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(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay Iso room-- Deck 5 – Sickbay - CMO, 3/0 Lieutenant Quinna Solice and Dr. Riven Mias- 1330)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 14 - CSO's Office – Chief of Security Lt (jn) Keung Lee- 0835)

(ISS Illuminar - Deck 2 - Personal Quarters - Imperial Intelligence Operative Michael Weston, CMO/30 Dr. Quinna Solice, and Luma Lenai - 0630)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 11 - Main Engineering - EO - Ensign Bohb - 0629)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 11 - Main Engineering - EO - Ensign Bohb - 0631)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 10 - Main Shuttlebay - Pilot Lt. Arthur 'Snoopy' Corday - 0635)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 10 - Main Shuttlebay - Pilot Ensign Vic 'Raid' Montero - 0640)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 10 - Main Shuttlebay - Pilots Lt. Arthur 'Snoopy' Corday, Ensign Vic 'Raid' Montero - 0642)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 11 - Main Engineering – EO Ensign Scott Matrix - 0715)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 11 - Main Engineering – - 0717)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 11 - - Main Engineering - Specialized Portable Operations Troubleshooting
System mark 3.1.1 - 0718)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Sickbay - SFI - Michael Weston, ME Mason Quincy, CMO/3XO Sleeping Lt. Quinna Solice - 0720)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Sickbay - CMO/3XO Sleeping Lt. Quinna Solice - 0721)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory - 0840)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - CTO Lt. T'Mur - 0841)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - ACSO T'shalaith - 0842)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - Acting Chief Science Officer Ensign T'shalaith - 0845)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - CO - Captain Sekal - 0849)

(USS Illuminar -- Officer Mess -- CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice -- 0930)
 (USS Illuminar - Officer Mess - Tamas Laredo - 0932)
 (USS Illuminar - Officer Mess -CMO/3xo Lt. Quinna Solice - 0934)
 (USS Illuminar - Officer Mess - Tamas Laredo - 0935)
 (USS Illuminar - Officer Mess - CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice - 0937)
 (USS Illuminar - Officer Mess - Tamas Laredo - 0938)
 (USS Illuminar - Officer Mess - CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice - 0939)
 (USS Illuminar - Officer Mess - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 09.40)
 (USS Illuminar - Officer Mess - CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice - 0942)
 (USS Illuminar - Officer Mess - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 09.45)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 2- Officers Mess - 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory - 0946)
 (USS Illuminar - Officer Mess - Tamas Laredo - 0947)
 (USS Illuminar - Officer Mess - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 09.50)
 (USS Illuminar - Officer Mess - CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice - 09.55)
 (USS Illuminar - Officer Mess - Tamas Laredo - 0956)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Holodeck 1 - 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory - 1130)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 1- Bridge - CO - Captain Sekal - 1145)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 1- Bridge - CTO - Lt. T'Mur - 1148)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 12, Cloaking Array control - Engineer Ens jg Tycho A
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory - 1151
 (USS Illuminar - Bridge - Deck 1 -- CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice - 11:52)
 (USS Illuminar -- Deck 14 -- Security Office -- Chief of Security Lt (in) Keuno

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(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay Iso room-- Deck 5 -- Sickbay - CMO, 3/0 Lieutenant Quinna Solice and Dr. Riven Mias- 1330)

Riven sighed as the last of the crew left sickbay leaving him alone with the medical staff which reminded him he had been remiss in his duties. He had been acting as an Ambassador for a number of years now and hadn't been active in the fleet for decades so the fact he had forgotten to check in with the chief medical officer was now a source of embarrassment. Since it was no longer needed he withdrew his empathic sending and placed it firmly back into the center of his being. Keeping his nature from being broadcast continually required that, it wasn't as though he was sending it out, merely lowering the barriers that kept it in.

His searching eyes found who he was looking for walking out of the general population and he began following her. "Excuse me Doctor Solice but it appears I am late in reporting in, I hope you will forgive the oversight."

Quinna had been picking up medical equipment as started to collect the stray items. She turned to face Mias, "Ahh, Dr. Mias. Please don't worry about it. I am grateful you came in. Things were getting a bit crazy around here. Welcome back. It has been a while."

"Indeed it has been several months hasn't it." He mused. "I was being careful at that time trying not to step on the toes of counseling but my mind healing abilities were called on in a professional capacity."

"I actually was not aware that you were coming onboard." Quinna moved to grab more equipment. "I don't suppose you would be willing to give me a hand. I hate to have these things sitting out." Quinna was a little OCD when it came to sickbay. She preferred to take care of the equipment herself.

"Absolutely." He began by picking up a medical tricorder followed by several padds. "It was a spur of the moment thing I believe as your mission was drawing to a close. As it turns out there were some complications arising from it and since you lost your counselor I was asked to come aboard in that capacity while plying my 'trade' I suppose you would call it. My calling actually." He had accumulated a stack of padds in one arm and was holding the tricorder in his right hand. "I assume you will want to know something about my experience in the counseling arena."

Quinna had pulled open the cabinet and started to sort and load the tricorders and PADDs back, "Well, actually I was wondering that." Quinna turned her head and smiled, "you were not reading my mind, were you?"

"Absolutely not." He shook his head and gave her a warm smile in return then put away the items he was carrying. "I just know how things work on starships, protocols and all." He stood to his feet slowly, the left knee balked a bit about getting up. "I was a Counselor aboard several ships from 2408 to 2416. The Nimitz, Mystique, Hades and Spectre. I rose to the rank of Lieutenant Commander while on the Hades and have retained it."

Quinna smiled, "No need to tell me more. I appreciate verbal resume." Quinna paused for a moment, "So tell me something that I would not find in your Service record." Quinna had shut the full cabinet.

She was satisfied that things were clean. She gestured they move along to the medical station to have a seat. "I want to know how I can trust you in case I ever need to talk."

"Ah!" The Betazoid chuckled at that one. "Well first of all I can assure you that I am held to the same standards of confidentiality as a mind healer as any member of the medical profession and in many instances more. An assistant is often required to verify both impartiality and that no meddling is done with the patient beyond the treatment. As for more personal details I can tell you that I have maintained contact and friendship with several members of the Admiralty and..." He gave her a grin. "... and the high priestess in the temple of the goddess on Betazed does not look with fondness upon me traipsing about the galaxy on starships. She prefers me in the temple seeing to my duties there. I had many run-ins with the council when I was in the fleet because of being unavailable so often and almost lost my position."

His face took on a more somber look. "However there is a good reason beyond wanderlust for my repeated absences. I detest not being available when someone is in need of my services and will not hesitate to go off planet to treat them. When the Spectre took me on I had just treated a little girl on Marmuk III and they needed a counselor." His eyes grew distant. "Now that was a sad ship, her CO was distrustful and antagonistic. And her crew had mostly given up. One of the few not in that category was Doctor Trommashere. I had last seen her aboard the Hades."

His eyes snapped back to her face. "The Spectre is also where I met my lovely and delightful wife Michaela and she completes me. Is there anything else you'd like to know? I'm full of stories." His smile had returned full force.

"I bet you do." Quinna replied with a smile. "I for one am happy to have you back. We have been lacking an adequate counseling team for a while. Alayna is great but she is only one person. She cannot be expected to do it all. And I am not sure if I can handle the additional duties." Quinna admitted. She, lately, has become more aware of her capabilities and limitations.

"Oh I think Alaya might surprise you but traditional counseling is not her strong suit I'm afraid. I'll be happy to handle that end of the department." A thought occurred to him. "And if you need a hand from time to time I'm certain Michaela might be cajoled to step in, she's an experienced medical doctor as well."

"I do try to run a more informal sickbay. I like to work together. Though sometimes I do pull rank and tell people 'because I said so'. What are you thinking?" Quinna asked.

He gave a deep throated laugh before speaking. "You have no idea of the spectrum of commands I've been exposed to. I've already set up some appointments, I'll take a counseling suite and set it up to my specifications. There may also be some mind healing on the side. In the case of mind healing I have and will pull Alaya into it as assistant and observer. And I'll have daily reports ready for your perusal. They won't be detailed dossiers unless requested because of doctor/patient confidentiality but at least you will know who I have seen along with some general observations."

Quinna thought about how formal he was ready to conduct things, but this will be his domain. Quinna herself was more of an unorthodox counselor/Doctor. She thought that people would be receptive to

formality and traditional services. “Doctor, I hope you settle in nicely. If there is anything you need from me, do not hesitate to ask. You already have a lot of cadets to counsel, but I have someone I want you to focus on. Lt. Lee, would benefit from your services.”

"Lieutenant Lee. Hmmm. Riven planted the name firmly in his memory so that he could look it up afterward. "I'll check on that one directly then liaise with Alaya to see what counseling facilities are available. It has been good talking with you doctor and we shall have to get together later in a more relaxed setting to become better acquainted. Michaela will certainly enjoy that as well once you become available. If there is nothing else I'd best be getting things set up."

“Sounds good. If there is anything I get you, do not hesitate to ask.” Quinna offered. She wanted him to feel welcomed and comfortable.

She needn't have bothered for Riven's sake, there was very little that came to mind which could have put in a less than comfortable position. As noted he was a long term fleet veteran who had been put in nearly every imaginable position and while facing down Q had been a trepidatious experience to say the least it hadn't broken his composure. And he had served under the good and the bad, both hostile and barely competent without it affecting his performance. It appeared this would fall under the "good" category and he was looking forward to it.

"Excellent! I'll get started putting things in order immediately then." He held out his hand and clasped hers warmly for an instant without shaking before releasing it. "And I'll start my reports tomorrow morning so you can see how things are shaping up. It was a pleasure meeting you Quinna."

With that the mind healer left sickbay to set up a counseling suite and get started officially.

(Reply: None)

(Posted by Charles and Kris)

[illegible]

Temas stepped nervously up to the office of the Chief of Security's office. He had talked with Riven Mias last night and his mentor had asked him to look into the Chief's state of mind. People had expressed their concern to Mias about the man. Laredo was not actually a member of the crew, so he was going to need to tread lightly. He also knew that his recommendations would be taken seriously. He knocked on the outside of the door and waited to be admitted.

(reply Lee)

Once he was in he walked over to the desk and smiled at the man behind it. "Lieutenant Lee, my name is Temas Laredo. I'm working with Dr. Mias and checking up on everyone involved in yesterday's unfortunate incident. I was wondering if you had a few minutes to talk?"

(reply Lee)

[illegible]

t is not very often that Chief Lee took the opportunity to do something distracting during a work session. He sat in this watching a news item from the Federation News Network. It feature a Q & A session about life aboard a Starship. Lee felt that this part of the reason for this presentation that maybe it was the idea of PR folk from Starfleet to recruit new blood! The session took the form of an interview by a media personality who was Billie Scot Duckworth interviewing an ensign Frank Haywood from the USS Exeter. Ms Duckworth was apparently feeding questions from viewers.

Frank Haywood looked like he took his time before answering. “What is it like to be living on a starship Basically you’re in a metal can in a hostile environment. You are in a highly technological box that relies on you and your fellow crew to know how to operate the equipment while roaming around with no real input as to where you’re going or what you’re doing. If the hull breaches, part or even all of the ship..then you have problems,. You spend literally months between planets, where you don’t see the sun. Time is merely an illusion here and the shifts blend into nothing but hours on a clock without a natural timekeeper. Well, life on board the Sentinel is varied and interesting. We experiences new things all the time. The crew will start with a heathy breakfast to set up for the day ahead. This gives us the opportunity to chat your crewmates before you begin your duties. We run an efficient ship because of a ‘watch’ system. Each day is broken into three separate watches which are in 12 hour blocks. Crews repeat their watch in the next 12 hour blocks. In between the watch, you get time off where we have lots of extracurricular and recreation activities. So throughout the watches, the crew can be involved in all sort of specialist activities. “

“Thank you. The next question Yuki Novikov, from Moscow, Russia, asks,

Lee's first thought was..you die

Ensign Chadwick said “The first thing you would notice is the lack of air. You wouldn’t lose consciousness straight away; it might take up to 15 seconds as your body uses up the remaining oxygen reserves from your bloodstream. You can try to hold your breath but if you did, the loss of external pressure would cause the gas inside your lungs to expand, which will rupture the lungs and release air into the circulatory system. After about 10 seconds or so, your skin and the tissue underneath will begin to swell as the water in your body starts to vaporise in the absence of atmospheric pressure. The moisture on your tongue may begin to boil! You also freeze straight away before you suffocate.”

There was silence. Lee thought this was rather graphic but then again this what the viewers might want to see.. Lee was distracted from watching when he heard a knock on the door. Lee turned down the volume as the interview went on “come in”

Lee looked up with some puzzlement at the stranger who came into the office. Whoever he was, he wasn't a member of the crew..

"Lieutenant Lee, my name is Tamas Laredo. I'm working with Dr. Mias and checking up on everyone involved in yesterday's unfortunate incident. I was wondering if you had a few minutes to talk?"

Lee looked at his screen. Always the way, when you want to watching something interesting..there bound to be some interruption. Lee wondered what this Temas Laredo wants in terms of information.

“Yes, certainly. What do you want to talk about?” enquired Lee

(reply)

(posted by John)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 14 - CSO's Office - Temas Laredo- 0806)

Temas looked at the Security Chief with curiosity. Had he not just told him what he'd like to talk about? He could not sense that Lee was being antagonistic. Perhaps he just hadn't been paying attention.

"As I said," Laredo replied, "I would like to talk to you about yesterday's accident. Specifically, how you feel about it. How are you feeling today, now that you've had time to process the event."

(reply Lee)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 14 - CSO's Office - Temas Laredo- 0811)

Temas listened as Lee talked. He was having trouble reading the man's general mood. It appeared that he was as emotionless about the death of the cadet as he said. Although there seemed to be more to it than an incredible disattachment to the student that was under his command. He sat back in his seat and took a heavy breath.

"I'm sorry Lieutenant," he finally said, "but in my opinion that's a pretty cold and cynical point of view. You have absolutely no feeling about losing someone under your command, no less a student, a child, who you were supposed to be looking out for and teaching. Are you sure that you have no feelings about it. Not even a little anger?"

He paused for a moment then sat forward and put his forearms on the desk. “Look, I’m not looking for a tearful farewell. But to say that simply because you didn’t know the boy means you shouldn’t feel anything is... well... to be honest, short sighted. Unless, of course you are some kind of sociopath, which is not on your records.”

Lee took a moment to think through what he was going to say. I command a team of Security Officers who are in the front line of any potentially hostile environments. In case you have not notice, but it is not really safe out there.” Said Lee who illustrated his point, by waving at the window behind him. “My security officers knew the risk when they signed onto Starfleet. You have to bear something important to keep in mind is that it isn’t an commanding officer’s job to be friends with his troops. Being friends with them INEVITABLY leads to favouritism and a loss in discipline and unit effectiveness. It is my job

as an officer is to lead them. According to Starfleet regulations officers are not supposed to fraternize with enlisted crewmembers.. There are many reasons for this. One reason is I am have to order someone to perform a mission that is highly dangerous and could possibly cause the death of the individual sent on the mission...that includes cadets. I cannot afford to have friends among the enlisted ranks otherwise I might hesitate to send this individual into difficult situations. During such situations even in training..when even a moment of hesitation can disastrous.” Lee paused trying to work out the reaction of Laredo. “You know the phrase that sometimes described the life of a security officer. ‘If you want to live long and prosper, don’t wear a red shirt’

Lee stood up and made his way over to the food replicator and ordered a glass of water. He was thirsty. He drank deeply.

“By the way you mentioned the teacher student relationship.” Expounded Lee as he stood near to the sitting man. “As you probably know..I used to be a teacher. I did not fraternize with my students. My approach was to remain distant from them. Trying to be friends with them was inappropriate. I may have given the impression of a lack of redundant emotions and even indifference to the achievements of my students. To start show favouritism results in lack of discipline and motivation. I made the students work hard and under achieving students are repeatedly force to redo poorly performed task. I set goals and insist that my students clearly fulfil their tasks and follow the desired direction. I never considered to be a mate, a social worker, neither a police officer. And I still take the same attitude now!”

Lee stopped speaking feeling that he justified his points. Bit long winded. Especially at this time of the morning. He waited for a response from the man who Lee considered have never been in the field.

(reply)

(posted by John)

[illegible]

Temas contemplated Lee's statements. It was an amazingly unique point of view for the era they lived in now. Perhaps it was a 20th century position.

Finally he said, "That is a very interesting perspective. I am in complete agreement with the need for well stated and clear clear goals. I wonder what happens when the goal is beyond the ability of the student. And how you would come to recognize that, before failure, without getting to know the student. Or are you saying that the student must reach the point of failure? Do you then help them deal with the failure, or is that for them to handle on their own?"

He looked at Lee with all seriousness. “Look, I don’t pretend to be an expert in security. I am athletic but not an athlete. So if I was suddenly thrust into the position of becoming a team member of a sport that I was not ready for I would hope that the team captain would be willing to put in some time to get to know my abilities, and he wouldn’t play me on a position I was not ready for.”

He paused and then said, “I guess I’m not sure that I agree that getting to know your people on a personal level automatically leads to favoritism, especially if you got to know all of them on an equal footing. It has been my experience that most students perform better when they have a mentor who

openly cares about them. That is my opinion based on my observations and experience. I am not here to judge or sway you. Simply to see where you stand, emotionally.”

“May I ask one more question?” Laredo asked.

(reply Lee)

“What is your opinion of Commander Verin, as a leader? Between you and me, with strictest of confidentiality.”

(reply Lee)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 14 – Chief of Security Lt (jn) Keung Lee – 0830)

Lee listened to Tamas Laredo's views and silently agreed with the student-mentor relationship but Lee still maintained his own thoughts. Nobody going to change his view on that. As for the idea that if Laredo would thrown into a position of a Security officer with very little experience and in the concept of a team sports, he would still be benched as a sub. Lee wasn't sure whether he was to comment on Laredo's thought when he said

“May I ask one more question?”

One more question implied that he might get to the end and then finally Lee could get rid of him.

“Go ahead” said Lee

“What is your opinion of Commander Verin, as a leader? Between you and me, with strictest of confidentiality.”

Lee was takeback by the change of tack. Now what this got to do with anything?.

"As far as I am concerned Commander Verin as an senior officer has the wonderful ability to coordinate and to assist in the supervision of activities of the crew. I think she has created a positive atmosphere and has helped to build up a sense of community on board this ship. Said Lee, being non committal in his comments. Mind you it did sound like a bit of boot licking though. Lee didn't believe this conversation was in the strictest of confidentiality especially with a stranger whom he never met before. This conversation could be leading into speculation and gossip country."If there is anything else which is relevant to what you originally come for, then I suggest we end it at that"

(reply)

(posted by John)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 14 - CSO's Office - Temas Laredo- 0831)

Once again Temas listened to Lee. He noted the man's genuine appreciation of Sienna. He nodded as he listened, subconsciously urging him to give his full evaluation.

“If there is anything else which is relevant to what you originally come for,” Lee suddenly said, “then I suggest we end it at that”

“Actual Lieutenant,” Tamas said, almost ignoring Lee’s dismissal, “this is all relevant. I would agree with your evaluation of the Commander. But I’m curious. If you have such an appreciation of her command ability, and her relationships with the rest of the crew, why is it that you believe that good leaders should

remain disassociated from their subordinates? I only ask you this for the sake of the cadets still under you. You could lose some, one or most of them, simply because you haven't taken the time to get to know them, and let them know that you are someone they can trust."

With that Laredo stood up and shrugged his shoulders, "It's up to you. I think that you're an excellent security officer. You're well organized and quite knowledgeable. I'm pretty sure you could physically overwhelm quite easily. But there's more to being a leader than being organized. You need to be in touch with your people, for you to trust them, and for them to trust you. Your cadets are hurting, Lieutenant, and they are having trouble coming to terms with the fact that you are so disassociated from your own feelings. However, you can take that as you will. I appreciate your time. Hopefully we can talk again soon, but under better circumstances."

(reply Lee)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 14 - CSO's Office – Chief of Security Lt (jn) Keung Lee- 0835)

“Yes thank you” said Lee. Excellent Security officer!! Well organised and quite knowledgeable! Rather condensing of Laredo never mind telling what his job should be regarding the care of his own troopers. There was a system in place to care for any of his team who had been hurt physically and mentally but he wasn’t too keen to explain it to Laredo which was none of his business any way. Lee went to sit down with the intention of getting on with his work.

(reply)

(posted by John)

[illegible]

(ISS Illuminar - Deck 2 - Personal Quarters - Imperial Intelligence Operative Michael Weston, CMO/30 Dr. Quinna Solice, and Luma Lenai - 0630)

Weston woke up and stretched in his oversized bed. His arm brushed across Quinn's naked body. Rolling over he traced his fingers along the welts across her back. They were still bright red, but as usual he was careful to never break the skin. The doctor was a constant amazement to him. The pleasure that she took in the pain that she received was almost as stimulating as the actual sexual performances she performed. And her tolerance was getting stronger. He wondered how long it would take before he would actually have to damage her before she felt any true pleasure.

She moaned slightly as he manipulated the injured flesh, then he brought the flat of his hand, hard, onto her exposed buttocks. When he lifted his hand there was the red imprint of his action. Then, more gently, he stroked his handy work. He leaned over and bit her shoulder lightly.

"Wakey, wakey my darling," he said in a soft, teasing voice.

Quinna turned her head slightly as she parlayed her favorite response to Michael, “Um, No.” A small smirk appeared as she buried her face deeper in the pillow. “You are going to have to make me.”

Michael smiled. Usually he was up for Quinna's play time. She had a rare gift. He'd seen her antagonize Dieter Gregory just so he'd use her agonized on her. However, Quinna also recognized

Michael's gift. He had new and inventive ways to inflict pain on others. How else could he have tamed the Lanai.

But Weston didn't have time for their usual games. He had business to conduct and lives to destroy, and he needed an early start this morning. He also knew that delaying her pleasure this morning would only heighten her anticipation for their next session.

He grabbed the hair on the back of her head and held her face into the pillow.

"I'm sorry my darling Quinna but I have things to take care of this morning," he said releasing her head. "We can play more later."

Quinna rolled her eyes. Michael seemed to have forgotten his place. Quinna turned him, and straddled Michael at the waist. "You seem to forget, my love, who is really in charge here." Quinna leaned over and roughly kisses Michael. "Never, forget."

Quinna got up and headed to the shower. "Who do you have to deal with today?" Quinna turned unashamed of her exposed body, "Is it her again?"

Michael laughed, taking in the view of her body, almost changing his mind. "Her? I have no idea who you are talking about. You know that I have eyes for not her than you, love."

He forced his way into the shower with Quinna, and began to lather them both up.

"Today promises to be a special day," he said playfully. "Perhaps one worthy of notice of the empire."

"And just what are you planning, My Love?" Quinna winced as he rubbed her back. It hurt when he touched, but she dared not show him any weakness with pain.

"Ahhhh," he crowed, "it's a surprise. But it will be the culminating event of my latest trials."

His fingers traced the risen lines on her shoulders and back in the water, knowing that minutes after she arrives at sickbay they will all but disappear through the magic of the dermal regenerator. Her skin will once again be the perfect, alabaster surface that it was before.

"There will be no spoilers on this one, dear heart," he said, knowing that he could not truly trust anyone. No even Quinna. Such was the consequence for accepting a post with the Imperial Intelligence branch.

Once the soap had rinsed away Weston turned Quinna around and gave her a long, passionate kiss, allowing his hands to roam where they wanted. Then, as he felt her begin to melt, he stopped and stepped out of the shower. "To be continued," was all he said.

He stepped into the chamber and dressed in his uniform, adorned with a nasty looking knife, and a small hand weapon. It also had a lesser known item, a personal defensive field, that would absorb or deflect most energy type weapons.

Before he left his quarters he turned and smiled at Quinna with a wink. The smile might have sent shivers down the spine of most women.

(ISS Illuminar - Deck 4 - Holodeck 2 - Imperial Intelligence Operative Michael Weston- 0700)

Michael stepped into the holodeck, feeling good about his day so far. This would be the final tests of all the work he's done with the subject. Waiting for him was Bohb, the Magillan engineer standing in the middle of the room. Weston walked up to him and looked carefully at his neck. There was still a trace of where the restraining collar had been for the last six months, but the hair was finally starting to grow back.

"Well good morning Mr. Bohb," Weston said jovially, "how are we doing today?"

The Magillan did not reply. He just looked down with a blank expression. Michael made a face and humphed. He reached up and touched the scar behind the simian's ear. It had healed perfectly. The implant was a far superior tool than the training collar had been. The Magillan had proved too strong, and had too strong of a will for it to have been a meaningful way of getting the engineer's cooperation. The implant, however, was able to circumnavigate his natural will, and made him a great deal more open to suggestion. And he had needed his cooperation for what they had been doing.

"Well, I guess I can't be too upset," Weston said to himself. "I got you to do what I want, but apparently you are no longer the conversationalist that you used to be."

Weston moved away from Bohb and over to the control panel for the holodeck. He tapped on the comm channel and spoke.

"Okay Luma," he said, "let's have a look at you."

Weston frowned at the lack of response. He pulled out a small box that fit in the palm of his hand, and changed the settings slightly. Then he pressed the red button.

There was a squeal that ran through the walls of the ship until Weston removed his thumb from the button.

"Don't make me ask you again Luma," he said in a stern, fatherly manner.

Luma cried in pain as she shimmered in front of him. She was in her crystalline form. "What do you wish, that Weston?" Her tone was subservient but also full of hate. She was frightened. Luma did not like SFI. "There was no need to cause Luma pain. Luma was observing as she was bid to do." Luma did not say who or what she had been observing. Luma had learned that giving too much information was not a good way to survive. And surviving was all that the Lenai could do.

"Yes," Weston replied, satisfied by her presence, if not by the form. He knew she maintained that form as a sign of defiance. But that will change. He was sure that his methods would... convince her to be more friendly. "However, I also know that Luma requires some reminding who is in dominance. And your appearance was a bit more delayed than necessary. I know you can continue your observations and report to me at the same time."

He paused for a moment thumbing the trigger of the device that disrupted the harmonic balance between the Lenai and the universe. "Now tell me, is Sekal aware of our plan? Does he know that you are reporting to me?"

Luma stayed quiet for a moment, =^=That Sekal is unaware of that Weston's plans. That Sekal has his gaze on Alaya's Hammons.=^= Obviously there was more that Luma was not saying. Luma kept that crystalline gaze on Weston. Luma hated that box and the resulting pain that threw her into complete sensory disruption until the device stopped harming her.

That was just fine for Michael for right now. Although Alaya was a Betazoid she did not have all of the Betazoid instincts to wantonly read the minds of everyone around her. The fact that she was keeping Sekal's attention was gratifying. But what was it Luma wasn't telling him.

"There's more to this, Luma, than you're telling me," Michael said with a frown.

Luma liked Sekal but she was more afraid of Weston. =^= Luma is unsure of what that Weston desires. Alaya and her Hammons are going to kill the klingon that protects that Sekal.=^=

Weston shook his head and took a step closer to Luma, "You know exactly what this Weston desires." His voice took on a dangerous tone. "First of all I have told you what I desire. Secondly you know what almost everyone desires. I'm good at hiding my thoughts and intentions from most telepaths, but from you. And not from that son of a bitch Riven Mias. That's why I needed Bohb here to kill him. You know what everyone is thinking but you have some misguided sense of morality keeping you from doing it."

His eyes narrowed and his thumb rubbed the red button repeatedly. "What is their game? I will put you back in that damned crystal and leave you there."

Luma whimpered in fear, =^= Luma does that Weston no good in the crystal.=^= Someone had already locked Luma out of the power connections so that she was as skillfully trapped. She was helpless against Weston, there were things she could never allow him to find out. =^= Luma thinks that Alaya and her Hammons will strike in the next day or two.=^= Luma had of course already warned Sekal, since she had a misguided loyalty to the vulcan.

Weston turned his back on Luma and stroked his chin, thinking. Luma has been getting better at omitting details. The next thing you know she may even try lying.

"And, of course, Sekal is aware? What am I saying. You felt morally obligated." He turned back around. "What does Sekal have planned for the pair?" The question was rhetorical but he wondered if Luma would answer it. His response would, no doubt, be logical and make a clear statement to the rest of the crew. Weston was happy that he had no designs on a ship's captaincy. Sekal never would see him as a direct threat.

However, he was always concerned about the one person who was the most direct threat, Sienna Williams-Verin. "Where does Commander Verin stand with the captain?"

=^= The Sekal has not informed Luma of his plans. The Sekal was not surprised by the news however, and barely acknowledged Luma's reporting. As for that Sienna, Luma avoids that Sienna. That Sienna is a cruel, calculating being who gladly causes pain for the pleasure of doing so.=^=

No, Luma was not pleased. But she was incapable of lying. How such a creature that avoided pain and suffering came to exist in the mirror universe was a question many had theorized on, that she had slid into their dimension from a parallel one. If Luma was ever free to leave, she would likely never return and the Empire would lose a valuable asset.

(reply none)
(posted by Al, Kris and Mel)

[illegible]

SPOTS activated right on schedule at 0600. His creator, as usual, was not in the room. Following a short startup routine, SPOTS interfaced with the internal sensors and determined LCDR Gregory was in Holodeck 1 with many of the security officers. This was his regular routine, so the system filed it away as a reference.

Over the past few days, the Creator had been very busy, with important ship things that he had not fully reviewed the latest coding changes as he should have. Lieutenant Akimoto's team had been working overtime with the code, introducing a new routine into the software that gave SPOTS the motivation, the desire even, to roam around the ship looking for issues and reporting back to Operations. Gregory had not notice the change, or had not read the updates, thus had not activated the 'Stay' command.

Freed from any constraints, the robot started out the door and into the corridor for its first exploration free from the Creators constraints. One small robot dog in a great big starship.

[illegible]

After exploring Deck 3 and finding no issues to report, the algorithm directed SPOTS to the Jeffries tubes, the underbelly of the starship, where all the action was. Fortunately it found an entrance and began to explore the ship from the inside, stopping to identify critical junctions and confirm with his records of the Illuminar systems. His little magnetic paws helped it maintain its grip. In a separate file, SPOTS was making notes of limitations and such that would be sent back to Mars and Lieutenant Akimoto's team.

Clear improvements needed to be made to allow SPOTS to access cable interface points.

Completing its sweep of this section, SPOTS moved on.

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 11 - Main Engineering - Specialized Portable Operations Troubleshooting System mark 3.1.1 - 0625)

SPOTS journey took the robot to Main Engineering. Its sensors detected the Assistant Chief of Engineering Ensign Scott Matrix and Engineering Officer Ensign Bohb. SOPTS was programed to interact with all species and had access to both the native language files and the Universal Translator. As it hung on the ceiling above the two engineers, he scanned the ships repair records and identified some anomalous readings in a section of the ship that it had not explored. Parts of the ship that were damaged in a recent combat encounter. While they were not showing any clear signs of damage, the records suggested they were hastily installed, with no record of being checked.

The robots eyes started to glow green as it began speaking, "Pardon me Assistant Chief of Engineering Ensign Scott Matrix and Engineering Officer Ensign Bohb," the robot began, "Ships records suggest that plasma conduits on deck 6, section K-9, subsection BB-8 were not replaced after the combat action of Stardate 2446.02.03. While I have not assessed damage in that section, I will begin to do that now." The robots tail began to move back in an excited manner.

(Reply Matrix, Bohb)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 11 - Main Engineering - EO - Ensign Bohb - 0626)

The sound of the door opening and a whirring noise caught Bohb's attention. He looked up from what he was doing, referencing the work he was going to have to do to replace the plasma conduits that Matrix was requesting. He grumbled a little still, as this was usually scut work that was given to engineers who had made bone head moves, or cadets and new ensigns. It was a driving point that he was now an ensign himself. Old habits, even when not visited for twenty years. However, the arrival of the little, robotic dog was intriguing.

"Pardon me Assistant Chief of Engineering Ensign Scott Matrix and Engineering Officer Ensign Bohb," the robot began, "Ships records suggest that plasma conduits on deck 6, section K-9, subsection BB-8 were not replaced after the combat action of Stardate 2446.02.03. While I have not assessed damage in that section, I will begin to do that now." The robot's tail began to move back in an excited manner.

A huge smile grew across Bohb's face. It talked! Fantastic! Far superior to typical dogs that made guttural noises that were impossible to translate. He knelt down beside the robot and looked at it carefully.

"Amazing," he said. "I wonder how you work my little friend. I'd love to take you apart some time and see what makes you tick. Although I'm certain that would be highly frowned upon. Are you an artificial intelligence or an artificial lifeform?"

(reply SPOTS)

"Indeed," Bohb said, "well my little friend, how are you able to help me replace these conduits?"

(posted by Al Muir)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 11 - Main Engineering - Specialized Portable Operations Troubleshooting System mark 3.1.1 - 0628)

"That procedure is not recommended. Lieutenant Commander Gregory, the Creator, would not be pleased," SPOTS replied. The robots ears started moving back and forth, while the eyes varied in color from Red to Blue to Red and back to Blue. "I am SPOTS the Specialized Portable Operations Troubleshooting System mark 3.1.1. Programming by Lieutenant Akimoto Ishi, Utopia Planitia Base, Mars. How are you classified Engineering Officer Ensign Bohb?"

"Indeed," Bohb said, "well my little friend, how are you able to help me replace these conduits?"

(reply Bohb)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 11 - Main Engineering - EO - Ensign Bohb - 0629)

"That procedure is not recommended. Lieutenant Commander Gregory, the Creator, would not be pleased," SPOTS replied. The robots ears started moving back and forth, while the eyes varied in color from Red to Blue to Red and back to Blue. "I am SPOTS the Specialized Portable Operations Troubleshooting System mark 3.1.1. Programming by Lieutenant Akimoto Ishi, Utopia Planitia Base, Mars. How are you classified Engineering Officer Ensign Bohb?"

“Lt. Commander Gregory?” Bohb said softly. “Well I guess that answers my question. Property, not sentient. As far as my classification, I am mostly sentient. I am a living being and do not belong to anyone.”

When he answered Bohb's question about helping his answer didn't make sense to him. Perhaps the question was awkward for the robo-dogs processor.

“ I understand that you were designed to help, but how can you help me replace the conduit?”

(posted by Al Muir)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 11 - Main Engineering - Specialized Portable Operations Troubleshooting System mark 3.1.1 - 0630)

SPOTS ears moved back and forth as the eyes flipped between red, green and yellow. Finally they settled on a blue color.

"Additionally," it said as a small tube extended from the nose, "I possess a welding laser for pinpoint repairs, and have the capacity to replicate small essential items needed for repair."

(reply Bohb)
(Posted by Tim)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 10 - Main Shuttlebay - Pilot Ensign Vic 'Raid' Montero - 0630)

"Do you smell it, Gunsmoke, the new starship smell? Isn't intoxicating," he asked.

"I am right as rain there Gunsmoke. The Captain must have pulled some strings to get these babies."

From between the fighters came Ensign Rager, the flight control officer carrying a PADD. "Well there Raid, looks like we will be able to project force should the need arise. "

"You know it Rager. Its a thing of beauty."

She handed Bebe the PADD. "Here are the latest checklists. I've got both the standard startup sequence and the military emergency procedure," she paused, "And I have two messages, the first from Commander Metcaf, which reads 'Prove it', and the second from Lieutenant Commander Heatherly, 'Brush off the rust.'"

Vic nodded, Commander Metcaf, callsign Viper, had taken Vic under his wing and taught him how to be a pilot. Heatherly, callsign Jester, was why Vic had the reputation he had. Vic was still the only cadet

to tag Jester in a space combat. Vic took a deep breath, remembering the conversation he had with Viper when they were last on Mars, about 5 months ago.

~You were one of my greatest students. You've got the reaction times; you process the tactical situation quicker than just about anyone. You had the killer instinct, and it was a joy to watch you. Your 'kill' of Jester is standard training material now. However, you seem to have a reckless streak. You should be a lieutenant commander by now. I'd love to have you back here as a trainer. But, you've made some very important people angry.~

The words came to the fore of his thoughts. Time to prove them all wrong. "Well Bebe, let's go through these checklists," he said with a smile on his face.

The two entered the fighter, and began the process of familiarizing themselves with the controls of the new fighter.

(Reply any IYW)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 11 - Main Engineering - EO - Ensign Bohb - 0631)

"This unit is equipped with the ability to monitor into regions of the electromagnetic spectrum to ensure placement of conduit is proper and sealed. Additionally submicron resolution to inspect any repairs will facilitate a better repair, all without needing a separate hand for a tricorder," SPOTS said.

"Additionally," it said as a small tube extended from the nose, "I possess a welding laser for pinpoint repairs, and have the capacity to replicate small essential items needed for repair."

The eyes went a shade of indigo, "Does that answer your query satisfactorily?"

As SPOTS went through his capabilities Bohb's amusement at the little robot grew. He looked carefully at the exposed laser welding unit sticking out of its mouth like a little round tongue.

“Indeed it does my little friend,” Bohb said jovially. “Perhaps this not be as tedious a task as I feared.” He grabbed the replacement pieces of of the conduit he needed and turns back to the dog. “Lead on my friend, and let’s get this job done.”

SPOTS began to head out of main engineering, with Bohb, parts in hand, following closely Ben

(reply SPOTS)

(Posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 10 - Main Shuttlebay - Pilot Lt. Arthur 'Snoopy' Corday - 0635)

Corday had been sitting around the hanger all morning after supervising the delivery of the fighters. He had wanted to do some final checks on the equipment that he had brought with the Void/Sphinx fighters,

and that the shuttles they had replaced had the right clearance. It was fortunate that the new design had the stabilizer wings retractable.

He had been inspecting one of the flight suits when he heard voices. He looked down at his PADD to see the duty roster and noted, as he thought, that nobody was supposed to be in here right now. Although he suspected he knew who it was. New arrivals were always the worst kept secrets on a ship. He shook his head and rolled his eyes slightly. ~Hot shot pilots trying to get an early preview.~

Sighing heavily he put his PADD in his pocket and stepped away from the flight suit containers. He knew what was going to happen next. It was bad enough that Corday was young, but why did he have to look so young. He was usually the butt of everyone's jokes. It usually started with "Ensign Babyface", or call sign "Diaper Change". Maybe these guys would have something fresh, but he doubted it.

Of course the fun always ended after the first training flight. The “veterans” always wanted to try something cute or engage in a mock dogfight to rattle the “kid”. But they always wound up disappointed that Corday could fly circles around them. That was how he earned his call sign. He was always Snoopy shooting down the Red Baron. But first he had to endure the initial jocularity of their jibes.

As Corday rounded the fighter he saw two pilots looking as though they were ready to take a couple of fighters out for a spin. He sighed again and stepped into the open.

“Can I help you gentlemen?” he asked.

(reply Montero)

“And you have clearance to be in that seat, no?” he asked with sarcasm. “Nobody climbs on that ship without my clearance.”

(reply Montero)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 10 - Main Shuttlebay - Pilot Ensign Vic 'Raid' Montero - 0640)

Vic was in the pilots seat of the new craft, with Bebe in the co-pilots seat. They were just about to start walking through the checklist when a voice behind them.

"Can I help you gentlemen?" the voice asked.

"Well, you can get your eyes checked first, Gunsmoke there is 100% female," Montero replied.

"Damn straight, Raid," Bebe said.

"And you have clearance to be in that seat, no?" the voice replied, heavy with sarcasm. "Nobody climbs on this ship without my clearance."

"Well I hate to disappoint you, but my FO OK-ed this excursion. Provided the startup protocols even." Montero said. "Add to that Viper wants me to get the rust off and Jester has thrown a gauntlet down, so I need to get familiar with the layout of the systems before I smoke his ass again," Montero replied.

Turning around in the chair he looked at the person with the voice. ~Is he old enough to shave? Are we that desperate for pilots?~ he thought to himself before the faces of the cadets he lost in 2443 flittered through his mind. Shaking his head, he looked at the man standing there.

"I'm Raid, and you are?"

(Reply Corday)
(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

The words rang in Arthur's ears. "I'm Raid, and you are?"

It was a name that he'd heard many times. There had been holographic pictures of a trio that he'd had the opportunity to see on multiple occasions of Jester, Viper and Raid, in the office of the commander of the fleets Flight School. Some of the stories that he'd heard had been so near legendary that the young pilot had begun to wonder if they were really true.

He hadn't really looked at the pilots who had been in his ship. But now he took his first real look and his mouth began to move, but words refused to come out. When they did they all seemed to spill out at the same time.

“Oh my... Raid? The Raid? You're him. You beat Viper in fighter training. Nobody beats Viper. I mean I got Jester, and lasted the longest against Viper, but got caught in an incredible cross jump maneuver. But you...”

It was as though his awe suddenly ran out of breath, and he stood silently for a minute. “I am so sorry. I’m so used to bringing ships to... we’ll, to idiots who think they are the greatest thing since deuterium plating. I didn’t realize...”

He paused again, closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

Gunsmoke chuckled, "Don't let it go to his head. His ego is already big enough."

“You must be Snoopy?” Vic said, “I saw some video of your SCM. Pretty sharp flying,” he said. “And they got you doing convoy duty. Who’d you piss off?”

Arthur got a little excited again as knowing someone, anyone really, but especially this someone, had seen and appreciated his flying.

"Yes, and thanks," Corday said, managing his composure. "And the convoy flights are part of the punishment for being on the R&D team for the last year. I helped develop the neural interface with the fighters so I've been on the demo tour. This is my last stop. In fact I should be here for a while, even after the instructional period for the Mark 3 interface."

"Well, well, well," Raid said. "This might be fortuitous indeed. You have no idea how perfect your timing is coming to the Illuminar."

"So tell me more about this interface? The earlier ones were kludgy and caused more issues than solutions."

Corday's eyes lit up with excitement, "This is so great." He pulled out his PADD and opened the suit specs to display the whole set up. "So the original neural interface from the turn of the century wasn't really a "neural" interface. The helmets read minute input from the pilot's facial muscles and eye movements. It was fantastic but yeah, a little unreliable. Mark 2 required a neural patch installed on the pilot on the pilot's neck. Much more reliable, but you can imagine how the pilots felt about it. Now Mark 3, that's a different game. The interface is designed into the flight suit."

He showed the image of the suit, which highlighted areas that were interfaced with the ship. "The controls can be manipulated virtually if necessary. But the helmet... that's where the true interface is."

He pulled up an interior image of the helmet. A series of disks lit up around the cap of the helmet. "These sensor disk electrodes attach themselves to the pilot's head in key neural activity areas. It literally reads your mind and can perform any maneuver you think of. The ship can move, quite literally, with the speed of thought."

He looked at the faces of the two pilots, "Well it does take a bit of getting used to. The HUD display can be a bit intense, but a blind man can practically fly in combat with this interface. Of course we haven't tested that theory yet. It relays information directly to your visual cortex."

Vic and Bebe listened as Arthur explained the new interface. He was clearly excited about the technology and interface. If it worked as well as he described it, it would give the quick witted pilot an edge.

"Does the system store routines?" Vic asked, "You know if a pilot has a favorite attack or evasion pattern we typically do them by muscle memory. How does that work with a neural interface?"

Arthur nodded, "We considered that, but then our research showed that we store memories much more effectively than a computer stores data. It turned out that reaction time slowed down when a pilot thought about evasive maneuver alpha 7, then the computer had to access that information to perform the task. Meanwhile, as I think evasive maneuver alpha 7, my mind is already thinking about what it wants and the ship is already responding."

"And these sensor disks, how reliable are they? I mean, what is their failure rate?" Vic said, "And how much redundancy is built into them. I'd hate to see pilots exclusively rely on the neural interface and

lose the art of flying, ya know. I can imagine these can be a game changer, I just wonder if there is a failure.”

Arthur chuckled, "Can I be honest with you? First of all the sensors are one hundred percent reliable. They have had a 0.001 failure rate. That would be one sensor out of the entire set. However, there is a failsafe in them. One of the first test pilots underestimated their sensitivity and wound up flying their fighter into a carrier... on take off."

He shrugged when he wasn't sure if they were seeing the humor. "Anyway, I would only use it in a time I was grossly outmatched. Even using the neural interface you need all of your piloting skills to stay alive. The interface only cuts down on the reaction time."

Vic nodded, “Well then, why don’t you take us through the pre-flight checklist, especially where these neural interfaces are concerned.”

“Oh, do we need to get fitted for the new helmets?”

Arthur smiled, "The sizes are generic. The sensors adjust to the individuals physiology. If you want to check them out let's open the cases and try the flight suits on."

He led the others back to the crates of suits and helmets.

(Reply none)

(Posted by Al and Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 11 - Main Engineering – EO Ensign Scott Matrix - 0715)

Scott took the telemetry feeds and started to run several interpretation routines through the engineering main computation core. The ECO was a separate computer core on par with the main computer of the Illuminar and used as the primary core for both operations and engineering daily. If the primary computer core was compromised it could take over as the ship's principal computer.

ROB was working as expected, but Scott was keeping an eye on it. This was new and the first time he worked with an artificial life form in this format. Artificial lifeform or artificial intelligence it didn't matter.

The Academy instructed him to respect and adapt to such situations.

“Ensign Bohb, would you check in on our little friend and see how he’s or she’s doing and assist as needed?” asked Scott.

(Reply Bohb)

"Sure, as soon as I finish this programing sequence, I can start on the main maintenance cycle. I think we need to prioritize operations work at the moment.

Scott was looking over the diagnostics results when the ROB interrupted and tapped on the console table.

"Pardon me Assistant Chief of Engineering Ensign Scott Matrix and Engineering Officer Ensign Bohb," the robot began, "Ships records suggest that plasma conduits on deck 6, section K-9, subsection BB-8 were not replaced after the combat action of Stardate 2446.02.03. While I have not assessed damage in that section, I will begin to do that now." The robot's tail began to move back in an excited manner.

The robot dog whirled its ears as it completed another micro-weld. "Repairs on this region are 95% complete. At the current rate of progress, this section should be completed by 0745," SPOTS replied. "This unit is functioning at 95% efficiency. Status log has been updated."

SPOTS paused in his work and Bohb heard the distinctive sounds of a replicator cycle.

>From the opening where SPOTS was working fell a small, red shaped object.

(Reply Bohb)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Sickbay - SFI - Michael Weston, ME Mason Quincy, CMO/3XO Sleeping Lt. Quinna Solice - 0720)

The five days since they left Betazed Michael had managed to keep himself fairly busy. He'd been trying to figure out what Fiona's angle was for this caper. She was, by no means, any kind of political zealot, so aligning herself with these pirates and quasi-political terrorists was a little out of her usual venue.

There was also this matter another Roanoke on board the Illuminar. The question is, is this Ensign Francesca O'Riley that same person. He hadn't had much time to work on that issue. Weston had gotten used to being one of the last brought into the loop of anything on the Illuminar.

The FO had made her feelings clear about the SFI operative. She would happily see him ejected into space from the nearest air lock, without an EVS, than talk to him. It was fine. He didn't mind not being trusted, and at least he knew where he stood with her. And to be honest, she wasn't the first woman to feel that way about him.

Still, it did slow down the process, and O’Riley still sat in the brig, five days later. The good news was she had nobody to talk with, and was allowed no visitors. Quinna had been trying to see if there had been a medical cause for her behavior, and if she was, indeed, the actual cause of Soar getting a malfunctioning HALO pack.

As for Quinna, her duties had kept her busy. Between that and his own they had only seen each other briefly, and quite impersonally. She'd been pulling Gamma shifts for her command training as 3rd Officer, and then working her regular Alpha shifts in sickbay. As she was one to not take care of herself very well he figured that she hadn't eaten yet, and was probably sleeping in her office.

When he entered he was surprised to see someone in her office. It was the Orion who had come on board shortly after he had. He hadn't really met her so he stepped over to see her hovering over Quinna with a cup of coffee and a PADD.

“Good morning Dr. Hezuela,” he said, causing her to start. “How are you this morning?”

(reply Hezuela)

"That's not going to work," he said, shaking his head. "The smell of the coffee. It won't wake her up. She needs more... stimulation than that."

He stepped around the Orion and leaned over to give Quinna a kiss on the lips.

Quinna's eyes fluttered as she was trying to fight in her sleep. As she dreamed, she went all rambo on the air in front of her. She was actually having hand to hand combat with a worthy opponent in her sleep. "Stay away." Quinna said in her sleep. "That's my son."

Michael backed up just in time to miss her assault of the air between them. Michael looked at Hezuela and shrugged.

"First time that's ever happened," he said confused. "And this is the first mention of a son."

Mason saw the door opened to Quinna's office. He strolled over to see his wife and Michael standing there with a look of confusion. He crossed over and gave Hezuela a kiss. "G.

ood Morning, Sweetie."

(Reply Hezuela)

"Everything ok??" Mason turned to see Quinna sleep. Quinna lunged. "Oh." Mason went to the replicator and made popcorn. "Has she talked yet?"

Michael looked at the ME, even more lost, "Only something about her son."

Mason passed out the popcorn and took a seat across the couch from Quinna. "Oh good, the show is just beginning." Mason pulled Hezuela onto his lap. He then suggested that Michael sit in the best seat.

Still uncertain, Michael sat down, looking at Mason, then at Quinna, and back at Mason.

"Okay, Doc," he questioned, "what am I missing."

"On many occasions, I would spend the night with Quinna's brother when one night we heard something coming from her room. She had been up for a few days studying for school exams. She fell asleep and she started acting out. Dude, it was great. Oh course we were much younger. Well, I said it could be funny if she was a duck. She started Quacking" Mason had done this a few times in his life. He thought she had gotten past this part.

"No way," Michael replied, "she has not done this for me. Of course I've only known her a few weeks."

(Reply Hezuela)

He reached over and grabbed a handful of popcorn feeling a little guilty, but his fascination with what he was seeing took over.

Quinna flared what looked like to be a slap. "Don't kiss me. You are not allowed anymore."

"Oh, yeah, now is the fun part. Her bother and I got an hour or so of entertainments," Mason said. He looked over at Michael, "Shall we change the channel?" He then shoved a handful of popcorn in his mouth.

(Reply Hezuela)

"Change the channel?" Michael asked. "What do you mean? You can alter her inner narrative?"

Mason turned, "Watch this," He moved closer to Quinna's ear. "The 100 is up next." The he stepped back in his seat.

Quinna reached up as she was tucking her hair in a swim cap. She had stood up as if she was stepping up to the platform getting ready to dive. She was in position in front of the couch. She stretched, "Good Luck, Emily." Quinna said. She stretched her back one more time and the cracking of the joints were audible. She stood over the couch ready to make the dive into the water.

As entertained as he was Michael was a little concerned about her diving "into the pool."

"Dude, Try it." Mason encouraged Michael.

Partially to have her not injure herself, partiality for entertainment, and partially seeing an opportunity, he stepped over to Quinna and said softly, "Who is that guy coming towards you?"

Quinna turned on her toes, she wondered who the guy was that was coming. Quinna's arms flared as she fell back on the couch. Her left arm reached up and touched Michael. She was holding her breath as if she was under water. After 30 seconds, She took a deep breath as she gasped for air. It seemed that she just came out of the water. She clung to the side of the pool in her dream, but in reality she clung to Michael. She stood still holding onto Michael. "Michael?" She asked but was she awake or asleep at this point?

Michael reached out instinctively and caressed her cheek. "I'm here," he said. "You're okay."

(Reply Hezuela)

Mason jumped up, "Dude you are going to wake her up." Mason was not done with the show.

Michael looked up and shrugged, "That may be, but I'm not going to mentally torture her if I can help it. The show is... interesting, but how I feel about Quinna is not part of it. It feels... kind of intrusive. I have to wonder if this is the dilemma telepaths go through. I guess it's a little thing called respect."

"I guess there is a difference between a teen and an adult." Mason turned to leave. "She won't sleep, I would expect this for the next couple of nights". Mason then leaned in to Quinna. "Just kiss the man." And exited the room.

Quinna reached up and kissed Michael but missed him and kissed his neck. Michael smiled imagining a socially awkward teenaged Quinna trying to kiss someone. Now that they were alone he saw great possibilities in this situation.

Quinna placed her head on Michael's shoulder and started to sway back and forth as if she was dancing. "Where have you been all my life?"

Michael allowed his body to move back and forth with her motion and replied, "Waiting for you." He turned his head and kissed Quinna gently.

Quinna took a deep breath, “Good Morning”

(reply none)

(posted by Al and Kris)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Sickbay - CMO/3XO Sleeping Lt. Quinna Solice - 0721)

Quinna had been exhausted. She closed her eyes with the intent of only having them closed for five minutes. Quinna had quite the active sleep. There she was in hand-to-hand combat. She was intent as she looked at the boy in the distance. “Stay away!” Quinna yelled. Quinna was doing everything to protect the Andorian Boy. “That’s my Son.” She proclaimed.

In the dream, Quinna had a son. She never revealed who the father was but everyone knew. Now someone had come after the child. The person she was fighting with had an effect on her, even after a many-year absence. “Don’t kiss me.” she pushed him back. “You are not allowed anymore.”

In the distance, “Quinna” she heard. Quinna turned her head and suddenly the previous scene melted and before she was a group of swimmers. “The 100 was up next.” Quinna was excited. She was the favorite to win the gold. She had set a few records when swimming the 100. She tucked her hair in her swim cap, which she hated. Then she moved into position. The pool looked amazingly welcoming. She waited for the sound of the buzzer. She wanted to dive into the deep blue water.

“Who is that guy coming towards you?” the Coach asked Quinna. Quinna turned and looked, “Michael” She jumped off the starting platform and made her way to him. She put her arms around him. She went to kiss him but tripped and kissed his neck. He smelled good. She always wanted to take his scent in. When looking down, She was now in a long dark brown ball gown, and he was in a Tuxedo. They were in the middle of a dance floor. Other couples danced around them.

The two danced. Quinna looked up, “Where have you been all my life?”

Quinna heard him say “Waiting” but then everything started to fade. She was the best part. She was walking now?? “No,” she whispered to herself.

Quinna's eyes fluttered open, "Good Morning," Quinna said as she just realized she was standing. "What is happening here?"

(Posted by Kris)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory - 0840)

"Science, look at the data that Operations is sending you. There is a second signal in the burst traffic between the Valiant and Station 7. Try to get into it and see if you can clean it up,"

Turning to the viewscreen, "Captain, I recommend yellow alert. The two communication signals coming emanating from the Valiant is not normal or Star Fleet regulation. "

(Posted by Tim)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - CTO Lt. T'Mur - 0840)

“Ensign T'Mur, I require your assistance.”

"How might I assist you Ensign?" she asked.

T'Mur watched the signal on the monitor with interest. Her mind was already picking up on the pattern. "Indeed," she said, "it is fascinating."

“That is an intriguing broadcast,” she said. “Those changes appear to be random and occur at various intervals.”

The science officer gave a brief nod, "You're experienced in cryptology which will be of assistance here...but might I make a further hypothesis?"

“Rocked with your hypothesis,” T’Mur said, continuing to watch the signal, observing the intervals of frequency change.

"I would hypothesize this signal is not just a different type of encryption, but very possibly has an added language component for further protection of the signal. A," she paused, "... additional linguistical signal failsafe perhaps?" She turned to T'Mur and added, "This is a very...unusual and complex scenario. Your thoughts?"

T'Mur narrowed her eyes and reached out to touch the screen. She tapped it and then moved her finger and tapped it again.

“Irregular is a better description,” the tactical chief said. “The pattern seems random but it is not. It does use a rather complex randomization algorithm, but is almost predictable. Your idea of a switch between languages is interesting. What would happen if we sent this signal through the universal translator?” She tapped some keys, “Adjusting it using this algorithm.”

She tapped in a series of calculations then stepped back.

(reply T'salaith)

(Posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - ACSO T'shalaith - 0842)

"Science, look at the data that Operations is sending you. There is a second signal in the burst traffic between the Valiant and Station 7. Try to get into it and see if you can clean it up,"

The Acting Chief Science Officer gave a mild nod as her hands danced across the console as the data arrived from Operations. She raised one eyebrow and slipped an earpiece to her pointed ears as the sounds from the signal crackled and sparked. Her fingers worked to attune the signal but it was as if it was moving away from her every time she attempted to facilitate further diagnostic details. Both brows furrowed in curiosity. It wasn't a conventional encryption system, but it was almost...alive? She let her mind sit on that thought for half a second before she redirected the sensors into a different direction on the signal.

There was something about how it moved, reacted, and interacted with the ship's sensors, and investigative systems that suggested something deeper than the above-average security. This was something she had heard rumors of in her after-hours research through various journals. Someone or someones had been developing new ways of securing communication channels and signals that pushed at the boundaries of logic.

“Ensign T'Mur, I require your assistance.” She had done her reading of the crew roster to know that her fellow Vulcan had extensive experience in linguistics and cryptology.

(Reply T'Mur)

As T'Mur stood, T'shalaith explained the curious manner with which the signal was behaving, "It is a most illogical presentation. If I were human, I would attempt to irradiate the signal to strip it of whatever this interference is...but there is a fascinating pattern at play." She keyed in a few more commands and the signal behaved further irregularly while strenuously avoiding the decryption tools and sensors T'shalaith attempted to use.

(Reply T'Mur)

The science officer gave a brief nod, "You're experienced in cryptology which will be of assistance here...but might I make a further hypothesis?" It had come to her at the moment, and it tugged rather harshly from the back of her mind to the front.

(Reply T'Mur)

"I would hypothesize this signal is not just a different type of encryption, but very possibly has an added language component for further protection of the signal. A," she considered for a moment, "... additional linguistical signal failsafe perhaps?" She turned to study T'Mur's face, "This is a very...unusual and complex scenario. Your thoughts?"

(Reply T'Mur)

(Reply T'Mur)

(posted by Aaron DeLay)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - Acting Chief Science Officer Ensign T'shalaith - 0845)

“Irregular is a better description. The pattern seems random but it is not. It does use a rather complex randomization algorithm but is almost predictable. Your idea of a switch between languages is interesting. What would happen if we sent this signal through the universal translator? Adjusting it using this algorithm.”

T'shalaith watched carefully as the fellow Vulcan tapped in several commands and then took a step back. The signal resisted at first as it had before, but suddenly there were pieces that were translating. The Acting Chief Science Officer raised an eyebrow, "Fascinating." She put her own hands to the console and analyzed it further, "This pattern is not using another language, Ensign...it is using several."

(Reply T'Mur)

She nodded as she pointed to the ongoing results, “That’s a Klingon word there, an Andorian word there...and that’s Talaxian.” Whoever had constructed this system seemed to know how to even confuse a universal translator.

(Reply T'Mur)

T'shalaith frowned now and felt her mind searching for a logical answer. “You are correct, Ensign T'Mur...the Universal Translator is experiencing difficulty with approximately twenty-five words...which is quite illogical.” The Vulcan Science officer tapped the console for further clarification.

(Reply T'Mur)

It took her a moment, but T'shalaith shook her head, "I've run a diagnostic. It is not a malfunction. These languages and the words within are not known to the Universal Translator. Theories, Ensign T'Mur?."

(reply T'Mur)

She gave a quiet nod, “They must have known someone had a chance of detecting this signal and attempting to decrypt it. They’ve gone to great lengths to keep much of their message secure from translation.” T’shalaith let out a quiet sigh, “It would be most impressive if it wasn’t preventing us from understanding the full picture of the situation we’re facing.” Another glance at the screen, “We could attempt to logically predict what words might be in the missing twenty-five words, but the odds of making that discovery...”

(repl T'Mur)

(Reply T'Mur, any on bridge)

(Posted by Aaron DeLay)

[illegible]

T'Mur finished the sentence with the calculation, "263,486 to one against at such a rate. We would need to have the context of the message to make a more accurate assessment. Perhaps a more logical course of action would be to find that secondary carrier wave to make the translation more accurate."

T'shalaith searched the console screen, "It would assist in making the translation clearer." She considered for a moment, "We will need to proceed with care, Lieutenant. Whoever has crafted this complex creation must know if someone manages to make it this far will delve further." She glanced at the main viewscreen with concern, "Searching for the secondary carrier wave will need to be done with care. We do not fully understand the capabilities of such a system, and if it can see more than we're currently aware."

T'Mur nodded, "It is wise to proceed cautiously, however, it has been my experience that anyone capable of creating such a complex system of coding is often overconfident in their belief that it will be deciphered."

T'shalaith felt a tug of connection with T'Mur. It had been quite some time since she'd had a detailed discussion with a fellow Vulcan regarding anything of import. Tactical officer or not, the mind of the woman was much like her own. The science officer wondered what friendship might come from this.

Her previous history with Vulcans hadn't ended well. "Would this be an appropriate time to update the captain?"

Again the Vulcan TActical Chief nodded, “That would be highly recommended as, in a cautionary tact, the resolution to the hidden carrier wave could compromise our own systems.”

The Acting Chief Science Officer had been so focused on preventing the other side from seeing what they were doing she hadn't contemplated the effect it could have had on the Illuminar. "Your concern is valid. That could be part of the intent of such a scenario." She tapped the console quickly to put the report together. She spoke quickly, "Captain, we have a report for you when you're available."

(Reply Sekal)

T'shalaith gave a nod, "Lieutenant T'Mur has been instrumental in assisting in understanding this, sir." She put the report on the main screen and explained with brief details and concentrated meanings for the Captain. She pointed out the linguistic nature, but also the carrier wave connection that T'Mur had hypothesized and their shared concerns if they went hunting the wave. She finished with, "This is a curiosity that, if not for our current mission, be a fascinating investigation."

(reply Sekal)

(reply Sekal)

(Posted by Aaron DeLay and Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - CO - Captain Sekal - 0849)

The ship was gaining quickly on the Sovereign class vessel. This class of ship had been a premier vessel in StarFleet's heyday, more heavily armored and hardy than the Galaxy class and had carried the banner of the Federation throughout the quadrant. The Sovereign had also been instrumental during the Civil War when the 52nd battle fleet had overturned the rule of the corrupt Admiral Doenitz after he had seized power from the government. Newer ships had been developed such as the Prometheus class which were hailed in some circles but the Sovereign had been the workhorse and front line instruments of war. A large number of these vessels had returned after the healing of the inter-dimensional rift in far better shape than the run down or aging ships that the Federation had retained in the prime universe which had placed them back into service again. While the new ships were smaller, more automated and far more versatile in some cases a clash with such would not be an easy one.

The USS Valiant according to service logs had been assigned to Starbase 32 under the Commodore who was stationed there for support and forward action. Why was it 3 parsecs away on course to enter the Altair system?

"Captain, we have a report for you when you're available."

Sekal turned his attention to the science station where the ACSO and CTAC had been huddled together over an ongoing investigation.

"Continue Ms T'shalaith."

"Lieutenant T'Mur has been instrumental in assisting in understanding this, sir."

She transferred the object of the investigation onto the main viewscreen and he turned his attention to it. Cryptography had never been a subject of heavy study and was not in his area of expertise so he listened carefully to her explanation of it.

“This is a curiosity that, if not for our current mission, be a fascinating investigation.”

"Fascinating is an apropos statement." His forearms were at rest on the arms of the chair as he considered the situation. The secondary waveform could be armed with a virus or subroutine to sabotage the system of anyone attempting to decipher it however such could be dealt with if necessary. "Isolate communication node 5 and disable its broadcasting capability and run the cypher routines through it. Isolating it will insure against attacks to our systems and disabling an outgoing broadcast will insure there is no alarm raised to your research."

He turned his eyes to operations. "Set up the node as ordered so that science can continue their efforts to break the encryption. If you see any subversion enacted into that node shut it down until it can be purged."

(Reply: Operations, any)

Once it was configured his looked back to his right. "You should be able to continue your investigation uninterrupted. Notify me of any progress or you have any additional difficulties."

(Reply: T'shalaith, T'Mur, any)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

Quinna finally left sickbay. She was tired but everything was in order and she could afford the time to rest. Right now she needs to curl up with someone warm and sleep. She could not believe that she let herself fall into a state where she would 'sleep act'. For lack of a better term. She felt embarrassed. Worst of all, Michael witnessed the event. Quinna made her way to the officer's mess. There she decided that she needed to interact with more of the crew but she also was really hungry.

A large table was open, nothing smaller, so she decided to welcome anyone that came in. As she sat she made a coffee order before deciding on ordering Biscuits with Sausage gravy with a side of hashbrowns, buttermilk pancakes, 2 eggs over easy, and bacon. She could not forget the bacon. Her hunger outweighed anything else at this moment.

(Replies Any -- Come, sit and eat. The Doctor is in.)

[illegible]

(posted by AI

>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>

[illegible]

Quinna started eating her food. There was a lot and she was hungry.

9

9, 9, 9, 9

(Reply Laredo)

“And your bond with Luma? Have you two gotten comfortable with each other?” Quinna asked. She was almost ashamed that she had not talked to Temas for a while. But that did not stop her from taking a generous bite of her pancakes. Her bacon dripped with Syrup and butter from the pancakes.

(Reply Laredo)

(reply anyone who wants to take a seat)

(posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Officer Mess - Temas Laredo - 0935)

Temas smiled, feeling the welcome from the doctor. He could sense a feeling of regret, but her desire to speak with him was genuine. He was happy for it.

"How are you doing?" she asked.

He took a drink of his juice and smiled, "So far, so good. But the day is young." Laredo chuckled at his own joke. "I just felt like getting out among the people today. It's been a while since I've, well, been able to eat with others. Not quite used to it yet."

He sat back as his food was served, and Solice asked, "And your bond with Luma? Have you two gotten comfortable with each other?"

"Comfortable," he repeated, "sometimes I think all too comfortable. I'm trying to get some holo-emitters intalled in my quarters for her. But I can sense her all the time. if I focus I can tell what she is looking at specifically. And she is always looking at something. I'm also picking up on the crew that she favors. She really likes you. I hope you don't mind me telling you that."

(reply Solice)

"But she does seem to have a problem with your boyfriend," he admitted. "I'm certain that it's mostly because he's Intelligence. Her personal experience with SFI has not been, shall we say, positive. I haven't met him yet, so I can't say I have an opinion of my own."

(reply Solice, anyone else who wants to eat breakfast)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Officer Mess - CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice - 0937)

“Luma is awesome. It is amazing what she survived. I really like Luma too.” Quinna said as she finished her biscuits and gravy.

"But she does seem to have a problem with your boyfriend," he admitted. "I'm certain that it's mostly because he's intelligent. Her personal experience with SFI has not been, shall we say, positive. I haven't met him yet, so I can't say I have an opinion of my own."

“Yeah, there are plenty on board that does not like him. They just do not see what I see, and he makes me happy. No one cares about that. They will be happy when he is gone and I am miserable. But at least they will be happy.” Quinna took a deep breath, “You're not trying to analyze me, are you?” Quinna gave Temas the Oh-Heck-no look.

(Reply Laredo)

“Relax,” Quinna said, “You know when I was a practicing Counselor, I used to try and have secessions in an informal manner.” Quinna was upbeat, “What can I do to help you?” Quinna now worked on completing the pancakes.

(reply Laredo, anyone else who wants to eat breakfast)

(Posted by Kris)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Officer Mess - Temas Laredo - 0935)

"Yeah, there are plenty on board that does not like him," Solice said. "They just do not see what I see, and he makes me happy. No one cares about that. They will be happy when he is gone and I am miserable. But at least they will be happy."

Temas could feel the sadness flow through her as she spoke. He could feel her love for Michael, and her pain that her friends would not accept him.

The doctor paused and gave him a warning look, "You're not trying to analyze me, are you?"

Temas laughed, "No Doctor, at least that was not my intent. I was just curious about the man that everyone seems to despise even though he has put himself in danger to help others. I think... yes, I think I would like him. I hope you don't think that I would encroach upon you you that way."

“Relax,” Quinna said, “You know when I was a practicing Counselor, I used to try and have secessions in an informal manner.” Quinna was upbeat, “What can I do to help you?” Quinna now worked on completing the pancakes.

Temas nodded, "Help me? You can be my breakfast buddy? I haven't eaten a meal with another person since got on board the ship. This is my first foray into a brand new world. Tell me a little about life on the Illuminar."

(reply Solice)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Officer Mess - CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice - 0939)

Temas nodded, "Help me? You can be my breakfast buddy? I haven't eaten a meal with another person since I got on board the ship. This is my first foray into a brand new world. Tell me a little about life on the Illuminar."

Quinna smiled. “Breakfast every morning. You got it.” Quinna finished her fruit bowl. “The Illuminar is an interesting vessel. Now I am sure Luma can give you the technical specs, but I think we are in the best deck. Say we own the holodecks not to mention all our awesome sickbay facilities. Is that what you are looking for or would you like more juicer details. One of our favorite water holes is “The Prancing Pony.” Quinna took a deep drink of coffee.

(Reply Laredo)

“Next time I go, you should come. And that is an open invite.” Quinna offered.

(reply Laredo)

(posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Officer Mess - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 09.40)

She went to the officers Mess for breakfast after the meeting in her office didn't happen. She saw Quinna and Laredo sitting at a table. She went over to the replicator and ordered a glass of Earl Gray, scrambled eggs with bacon, and chocolate chip pancakes. She took her breakfast over to the table and sat next to Quinna.

"Hello. How are you and Luma adjusting to each other?"

(Reply Quinna, Laredo)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Officer Mess - CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice - 0942)

Quinna smiled as Trei entered and joined them. She watched Trei immediately talking to Tamar. It did not bother her that Trei did not say hello to her. Just getting people to the table started making it feel like a family meal and it brought a smile to Quinna's face. Her dirty dishes were picked up, and Quinna still felt like eating more. She ordered up a fall flavor. French toast made of pumpkin bread sounded perfect. And when they showed up, Quinna was delighted. She turned to Trei when it seemed natural to break into the conversation. "Say, Ariel. How is the new position? Are you liking it?" Quinna asked.

(Reply Trei)

“Perhaps the two of you can get together and discuss the psychological analysis of the crew. Perhaps who Mr. Loredo needs to keep extra eyes on.” Quinna suggested. She was interested in the conversation between the two. That is how Quinna learned best.

(Reply Trei, Laredo)

(Reply to anyone who shows up to eat.)

(posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Officer Mess - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 09.45)

Quinna asked her how she likes her new position. She liked it well enough. She looked through videos of Cadet Soar's base jump and still didn't find any signs of sabotage. She would like to talk with Laredo more. She responded to Quinna.

"I like it well enough. You never know what you are going to find in video feeds. I also get in some away missions too. You may know I am preparing for the Rite of Ascension. I would like you to be there when I do it."

(Reply Quinna)

(Posted By Edward)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 2- Officers Mess - 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory - 0946)

Gregory decided to stretch his legs rather than use the replicator in his office. Taking the stairs down to Deck 2, he walked into the Officers mess.

Looking around, he saw the usual smattering of crew taking breaks. At one table, however, was Dr. Solice, Lieutenant Trei and the newcomer Temar Loreda, the man that the Captain recruited to help bond with Luma.

Walking over to the replicator, he ordered, "Tea, hot. Double strong, single sweet." Waiting for the cycle to finish, he kept watching the crew. When it was completed, he walked over to the table, he nodded to the other two people at the table before speaking. "Dr. Solice, I'm surprised you are not on the bridge, things are a bit exciting at the moment as we're following a ship into the Altair system, and there has been some coded transmissions between the ship, the Valiant, and Defense Station 7."

(Reply Solace, Trei or Lorado, IYW)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Officer Mess - Temas Laredo - 0947)

"Breakfast ever morning," Quinna said excitedly, "you got it,"

Temas smiled, pleased to make his first new friend since... ever. Quinna went on to tell Temas about some of the amenities of the ship. He had been hoping for some more personal information but he could sense her pleasure in explaining what she thought were the high points of the Illuminar. He couldn't help but mirror her beam of joy as talked about the medical facilities.

“Is that what you were looking for,” Quinna asked, “or did you want some more juicier details? We have a favorite watering hole called the Prancing Pony?”

Temas sat up, his eyes shining, "Jucier details? Oh yes please. Definitely more jucier details."

"The next time I go you should come," Quinna offered. "And that is an open invite."

Temas was as excited as he had ever been. He'd actually been invited somewhere by another person other than Riven and Michaela. He was having a bit of trouble containing his feelings, checking to make sure he wasn't projecting himself outwards.

"I would love to come," he said. "Luma has shared some wonderful memories of the Prancing Pony. She especially enjoys the ...," he closed his eyes to find the right word, "karaoke nights. Have you ever shared your talent?"

Before Quinna could answer they were joined by an intriguing-looking woman. She clearly had some Klingon heritage, and he could sense her Betazoid abilities. It was interesting that they seemed stronger than the typical Betazoid hybrids he'd met. Searching Luma's memory he pulled out the name Ariel Trei. She clearly knew about him as her first question was about how he and Luma were adjusting.

"Good Morning Ms. Trei," he said. "We are adjusting very well. I must say that it is intriguing to have her in my mind all of the time. Please join us,"

(reply Trei)

Once Ariel was seated Quinna began to ask her about her new position. Temas was vaguely aware of what everyone's position was but he really was sure what it was that Trei did. The woman replied that seemed be able to stay active in her role as a Security Analyst. Then she followed it up with an interesting statement.

"You know I am preparing for the Rite of Ascension. I would like you to be there when I do it."

Temas was curious. He had read about the rite, and knew that it was a deeply personal ritual, but he did not have any data on Klingon hybrids performing such a ritual, or the reasoning behind the ritual to begin with.

"May I ask a question?" he interjected. "Why are you performing the ritual? If you excuse me for saying, you are clearly not a pure Klingon bloodline. Have you taken into account how your body will react to the strain, and how that will affect your telepathic abilities? I don't mean to speak out of turn, as clearly your invitation was for Dr. Solice. But I am curious."

Before Trei could respond a rather serious-looking man with Lt. Commander bars walked over to the table. Temas pulled out the name of Deiter Gregory. Then he began to sense that there was a serious amount of playfulness behind that serious-looking facade.

"Dr. Solice," he said, "I'm surprised you are not on the bridge, things are a bit exciting at the moment as we're following a ship into the Altair system, and there has been some coded transmissions between the ship, the Valiant, and Defense Station 7."

(reply Trei, Gregory, Solice)
(posted by Al Muir)

"Well you can pull up starfleet archives but my father is half Klingon and Half Betazoid and completed the Rite. He told me all about it growing up. He told me the Rite is not about how tough you are. It is about your resilience level of pain. My years of gymnastics and cheerleader training should help me in that regard but I know its going to be very tough. It was hard for him so I have to prepare myself for that."

[illegible]

"I like it well enough. You never know what you are going to find in video feeds. I also get in some away missions too. You may know I am preparing for the Rite of Ascension. I would like you to be there when I do it."

"May I ask a question?" he interjected. "Why are you performing the ritual? If you excuse me for saying, you are clearly not a pure Klingon bloodline. Have you taken into account how your body will react to the strain, and how that will affect your telepathic abilities? I don't mean to speak out of turn, as clearly, your invitation was for Dr. Solice. But I am curious."

"Dr. Solice," he said, "I'm surprised you are not on the bridge, things are a bit exciting at the moment as we're following a ship into the Altair system, and there have been some coded transmissions between the ship, the Valiant, and Defense Station 7."

"Well you can pull up starfleet archives," Trei said, "but my father is half Klingon and Half Betazoid and completed the Rite. He told me all about it growing up. He told me the Rite is not about how tough you are. It is about your resilience level of pain. My years of gymnastics and cheerleader training should help me in that regard but I know its going to be very tough. It was hard for him so I have to prepare myself for that."

Temas couldn't help but chuckle, "Wow, cheerleading is a way tougher sport than I gave it credit for if it prepares you for that level of anguish. But you didn't really answer my original question. Why do you feel it necessary to put yourself through that if it is never going to prepare for the role of a Klingon warrior? Or are you planning on resigning from the fleet and head over to the Klingon empire?"

(reply Trei)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Holodeck 1 - 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory - 1130)

"Helm, come around to course 251 mark 174. " Gregory called.

"Aye, course 251 mark 174," came the reply from the helm.

"Sensors indicate a debris field on that heading Sir," called out the science station.

"I know," Gregory said, "Tactical, forward shields to maximum, once we're in the field, we can take advantage of the scattering field to change course and come up on their left flank."

"Sir, we're being hailed," Operations said.

"On screen," Gregory said.

The screen image changed to show a dark, insect like creature filled the image. A series of clicks and clacks came through before the universal translator started, "... violated out territory. You will surrender now or be destroyed."

"I am Commander Dieter Gregory, USS Millennium Falcon. We are on a diplomatic mission to Alderaan. Your ship launched an unprovoked attack. We only defended ourselves. That your ship was destroyed was their folly not ours."

"Your insolence will not be tolerated. The Gand Empire will not tolerate your insolence."

Gregory looked to operations and make a motion with his hand. "How many ships are there?"

"Sensors showing three, and another three at the edge of scanner range."

Gregory nodded. "Options?"

"We can run, Sir. Scans from our initial encounter show they don't have the power to outrun us," came Engineering.

"We fight. Their ships are no match for our weapons and our shields are more than a match for their pea shooters," Tactical added.

"XO, thoughts?" Gregory called.

As the holographic executive officer was about to speak, the simulation went dark as the Yellow Alert Klaxon started sounding.

"Just as we get to the interesting part," he said. "Computer, end simulation. Please give me an arch."
 >>>
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 1- Bridge - CO - Captain Sekal - 1145)

Helm had brought them within striking distance of the Altair system and the USS Valiant. The USS Illuminar was currently cloaked and closing on the Sovereign class vessel, estimated time to settling into its wake was 45 minutes.

The Vulcan's finger hit the alert button then the ship wide com. "This is the Captain, all departments to yellow alert status. ETA to the Altair system is one hour, forty five minutes. Evidence has pointed to this system as a target or base for Roanoke infiltrators in StarFleet and there is the possibility of meeting a high ranking member of that organization en route, perhaps on the vessel we are following. All senior officers and command crew prepare for a battle situation though we will avoid it if at all possible.

The Illuminar will be penetrating the system under cloak and in the wake of the USS Valiant. This should confuse any attempts to sense the ship. Once we are positioned we will begin planning the next phase. A department head briefing will be held at 1600 hours if our insertion is successful. Keep in mind we are inserting ourselves into a friendly system without authorization, hostilities will be avoided at all costs. Our purpose is for further investigation of Roanoke activities and not to begin a battle with StarFleet elements. That is all."

(Reply: All)

He turned the comm off.

"Helm place us in the wake of the Valiant and match speed."

"Aye sir."

He turned his head to the left. "Tactical keep weapons on standby, do not power up except on my order."

(Reply: T'Mur)

He then looked right. "Is there anything unusual showing on scans?"

(Science, any)

"Monitor the Valiant closely, passive scans only."

He then looked at the forward view screen as he leaned back in the command seat before thumbing the comm again. "Lieutenant Solice to the bridge."

(Reply: Solice)

The most important part of this mission was coming at them quickly, to enter the system undetected and find a good position from which to launch the next phase. And somewhere Roanoke was waiting.

(Reply: Any, all)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1- Bridge - CTO - Lt. T'Mur - 1148)

T"Amur listened as the captain addressed the crew, laying down the parameters of the mission as it laid so far. He ordered the ship to prepare for battle, even though they would prefer to avoid it.

"A department head briefing will be held at 1600 hours if our insertion is successful. Keep in mind we are inserting ourselves into a friendly system without authorization, hostilities will be avoided at all costs. Our purpose is for further investigation of Roanoke activities and not to begin a battle with StarFleet elements. That is all."

T'Mur saw the logic of avoiding conflict, if possible, but her experience with the people of Roanoke was that they would make such an avoidance... difficult. The Captain called for helm to fall into place behind the Valiant.

He turned his head to the left. "Tactical keep weapons on standby, do not power up except on my order."

T'Mur put the weapons on their standby status, which would read that they are not active. Powering them up would take 2.8 seconds. Torpedoes had been placed in the tubes ready for the launch process.

“Weapons on standby, Captain,” she announced.

(reply any)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory - 1150)

The turbolift opened and Gregory stepped onto the bridge, a hub of activity as the ship moved from normal operation to Yellow alert. The Master Systems Display showed the operation of the ship at green. He walked over to the Operations station and nodded as Lieutenant Menzi stood up, offering the seat to Gregory.

Dieter nodded and placed an earpiece in his ear. He typed in some commands and looked at the board. "Sir, Operations shows all stations report at yellow alert and prepared for action," he called out.

(reply Sekal, others)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 12, Cloaking Array control - Engineer Ens jg

Tycho Alantar - 1151)

Tycho was on his feet, he rarely sat anywhere, so the platform designated for the gluteus maximus was often neglected in his vicinity. Instead he was leaning over his consoles with the eye of the hunter; ever roving, ever seeing, gliding over the stats with the practiced eye that could pick out the anomaly almost before it happened.

When the Yellow alert came down the pipe, Tycho had instantly sent a preliminary "all clear" and acknowledged the status alert from cloaking control. With this being the first official service use of the system, he was taking centre seat in the system's control centre. His time at the shipyards gave him the floor experience that made him ideally suited to maiden systems ops.

He sent the readouts to the bridge main engineer's console attached to a brief note that read [Alert Status Yellow understood. Current status report: New systems operating within predicted parameters. Ens. Alantar, Main Cloaking control.]

(Reply Matrix on Bridge)

He wondered aloud, "This must feel the strangest sensation to Luma," a grin crossing the gruff chin as he tugged his russet beard. His own mind had brought up the memory of his first academy training in camo gear that was used for covert operations and studying indigenous cultures. taking the hood off and not seeing your own hand was rather... well disconcerting.

(reply Luma iyw)

On a secondary console, he brought up the engineering specs for the Valiant. He started reviewing their statistics for the analysis of how the cloak would and might handle the transit into the spatial

equivalent of a high speed eddy.
(Reply any interested, any, none)
(Posted by Lorenz)

[illegible]

Quinna stepped onto the bridge. She handed her coffee to someone that was more than willing to take it from her. She moved to the railing behind the captain. She slowly walked around to the Captain and took an unoccupied seat next to him. “Sir” Quinna said and nodded to the Captain.”

(Reply Any)
(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

Chief Lee stood behind his four operatives who were monitoring the screens in the Security Monitoring Centre. The ship was on Yellow Alert and Lee had deployed his Security team throughout the essential areas of the ship including allocating close protection officers to the Command staff. Instructions were to keep a discrete eye but to keep out of their way until it was necessary. He instructed one operative, crewman Sharon Ramsay to keep an eye on her particular screen for one person – Weston. “I want full surveillance on him whatever he does. Where ever he goes. Keep a record”

“Yes sir” said Sharon as she bought up the sensors for outside Weston’s quarters. She had no idea why the Chief wanted to keep an eye on this Weston. It wasn’t her job to know..she just followed orders.

Lee did not go as far as observing him in his quarters. In a yellow alert situation, he wasn't sure if Weston might be onto something. Maybe he was a bit paranoid, but Weston was a spook and not a member of the crew.

(reply none)

(posted by John)

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