyment. "Mmmm. Very good, thank you for your hospitality." He made sure all of the crumbs were off his fingers before continuing. The Sharlayans emphasis on the time and the empathic sense he got from him made him give a start.

"I beg your pardon, have we come at a bad time? I waited the twelve hours the Captain passed to me before coming down. He said you had asked for that but our units of time measurement must be decidedly different. If so I apologize for disturbing you."

(Reply: Skeese)

Riven sighed and sat back after cutting a slice for Michaela and passing it to her then settled back with a glass of water. "We can continue this at a time of your choosing and there is much to talk about. First though I have some good news to impart from Captain Sekal." The water was fresh and cold. "Our ship does not have unlimited resources but they are preparing as much food as can be spared to be shared among your people."

(Reply: Skeese)

Rivens smile broadened. "Ah but that is only the tip of the iceberg. Kal'Shar is currently within Federation space and one of our outermost planetary systems is not far away. The people of that system are prosperous and are sending aid. Four ships filled with foodstuffs. The first two are expected to arrive within six days if there are no issues."

(Reply: Skeese)

The Betazoid loved giving good news, unfortunately later it was going to be balanced by bad news the Sharlayans wouldn't like. The blow would be softened though by options. "Each freighter holds approximately twenty five thousand metric tons, or fifty five million, one hundred fifty thousand pounds of grain and vegetables. We need to take a census of the number of people aboard to say for sure but that should be enough to extend the colonists food supply for a short time. The other two should be about three days behind them."

(Reply: Skeese)

"I understand you have a cargo elevator which will help in moving the supplies to your people still the logistics in moving that kind of material will be daunting. We will work with the Keepers in getting the supplies out. I believe the head of security has some experience in doing this and is going to be heading up the relief supplies."

(Reply: Skeese)

Riven laced his fingers across his stomach as he considered. "The Bajorans have already asked about whether more supplies will be needed. What the Captain has been planning is to insure an adequate supply with an eye toward repairing your internal systems. If that works out then the necessity is to keep them fed until they can bring in a full harvest. How much needs to be sent and when depends on the colonists current supply, the number of individuals and the amount of time until they can harvest again which is why a census is necessary."

(Reply: Skeese)

The Betazoid nodded. "The sooner it gets done the better. They will be sending rations down later today and setting up distribution camps. The colonists will need to be notified to send representatives from each group. With one of our number accompanying them back to their home we should be able to get a count started. Without a census we have no idea how much need there is to deal with."

(Reply: Skeese)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(Kal'Shar-Domain of the Keepers- Hall of Decisions- Admiral Skeese- 0247)

"I beg your pardon, have we come at a bad time? I waited the twelve hours the Captain passed to me before coming down. He said you had asked for that but our units of time measurement must be decidedly different. If so I apologize for disturbing you."

Fatigue had made Skeese careless in his choice of words. Did it make him seem weak? He straightened himself up in his seated stretched his back, stifling a yawn.

Shaking his head he said, "No, no, no, it is quite all right. My sleep cycles have been erratic as of late," ~The last three cycles at least. Not that I had a regular cycles sleep since since the incident in engineering. ~

"We can continue this at a time of your choosing and there is much to talk about," Mias said sitting back. "First though I have some good news to impart from Captain Sekal. Our ship does not have unlimited resources but they are preparing as much food as can be spared to be shared among your people."

Skeese could feel some of his fatigue lift and sat forward leaning his arms on the table, "This is good news indeed. But how is that possible? Will it not cause a problem with your own supplies? But if you can help solve the one issue... it might give me a better nights sleep tonight."

He chuckled a little at the irony of his statement. It was one issue of many. The propulsion system was broken, the numbers of the silent death was growing, there was unrest amongst the other castes because of the diminishing food supplies... the list went on. Fixing the food problem seemed like an easy task for these people, but Skeese feared that the unrest that had been stirred would not be so easily dispelled. However that was not these people's problem.

Rivens smile broadened. "Ah but that is only the tip of the iceberg. Kal'Shar is currently within Federation space and one of our outermost planetary systems is not far away. The people of that system are prosperous and are sending aid. Four ships filled with foodstuffs. The first two are expected to arrive within six days if there are no issues."

Skeese stood up and walked behind his chair, showing his back to his guests. The breach of protocol was almost inexcusable but he needed a moment to collect his thoughts and his emotions. When he turned he could not control the smile on his face. "That is incredible. Such cooperation between worlds exists. I suppose the immediate fear is if that cooperation is voluntary or through subjugation, but I must ... trust that is through a more altruistic reason. It is amazing news. Six days. How much...?"

"Each freighter holds approximately twenty five thousand metric tons, or fifty five thousand pounds of grain and vegetables. We need to take a census of the number of people aboard to say for sure but that should be enough to extend the colonists food supply for a short time. The other two should be about three days behind them."

Skeese dropped back into his seat and leaned back. A small wave of relief ran through his body. However he had to ask himself the question of would it be enough. How long would they have to make it last? How much longer did they need to travel. He knew that their captain had already promised to help correct the engineering problems if they could.

"I understand," Mias continued, "you have a cargo elevator which will help in moving the supplies to your people still the logistics in moving that kind of material will be daunting. We will work with the Keepers in getting the supplies out. I believe the head of security has some experience in doing this and is going to be heading up the relief supplies."

Skeese sat forward again and nodded. “I have people that can help with that. Captain Rhyssa,” he turned to his son, “see to it that they get the information they have requested.”

(reply Rhyssa)

"I must meet with the Gathers," Skeese said, "They to can help with the distribution of the food. I suppose the big question now is whether it will be enough."

"The Bajorans have already asked about whether more supplies will be needed. What the Captain has been planning is to insure an adequate supply with an eye toward repairing your internal systems. If that works out then the necessity is to keep them fed until they can bring in a full harvest. How much needs to be sent and when depends on the colonists current supply, the number of individuals and the amount of time until they can harvest again which is why a census is necessary."

"I will have a better idea of that when I meet with the Gathers," Skeese said, feeling the energy of the moment seep into his muscles. "I cannot give you exact numbers at this moment but my son will have them soon. I know that we are not as many as we were, perhaps half, and we started with a compliment of 20,000. We are already far below the numbers to sustain or civilization."

"The sooner it gets done the better. They will be sending rations down later today and setting up distribution camps. The colonists will need to be notified to send representatives from each group. With one of our number accompanying them back to their home we should be able to get a count started. Without a census we have no idea how much need there is to deal with."

Skeese looked over at the Ops'Car and nodded, "Send word to the council, we must within three turns."

(reply Rhyssa)

“You will have what you need Riven Mias,” Skeese assured him, “and our eternal gratitude.” He shook his head in disbelief, “Six days. We are in habitable space. How far are we from our new home? Captain Sekal said we were off course. How far? Can we get back on course? How long will that take? I apologize, I am certain that these are not questions you have answers to yet. I thank you for what you have already done. But I sense that we are not out of danger yet. Life tends to hold a blalace. For every positive there is a negative. What is the cost Riven Mias?”

(reply Mias, Rhysaa)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(Kal'Shar-Domain of the Keepers- Hall of Decisions- Federation Ambassador at Large- Dr. Riven Mias - 0255)

"You will have what you need Riven Mias, and our eternal gratitude." He shook his head in wonder. "Six days. We are in habitable space. How far are we from our new home? Captain Sekal said we were off course. How far? Can we get back on course? How long will that take? I apologize, I am certain that these are not questions you have answers to yet. I thank you for what you have already done. But I sense that we are not out of danger yet. Life tends to hold a balance. For every positive there is a negative. What is the cost Riven Mias?"

Riven sat back with a smile. The Sharlayan was cautious with good reason, not every civilization could be trusted. Within the galaxy there were those whose aims were malevolent and the Admiral no doubt was wondering if he was making a deal with the devil to help his people.

"Your technical questions will take time to answer and you will know as soon as we do. I have a general timeline but it's not absolute so pardon me if I withhold it for now. As soon as I have updated information I will pass it along."

(Reply: Skeese)

"As for your other question...", Riven smiled warmly, "... let me tell you something about ourselves." He took a long drink then set the glass down. "The United Federation of Planets was not formed by subjugation or conquest. All of its member worlds and species have a voice in its governance and coexist peacefully. All disputes between member worlds are handled diplomatically or through the government. We help each other in time of need and through the ships and people of Starfleet maintain the peace both internally and from outside forces. The Federation was formed in peace and its aims are peaceful. When we see a friend in need we mobilize the resources needed to help. Our payment..." he lifted both hands slightly outward, "...our payment is in friendship and mutual self interest. Captain Sekal contacted a friend on nearby Bajor who is in a position to help and she has done so with no strings attached. And if there is need she will continue to supply as much as she is able. There are also other member worlds who are farther away. Some of them may also be able to help though the resources will take longer to reach you but if needed they will be called upon as well."

(Reply: Skeese)

Riven chuckled then took another bite of the excellent cake. "If you believe payment is in order then consider it payment for you sharing what little food you have with your visitors along with our gratitude."

(Reply: Skeese)

Riven shook his head. "I understand your concern and would no doubt feel the same in your situation but consider this. Through cooperation in science and technology along with enlightened thinking the only ones who go hungry within the Federation are those that choose to do so or ones hit by sudden calamity and those that are victims of such are helped as quickly as possible. We will not allow any to suffer when we have the means to alleviate it. Lifespans have been lengthened by medical science and every need is met. In turn individuals give back to society their best efforts to grow and strengthen the whole. We aren't perfect yet but as a whole we strive toward it."

(Reply: Skeese)

The Betazoid took a deep breath and let it out slowly. "Not all the news I bring is good unfortunately. Our reason for coming here originally was because of the world Kal'Shar was on course for, your new intended home world." He reached into the right hand pocket of his robe and brought out a holo disk which he set on the table before him then activated it. Above the holo disk a world hung several feet in diameter. Its atmosphere was thick with clouds so that the surface could not be seen anywhere as it turned. Atmospheric lightning flashed at times.

"When the Grissom visited Kal'Shar they noted its course and vector. Several years ago a survey ship was sent out to find the end point of your journey. They found this planet."

He made an adjustment and the atmosphere was stripped away as it grew larger as though from a ship diving toward the planet. As it circled the world a scene of devastation grew clear. The surface was blighted by upheaval and volcanic activity which was pumping ash and gas into the atmosphere until the full scene of carnage was revealed.

An impact crater that had penetrated through the crust and was several miles in diameter with its jagged edges exposed. Lava churned and spewed within its depths. The mortal blow to a once lush world.

"An exhaustive survey of the planet was made and it has been concluded that within the last several hundred years a large asteroid struck your destination rendering it uninhabitable. It is tectonically unstable and the atmosphere is poisonous." He soberly noted the shocked Sharlayans expression.

(Reply: Skeese)

Riven shut off the device and produced another and set it beside the first. When activated it showed a far different scene, a world of green, blue and tan with an atmosphere of wispy clouds.

"Seeing that the world you were journeying to was uninhabitable as were the nearby systems the United Federation of Planets set out to find another world you could colonize and found this. "Alpha Sorianis five. It's well within its stars habitable zone with plentiful water and large land masses. It is also what was once called a super earth. Larger by several times than the usual habitable planet it has already been sparsely settled by the Eridani."

(Reply: Skeese)

"My government has been in talks with the Eridani about you sharing the world with them. They are amenable but would like to know about you, your culture, how you will adapt to your new home, if you can be trusted and can live with them in peace. This is why we have come. To speak with you and your people and learn about you." He picked up the deactivated disk but left the active one on the table.

"Consider this a gift to you from the Federation."

(Reply: Skeese)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(Kal'Shar-Domain of the Keepers- Hall of Decisions- Admiral Skeese- 0259)

"Your technical questions will take time to answer and you will know as soon as we do. I have a general timeline but it's not absolute so pardon me if I withhold it for now. As soon as I have updated information I will pass it along."

Skeese nodded at Mais understanding why he needed to withhold any information with regards to the repairs to Kal'Shar.

"Any information you can get to me would be greatly appreciated," Skeese said, thinking he would need all pertinent information before his meeting with the Gatherers and the Colonists.

"As for your other question...", Riven smiled warmly, "... let me tell you something about ourselves."

The smile was very disarming, Skeese noted. Riven Mias oozed with a likability that he had never seen before. He listened as Mias explained about the Federation and was amazed that such an organization existed. Then he thought of the nightmare that administering such an organization would be. Having to compromise with the casts of Kal'Shar was hard enough, but so many different worlds with so many cultural needs all willing to put themselves out to help others on the chance that they may need help themselves. An astounding accomplishment.

"When we see a friend in need we mobilize the resources needed to help. Our payment..." he lifted both hands slightly outward, "...our payment is in friendship and mutual self interest."

Skeese wondered how they managed to keep their peaceful ambitions. Whole cultures that had, seemingly, unlimited resources. How do they manage to not have problems with other cultures that do not. Support is a call away but it still takes time to arrive. Mais explained that other worlds, further away, were willing to help as well.

"Let's hope that we don't need that," Skeese said, "I would hate to wear out our welcome before we even go to where we are going."

Riven chuckled then took another bite of the excellent cake. "If you believe payment is in order then consider it payment for you sharing what little food you have with your visitors along with our gratitude."

Skeese smile, "In our culture the kindness we show as hosts come back to us from the kindness we are given. Apparently that is coming to fruition now. However there is a Sharlayan saying that says all things have a cost. You just don't always see it."

Riven shook his head. "I understand your concern and would no doubt feel the same in your situation but consider this. Through cooperation in science and technology along with enlightened thinking the only ones who go hungry within the Federation are those that choose to do so or ones hit by sudden calamity and those that are victims of such are helped as quickly as possible. We will not allow any to suffer when we have the means to alleviate it. Lifespans have been lengthened by medical science and every need is met. In turn individuals give back to society their best efforts to grow and strengthen the whole. We aren't perfect yet but as a whole we strive toward it."

Skeese chuckled himself, thinking about “enlightened thinking” and how he could use some of that later on with his meeting with the Gathers and the Colonists.

"Not all the news I bring is good unfortunately," Mais admitted after a long sigh.

And here was the other side of fortune that Skeese had been talking about. His heart sunk as Mias pulled out a device and showed the holographic image of the planet that they had supposed to have been traveling to. It was definitely not the paradise that they had been envisioning traveling to.

"Several years ago a survey ship was sent out to find the end point of your journey. They found this planet."

A rock grew in the pit of Skeese's stomach as the image showed a desolate world, surrounded by poisonous gases and volcanic activity. He sat back wanting to cry. Of all the bad news he had prepared himself to take, this was not even on the list. What if they got there and the destination was a death trap.

"What happened?" was all he could get out.

"An exhaustive survey of the planet was made and it has been concluded that within the last several hundred years a large asteroid struck your destination rendering it uninhabitable," Mias explained. "It is tectonically unstable and the atmosphere is poisonous."

Skeese ran both of his hands through his hair and then across his mouth. He took a breath before speaking, but had to voice his concern. "Andy had come to warn us that our new home was uninhabitable. I see."

Riven shut off the device and produced another and set it beside the first. When activated it showed a far different scene, a world of green, blue and tan with an atmosphere of wispy clouds.

"Seeing that the world you were journeying to was uninhabitable as were the nearby systems the United Federation of Planets set out to find another world you could colonize and found this. "Alpha Sorianis five. It's well within its star's habitable zone with plentiful water and large land masses. It is also what was once called a super earth. Larger by several times than the usual habitable planet it has already been sparsely settled by the Eridani."

"Eridani?" Skeese working the word across his lips. "So this world is already inhabited? And would they be willing to allow our settlement?"

"My government has been in talks with the Eridani about you sharing the world with them. They are amenable but would like to know about you, your culture, how you will adapt to your new home, if you can be trusted and can live with them in peace. This is why we have come. To speak with you and your people and learn about you." He picked up the deactivated disk but left the active one on the table. "Consider this a gift to you from the Federation."

(reply Mias)
(posted by Al Muir)

Gregory was in his office at 0600, ready to start the day. He reviewed his plans again, and again. At 0645, rose to get another cup of tea from the replicator as his door bell chimed.

“Ensign Vic Montero, reporting, Sir.”

Vic walked over and ordered a double espresso. After the replicator cycle was completed, he grabbed the cup and took a seat.

“I’m sure you have heard of the mission going on. We’re to help the Sharlayans restore their power system, it’s an old atomic based pile. There is a large door here, “ he said pulling up the image of the asteroid. “We need to do a couple of things, first of which is to land a shuttle here,” he pointed to a red dot, “Which we will be using to power the Sharalyan ship while we take their pile off-line. Based on our best calculations, the energy output of the shuttle warp core should be sufficient to power the ship for a few days while we affect repairs. “

“High levels of radiation, so you’ll need to wear an environmental suit. We also may need shuttle services specifically to bring in the engineering teams and their equipment. There is only so much we can transport, and it looks like we’ll not be able to transport directly into the room.”

"It's better than shuttling the other supplies to the airlocks. And who knows what we're going to need. I need someone with better than average skills who can think on his feet and that's you. Or am I mistaken," Gregory said.

"No, sir, you are not," Montero replied. "When do I start?"

“Probably around 1000 hours. Once we get the Engineering teams settled, you’ll be notified. One more thing,” he said.

"Yes?" Montero replied.

"The doc has established dosage limits based on our readings. There is a space near enough that we can station you there should we need a quick exit."

“Sounds like a pilot’s dream,” Vic said sarcastically.

“We have to play to our talents. I’ll see you around 1000 hours,” Montero replied.

Vic nodded and left the Chief of operations office. Time to get Gunsmoke up, 'cause misery loves company.

(Reply None)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Deck 1 – COps office – COps Lieutenant Dieter Gregory – 0715)

The meeting with Ensign Montero over, he tapped his Comm badge. "Ensign Scott Matrix, please report to the Chief of Operations office asap."

(Reply Matrix)

Gregory kept busy, reviewing his numbers, the timeline and Illuminar resources. This was a bigger crisis than the ship could handle, but somehow he had to find a way to squeeze every iota out of what they had until they could get reinforcements.

The door chimed. “Enter,” he called.

“Welcome Ensign, please grab some refreshments and a seat,” he said pointing to the replicator. “I know it’s early but I wanted to talk to you about what I need from you.”

(Reply Matrix)

“That panel you discovered in the airlock space, I know we didn’t get enough time to explore it, but the initial indications was it was some sort of control center?”

(Reply Matrix)

“That’s what I thought as well. We have not been shown a control room yet, so that is something we’ll have to ask about as well, but from that control panel, I am hoping you can tap into the main systems and get us as much information as you can about how the ship operates. Power distribution networks, thrusters, recycling, the works,” Gregory paused, “Cause that is going to be especially important once we get the power pile repaired. I’m betting that the power we provide doesn’t damage any systems, but if it does, we need schematics to trace down the damage.”

(Reply Matrix)

“You’ll be out of the radiation zone, so won’t need to be subject to the restrictions that Dr. Solice has established. However, I can only spare a single engineer to help you. The rest of the teams will be running shifts to repair the pile. Any questions?”

(Reply Matrix)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Deck 1 – COps office – Ensign Scott Matrix – 0718)

Scott was on deck 4, walking past phaser maintenance when his comm-badge relayed the operations chief message.

^^Ensign Scott Matrix, please report to the Chief of Operations office asap. ^^

“Aye sir...on my way.” Replied Matrix.

Matrix stood at the chief's door.

“Enter” called Gregory. The door opened and Matrix stepped in.

“Welcome Ensign, please grab some refreshments and a seat,” I know it’s early, but I wanted to talk to you about what I need from you.”

“Thank you, sir.” Scott addressed the replicator and requested black coffee, hot and took a seat.

"That panel you discovered in the airlock space, I know we didn't get enough time to explore it, but the initial indications was it was some sort of control center?"

"Ah yes...sir. It is clearly some sort of control point. My initial inspection shows it has multi-input pathways and umbilical connections, propulsion, probably everything you'd need to pilot a vessel. Several displays both graphic and simple indicators. It also has something similar EPS control relays, and a power system I'm unfamiliar with." Scott replied.

“That’s what I thought as well. We have not been shown a control room yet, so that is something we’ll have to ask about as well, but from that control panel, I am hoping you can tap into the main systems and get us as much information as you can about how the ship operates. Power distribution networks, thrusters, recycling, the works,” cause that is going to be especially important once we get the power pile repaired. I’m betting that the power we provide doesn’t damage any systems, but if it does, we need schematics to trace down the damage.”

“Yes sir. I had started a detailed scan which provided about seventy-five percent of its electric and mechanical blueprint. In fact, my tricorder only stopped recording because it filled its memory.” Replied Matrix.

“You’ll be out of the radiation zone, so won’t need to be subject to the restrictions that Dr. Solice has established. However, I can only spare a single engineer to help you. The rest of the teams will be running shifts to repair the pile. Any questions?”

“Yes...who can I request to assist me and how quickly does this need to be completed?” asked Matrix.

(Reply Gregory)

(Posted by Steve)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - COps Office – COps Lieutenant Dieter Gregory - 0720)

Gregory and Ensign Matrix discussed what he had found, and the information generated so far.

“Excellent work. We’ll need to integrate that information into our growing database. Once you get the rest of the information downloaded, it will definitely help with the repairs. “

"I can only spare a single engineer to help you," Gregory said.

“Who can I request to assist me and how quickly does this need to be completed,” Matrix asked.

“Mr. Matrix, you can select anyone you wish to assist you. We may, however, have to rotate them off your service as we move engineers between the radiation work zone, where they have a 2 hour work window, and other duty stations. As for when it is needed. We are planning the first round of exploratory work starting around 1000 this morning. We’ll be regrouping around 1200 to compare what that team as found, so your review will be critical to have by then.”

(Reply Matrix IFY)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Deck 1 – COps office – COps Lieutenant Dieter Gregory – 0745)

Looking at his PADD, next up was the engineering teams. While this should be a straight-up repair, it wasn't like there was a manual for the ship or the systems and he couldn't remember the last time he saw an atomic pile, other than in the history texts.

Checking the schedule, he saw the conference room was open, so he booked it for the next meeting. After that, he'd head down to Sick Bay and check on the good Doctor. He also needed to check in with Science. With all the engineers busy working on the ship, he was hoping science could step in on monitoring and some other tasks that Lieutenant Alyl's department could assist on.

Looking at the ships manifest, everyone was going to be very busy for the next few days. He'd have to make sure when this was done to hold some sort of party to celebrate their achievements. Best not to get ahead of himself though.

Tapping his comm badge, “Ensigns Alantar, Transitor and Mendoza, please report to the conference room by 0800.”

Yes, he felt bad about disrupting schedules, but now was the time for action.

[illegible]

At 8,00 in the morning, it was surprisingly busy in Cargo Bays 1 & 2 as Ensign Keung Lee wandered around the deck with a PADD. He was in charge of the Emergency aid Relief to help the Sharlaynas. Lee had organised his security officers to help with loading containers with a variety of resources including medical supplies, food ration packs, water bottles, clothing and bedding. It probably not what the Sharlaynas are used to, thought Lee. After all beggars can't be choosers. He wasn't sure if that was an appropriate phrase to describe it ..but they get what they need! Robots picked up the completed containers and placed them on anti-grav trolleys to be transported to loaded onto Shuttles. In Cargo bay 2, Illuminar's engineering teams were assisting with putting the necessary electronic equipment together to be transported to the asteroid to assist with the engine repairs. At some point, he will have transport to the asteroid again to find space for the distribution of supplies. He had no idea what the response will be but his security officers will be armed with phasers and batons for crowd control and to prevent looting. That was the experience that Lee had when he was involved in aid relief back in his time.

(reply none)

(posted by John)

[illegible]

Gregory sat down at the table, reviewing the information he'd put together last night. The two hour shifts would be tricky, but he'd talk to Lieutenant Jordaan shortly about rotating engineers through to work on the ship.

The three men entered the room. “Grab a drink and a PADD. We have a few things to talk about before the operation begins.”

(Reply Alantar, Transitor, Mendoza, IYW)

Gregory waited till the engineers had sat down before beginning. “As you know, the repairs to the atomic pile are going to be tough all around. Between working in a vacuum and suits, with unfamiliar territory, lacking plans, it’s a huge ask.”

“The first step will be to get an assessment of the situation and figure out how to connect a shuttle warp core output to their system to power the necessary functions while we take the pile offline. That’s todays job.”

“Ensign Alantar, I’d like to put you on point for that. You will lead the alpha team in conducting the survey. “

(Reply Alantar)

“Yes, I know we are short on staff. The limits imposed by the doctor are vital to be maintained to prevent another loss of life. This is hard radiation, and while we can treat exposure, we need to minimize the risks to everyone. Slow and cautious will be the operational word of the day,” Gregory replied.

(Reply any, IYW)

"I'll be working with the Chief to work out a better schedule for your department while maintaining an operational team here on the Illuminar."

“Ensign Transitor, I want you to focus on the power conversion problem. Ensign Matrix is working to see if he can find any useful data for us, otherwise it'll be based on what Mr. Alantar finds and your own survey. You will head beta team. You'll also need to modify a shuttlecrafts warp core output to transfer it to the Sharlayan ship.”

(Reply Transitor)

“Mr. Mendoza, you’ll be head of gamma team. Your initial task will be plotting the course for laying the conduit from the shuttle to where we are going to interface with the Sharlayan power grid.”

(Reply Mendoza)

“Yes, I am going to talk to Science about getting you some extra help. Their analysis of the Sharlayan power structure will be important. I need you all doing what you do best, figuring out how machines work and making sure they do. With duct tape and paperclips if necessary, we’ll Montgomery our way through this problem.”

"Questions?" Gregory said.

(Reply any, IYW)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - COps Office - Ensign (jg) Jordan Transitor - 0805)

Jordan managed to arrive at the same time as the other engineers and entered the room in tandem with his colleagues. He and the others were greeted by the Chief Operations officer and little time was wasted after niceties were passed.

Originally Jordan felt out of the loop as the others were out on the away mission but it was clear that they brought a fair share of the mission back with them onboard.

Jordan was having a particularly focused morning and keyed in on the responsibilities assigned to him.

~ Power conversion... math. I know math~

~Power transference...systems. I know systems too~

"Mr. Transitor, as you can imagine, this operation has us very short staffed. Your team includes an ensign, and two petty officers. Their names and qualifications are in your mission brief package."

“As you know, we’re about to undertake a complicated repair mission for the Sharlayans, and that is independent of the humanitarian, or should I say Sharlayarian, mission to help feed the people,” Gregory said.

(Reply Trei)

That item crossed off his list, he headed to his next stop, Science.

(Posted by Tim)

(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay, Deck 5 -- CMO Lt. Quinna Solice -- 0833)

"No. Not yet. We have everything working like clockwork."

“Check and Check” Quinna said confidently.

“Like I said, just like clockwork.” Quinna said, “I will be the one in the field monitoring the repair teams. I wanted to know that if I say “out,” then they have to leave. It is an order and not a suggestion.”

Quinna was not going to be left behind. And she meant every word.

(USS Illuminar – Deck 5 – Sickbay – COps Lieutenant Dieter Gregory – 0835)

"We have holodeck 1 setu for general sickbay traffic," the Doctor said.

Gregory nodded and made a note of that, "Great idea, Doctor. I'll have to remember that."

They continued discussing aspects about the mission when Solice said, “I will be the one in the field monitoring the repair teams. I wanted to know that if I say “out,” then they have to leave. It is an order and not a suggestion.”

“Noted, Doctor Solice. You have final word on those working in the radiation field. You tell ‘em to leave, and they will leave.” He paused. “I am arranging a second shuttle to be near the asteroid as a place to monitor things and provide quick, emergency access if needed. Ensign Montero will be setting that up. It might be a good place for your to work out of.”

(Reply Solice, IYW)

Gregory made a few more notes and was off to science.

(Reply Solice, IYW)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

She walked up to a reasonable distance from T'Mur's bio bed to check up on her. She wanted to make sure sickbay was under control before going to visit Geehoff on the surface.

"How are you feeling honey?"

(Reply T'Mur Any)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

T'Mur had not moved from her position in meditation for the majority of the evening shift. Lights had adjusted at through the course of time, but she completely ignored them. She could sense the change of temperature, and then would put it aside, focused solely on her sanity and her emotions, finding boxes to put them in. She would feel anger, put that in a box. She would feel shame, put that in a box, she would feel sad, put that in a box. Then she would feel happy. Happy was a problem because it is a gateway emotion. She knew if she allowed that one then the other boxes might reopen, so it went in a box. And so it went until she had a calm that could not be touched by an outside influence, as long as her physicality remained unchanged.

At 0600 hours she uncrossed her legs and got down from the biobed. She stretched her legs first. The release of the strain, especially on her knees was agreeable. From that she went through a small space yoga routine that pushed the limits of her flexibility in the small space of the isolation room. She was in a pose in a reversed bridged position with her forearms on the floor and reaching between her feet when she heard someone enter the room. Opening one eye she noted that it was the counselor, Ariel Trei. She could tell that her question came out before she saw T'Mur's position because she seemed to stop dead in her tracks.

“How are you feeling today honey?” Trey asked.

T'Mur used herself back and stood up. She turned the top half of her body first then the bottom half unwound to match it. With a deep breath and released, she allowed herself to process an answer.

"I am attempting to feel nothing at all, at this moment Counselor," she replied. "I have not talked with the medical staff this morning to determine my prognosis. I would assume that I have been relieved of duty for the time being. Logically it would be a most prudent step. However, it will leave me with a great deal of time on my hands." After a moment she added, "How are you doing?"

(reply Trei)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Sickbay Iso Room 4 - ACOUNS ACOMO LT JG Ariel Trei - 08.45)

T'Mur seemed to be handling her emotions well. That was one of the concerns she came to check on. The other concern was how T'Mur would handle being excused from duty. That is what she will ask her about. T'Mur asked her how she was feeling. Well that was a question best answered later but for the time being she gave a reasonable response.

"I am feeling fine. I am more concerned for everyone on this ship beside myself. As far as being relieved of duty, you have to take that up with Dr. Solice."

(Reply T'Mur Any)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(Bajor- Ashalla- Plaza of the Prophets - Prylar Tekan Herla - 0845)

The sixty five year old Prylar stood once more before the expansive front gate of the temple, home to the nine Bajoran orbs along with the leadership of the Path of the Prophets. He had stood here only weeks before preaching against the quarantine instituted by the civilian government. His aim then? To allow himself and as many adherents of the Path as wished access to that edifice so that they could join those inside on their journey to the celestial temple.

He had been full of himself then he knew, arrogant, assured he was right, that he knew the mind of the Prophets. He had believed they were calling the pagh of the true worshippers home. He had enjoyed a full life and was not afraid to meet his death with the promise of an eternity with the Prophets beckoning. And with his preaching he had incited thousands to gather here. Thousands of pagh that he had inflamed with his sermons facing down men from Bajoran security who wanted nothing more than a peaceful outcome so that they could return to their families. And later they had been bolstered by members of security from the new Federation starship. Again men and women who wanted nothing more than a peaceful outcome.

His preaching had jeopardized that peace, their lives and the lives of those he had stoked to violence. He hung his head in shame at the thought.

Fortunately before it was too late those he worshipped had intervened. They had opened his blinded eyes to the truth. They had stopped the bloodshed before it could start, had sent him between the two groups to send home the very ones he had stoked to violence.

Autumn was now well set, the breeze that blew across the paved plaza was chill but he was warmly dressed.

He turned his eyes back toward the statue that was set in the center on which the Andorian female had been hung, mutilated, poisoned, draped upon it like some heathen sacrifice. His stomach turned, revolted at the thought.

That was not of his doing, the perpetrator had been some zealot of who knew what? The Pagh Wraith cultists were blamed and the act carried out after he had peacefully dispersed the crowd. A shameful, savage, spiteful act. The man now dead by his own hand. Who had pushed him to do such a savage act? No one knew. No one but himself.

How did he know? Because when his eyes had been opened it had not been a momentary thing. In times of crisis one was chosen to speak for the Prophets. Vedek Yevir had been one as had Benjamin Sisko. Many others had been chosen by his gods to be their mouthpiece, Herla had been the latest. It was time for a spokesman... an emissary.

And though Horavei might think himself untouchable by law due to the depths and detail of his planning there were those he could not hide his acts from, no way to disguise his sin ... not from the Prophets.

The towers on each side of the gate were manned by prylars and adherents. The gates were once again unguarded and opened. After the omicron radiation had dispersed a little over a week ago it had once again been filled with leadership and visited by joyful pilgrims. Prylar Tekan himself was just arriving. His delay had not been without thought, he had been forced to wait for the proper time. There had been much to think on, preparations to make.

:: Your time is now. ::

He took a deep breath and nodded. ~I go.~ His feet moved him forward toward the open gate.

A smile came to his face as he was greeted by those in the towers who came out to welcome him but he didn't tarry to give more than necessary pleasantries before he continued on. His feet wouldn't dawdle and his face became grim as he moved toward the temple proper. His anger was kept in check, smoldering beneath the surface. Anger at one man for the mockery he had made of the Path and the intricate web of violence and deceit he had woven. A criminal, wrongdoer and apostate who had evaded his punishment from the authorities due to his cunning. But the Prophets heard, they saw, they knew. His judgement would be delayed no longer.

[illegible]

"I am feeling fine. I am more concerned for everyone on this ship beside myself. As far as being relieved of duty, you have to take that up with Dr. Solice."

T'Mur could feel a sense of irritation rise at the counselor's apparently dismissive attitude. As for her being more concerned about others, she could understand that, but in order for her to help others deal with their emotions it should only be a realistic expectation that she should take care of her own. In fact, she seemed to recall that all counselors had their own counselors order to maintain their connectedness to their own sense of well being. Perhaps she felt that she did not want to burden T'Mur with her own problems. However, the Vulcan would have preferred that she were honest and just say that.

The sense of irritation raised a slight level and T'Mur recognized it and took a breath to bring it under control. It took a few seconds of awkward silence, but she closed her eyes, found her center, and breathed to reach it. When she opened her eyes she half expected the counselor to be gone, but she was not.

The irritation came back but at a lesser degree, and before she took control to box it in she spoke, “If you are not here to clear me or remove me from duty, and all you want to do is ask me how I feel, why are you still here? Surely you have more on your mind or a more relevant question to ask. Don’t you have any crazy Counselor voodoo you want to do on me?”

She immediately regretted the words as they came out of her mouth. To forward, but they were spoken and all she could do is wait for the response.

(reply Trei)
(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

T'Mur's outburst was not expected but she understood what she was saying. She felt apprehension and fear like most everybody else did but she chose not to show it. It was better to not alarm her patients.

"I feel apprehension and fear like most everybody else but I choose not to show it. It is better to not alarm my patients. As far as counselor voodoo I can try some Betazoid empathic techniques if you want."

She internally sighed that T'Mur was going to be a difficult one. She supposed her Klingon side would relate to the outburst but her Betazoid side would find the behavior unnecessary. She waited for T'Mur to give her an option to work with.

(Reply T'Mur)
(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

Finally Trei seemed to decide to be honest with T'Mur. She pushed down her impatience deciding that it was the counselor's youth and inexperience that caused it. The Vulcan wasn't much older, but then again she also was not a qualified counselor.

T'Mur's outburst was not expected but she understood what she was saying. She felt apprehension and fear like most everybody else did but she chose not to show it. It was better to not alarm her patients.

"As far as counselor voodoo," Trei added, "I can try some Betazoid empathic techniques if you want."

T'Mur was interested, but seemed doubtful. It sounded as though they were basic techniques and her own Vulcan methodology was holding her together for the moment. She was uncertain of Trei's experience and if there was one thing she did not want was another inexperienced telepath going through her mind. She was still sensitive to any telepathic connection.

"I suppose that depends on the technique," T'Mur stated not wanting to dismiss anything that would help any further damage, but not completely convinced that it would help. "Tell me what you had in mind."

(reply Trei)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay -- Deck 5 -- CMO Lt. Quinna Solice -- 0859)

Quinna was making final rounds in sickbay before she was transported into the hot zone. She stopped at Ensign T'Mur's iso room. She slid the door open as she had the automation turned off. and observed the interaction between her and Counselor Trei.

"I suppose that depends on the technique," T'Mur stated not wanting to dismiss anything that would help any further damage, but not completely convinced that it would help. "Tell me what you had in mind."

Quinna hated to interrupt a secession, however, she wanted to take some reading.

"I am sorry to interrupt. I just wanted to check some readouts," Quinna said.

(Reply T'Mur, Trei)

“Your system seems to be purging the radiation well. You should be back on your feet in a day or two.” Quinna added.

(Reply T'Mur, Trei)

"I am sorry I have to run. And again I apologize for interrupting."

(Reply T'Mur, Trei, IYW)

Quinna headed out to Iso room 2 and moved along to Iso Room 3.

(Played by Kris)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Deck 6 – Science Labs/CSO Office – COps Lieutenant Dieter Gregory – 0900)

From medical, Gregory headed to deck 6 to catch up with the CSO Lieutenant Alyl. His team was going to be very useful in this effort, especially trying to figure out more about the radiation, and if they got a look inside the habitat in more detail, the science teams could really help get a leg up before the work on the cultural survey would be done, especially the nutritional needs of both the Sharlayans and their foodstuffs.

Gregory knocked on the CSO's door. When it opened, he entered.

"Morning Lieutenant," he started, "Today is the day we begin this rescue operation and I wanted to check in with you and share my ideas as to how Science can help."

(Reply Alyl)

"Well, with the engineering teams tied up on the work to repair the ship, I think it'll be important that we get a better understanding of the effects of the radiation. I'm concerned it may have a corrosive effect on the systems. I have asked Ensign Mendoza to interface with you to look at analyzing the power structure of the Sharlayan ship to make sure we have the correct power interface."

(Reply Alyl)

"I know, I know," he replied, "But how did the accident happen in the first place. What else was impacted by exposure to the radiation. Are we setting them up for failure only 5 years from a possible target," Gregory said.

"It also had an unknown effect on the tricorders, and I don't want to lose another crewman because of something unknown impacting our equipment. I'm trusting the doctor is being extra cautious with setting exposure limits and pre inoculating the teams, but the more we know."

(Reply Alyl)

"Yea, we have been synthesizing emergency rations as quickly as we can. I have to check in that next. Its going to be a tough balance to make sure we don't over deplete our stores but provide the Sharlayan's with enough while their biosphere gets stabilized. Not that we saw it. Once we find it, and get access, it would be great if you could send a team to survey their flora and fauna."

(Reply Alyl)

"Yea, I know, I'm stating the obvious. It is just a lot of moving parts and I want to make sure I have not missed any."

(Reply Alyl)

"Of course, anything you find send to me. We probably should plan for regular briefings while we solve these problems."

(Reply Alyl)

“Great. Thanks.” Gregory said as he took his leave.

(Reply Ayl)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(Bajor- Ashalla- Temple of the Path - 4th floor- Prylar Tekan Herla - 0900.5)

He walked by initiates who looked at him in puzzlement. The Prylar was known but not well by those here. They weren't concerned though, any who were called here were directed by the leadership.

He trod on soft, vibrant carpet while passing richly colored and detailed wall hangings and tapestries. His goal was ahead of him and outside it stood two guards who came to attention as he neared. They held ornate weapons which were a badge of office as much as for protection. Their real weapons were Bajoran phasers that hung from their belts. He stopped before them.

"What is your purpose here?"

He looked toward the man who had directed the question toward him. "I've come to speak with Dean Vedek Horavei."

They looked at one another. "We were not told to expect you..."

"Prylar Tekan Herla."

The man shook his head. "No. You are not expected."

"You could call him."

"He gave us explicit instructions he was not to be disturbed today. Move along."

Herla sighed. "Nevertheless I will see him. The Prophets demand it."

One laughed and nudged his partner. "Go away zealot. You are not seeing the Dean today." His laughter died in his mouth when the Prylar looked him in the eyes and fear coursed down his spine. He took a half step back. His back was against the wall when his eyes rolled up in his head and he crumpled unconscious to the floor.

His partner reached for his phaser just before the Prylars eyes met his then he too fell unconscious.

Herla shook his head as he looked down at them then he stepped quickly to the door and opened it.

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Deck 6 – Science Labs/CSO Office – ACSO Lieutenant (jg) Jatón Alyl – 0901)

Jaton had just enough time to get some tea before things started kicking off in the science lab. He needed to look over everything and make sure it was ready to go. But in the meantime, he had just

enough time to look over the overnight reports as he enjoyed his tea before leaping back into action. That is, until he heard a knock at the door.

"It's open," he said without even looking up.

"Morning Lieutenant," came Gregory's voice. "Today is the day we begin this rescue operation and I wanted to check in with you and share my ideas as to how Science can help."

"Ah, good timing. I was just looking over the preparation reports from the night shift before we ramp up to get ready for the mission. What did you have in mind?"

"Well, with the engineering teams tied up on the work to repair the ship, I think it'll be important that we get a better understanding of the effects of the radiation. I'm concerned it may have a corrosive effect on the systems. I have asked Ensign Mendoza to interface with you to look at analyzing the power structure of the Sharlayan ship to make sure we have the correct power interface."

Jaton put the cup down, trying not to let his eyes go wide. ~Does he know?~ He thought to himself, trying not to let the look of dread spread over his face. He hadn't seen or heard from Rodrigo since their rendezvous on Mars.

"Ensign Mendoza," he said, maybe a little slower and more solemn than he probably should've. But he hoped he could brush it off. "Understood. But I think we should be all set. I've had science poring over what scans we have ever since I was released from Sickbay. I'm sure we'll be fine."

"I know, I know," he replied, "But how did the accident happen in the first place. What else was impacted by exposure to the radiation. Are we setting them up for failure only 5 years from a possible target," Gregory said.

"Understood," Jaton said. "That makes sense. And I can assure you we'll do everything we can not to let them fail."

"It also had an unknown effect on the tricorders, and I don't want to lose another crewman because of something unknown impacting our equipment. I'm trusting the doctor is being extra cautious with setting exposure limits and pre inoculating the teams, but the more we know."

The mention of Hendricks' death brought back the darkness of last night back to Jaton in spates.

"Indeed. I may not have been in command of the team, but I don't want to go through that turmoil again any time soon." He shook it off, and turned back to the task at hand. "In any case, this isn't about us. It's about what we can do for the Sharlayans. We've been working on methods to screen out and clear up the radiation, but that's not going to solve their immediate problem. We might need to bring emergency supplies for them."

"Yea, we have been synthesizing emergency rations as quickly as we can. I have to check in that next. Its going to be a tough balance to make sure we don't over deplete our stores but provide the Sharlayan's with enough while their biosphere gets stabilized. Not that we saw it. Once we find it, and get access, it would be great if you could send a team to survey their flora and fauna."

Jaton chuckled. "Of course we will, lieutenant. You can't expect us to just sit and marvel after all. That's not why we became scientists."

“Yea, I know, I’m stating the obvious. It is just a lot of moving parts and I want to make sure I have not missed any.”

Jaton smiled, reassuringly. "And you can count on the rest of us to make sure those parts move the way we need them to. And if we need you to lend a hand, or look over something that we find here or there, we'll be sure to call you."

"Of course, anything you find send to me. We probably should plan for regular briefings while we solve these problems.

"That's probably for the best," Jaton said, sipping the last of his tea and standing to get back to the main labs. "And in the meantime, I'll be here."

“Great. Thanks.” Gregory said as he turned around to leave the office. As he did, Jatón reached out and grabbed the man's hand. He didn't know why, or what it was about Gregory's visit, but he just felt like he couldn't leave without it.

"Lieutenant," he said slowly and sincerely as Gregory turned back around, "I just want you to know that we're here for you and we'll support you in this endeavour to the best of our ability. You don't need to worry so. We'll pull through with flying colours."

(reply Gregory, any)
(posted by Spencer)

[illegible]

As Gregory turned to leave, the Trill reached out and grabbed his hand. Turning back, he said "Lieutenant. I just want you to know that we're here for you and we'll support you in this endeavour to the best of our ability. You don't need to worry so. We'll pull through with flying colours."

Gregory looked intently at the Science Officer. While they served on the bridge together, he really didn't know Jayton very well. It seemed an odd, yet warming and supportive sentiment.

“Thank you, Lieutenant. I appreciate that and your support. This is a big mission, with lots of moving parts, and its going to take everyone to pull it off. I’m not sure there have been many rescues of this magnitude before. If you have any ideas, see anything out of whack, let me know. I could use all the help and friends I can on this.”

Gregory smiled, squeezed the man's hand. "There will be a briefing later to check in. I look forward to seeing you there."

(Reply Jayton, IFW)
(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

Quinna was called back into sickbay as a patient had been returned.

"I want to go home" She said weakly. She began to cry.

Quinna rushed to Taggard's side. She wondered why she was even released from sickbay, to begin with. She needed to make a note to the night crew that they are not to release patients in Iso wards without her consent.

"I know, Sweetie. There is no place like home." Quinna said. "Tell me what are you feeling like."

“ I feel so sad....” She began

“Sad? Why did you leave sickbay, to begin with?” Quinna maneuvered her tricorder to confirm that the radiation was still at high levels in her system.

“I was feeling fine. Then after the me.....oh dear.....my heed.....” Suddenly her head started to hurt. The pain got worse and Penny passed out.

Quinna went into all emergency medical doctor mode. She pulled out an inoculation and administered the hypospray immediately. She ordered a cat scan to determine what was causing the head pain. A headache seemed to underestimate what was actually happening. The nurse came and prepared fluids to be administered. Taggard was severely dehydrated from the radiation. In fact, Taggard was in critical condition.

An hour or so later, Taggart was critical but stabilized. Quinna was supposed to be beaming over at this point, but she ended up missing the initial beam out. Quinna was planning to go as soon as she could. Right now, Quinna was needed in her current spot. At 1035, Taggard showed signs of life again.

“Don’t get up. You are not well at this point.” Quinna said as she gently put a hand on Taggard’s shoulder.

(Taggard Reply)

"You are not going anywhere soon," Quinna said. "How is the head?"

(Taggard Reply)

(Played by Kris)

[illegible]

Dean Vedek Horavei Tesli heard the outer door to his rooms open and looked up from his desk with a frown. He wasn't in a good mood today and had forbidden visitors. Damage control had been efficient

and despite all of the questions by the authorities their investigation was going nowhere. That should have pleased him but he knew where it had started. That damned Vulcan had done everything in his power to show him in a bad light since the aborted attempt to arrest him. Horavei had pleaded, nearly groveled before the captain of the Illuminar to throw off suspicion but at no point had the Vulcan backed off.

Even when apologizing through the communication the Vulcans words had been so deftly chosen that the apology itself had seemed to be a test, he had been watching, measuring and with another of his telepaths to watch him. Krevi knew nothing, suspected nothing and could prove nothing. Neither could Sekal but that hadn't prevented him from trying. The investigation had been mounted at his insistence.

Telesi had outmaneuvered every attempt to bring him down which the opposition was using to usurp his place. There was still more shoring up of his position to be done. He needed time to think and plan. Who was intent on interrupting him?

He stood to his feet. "Who the hell is in here? I said no visitors!"

The man who walked through the door was unexpected. Telesi almost laughed as he sat down. "Prylar Tekan what are you doing here? I told my guards no visitors." He remembered him clearly from the commotion in the plaza. His face had been in nearly every newscast broadcast around the planet

"Your guards are asleep Telesi."

"What?" He jumped up in a froth. "What do you mean asleep?"

"They tried to stop me from seeing you. They are now sleeping."

Telesi opened his mouth but shut it again as he looked into the Prylars eyes. They showed sadness, pain and resolve. He opened his mouth again. "What do you mean? How did you?"

"I did nothing. The Prophets opened the way."

Telesi bit back the retort, something was wrong here. He opened the drawer and took out a phaser. "I don't know how you got in here but you are leaving now." His eyes met Herlas and the phaser dropped from nerveless fingers. The Prylars eyes had changed. They seemed to look inside him, through him. A bolt of fear shot down his spine as he looked into those eyes.

"The time has come for your judgment."

"What judgment?" He choked out. "I've done nothing, nothing!" Fear was squeezing his heart like strong fingers.

"You can hide nothing from the Prophets Vedek Horavei. All your sins are laid bare before them. They have seen your mind, your heart and your pagh. You have manipulated and plotted, caused pain and death. You have chosen your path and your end."

From behind the Prylar three ghostly figures stepped outlined in a glow of azure.

Telesis heart jumped into his throat. His muscles were locked. He couldn't bend down to grab the phaser, couldn't run, couldn't cry out. He finally managed to croak. "We are being monitored. All will see."

"Let them see and let them fear. The Prophets will not stand by and let such as you taint the path. The day of your punishment has arrived."

The ghostly figures stepped toward him and his mouth opened reflexively in a scream. They surrounded him and reached out to touch him as Herla watched.

Before his eyes Horavei Telesi seemed to waver then collapsed in upon himself. The man's eyes wide in fear and pain, his mouth open in a silent scream until he had vanished.

The three figures vanished with him.

Satisfied Prylar Tekan Herla turned and left the room, passing the sleeping guards as he did so.

Men running pell mell down the hall swerved to avoid him, their eyes wide with shock. He moved by them as though not seeing them. His task was finished.

Fearfully they watched him go then ran to the office of the Dean of Vedeks to find it empty except for a phaser lying upon the floor.

(Reply: None)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 7 Cargo Bay 1 & 7 Assistant Chief of Security Ensign Keung Lee 0950)

Keung Lee stared at the loading of the supplies upon the shuttles. He was somewhat concerned judging by what he read on his PADD that there would be insufficient supplies to help the colonists. At least Starfleet was going to send the supply ships.

“Chief Lee, can you come to the Operations office at 1000” Keung heard on his comm badge

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Deck 1 – COps office – COps Lieutenant Dieter Gregory –1000)

Gregory arrived at his office with enough time to have a quick bit to eat and a cup of tea. No problem in the world that a good cuppa couldn't solve, his mother used to say.

Tapping his comm badge, “Chief Lee, can you come to the Operations office at 1000.”

The door chimed and Ensign Chifukukku entered his office. He handed a PADD over to Gregory. “This is the best information we have based on the map that Ensign T'Mur found, and some of the information that the Ambassador relayed over.”

Gregory looked at the data. The asteroid had a habitable living space of just under 100 square kilometers. About half of it was given over to raising food and such, with another 20 kilometers of aquatic space – lakes, rivers and such. The remaining space was left over to living space, with what appeared to be little towns scattered around. In almost the center of the space was what appeared to be a gathering grounds.

“I’ve been running the numbers Sir, and based on these dimensions and the time they have been traveling, assuming that everything else was optimal, they should be able to support a population of about 20,000. However, the numbers are much less, from what we have been told, and we know that at least for the last few years there has been issues with their power, which suggests the lighting to power the plants was not efficient. Good thing we got here when we did, otherwise, in about 18 months, the continued famine would have left them with less than 1000 souls.”

The door chimed, “Enter,” Gregory called.

(Reply Lee)

“Ah, Chief Lee. Grab a refreshment and sit down. We have a lot to do and not enough people to do it with.”

While the chief was getting settled, Gregory continued, “Our best information, such as it is, is that there are about 10,000 colonists in the habitable space, and probably another 500 or so ‘Keepers’, the ones responsible for the ship operations.”

“Ensign Chifukukku was reviewing the data with me, and has constructed a map,” Gregory displayed the map on the screen. “We’re talking about 100 square kilometers in total. These yellow dots mark what appear to be settlements, and they have this central square as well.”

“What we need to do is figure out a way to distribute the supplies we have available to the people, in an orderly manner, and in so doing, have things setup for the next wave of relieve that will be coming soon. Last thing we want to do is create a black market for food and supplies.”

“It may be good to have some sort of medical station as well in case we need to treat people. Who knows what we will find.” He paused, “and of course, we can’t transport into the asteroid, there is too much interference for us to get in there directly, so we’ll need to figure out a way to do this all through these access spaces,” Gregory pointed to 8 green dots that were scattered, at all glance, randomly.

(Reply Lee)

“You will have the full support of operations and anyone I can draft into helping you. This is all hands-on deck, and other than the engineering teams working on the reactor, getting this food distributed is our first priority. Ensign Chifukukku here will be your direct liaison to request what you need. ”

(Reply Lee)

“And we have no idea what we will actually find down there, so we are working blind.”

(Reply Lee)

The conversation continued for a bit longer as the two department heads planned a strategy.

"Excellent Chief Lee. You have done this before, I take it."

(Reply Lee)

“Good luck, Sir.”

(Reply Lee)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Deck 1 – COps office – Assistant Chief of Security Keung Lee –1000)

Upon hearing Lieutenant Dieter Gregory calling 'Enter', Keung wandered into the office to find Ensign Chifukukku standing opposite Gregory desk.

“Ah, Chief Lee. Grab a refreshment and sit down. We have a lot to do and not enough people to do it with.”

“Thank you, Sir.” Keung went over to the replicator and ordered a hot mug of Rebusch tea before joining Ensign Chifukukku at his side

Lt Gregory was talking about the situation on the astroirid that there were 10,000 colonists and about 500 'Keepers' who were responsible for the ship operations. 10,000 colonists! Definitely we don't have the supplies needed.

While the chief was getting settled, Gregory continued, “Our best information, such as it is, is that there are about 10,000 colonists in the habitable space, and probably another 500 or so ‘Keepers’, the ones responsible for the ship operations.”

Gregory stood by the monitor on the wall “Ensign Chifukukku was reviewing the data with me, and has constructed a map,” He displayed the map on the screen. “We’re talking about 100 square kilometers in total. These yellow dots mark what appear to be settlements, and they have this central square as well. “What we need to do is figure out a way to distribute the supplies we have available to the people, in an orderly manner, and in so doing, have things setup for the next wave of relieve that will be coming soon. Last thing we want to do is create a black market for food and supplies. t may be good to have some sort of medical station as well in case we need to treat people. Who knows what we will find.” He paused, “and of course, we can’t transport into the asteroid, there is too much interference for us to get in there directly, so we’ll need to figure out a way to do this all through these access spaces,” Gregory pointed to 8 green dots that were scattered, at all glance, randomly.

Keung glanced at the green dots which represent the settlements scattered across the area. It felt like a logistical challenge..or a potential nightmare but it could be done. He looked closely at the map.

“You will have the full support of operations and anyone I can draft into helping you. This is all hands-on deck, and other than the engineering teams working on the reactor, getting this food distributed is our first priority. Ensign Chifukukku here will be your direct liaison to request what you need. ”

“And we have no idea what we will actually find down there, so we are working blind.”

Keung and Ensign Chifukukku discussed the logistics of the operation for some time. The ensign listened making notes as Lee shared some of his ideas from the top of his head. Ideas could include using the location of the central square as a base camp as a distribution point. Setting up medical stations. Makeshift storage centres for the supplies guarded by armed security guards. Visiting the settlements to check their conditions perhaps taking medical supplies, food and water to these places. Perhaps have medics on board the shuttles to take them to the settlements. They also discussed security measures to prevent thefts and looting.

“Yes sir. I’ve been involved in a number of relief projects in the past.” said Keung.

(reply none)

(Posted by John)

[illegible][illegible]

“Anyone who goes on that ship will have to be inoculated against radiation effects.” explained Dr Cooper “Some of the distributors will have to wear EVA protective suits too.”

‘Okay. I’m up for that.’ Said Lee, who allowed the doctor to press the hypo spray into his arm. He glanced round to see other medics busy with inoculating the security staff who were going down onto the Asteroid. He could see a number of EVA protective suits on the portable hangers ready to be loaded onto the shuttles. He consulted the personnel list on his PADD to see who would be allocated the EVA protective suits.

He was still waiting for any transmission to inform him of the distribution points but there was nothing at the moment.

(reply none)

[illegible]

She went down to the room that she and Geehoff talked the last time she was here. She looked about the room but it was empty. She took a seat and asked aloud for Geehoff to come talk with her. She respected his request to not use telepathy. She waited for Geehoff.

"Geehoff. It is I Ariel to talk with you again."

(Reply Geehoff)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

Gregory rubbed his temple. As he sipped his fourth cup of tea for the day, he collected his thoughts.

“Computer, begin recording.”

“Operations Log, stardate 2445.10.17. It has been a busy twenty four hours getting the framework for Operation New Hope. It is a two-pronged mission, the first is repairing a damaged atomic pile. The space has high levels of radiation which will complicate the work. According to the doctor, the engineering team will be limited to two hours in the hot zone, with a 10-hour break between shifts. While this will stress the department, I remain confident in the team will excel under the pressure. I am also leaning on the Science department to help provide backup support for engineering, especially in monitoring of the radiation and power issues.”

“The second prong of the operation is the humanitarian mission. Based on the information we have; the colonists have been suffering since the accident to the atomic pile. Since the atomic pile provided the power for them to grow the foodstuffs, they have suffered a famine. Security will be identifying distribution points for us to distribute emergency rations for the people, which is also involving Operations and Engineering. This short-term fix will be supplemented with other supplies that the Captain has been arranging. Once the pile is repaired, it is hoped that there will be sufficient power to provide for the colonists to regain self-sufficiency. It is my hope that Science can see if any of the fast growing plants such as Brassica or Quadrotriticale can grow in the Sharlayan ecosystem and if it can provide the nutrients that the people need.”

“On a personal note, I have been reflecting on the loss of Security officer Hendrick on my watch. I’ve written a letter to his family, and provided it to the Captain. While I know it was a horrible accident, it is something I need to reconcile in the long run. We had, as best as I can tell, a failure of our tricorders to warn us of the increasing radiation. We are fortunate that the Sharlayan’s came and the rest of the team could be treated by the doctor. I will have to explore this issue further within the command training program. “

Gregory sat back. “End recording.”

With that, it was time to keep moving to the next task.

(Reply None)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(Sharlayan Generation Ship - Room of Discussion - Sec'or 2 of the Keeper Clan, Geehoff - 10.35)

Word spread through the halls until it finally reached the ears of Geehoff. And the word was that exotic looking Federationer was calling for him to an empty room. This, of course, was then followed by a several embarrassing exchanges indicting that seemed Geehoff had an admirer who wanted to pursue some kind of mating ritual with the young Se'cor.

Geehoff, of course, attempted to defend his honor, but it was all for show. He was excited that Ariel Trei had wanted to see him again. In fact, it was almost a dream come true. If he were honest with himself, he had fantasized about half Klingon half Betazoid since she had returned to her ship. Although he had seriously doubted he would ever see her again, he wondered what it would be like to have such a being as a mate. Of course it would desecrate his lineage and most assuredly mean shunning, or worse. But it might have been worth it.

However now, it appears, that fate was on his side, and more so. This did not appear to be an idle coincidence. She was calling for him by name. But for what purpose? And what an odd way to proceed. It was very forward. Did she have her own purple purpose for coming to him. Oh how he hoped so. But he had to play this one calmly. He had to show some maturity.

He walked calmly to the Room of Discussion to find Ariel sitting in a chair. Her back was toward him. Even that he found attractive. He wanted to go behind her, and visualized wrapping his arms around her. But that was out of the question. They were not ready for physical contact. There had been no agreement. Yet.

He cleared his throat and called to her, "Ariel Trei, I am here. I am so pleased to see you again. I must admit that I did not think that I would ever see you again. What are you doing here?"

(reply Trei)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(Sharlayan Generation Ship - Room of Discussion - ACOUNS ACMO LT JG Ariel Trei - 10.40)

She heard Geehoff behind her. She directed him to have a seat in front of her.

(Reply Geehoff)
(Posted by Edward)

(USS Illuminar - Sickbay Iso Room 4 – Assistant Chief of Security Ensign Keung Lee 1030

“What’s the point of looking after a bunch of needy people on that planet when we are neglecting to look after our own” she complained.

“ Ensign Penny McTaggard and Ensign T’Mur are both in Sickbay.” Exclaimed Carol

Lee didn't how long that would take. Looking through the window he could see Lt Tiel talking to T'Mur. He stood there thinking he gave himself ten minutes.

(Kal'Shar - Room of Discussion - Sec'or 2 of the Keeper Clan, Geehoff - 10.35)

Geehoff smiled and took the offered seat. He looked across at that fascinatingly different face and wished to reach out and touch those ridges again... and perhaps more. No, consent had not been given

"I am here to help your people through any stress while we make repairs on you ship," Ariel stated coldly. "How are you doing?"

Geehoff was, at first, somewhat disappointed that she had not come to just see him. However he did realize the practicality of her response. She does have a job to do, as do they all. Her job was to look after the well being of all the people, not just him. Still she did ask after him.

"I am doing well, thank you," Geehoff replied. "Actually things have just taken a turn for the better." He smiled at her hoping that she got gist of what he was saying. "One day is much like another in the Se'cor clan. We are all feeling the sting of hunger with the food rationing that the Admiral has imposed, but we are managing. There is a growing sense of unease in the general population of Kal'Shar, but nothing we have not been able to handle. The word is that we have been off course to our New World. Are you aware of how far we are away? How much longer must we travel? I had hoped to see our paradise in my life time."

(reply Trei)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(Kal /Shar - Room of Discussion - ACOUNS ACMO LT JG Ariel Trei - 10.40)

She listened to Geehoff tell of the state of the colony. He asked questions she did not have the answers to. All she could do was help calm them while the repairs were being done on the ship.

"I am sorry. I don't have that information. I do know that more rations are about to be distributed to your people. Is there anything you or anyone of your people wish to talk about. That is what I am here for."

(Reply Geehoff)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(Kal'Shar - Room of Discussion - Sec'or 2 of the Keeper Clan, Geehoff - 10.41)

Geehoff frowned hearing that Ariel could not answer his questions. The news of the rations was good but he wondered how much and who would receive them. Their duty was to the colonists first.

"Is there anything you or anyone of your people wish to talk about?" Trei asked. "That is what I am here for."

Geehoff did not want to say no as that might mean she would go away. He wondered if she could have the same feelings towards him. His fascination with her differences were more than a fleeting fancy. She had allowed him to touch her, and he had hoped for more. He was too young for a boding but just to spend more time would be enough for now.

"Perhaps," he suggested, "I could escort you through Kal'Shar so you could get the people?"

(reply Trei)

[illegible]

Gregory stepped out of the turbolift. After this, he'd have to check on the engineering preparations and see about the shuttle craft deployment. After that, it would be time to brief leadership. But first he needed to get some more help from Science.

Tapping his comm badge, "Lieutenant Gregory to Lieutenant Alyl," he said.

Gregory chuckled, "Next time I'll call first," he said.

"I have an idea to run by you, that could be potentially very beneficial for the Sharlayan."

(Reply Ayl)

(Reply Alyl)

(Reply Ayl)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Deck 6 – Science Labs/CSO Office - CSO Lieutenant (jg) Jatón Ayl - 1101)

"That's a good start, Mr. Sklar," Jatón nodded, looking over the crewman's work. "Keep it up, and I'll be back to help out after checking in on Beta Team."

"Thank you sir," the crewman said in reply.

Jatón smiled and nodded before heading off towards the other side of the lab. It was then he saw Gregory back again, waiting for him outside his office.

"Lieutenant Gregory to Lieutenant Alyl," his commbadge chirped, followed almost immediately by the sound of the man's real voice. He then started to turn around and their eyes met. Jatón walked over to him, smiling.

Gregory chuckled, "Next time I'll call first," he said.

"Just can't stay away, can you, lieutenant?" Jatón teased. "What can I do for you?"

"I have an idea to run by you, that could be potentially very beneficial for the Sharlayan."

"Once we get the power restored, the Sharlayan are still going to have to address the issue of getting their food growing again. I don't know what trick is up the Captain's sleeve yet, but feeding ten thousand people for months at a time is a huge task, especially out in the middle of nowhere. Heavy haul supply ships don't have transwarp capabilities, so it'll take them time to get here," Gregory said. "I was wondering if some of the rapid cycling plants that the Federation has developed, like the Brassica rapa variants or Quadrotriticale, which have a fast seed to harvest timeline might be something to help get them back on the road to sustainability. "

Jatón nodded. "That's a good idea. We would have to take some time to teach the Sharlayans how to cultivate these crops. Quadrotriticale especially can be tricky because of its penchant to turn invasive. We can't just leave them with some crops that will just overrun their current agricultural endeavours and leave them with a monoculture that's even more vulnerable."

"I agree. There are a lot of obstacles in the way and I still need to get the Captains permission to see if the Federation would approve of such a transfer of technology. I'm not sure if they would feel providing new seeds and plants would violate General Order 1. It's not like we're giving them warp drives or phasers. However, I don't want to approach the Captain if the seeds won't grow or it won't provide the nutrients the Sharlayan's need."

"Absolutely. I doubt the Prime Directive would really apply here since we're actively engaged in aid operations with a spacefaring race. And it's not like quadrotriticale is some great Federation state secret," Jatón chuckled. "I'll get my team on it immediately and see what we can come up with."

"This would be huge. I have to run to check on the pilots and engineers. Let me know what you find."

"Absolutely, Dieter," Jatón said. It seemed a bit... intimate to use his first name, and for a moment Jatón seemed a little taken aback that it had slipped out. But he was taking a shine to the man, so maybe it would be alright?

(reply Gregory IYW)

As the man turned to leave, Jatón turned back to his office. He tapped his commbadge as he walked through the door. "Ayl to Ensign MacTaggard and Dr. Solice. Please come to my office at your earliest convenience."

(reply MacTaggard, Solice, any)
(posted by Spencer)

[illegible]

Returning once more to his office, Gregory ran down the list of tasks on going. He had Ensign Matrix working on learning more about the control panel they found, while trying to get as much information as they could about the internals. Alpha engineering team was approaching the last 30 minutes of their time in the hot zone. Once they were decontaminated, they could make their report on the damage in the Sharlayan engineering space. Coupling that with the information that Matrix should have will let them reevaluate and refine the initial plan.

He quickly typed out a progress report to Captain Sekal.

To: Captain Sekal, USS Illuminar
From: Lieutenant Dieter Gregory, COps.
Re: Progress report 1 – Mission New Hope.

After laying out the initial goals of the mission, the teams have been assigned their tasks and work has begun.

Of note, Security, in partnership with Operations, is working on developing a distribution plan for humanitarian supplies to the Sharlayans. That should begin in earnest by 1600 today.

Engineering teams have been assigned to work on the repairs of the system. Once Alpha team returns for their mandatory 10 hours between shifts, the repair plan will be reevaluated based on their information. Meanwhile, Beta team will be exploring how best to interface the shuttle power systems to the Sharlayan vessel.

Medical is paying close attention to the engineering teams in the hot zone to minimize damage due to radiation exposure.

Finally, Science is assisting Engineering by monitoring and evaluating information being generated in the hot zone. Additionally, the Science Botany team is evaluating the possibility of supporting the Sharlayans with fast growing grains and greens as a supplement till their own crops are reestablished.

Gregory read over the report twice before hitting send.

Pausing, he looked at his PADD to see what was next. T'Mur! Damn it, Chief Lee had said he could borrow her because of her language skills. Trying to make heads or tails of the information Matrix had sent over was going to hinge on her ability to help develop the Rosetta stone to ensure that whatever the engineering teams encounter, they can translate.

“Computer, where is Ensign T’Mur.”

[Ensign T'Mur is currently in isolation room 4 in Sickbay]

~Great,~ Gregory thought ~Our star linguist is in medical.~

Standing up, he strode out of the office, destination Sick Bay.

[illegible]

“Papa, papa.”

"Yes Er'ersaff," replied the man.

“Did you catch anything? Momma and Wis’ho and I are all hungry. It seems like days.”

The man sighed. He remembered the stories his grandfather, head of his clan, used to tell of the bounties of the land. How the Keepers kept the sun strong as the people traveled to their promised land. As told in the Book of Nar'nek, at the end of the journey, the people having been purified, would walk among the fields under the sky with suns as far as the eye could see.

"No, Er'ersaff, the fish are not taking our bait this morning. Perhaps they are asleep in their houses."

The boy plopped down next to his father, “That’s silly, fishes don’t live in houses. They live in the water, until they live in our belly’s.”

El'nackk rubbed his son's hair. "Why don't you go see if you can find some nuts. That tree over there looks like it might have some. Your mother can do amazing things with the K'ola nut."

The boy ran off to the tree to look as his father fretted about what might happen. The harvest had been so poor, the grains grew tall, seeking the light, only to find little. The pollinators were scare as well, driven off to somewhere else.

Suddenly the line went taut. With the skill of a master, he slowly set the hook. He estimated that the fish was at least 3 leguts in weight. That would feed his family for several days. Trying to control his excitement, he let the fish tire itself out. When he was a boy, he would have enjoyed the fight, but now, he just wanted to feed his family.

Minutes past as the line remained taunt, the fish fighting against itself and the hook holding it in place. Slowly the action became slower, as the fish tired out. This was the most dangerous time for a fisherman, too much and the line would break, the fish lost. Not enough and the fish would dislodge the

hook and get away. El'nackk remained patient as he started to bring the line in, keeping it just taunt enough to pull the fish, and not let it get away.

With a cry of delight, he pulled the fish out of the water. It was a whitefish, favored for a sweet tasting flesh. In triumph, he held up the fish and turned around. “Er’er... “ he started to call out before stopping, staring at two beings wearing clothing of bright yellow starring at him.

(Reply, Security)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Sickbay – COps Lieutenant Dieter Gregory - 1130)

Entering Sickbay, he looked around for the isolation rooms. A friendly nurse pointed him in the right direction.

Standing outside the isolation lab, he looked in and saw T'Mur laying there. "Nurse, is she contagious? Can I go in?"

The nurse nodded.

Gregory knocked, "Ensign T'Mur, do you mind some company?"

(Reply T'Mur)

“I had thought everyone was released. I am sorry you are still here,” he said as he pulled up a chair. “Are you up to doing some work? I asked the Chief if I could borrow you for a bit. Your language skills are going to be critical to what we’re doing.”

(Reply T'Mur)

“Yea, spent all night getting things organized. We have some crew over there now starting to explore the hot zone. So I really could use your expertise.”

(Reply T'Mur)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Sickbay – Assistant Chief of Security Ensign Keung Lee - 1135)

Keung had noticed Lt Gregory had walked in and he approached a nurse who pointed him to the isolation ward. Surprise why he wasn't allowed in after T'Mur was one of his officers. He had remembered that the Lieutenant had asked him if he could re-assign T'Mur for special duties.

Seeing that at least one senior officer would check in to see how T'Mur was, he was really needed and it was be two crowded, he shrugged and left the Sickbay as he had to really deal with getting the distribution system ready.

(Posted by John)

(USS Illuminar- Deck 14 – Security office. Assistant Chief of Security Ensign Keung Lee -1400)

“Well as you can see from the landscape map made by Ensign Chifukukku we have logistical challenges with our part of Operation Hope. 10,000 colonists in a large number of settlements across 100 square kilometres in total. There are a number of questions here. The first is where are we going to set up distribution points for the initial supplies? Secondly how are these supplies going to be stored. Thirdly, how are we going to distribute the initial supplies in a safe and orderly manner? The fourth is to set up medical stations?” started Keung. He noticed the body language of one or two people who was about to answer him. “The questions are rhetorical. I have a plan in place and those plans are in those folders on the table.”

“Okay. Let me give you a summary of what needs to be done. We need to set up a central distribution point and a secure storage facility. I would say we set up in the central square. This would include a reception area and a central medical centre. I plan to have a number of habitants for use by the colonists as accommodation shelters. The shelters should not be constructed too closely together and reasonable distance should be kept between the camps to provide some form of privacy. Priority should be given to widows and women headed households, disabled and elderly people as well as young families. Other facilities will be provided such as Lighting Arrangements and electrics for the shelters and the rest of the sites. Water and Sanitation facilities will be provided too There will a control room/help desk to help with enquiries and administration.” Keung looked at the two medics in the room “I think it is worth having mobile medical units to be available to reach out to the settlements. . People in the camp should be encouraged to return to their homes, as the situation improves in the field. Transport facilities may be provided for the purpose. Families as a whole should leave the camp. No member of such family should be allowed to stay back in the camp. Basically distribute the supplies as quickly as possible and disburse the colonists back to their homs,”

“Our priority is to ensure that security, peace and order must be maintained in the environment. Security personnel should be detailed on roster basis. Use the same shift system that we got on the ship. I want to make sure that there should be adequate security the boundary and gate of the camp. We should keep vigil on anti-social elements and potential black market activates around the camp. Make sure that on your shift rotas, Security personnel should be detailed for patrolling & night watch. The storage area should properly be guarded . Security officers should accompany any medics to the various settlements. That reminds me. Ensign Chifukukku. Can you liaise with Ensign Daniel Mcfry, the transporter manager of what shuttles and ground vehicles are available?”

Keung then turned to the medics. “Have you any thoughts about the medical provision?”

“Can you explain more about this registration system?” said Carol Linnis

(reply none)
(posted by John)

(reply none)
(posted by John)

The Distribution and medical station had been set up in record time. The shuttles had landed and the supplies were unloaded into the food warehouse by a detail of Security officers, volunteers from the crew and local Sharlayans. The Medical station, one of a number of Medical stations were equipped

with all the necessary beds and equipment. Chief of Security Keung Lee inspected the site feeling satisfied that at least the frame work was already finally done. He arranged that the patrol of the food distribution centre should be organised in three shifts. For each shift, there should be ten Security officers armed with hand phasers and batons who will patrol the site. There were volunteers who would be involved in the actual distribution of food but it was clear if there were huge numbers, they would need help from somewhere. Hopefully the relief ships should arrive with more help. There was still the logistical challenge of getting to the other settlements and issue food supplies/medical aid. The last thing that Keung wanted was ending up with large numbers of colonists overwhelming the main distribution centre. Keung would await the 'go ahead' from the Captain and the Keepers authorities to open the centre.

Keung entered the modules that have designated as admin offices and reception unit. Using the computer, he entered the following instructions for display on the monitors throughout the site.

"Food distribution centre

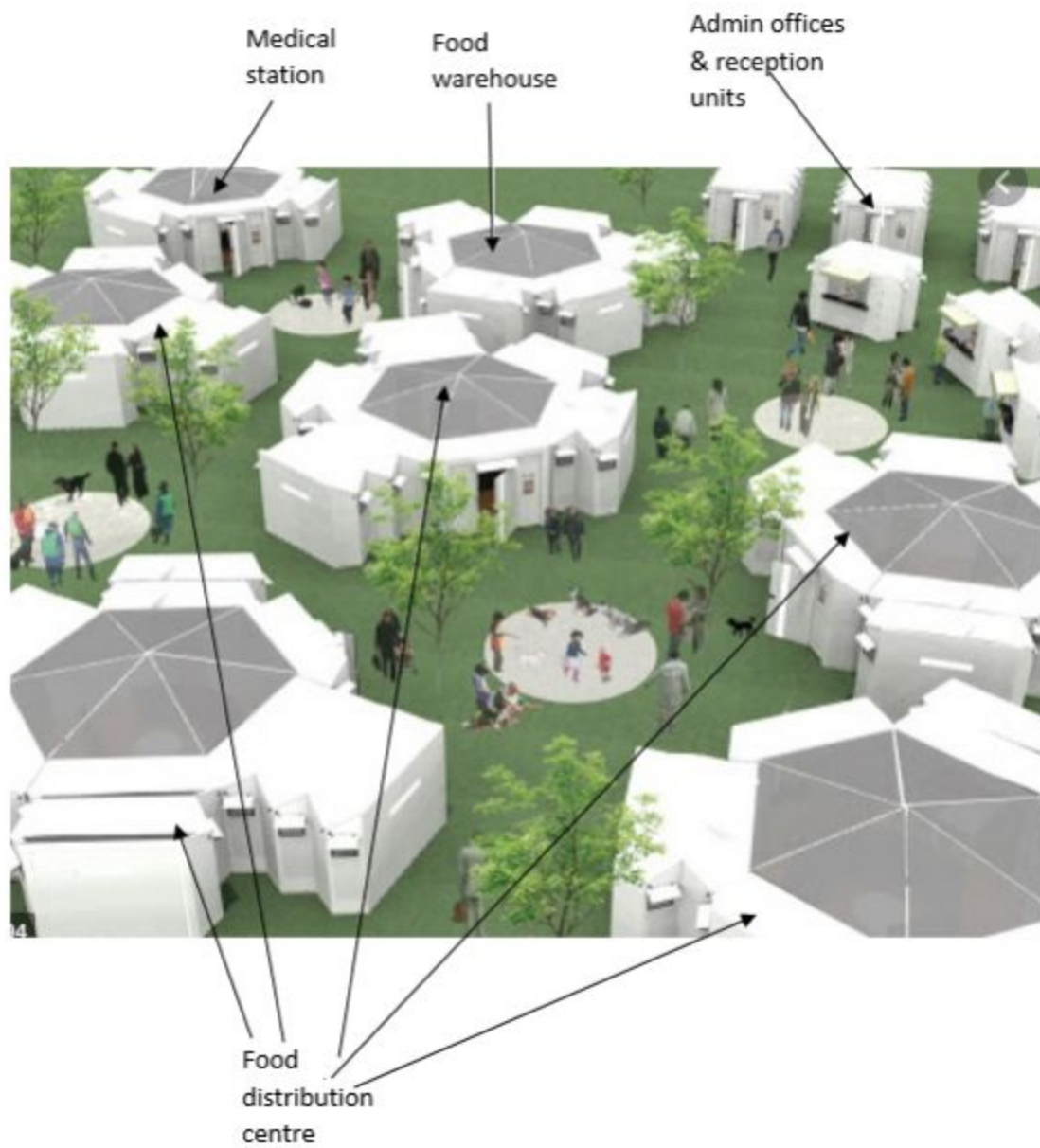
The layout of a distribution site should enable quick and efficient distribution of food. It should ensure that colonists go through the distribution in a minimum of time. Of importance, the ones receiving food are separated from as much as possible from onlookers. Last, the food should be separated from the colonists and "on-lookers".

Four General Rules for Distribution

- Do not allow crowding around the distribution point.
- Ensure an entrance and exit point in distribution area.
- Do not allow passing through the distribution point more than once.
- Separate clients from the commodities and the distributor
- Ensure that beneficiaries who already received their commodities leave without passing in front of those who have not yet received theirs.
- Where possible, store the commodities out of sight of the clients

In the distribution centres

- there should be a barrier between the client and the distribution assistant.
- Different commodities should be distributed from different bins.
- Allow for sufficient space between the different commodities to enable a constant flow of people through the centre.
- If one commodity takes longer to distribute than another, two bins can be used for that commodity.
- Ensure that all entrances and exits to the centre are easily secured"





(reply any whoever is on site)

(posted by John)

-----END TRANSMISSION-----